

THE WEEK:

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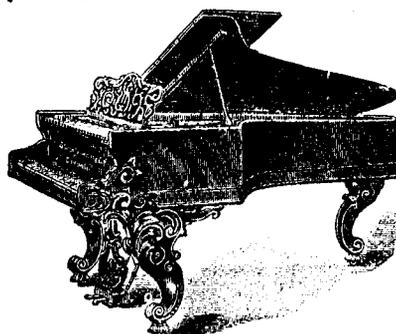
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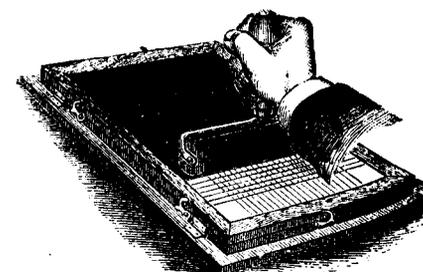
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MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE FISHERY NEGOTIATION.

WHAT is the true value of the newspaper clamour against the service of Mr. Chamberlain on the Fisheries Commission? I have not observed these objections in any journal of England, Canada, or the United States not open to suspicion of serving party or business interests at every turn or opportunity. Yet, though the source of the attacks may be tainted in every instance, for aught I know or believe to the contrary, the attacks themselves may be perfectly true and valid.

In this country the question of the Fisheries is primarily and chiefly a New England question, the rest of the community having neither capital nor population engaged in the North American fisheries, and the extra cost of fish for the table of the consumer, due to the New England policy of an exclusive market, awakening but a languid public interest, if any. But the idea is abroad among us that these fisheries are an important nursery of seamen, which our defensive needs require us to foster in every reasonable way, and as, in the absence of interest or organisation elsewhere, the New England version of the Fisheries story finds exclusive circulation and credit, our people generally suppose that Canada, relying upon or actually backed by England, has been "giving impudence" to and filching small change from the pocket of the big and good natured Uncle Sam; hence there is an undercurrent of genuine though not quick resentment against Canada that ought not be left out of calculation by those in the places of authority in Great Britain and Canada. This feeling has a direct and material relation to the state of parties within the United States.

Mr. Cleveland wishes and hopes and more than half expects to be chosen as his own successor in just a year from now. The Republican leaders share his expectation, but none the less hope for the unexpected, either through factional disaffection in the President's own party, the discontent among independents who supported him in 1884, or some miscarriage of action or policy on his part between now and next September, when the Presidential canvass shall begin to warm. They cannot forget by what a small and even doubtful majority in the pivotal State the election was decided in 1884, and they trust for the best from a strong candidate and a good "war-cry" in 1888. If the Fishery negotiations should turn out badly for our side, that will be made a leading issue against the party in power, and however it may turn out, the customary unscrupulous use will be made of it to influence the electorate.

For some reasons Mr. Cleveland would gladly let the Fisheries Question remain in *status quo* till he could secure the firm seat of a second term of office. That he does not do so is evidence that he either fears to go into his canvass next year with a repetition of irritation on the fishing grounds, with all its opportunities of misrepresentation and partisan exploitation to his injury; or that he expects a surrender by England of a substantial part of the Canadian position, which would help him greatly; or that he feels strong enough in other directions to carry a fair and honourable settlement over the heads of partisan clamour, prejudice, and ignorance, and to reap the benefit at least of honest work and gain.

Whatever Mr. Cleveland's motives and expectations in entering upon a

present discussion of the Fisheries controversy, there are certain elements of weakness in his position that may tend to the injury of England or Canada. The only part of the community that has a lively interest in our side of the question is against the President and his supposed views of policy. The Senate, a constituent part of the treaty-making power, is against him in numbers and in weight of political ability. He is much weaker than he ought to be in the House of Representatives, and his Secretary of State, a just, conscientious, and painstaking man, is without the influence that ought to belong to so much character, experience, and high-minded public service. For the good of Canada and of Great Britain, the President ought to be helped in every possible way in carrying through the good work he has undertaken, and the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain is in no sense a help to him. Mr. Chamberlain will of course be received kindly and the best done with him that circumstances will allow, and upon those brought into immediate relation with him he is expected to make a good impression in respect of all desirable qualities in a negotiator. It is also possible that he will form pleasant personal relations with influential Senators and Representatives of both parties, and return to England a social and conference-room success, but all that and much more will not prevent the results attained by his coöperation from being bitterly assailed by the Irish-Americans and the large number of politicians and journalists who bow to the strong, because organised and compacted Irish-American sentiment; and the assaults of the Irish upon anything partaking of Mr. Chamberlain will play directly into the hands of the Republicans, who will leave no stone unturned to wrest the Federal Government and its vast patronage from the hands that but just seized them three years ago.

It is an open secret in Washington that no choice could have well been more distasteful to our authorities than Mr. Chamberlain, and if inquiry had been properly made before his designation to the Joint Commission, he certainly never would have been gazetted. The disregard shown by the home authorities to the exigent position of Mr. Cleveland in the matter indicates that that wide-awake diplomatist, the British Minister at Washington, was not confidentially sounded as to who would and would not be *persona grata* here.

Washington.

B.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

THE third objection taken to the scheme of Commercial Union is the most difficult to deal with. It is that it would be impracticable for two independent nations to adjust a common tariff satisfactory to both. It is argued that the revenue necessities of each might differ, and a tariff which produced enough revenue for one of them might not produce enough for the other. And even if a satisfactory adjustment was made in the first instance, in the course of time the exigencies of either might require an increase or a reduction, and that infinite difficulties would stand in the way of a readjustment. These are substantial difficulties, and need to be looked into carefully.

It will be kept in mind that this objection is one to form, not substance. It is a mere matter of detail. If it can be successfully shown that the result of Commercial Union would be to double the wealth of Canada in five years, it is not likely the Canadian people would be daunted by any mere difficulties of detail. But the objection is a practical one, and merits consideration. Granted that Commercial Union is a good thing, how is the scheme to be worked out?

This very difficulty suggests the folly of tariffs of all kinds. Who can doubt that the world would be better and the whole human race be brought nearer to the realisation of a common brotherhood if there were no such things as custom-houses? Who also will undertake to controvert the fact that tariff revenues are the foundation of national extravagance and official jobbery? It is a vulgar impression that a revenue collected through the custom-house and excise departments is not a tax at all, and that consequently the more revenue you get the more money you will have to lavish. This is the origin of reckless expenditure and growing and multiplying wants. If all the money required by National Governments were raised by direct taxation we should see a system of economy, which would remind one of Spartan virtue, and we should not have to worry over such questions as Commercial Union, for the whole world would form one great Commercial Union.

This is the ideal condition of affairs. We unfortunately have to deal with the real. But the indications are that this continent is about to turn its course in the direction of commercial freedom. In the United States the Protectionist party is still ascendant, but the advocates of a reduced tariff are steadily gaining ground. The enormous surplus which is being rolled up each year, and which the Government do not know what to do with, is an immense lever in the hands of those who are endeavouring to lead their country in the direction of sound economic principles. Therefore, though we have to deal with things as we find them, and make all our calculations on the basis of a tariff-collected revenue for many years to come, yet one thing we may confidently rely upon in all estimates for the future, and that is that the United States will adopt the policy of a gradual and steady reduction of their tariff. If the Congress agree to the principle involved in Mr. Butterworth's Bill, and a Commission is formed to adjust a common tariff, it is safe to affirm that that tariff will be lower than the existing tariff of the United States. It is equally safe to conclude that if a readjustment of said common tariff is afterwards sought by the United States Government, it will be in the direction of a further reduction, and not an increase.

If these be the facts, then we can make our calculations accordingly. It will be satisfactory to Canadians to have a common tariff lower than the present American tariff. Indeed it is one of the objections urged in many quarters to Commercial Union that it will involve too high a tariff; therefore we have nothing to fear from the first common tariff. American policy and Canadian interest will run parallel in this regard. But suppose that American policy, which is likely to prevail under a common tariff, should seek a still further reduction in the common tariff, in the course of a few years, as we feel quite confident it will, how will this affect Canadian interest? Would it not be entirely in line with it? Have we anything to fear from a reduced tariff? We have always the alternative of direct taxation, and I believe this to be the very best means of collecting a revenue. Sound and enlightened opinion the world over is tending in this direction. Every educated writer on the subject plants himself upon this solid basis.

Therefore I sum up the whole objection thus: The common tariff likely to be formed is one which will exactly suit Canadian interest, and all probable changes will inevitably be in the direction of sound policy, which no intelligent and patriotic Canadian will ever be afraid of. It will not improbably happen that Commercial Union may teach both countries the folly of custom-houses; then indeed will it prove a blessing to this great continent.

I come now to the fourth and last radical objection to Commercial Union,—that it will tend to separate Canada from the British Empire. I wish above all things to be frank in the discussion of this vital question, and therefore I am compelled to admit that there is a large basis for this objection. But the relations between Canada and the British Islands are not very close at this present. Recognising that we are part of the great Empire of which we may justly feel proud, we are loyal to the British Crown, and, what is more important, loyal to the British race. The accident that we are at this moment Colonists, in my judgment does not exercise a very powerful influence in moulding the sentiment of the Canadian people toward Great Britain. We are practically independent at this moment. We make our own laws, frame our own tariffs, and in no sense accept any interference with our affairs from the British people. It is true that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is our final Court of Appeal, but this is only because that it is so, not because there is any necessity, advantage, or philosophy for this tribunal; therefore the point I wish to make is that the Colonial relation between Great Britain and Canada is essentially a slender one, must necessarily come to an end some time, and does not now have a very marked effect upon Canadian policy.

It cannot be disguised however that there exists an enormous sentiment of loyalty and affection for Great Britain in this country, and nothing can occur to eradicate this. Surely no man with any spirit or sense would wish to abate this one jot or one tittle. Who can fail to be proud of the achievements of the British race and the glory of the British Empire? Who is so dull as not to recognise that Great Britain stands to-day as the foremost representative of civilisation and enlightenment in the Eastern Hemisphere? Who fails to appreciate the reflected glory of the race in the development of North America? The second point then which I wish to make is that if the Colonial relations between Great Britain and Canada were to terminate, either as a result of Commercial Union, or for any other reason, this would not make the Canadian people less devoted to the interests of the Empire, or less impregnated with sentiments of loyalty and veneration.

But it must not be inferred that I admit or believe that Commercial

Union with the United States would involve Independence. On the contrary, I am fully persuaded that Commercial Union would be the easiest and best settlement of the fisheries dispute, and at the same time would be entirely in line with British interests. The common tariff, which would be called into existence under Commercial Union, would undoubtedly be more favourable to British trade with North America than the multiple of the two existing tariffs of the United States and Canada. Therefore, notwithstanding Mr. Chamberlain's ill-timed and injudicious remarks, I apprehend that the proposition to make a permanent settlement of the fisheries difficulty on the basis of Commercial Union will meet with no serious opposition in Great Britain, neither will it cause an abrupt termination of our existing relations.

It is not wise or sensible to make our calculations of the future entirely on existing lines. Canada is assuming national proportions, and her future is still a matter of doubt and uncertainty. Important changes must come with time. Imperial Federation is simple madness, and not to be seriously entertained in Canada. The only true policy for us to pursue is to seek to promote our own material interests by the most natural and palpable method. Anything which tends to the prosperity of Canada will not be resisted by the British people. Our destiny is in our own hands. Let us work it out with patriotism and manliness. J. W. LONGLEY.

A VISIT TO A CARMELITE CONVENT.

LET us walk awhile first. We shall find plenty along these narrow streets to repay us for exercise we are unaccustomed to in flat Ontario—pedestrianism at an angle of forty-five degrees. The first thing one looks for on arriving in Montreal is lodgings and a laundress; the next an alpenstock. By the time the first two are satisfactorily got we don't want the alpenstock. We are accustomed to the hills, and like them.

Dozens of loveable, habitable-looking, fine, old stone houses! That one especially, there on the corner of Bleury and another street that we must not mention, because we can easily see from the outside of it that the inhabitants do not love publicity. Is not that very good to look at with its suggestion of strength and endurance and comfort, and all the sentiment that gathers about a home! In architecture unpretentiously square, not at all grand in size but big enough to suggest comfortable capacity. Wide, hospitable eaves and old-fashioned projecting porch, tiny panes in the windows that make the people behind them feel as if they were indoors. Hard to keep clean? I suppose so; but few things that are worth having are got very easily. You think your broad sheets of plate-glass an improvement perhaps? Well, I don't. I like best the many broken pictures that the narrow panes make. Plate-glass is for invalids. If healthy people want all out-of-doors they can put on their hats and go out and get it. And of course there are trees about our old house, and places where flowers bloomed, I suppose, in June, and a barn that is as solidly built as the house itself. There is this advantage about the Quebec climate: it compels people to build houses that future generations may comfortably live in, and put their money into strength and solidity instead of ornamentally hideous exterior kickshaws, which lose even their tawdry worth in ten or fifteen years.

Judging from appearances the human boy is not the reviled member of society in Montreal that he is elsewhere. He is, in fact, conspicuously "wanted." Every other shop window bears the placard "*garçon demandé*"—which limited advertisement the boys disdain to notice apparently, for it remains there week after week. It appears to the sojourner that the Montreal *garçon* declines almost all his legitimate occupations. He does not cry the papers to any extent; he is no bootblack, nor crossing-sweeper, he! Nor does he drive grocers' carts nor run errands nearly so much as with us, which is perhaps owing to the fact that his father is content to do it. Altogether, unless the factories swallow him up, the small boy of Montreal may be believed to lead a life of enervating and luxurious leisure.

Next to the oft-quoted *Fameuse*—which by the way is neither more nor less than our own more modestly christened "snow-apple"—the fruit of the land appears to be the oyster. One does not require much capital to start in the bivalve business in Montreal. A pile of shells on either side of the door, to attest public appreciation and a flourishing trade; inside, half a barrel of stock, a broken knife and castor that has seen better days, and perhaps a wooden chair on which the proprietor sits and smokes his native tobacco at ten cents a pound and ponders, doubtless upon the advantages of unrestricted trade. The shells are the only indication the intelligent public requires, but some ostentatious firms scrawl the additional legend, "*huîtres*," in chalk above the door. This is the humble beginning of the business; it ends somewhere in the magnificence of the Windsor, and all the way up one is struck with the diversity of its forms. Oysters not only at the fruiterer's and the fishmonger's, but in the market, at the grocer's, the confectioner's, the little woman's who sells odds and ends of buttons, lace, and the evening papers; oysters by the glass, quart, gallon, peck, small measure, basket, and barrel. I have not yet seen them in the millinery shops by the yard, but am willing to believe that they are sold covertly even there.

But we are a long way down St. Catharine Street, and our car is coming. Where are we going? To Hochelaga I think, to see the convent there. Our guide, who is a lively little French-Canadian lady, and luckily for us

speaks English, says it is "the la-argest in Kennada—that convent;" and surely with the October sun shining on its pillared front, and the last yellow largesse of autumn scattered about its solid base, and the broad blue St Lawrence flowing grandly past, it is the most beautiful in "Kennada." We are admitted to the reception room, which is really quite a large *salon*, adorned with oil paintings of His Holiness the Pope, the sister who founded the Order very humbly at Longueuil across the river there, and the usual religious subjects. This lady in the black habit and the plain white hood, which with the veil is the dress of the sisters of J̄esus and Mary, who presents each cheek to be kissed by our French friend, and bows pleasantly to the rest of us, is the Mother Superior of the whole Order. The responsibility of her charge may be imagined when we hear that it has missions in Florida, California, British Columbia. She looks like an organiser and directress this nun, with her keen, intellectual face, ready speech, and nervous, energetic manner. She has been for eighteen years at the head of a mission in California, and it is a little odd to note the traces of Americanism in her voice and ways. One looks for national traits in secular flocks, but expects, somehow, nuns to be femingeneous, if I may coin a word. The Superioress chats with us for a while, and hands us over to a smiling little English nun, who shows us the school-rooms, where one hundred and sixty-five young ladies, all the way from five to eighteen are receiving the usual convent instruction, and the chapel, a perfect copy of that of St. Marie Maguere of Rome, and very beautiful with carvings, and white statues of Saints, and dusky corners where single candles are burning.

"I will show you our Saint," says the little nun, as she leads the way to the place near the altar, where lies a wax figure, representing a beautiful young girl dead with a gash in her throat. "St. Aurelia," says the little nun in a whisper, "and the hair"—which is very long, shining, and curly—"was given by our sister St. Aurelia when she entered."

"Was it—was she—was the saint made here?" I enquire, in misery of uncertainty as to the proper pronoun.

"The head and hands and feet were sent from Paris," she responds, "but we made the body here and put it together, and all the embroidery of the dress was done here."

The embroidery is of gold on a robe of white satin, and a marvel of handiwork.

"Perhaps," says the little nun, "I can show you our other most precious relics." And she goes to see. Alas! she cannot show them to us—perhaps because we are heretics, and who knows what a heretic will do or say.

Just across the road from the Convent of Jesus and Mary stands a grim building with a very high thick stone wall. I have never seen so impassable a wall around a prison as this which confines inmates who have imposed a life sentence on themselves. The building is the worldly face of the cloistered cells of the Carmelites, and the wall is built about their garden. And this is the only Carmelite convent in America. In Spain, in France, in Italy there are others, but not on *this* continent. The Order has existed here since 1875 only. The money to establish it was given by a Madame Fr̄mont of Quebec, and the French Carmelite *fondatrice* who came from Paris is dead now. So are all of her sisters except three. The severity of their lives in our rigorous climate killed them. There are fifteen now cloistered here, but twelve are French-Canadian. You know, of course, what it means to take the vows of a Carmelite. It means the most literal renouncement of the world possible to a human being. The face of the Carmelite nun is never seen after her entrance except by her immediate relatives, and then only for half an hour once a month, through heavy gratings. Her hand is never touched save by her sisters. From behind the little door that is barred upon her on the day of parting with our pleasant world she never comes again. Her cell is of the barest; she sleeps on a mattress with one coverlet. Her diet is of the poorest, and meat never enters it. Her habit is of coarse brown cloth, with a veil of a similar colour and kind, and she wears sandals on her feet. Her occupation is prayer and penance, and the making of church decorations. She is a "favourite soul."

We ring, and the sound reverberates within, hollow and chill. A nun dressed like those of the convent opposite opens the door, and, after a whispered conference with our French friend, admits us. The hall we stand in is narrow, cold, and ill-ventilated, and we shiver as we pass along to a small, bare room with an opening in the wall about four feet square. From the iron bars which guard it project spikes half a foot long. On the other side of the opening is another barred network, and behind that hangs a black veil. The room is in semi-darkness, but we can read above the spikes and bars the words—

Au Carmel comme au jugement.

Dieu seul et moi.

They strike through the stillness upon one's consciousness like a text of half-comprehended truth. *Dieu seul et moi!* There is a ring of awful solemnity about that. This is where the Carmelite comes to get her pitiful sight of some one she loved in the days before she became a "favourite soul;" and these are the bars through which that loved one strains aching eyes for the tortured glimpse of the recluse. Through double bars—and then the tears! "Mark well and consider, all you who pass this way," runs a printed text upon the wall; "is there any sorrow like my sorrow?"

Yes, we may have speech with one of the nuns, the sister who let us in comes to tell us. This is by grace of the French lady, who is high in favour in her church. But not here. So we are conducted to another little room, where a circular shelf revolves in the wall for the admission of necessaries to the hospital. Behind this stands the nun. Madame addresses her. We cannot. We have a kind of fear as to what we might say, our conversation being in the world. We shrink from the possible

profanation of the strange stillness that surrounds the life behind these thrice-mortared gray walls. But Madame does not shrink. She addresses the shelf with a sort of reverential gaiety, if there is such a thing, and enquires for the health of "*ma sœur*." And in tremulous tones the nun responds that she is very well—oh, very well, indeed, and is Madame well? How her voice shakes as they talk in French, Madame turning occasionally to tell us that the Superioress is very ill; that if we desire the prayers of the nun we may have them; that the garden has not been very successful this year! It is a great license, this of conversing with strangers behind a heavy partition, and she must be very, very mindful not to forget for an instant that these are not "favourite souls." And she can speak in English? Yes, but can we?

"Are you happy, *ma sœur*?" I falter.

"I am most happy," comes the answer in a quiet cadence.

"And when you die, *ma sœur*, where are you buried?" I query.

"In the vault below," she responded, and I fancy I do detect a trace of hopefulness in the way she says this.

Do they sell the things they make? Oh yes, and if we wish to buy, some will be put on the shelf. And presently a box of wax flowers is pushed slowly around—pansies and camellias and roses, white and red, exquisitely wrought. How much? For the roses five or six cents apiece; for the pansies three. And, after getting change for the price of our souvenirs, she is distressed that we will not take the two or three coppers that are due us.

It is late in the afternoon when we go again through the narrow hall to the door, yet we must have a look at the chapel on the other side. So through another long passage we follow our guide, and into the rather empty, dreary, and bare edifice, where a candle or two burn dimly, and we can just make out the figures of a few bead-telling worshippers. As we stand silent a sound—a song (?)—a dirge sweeps through the gloom from somewhere behind the altar and beyond the knowable. It sinks and swells in its inexpressible mournfulness, as waves might beat on a desolate shore. It is the call—the cry—the chant of the Carmelite nuns.

Montreal.

GARTH GRAFTON.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN CHINA.

A RESIDENT of Peking has contributed to the *Contemporary* some valuable information concerning the Celestial Empire, of which we give the most important points:

AMONG the countries of the distant East, China holds the highest place in the estimation of the Western world. She will certainly keep the position she has won, and it becomes a duty for Western statesmen to make themselves acquainted with her history and resources. The combination of educated intelligence with vast population, of homogeneity of race with fertility of production, of excellence of climate with vast mineral resources, unite in giving her a unique position among Eastern nations.

The Marquis Tseng has told us in vigorous metaphor that China was always powerful, though she did not know it, and that she is now better acquainted than ever before with the realities of her position. She has many skilled diplomatists who know how to take advantage for her good of the mutual jealousies and fears of the European States. These men study telegrams, and read translated leaders from the *Times*. The viceroys and governors serve their country loyally, and rejoice in her prosperity; they are better statesmen than they are generals, and are beginning to enjoy Western politics as an interesting game of skill, in which they may take part with every prospect of success through that unimpassioned Oriental astuteness which is the gift of their race. Europe has six great Powers, America one, and Asia is now aspiring to be recognised, and is recognised, as having one great Power also. War has done China much good by making her sensible of her deficiencies, and showing her how she can best cope with foreign forces. She is now stronger than she was before, and she will become stronger yet; it has been proved too that Chinese soldiers can meet European soldiers on the field of battle, behave well, and oblige their opponents after hours of severe fighting to return to their ships worn out. She has now initiated an elaborate system of naval instruction so that her war-vessels will in future, it is to be hoped, be manned by more competent persons. But it is unsafe to prophesy. The Chinese fight better on shore than at sea, and they have not yet had a naval hero.

Although the imperial family is Manchoo, and new to China two centuries and a half ago, the patriotism of the viceroys and governors is undoubted; they are animated by a real love for the Government—a love which seems to survive undiminished the severe punishments to which they are, when in fault, sometimes exposed. There is positively no ground for questioning their loyalty, and as they are men of tried ability, who have passed through many years of service in inferior posts, by which they have acquired much official experience, they form a staff of useful public servants who keep the wheels of the State vehicle moving, and avert many a danger threatening the public welfare. Freedom of speech is discouraged. To talk politics in common life is not allowed. The well conducted citizen pays his taxes, attends to his own affairs, and avoids criticising the Government. If he goes to take a cup of tea in a large tea-shop, he sees written up in large characters, "Do not talk politics!" The daily newspaper, however, is forcing its way as an exciting novelty, and its compact dose of news, local and foreign, is growing into a necessity. But the old system is built upon the absence of political thought as a foundation, and it is considered that this abstinence from criticism of the Government is a duty. Passivity engenders loyalty, as in some countries ignorance is thought to be the mother of devotion. In China a prudent man does not call in question the wisdom of the powers that be. The ancient Emperors who ruled badly are

criticised ; but as to the living, silence is golden. Certainly revolutions in China have been numerous, and the people have more than once shown very strongly the desire to expel foreign dynasties. But the Government has always been despotic, and a change of dynasty is only a change of masters. Thirty-five years have passed since the Taiping Rebellion commenced in China. They have mostly been years of weakness and disorder. A new period of prosperity has, however, now begun its course, and the cessation of the Chinese Emperor's minority just at this time will have caused many eyes to be directed to that country, which has so lately entered into diplomatic relations in a regular manner with all the great Powers of the West. The rebellions which have weakened it are at an end, and China is now a great Asiatic force. On February the 7th, 1887, at nine o'clock in the morning, the young monarch of that country, just fifteen years and a half old, was present at a special ceremony in the great hall of audience, where he received the homage of about four hundred princes, nobility, and officers of State, on the occasion of his personally undertaking for the first time the responsibility of government. The Empress-Regent last summer fixed this early time for the Emperor's attaining his majority, under the impression that he had shown great diligence and made rapid progress in his studies, and that the termination of the difficulties with France afforded a suitable opportunity for her to resign to him the reins of power. Her decision caused great trepidation to the Ministers, and a compromise was proposed and adopted, in consequence of which the Emperor has assumed personal authority, but the Empress assists still in the government as the Emperor's chief adviser. At the ceremony in question the Marquis Tseng, who has become so well known and esteemed in Europe for his ability and diplomatic success, was placed high among the near and favoured ones. To render the new Emperor's title valid in all respects, all was done that could be done at the time he was selected, when all the members of the council signed a document by which they signified their recognition of him. China has not the law of hereditary right to settle the succession, the Government is despotic, and the Emperor can choose his own successor, but on the whole it is the eldest son who usually succeeds his father. The late Emperor was too ill to make a will, but one was prepared for him to which his consent was obtained, and the Empress Dowager named Tsaitien, son of the Seventh Prince, her younger sister's first-born. He was taken at once to the Imperial apartments where two dowager Empresses were in waiting to receive him. There he has been ever since, occupying that portion of the palace in which seven Emperors before him have resided since the beginning of the dynasty.

So much for the reigning Emperor. As to the Government, it is despotic, and is maintained by a system of examinations for the purpose of selecting persons who are "virtuous and prudent" to fill the offices of importance to the country, in which Manchos are frequently employed, but usually Chinese. The promotion of education is a secondary aim, the supply of competent officials being the primary intention. This works well for enlisting the people on the side of the existing Imperial régime, and their sympathies are everywhere with the Government. Those who do not obtain office with its emoluments obtain some amount of honour and influence through the literary degree they have secured, or some official title bestowed upon them as a reward for services rendered. The Government has titles not only for the able and scholarly, but for all military accomplishments—for the rich and successful in every branch of life. Those who can shoot well at a target, are made bachelors, masters, and doctors, just as those who can write a good essay or improvise a poem. The natural patriotism of the people is directed therefore towards the existing Government, because all are looking to it for themselves or for their relatives, with the ardent expectation that at the next scattering of honours and promotions some will fall to their share.

With regard to the Chinese Empire territorially, the boundary line across which the sons of Ham look at Russia is of immense length, in all more than 4,000 English miles. It consists chiefly of rivers for 2,000 miles, and for the remaining 2,000 of mountain chains. The river boundary is easily fixed and is as easily violated. Russia is more likely to cross the water than the mountain line, but all along both China is busy strengthening her position ; for this purpose about 5,000 men drilled in foreign fashion are maintained in the three eastern provinces. In the Manchurian Provinces a change of administration is being effected. The Chinese emigrant farmer workers have increased so much that the normal civil system of China proper, of which a tax on agriculture is the basis, is in course of rapid establishment there, and each military governor is now required to discharge the duties of the corresponding civil office.

It is easy to foresee that the old military system of Manchuria and Mongolia will be greatly modified, and almost replaced, by one whose main features are the use of foreign drill and European cannon, and a regular expenditure for frontier defence from the receipts of the foreign customs. In Chinese Turkestan similar changes have taken place. Surrounded on three sides by mountains, this region is protected naturally from foreign invasion, and the task of its defence is easier, while its agricultural qualities are vastly superior, the grass land of Mongolia being in many places exchanged for fertile gardens and cornfields. A great impulse to emigration from North China to these regions and those north and north-east of the Great Wall was given by the famine of 1876 and by the rebellions of the last thirty years. The floods of the Yellow River have also driven multitudes to such a peaceful home in the rich valleys of the north, and the work of colonising these extensive fertile tracts of land must go on increasing so long as peace shall continue. Naturally the policy of China is definitely expansive in this respect. The Government fosters emigration, and loses no time in appointing governors to new cities and colonies. Let us turn now to Corea and Japan. Corea was incorporated into the Empire in the second century

before Christ and again in the seventh century. Its inhabitants speak a language, half of which is their own and half Chinese. The same is true of the Japanese. Both nations long ago adopted the Chinese educational system. Corea is legally subordinate to China ; her king is a vassal of the Manchoo dynasty, and he and his queen receive their investiture from China. Geographically, Corea ought to belong to China, if China were able to keep it, but she has enough to do taking care of her own coast line. As to the internal economy of Corea, it is not China that can do her much good ; she had better be a neutral State, and facilities ought to be afforded to Europeans to work her coal, copper, and iron deposits, which are very abundant, with western capital and appliances. Corea could then be brought into a flourishing condition. The great coal deposits of North China are continued through the Corea into Japan, and this fact alone insures the commercial prosperity of the former.

The emigration from Japan to the Corea is steadily increasing, while very few Chinese go there, and it may be concluded from present signs that the trade of Japan with Corea will steadily augment, while the progress of maritime trade between China and Corea will be slow. China is now at peace with Japan, after some months of troublesome negotiation arising out of a quarrel which occurred last year between some Japanese and a party from a Chinese ship of war. These two Powers were glad to have matters amicably arranged, and it is only in Corea that they are likely to come into collision.

China's position in regard to the Western Powers since 1842 is an entirely new departure in her history. Her Ministers sit with the diplomatists of Europe in the same council chambers—as equals with equals—This change must have a vast influence upon her in coming times. She is too strong not to be respected, and she has treaties with all the Powers whose ships come to her shores. Towards France if she bears any malice she has discreetly concealed it, and French residents in China were during the short war of 1885 in no way disturbed. The sale by the Pope of the Peking Cathedral to the Chinese Government, with the consent of France, has greatly pleased the court ; and the French clergy in Peking are in possession of high honours conferred most cheerfully by the Chinese.

The feeling of China towards England has visibly improved. After all the mischief done by opium to China, her statesmen have none the less been quick to perceive that friendly relations with England should be cultivated. Her consent to a high duty on opium after a long hesitation was very pleasing to the Government, and the position of England in the trade with China is a security for the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries ; it amounting in the year 1885 to £26,000,000. The movement of China at the present time is a slow assimilation to the European type. She has always studied politics, and she has had political writers from the time of Confucius. Her high ethical school is opposed to free trade, and in favour of exclusiveness and isolation. The system of Confucius tends in this direction, but she is now retreating from it, and is adopting the language and attitude of a Western Power.

E. S.

SEAMEN OF SPAIN.

TAKE to your oars,
Seamen of Spain !
Bring me my lover
Across the main !
Captive he's lying
Amongst the Moors ;
Seamen of Spain,
Take to your oars !

As round your galley
The billows roll,
Wild thoughts are swelling
Within my soul ;
Hoist up the sail,
Fresh is the breeze ;
Bring me my lover
Across the seas !

Tho' cold be the water,
And chill winds blow,
My love's fire burneth
While falls the snow ;

Cleave through the billows
Fly with the breeze ;
Bring me my lover
Across the seas !

Dark rocks are frowning,
The risk is great
To thread the pass
Of the narrow strait ;
God will assist ye,
Go with the breeze ;
Bring me my lover
Across the seas !

The winter is over,
No time to wait ;
On through the pass
Of the narrow strait !
God bless the galley,
And bless the breeze,
That brings my lover
Across the seas !

—J. G. Gibson (Translation).

A JEWISH HUMOURIST.

THOUGH humour is hardly a prominent quality of the Jews, and many are possibly of Carlyle's opinion, that they have no real sense of the humorous, there is a good deal more drollery in the sayings and doings of those reared in the Synagogue than outsiders generally suppose. Be that, however, as it may, the Jewish race can claim to have produced in the person of Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, an Austrian journalist but little known in this country, the foremost wit and humourist of the German-speaking people. As ready in retort as Jerrold, as brilliant a conversationalist and raconteur as Sheridan, he was as graceful and effective a punster as the immortal Tom Hood. The right of his co-religionist, Heine, to rank among humourists is often questioned in German literary coteries ; but Saphir's pro-

eminence is admitted even by the ponderous writers of the *Brockhaus-Lexicon*. The son of a poor pedlar in Hungary, he was born and reared in the Pressburg Ghetto at a time when to be a Jew was to be barred from well-nigh every form of modern culture; and yet before his nine-and-twentieth year he was the most conspicuous journalist in Germany, as much hated as admired, and had become the founder of that lighter school of journalistic criticism that makes the ephemeral literature of the Fatherland tolerable. He came to Berlin in 1825, or thereabouts, and started the *Courier*, the wit and audacity of which took the capital by storm. But the Prussian censors did not appreciate a writer who, instead of grumbling at them, made them the butt of his irreverent jokes, and actually poked fun at them. Six weeks' imprisonment for an acrostic on Madame Sontag, the singer, and a month for calling a would-be dramatist named Cosmar a "creature" that writes plays, convinced Saphir that his peculiar form of humour was not likely to have fair play where Count Granow wielded the censor's pencil. So he removed to Munich, where, in 1828-29, he published the *Bazaar*. He was also converted to Protestantism, and was made Hof-Theater-Intendant. But he soon got into trouble again, and this time with a more important personage than a Press-censor. King Ludwig was addicted to writing bad verse and making bad jokes, and Saphir did not hesitate to express very freely his opinion as to the quality of both. It would not do to punish the critic for this, but his sins were laid up against him; and when he ventured subsequently to make some remarks about the notorious Lola Montes, he received a peremptory order to quit the Bavarian capital within four-and-twenty hours. The Court Chamberlain, commissioned by the King, waited on him, and asked if he could manage to get away in so short a time. "Yes," replied the unabashed journalist; "and if my own legs can't take me quickly enough, I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in His Majesty's last volume of verse." He never forgot this expulsion from Munich. When, one day, some one congratulated him on his erect carriage and walk, he remarked he had had a good master of deportment: "King Ludwig had taught him to step out." He went to Vienna in 1835, and after becoming a Catholic, started the *Humourist*, the chief organ of its kind in Germany, with which he was connected until his death in 1850. Saphir was a voluminous writer, and his *Dumme Briefe* and *Album für Witz und Humor* are never-failing sources upon which his imitators to this day draw. His works are not much read by the general public, despite their undoubted brilliancy and humour, and the extraordinary "word-play" in which they abound. He was deficient in depth, and lacked the creative gadfly of true genius that stings to the highest form of literary expression; and it is for the good things he said and the odd things he did that he is chiefly remembered by his countrymen and his sometime co-religionists.

Innumerable are the anecdotes told of him. A few culled from the collections of "Saphiriana," published in Germany, are characteristic, and well illustrate the readiness of his wit and the peculiar form of humour for which he was noted. Jerrman, his colleague on the *Humourist*, often asked him to dinner; but as Madame Jerrman was reputed to be one of the meanest women in the capital the humourist generally managed to excuse himself. At last, though, he was trapped into an acceptance. The dinner consisted, as he anticipated, of more table-cloth than meat, and Saphir, who was a big man with a proportionate appetite, rose from table as hungry as he had sat down. As he was taking his leave the hostess came up to him, and playfully tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, said, "And now, Herr Saphir, when will you dine with me again?" "At once, Madame Jerrman, at once!" responded the hungry wit in his deepest bass. The old Rothschild, at an evening gathering, requested Saphir to write something in his autograph-book, but it was to be something characteristic. In two minutes the financier received the volume back with the following entry:—"Oblige me, Dear Baron, with the loan of 10,000 gulden; and forget, for ever after, your obedient servant, M. G. SAPHIR." The man of money saw the point of the joke, and paid generously for the humourist's signature. Equally brief was the retort he made to some one against whom he accidentally knocked when turning the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast," cried the offended person, without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir." Cosmar, a relative of the bookseller, was an amateur author who thought a good deal more of himself than the public could be persuaded to think. Meeting Saphir in a mixed company, he made the silly remark that Saphir "was a Jew who wrote for money, while he wrote for fame." "Quite so," remarked the wit; "we each write for what we lack and need." His friend Jerrman was always warning him about getting into debt, for he was extremely careless in money matters, and explaining the advantages to be derived from paying cash for everything. Once he wound up his usual caution with the remark that "making debts ruins many a man." "Oh, no!" responded Saphir; "it's paying them that does the mischief." When introduced for the first time to the prompter of the Leipziger Stadt-Theatre, a pompous personage too much in evidence at times, Saphir remarked, "I heard a good deal of you, Herr A——"—the prompter bowed his acknowledgments of the expected compliment, while the wit added—"in the course of a performance last evening."

Saphir mortally offended the Munich citizens by speaking of them as being "beer-barrels in the morning, and barrels of beer in the evening." One of the most charming girls in that capital, a girl who enjoyed some reputation as an artist, married a young man of the "long and lanky" type, and very wooden-headed into the bargain. Some friends were discussing the match, and one lady happened to say,— "I wonder what Fraulein Wahrman will do with him." "Oh!" exclaimed Saphir, who was listening; "she is fond of painting, and may find him useful as a

mahl-stick." He was crossing the marketplace with a friend, when a member of the comedy troupe of the Court Theatre stopped and exchanged a few words with him. "Who was that?" said Saphir's companion, when the player had gone. "Oh! that is Waldeck, the actor." "He does not look much like an actor off the stage," said the other. "Still less when he's on the stage," retorted Saphir. Of another "poor" player, a low comedian, he once remarked that, "jesting apart, he was not a bad actor." There was some difficulty owing to the nature of the soil, in digging the foundation for a statue to be erected in honour of an important Grand Duke, famous for nothing in particular. The humourist and a friend passed the men at work. "What are they doing?" asked the latter. "Oh! they are trying to find ground for raising a monument to the Gross-Herzog," was the reply. Driving out in the suburbs of Vienna one day, his coachman, a peppery *Mieth kutscher*, got into an altercation with a rival Jehu. Words soon led to oaths, and oaths to blows, and the pair set-to in good earnest to decide which was the better man. Popping his head out of the fiacre-window, Saphir mildly implored the pair to oblige him, and drub each other as quickly as they could, for he had "engaged the carriage by the hour." But Saphir could be extremely rude, and was not unfrequently as coarse as Swift, of whom, by-the-way, he was a diligent student, for he was a master of English. At a ball, a young lady, heated with dancing, and one who should have known better, remarked that she "felt as though she were stewing." "But still quite raw," observed the wit, in a stage aside. Another young person once asked him which was the greatest miracle in the Bible, and then, without waiting for an answer, added, "that Elijah did not burn in the fiery chariot that appeared and took him to heaven." "No," said Saphir, "it was Balaam's ass: the ass that made answer before it was questioned." A great bore, seated next to him at dinner, was excusing his evident fondness for the bottle. "Good wine," said the personage, "makes us forget trouble and vexation, and enables us to bear up against the thousands of disagreeables we encounter and have to submit to. Don't you, Herr Saphir, think it excusable in a man to drink sometimes?" "Oh, yes?" replied the wit; "quite excusable, if he happen to sit next to you at dinner." A wealthy relative, of whom he wished to borrow a little money, reproached him with his incapacity for business. "Why, you cannot even add!" exclaimed the Jewish money-bags, summing up the writer's delinquencies. "No," retorted the other; "but I can subtract, and if one were to subtract your money from you, there would be only a nothing left."

Saphir was no respecter of persons, and nothing could abash him. King Ludwig of Bavaria, the verse maker to whom he owed his expulsion from Munich, walked up to him one day, and tapping the felt hat he wore uttered the single word, "Fils." Now, *Fils*, which means "felt," is also a most opprobrious epithet, and the King's conduct was grossly insulting. In reply, Saphir merely touched the overcoat he wore, with the remark, "Wasser-dichter,"—that is to say, "waterproof." But as *Dichter* also means a "poet," the term signified "water-poet," a Germanism applied to one who is no poet at all. He could be as rude in an amiable fashion too. A young couple, newly engaged, were favoured with a letter of introduction to him, which they duly presented. Now, the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He said nothing, received the pair with *empressement*, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement, and wound up with, "Now, pray, you must, you really must, tell me which of you is the bride." Travelling in a second-class carriage between Hamburg and Berlin, he had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment beside himself, in reference to the opening of a window. "You don't appear to know the difference, *Mein Herr*, between the second and third class," said the lady, cuttingly. "Oh, Madame!" replied Saphir, "I am an old railway traveller; I know all the class distinctions. In the first class, the passengers behave rudely to the guard; in the third, the guards behave rudely to the passengers; in the second (with a bow to his fellow-traveller), the passengers behave rudely to each other." Some of his briefer sayings are extremely droll. He once described a theatre as being so full that people were obliged to laugh perpendicularly, there was no room to do so horizontally. Of a dull townlet he visited, he remarked it was so quiet that but for an occasional death there would really be no life in the place. He was a big man, and when a little poet once threatened to run him through for an adverse criticism, he merely observed that he would thenceforth have to pull his boots up higher when he went abroad. His Jewishness was not often apparent in what he said or did. On one occasion, though, he showed that he was not unmindful of his origin. Dining at Rothschild's, some fine *lachryma Christi* was placed on the table. "Whence," asked the financier, "does the wine get so strange a name?" "I suppose," answered Saphir, "it is because good Christians must weep to think that a Jew should be able to treat his friends to such a superb beverage." It must be admitted, though, that, like Heine, whom he bitterly hated, he had little sympathy with those of his own race.—*The Spectator*.

From the French of François Coppée.

"Oh! if some verse of mine survive by chance,
I only hope the humble poem will be
Chosen by those who in the volume glance
That I have written, darling, but for thee."

Montreal.

LOUIS LLOYD.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE ravings of the *Globe* about Mr. Chamberlain must be read in connexion with the hatred felt by the Parnellites for the Englishman to whom, above all others, was due the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals in Parliament last year. That was a splendid service rendered by Mr. Chamberlain to his country—a service that amply atoned for any faults of statesmanship he may have committed earlier. For instance, a few years ago he was regarded as in some sort a Radical of an inferior type to Mr. Cowen; but that service raised him at once to a higher rank, the very first rank in the country's regard, while Mr. Cowen, who, it is true has now retired, is not merely left behind but forgotten. And Mr. Chamberlain's newly-acquired reputation has been well sustained and more firmly founded by his subsequent work in conserving the Union. No statesman has carried the Unionist flag higher, none have had a more statesmanlike perception of the peril of the situation, or have more firmly repulsed selfish and treasonable onslaughts on the Constitution. Mr. Chamberlain is a patriot of whom every Englishman ought to be proud; and proportionally he is a thorn in the side of every Parnellite, on whom seemingly his mere name has all the effect of a red rag shaken before a bull. It would have been surprising if they had regarded his appointment to the Fisheries Commission with patience, and they naturally seized on the first opportunity to assail him. His reference to the political effects of Commercial Union was unfortunate, perhaps injudicious; still he could not possibly have known of the peculiar editorial arrangements which enable a *Globe* writer to strike a blow for old Ireland while ostensibly fighting in a wholly different cause. It must have been most delicious caviare to this writer to be able to strike—or shall we say shoot from behind a hedge?—at such an enemy, over the heads of the Commercial Unionists; but we cannot congratulate these on accepting the aid of this species of moonlighting. In the drooping fortunes of Parnellism an alliance with that conspiracy can only end in adding to it another discredited cause.

THE *Globe* writer summons up the bogey of American Retaliation in order to frighten Canada into Commercial Union, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain; but that fearful spectre may be laid by the reflection that a duty on American and European grain carried into England, costing the British consumers nothing and vastly assisting Canada and India, and thereby laying the basis of a union statesmanlike and enduring, because commercial as well as political, would be felt so acutely in the States that the Retaliation Act if it were ever put in force would be brushed away as comparatively of no consequence.

THE several important letters and speeches of the past week respecting Commercial Union furnish admirable arguments for Free Trade, but therefore ought to tell rather against than for Commercial Union with the States. It passes comprehension how Free Traders can be so eager to see Canada ally herself commercially with a country that is steeped to the lips in Protection, and dominated by rings, the result of a fiscal policy the very opposite to Free Trade. Is it conceivable, as one distinguished writer seems to assume, that the Americans will follow the lead of Canada in their tariff—that a giant of sixty million will cut his coat according to the measure of a pigmy of five million? If a dory is tied to a ship, which takes the lead, and which the wake? And what power has Mr. Cleveland—willing though he may be—to bring about such a lowering of the United States tariff as will assimilate it to the Canadian—a process of reduction which it is assumed, quite erroneously we believe, must soon take place? Judging from the past, for Mr. Cleveland to recommend a tariff measure to Congress is to ensure the defeat of that measure. We feel assured that Commercial Union at present would prove to be a mistake for Canada. Free Trade with sixty million of people we concede fully would be better than Protection against them, if that Free Trade did not involve the erection of a Chinese Wall against the rest of the world, and the certainty that all the resources of this country would soon be in the hands, not of the Canadian people, but of this, that, and the other ring of American and Canadian speculators. So Free Trade with the States may

be purchased too dear. When the States shall adopt Free Trade, or an approximation to it, we may safely accept Commercial Union—but not till then.

THE justification for the Canadian National Policy is the necessity of protecting the infant industries of Canada against the overpowering competition of our highly protected neighbours; and the remark made we believe by Mr. John Macdonald at the Board of Trade meeting here in the spring, to the effect that certain classes of Canadian goods stand no chance in a free market against American goods, was perfectly natural, its "moral" being that an infant is not so robust and well able to stand alone as a grown man. United States protection is twenty-five years old, while Canadian Protection is only seven; and surely in case of a free contest between them, no other result can be expected than the defeat of the younger and weaker.

IF there has been any cause, apart from the Irish one, for the *Globe's* attack of rabies on account of Mr. Chamberlain, it must be because he pointed out so clearly that Commercial Union meant separation from England—and by consequence annexation to the States. Yet not a line has been written or a word spoken during the discussion of last week in any attempt to show how Mr. Chamberlain is wrong. He is denounced with vituperation; but his argument is carefully avoided, which the public will take the liberty to consider a proof that the contention that Commercial Union forms the very best and a sure basis for Political Union is indeed unanswerable.

NOR that the subject of Separation and Annexation has been altogether ignored. One gentleman of the newly formed Club, an M.P., frankly avowed that the Club is prepared to accept Annexation if it be good for the country—which is very good of the Club. Another had been taught by the present Government that the interests of Canada must be the first consideration with Canadians, a lesson enforced by their discrimination against English manufactures,—which is surely not a perfectly accurate statement; and he regarded the ruin of a few manufacturers with the equanimity of a patriot whose love for his country is too far-reaching to include individuals,—which again must be very comforting to these and their business connexions, who will find themselves embarrassed or ruined in consequence. And a third gentleman had supported the National Policy because it was a retaliatory policy to force the United States to give us Free Trade; and now he wishes Canada to embrace the high protective system of the United States because in his judgment such Commercial Union is a complement of the National Policy, and its legitimate consequence. And so it is, if unconditional surrender of all one has been striving for is a legitimate consequence of the endeavour. The National Policy was designed not to procure the Free Trade of the Commercial Unionists, but reciprocity in natural products only; and this being refused by the States, the Commercial Unionists throw up the game, and concede everything demanded.

WITH reference to Mr. Gladstone's attempt to stir up Wales to demand Home Rule, in order to strengthen his Irish case, a writer in the *Times* observes that whereas geographically, at least, Ireland has the necessary foundation for nationality—a well-defined natural boundary (the sea is an unexceptionable frontier for Ireland),—the imaginary line bounding the Welsh and English counties is purely artificial, the work of a comparatively recent age. It does not correspond to Offa's Dyke, the political boundary of an age when Wales and England were truly foreign countries to each other. When England was weak Wales reached to the Wye in Herefordshire and into Shropshire. When Doomsday Book was drawn up most of the county of Flint and the lower part of the vale of Clwyd were in the county of Chester. The greater part of Radnor, part of Brecon, and part of Monmouthshire, with isolated spots beyond, were in the county of Hereford. The rest of Monmouthshire was in the county of Gloucester. Part of Montgomeryshire was in the county of Shropshire. When the Welsh counties were formed parts were detached from the English shires to make them up more conveniently. Wales as at present bounded has never had a distinct political existence, nor a single ruler. And the Welsh population is not bounded by the imaginary Welsh border. Monmouthshire is undoubtedly Welsh in blood; so apparently is Herefordshire west of the Wye, to a very great extent at least; so too are the western parts of Shropshire beyond Offa's Dyke. Traces of Welsh population exist everywhere west of the Severn and Dee. But in parts of Flint and Denbighshire there are certainly English people. In part of Pembrokeshire there are scarcely any traces of Welsh. In other parts of South Wales English or Flemish, or Scandinavian blood is strongly marked. The Welsh language

is confined to part only of the present Wales. In most of Radnorshire and Eastern Monmouthshire, in the whole border of the country further north, the people talk English as generally as in Pembrokeshire or as in Welsh Herefordshire. What difference, in short, he asks, is there between the man on one side of the hedge and the man on the other, which would make it expedient to violently sever them? They are one in sentiment, character, and needs. The differences which exist between some Welshmen and Englishmen are those gradually shaded off distinctions which exist between a partly and imperfectly assimilated fraction of a nation and the main body of the same people. They are not the deep and well marked lines which sever nations. It is foolish to pretend that they are such; wrong to try and make them such. Home Rule in Wales would be an historical and political absurdity equal to a Federal Republic in France and Brittany, or indeed worse, seeing that Brittany had a particular political existence of its own down to a hundred years ago. The differences which separate the Highlands from the Lowlands of Scotland are as well-defined, and the geographical boundaries more easy to trace than those between the English and Welsh inhabitants of the kingdom of England.

AND so with the threatened Church. Unlike Scotland and Ireland, in each of which there is or was a separate Church Establishment, Wales has no separate Establishment. In Wales the Church consists of four dioceses of the Province of Canterbury, and the neighbouring dioceses of the two countries are as inextricably involved as are the modern boundaries. The dioceses of St. Asaph and Llandaff extend into England; Chester, Lichfield, and Hereford extend into Wales. The Welsh Church is in fact, at present, part and parcel of the Church of England, and therefore when people talk of Disestablishing the Church in Wales they mean cutting off four dioceses from the Church of England. Still if the greater portion of the inhabitants of Wales wished for Disestablishment, it might be granted. But is that the case? The Welsh agitators for Disestablishment, though they have this very year taken a census of church-goers and chapel-goers, will not publish the figures; but from those collected by the opposition, which there is good reason to believe are near the truth, it would appear, according to the *North Wales Chronicle*, that in twenty-nine towns and villages, admirably characteristic of Wales as a whole, it was found that while close upon 30,000 went to church, not quite 45,000 went to chapel. Thus the proportions stand at two to three—two-fifths Churchmen, three-fifths Nonconformists; while, taking the separate religious bodies, the Establishment outnumbered the most numerous sect, the Calvinistic Methodists, in the proportion of three to two. This being the case, Mr. Gladstone's attempt to bribe the Welsh Nonconformists to support him by promising to Disestablish the so-called Welsh Church is a piece of mischievous meddling and a gross immorality.

THE impending publication of Mr. Donnelly's Great Cryptogram is said to be arousing much excitement among certain good folk—whose defective sense of proportion leads them, we suppose, to confound the irresponsible speculations of such thinkers as Mr. Donnelly with the results of sound scholarship; but we doubt if anybody at all familiar with the works of Shakespeare as well as of Bacon is likely to regard the cloud that threatens the former as much more worthy of serious attention than one of Wiggins' great storms. Whatever alarm may be felt by people on the lower plains—an alarm much of the same nature as that felt in some countries at an eclipse—Shakespearean scholars, by which we mean diligent readers of Shakespeare, placed at an altitude where they are able to see better, can have no concern about Shakespeare's fame; and we have yet to learn the name of one such, or of any literary man of eminence, that has embraced the Donnellian heresy. No one thoroughly familiar with Shakespeare—saturated with him, as all English-speaking people of any literary pretension should be—could possibly believe that from the pen that wrote the incoherent sentences of Bacon's Essays flowed also the limpid stream of orderly English of Shakespeare's Plays. Not one of Shakespeare's contemporaries could—or did—write such English as he; which means that they could not *think* such English. Powerful thinker as Bacon was, his muddled style shows it was not in him. Can it for a moment be believed that the man who could put forth sixty essays, mere inchoate sketches, hints, loose thoughts without order, where we are tossed to and fro from one subject to another wholly unrelated, like a cork in a fountain jet,—essays distinguished by verbal obscurities, archaic phraseology, and solecisms in grammar,—wrote also the pure, plain, perfectly-ordered root-English of Shakespeare—the English common to him, alone of all his contemporaries, and to the Bible and the Prayer Book? It is this peculiarity of language, rising sheer above the literary fashion of the time—as all writing to be enduring at any time must do—that distinguishes the works of Shakespeare from

the works of all contemporary writers, including Bacon; who certainly had not an equal literary faculty, unless, as the Donnelly theory would persuade us, he wrote as much like a dunce as he could, to avert suspicion!

IN the *Critic* of October 29th, is a delicious bit of satire on the assumed Bacon cypher. It purports to be an account of certain accidental discoveries made in the course of an evening's conversation, by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop and Mr. Walter Learned, and written down promptly by the first-named gentleman to save time, and avoid the possible imputation that the discoveries were made by careful pre-arrangement. The subject of conversation was two articles in the October *North American Review*, which assume to disclose in Shakespeare's epitaph a secret assertion that Bacon wrote the plays: and Mr. Learned by a sudden inspiration suggested that interesting results might be obtained from any old epitaph by applying to it Bacon's *omnia per omnia* cypher as used by the *North American Reviewer*. They therefore took up an epitaph very common in New England graveyards:—

Stop Careless Youthe as You Pass by,
As You are now, So once was I.
As I am now So you Must Be,
Oh then Prepare to Follow Me.

And out of this by a ludicrous process of reasoning, burlesquing with infinite humour the conclusions reached by the *North American Review* writers, they evolve certain curious results, which they say force the conclusion that hereafter this epitaph will doubtless be esteemed the most marvellous stanza ever composed on earth. It is not possible for us here to trace the working out of the cypher, which is admirably done, at full length; but the result shows how any desired reading may be drawn out of any text, if the operator is at liberty to construct a cypher so flexible as to cover all emergencies. Here is an anagram discovered in the first line (using only *l* twice):

OUT, SHACSSPEARE! YOU STOLE B'S PLAYYS.

Although elsewhere the nearest they can get to Shakespeare's name is *SABEAR* and to Bacon's *FRA BA*,—which as they justly say comes near spelling both. But a fund of meaning is unlocked in the separate lines of the epitaph. The first, say the commentators with true Donnellian ingenuity, would seem to refer to a phrase in *All's Well that Ends Well* (II. 3), viz.: "the careless lapse and ignorance of youth." To "lapse" is in one sense the same as to "pass." This allusion is striking, interwoven as it is with this verse, apparently written by the claimant of the plays, and appealing to the youthful generations not to pass it by in ignorance. The second and third lines—enclosed or bracketed between the other two—seem to be addressed parenthetically to the shade of Shakespeare. "As you are now (*deprived of the credit of authorship*) so once was I. As I am now (*found out in my true character as author of the Plays*), So you Must Be (*found out in your character as an impostor*)." The last line, addressed to the world again, is: "Oh then Prepare to Follow Me." Follow whom? Why, naturally, Bacon; as we have hitherto followed Shakespeare. The "Stop Careless Youthe," they observe in conclusion, is an old epitaph. Can it date back to Bacon's time? And are we to conclude that Bacon—besides being the author of most of the literature belonging to the Elizabethan period (including his own Philosophical Works)—was also the ablest mortuary poet of his age, furnishing epitaphs for the people at large? We may likewise assume, in that case, that he composed both the *Careless Youthe*, and the *Good Friend for Jesus sake forbear*. But the latter, with its imperfect cypher contents, must have been a hurried bit of work. There is another hypothesis. Bacon may have written the *Good Friend* first, and sent it off hastily to the stone-cutter at Stratford. But, remember that the spelling was unnecessarily bad and the cypher contents meagre, which he also dispatched to the stone-cutter. The mechanic must have made a mistake and followed the wrong copy, when he chiselled the *Good Friend* lines above Shakespeare's grave. Bacon, not daring to excite inquiry by removing that epitaph, after it was in place, and substituting the improved one, concluded to sow this one far and wide, in numerous graveyards, as the only means left him of vindicating his claim. In the shipwreck of his fortunes, caused by his conviction as a corrupt judge, he may have felt like the sinking mariner who puts a history of himself into cork bottles which he sets adrift on the waves; and his best bottle labelled *Stop Careless Youthe* drifted to New England!

MR. GLADSTONE, replying to a correspondent, refuses to enter into a controversy regarding free education, giving as his reason that he is devoted to the settlement of one subject, on the progress of which all other subjects must depend. It may be feared he is in a perilous way: the man that gives place for only one idea is dangerously near madness.

LINES

Written by Goethe, at the age of eighty, on the wall of a cottage in the Thuringian Mountains, where he had gone to view the sunset. [From the German.]

The forest resteth
Around,
Nor wind molesteth
Nor sound—
Peace all has blest ;
The birds in the still boughs are sleeping.
Wait only, not weeping :
Soon too thou'lt rest.

WILLIAM WANLESS ANDERSON.

GERALDINE—A POEM.*

TICKNOR AND Co.'s handsomely bound and illustrated edition of this noble poem reminds one that, originally copyrighted in 1881, it has been before the public quite long enough to have become, if not exactly a classic, at least a valuable addition to the poetic stores of American literature. This new edition contains a new preface, in which the author still affirms the extraordinary fact that the strong similarity in style and plot to Owen Meredith's *Lucile* is merely an accidental matter, and indeed puts as far away from himself or herself as possible the idea of imitation, since *Lucile* was not even read until after the composition of *Geraldine*. Certainly, one would wish to be the last to suggest such an ugly thing as imitation, but there is such a thing as unconscious suggestion; and if in the present case this is not allowed to be held responsible for the almost startling resemblance between the two poems, there is literally nothing to fall back upon. It might seem a striking matter in itself that a person of literary tastes and inclined to authorship should be able to go through life without ever having come across *Lucile*, but still more remarkable is the fact that upon learning that Owen Meredith had made use of the same metre in his famous and beautiful poem, the author of *Geraldine* "refrained persistently" from reading *Lucile*, or hearing it read, or in any way learning of its character, spirit, and scope, lest unconsciously might be borrowed its style and thought. That this is worth the while is supposed to be gathered from a perusal of the poem in which whatever of other minds may appear nothing of Owen Meredith's at least may be found. But indeed this is just where the critical shoe pinches, for it is a foregone conclusion that if poets will write in one of two well-known metres, such as the In Memoriam quatrain, the Hiawatha trochaics, or the simple ballad rhythms of Campbell and Macaulay, they have themselves to thank for one result, which invariably is that very little of what they say sounds new, and the general impression is conveyed that much of it has been said before. Probably, as frequent critical notices have remarked, blank verse is our only true elastic medium in the English tongue; for what can be more distinct than the blank verse of Shakespeare, of Tennyson, of Browning? It is therefore unfortunate, to say the least, that the author of *Geraldine*, by what occult power no one will ever discover, should have elected to use the same metre—and at its best what an unsatisfactory metre it is!—that is forever associated in the mind with a very popular and gifted English poet. Setting this choice aside, however, it remains to be said that metres are not abundant, like blackberries, and that even if an author chooses a metre likely to be unpopular, he need give no man or critic a reason why, either on compulsion or unless he likes. There are a score of lesser metres to be found in the smaller poems of Tennyson, Clough, Jean Ingelow, and Longfellow that still remain to be worked up by the enterprising poets of the future, but few of them will ever assist in the building up of lengthy epics, such as *Geraldine* and poems of the kind, and the present unknown author really deserves to be congratulated upon the fact that long before the appearance of *Lucile* he had evolved the facile and swinging metre afterwards to be so easily apprehended and rendered familiar by another writer. What a pity, one thinks, that *Geraldine* should not have appeared first.

Apart from this matter of metre, the other striking resemblance is in the number of characters—four, and the general thread of the story. Here the resemblance ceases, for naturally enough the surroundings of the Comtesse de Nevers, the Duc de Louvois, Vargrave, and his English sweetheart, would be vastly different from those of Mrs. Isabel Lee, a "summer coquette," living about at country hotels on the St. Lawrence, her rival, Geraldine Hope, Percival Trent, the hero, the youthful, enthusiastic dreamer of dreams, and the "Major," a cleverly executed man of the world, a trifle coarse, superficial, and cynical. Percival Trent is a young man of unusual gifts, prominent among which are lecturing and writing poetry. Though he takes

To occasional rhymes
With an art that was rather instinctive at times,

He was not at his best in this work of his pen,
For his speech was a power to move upon men,
And he held that the work of his life was to speak,
As he might for the right, be it humble and weak ;
And his words were unflinching, fearless and strong,
In the ears of the world in complaint of the wrong.

Still, throughout all his work lurks a vague conviction that he has but half lived his life, that something is still to come that will determine his highest and finest aspirations, and create for him a far wider sphere than he has yet found. This idea frequently finds vent in letters to his beloved fair Geraldine Hope, with whom for the sake of her lovely name alone, the reader is at once favourably impressed. He writes to her—

I have told you before of the fancy I hold,
That my work is to be by some duty controlled
Which I may not discover till years have gone by,
And perhaps through some wilds of experience I
Must pass in to my clear field of labour. . . .

A faint regret that the dead levels of life are not for him permeates his entire being at this time, and while he is profoundly attached to the fair Geraldine he feels that he is predestined to visit

Some valley of grief, where the dark
Never knows the sun's rising or song of a lark,
Singing straight into heaven. . . .

Only too soon are his shadowy predictions verified. Lecturing one evening on his hobby, Reform, he encounters the gaze of a pair of dark ardent eyes belonging to Isabel Lee,

A woman of wit and of rare repartee,
With a lightness of speech that quite often belies
The suggestion of sorrow that lurks in her eyes.

He sups at her house, and afterwards indites another long letter to Geraldine Hope, in the course of which he alludes again to his vague sorrow, confessing that

The great woe
Of a life (or I sometimes have reaped it so)
May not be a great loss that it ever has known
But a very great want that has silently grown
From an undefined need to the mastering strength
Of a hunger unfulfilled, and that sways one at length
With an absolute will. . . .

It is clear by this time that Trent will find his "wilds of experience" in his intercourse with Isabel Lee, and while one wishes he would not be so foolish, one accepts the old, old story—the fascination that a charming woman of the world, about whom a little mystery hangs, has in every clime and in all ages for a young man who has not yet lost his ideals. Gradually he comes to rely on her counsel, to seek for her advice, to consult her, to open his poet's soul to her, and to tell her that

There is only one road to the mountains of bliss,
And it leads from the levels of longing. . . .

Finally, from generalisations about hunger of soul and invisible wants, they come to closer, more personal themes, and the fourth division of the poem brings them to that delicate ground, the interchange of vows of undying friendship, upon which the author comments.

For what came
In the track of all this they were hardly to blame,
There's a logic in life that is stubborn as fate,
We must learn it, each one, though our study be late.

Pitiful indeed, that following this Byronic admission occurs this beautiful passage from a letter of Geraldine's to her unhappy knight :

I think that there can be no defeat
For a love that is guarded by trust. It withstands
Every effort of cruel and violent hands
To dethrone it; it rules with a wonderful might
Born of weakness and yielding; it strives for no right
But the right to bestow of its largess; it speaks
With an eloquent tongue in a silence that seeks
But to hear the dear words of bestowal; it waits
For the gladness of time that its faith antedates
And is glad in its waiting; it patiently bears
Every strain of the years, all the grief and the cares
They may bring; it is faithful and true to the end,
And we know such a love, I am certain, my friend.

The remainder of the action describes the coincidences and events that cement the friendship and increase the intercourse between Trent and the fascinating Mrs. Lee, and contains much spirited and graceful dialogue. The beautiful islands and the gorgeous sunsets of the St. Lawrence form an impassioned setting for such a story, which moves on to its logical conclusion reached one night during a thunder-storm when Trent and Mrs. Lee are compelled to take shelter in a deserted cabin, and when their mutual passion may no longer be hidden. It is but fair to poor Trent to say that the confession is first of all made by Mrs. Lee who, in her subtle choice of subjects for conversation, steers straight to her desired haven, and works what must be considered the moral ruin of the youthful poet. But not for long is the eclipse of his best feelings suffered to darken all notions of honour, and the end of a bitter struggle sees Trent on the western slopes of our great continent, where he receives a loving letter from Geraldine Hope, breaking off their engagement. The next step in this eventful history is the finding by Trent of Isabel Lee's husband on a slope of the Rocky Mountains, where he dies while engaged in recounting his wife's peculiar traits, a proceeding that considerably undecives Trent, and leads to a complete rupture with Mrs. Lee on his subsequent return to the east. Finally, he is forgiven by the gentle Geraldine, marries her, and lives to smile at a newspaper notice which he reads within a year of his marriage, and which comments upon the union of Major Archibald Mellen and Isabel Lee. For this final *coup* the reader is not quite prepared, and would prefer that the charming coquette had not sought consolation in the mind and person of a man so radically false and sceptical. Trent pursues his avocation with heightened vigour and intensity of purpose, and comes forth from his baptism of fire purified and renovated, and in every way stronger for the battle of life. As before remarked, the dialogue throughout is masterly, and the treatment of social and literary topics novel in its way, but the whole colour of the poem, its tendency and train of thought more suggests the life of cities than the calm solitudes of the St. Lawrence, and thus the author somewhat fails to connect our very highest sentiments with the beautiful river which has an idyllic charm yet unwritten and unexpressed in metric form. A love story is *Geraldine*, and a very true, very tragic, very human love story too, which none can read without feeling a keen admiration for the knowledge of men and women displayed in it, and for the exquisite tact, restraint, and culture which on every page testify to the genius and accomplishments of the author.

* *Geraldine*. A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor and Co.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE "boodle investigation" is ended. I trust you know something about the matter, as it is quite beyond my capacity to give any information on the subject. Like that exasperating advertisement concerning innumerable miles of stovepolish, a constantly recurring "caption" has aggravated us during some weeks. Well, either the case proved over-puzzling, or the investigators over-wearied, for we no longer find precious columns in our dailies usurped by a seemingly interminable affair. However there are other investigations on the tapis. Fire brigade, Society, Sabbath breaking, nothing shall escape contumely—except perhaps our public thoroughfares. But alas! after the spirit of—interference has stalked about haunting lawyers "who straight dream on fees," with sepulchral voices rousing parsons to a sense of their duty—"what is it all when all is done?" The city "being thus frightened, starts and wakes, swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again." (Pardon my adapting Shakespeare after this fashion.)

THE French population, and a select number of English people too for that matter, were highly edified by the performances of Maurice Grau's Opera Company. Recruited from Parisian boulevard theatres, these lesser lights must have been not a little amused at the dazzling appearance they presented shining in our darker theatrical firmament. Furthermore it was very funny to see the good bourgeoisie of Montreal contemplating with benign and approving countenance operettas many Parisians prefer viewing from the sombre recesses of a discreet *baignoire*. The works given were mostly those we all know so well—*La Mascotte*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, etc., etc. I assure you nothing was lost upon us, nor the exhilarating buffoonery of Monsieur Meziere, nor the shrill singing of the two prima donnas. Rather novel features enhanced the excitement during the first night's performance. Students who should never be beyond reach of a professional ruler made life miserable for more genteel auditors by hideous shouting between every act, and the throwing of fire crackers, in lieu of floral tributes, at the feet of the unhappy players. Afterwards, marching triumphantly home, these model youths were pounced upon by policemen who rightly or wrongly dispersed the concourse of window-breaking, peace-disturbing gentlemen.

"HAVE you seen Mrs. Langtry's frocks?"—that is what we have been asked here, and, in truth, there seemed little else to look at. The "Lily" and "her own company," it must be confessed, very often resembled animated fashion plates far more than feeling human beings. I remember Mrs. Langtry's first visit to Montreal, with the delicate odour of London drawing-rooms still about her; she was a fair apparition indeed. Fortunately we did not go to see an actress, but the most fascinating of women, and were consequently more than satisfied. Man, however, cannot live by soft glances alone, nor does Mrs. Langtry wish it; she has therefore put forth every effort to give to the public something besides pose and good looks. Unfortunately the actress was once a society belle, and this she never forgets. We have still, and I suppose always shall have, the impression that Mrs. Langtry deigned to tread the boards for any reason in the world rather than this one: That she thought the stage would lose much without her services. If she were once to toss her hair, to forget the whiteness of her shoulders, the blueness of her eyes, we might believe in her. Our English actresses greatly need some of the warm blood and nervous energy of the French. I could name more than one who would do much better as a sculptor's model than the hysterical heroine of modern plays. As for "her own company," it was really very funny. I shall not attempt to question our dear cousins' pronouncement of President's English, but I think one may doubt the propriety of putting it into the mouth of a British nobleman. *Le jeun premier*, Mr. Maurice Barrymore, has, I hear, some reputation; to criticise him, then, would be like assaulting a man with bulldogs at his back. This handsome young gentleman may act very well in other parts, but the Captain Bradford of *A Wife's Peril* was tame and preoccupied. Doubtless his eye-glass had something to do with it, for like him of "the beautiful white legs," neither love nor the prospect of death could part these friends.

THEY say the Salvation Army came to us from Toronto—thanks. While fully admitting the good these warriors have done, one cannot help regretting their establishment amongst us. However, the thing is accomplished now; last Saturday evening their gorgeous new barracks were opened. The building—a very substantial one of cut stone and red brick—includes a great hall capable of seating three thousand persons, training home, dormitories, and lecture, reading, and dining rooms. The former, flashily decorated, exhibits rather a peculiar feature in its moveable ceiling, which can be lowered at will. This is very brilliantly frescoed, and has a map of the world in the centre, surrounded by the motto, "The World from God."

LOUIS LLOYD.

MR. HENRY GEORGE.*

"HE that goeth about," says the "judicious" Richard Hooker, "to persuade a multitude that they are not as well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers." Never were the words truer than in the present day. We do not mean to say that the agitators of the present time have no other basis for their power. Many of them are men of deep convictions, and of considerable intellectual ability; but these would go for little if they could not use the mighty lever of discontent.

It is a strange thing—it would be amusing were not the case so serious—to see Mr. George discoursing to the inhabitants of New York on the right of the people to the possession of the land, when he and they know

* *Henry George vs. Henry George*. A Review. By R. C. Rutherford. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

quite well that there is no land in New York to be had, whereas they have only to go out into the Western States and get as much as they want. Indeed, we may well ask why the seemingly numerous believers in Mr. George's doctrines do not go *en masse* and get a large tract of land, and keep it as national property, and demonstrate that Mr. George's theory put into practice will make a prosperous and happy community. If they say that their object is to turn the whole world into such a community, and therefore they must remain in the midst of the ill-managed society to which they now belong, the reply is very simple: no argument that you can employ will conclusively prove the truth of your theory. Put it in practice; show that it will work, and that the results of its working are beneficial, and this will do more to convince others of its truth than any amount of speculative utterances on the subject.

Those who have attended Mr. George's meetings in New York, and have heard the speeches of himself and of Dr. McGlynn as supporters of the "Anti-Poverty Society," report that there is very little appearance of poverty among those who constitute the audience, and applaud to the echo the platitudes and fallacies of their popular orators.

It is quite evident, however, that Mr. George is not to be allowed to have things all his own way. Among others, he has been answered by Dr. Goldwin Smith, in his excellent little book on *False Hopes*, and here is a very good contribution on the same side by Mr. R. C. Rutherford.

One of the principal points to which Mr. Rutherford draws attention is Mr. George's opposition to the ordinary teaching of Political Economy, "that labour is maintained and paid out of existing capital before the product which constitutes the ultimate object is secured." One should have thought that this is quite a correct statement of the actual matter of fact, whatever may be the theory or the history of the relation between labour, wages, and capital. Mr. George, however, insists that "on the contrary, the maintenance and payment of labour do not even temporarily trench on capital, but are directly drawn from the product of the labour," and that, if this is true, "then all this vast superstructure is left without support, and must fall."

Mr. Rutherford examines these theories, not as a mere friend of capital, or as holding a brief for the capitalist, but in a simple scientific manner; and it is in this manner, as we believe, that the subject must be considered. No one now would argue that capital is to be respected to the injury of the community. If it could be proved that some of the revolutionary schemes now advocated would really promote the common prosperity and well-being, then, even if the capitalist should suffer, he could hardly wonder if the votes of the majority should make him suffer; nor, in that case, could we greatly blame the majority.

But this is by no means the judgment of the most philanthropic political economists. They profess to see clearly that any serious attack on capital and its rights would be most injurious to the working classes, whose interests (even their very existence) would be imperilled by such an attack.

To most persons, Mr. George's statement that wages, or, as he calls it, "the maintenance and payment of labour do not even temporarily trench on capital," must seem a very hard saying indeed. Who are the people who employ others and pay them for their labour? Certainly people who have capital. And who are the persons who never employ labourers, or who generally fail to pay them when they do employ them? Just as certainly those who have no capital. These are facts, and they are very easily formulated as principles.

Of course, no one thinks of denying that capital, or wealth, is the product of land and labour; and for the sake of the argument we may suppose that land is common or national property. But we have to go back a very long way before we can see men at work producing wealth by labour without having any capital to start with. We must go back to the time of unorganised, individual labour, to the time when man was not "a tool-using animal," or was using tools of a very primitive description; and such a time has little bearing upon the principles of production in our own days.

Most certainly "the maintenance and payment of labour" are not "directly drawn from the product of labour." They are drawn from capital which is the result of previous labour; and this alone is a proof that the attack on capital is an attack on labour—not perhaps direct, but quite as real as though it were; and further, it reminds us that the labourer would be in a very sad position if he depended for his wages upon the product of his own labour. These and other points are fully illustrated in Mr. Rutherford's book by instances giving the working of the principles in concrete forms. We believe that the circulation of this book is very likely to do good.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

INGLESIDE RHAIMS. Verses in the dialect of Burns. J. E. Rankin. New York: John B. Alden.

That every one can sympathise with the author's fondness for the Scots tongue to the extent of calling it "the sweetest, simplest, and most pathetic dialect ever used by mortals" the author himself will surely not expect. The Scots with many is an acquired taste, although with others it does certainly outlive admiration of the adopted English. Dr. Rankin is not a Scotchman by birth, but most essentially one in feeling and his poems are duly weighted with Scotch sentiments expressed in the traditional Scotch manner. In a narrative strain he has few equals, while his poems on childhood are really beautiful and full of tenderest images. They are well known and always favourably received in the United States, and even if we have occasionally to use a glossary the subject-matter is quite interesting enough to allow us to do so without a hint of impatience. We believe that Dr. Rankin is also a writer of strong, fluent, and original English verse.

MEMOIRS OF WILHELMINE, MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH. Translated and Edited by Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. With Portrait. New York: Harper and Bros.

It is not a very ordinary occurrence to be called upon to notice a work of similar interest to these remarkable memoirs, edited and translated by a Royal personage, and especially one who has done her work so well. Princess Christian, who has always been eminent in literature, has in this most important and interesting translation asserted her right to be considered a practised *littérateur*, the introduction being well and concisely written, and the English throughout giving the very nearest and clearest idea of the original. This unfortunate Margravine of Baireuth was born in 1709, the daughter of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. of England. She was therefore the Crown Princess of Prussia, and her brother, the Crown Prince, became in after life Frederick the Great, who was often accustomed to say, as we learn from Katt, his reader, that he owed his taste for study, his love of work, and the habit of never being idle, to his sister. Indeed, their devotion was one of the marvels of the eighteenth century, when all loves were fickle and most friendships uncertain; and not even a passionate admiration for Voltaire and the whole cynical school of that day could unsettle the sound and tender regard in which they continued to hold each other for years. These memoirs, as well as the Margravine's correspondence with Voltaire and her brother, furnished Carlyle with much of his political and private material for his *Life of Frederick the Great*, and he describes her style in one place as being always "true, lucid, and charmingly human." She was certainly the latter, and has pictured for us in her irrepressible way the positively frightful state of affairs in that long-vanished Prussian Court. The Queen was a woman of great but unpleasant determination; the King was at times absolutely cruel in enforcing his commands, and seeing that his wishes were fulfilled to the letter; the whole Court was honeycombed with intrigues and *intrigantes*, and the whole atmosphere was false, inhuman, artificial, and unhealthy. Life was carried on under conditions of small tyranny and daily despotism, which are often much more difficult to endure than direct hardships of other kinds. Indeed, to observe the pleasant practice of "nagging" carried to its farthest and pleasantest conclusion, we have only to read what this unhappy Margravine has to tell us of her pinched, impoverished, and wretched daily life. To have to sit down daily at a table where "covers had been laid for twenty-four," and there was in reality not enough pork and cabbage and thick soup to go round one-half that number; to have to consent to be dressed by ten maids on her wedding day, each one undoing what the other one did, and then emerging, looking like "a madwoman;" to have to dance attendance upon insolent foreigners and scheming ladies of the Court; to possess no separate existence; never to be alone, but to be simply made use of; blindfolded, hoodwinked, deceived, cajoled, persecuted, caressed, starved and feasted, adored and maligned, all at the same time—this was for years the Margravine's outward life, and we can only wonder at the calm, reflective intellectual power which permitted her, while broken in health and spirits, to devote what portion of her wasted life she could snatch from the consuming Moloch of Court etiquette to literary pursuits, and chiefly the maintenance of her journal. For a picture of a state of things surely nowhere existent to-day, but which is absolutely faithful to the apparently trivial but historically important details of the eighteenth century in Europe, we are much beholden to the Royal translator, and shall look for her forthcoming edition of the Margravine's letters with much interest. The dedication of the present volume is to the living Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia, Frederick William, brother-in-law of Princess Christian.

NATURE VERITAS. By George M. Minchin, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The author of this curious conceit is Professor of Applied Mathematics in the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, and we take it that this attempt at verification of things usually supposed to be not of the earth, earthy, but very much of the upper and perhaps under airs, has been a recreation from heavier duties imposed by his profession. A poem of mystical import, called *The Revelation from Aldebaran*, is nevertheless heavy to the last degree, and were it not for an exceedingly entertaining and amusing preface on the dissipation of energy, and the strange beings with whom the writer has leave to communicate in the other planetary worlds far from this one, we question if his work would find many readers. If the present attempt is a specimen of the scientific poetry we have long been promised, the world can well afford to wait a little longer, and there is not the slightest fear that our older poets may lose their hard-won laurels.

PATRICK HENRY. By Moses Coit Tyler. American Statesmen; edited by John T. Morse, Jun. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This most recent instalment of interesting biographical material is quite up to the mark of the previous volumes. Patrick Henry, six times elected Governor of Virginia, was the leading radical orator of the American Revolution, and rose from a planter, a small tradesman, and general illiterate and seedy beginnings, to almost the very highest position conferrable in his native country. Taking to the law, which his biographer characterises as a "superb profession," he rapidly made a name and circle for himself, and

his eloquence did much all through those stormy years of retaliation and wrath to strengthen the position and arguments of the outraged colonists. It may not be generally known that Patrick Henry's father was a cousin of a certain beautiful Eleanor Syme, of Edinburgh, who married in 1777 the wife of Henry Brougham, of Brougham Hall, Westmoreland. Their eldest son was Lord Brougham, who thus became third cousin to Patrick Henry. Another relative of his was Robertson the historian, author of *The Reign of the Emperor Charles V.* Whatever may have been his own shortcomings due to residence in so young a country as the Virginia of that day, it seems that his lineage on both sides was in itself a remarkable inheritance of brains and superior force of character. The value of these memoirs would be much enhanced by suitable illustrations; otherwise the volumes are perfection.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN'S ART TALKS.

IN the fine public hall of Upper Canada College, which had generously been placed at the disposal of the Ontario Society of Artists, lovers of art in Toronto had last week the privilege of listening to two interesting and instructive lectures on "Modern Painters" and on "The Value of a Line," by Mr. Henry Blackburn, editor of the well-known London *Academy Notes*. Mr. Blackburn, though an enthusiast in his subject, cannot be said to have many of the qualities that go to make a first-rate lecturer; and in his first evening's talk on art particularly there was a lack of breadth in the scientific and professional treatment of his subject, and a failure to bring out in any clear and comprehensive way just what were the characteristics of modern art, especially among English painters, which, we fear, occasioned a little disappointment to his large and select audience, and detracted in some measure from the profit of the evening. This perhaps arose, however, from a too sanguine expectation, or from misapprehension of the scope and character of the lecture Mr. Blackburn was to present to his audience. His lecture was not a formal address on Art, but an evening's quiet talk about recent pictures and their artists—all the better perhaps for a popular audience, and no doubt the thing best suited as a running commentary on pictures exhibited on a screen through the medium of the stereopticon. Nevertheless there was much, as we have said, that was both instructive and interesting in what Mr. Blackburn had to tell us. Few men of the time, we presume, have had such opportunities as Mr. Blackburn has had for studying modern art and artists, and it would be strange indeed if in his intercourse with the latter he could not speak to us effectively and alluringly of not only the characteristics of the English school of painters, but of what manner of men are its chief representatives, both professionally and socially. In a desultory way we did learn not a little of the former, but this, as we think, was gathered, save in the matter of colour, as much from the pictures thrown on the wall as from the lecturer's comments. The gain, however, was not the less important from this fact, as it served to inform those not so familiar with the work of British artists of the distinctive subjects of their study, and graphically realised to the mind of the audience the characteristics and treatment of the artists' work. The range of subjects exhibited was wide, striking, and on the whole fairly representative; and the lecturer did well to introduce at the close a few choice specimens of the modern school of France. Much of the lecturer's prefatory discourse, though informal, was apt and pointed, particularly in his counsel to Canadian artists not to strive after Old World models and subjects of inspiration, but by observation, travel, and the study of Nature in their own field of labour; to endeavour to found a school and a distinctive character of work of their own. Equally timely, as well as sound, were his remarks on dress and house-furnishing, on the value of picturesqueness in the former, and in the latter on the importance of a favourable environment in the hanging of a picture or in the decoration and upholstering of a room. In this matter, as had been remarked, the world is poorer from the want of the work which only a sense of sympathy between the artist and his public inspires.

The theme of Mr. Blackburn's second lecture was "The Value of a Line," and in our judgment it was the better and more instructive lecture of the two. It had the merit of being eminently practical, even if some of his illustrations and arguments were rather forced, and likely to create dissent. The *motif* of the lecture was to impress upon the public mind the advantage derived from pictorial expression through the pencil of the artist rather than through the pen of the *littérateur* or newspaper correspondent in words. Here, however, the lecturer is in danger, particularly in a busy, material age, such as this, of cutting off the reader from word-painting, one of the great delights and chief beauties of literature. In regard to newspaper work, is he not also in danger in substituting a few crude and sketchy drawings for those finished and charming pictures which art, aided by the taste and enterprise of magazine publishers, has of late given us in such periodicals as *Harper's Magazine* and *The Century*? But we have no space to discuss this matter, and though on some topics we are at issue with the lecturer, we are at one with him as to the general advantage of an education which shall enable us all to use the pencil as freely and effectively as all should be able to use the pen. We also agree with him that more use should be made of the many modern facilities for newspaper, magazine, and book illustration, now that "process printing" and reproductions are not only cheap, but artistic and pleasing. Mr. Blackburn's coming among us, even for a little, will be productive of much good if, in addition to the stimulus he will give to native art and the development of art culture, he succeeds in creating a demand for a higher style of pictorial embellishment than our newspapers afford, and in gratifying in a wholesome way the increasing art taste of the people.

G. M. A.

ON THE WHEEL.

WHAT 'ROUND-THE-WORLD STEVENS AND CHAMPION HOWELL SAY OF THE SPORT.

The popularity of 'cycling is growing.

Thomas Stevens, who has just been around the globe on a wheel, says that the best roads in the world are found in British India. The Grand Trunk road is 1,600 miles, an unbroken highway of marvellous perfection, from Pershwar on the Afghan frontier to Calcutta. It is made of smooth, hard, natural concrete, beds of which lie along the line.

How such roads would be appreciated by the enthusiastic 'cyclers of this country!

The wonderful achievement of Mr. Stevens, in the face of myriad dangers, entitles him to all his honours.

The fast riding champion of the world, however, is Richard Howell, of Leicester, England. He is a splendidly made fellow, between 25 and 30 years of age, six feet high, and weighing, in training, about 160 pounds.

He commenced riding in 1879, and in 1881, at Belgravia grounds, Leicester, he won the one mile championship of the world, beating all the best men of the day.

From that time his career has been one of almost unbroken successes. He came to the United States in 1884 and 1885, and at the great Springfield tournament in 1885, won seven out of eight races.

In the 'Cycling News' (Eng.), October 1st, 1887, is the following interview with him:

“What are your best performances?”

“This year I did a full mile on the track at Coventry in 2 minutes 35 seconds. Good judges think, with everything in my favour, I could do 2.30 for the distance.”

“What is your system of training?”

“I eat plain, good food, and plenty of it. I take a little walk before breakfast, and then, after that meal, if I am loggy, ride eight or nine miles on the track here, in thick flannels. After dinner I do some more 'slogging' work, and may be a walk and early to bed.

“But there is one idea of mine which I have found invaluable. If I have done too much work, or my system is out of order, or if I don't feel quite sound, I take what I have used since I was 'queer' in 1883. I have always found that Warner's safe cure sets me up and puts me to rights again, and it is a remedy which I believe in and tell all my friends about.

“In the winter time especially, when you can easily understand I am not so careful of my health as in the spring, summer, or autumn, I have found it invaluable.

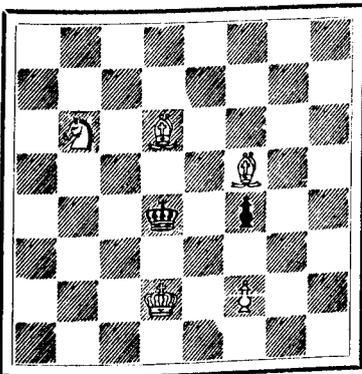
“All I want to beat the fastest bicyclist in the world is plenty of practice, an occasional dose of my favourite, and my machine.

“When I am about right in weight I content myself with short, sharp bursts as hard as ever I can go on the track, and when I can cover 440 yards in thirty seconds with a flying start, I reckon to be moving as well as I want to.”

Bicycling is glorious sport, but it has its physical ill-effects which, however, can be easily overcome by the method used by Champion Howell.

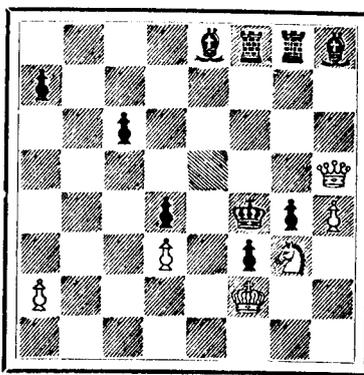
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 103.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 104.



White to play and mate in four moves.

The following game occurred in the Frankfort International Tournament, 1887:—

WHITE.—L. PAULSEN.		BLACK.—B. ENGLISH.	
1. P-K 4	14. Q-Q B 3	1. P-K 4	14. P-Q 3
2. S-Q B 3	15. P-K S 3 (good)	2. S-Q B 3	15. B-K S 2
3. P-K B 4	16. P x P	3. P x P	16. S-K R 4
4. S-K B 3	17. Q-K B 3	4. P-K S 4	17. P-K S 5
5. P-Q 4 (new)	18. Q-K R 1	5. B-K S 2 (bad)	18. S-K B 3
6. P-Q 5	19. B-Q 2	6. S-K 4	19. S x S
7. P-Q 6 (good)	20. B x S	7. S x S ch	20. Q-Q S 3
8. Q x S	21. B-Q S 3	8. P x P	21. B x P
9. P-K R 4	22. R-Q S 1	9. P-K R 3	22. Q-Q 5
10. B-Q B 4	23. P-K 5	10. P-Q 4 (fair)	23. B-K B 4??
11. S x P	24. R x B*	11. S-K B 3	24. P-K S 6
12. P x P	25. Q-K R 8 ch	12. P x P	25. K-K 2
13. R x R ch	26. Q-K B 6 ch.	13. B x R	26. Resigns.

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with compositions and exchanges. Address the CHESS EDITOR. Solutions next week.

THE Paterson, New Jersey, Call says:—A full house of smiling spectators greeted Charles T. Ellis and his talented company. "Casper the Yodler" has been popular from the start, and if Mr. Ellis and Company remained another week the Opera would undoubtedly be equally crowded.

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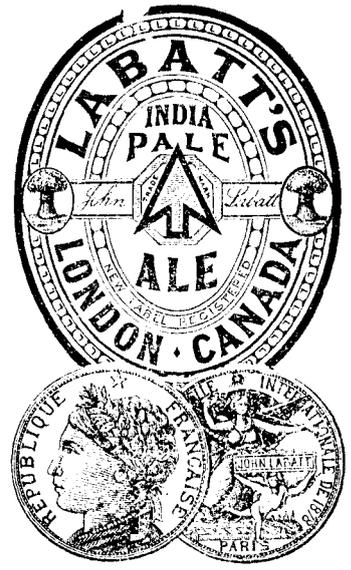
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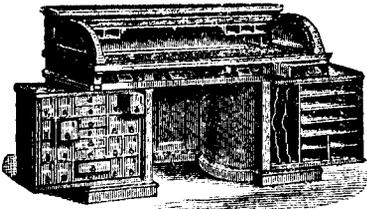
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the coming year will contain matter of interest to everybody. The History of Abraham Lincoln during the War—the personal, inner history—will be recounted by the private secretaries of Mr. Lincoln. The Siberian traveller, George Kennan, who has just returned from an eventful journey of 15,000 miles through Siberia and Russia, undertaken with an artist, at the expense of THE CENTURY, will make his report on "Siberia and the Exile System," in a series of papers which will astonish the world. Mr. Kennan made the personal acquaintance of some 300 exiled Nihilists and Liberals. Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," George W. Cable, Frank R. Stockton, and other famous authors, will furnish novels and novelettes; there will be narratives of personal adventures in the war—tunnelling from Libby Prison, etc., etc., with an article by Gen. Sherman on "The Grand Strategy of War;" articles bearing upon the International Sunday School Lessons, richly illustrated; papers on the West, its industries and sports; beautifully illustrated articles on English Cathedrals, etc., etc.

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is offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."
Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."
THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.
ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

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LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbus, Kans., writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhea Cured.—D. LAZARRE, Esq., 275 and 277 Deatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PARMELLA BRUNDAGE, of 161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, Montmorenci, S. C., writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever; I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of Cambridge, Maryland, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."
 Mr. T. A. AVILES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Ainsworth, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time,

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

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