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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Manitoba School Question.....	803
The New Conservatism.....	803
An Important Lack.....	803
The Evicted Tenants' Commission.....	803
The Presidential Campaign.....	803
The Issue Fairly Taken.....	804
The Result.....	804
The Effect upon Canada.....	804
The Govt.'s Army Bill.....	804
Religious Persecution in Russia.....	804
The Crisis in Norway.....	805
AN AUTUMN ELEGY.....	<i>Fidelis.</i> 805
PROFESSOR CLARK'S LECTURES ON TENNYSON—V. Idylls of the King.....	805
PARIS LETTER.....	<i>Z.</i> 807
CABOT'S HEAD (LAKE HURON) CABOT AND CABOTIA.....	
.....	<i>Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D.</i> 807
JOY IN THE NIGHT. (Poem).....	<i>T. G. Marquis.</i> 808
OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.....	808
ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S PLACE IN CANADIAN HISTORY.....	
.....	<i>Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., F.R.S.C.</i> 808
CALVARY. (Poem).....	<i>Rev. Frederick George Scott.</i> 810
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Balance of Trade.....	<i>Adam Harkness.</i> 810
ART NOTES.....	810
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	811
TENNYSON'S LAST VOLUME.....	811
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	811
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	812
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.....	812
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	813
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.....	814

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

IF the Hon. T. M. Daly, the new Minister of the Interior, is correctly reported in the newspapers, his recent after-dinner speeches have not thrown a flood of light on the Manitoba school question. He is reported as having said that he did not think the question had been approached in the right way by either the Manitoban or the Canadian people, but we listen in vain for any clear indication of what that "right way" would have been. He thinks that the people mentioned do not appear to realize that this question is one of the greatest moment and significance, and fraught with the greatest dangers to the Dominion at large, but so far as we are able to judge it is the very fact that the people do realize these things which has created so intense an interest in the question. Mr. Daly is further quoted as saying that "when the Government went to the people of Europe and other lands and asked them to come to these shores it should be able to ask them to come to a land where they could exercise the same religious beliefs in the same way in which they did in the land they left. He (the speaker) wanted them to come to this land imbued with the idea that it was a land of free institutions and of liberty, a land where they could train their children according to their own beliefs, and a land in which they could become a part of a free and united people. He wanted to be able to offer homes to all law-abiding people, paying no regard to their creed, their belief, or their nationality." This is sufficiently non-committal, to be sure. If these words are really the substance of the Minister's remarks on the subject, they would not have done badly for a response of the Delphic Oracle, seeing that either party to the contest may, with almost equal facility, take comfort out of them. Whether Manitoba shall succeed or not in finally shaking off the incubus of the Separate School system, no one, so far as we have heard, proposes to interfere with anyone's "exercise of the same religious belief in the same way" in which he exercised it in the land from which he came, provided his way in that land was not to exercise it at the expense of his fellow-citizens, through the medium of some special aid or privi-

lege granted by the State. Apart from the ambiguous and somewhat suspicious clause just quoted, Mr. Daly's declaration in favour of equal rights and liberties, irrespective of creed or nationality, could not be objected to by the most ardent advocate of a uniform public school system.

OLD-FASHIONED Toryism in British politics is on its deathbed. Perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say that it is performing *felo de se* by euthanasia. The process has been going on for a long time. Its commencement dates back to the period when the Conservative leaders first "caught the Liberals bathing and stole their clothes." From that day to this there has been no real, unadulterated Toryism in British politics, though there have been many genuine Tories in the ranks of the Conservative party. But for many years past Conservatism in England, as in Canada, has been but another name for a cautious and more or less reluctant Liberalism. Its enemies would, we suppose, call it "opportunism," with a reproachful accent, though it does not necessarily follow that the term, or rather the policy it denotes, deserves reproach. That depends rather upon the spirit in which it is taken up and the mode in which it is carried out. Be that as it may, it is now evident that the new Conservatism in which the old Toryism was merged, is itself about to undergo a still more rapid transformation, to re-appear when Parliament opens, or before, as a modified Radicalism. How else are we to interpret the new programme adopted the other day by the Conference of the Conservative Associations held in Edinburgh? It would be unsafe, in the absence of fuller details than can be had by cable, to discuss the reported features of the policy. We are not told, for instance, whether or not the "electoral registration reform, with equalization of votes," involves the "one-man, one-vote" principle. If it does, it is a clear improvement upon the Liberal proposal, which lacks the equalization of representative values. The other reforms, according to the cabled list—the reduction of the period of occupancy required to qualify voters, the extension of the franchise to women rate-payers, the disfranchisement of illiterate voters, the principle of local option in the liquor-licensing business, State provision for old-age pensions, and for assisted land-purchase, etc., are some of them decidedly in advance of the Newcastle programme. Others, especially those looking to paternalism in regard to the working classes, are of more doubtful utility. It is not clear that the workmen themselves desire that kind of coddling. What the more enlightened of them ask is that privilege shall be taken away from those who have long had it at their expense, not that it should be transferred to themselves. They may be prepared to go a good way in the direction of socialism, but paternalism is a very different thing.

PROBABLY the most serious lack in the new Conservative, or, as we should perhaps say, Liberal-Unionist-Conservative, programme is the conspicuous absence of any hint at disestablishment. It is hardly possible that the cable correspondent would have omitted so important a matter had it been included. On the other hand, it is difficult to conceive this important conference of statesmen and political leaders as having failed to take into consideration that which is, probably, the most glaring instance of old-time privilege and unfit survival which will remain in Great Britain when the reforms now fairly on the *tapis* shall have been effected. The Conference seem to have gone some distance in the direction of decentralization in the proposal to transfer private bill procedure from Parliamentary committees to local bodies, and the leaders may be pretty safely relied on to go further when necessary towards the considerable instalment of federalism which is already looming on the far horizon. Meanwhile it is not unlikely that one of the first effects of this bold flank movement will be to spur the Liberals on to still more radical bids for popular favour. Where it will all end it is impossible to foresee. Rather let us say, "whereto it will lead," for nothing is more certain than that there will be no end to this kind of movement, short of the great winding up of all human affairs. It would be folly, how-

ever, for anyone, no matter with what dread he may look forward to the reign of triumphant democracy, to blame the Conservative party for thus competing with the Liberals in helping on the revolution. They have no alternative save political extinction. As we had occasion to observe not long since in another connection, the germ, of which all the changes already made and yet to be are but the flowering and the fruitage, was wrapped up in the first Reform Bill. Every step taken in the extension of the franchise makes the next step inevitable, and there can be no stepping backward.

THE Royal Commission appointed by the Gladstone Government to enquire into and report upon the Evicted Tenants question is meeting with the usual fate of Royal Commissions appointed for party purposes. Whether Justice Matthews' conduct of the investigation has been such as to justify the action of the landlords' legal representatives, in withdrawing from its sessions, and to give ground for the charges of favouritism which are being hurled against it, is a question upon which we have as yet no means of forming an opinion. It may be that the Government was really in need of information with reference to the past history and present condition of some of the evicted, and of the circumstances under which their eviction took place, which it had no readier means of obtaining. But it is pretty clear that the practice of putting up a royal commission as a buffer between the Government and either its opponents or its recalcitrant friends is one that is in great danger of becoming an abuse of privilege. Even when a special investigation is needed, it is questionable whether it is in the interests of good government that judges should be selected to conduct it, especially since they are not usually required to pronounce judgments in such matters, but only to collect and sift evidence. It is not easy to see why other men might not be found who could perform the duty quite as well. When judges are chosen for the purpose and, especially when they are taken, as is pretty sure to be the case, from those whose political leanings are known to be towards the side of the Party Government which appoints them, it is impossible to free the act from the suspicion of being an attempt to trade for party advantage upon the supposed impartiality of the Bench. The discovery which is pretty sure to be made that such impartiality can seldom be relied on in political matters can hardly fail to have the effect of shaking the popular confidence in the Bench's freedom from bias in those civil and criminal matters in which it is, as a rule, able to hold the balance even. It is in favour of Justice Matthews and his associates that they are being assailed from the Parnellite as well as from the Conservative side, but with the best intentions it seems doubtful whether, without the co-operation of all parties concerned, they can succeed in eliciting "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," from either reluctant or too ardent witnesses.

WHAT is the significance of the sweeping victory which has been achieved by the Democratic party in the United States? Is it a mere party triumph, a purely national affair, an indication of the love of change which is characteristic of a fickle democracy, which sometimes seems to delight in change for change's sake? Is it simply the product and proof of better organization and more vigorous leadership on the part of the victorious party than on that of its rival? Has it been brought about by some lucky concurrence of fortuitous events favourable to the winning side, or was it effected by the skilful use of some popular cry, raised at the last moment, and unscrupulously turned to partisan account when there was no longer time to rebut it and counteract its influence? No unprejudiced observer can have failed to see very clearly that it was due to none of these causes, or to any other cause of a transient and local kind. Never, we venture to affirm, in the history of a self-ruling people was the issue of a national election more clearly defined or more deliberately decided with reference to a single, overshadowing question. That question has in reality been before the nation for some years, but its discus-

sion became really serious only about two years ago, with the passage of the McKinley Bill. And just here let us observe that, from the protectionist point of view, this ill-fated bill is far from deserving the abuse which has been so freely poured out upon it. As a protectionist measure, it is demonstrably more logical and consistent than any which preceded it. The one aim of genuine protectionism should surely be to stop, or reduce to the lowest figure, the importation of all such articles as can be produced in the country and to give the freest possible ingress to everything necessary for life or comfort which cannot be produced in the country. If the resources of the nation are fairly equal, or capable of being made equal, to the task of supplying its people with horses, or cereals, or manufactured cotton or woollen goods, your true protectionist should, if he has faith in his system and is prepared to follow it to its logical results, seek to have his tariff so constructed as to keep out all foreign goods of these descriptions and secure the whole business for native producers. If a tariff wall of a given height suffices to cause three-fourths of the total consumption of a given manufactured article to be produced in the country, why should not he, on the same principle, raise the wall a storey higher and add the remaining one-fourth to the national industries? On the other hand, he should, in the interests of these same national industries, refuse to permit any taxation of either the raw materials of any industry which the country cannot supply, or of those articles of necessity or comfort which it cannot produce. In a word, your consistent protectionist should be as truly an advocate of direct taxation for revenue purposes as your most ultra free-trader. Thus do extremes meet.

WELL, the McKinley Bill, while it did not fulfil all the conditions of a thorough-going protectionist measure, approached the ideal much more nearly than any which had preceded it. This was a good thing in the long run, for all concerned. It has passed into a proverb that the most effective way to secure the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it rigidly. On the same principle, the best possible way to bring the two theories of tariff policy to a crucial test, is to try one or the other thoroughly. The Republicans, the party of protection, being in power, the opportunity was afforded to put their theory to such a test, and under the leadership of McKinley they have done so. The specific has been fairly tried. The object-lesson has been before the eyes of the people for two years. Hundreds of thousands have felt as well as seen its effects. During all that period, not only have the operations of the system been watched with lynx-eyed keenness, but the whole question has been discussed, from foundation principles to minute effects. As the decisive day drew nearer the discussion waxed more earnest. In fact, the whole history of the campaign afforded striking proof of this earnestness, and of the determination of the electors to fight the battle out on this one line. No secondary question of any kind was allowed or was able to turn the current of even popular thought into any side issue. Circumstances were undoubtedly favourable to this concentration of thought and energy. The high character of both candidates prevented the raising of any effective cry on personal grounds. The nation was at peace with the world, all international disputes having either been settled or put in the way of settlement. The "Force Bill," the only other internal question of anything like national importance, had so far been given up by the dominant party that its effect on the campaign was but slight. To render the verdict still more emphatic, the nation went about the business with a quiet dignity never before attained, at least in recent days, in its history—a dignity and seriousness which have distinctly raised it in the respect of all on-looking nations.

THE result is the overthrow of McKinleyism, and, by implication, of the system of political economy upon which it is based. This is conceded on all hands. It would be folly to expect that this result will fully appear immediately on the installation of President Cleveland. That brave yet sagacious leader in nothing showed both those qualities more clearly than in the "letter of acceptance," in which he guarded his adherents against expecting rash and revolutionary changes, in terms which exposed him to the charge in some quarters of having fallen below the lofty ground taken by his party at the nominating convention, when they declared it a crime against the Constitution for any Government to take

more money from the people by taxation than the amount needed for the economical administration of public affairs. Mr. Cleveland saw, with statesmanlike precision, that it would be both impracticable and criminal, in undoing the mistakes of predecessors, to throw the whole business of the nation into confusion by overturning at a blow a system which has been inwrought into the very warp and woof of its trade and manufacturing industries. The hint is commended to the consideration of all who are desirous of effecting a similar reform in Canada. Any measure which threatens, or which can be made to appear to threaten, a sudden and violent overturning of industries which have been brought into being and are upheld by the "National Policy," simply invites defeat. Such industries must be given time to adapt themselves to the new and healthier order. The crutches which have been supplied at the public expense, and upon which they have relied with debilitating effect, must not be too suddenly snatched away. To hint at any other course is to frighten the timid and put a powerful weapon into the hands of the self-interested. But none the less is it evident that in the United States the Democratic party *must* make thorough work. Those who have put them in power will accept nothing less at their hands, and their opponents will taunt them beyond endurance if they fail to prove that they have the courage of their convictions. The great American nation has changed front and taken up its line of march towards freer trade and a higher civilization. The march may be long and arduous, for the enemies to be faced are powerful and strongly entrenched. But we have little fear of the ultimate result, for we have faith in the power of great ideas to rule the world. We rejoice that it is another great Anglo-Saxon people which is falling into line with Great Britain in this grand crusade. Where these lead the van all others must sooner or later fall into the ranks or be left hopelessly behind in the progress of the world.

IT is meet that the great event which has taken place across the border should occupy a large place in our columns this week. It is not the mere fact of Cleveland's election, which to many seemed fairly probable from the first, but the great revolution in American sentiment indicated by his immense majority, which gives this matter its chief significance. The mind naturally turns to consider the effect the change of Government and of fiscal policy is likely to have upon our commercial relations with our neighbours. Already the possibility of negotiating a reciprocity treaty is being discussed. That may come, but we are inclined to doubt whether any terms which would be granted even by the new administration would be acceptable to the majority of Canadians, especially to the present Government and its supporters. It may even be a question whether such a treaty will now be desirable; whether it may not be wiser and better to wait for the more or less rapid reduction of the hostile tariff which is sure to come. A reciprocity treaty is in itself an evil—though sometimes to be desired as the less of two evils. It is an evil because inconsistent with the highest freedom of commercial intercourse. If only, as there seems good reason to hope, the new Government and Congress shall prove able to rise so far above narrow national prejudices as to see the smallness and absurdity of the view which has so often led supporters of the Harrison *regime* to rejoice in any indications of a falling off in the trade of Great Britain and other nations, and to boast of them as triumphs of the McKinley Bill; if they can but reach the higher level at which they can see clearly that mutual prosperity is the only natural and Christian foundation of sound international trade, all the rest will follow in due course. Meanwhile the true policy for Canada is to recognize that the tide which has been setting in the direction of protection has at last turned. She should help forward the coming beneficent change by every means in her power. One most telling means would be the immediate commencement of a policy of tariff reform on her own account. What more effective stimulus could be given to the new movement across the line than the immediate reduction of duties on British and other goods in Canada? We have often found occasion to hold up reprehensible practices and especially partisan expedients in the United States by way of warning to Canada, and have, perhaps sometimes a little too pharisaically thanked God that we were not quite so bad as they. It is now devoutly to be wished that our people in large numbers could be brought to emulate the really admirable spirit of independence

which has led so many individuals of high standing in the Republican ranks to renounce their party allegiance in the interests of a sound fiscal policy and to openly champion the cause of freer trade. The same spirit, manifested on a larger scale, has impelled States, such as Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin to wrench themselves free from the long worn fetters of partyism and to range themselves on the side of freedom and true progress. All honour to such. They have thereby dealt a blow to party bigotry from which it may never recover. Have we any good reason to hope that the same spirit of independence is reviving in Canada?

RECENT despatches represent it as very doubtful if the Government Army Bill can be passed in the German Reichstag. Its defeat will almost necessarily be followed by the resignation of the Government, or at least of the Chancellor. But much will depend upon the part the Emperor may play in the affair. An improbable rumour now represents him as not being strongly attached to the measure. Seeing that the Bill involves, as officially admitted, an addition to the already crushing taxation for military purposes, of about \$16,000,000 a year, it is not strange that the opposition to it should gather strength as the discussion proceeds. Of course, the reduction of the three years' service to two is a valuable concession* in return; but it, apart from the financial objection, seems to us to be fully offset by the fact, which some of the papers give, curiously enough, as a consideration which will operate in favour of the Bill, viz., that there can be nothing beyond it, no more military Bills authorizing larger drafts, for the simple reason that, under the present Bill, every able-bodied man of the fighting age is placed at the disposal of the State. Surely the consolation to be derived from such a reflection must be of a very desperate kind. France and Russia together will presently, it is computed, have eight and a-half millions of trained soldiers. Hence Germany, or rather the German Government, who seem not to place too implicit reliance upon their Austrian and Italian allies, deem it necessary to bring up the number of German trained men to the highest point of which her population will admit, four and a-half millions. Imagination fails to paint the horrors of a prolonged war—and it was Marshal Von Moltke's opinion that the next war will be prolonged—between such armies fitted out with all the terrible engines of modern warfare.

WE talk much of the present as an age of religious liberty and are accustomed to look back towards the Dark Ages as the days when men and women were persecuted for conscience' sake, forgetful of the fact that to-day, in so-called Christian Russia, men and women by the thousand are being subjected to indignities, cruelties and degradations which beggar description, simply because of their adherence to forms of religious belief and practice which we regard as evangelical. For some time past, the *Christian World*, London, Eng., has been publishing from sources which it deems perfectly reliable, accounts of the persecutions which the "Stundists" of that wretched Empire are made to suffer, such as send thrills of indignation and horror to the brain and heart of the reader. The latest number to hand, dated November 3, contains translations of two letters written by Stundist peasants of the government of Kieff, to friends of theirs. Both letters are dated at "Village Kapustintsi," the one September 27, the other October 4. Both concur in saying that the Protestants or Evangelicals in that place are being subjected to the most horrible persecutions by the order of the district governor (Ispravnik). Every day the Stundists, men, women, and children, are compelled to go out on communal work. If any of them have horses, these are taken for the same work. At night the men are not permitted to return home but are posted as watchmen for night duty. But this is by no means the worst. While the men are thus employed, their homes are visited by bands of drunken villagers, led by the police, and the women and children are subjected to degradations and brutalities too shocking to be described or even named in our columns. One of the poor men says that his wife is, as he writes, almost at death's door, as a consequence of the brutal abuse to which she has been subjected. Their appeals to their friends to try to find some means of succour are most pitiful. It is not necessary to suppose that all these horrors are perpetrated with the full consent and connivance of the Czar, or of the Russian Government. The truth is, probably, that the higher authorities know and care little about such matters. The Empire is so vast, and their attention

AN AUTUMN ELEGY.

is so taken up with the management of its immense armies, that they could not, even were they so disposed, correct the abounding abuses of authority by the thousands of petty despots whom they appoint. They promulgate the general laws against apostates, and leave their enforcement to the tender mercies of the local governors and their subordinates, all of them hardened and brutalized by the atmosphere of autocratic tyranny in which they live. And the free nations of Europe and America look on, either indifferent or powerless to help.

A MIDST the colossal movements and concerns of the great European powers the affairs of a little snow-clad country like Norway attract but a small share of attention. Yet there are features in the present situation in Norway which are full of an interest bordering on the romantic. As most of our readers have probably noted in some cablegram of a few words, Norway is just now engaged in a struggle for political independence. True, this struggle has not yet passed beyond the stage of peaceful constitutional effort, but it none the less has elements of deep interest for onlookers who can sympathize with the patriotic aspirations of a brave and hardy race. This little State, which does not at the present moment contain, probably, more than two millions of inhabitants, has always been more or less restive under its forced union with Sweden, which took place under Charles XIII., in 1818, though it has for the most part managed to retain a large measure of independence and has firmly resisted every attempt on the part of the Swedish monarchs to curtail its constitutional prerogatives. For many years past its patriot leaders, who, in accordance with Norwegian traditions, have also been the national poets, have been demanding complete self-government for their country, without the limitations imposed by the Swedish connection as it at present exists. But what brings the struggle home, in a manner, to the admirers of the poet whose unpronounceable name, Björnsterne Björnson, is almost a household word, is that he is and has been for the past eighteen years the leader of the patriotic movement. The situation at the present moment is, in brief, this: Norway, through its Storthing and responsible Ministry, has demanded separate foreign consuls. The King, who has a power of suspensive veto on all the legislation of the Storthing, refused to sanction this law. Thereupon, Mr. Steen, the head of the Norwegian Cabinet, resigned, but the King persuaded him and his colleagues to retain their portfolios pending an attempt to reach a compromise acceptable to both countries. But the chances are greatly against such a compromise, as it is well understood that this demand is but the entering of the wedge, to be driven home by further demands for a separate Minister of Foreign Affairs, and, in a word, complete equality and co-ordination, or complete independence. Such is Björnson's programme. What will be the upshot of the demand time will tell. In the meantime, the most interesting feature of the affair for foreigners is the personality of the great leader himself. We are, therefore, constrained to transfer to our columns, from the *Christian Union*, to which we are indebted for most of the above details and which publishes a portrait of the man, whose head and face are most striking and betoken immense strength, the following graphic pen-and-ink sketch of the patriot-poet:

As an orator it is doubtful if he has his equal in Europe. In the first place, his colossal frame, surmounted by the great, broad-browed Jupiter head, is tremendously impressive. He looks every inch the chieftain, who looms, physically and spiritually, a head above all the people. Moreover, he is gifted with a voice of the most extraordinary range and flexibility. He begins usually in a conversational tone, but gradually, as his theme takes possession of him, he rises through all the stages of intensity, until there pours from his lips a rushing, foaming, seething, breathlessly hurrying cataract of speech. There is a magnificent daring about the whole man which takes the mind captive. You feel as he feels, you breathe almost with the rhythm of his breath, and, having heard him, strive as you may, you cannot for days and weeks emancipate yourself from the sway of his mighty personality.

Discussing the value of a tree as a schoolmaster, *Garden and Forest* presents as the first of its lessons that "it teaches man to reserve judgment by showing that the insignificance of a germ is no criterion of the magnitude of its product, that slowness of development is not an index of the scope of growth, and proves to him that the most far-reaching results can be attained by very simple means. A barrel of acorns may be the nucleus of a forest that shall cherish streams to fertilize a desert; a handful of cedar cones may avert an avalanche, while a bushel of pine seed may prevent the depopulation of a great section of country by mountain torrents."

TO any true lover of Nature, the decay of the year is as fascinating as the yearly miracle of its rejuvenescence, though the fascination is of a converse character. Instead of the wonders of waking flowers and bursting buds, of bare boughs bourgeoning forth into fresh bright leafage, and showers of fragrant blossom whitening the woodland with summer snow,—we have the silent, kaleidoscopic changes of colouring; green turning into gold and crimson and scarlet, and then fading into saffron and russet; the gradual, daily thinning of the foliage; the brightening emerald of velvet mosses and nodding ferns, and the emphasizing of the green of the pines and hemlocks, as their less persistent companions gradually drop their loosening robes. It is all beautiful, as Nature's normal processes always are, even though it is all suggestive of the sadness of wintry desolation.

Seldom indeed have we had so beautiful an October as the one just past. Without any sharp frosts, there has nevertheless been such a rich glow of colour as shows that this result is by no means dependent on the action of frost, but comes naturally from the gradual ripening of the leaves, as they are gradually loosened by the formation, beneath them, of the germs of next year's buds; so that we are never left without the security of a lawful succession. The heirs presumptive are there, even before they become the heirs apparent. It is interesting to watch the times and colours of the various trees. The birch, beech and maple, among the earliest to leaf in spring, are among the first to show the touch of autumn. The hard maple, indeed, often unfurls a blood-red banner—a somewhat unwelcome adornment—before we have ever begun to dream of approaching frost. The hickory and butternut also speedily lose their saffron foliage. The soft maple, the black birch, the poplars, keep their yellow leaves a little longer, giving a touch of golden glory to the forest, even to the last days of October. And the oaks, in the most exquisite tones of crimson, claret and maroon, are still left for a time, often keeping their rich robes until late in November, and coming out, in spring, in the same livery of rich colouring, only paler and more delicate in tint. As for the sumachs and the smaller forest shrubs, it seems as if a rain of rich colour had descended upon them, making them glow and burn as if set with ruby and topaz, or as if they were modern descendants of the allegorical "burning bush." Nowhere, indeed, can the lover of pure and rich colouring find a greater feast for the eyes than in our Canadian woodland on one of the exquisite mellow days of Indian summer—this year undoubtedly coming in October,—when every tint and gradation of rich and warm colour can be seen interwoven and blended in the mellowing and transfiguring haze—as only Nature in the most favourable circumstances can interweave and blend. Before such a problem, art must fold her hands in despair.

And there are not wanting bird voices, too, to sing the elegy of the dying year. The summer birds have for months past been mysteriously silent. Where they hide themselves during the latter part of summer is a mystery. But for a short period they seem to return, possibly to say farewell to their early summer haunts, with the happy associations of nest-building and family life. The graceful little Phœbes are about again, perpetually flirting their restless little tails and repeating their plaintive little refrain, from whence comes their name of *Phœbe*. The catbirds hover about, with their hoarse feline call, but not with their mocking-bird music of spring. And the robins make their appearance, too, though very sparing of the sweet liquid little carol, which they seem to reserve as a specialty for spring. Then there is a pretty greyish bird that seems to come at this season mainly for the berries of the Virginia creeper, which it seems to regard as a great delicacy, dried up and uninviting as they look. It is a stoutish bird, about the size of the catbird, with a pale grey mottled breast, and dark ashen or dun-coloured wings, which does not seem to come at any other period, to this region at least. And the screaming notes of the blue jay as he flits in and out of the bright-hued trees in his own gleaming livery of blue and silver, are, for a few days, one of the most noticeable sounds of the woodland. The woodpeckers, of various varieties and sizes, are out in full force, and their tap-tapping on the tree bark seems like a tiny drum of the orchestra. The perennial crows are there, too, of course, cawing away in their gruff bass, as if "moralizing the spectacle" of the decaying nature; while the "chic-a-dee-dee" occasionally interpolates its cheerful little cadence, with a hint of spring in its hopeful tones. The chirr-chirr of the squirrel and the whirr of the partridge break the stillness of the woodland when these other voices are silent, and if you sit very quiet on some vantage ground, commanding a view of some secluded nook, you may see the former as he glides gracefully from bough to bough, in search of nuts or pine cones, and catch a few glimpses of the shy partridge in its native haunts, mincing daintily through the fallen leaves, in search of the wild berries on which it lives. It may be that, but for the raid made on partridges each autumn by sportsmen, we should eventually be crowded off the face of the earth by their rapid increase; but to me, for one, the sight of the beautiful living bird in the autumn woodland is so much more delightful than the sight of the poor little cooked one on our tables, that the sound of the distant gun is a most unwelcome and unnatural adjunct to the otherwise tranquil glories of the autumn wood.

But these glories, alas, are but for a few days! Even

before the colours fade they begin to take flight. A slight breeze ruffles the rustling foliage, and lo, a little rivulet of golden leaves flits across the blue above, and falls to mingle with the accumulation of centuries of autumns beneath your feet. Every hour the kaleidoscopic screen is growing thinner, showing more and more clearly the great, gaunt, grey trunks and interlacing branches against the sky. Soon all will be gone, and the leafless trees be left, like stern, silent sentinels, standing patiently on the watch for the returning spring.

Yet one aspect of the falling of the leaves—sad in itself, as is all decay of the beautiful—has in it a happy suggestiveness not to be overlooked by any eye open to the influence of Nature's parables. These leaves which were our delight, and the glory of the woodland in spring and summer, have now even in their decay a beneficent mission to fulfil. No longer needed as a cool shade from the blazing summer sun, they go to form the soft blanket which a motherly nature gently gathers about her forest nestlings to wrap them up safe and warm from the keen frost of the winter. All about the roots of the flowers that shall greet us in the spring, the leaves drift softly, performing in the forest the same office which the gardener laboriously fulfils in his own domain. And as we see the rich, green leaves of the hepatica and wild violet and mitre-flower nearly hidden already by the sere and withered leaves, from which in April and May shall spring many a vision of delight, we feel that, whatever faithless man may do, Nature, at least, covers up her children for their winter's seeming death, "in the sure and certain hope" of returning life and beauty. And if mere cellular tissue has thus its restoration and resurrection, how much more may we hope for the restoration of that life of *soul* and *heart* which is the culmination and glory of Nature's work, to speak merely on the scientific plane. But there are words on a higher than the scientific plane, which seem to rise like a heavenly strain through the plaintive harmonies of the autumn elegy,—words which have a much deeper meaning and more far-reaching scope than that of this present and outward and transitory life:—"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith." FIDELIS.

PROFESSOR CLARK'S LECTURES ON TENNYSON—V.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

THOSE who have followed the publication of the various parts of the *Idylls* will, in going through the complete collection, probably be most impressed by the unity and homogeneity of the whole. Here is a series of poems of which one portion appeared in 1842, the most important part in 1859, and the concluding portion in 1885, and yet it reads as though it had been composed out of a single impulse, or in close succession. Yet we know that not only were the separate sections stuck in, so to speak, to their places, but that a good many additions have been made to several of the particular poems. Only the fact that the poet had a clear conception of the general idea and purpose of the poem, and never lost sight of this, could account for the feature to which we have drawn attention.

If the question be asked, whether it is the way with great poets and great artists to recast and amend their literary creations, it may perhaps suffice to recommend the study of the plays of William Shakespeare in the quarto editions and in their later form in the first folio.

It is hardly worth while to determine the respective merits of Tennyson's poems. It is, indeed, rather a stupid enquiry. What should we say to anyone who asked us, whether we preferred "Hamlet," or "The Tempest," or "As You Like it," among the plays of Shakespeare. Each one of these, considered by itself, might be pronounced supreme; but no one versed in literature would think of putting them in the same category. It is quite reasonable that particular persons should have affection for one book or another of any poet. It is also true that different books appeal to us at different times and in our different moods. "In Memoriam," for example, must make a powerful appeal to those who are sorrowing for their lost. Yet even they could have no right to claim for this book a supreme place.

If, then, we decline to compare the "Idylls of the King" with any of the other works of Tennyson, we may at least declare that this great poem is the fullest expression of his genius and of his thoughts in relation to human life in all its phases, public and private, social and individual. There can be little doubt that this was the thought of its author, whether we regard its length, its elaboration, or the long and earnest thought bestowed upon it.

The poem is founded on the ancient legend of King Arthur. It is probable that there was actually a British king of this name in the sixth century. The Christian Britons resisted the heathen Saxons at that time, and won a battle over them at Mount Badon. It is more likely than not that King Arthur was their leader. The earliest accounts of this legendary king are given by Welsh (British) bards of the seventh century; and Mr. Skene, a high authority, thinks that their records are substantially historical. Nennius, in the eighth century, speaks of the twelve battles won by King Arthur. Geoffrey, of Monmouth, writing in 1138, gives in Latin the stories of

Arthur which, he says, he translated out of the Welsh. Mr. Skene thinks that Arthur was King of Strathclyde and not of South Wales. In Geoffrey's book Arthur appears as the son of Uther Pendragon and of Igeria, widow of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall. The treachery of Modred is here represented as the cause of Arthur's defeat, and he is carried wounded to the Isle of Avalon and there left. The legend grew and extended to all Christian countries. Additions were made of the stories of the "Holy Grail," "Vivien," and "Lancelot." Six different romances on the subject existed. Sir Thomas Mallory in 1461 prepared a prose digest of them, which was printed by Caxton in 1485. The book had almost fallen into oblivion when it was republished in 1816. A useful reprint is included in Macmillan's Globe series. In 1838, the *Mabinogion*, containing further tales, was edited by Lady Charlotte Guest, afterwards Lady Charlotte Schreiber. The laureate obtained from Mallory nearly the whole of the stories embodied in "Elaine," "Gareth and Lynette," and "The Passing of Arthur," part of those in the "Holy Grail," and "Pelleas and Ettarre," whilst the "Coming of Arthur," "Balin and Balan," and "Merlin and Vivien," were suggested by Mallory. "Enid" was taken from the *Mabinogion*, the "Last Tournament" and "Guinevere," are original.

Tennyson was very early interested in these legends. In the volume of 1833 we have the "Lady of Shalott." In 1837 he wrote "St. Agnes," and in the second of the two volumes published in 1842 appeared "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere," and the magnificent and perfect "Morte d'Arthur." In the former of these two we have a stanza which contains the germ of much of the great poem:—

She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger-tips
A man had given all other bliss
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

In 1857, Tennyson printed a poem entitled "Enid and Nimue," which he immediately suppressed. Nimue was the Vivien of the later poems. In 1859 appeared a volume entitled "Idylls of the King" containing four poems of the greatest excellence, which must still be considered the principal parts of the whole collection. These were the poems entitled "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," "Guinevere." The surpassing beauty of these poems was recognized at once. Even those who criticized the matter could not deny the splendour of the form. Mr. Swinburne, who took exception to some of the characters, and notably to the leading one, bore testimony to the "exquisite magnificence" of the style; and it would be difficult to find a phrase that would more exactly convey the true characteristics of the form of this poetry.

Tastes will differ as to the relative merits of the four poems. The *Saturday Review* declared "Vivien" to be the most powerful, and it certainly is the most disagreeable. Yet this poem has an important place in the series. Longfellow regarded "Enid" and "Elaine" as the best. The public generally have placed "Guinevere" first, and next to this "Elaine," and probably the public are right. The names were altered slightly in later editions. "Enid" became "Geraint and Enid," and in the final edition fell into two parts, first, the "Marriage of Geraint," and second, "Geraint and Enid." "Vivien" became "Merlin and Vivien," and "Elaine," "Lancelot and Elaine." In 1862 a new edition of these four poems appeared, with a dedication in memory of the Prince Consort.

In 1869 appeared "The Holy Grail and other Poems," these being the "Coming of Arthur," "Pelleas and Ettarre," and the "Passing of Arthur," embodying the *Morte d'Arthur*. In 1872 another volume was published, containing "Gareth and Lynette" and the "Last Tournament." In 1885 the last part in "Balin and Balan" was published in the volume, "Tiresius and other Poems." In 1878 the Idylls were collected, except those published in 1872 and (of course) the one of 1885. In 1889 the final edition appeared, and was reprinted in 1891. Several additions and alterations were made, and the poems were divided into twelve—perhaps in imitation of Virgil and Milton.

The design of the poem was to set forth the ideal man, and especially the ideal king, in the person of Arthur—a man who should be supreme in goodness over his subjects, a very conscience to his Knights. The story is not a mere allegory like the Fairy Queen or the Pilgrim's Progress, nor is it exactly a history, it is a representation of human life under the conditions of the chivalry of the Middle Ages. It is a representation of modern thought clothed in an antique garb. If it has an allegorical character, it is because all life and all language is allegorical.

The character of Arthur is grand, majestic, pure and unselfish. The only objection made against it is to its coldness and lack of humanity. If we admit that Arthur differs from other men in the "blamelessness" of his life, it must also be remembered that his origin is mysterious and, in a way, supernatural. It would, however, be an error to say that his simple innocence rendered him incapable of sympathy. Purity is more truly and deeply sympathetic than guilt. But, it has been said, if Arthur is compared with the Christ, he seems hard and cold. To this we do not reply that the human must not be compared with the divine. Jesus Christ is the ideal man and the standard by which all others must be judged. But two things should be remembered—Christ is the ideal *Homo* (human being), Arthur is the ideal *Vir* (man). In Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female. Again, Christ's king-

dom was not of this world. If it had been, His servants would have fought. Arthur's was of this world, and he and his servants had to fight. Yet his character was not only pure and high, it was human, tender, generous and merciful.

Tennyson brings, and clearly enough, in various places, the two aspects of Arthur's character, according to the point of view of the judge. Thus Vivien, the harlot and the traitress, could only think of him as a fool who

Blinds himself and all the table round
To all the foulness that they work.

But Merlin views this feature of his character differently:

O true and tender! O my liege and King!
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who wouldst, against thine own eyewitness, fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure;
How, in the mouths of base interpreters,
From over-fineness not intelligible
Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!

We find the same kind of contrast, only fuller and put with more feeling and passion, in the two estimates of Guinevere, the one made under the infatuation of her passion for Lancelot, the other when her eyes are opened during her last interview with the King.

Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless King,
That passionate perfection, my good lord—
But who can gaze upon the sun in heaven? . . .

But, friend, to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the colour.

But afterwards she knows better.

Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as in the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb. . . .

Now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human, too.

The origin of Arthur was mysterious and supernatural. While reputed to be the son of Arthur and Yverne, it is made evident that his origin was not from these. The suspicion that he was not their son led to the rumour that he was baseborn, and so his succession to the throne of Uther was disputed. But he was chosen King, and Bellicent, the daughter of Uther, and so Arthur's reputed half-sister, tells of his coming to the throne and of his mysterious spiritual influence on his knights.

Arthur sat
Crown'd on the dais, and his warriors cried,
"Be thou the King, and we will work thy will
Who love thee." Then the King, in low, deep tones,
And simple notes of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self,
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passage of a ghost,
Some flushed, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half blinded at the coming of a light.

Such was the noble beginning, and one worthy of the King's high purpose, as declared by himself in his parting words to Guinevere. He was the first, he said, who drew the knighthood-errant of the realm and all the realms under him as their head in the Order of the Round Table:—

A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity.

For a time all went well, until the rumours of the Queen's unfaithfulness, and her intrigue with Lancelot let loose the baser elements of the court, and gave them an influence which they could not obtain whilst Arthur and his noblest knights were dominant. In the first poem, "Gareth and Lynette," there is as yet no cloud in the sky. All is serene and pure:—

Ever and anon a knight would pass
Outward or inward to the hall; his arms
Clashed; and the sound was good to Gareth's ear.
And out of bower and casement shyly glanced
Eyes of pure woman, wholesome stars of love;
And all about a healthful people slept
As in the presence of a gracious King.

But the very next poem (formerly "Enid," now divided into two, "The Marriage of Geraint" and "Geraint and Enid") shows that rumours had already begun to circulate about the Queen and Lancelot. It was said that when the great knight went to fetch her for Arthur, "she took him for the King, so fixt her fancy on him."

Geraint, fearing that Enid, who dearly loved the Queen, might be contaminated, removed her from the court, and in the course of the story we have an account of his first meeting with her, wooing and winning her, of his subduing her cousin Edyrn, son of Nudd, who became one of Arthur's knights and acknowledged to Geraint,

By overthrowing me you threw me higher,
since he became a new man

"and came to loathe,
His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself
Bright from his old dark work, and fell at last
In the great battle fighting for the king."

In "Balin and Balan," originally published as an introduction to "Merlin and Vivien," the shadows deepen. The accursed Vivien, who had found herself a place among the ladies of the Queen by deception, began to circulate exaggerated rumours respecting her mistress and Lancelot. But there were others ready to second her efforts. The crafty and cowardly Modred, the son of Bellicent, reputed, therefore the King's nephew, was jealous of Arthur's greatness and hated Lancelot.

Gawain, the courtly but unprincipled brother of Modred; Tristram, the reckless lover of the wife of King Mark, and others, were ready to use and be used by Vivien. "She hated all the knights," and at last fixed upon Merlin, greatest and wisest of men, and played upon him until she gained the secret of the charm by which men might be sunk in unconsciousness. Then she put forth the charm of woven paces and waving hands, and so he lay as dead in the hollow oak "and lost to life and use and name and fame."

Next to this comes the exquisite poem of "Lancelot and Elaine," where we see the power of unlawful love detaining the great knight and keeping him from recognizing and responding to the pure love of the "lily maid of Astolat." He might, perhaps, have felt a pure passion, but partly attachment and partly a false sense of honour forbade.

But now
The shackles of an old love straitened him
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Everything in this poem is full of charm—the death of Elaine, her passage in the barge to Camelot, her letter to Sir Lancelot, telling him

"I loved you and my love had no return,"

and finally Lancelot's remorse—

Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me: not without
She wills it; would I if she willed it? nay,
Who knows? But if I would not, then may God,
I pray him send a sudden angel down
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,
Among the troubled fragments of the hills.

"The Holy Grail," which follows, is a splendid poem. The Grail is, of course, the chalice used by the Lord as the first Eucharist on the eve of the Crucifixion, and its quest was for the pure. Arthur seems to suggest that there was better work for man than following even lofty imaginations—namely, the doing of the ordinary duties of life. In regard of the actual seeing of the Grail each one beholds what his vision enables him to discern.

In "Pelleas and Ettarre," we have a deeper depth. Pelleas, the twin brother of Elaine, sees in Ettarre only beauty and virtue, but to her the unlawful love of the courtly Gawain is more welcome than the devotion of the purest of men. This Idyll prepares us for "The Last Tournament"—when Arthur and his knights are confronted by the Red Knight who has founded his round table of knights who have sworn the counter to all that his knights have sworn, the difference being, he says, that his knights do openly what Arthur's knights do privately in contravention of their vow. The overthrow of this rabble was easy, but it could not restore peace to the soul of the King when he thought of the evil wrought among his knights. The poem ends with the death of Tristram.

Next comes the crowning Idyll of the collection, Guinevere. At last Modred had found Lancelot in the Queen's chamber. They had met once more before parting forever. Vivian found out the engagement and told Modred, who called, "Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last." And the Queen fled to the Abbey of Almesbury, and Lancelot returned to his own land whither he was followed by the King, who returned from this war to say farewell to the Queen, and then to fight his last battle with Modred.

There are few passages finer in any language than that which describes the sudden appearance of the King at the Abbey and his parting with the Queen. The severity, the calm, the pathos, the sorrow over the dissolution of the Round Table, the grief at his disappointment in her whom he had hoped to find his "helpmate," "one to feel my purpose and rejoicing in my joy"—and yet the assured hope that she may still be his—all this is inexpressibly beautiful and grand.

Let no man dream but that I love thee still,
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me there, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another.

The last poem, "The Passing of Arthur," tells of the last battle, the wounding of Arthur, the entrusting of the brand Excalibur to the bold Bedivere, and of his at last throwing it into the mere. This is the necessary preparation for the end. Then is Arthur met by the Lady of the Lake—perhaps Divine Grace—supported by the three Queens—perhaps Faith, Hope and Charity—and is taken into their barge, from which he speaks to Sir Bedivere and tells him the meaning of those changes which they both deplored.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

A STORY is told of Thomas Carlyle that, after passing several sleepless nights owing to the horrible noise made by a Cochon-China cock in a neighbouring garden, the great writer interviewed the proprietor of the fowls and expostulated. The owner, a woman, did not think Mr. Carlyle had much cause for complaint; the cock crew only three or four times in the night. "Eh, but woman," said the unfortunate philosopher, "if you only knew what I suffered waiting for him to crow!"

PARIS LETTER.

DEPUTY LÉON SAY is a sound financier and an orthodox free-trader, but his forte is evidently humour. He has provoked "fits" in the Municipal Council, and among the fast Republicans, by his proposing the name of Thiers, as a rider to the Bill demanding Parliamentary authorization to inter the remains of Renan, Michelet and Quinet in the Panthéon. The public enjoy burial in the latter as akin to the best joke out. The writing of the names of candidates on a bulletin, as meriting Vallumbrian honours and totalizing the votes, is a pastime plébiscite now at soirées. Thiers helped to topple over the rheumatico-gouty throne of Charles X.; he supported Louis Philippe as a republican King; wrote the best romantic history extant of the first Napoleon, and advocated Louis Bonaparte as President of the second Republic, and who rewarded Thiers by shutting him up in a casement of Mount Valérien on December 2, 1851. After the collapse of the second Empire, Thiers discovered, and so ranks in priority over the Pope, that the republican form of Government was that which divided Frenchmen least; for this the Royalist Assembly ejected him from the Presidentship, after previously declaring him to be "the liberator of the country."

But Parisians never forgave Thiers for pounding the Communists; this explains why not even a blind alley has been named after him in Paris, and why he has to sit like a warrior taking his rest in a curule chair at St. Germain till a Government with backbone orders that monument to be set up in the Place du Carronsel *vis-a-vis* the Gambetta obelisk. There is quite a plethora of names of celebrities down on the roster for admission into the subterranean *nichettes* of the Panthéon, from General Lafayette, who imported English commonwealthism from America into France, to Communist General Cluseret, who did his best to expel it. There are other men on the beards-roll of fame that the Panthéon, like Beauty, might draw with a single hair. Why not organize a crypt for sundries, or scraps of the Sons of Glory? For example: the Comte de Pourtules treasures a few bones of Henri IV., that jolly sinner and the only king the French loved; the Sorbonne possesses at least the skull of Cardinal de Richelieu, as it was taken from small boys who had used it as a baseball after the Revolutionists had rifled the sepulchre of his Eminence. The Bibliothèque Nationale might give up its part of the dead, namely, Voltaire's heart, and the apothecary in the Rue de St. Denis, who wears an authentic joint from a toe of the philosopher of Ferney, might follow suit. If the remains of Thiers be doomed to quit their drawing-room sepulchre in the Péro la Chaise Cemetery for the lethal vaults of the Panthéon, under the wings of Renan, the Paganini of nothing, and of Michelet, the Resurrectionist historian, they may count upon being the first to be expelled, should another Communist wave burst over the city of light. Offers of white elephants to the manes of the departed are questionable honours.

The candidates for an Academy Immortality are in number only a whit less plentiful than for a Cabinet vacancy. In addition to the three recently dead, there are five academicians whose "Crossing the Bar" may occur at any moment; of these, Messrs. Taine and de Lesseps are the best known. When the Doge of Venice visited Louis XIV. at Versailles, he was asked what was the greatest surprise he experienced at the palace. "To see myself there," replied the republican magistrate. A similar reflection must have come to the mind of the *grand français*, who was, in point of literature, to fame unknown, when among the literati. The canvassing for a vacant fauteuil is very trying to the applicant's dignity; in the majority of cases he is received with scant ceremony, which the elected, having experienced, desire naturally to revenge. When the poet, Alfred de Musset, set up as a candidate, he travelled into the provinces to solicit the vote of an immortal, he timidly passed through the castle gates, when a lanky, mangy dog came up to him, eye in full joy and tail in best wag. The poet caressed the animal; de Musset was warmly welcomed and invited to stop for dinner, which he was only too happy to accept. The dog took up its quarters on the hearth rug; the hostess fed it with bones and table scraps, patted its head, an affectionate attention de Musset was not slow to imitate. A valet was directed to bring the dog to the pantry to be additionally fed. On retiring, the poet thanked his host and hostess; then the dog wagged its tail more than ever, while scratching less, and returned to the dining-room. "You are forgetting your dog," exclaimed the host, in a relieved state of mind. "But it does not belong to me; I thought it was yours." The Academician executed a bound for the hall rack, seized a stick, made for the dog, all the servants likewise arming in self-defence. In the hubbub de Musset cautiously sidled away, but lost one vote at his election, due to a wandering dog. M. Marmer, the Academician, recently dead, bequeathed his coffee pot to one life-long friend, and his razors to another.

The out-break of so many little strikes, tempered with occasional big ones, has had a good deal to do with forcing the deputies to rapidly vote the arbitration law, whose type is to be found in Belgium. There was no dispute respecting the principle of the law, nor of its necessity. Some desired to have its clauses compulsory; others optional. The letter has been carried; obligatory arbitration is only another name for existing tribunals; facultative arbitration allows each disputant to select its own judge, in whom the fullest confidence is reposed, and so be bound in honour

to abide by the ruling. This step in advance will not a little take the wind out of the sails of collective Socialism.

The French have one ray of glory at least in the region of Tonkin: Colonel Frey has discovered that Annamite is the mother of all languages, whether Celtic, Semitic, or Soudanese. The discovery comes at a lucky moment when the Tonkinese are expected to aid the French in opening up their hinterland about Lake Tchad. The Gauls had the cock for emblem—crowing whether defeated or victorious, and which explains why they abstained from eating the flesh of the gallinace—modern Gauls have taken their revenge on capons. The Colonel adduces affinity examples between the languages of the Basques, the Esquimo—whom some consider to be the Lost Tribes—or the ancient Britons, the Gauls and the Annamites.

Pending the ratification of the Franco-Swiss reciprocal treaty, the Swiss, at least in the canton of Schaffhaus, are all agog at the discovery of the earliest relics of man; a trench has laid bare a kitchen, a laundry, etc., though not fitted up with all the comforts of a home, that M. Zaborneski estimates to be 240,000 years of age. Chicago will not be worth its salt if it does not sweep this curio into its Columbian Fair net.

There is a project now before the Chamber that will make public life worth living for. It is intended to allow the 36,000 municipalities in France to vote a salary to their mayors, and why not later to their coadjutors and councillors. Imagine the locust-cloud of office-seekers in prospective. The 80 Municipal Councillors of Paris vote themselves the substantial gratuity each of 6,000 frs. per year; it is perfectly illegal to do this; but M. Carnot signs the budget and so sanctions the pocket-money. In any case Paris is very rich; there is hardly a strike that the municipality does not send as relief some thousands of francs of the tax-payers' sous; in this way the shareholders in a factory closed by the desertion of the hands have to contribute to sustain the latter while "out."

The error appears to have been again repeated at Dahomey, that of sending an insufficient number of men to finish up with an enemy. The Government of the day is afraid to incur the risk, but that must be incurred, of spending money. The French want to work Colonial expansion on the cheap. It is believed that Colonel Dodds was not fully aware of the resistance to be encountered. His little army, 2,000 strong, fought pluckily, but the mass of numbers also tells in favour of the foe. More troops are necessary to hold Tonkin, as the Chinese have discovered raiding that territory to be very profitable. All seems not to be right, it is felt, respecting Morocco and the Algerian frontier. Last year the French claimed Touat, as a hinterland of South-Western Algeria, and sent an expedition to occupy it; the Emperor of Morocco opposed the grab, and now it appears he has won, and the French approve of his conduct. In any case Morocco is an Empire on its last totter; insecurity reigns because security is impossible. M. P. Leroy-Baulieu, among the first economists in France, demands that France and Spain divide Morocco between them and not leave the Empire at the mercy of the first Cortez or Pizarro that drops down on the territory. But France cannot touch Morocco without first coming to an understanding with other claimants; Spain wants the whole of the Empire; England, Tangiers and some landing stages on the Atlantic side for her exports into Western Soudan; Italy files a claim, and last not least, Germany expects a pick. Thus France will have four rivals for neighbours on her frontier.

CABOT'S HEAD (LAKE HURON), CABOT AND CABOTIA.

THE well-known remarkable promontory, which divides the Georgian Bay from Lake Huron proper, is known as Cabot's Head, and is so marked on modern maps. Cabot's Head is situated in the county of Bruce and in the township of Lindsay, at the east side of the promontory looking into Georgian Bay, whilst Cape Hurd, situate in the township of St. Edmund in the same county, forms the western point of the promontory looking out upon Lake Huron. In D. W. Smith's First Gazetteer of Western Canada (1797), we are told that "Cabot's Head is a large promontory running into Lake Huron west of Gloucester and Machedash Bay, and embays a large part of that lake at its easternmost extremity, stretching itself towards the Manitou Islands." In the maps accompanying this early Gazetteer, Cabot's Head is accordingly conspicuously marked in Lake Huron, as thus described.

Sebastian Cabot, son of John Cabot, was born at Bristol in 1477. His father was a flourishing Venetian merchant there, and greatly interested in the maritime discoveries of the day.

The commission for making discoveries in the West, issued by Henry VII. in 1495, was addressed to John Cabot, the Venetian merchant settled at Bristol, and to his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sanchius. A supplementary charter having the same object in view was issued by Henry very soon after, and this was addressed to John Cabot solely, reference being made, however, to deputies who might represent him, and, under this term, his three sons mentioned in the preceding charter may have been implied. The constant tradition at Bristol has been that the son Sebastian was the leading spirit in the carrying out of these expeditions, and it is a question whether John Cabot in person accompanied any of them, his son Sebas-

tian, being a practical mariner and pilot, effectively taking his place.

Of the other brothers we hear nothing, but they, of course, being members of the firm, so to speak, would share in the profits and honours which might ultimately arise from the enterprise. The father cannot have long survived, and it is to Sebastian alone that commissions for discoveries are addressed in the following two reigns. It is Sebastian that is figured in the fine portrait by Holbein, on which he is styled "Primus inventor novae terrae pro Henrico Septimo Angliae Rege"—"The first discoverer of a new Land for Henry the Seventh, King of England." He is here also distinguished by the epithet Anglus, Englishman, having reference doubtless to the fact that he was born at Bristol, whilst his merchant father, John, was a native of Venice.

Sebastian, as we have just seen, was, with his father, commissioned to undertake a voyage of discovery, and on this occasion he sighted the coast of North America on June 24, 1497, reaching the shore of Labrador about latitude 56°, and then coasting southwards he fell in with an island, generally understood to be Newfoundland, but some say it was Cape Breton or Prince Edward Island. In an entry in the privy purse expenses of Henry VII., we have a gift of ten pounds recorded 10th of August, 1497, "to him that found the new isle;" and in the year following, 1498, we have the same king granting to John Cabot and his son Sebastian permission "to convey and lede to the londe and isles of late founde by the said persons in our name and by our commaundement," etc. It will thus appear that the island of Newfoundland has curiously retained as its proper name an indefinite phrase applied to Cabot's discoveries in Henry VII.'s reign. So it has come to pass that while to Columbus is due the discovery of the West India Islands and a portion of the northern coast of South America, it is to a native-born British mariner, Sebastian Cabot, acting, as it would seem, for his father, John Cabot, that Europe was indebted for the discovery of North America proper, that region having never been seen or even thought of by Christopher Columbus. Some years afterwards (1517), in the reign of Henry VIII., we have Sebastian Cabot again sent on an expedition westward, and on this occasion he appears to have penetrated first into the River St. Lawrence, and afterwards to have explored Hudson's Bay, and to have given English names to some places thereabout. He was subsequently warmly patronized by Edward VI., and was instrumental in establishing a trade between England and Russia, but in Queen Mary's reign he seems not to have been so high in favour. The Emperor Charles V. of Germany, however, certainly patronized him, and entrusted him with some duties connected with marine discoveries. Where or when Sebastian Cabot died, is not distinctly known.

I am glad to have an opportunity of recalling the fact that we have such an enduring existing monument in our Province, of this most useful English discoverer, as the bold promontory in Lake Huron, entitled now for at least 100 years, Cabot's Head. It were to be wished that some one or other of our eminent landscape artists would make a point of presenting to the Canadian public a fine characteristic drawing of this promontory which has so much history associated with it. It would make a good companion to the now rather common pictorial representation of Thunder Cape in Lake Superior. A most interesting narrative, entitled "The Remarkable Life, Adventures and Discoveries of Sebastian Cabot, of Bristol, the Founder of Great Britain's Maritime Power, Discoverer of America, and Its First Colonizer" was published in London in the year 1869, the author being J. F. Nicholls, City Librarian of Bristol. Prefixed to this work is the fine portrait already referred to, said to be by Holbein, of Sebastian Cabot seated before a globe. A label above him bears the inscription "Effigies Sebastiani Caboti Angli, filii Johannis Caboti, Veneti, militis aurati, primi inventoris terrae novae." The pious motto is added "Spes Mea in Deo est." The expression "militis aurati" seems to imply that Cabot was a Chevalier of some order of knighthood, possibly foreign. The chain of gold which surrounds and depends from his neck in the picture may be a symbol of this honour. A well-known bookseller at Bristol, Mr. George, has long styled his establishment "The Cabot's Head," and the device of a likeness of Cabot appears upon the title page of his catalogues with the inscription appended, "Pro Angliis Novum Agrum Invenit, Anno Christi 1497." He discovered for the English people a new territory in the year of our Lord 1497.

Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, it will be remembered, at the late review of the trained Cadets of the public schools of Toronto (Oct. 13th, 1892), appropriately and happily referred to the facts that I have just detailed. He said very truly that the actual explorations of Columbus were confined to certain West India Islands, and a portion of the northern part of South America, and that the revelation of the continent of North America was chiefly due to Cabot, an Englishman acting under the authority of the English Crown. The word Cabotia has been more than once suggested as a general name for the British possessions in North America. I remember a large, finely engraved map of these possessions hanging on the walls of Mr. Fothergill's study at Toronto, years ago, with this name attached in large letters as an appellation for the portion of the globe therein delineated. And in Lindsey's "Life and Times of Mackenzie," Vol. I., p. 57, is to be read the following note having reference to the general name Cabotia: "Cabotia, a word derived from the discoverer

Cabot, and one which has been regarded as the best designation for the whole of British North America. While Nova Scotia or New Brunswick would not like to sink her individuality as part of Canada, she would not object to be a part of Cabotia. Canadians, however, would object to change the name of their country." The text to which this note is appended is a portion of the Diary (Dec. 14th, 1826) of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie himself, and is remarkable as containing an admirable fore-shadowing of Confederation, both colonial and imperial. "We have written much and often, advocating an effective and united government for the Colonies in the bonds of amity and relationship with England. We have sent hundreds of copies of our journal to Europe to distinguished persons with that project specially marked and noted, but were always afraid that the idea would be treated as an idle chimera, even by the best and wisest of British statesmen. It would, however, be the best and safest policy; for England can continue to hold Cabotia only by the ties of friendship, amity, and mutual advantage—ties which, with the divine blessing, would be greatly strengthened, were the talents, the resources and the enterprise of all the Colonies fully brought into action in a liberal, enlightened and united general Government." It is here plainly to be seen that Mr. W. L. Mackenzie was in 1826, and long previously, greatly in advance of his age in his ideas of Colonial policy. His words admirably express the noble objects which the advocates of Imperial Confederation have in view at the present moment. Mr. Nicholls, in his interesting "Memoir of Sebastian Cabot" already referred to, puts the case of Cabot and his discoveries, as compared with that of Columbus and his discoveries, in a nutshell, as it were, thus (p. 77): "Were poetical justice done to Sebastian Cabot the whole of the northern continent should be called Cabotia; for from the 68° north latitude to the 30°, or from the northernmost part of Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, he was the first European who surveyed its coasts or attempted to colonize its deserted shores; whilst the southern continent, or at least the Western Indies should bear the honoured name—Columbia." It is evident that Sebastian Cabot largely divides with Columbus the honours arising from first discoveries made on the Continent of America; and it would be well if the astute personages who give us to understand that they have power to regulate such matters, were to take the merits of the latter into their serious consideration. Sebastian Cabot would certainly be found to have been a man of excellent principles and very high aims, as shown by his model book of instructions directed by him to be read once a week on board of every ship during his later expeditions, as may be seen at large on page 156 of Nicholls' work. Our Continent might then hereafter have the benefit of a two-fold superintendence carried on conjointly by saintly agency, somewhat after the manner of that exercised over maritime interests by the Dioscuri of old, the Gemini of our zodiac, the "Twin Constellation," the "Iucida Sidera" of Horace's famous ode.

HENRY SCADDING.

JOY IN THE NIGHT.

OUT of the heart of the desolate night

Bursts a sweet song with no note of despair,
It swells through the thickets and over the height,
And falls on the ear waiting answer to prayer.

What can the song mean? Is some bird adream,
And flitting in fancy where Southern trees wave,
Or has some night-danger swept by like a stream
That threatened to dash all it touched to the grave?

Or the cherished desire of the young mother-heart
Has been granted, it may be, at this dreary hour;
Or a mate that perchance had wandered apart
Has found its way back to its love's leafy bower.

The soul of the watcher grew strong at the sound,
He felt joy with its joy and hope grew apace,
When morning awoke on the dew-sprinkled ground
A sorrowless smile illumined his face.

Stratford, Ont.

T. G. MARQUIS.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

OTHER people's thoughts! The very title betrays a certain latent shame-faced egotism, the advertisement of imagined modesty. Other people's thoughts! What do we care for them? We want to speak, if any one will listen; to write, if any one will read. Wait a moment. We are ourselves every one else's "other people." Let us think this over, it implies a great deal; perhaps it is the very key-note of our boasted modern civilization. In fact, were it not a little commonplace on inspection, it might easily pass for profound philosophy.

Trivial or profound, let us examine the statement, or rather its sociological consequences. Without discussing at length the merits of the Utilitarian and Intuitive schools, without tracing Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of the so-called virtues, without, in short, affecting anything but the mildest superficiality, let us take a glance at the general principles that underlie what in its broader sense is called society. How is it that each of us sets such store upon the opinion of his fellow-being? Because

each of us expects the same importance to be attached to his own. Do you think that Smith would listen so patiently to the drowsy platitudes of Jones if he were not on the point of reading him a fiery little lyric of his own production. And you, madame, who are smiling so graciously in response to the incoherent remarks of young Driveldom, are you sure that you would be quite so angelic did you not know that every word of your own would be treasured for hours to come? It is because we are ourselves every one else's "other people" that we value the thoughts of others; it is a system of mutual toleration, but without it life would be considerably worse than it is. To this system we owe the puff and perfume of mutual admiration as well as the polish of real politeness; it is a compromise, and possesses the attending evils of its kind. There is something artificial and lukewarm about it at the best: as if one were to exclaim "It is not what you wish that is of importance, but rather what I can gain through your wishes." Still, there are at all times and have been in all ages certain powerful minds whose thoughts hold sway over their fellow men. It is undoubtedly true that not all of these have been recognized, and that

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
multi;

but the world at large has agreed to cherish, to a great extent at the suggestion of the few, the thoughts and utterances of some master minds. This recognition, accompanied at first perhaps with enthusiasm, as years have glided on has added to itself a certain respect and reverence. Now reverence is a very rare quality, and is by no means common to the general run of mortals, and while very few really feel and grasp in their fullness the truth and beauty of what all acknowledge to be beautiful and true, there are ever thousands who repeat with facile glibness thoughts they have never fathomed, dreams they have never dreamt. The outcome of this ostentatious welcoming of the excellent is the "hackneyed quotation,"—that protest against the æsthetic reserve of Art. It seems strange, this resistless fascination that the inmost lurking-places of a poet's fancy possess for mediocrity; we will quote it; if we do not understand it, at any rate we will say it, we will repeat it until we have destroyed its novelty, and your own wonder—so mediocrity argues, not without feeling of conscious strength. Yes! If you have destroyed wonder you have indeed triumphed, for wonder has been rightly called the touch-stone of genius. And so it goes on, and Brown and Robinson are Hamlets and Corsairs, Hectors and even Satans (of the Miltonic order) every hour of the day. This, however, is the result of abuse rather than of use, and one would not banish those living echoes of a dead past merely because they are harped upon by those who are ignorant of their music. A thousand times no! If through the labyrinth of years there steals some low, sweet voice that speaks to the heart of to-day with living cadence, shedding fresh glory over old-time memories, and bidding man live in the name of that something which never dies—is it for us to silence this voice? And to some, at least, these thoughts of the great minds of the past appeal more strongly than the immediate and pressing opinions of those around them. To these a line of Homer or a passage of Shakespeare, "quotation" or no "quotation," has a real significance. These household words can never be forgotten, because they express in the simplest and noblest language thoughts and emotions belonging to mankind.

But besides those exquisite passages which have been familiarized, one might almost say vulgarized, by frequent quotation, there are many more which are not incorporated in the ordinary speech, still less in the thought, of to-day. It is the intention of the writer to briefly discuss some few of the thoughts contained in these latter; he will confine himself to no particular period of literature and to no particular school of literary art.

Amongst what is of intrinsic value in literature there is much of an ideal and transcendental nature; there is also much which deals with humanity as humanity, and which bears upon its pages the divine impress of sympathy. There is, however, much of undoubted value which possesses tendencies in an opposite direction. If many things may be learned from the idealist and from the optimist, it is not altogether wise to pass over those who have taken a more sombre view of the drama of life. In this complex modern existence there have arisen phases of thought which it is not well to ignore and we cannot insist too often that literature is to be judged not in reference to a "moral," conscious, or unconscious, but solely as literature. The writer then will avail himself of "other people's thoughts" whether of the idealist, the materialist, the optimist, or the pessimist, in the belief that the particular author's merit is independent of his creed.

Considering the enormous amount of excellence stored in the rich treasure-house of the past; considering the new ideas that are budding forth every day of our lives, it would be indeed pretentious and ridiculous to propose to give more than a few brief remarks founded on the thoughts of some few chosen authors. But these limitations will be so very obvious that it is needless to dwell upon them at the outset.

FEAR is not a lasting teacher of duty.—Cicero.
CONSIDER pleasures as they depart, not as they come.—Aristotle.
POSTERITY is a pack horse, ever ready to be loaded.—Beaconsfield.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S PLACE IN CANADIAN HISTORY.*

NO class of literature has probably greater charm for the general reader than biography. All of us, indeed, like to know something of the sayings and doings of those men who have made their impress on the political, intellectual, or material development of the country; and the more the authors lead us into the inner life of those men—that is to say, give us an insight into their feelings, aspirations, sympathies and motives—the more greedily will the public at large read the book, thus made a true portraiture of the man. It is these characteristics which give such an attraction to the garrulous account which that eminent toady Boswell wrote of the unpleasant old man Johnson who very likely now owes most of his fame to his obsequious admirer. Among the most interesting biographies of this century is undoubtedly the life of Sir Walter Scott, written by his son-in-law, Lockhart; and that, we all remember, owes its principal interest to the many extracts from the private diary of the great master of romance, which give us an intimate knowledge of his lovable qualities as a husband, father, friend. This biography has very recently been supplemented by a more comprehensive publication of the diary itself, and we are now able to do full justice to an illustrious writer whose modesty in the very zenith of his fame, and his undaunted courage amid adversity, win our admiration and respect. We have few such perfect biographies of the eminent statesmen or authors of England, and certainly none of Canadians. The all-engrossing occupations of statesmen and politicians render it almost impossible for them as a rule to keep complete diaries of the daily occurrences of their lives; but even if they could make for themselves the leisure such memoirs could not see the light until the men among whom they moved and acted had died and a new generation had taken their places. A full and truthful diary by a man like Sir John Macdonald, with his remarkable experience of public life, with his keen knowledge of men, with his many social qualities, would be a wonderful exhibit of human nature, both of its strength and its weaknesses—the latter no doubt prevailing.

One thing, however, is certain; every public man of eminence, every leader of men, is likely to find some Canadian ready to record his virtues, and his claim on popular and party favour, the moment he is laid to rest in mother earth. The writer can see at this moment on the shelves of his library several bulky octavos which illustrate the ambitious efforts of unselfish publishers and of considerate friends to assist in perpetuating the memory of some dead statesman. People of course buy these biographies or else they would not appear so often; but on reading two or three of them one can well understand what a distinguished Englishman, Sir Charles Wetherell, meant when he said, after reading "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors," that Lord Campbell had added to the terrors of death. Such biographies, written to sell at a moment of public regret for the loss of a distinguished man, of course have some value, but that value does not lie in the opinions of the biographer, or in his estimate of the claim of his idol on the gratitude of posterity, but chiefly, if not exclusively, in the extracts from the correspondence and the speeches of the statesman, and in the record of his sayings and doings which at least have historic usefulness and public interest.

In all fairness the writer admits that these general remarks on Canadian biography do not apply in their full meaning to the book now under review. It has, of course, the defects of a work written from the points of view of men connected by the closest ties of political alliance and personal friendship with the eminent statesman to whom they pay their tribute of respect. It is mainly a political history, written by two well-known Liberals—principally, we may fairly assume, by the former private secretary—and it is clear that their judgment on many public questions will not be accepted by Conservatives or by those who prefer to form their own conclusions on well-established facts, although all classes, Conservative and Liberal, may at the same time agree that the authors have generally formed a true appreciation of the ability and worth of the statesman, and of his admirable qualities as a man. As a Liberal historical review of the memorable times in which Mr. Mackenzie was an actor, the book must undoubtedly be useful, but it would be even more valuable to the world in the present, and in the future especially, had the authors given us many more extracts from Mr. Mackenzie's speeches—speeches always noteworthy for their logical arrangement, clear expression and grammatical accuracy—and particularly from his letters, some of which appear at the close of the volume, and give us an insight into the feelings, hopes and desires of an honest man during some of the most trying crises of his life. The book is well written in a clear, newspaper style, and while the printers have done their work fairly well, one must deprecate the taste of the binder. The thistle very properly takes a prominent place on the cover, but the public should not have been forced to look at the dreadful caricature of Mr. Mackenzie's features in tawdry gilt. The photographic illustrations are interesting. We have, for instance, a sketch of his first home at the confluence of the rivers Tay and Tummel, almost within sight of the ancient city

*"The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie: His Life and Times," by William Buckingham, Private Secretary, and Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, Ontario. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company, C. R. Parish and Company. 1892. 8vo, pp. 678.

of Dunkeld. We like to see those famous old Parliament Houses in Quebec and Toronto, where so many eminent Canadians have contended for the political supremacy in days gone by. One who lives in Ottawa, however—in daily sight of the handsome pile of Government Buildings—may doubt the necessity of calling special attention to the prominent tower which was added to the western block during Mr. Mackenzie's regime as Minister of Public Works and is now distinguished by his name. In the illustration its incongruity is not very apparent, since it stands as a part of one block; but surveying it in connection with the pile of Parliament and Departmental buildings—as a part of an architectural whole, it is obviously a defect, since it destroys the effect of the central tower and mars that unity of design which should have been observed in all changes and additions to the well-proportioned edifices that grace the hill on which they stand.

With these general observations, the writer leaves a book which is an improvement on Canadian biographies, that he may refer briefly to the eminent man who has called it forth. Mr. Mackenzie was among the last of eminent men who a quarter of a century ago were prominent in the public life of Canada. Only yesterday the writer took occasion to consult the "test roll" on which the members of the first House of Commons inscribed their names after they had taken the oath of allegiance required by the constitutional law. About twenty years have passed since that roll was completed and folded away at the close of the first Parliament of the Dominion among the archives of the Clerk's department. Unfolding it once more, let us for a moment or two study the signatures of the men of 1867-72—of the most famous Parliament of Canada—and think how many of them have ceased to sign the roll since those memorable years. This roll consists of a long, broad sheet of vellum, at the head of which is engrossed the title: "Oath of Allegiance of Members of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada. First Parliament." Then follows the oath given in the British North America Act of 1867, in English and French: "I, —, do swear that I will bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. So help me God." The signatures of all members elected during the Parliament appear in due order on this one roll, which consists of seven columns, together with the names of the commissioners appointed by the Crown,—the Clerk and other prominent officers of the House,—to administer the oath. The first name on this historic roll is that of the eminent Canadian statesman, now a baronet of the Empire and High Commissioner for Canada in London, Sir Charles Tupper, whose signature is written in a rapid, uncertain way, nowise indicative of his decision of character and his positive style of debate. Then follows the name of Alexander Morris, once a Cabinet Minister, a Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and a founder of Confederation. Just below is the name of J. C. Abbott, then chiefly distinguished as a commercial lawyer, and now the first Minister of the Government of Canada. Following his bold lettering is the clear, well-defined signature of William Macdougall, an incisive, logical debater, long distinguished in Canadian public life. John Hamilton Gray, a man of culture and great courtesy of demeanour, a pleasing rhetorical speaker, who was prominent in the politics of the Maritime Provinces, and one of the fathers of Confederation, writes his name in a neat, graceful hand, giving prominence to Hamilton. A little further down is the not very legible or elegant signature of Mackenzie Bowell, still an active Minister of the Crown, but only in those days in the rank and file of his party. In the middle of the column is a collection of rapid strokes, which long experience tells the writer is the name of the great Canadian, Edward Blake, now one of the hopes of Ireland. Here is the bold, clear signature of Stewart Campbell, once speaker of the Nova Scotia Assembly, a polished gentleman and graceful speaker, who died a district judge in his native Province. Next follows the plain signature of Charles Fisher, once Attorney-General of New Brunswick, one of those very rapid speakers that the Maritime Provinces produce in numbers. A former Chief Justice of Ontario, an old student of Sir John Macdonald's, Robert Harrison, signs his name in bold letters, which were characteristic of his own portly presence. Last but one on the column is the very modest signature of David Mills, who has won for himself in the years that have passed a high reputation for his diligence as a public man, and his earnest study of the constitution of his own and other countries.

At the top of the next column is the signature of Joseph Howe, written in a clear, running hand, taking up the whole space allotted—the signature of a *littérateur*, a poet, orator and statesman, who commenced his life in a printing office with a composing stick, and ended it in the old stone Government House at Halifax, where he was refused admittance in the days of Lord Falkland. The third name, written in a graceful, easy style, is that of the most famous Minister of the Crown that the dependencies of England have yet produced—Sir John Alexander Macdonald. Charles A. Colby, for a short time a member of a Dominion Cabinet, a careful, thoughtful speaker, whom Parliament misses in these later days, when Canada requires the services of all her best men, signs his name in a very unostentatious way, characteristic of his demeanour. J. G. Blanchet, a speaker of the Quebec Assembly and the Commons, is the next prominent name on the list. The present Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, Sir Leonard Tilley, for many years a very conspicuous figure

in the politics of British North America, before and since Confederation, the first exponent of the protection policy of the Macdonald administration from 1879, writes his name in an ordinary business hand. John Costigan, in a delicate hand, represents the name of a faithful Irishman, now a Cabinet Minister. The large, clear letters of the signature of H. G. Joly recall a gentleman whose motto was always *noblesse oblige*. In the same column is the signature of Christopher Dunkin—noted in Parliament for his extremely tedious, though well-studied, learned speeches—written in a careless style, not at all characteristic of his cautious manner of public speaking or ordinary conversation. Sir Hector Langevin, whose name has been so long prominent in public annals, writes his signature in that careful natty way, which has not altered a whit for a quarter of a century. The scratchy, uncertain letters that immediately follow indicate the name of Geo. Et. Cartier—thus abbreviated—one of those liberal-minded, patriotic statesmen, who, freeing themselves from national prejudices, have been instrumental in laying—deep and firm, as we must all hope—the foundations of the Confederation. Albert J. Smith, Minister of Fisheries in Mr. Mackenzie's Government, knighted for his services in connection with the Halifax award, writes an illegible scrawl. Thomas B. Gibbs, who for a short time was a Cabinet Minister, writes his name in a clear commercial hand. At the foot of the column is the very clumsy, but bold, signature—very characteristic of the man—of E. B. Wood, the "Big Thunder" of the public platform, who died Chief Justice of Manitoba.

An almost undecipherable signature heads the third column of the roll; it is recognized by experts as that of Pierre J. O. Chauveau, once Premier of Quebec, Speaker of the Senate, President of the Royal Society of Canada—an orator of the old régime, a *littérateur* of note, and a polished gentleman. The recognized Nestor of the Liberal party, Luther Holton, who died a few years later, deeply regretted by friends and opponents while in attendance on Parliament, writes his signature in a small, symmetrical manner. Sturdy Joseph Rymal, possessing a great fund of rough, natural humour, gives a signature which bears the impress of the plough. The remarkably small, unpretentious signature below is by no means an index to the emphatic character and portly person of Timothy W. Anglin, once Speaker of the Commons. One of the most modest, retiring signatures on the whole page is that of John Carling, who has held office for a long time in Conservative administrations. Lucius Seth Huntington, who possessed the gift of oratory in a remarkable degree, a Minister in Mr. Mackenzie's Cabinet, evidently liked a very scratchy pen. Immediately following is the somewhat original signature of a famous leader of the Liberals of French Canada, Antoine Aimé Dorion; one of those gentlemen whose unsullied character in political and private life and unvarying courtesy of demeanour gave dignity to the public life of Canada. Further down is the small, neat signature of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, poet, historian, orator and patriot; the last signature he ever appended to a similar public document, for a few months later he was the victim of the midnight assassin. Soon after the name of the brilliant Irishman comes the neat, ladylike handwriting of John Hillyard Cameron, a polished gentleman, great lawyer and eloquent speaker. Closing the column is the hesitating ambiguous signature of A. T. Galt, famous in finance and eloquent in debate, and above all a true Canadian in thought and aspiration. In the fourth column we meet with the jerky, inelegant signature of Richard John Cartwright, then a prominent member of the Conservative party; a signature not at all indicative of his incisive style and force of expression in the debates of later years when he spoke from the Liberal benches as Sir Richard. A Minister of the Crown and a Lieutenant-Governor in later years, A. W. McLelan, an exceptionally fortunate man since he was generally in office from 1867, signs his name in an ordinary business style. Alfred Jones, a prominent man ever since in the councils of the Liberal party, a Minister in Mr. Mackenzie's Government, takes up only a very small space with his unpretentious name. In the next column a Minister of Finance, and a very successful man in his subsequent career in England, John Rose, banker, baronet and Imperial Privy Councillor, writes his signature in a free way, with the John a little doubtful. Adams G. Archibald, urbane gentleman, Dominion Secretary of State, Lieutenant-Governor of two Provinces, Knight of St. Michael and St. George, writes his name, probably for once in his life, so that one may read it. John Henry Pope, in later times a Minister in Sir John Macdonald's Ministry, a man of political sagacity, a keen political manager, denotes his name by a few faint scratches. Further on is the hasty signature of Alonzo Wright, who in the twenty years before him in Parliament was to make himself the most popular man in the House for his urbanity and hospitality in his spacious mansion on the banks of the picturesque Gatineau, and too rarely delighted his peers with flights of genial humour and eloquent periods, illustrating a mind that revelled in much miscellaneous reading. Towards the foot of the fourth column is the very small, neat signature of Sir Francis Hincks, an old time Liberal, one of the earnest advocates of responsible Government, a Prime Minister of old Canada, a Governor of one of the dependencies of the Empire, who was chosen by Sir John Macdonald to replace Sir John Rose as Finance Minister, a position he was to hold for a relatively short time.

In the sixth column, representing the members elected

in the third session of this Parliament, we meet for the first time with the symmetrical signature, in a running hand, of George Airey Kirkpatrick, afterwards Speaker and now Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who was returned after the death of his father, whose name appears previously on the roll of 1867. The remainder of the roll is chiefly noteworthy as illustrating the development of the Dominion, for we see the signatures of the representatives, first of the new Province of Manitoba, and later of the Province of British Columbia. We see the names of John Christian Schultz, then conspicuous for his conflict with Riel in the first North-West rebellion, and now Lieutenant-Governor of the Province; of Donald A. Smith, a man of great financial ability, who in later times became associated with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and received a Knighthood from the Queen. Amor de Cosmos, of Victoria, who came to the Commons with the reputation of having made the longest speech ever made in a colonial Assembly, writes his signature in a bold, school-boy style as if he were not quite sure of the spelling—perhaps it had not been long since he changed the Saxon "Smith" to the Greek "Cosmos." Here we may close the roll; for the other names are less noteworthy, and, in many cases, probably forgotten by the Canadian world.

It is on this roll of distinguished men—many of them distinguished for breadth of statesmanship, great knowledge of economic questions and oratorical gifts—that Alexander Mackenzie's name appears, written on the first column in that clear, graceful style which makes it almost elegant compared with most of the signatures I have mentioned. Twenty-five years had passed when he again stood before a roll—that of the seventh Parliament—and as we unfold it, and compare its names with those of the historic parchment of 1867-72, we recognize the numerous changes that have happened in the interval—changes brought for the most part about by the inexorable mandate of death; by the fluctuations of popular favour, or the stern necessity of repairing private fortunes almost wrecked by political conflicts, or by the disappearance of a few favourites of the political Fates into the Senate or comfortable offices. The first Parliament will always be memorable for its intellectual strength; but of the one hundred and ninety-one men that signed the roll from 1867-72 only thirteen or so appear on that of 1891. We see the name of Sir John Macdonald just above that of his son, the member for Winnipeg; but he was called away from the scenes of his political triumphs only a few weeks after he stood by the Clerk's table and made his last signature on the roll. Sir Hector Langevin, Mr. Mills, Mr. Carling, Mr. Bowell, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Costigan, Dr. Cameron, of Inverness, Mr. Geoffrion, Sir D. Smith, Mr. Bowman, Mr. Scriber, and Mr. Bechard now alone remain to connect us immediately with that famous House.

During the years between 1867 and 1891 Mr. Mackenzie had held the highest political rank in his adopted country's gift; and then the storm of political adversity that overwhelmed his party in September, 1878, left him stranded on the shore of Opposition until the close of his life. But he was never again the same man; the effects of the severe strain on his strength, caused by his conscientiously performing the joint duties of political head of a Cabinet and Minister of a most laborious department, showed themselves rapidly in his case; and at the last it was only a feeble, speechless man who presented himself session after session. For months he sat an immovable, silent figure in his customary seat, the object of the respectful care of his friends around him; and all the while it was obvious to those who watched him that never for an instant did he lose his interest in every question of Canadian import, but from time to time his eye lighted with the fire of old times though disease held him in its ruthless grasp.

When the session of 1891 opened it was evident that the end was drawing near, and nothing showed more clearly the indomitable energy of the man than his again presenting himself in that scene which now had become to him his very life. But the roll of 1891 does not present the well-known signature of Alexander Mackenzie; for when he stood for the last time in the Clerk's office and silently took the oath, he asked in a feeble whisper that the Clerk should sign for him, and in this way it was done. He had finished his career; he could not execute the simplest act of a member of the Commons' House. But all Canadians will say that his name is assuredly

On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.

Mr. Mackenzie's life was in many respects remarkable. It illustrates the success that may be achieved in this country by a man of great natural ability, of extraordinary energy, and persistent purpose. Much stress has been, and always will be, laid upon the fact that he was of humble origin and worked as a mason or stone-cutter in his youth, though we notice that the joint authors attempt, for some reason or other, to break the force of his father having been a carpenter by dwelling on his superior connections on his mother's side. Well, we all know that every Campbell is kin to Argyll. The fact is, if a man is possessed of great intellectual qualities he is not likely to remain a carpenter, a stone-cutter, a shoemaker, or even a political editor. Mr. Mackenzie could never have remained a stone-cutter; nature carved him out for higher things. It would be a pity, however, if all the stone-cutters or masons in Canada were on account of his personal success to devote themselves to politics and aim to be Prime Ministers. The probability

is that we would have worse houses to live in and more machine politicians to support. A good stone-cutter is in every respect a more useful member of society than an inferior politician.

Mr. Mackenzie, very soon after his arrival in this country, naturally became a factor in local politics, and by dint of his strong individuality made his influence felt wherever he acted. He was fortunate in being a native of Scotland. A Scot, to use a slang though expressive phrase, is essentially a "hustler." In his personal character he showed many of the traits of his pushing countrymen. He had little of the *bonhomie* and grace of demeanour of the French-Canadian statesmen of his times, like Dorion, Laurier and Chapleau; he had a brusquerie of manner which disappeared in some degree as he grew older, and was brought more into contact with men of fine culture and large intellectual attainments; but despite all the fortunate surroundings of his life he was always Alexander Mackenzie, incisive, emphatic, and even curt to the degree of incivility when his contempt of humbug and trickery could not be repressed. Yet withal there was running through the Scotch granite of his nature a golden vein of kindness and gentleness which was revealed to those who had won his personal affection and friendship. A Scotchman, he had still a sense of humour in others, though it was not possible for him to tell a joke or witty story except in a somewhat clumsy way. He was animated by a high ambition, but not even the impulses of that sentiment could force him to support any unworthy object for personal or political gain. Like all men who wish to be useful in public affairs, he believed in party as the only feasible means of achieving great ends in the government of a country; but not even for party would he sacrifice his personal, honest, well-considered convictions of what was best calculated to promote the public good. It was, perhaps, his too great confidence in himself and his own opinions that made him ill-fitted at times to understand the drift of public opinion on some important questions, or unable to make such concessions as might meet the growing sentiment of the country or the necessities of the times, without at the same moment giving up the essential principles to which he was sincerely and deeply wedded. His very rigidity of purpose and adherence to principle were undoubtedly the cause of the fall of his administration in 1878. Had he possessed something of that wonderful knowledge of men, and of that admirable capacity for gauging the conditions of public opinion which made Sir John Macdonald a wonderful success in politics, he would probably have been longer in office. In some respects he appears to have lacked that statesmanlike grasp of mind and breadth of view which would have enabled him to mould a vigorous national policy in harmony with the growing desires of the people at large, to fit themselves for a higher position among the communities of the world. Had he been prepared to concentrate all the energies of the country on the construction of a great enterprise like the Canadian Pacific Railway as absolutely essential to the unity and success of confederation, he would have met the natural aspirations of an ambitious people. But on this and other questions of his time Mr. Mackenzie had his convictions of what was best for the masses of the people under existing conditions. He stated the guiding principle of his public policy in 1878, when he manfully left office in obedience to the country's verdict: "I would rather be defeated than retain office by accepting or defending views which I believed adverse to the public interests." Yet there was no man in Canada who had a more thorough belief in the country and its future, if its affairs are wisely administered. He believed in local self-government in the fullest sense, and during his administration he upheld in every way the interests of the Dominion when there was a controversy with the imperial State. He was a staunch supporter of imperial connection, but at the same time he was of opinion that "everything which extends the liberties of Canada, everything which accords to Canada and her statesmen greater breadth of view in the management of their affairs, is more likely to conduce to the advancement of imperial interests and greatness than any curbing policy that keeps us down to the grindstone." Conservative politicians may take strong exception to his public opinions and his conclusions on great questions, while the historian who reviews the facts of his times in a critical, judicial spirit may doubt whether he had that political genius which constitutes a great statesman; whether his inflexible adherence to those principles he had formed did not prevent him from exercising that direct and permanent influence on the public policy and future development of the country that might have been expected from a man of such eminent ability, sound knowledge, natural shrewdness, and honest endeavour. Be that as it may, one thing is certain that Canadians, irrespective of creed and party, in the present and in the days to come, will—to quote the words of Lord Dufferin, who knew him well—"respect and honour the straitforward integrity of his character," and always do full justice to his "unmistakable desire to do his duty faithfully to the Queen, the Empire and the Dominion."

J. G. BOURINOT.

If faith were always equal, where would be its merit?

A NOBLE deed is a step towards heaven.—*J. G. Holland.*

CALVARY.

O SORROWFUL heart of humanity, foiled in thy fight for dominion,
Bowed with the burden of emptiness, blackened with passion and woe;
Here is a faith that will bear thee on waft of omnipotent pinion,
Up to the heaven of victory, there to be known and to know.

Here is the vision of Calvary, crowned with the world's revelation,
Throned in the grandeur of gloom and the thunders that quicken the dead;
A meteor of hope in the darkness, shines forth like a new constellation,
Dividing the night of our sorrow, revealing a path as we tread.

Now are the portals of death by the feet of the Conqueror entered;
Flames of the sun in his setting roll over the city of doom,
And robe in imperial purple the Body triumphantly centered,
Naked and white, among thieves and the ghosts that have crept from the tomb.

Soul, that art lost in immensity, craving for light and despairing,
Here is the hand of the Crucified, pulses of love in its veins,
Human as ours in its touch, with the sinews of Deity bearing
The zones of the pendulous planets, the weight of the winds and the rains.

Here in the Heart of the Crucified, find thee a refuge and hiding,
Love at the core of the universe, guidance and peace in the night;
Centuries pass like a flood, but the Rock of our Strength is abiding,
Grounded in depths of eternity, girt with a mantle of light.

Lo, as we wonder and worship, the night of the doubts that conceal Him,
Rolls from the face of the dawn till His rays thro' the cloud-fissures slope,
Vapours that hid are condensed to the dews of the morn that reveal Him,
And shine with His light on the hills as we mount in the splendour of hope,
Drummondville. FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Mr. Crerar, of Hamilton, whose letter, in reply to Mr. R. H. Lawder and in condemnation of the National Policy, appeared in your columns, expressed a desire to have the trade question viewed solely from an economic standpoint and free from partisan bias. This is commendable, though it may be doubted whether the general tenor of Mr. Crerar's letter warrants the assumption that he has reached the high standard set for others. It shall, nevertheless, be my aim; in offering a few words in reply to the questions so confidently propounded, to confine myself entirely to the economic aspects of the case in hand.

In reference to the contention of Mr. Lawder that because Canada bought \$200,000,000 worth more from than she sold to the United States during the past ten years she therefore received a less benefit than she conferred. Mr. Crerar says: "In this proposition Mr. Lawder has to face and accept one or other of these alternatives: (1) that Canada paid in 'money' for this excess of \$200,000,000, or (2) that the small Canadian exports paid for the large imports—that is, that each \$100,000,000 of Canadian products exported purchased \$120,000,000 of American products imported. Assuming that he will accept the first—I am sure he will reject the second alternative—he will find, to begin with, a statistical obstacle of formidable proportions to overcome. Canada has not paid away—could not if she had tried—two hundred millions of 'money' (gold) to the United States, or anywhere else, during the last ten, or probably during the last thirty years." He then asks how Canada could have squared her commercial indebtedness to the Republic. The "alternatives" it appears to me are not at all difficult to face. There are two or three ways in which the difference between the value of imports and exports might be adjusted. We might pay for the excess of imports in gold if we produced or procured sufficient; we might pay for them in exchange received for goods shipped to other countries, or we might pledge the future labour of the country, or in other words go in debt for them. This, in fact, is what we have done; we have borrowed the money,

mostly in Great Britain, and with that paid for a large part of the excess of imports over exports; not only from the United States, but from other countries as well. The remaining portion was adjusted as will appear hereafter.

During the twenty-five years since Confederation Canada's imports from all countries have exceeded her exports about \$20,000,000 a year, and her debt has increased nearly if not quite \$500,000,000. This, of course, includes, with the national, the provincial and municipal indebtedness, as well as foreign investments in railroads, manufactures, and real estate. Some of the goods for which this debt was incurred were used to increase the wealth-producing capacity of the country, but many of them were of a different character, and perishable, and, though the future labour of the country is pledged for their payment, are no longer of any value. Again, Mr. Crerar says the United States have exported during the last ten years about a thousand million dollars' worth more than they imported, and in addition twenty to fifty millions in gold each year and asks: "If their excessive exports over imports represented more sales than purchases, how comes it that instead of getting back the difference in money, they have annually sold more money than they received?" If Mr. Crerar will look a little more closely into United States finances he will find that this excess of exports was applied in payment of debts previously contracted and not in exchange for goods purchased during the period named; and that the thousand million dollars with the excess of gold added is an approximately correct measure of the reduction of the nation's indebtedness in the time specified.

The other problem, wherein Mr. Crerar shows that the world's excess of imports over exports is in the vicinity of \$1,000,000,000 each year, is, notwithstanding its "startling" nature, just as easy of solution. This excess is simply that part of the cost of distribution, or the earnings of the world's carriers, that is included in the values of the imports and excluded from those of the exports. Of course all goods are of greater value at the point of consumption than at that of production. If you ship a cargo of ten thousand dollars' worth of oats from Montreal to Hamburg, you may buy with it there eleven thousand dollars' worth of sugar, which on your return to Montreal may be worth twelve thousand dollars. If this is done by a Canadian merchant with a Canadian vessel, the two thousand dollars accrue to Canada; but if done by a German merchant in a German vessel you will have to export something else to pay him, for Canada will be in debt for the difference. Or if the transfer is made by an English merchant in an English vessel it will be to England the two thousand dollars' worth will have to go; and it is because Great Britain enjoys so large a share of the carrying trade of the world, coupled with her large investments in foreign countries on which interest is paid, that she can continue importing much more than she exports without going in debt.

In our trade with the United States the cost of carrying from one country to the other is not very great, and it is probable that the large share of it has gone to the Americans, but the value of the share that has fallen to Canada must in fairness be deducted from the gold or notes, or other securities, that we have paid to cover the difference between our imports and exports. During the civil war the United States imported vastly more than they exported and incurred thereby an enormous debt. This could only be paid by turning the balance of trade the other way; and it was, at least partly, for this purpose the high protective duties, designed to encourage home production and restrict foreign importations, were imposed. Whether they have the desired effect it is not my present purpose to enquire; I may safely, in the meantime, allow Mr. Crerar's figures to supply the answer.

The rule will apply with equal force to Canada. Her exports plus her earnings in carrying and profits in foreign trade must exceed her imports plus the interest she has to pay, before she can even begin to reduce her debt. The only way this can be, in any degree, obviated is by the foreign investors following their capital or by our receiving more by immigration than we lose by emigration.

It may, as Mr. Crerar says, suit the individual to get as much and part with as little as possible, but getting more than he parts with and pledging—as he must—the labour of future years in payment, is not always wise either in the individual or in the nation.

Iroquois.

ADAM HARKNESS.

ART NOTES.

MR. W. A. SHERWOOD has just disposed of a small portrait painted by him from life of the late Walt Whitman, to Mr. Æmilus Jarvis. The portrait represents the famous poet seated and gazing downward, seemingly buried in contemplation; the expression is unlike that in many representations of Whitman which we have seen, and the left hand is, we think, scarcely adequately treated—but for all that it is a strong picture, and fair justice is done to the massive head with its wealth of long snow-white hair and the profuse and shaggy beard. Mr. Sherwood, it may be added, has in his possession the large pen-holder and pen with which he says the famous American wrote the most of the poems published under the general title "Leaves of Grass."

HAPPINESS is a woman's rarest cosmetic.—*Melville.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

FROHMAN'S company is giving much amusement with Sims and Raleigh's comedy, "The Grey Mare." The play is of the "comedy of errors" description, and is very clever, while the company presents it very skilfully. The three *Maxwells* are presented by Messrs. George Alison, Vincent Sternroyd, and Charles E. Lothian. Mr. Bayntun, as the *Count de Chevrelle*, was rather farcical. Miss Marian Giroux, as *Kate Stanhope*, gave a spirited rendering.

"The Duke's Wife" will appear next week, played by Mr. R. G. MacLean and Miss Prescott.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

J. H. GILMOUR and his company have been playing to very good houses in "Dartmoor," a play that rather oddly is styled a "comedy-drama." The play is unusually good of its kind, and the company is an excellent one. Mr. Gilmour, as *Dick Venables*, the daring swindler and convict, is admirably cool and effective. Mr. Herbert Archer played *Captain Lankester*, the governor of the prison, his stammering delivery being rather against his presentation, though at times in place. Mr. Littledale Powers' *Archdeacon Jellicoe* was a very good piece of comedy, while Mr. J. K. Brooks, as *Peters*, also did good work. Miss Bettina Gerard, as *Mrs. Lisle*, had a difficult rôle, and several times achieved success of a high kind in her rendering of the woman torn by her love for *Captain Lankester* and her duty to her rascally husband so unexpectedly come to life.

Next week will appear the Bostonian Opera Company, in the opera, "Robin Hood."

DURING last week Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" was witnessed by good houses at this theatre. Imagine so-called morality turned upside down, the whole programme of village ethics subverted; and picture to yourselves a philosopher of the bar-room, a drunkard who is the solitary champion of human pity in a society devoted to prayer-meetings. Such are the impressions which this, let us say comedy, leaves behind it, and yet it is in no sense of the word immoral. *Ernest Hardman*, ably personated by Richard J. Dillon, is a village clergyman, whose life object is prohibition, and who discovers in the finale the savior of his son's life in the person of the town rum-seller. Village society is drawn perhaps a little more than to the life; everybody in the piece seems suffering from a chronic thirst, and yet everybody is clamouring for prohibition. Call it a farce if you will, but it is a farce not without touches from the drama of life. Messrs. Joseph Frankman, David Davies and Wm. Cullington were admirable in their respective rôles of village apothecary, physician and lawyer. George Richards, as "Mink," the town drunkard, showed capabilities beyond his part, well as he filled it; Eugene Canfield, as "Bingo," his son, was also good. Miss Elsie Lombard, as "Ruth," the clergyman's daughter, made a sympathetic heroine, while Miss Evelyn Pollock, as *petite fille terrible*, was all that her rôle required.

YE OLDE ENGLYSHE FAYRE.

THE Ladies' Committee met recently and were gratified to find that the gross receipts exceeded \$4,000. The Treasurer was instructed to issue a cheque to the Treasurer of St. George's Society for \$3,000 on account of the net proceeds of Ye Fayre. The satisfactory results which through the assistance so generously given have rewarded the labours of the Committee are not only most gratifying to them, but will be of material assistance in promoting the benevolent work of the St. George's Society in Toronto.

TENNYSON'S LAST VOLUME.*

THIS eagerly expected volume, the last from the voice which is now still and from the vanished hand which will write no more, is now before us, and it will disappoint no reasonable expectations. Some one has said that it will add nothing to the reputation of the poet, apparently suggesting that such an addition would be a matter of no great difficulty. Tennyson needs no higher place than is now accorded to him by the unanimous judgment of English speaking men. If, however, he gains no new laurels by this volume, he will certainly lose none of those which he has won. The volume may worthily take its place anywhere among the last three or four volumes of shorter poems which he has given to us, and it would be difficult to point out any evidences of decay in this or in its companion volumes.

If we say that the poem which stands first, the "Death of Enone" is not unworthy as a conclusion to the magnificent poem which bears the same name, and which was published fifty years ago, we have said all that need be said. The tone, of course, is changed. It is no longer the passionate girl, forsaken by her beautiful Paris; it is the woman embittered by the injuries to which she has been subjected. Paris has been wounded by a poisoned arrow and returns to her, penitent, loving, dying, and she has the power to heal him and he pleads,

"Enone, my Enone, while we dwell
Together in this valley—happy then—

* "The Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems," by Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Price \$1.25. London and New York, Macmillan; Toronto: The Williamson Co. (Ltd.). 1892.

Too happy had I died within thine arms,
Before the feud of gods had marred our peace,
And sundered each from each. I am dying now,
Pierced by a poisoned dart. Save me.

Thou knowest,
Taught by some god, whatever herb or balm
May clear the blood from poison . . .
Let me owe my life to thee.
I wrought thee bitter wrong, but thou forgive,
Forget it. Man is but the Slave of Fate.
Enone, by thy love, which once was mine,
Help, heal me, I am poison'd to the heart.
"And I to mine," she said, "Adulterer,
Go back to thine adulteress and die."
He groaned, he turned, and in the mist at once
Became a shadow, sank, and disappeared,
But, ere the mountain rolls into the plain
Fell headlong dead."

But remorse and sorrow awoke when she came upon the funeral pile of Paris.

"When she gained the broader vale, and saw
The ring of faces reddened by the flames,
Enfolding that dark body which had lain
Of old in her embrace, paused—and then
Falteringly, "Who lies on yonder pyre?"
But every man was mute for reverence.
Then moving quickly forward till the heat
Snoote on her brow she lifted up a voice
Of shrill command, "Who burns upon the pyre?"
Whereon their oldest and their boldest said,
"He whom thou wouldst not heal!" and all at once
The morning light of happy marriage broke
Thro' all the clouded years of widowhood,
And muffling up her comely head, and crying
"Husband?" she leapt upon the funeral pile
And mixed herself with him and passed in fire.

There is something here almost Homeric in the energy and directness of the expression. Among the other poems, we pass naturally to the "Silent Voices," and if we cannot claim for it equality with the other poem sung at the poet's funeral, "Crossing the Bar," we can hardly be mistaken in proclaiming it to be worthy of the pen which wrote the earlier verses; and what more need be said? Here it is:—

THE SILENT VOICES.

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead!
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the stony track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

"The Churchwarden and the Curate" is a poem in the manner of the "Northern Farmer," and is of its kind excellent. The Churchwarden had been "Baptis wonst, an' agcan the toithe an' the raite."

Till I fun that it warn't not the gainest way to the narra gate,
And I can't abear 'em. I can't, fer a lot on em coom'd ta year—
I wur down with the rheumatis then—to my pond to west Thessens there,
Sa I sticks like the ivin as long as I lives to the owd church now,
Fur they wesh'd their sins i' my pond, an' I doubts they poison'd the cow.

The Curate had been son of the parson, and a troublesome boy, but nothing much was the matter with him, and the Churchwarden congratulates him on being the Curate, and tells him how he may get on:—

An' thou'll be is Curate 'ere, but, if iver tha means to git higher,
Tha mun tackle the sins o' the Wold, an' not the faults o' the Squire.
An' I reckons tha'll light o' a livin' somewhere i' the Wold or the Fen,
If tha cottons down to thy better, an' keeps thyself to thyself.
But niver not speak plain out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creep along the hedge-bottoms, and thou'll be a Bishop yit.

The poem which gives its second title to the volume is, perhaps, next to the "Death of Enone," the most remarkable; although it is a little "weighted" by the necessity for a considerable apparatus of notes. Akbar, the great Mogul, a man rising above the limitations of his own creed, a great way before his age, striving to introduce into his great Indian Empire reforms which were to be carried out centuries after his time, dreams of his own failure, but of the success of the work in other hands.

Well, I dream'd
That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Morgue, nor Church,
But loftier, simpler, always open door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein;
But while we stood rejoicing, I and thou,
I heard a mocking laugh "the new Koran"
And on the sudden, and with a cry of "Saleem"
Then, then—I saw thee fall before me, and then
Me too the blackwinged Azrael overcame.

He was addressing the Minister who had helped him in his work, and Saleem was the son who was to overthrow it. But he saw the vision of future success,

and in sleep I said,
"All praise to Alla by whatever hand,
My mission be accomplish'd."

We should add that one of the most powerful poems in the volume is the "Bandit's Death."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS: Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Ely, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, London. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated with 154 drawings by Joseph Pennell, also with plans and diagrams. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

One of the most striking points of contrast between Europe and America is the absence on the latter continent of those noble monuments of architectural genius which

the hand of man has raised on the former as a testimony to the devotional spirit of the elder races which people it. These sublime and noble structures were in many instances founded before the white man knelt upon the shore of America and worshipped the God of his fathers under the blue vault of heaven amid savage surroundings. Great object lessons in art and history, the cathedrals of Europe will always be centres of interest to the enquiring and observant traveller. Within their venerable walls, where worshipped in long gone years monarchs and nobles whose names are illustrious in history, and where saintly and learned prelates preached, he can worship to-day. The student of history can from their ancient monuments and records verify his data, and the lover of architecture and art will find them rich and ample storehouses of the treasures he holds dear. As the character and taste of a man is evidenced by his home and surroundings, so the cathedrals of England bear witness to the predominant traits of the English people, and so have an abiding interest to their descendants. In this view it was an incident of more than ordinary importance that the Century Company should commission one of the most accomplished and capable amateur students and critics of architecture of America to select twelve typical English cathedrals, to visit and carefully inspect them, and thereafter to contribute the result of the examination to the pages of their excellent magazine. At the same time a no less distinguished and gifted artist was also commissioned to provide the requisite accompanying illustrations. It of necessity followed that this commendable enterprise should be consummated and completed by the revision and adaptation of the magazine articles and their publication in the superb and sumptuous quarto, with large and beautiful letter-press, thick ivory paper, and abundant and exquisite illustrations. The volume before us is one of the most beautiful and altogether delightful works we have seen for many a day. It may well be styled a most successful modern example of graceful and scholarly criticism, of poetic and almost perfect illustration and rare mechanical workmanship. A labour of love to the author, illustrator and publisher, an *Edition de luxe* indeed. In the preface the author writes modestly, yet appropriately, of the design of her work: "It is not a history of English architecture, and it is not a full and faithful picture of the churches it professes to describe. It is simply a sketch of English cathedral building, based upon such evidence as twelve typical examples could supply. But I have tried to make it an architectural rather than a pictorial sketch; and I hope it may awaken in the audience to which I appeal the feeling that architecture is extremely interesting, not only as a record of changing æsthetic moods, but also as one of the truest records of the general development of human intelligence, and of the general course of national and international history." And the wisdom of her selection is justified by the expressed opinion of the late Professor Freeman: "A better list of twelve cathedrals . . . could not be compiled." In the opening chapter, speaking of the comprehensive character of her examples the author says: "Keeping within the precincts of England's cathedrals, we may study the traces of nearly every kind of mediæval architecture, from the most gorgeously ecclesiastic to the most simply domestic, most purely utilitarian, most frankly military. And the fact, I say, is characteristically English. No series of cathedrals in any other land is so all-embracing, so infinitely diversified." Referring further on to the necessary restrictions of fair criticism, we have the following remarks: "I hope all this will not be read as though my admiration for English cathedrals were small. It is really so great that I despair of finding a vocabulary rich and telling enough to express it. But unreasoning praise is not the truest sort. One cannot rightly admire without understanding or love without appreciating, and the only way to understand and appreciate is through processes of comparison. And if in learning the varied charm and majesty of the great churches of England, we likewise learn that those of another land are in some ways still more wonderful, need we be distressed by the fact? It should simply deepen our sense of the superb ability of mediæval builders, and heighten the pleasure we feel in any chance to study the actual work of their hands." In describing the twelve cathedrals mentioned on the title page of this volume, Mrs. Van Rensselaer does not confine herself to their architectural features—they are viewed also in the light of the rich associations which the historical past has stamped upon their sacred forms. Nor are the memories of the men whose lives and deeds are inseparably connected with them forgotten. Free to praise what she deems artistically worthy, as free to censure what seems artistically defective; full and clear in statement and description, in argument, comparison and illustration, testing each subject by the canons of cosmopolitan architectural knowledge and the judgment of a refined and catholic taste, Mrs. Van Rensselaer has provided for her readers a volume at once critical, instructive, and popular, upon a most attractive subject. Both author and reader may well congratulate themselves upon "the invaluable help of Mr. Pennell's drawings." It is not often that such noble subjects for illustration as the splendid specimens of ecclesiastical architecture of which this volume treats are so daintly, ideally and exquisitely portrayed. We heartily commend this delightful volume to our readers, and deem it one of the most charming gifts that the coming Christmas can offer.

BOOK CHAT for this month devotes its four first pages to a notice of "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglas Campbell. "Selected Current Readings" are given from Anne Thackeray Ritchie's "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning"; Alexis Tolstol's "Prince Serebryani," and from Joseph and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell's "Play in Provence." The remaining departments are as instructive and helpful to literary readers as usual.

A SPECIAL feature of the *Idler* is its bright, clever, characteristic illustrations. They accord so well with its contents, and are as pleasing and amusing as the accompanying articles. The November number of this crisp and popular *petite* magazine is fully as entertaining as any of the preceding numbers. Mr. G. B. Burgin describes the "Rehearsing the Savoy Opera"; Mr. Jerome's amusing "Novel Notes" still amuse; Mr. G. R. Sims tells the story of his "First Book"; and Mr. Robert Barr provokes many a smile as he tells out "The Doom of London." There are other attractive features, the pleasant description of "Madeira" in the "Pleasant Winter Idling Places" being not the least of them.

"OVER the Santa Lucia" is the title of the graphic opening article in the November *Overland*. This is followed by a statement by President David Starr Jordan as to "The Fisheries of California." The most important contribution to the number, and one that will be widely read, is that by Millicent W. Shinn, under the general heading of "The University of California," which describes the "Lick Astronomical Department." This article is of more than ordinary interest and is accompanied by five views of the observatory interior and exterior and illustrations from photographs of some of the results of observations from the great telescope. A fine poem, entitled "Love's Legend," by Lenore Congdon Schultze is also included in this excellent number.

THE November number of *Poet-Lore* opens with a paper from the pen of Eleanor Baldwin entitled "Is Chaucer Irreligious?" The writer concludes an interesting paper with the following observation: "Let me apply the epigram of a modern ethical writer, to prove Chaucer religious in a special sense, since 'religion is poetry believed in.'" Charlotte Newell contributes an article on "The Poets Laureate," in which she says: "Daphne's disappointed lover was the first Poet Laureate." "The Music of Language" is the subject of a short but interesting paper by Professor S. E. Bengough. Mary M. Cohen writes on "The Source of Browning's Optimism." "Browning," says the writer, "was filled from head to foot with a philosophic conviction of the ultimate, established purity of men and women." Jakub Arbes continues his contribution on "Newton's Brain" in this number.

"GOD'S FOOL" is continued in the November number of *Temple Bar*, which is followed by an interesting paper on "Washington Irving." Clifford Kitchen contributes some good lines entitled "Gone Away." "Oliver Cromwell as a Soldier," by William O'Connor Morris, is a valuable paper on the great Puritan. "Had he had the training of Turenne or Condé," says the writer, "he probably might have equalled both." John Snodgrass contributes a fine sonnet on "Niagara." "Pizzica, Pizzica: a True Story from Apulia" is a most mournful but fascinating tale. "Creatures of Transition" is a capital paper, distinguishing between the modes of thought of the present and past generations with almost as much insight, though hardly with the same impartiality, that distinguished the "Perè et Fils" of Ivan Tourgénéff. Rhoda Broughton's novel, "Mrs. Bligh," is continued in this number, which is a very fair one all round.

"EURASIA," by Sara Jeannette Duncan, is the opening paper of the November issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The paper deals with a mixed race of India. "It is a hard saying," says the writer, "but it suffers little contradiction, that morally the Eurasians inherit defects more conspicuously than virtues from both the races from which they spring." Wesley Mills writes a good paper on "The Natural or Scientific Method in Education." Professor Mills tells us that "the high purpose of education is development according to the laws of Nature as they are unfolded to us by the observations of every-day life, and especially by the study of brain physiology and of psychology." T. Lauder-Brunton has contributed a striking article on "Posture and its Indications" which has been reprinted in this review from the *London Lancet*. "The Problems of Comparative Psychology" by Joseph Jastrow is a most interesting paper. The November number is a very fair issue.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER opens the November *Harper's* with a most interesting descriptive paper entitled "The Holy Places of Islam." "Jane Field" is continued by Mary E. Wilkins, and loses none of its interest. John A. Wyeth, M.D., contributes a paper of historical value on "Nathaniel J. Wyeth, and the Struggle for Oregon." "The Boy Orator of Zepata City," by Richard Harding Davis, is well worth reading. Theodore Child writes a charming sketch entitled "Along the Parisian Boulevards." "The Rivals," by Françoise Copée, is a vigorous story of the second Empire. Laurence Hutton contributes his third paper on "A Collection of Death-Masks." M. E. M. Davis writes a bright, humorous tale of "Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gush's Ball." This number contains an "In Memoriam" of George William Curtis. "As he was the ideal gentleman," says the writer, "the ideal citizen,

he was also the ideal reformer, without eccentricity or exaggeration." This number is well up to the standard of *Harper's Monthly*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

RUDYARD KIPLING will contribute an Indian fairy story to an early number of *St. Nicholas*.

"THE DICTATOR" is the title of Mr. Justin McCarthy's new novel. The scene is laid partly in "Gloria," an imaginary South American Republic, and partly in London.

THE *Athenæum* says: By his will the late Lord Tennyson has appointed the present Lord Tennyson his sole literary executor and left him all his MSS. to deal with as he likes.

WHITTIER'S homestead is now owned by a retired merchant of Haverhill, who is willing to sell the estate on condition that it shall be properly and permanently cared for as a memorial of the poet.

MR. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE, who has been for the past four years the literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, has retired from that position and become associate editor of the *Chicago Dial*.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE will very shortly publish, through Messrs. Macmillan, a small volume of verse, containing "Amenophis," a tale founded upon the Egyptian version of the Exodus, a revised and much enlarged edition of his hymns, and a few miscellaneous pieces.

THE *Academy* says: We understand that a volume of the late Dean Church's Letters is to be published, with a short biography. Mrs. Church will be grateful to any possessors of her husband's letters who will send them to her at 44 Queen Anne's Gate, S. W., on the understanding that they are returned as soon as copies have been made. Messrs. Macmillan and Company will publish the volume.

MRS. RUNDELL-CHARLES, author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family," lives in a pretty cottage near Hampstead Heath, London. She is very pleasant and cheerful in manner, and is the possessor of a goodly fund of shrewd humour. At present there is a prospect that she may return to her writing of fiction. She has just finished compiling a series of small devotional works.—*Harper's Bazar*.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOOD will publish this month a reproduction in type of the "Book of Common Prayer," which was annexed, as the authoritative record, to the Act of 1662. The text has been reproduced *verbatim et literatim*, and wherever an erasure or correction occurs in the manuscript the passage is printed as it was finally left. The same publishers issued a fac-simile of the entire manuscript last year.

THE Cambridge (Eng.) University Press will issue during the present season, among other works: "The Growth of British Policy," by Prof. J. R. Seeley; "The Science of International Law," by Thomas Alfred Walker; "Ancient Ships," by Cecil Torr, and "The New History," a circumstantial account of the Babi movement in Persia, from its first beginnings to the death of its founder (A. D. 1844-1850), by Edward G. Browne.

THE *London Bookman* says that many of the principal English publishers "are holding back some of their best books on account of the delay experienced in securing their copyright in the United States," and it adds that "experience has shown the working of the American Copyright Act is full of difficulties to the English author, and altogether of less value than was at first hoped."

MR. HARRY QUILTER is about to issue, in a somewhat unusual form, a poem of thirty-six stanzas, by Mr. George Meredith. Each verse has not only a separate drawing, but the text itself has been designed by the artist, and the pages so arranged that at each opening (excepting where the eight full-page plates appear) the illustrations and the letterpress form, so to speak, one composition. A critical essay on Mr. Meredith, by Mr. Quilter, prefaces the poem, which is being printed at the Chiswick Press, and was announced to appear last month.

MR. G. BRUENECH, we are glad to say, met with deserved success with his recent exhibit at Hamilton. Two of his finest works, with others, now grace the walls of prominent citizens of that city. Before his departure on a new tour in the neighbouring Republic this graceful artist will offer a number of his pictures for inspection and private purchase to our townspeople and others at the gallery of Messrs. James Bain and Son, 53 King Street east. We hope our art lovers will continue to accord to Mr. Bruenech the favour he so well deserves. The exhibit will be opened during the coming week.

THE December *Century* will be a great Christmas number, with a new cover, printed in green and gold. Among its special attractions will be seven complete stories by Edward Eggleston, Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinson Smith, and others. It will contain a number of fine engravings of sacred pictures by well-known artists, including a frontispiece by Dagnan-Bouveret, Abbott H. Thayer's "Virgin Enthroned," Blashfield's "Ringing the Christmas Bells," and a Madonna, by Frank Vincent du Mond.

THE *Speaker* says that our Copenhagen correspondent writes that Henrik Ibsen is so busy with his new book that he did not even see his way to be present at the

wedding of his only son, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, who was last week married to Fröken Bergliot Björnson, a daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson. The wedding, which thus unites the two "literary dynasties" of Norway, took place at Aulstad, the home of the bride, and it has naturally attracted much attention within the Scandinavian world of art and letters.

THE following books are announced as ready for publication by Harper and Bros.: "Prue and I," by George William Curtis, with one hundred illustrations by Albert E. Sterner; "Daisy Miller, and An International Episode," by Henry James, illustrated by H. W. McVickar; "The Praise of Paris," by Theodore Child, illustrated; "A Tour Around New York," by John F. Mines (Felix Oldboy), illustrated; "Along New England Roads," by W. C. Prime; "An Earthly Paragon," a novel, by Eva Wilder McGlasson, illustrated by F. V. Du Mond, and a new revised edition of William Black's "Macleod of Dare."

THE *London Times* has the following literary item:—In his forthcoming "Life of Lord Lawrence," for the Rulers of India series, Sir Charles Aitchison is said to have devoted considerable attention to the vexed question of Afghan policy. Sir Charles, as a favourite officer of Lord Lawrence, and as subsequently Foreign Secretary to the Government of India and Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, has exact and continuous knowledge of the subject. It is stated that he has endeavoured to show, once and for all, what Lord Lawrence's so-called policy of masterly inactivity really meant, and what it really effected in our relations with Afghanistan. The book is timed to appear next month, shortly before the conference between Lord Roberts and the Ameer is expected to take place.

MR. THEODORE BENT'S "Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," to be brought out by Longmans, Green and Company at once, will contain upward of one hundred illustrations, besides maps and plans, and will enter into minute details concerning the cities and fortresses of the earliest gold-diggers of the world, dating back centuries before Christ. Mr. Bent's expedition was set on foot by Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company at South Africa, and at the great Zimbabwe mines they stopped some months for excavations. Besides archaeological points, the book will touch at length on the habits and customs of the inhabitants of Mashonaland, amongst whom the party, which included Mrs. Bent, lived for seven months.

IT may not be generally known that Henrik Ibsen, despite his intense belief in democracy, claims descent from the kings of Scotland through his ancestors, the Dishingtons. The first Norwegian bearing the name of Dishington wandered to Norway in 1720, and settled in Bergen. His daughter, Wenche, married Henrik Petersen Ibsen, the great-grandfather of the famous author, a sea captain who settled in Skien, Ibsen's native place. The first Ibsens came to Norway from the island of Moen in 1720, the same year as the Dishingtons. But the poet has also German blood in his veins. His grandfather, Henrik, son of the sea captain mentioned above, married a German lady. Maria Cornelia Altenburg, mother of the poet, as the name indicates, was also descended from a German immigrant. Scotch, German and Norwegian blood, therefore, runs in the veins of the famous writer.—*New York Tribune*.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce the following works: "At Sundown," containing the last poems of John Greenleaf Whittier, with portrait and eight photogravures from designs by E. H. Garrett, bound in white and gold, from designs by Mrs. Henry Whitman; "The Story of a Child," by Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher"; "A Book of Famous Verse," selected and arranged by Agnes Repplier, author of "Books and Men" and "Points of View"; "Japan: in History, Folk-Lore and Art," by William Elliott Griffis, D.D.; "Two Satires of Juvenal," with notes by Francis Philip Nash, M.A., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Hobart College. The current catalogue issued by this firm is one of the most chaste and artistic publications of the kind we have seen. The frontispiece, by Walter Crane, is worthy of his artistic taste and skill, and the numerous and excellent portraits of literary celebrities add much to its worth and interest.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Borodich, Mrs. New Vegetarian Dishes. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.

Hart, Albert Bushnell, Ph.D. Formation of the Union. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Scott, Edward. Dancing. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.

Canadian Almanac, 1893. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

AN old Scotch grave-digger was remonstrated with one day at a funeral for making a serious over-charge for digging a grave. "Weel, ye see, sir," said the old man in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, "him and me had a bit o' a tift twa-three years syne owre the head of a watch I selt him, an' I never been able to get the money oot o' him yet. 'Now,' says I to mysel, 'this is my last chance, and I'll better tak' it.'"

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SEA DREAMS.

ALL through the night the sea sobs in mine ear;
I scent the sea-weed tossing in the bay,
And hear the sea-gulls call, now far away,
Now ever coming closer, yet more near;
Now do I hear the storm-wind shrilly clear,
Now see the foam-crown deck th' expanse of gray,
Now listen to the words the billows say
As one by one their stately heads they rear.

Ah! sea, dear sea, sob ever through the dream:
That is my life; for naught is real to me
Save thy true self; 'tis but thy silver gleam
That bids me live in hope that I may be
Once more where billows dance and sea-fowls scream,
Once more may drink thy breath, O perfect sea!

—The World.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL RELIC.

THE Montreal Herald records an interesting antiquarian find on the part of Mr. Henry J. Morgan of this city, in the shape of an old church bell belonging to the Anglican congregation at St. Andrews in the Ottawa Valley. The bell in question, as the figures on its face denote, was cast in the year 1759, which was also, as may be remembered, the year of the conquest of Canada. It was brought to this country by Sir John Johnson, who formerly owned the Seignior of Argenteuil and resided, during a portion of each year, at the old Manor House at St. Andrews, the ruins of which may still be seen near the confluence of the Ottawa and North rivers. Sir John, like his distinguished father, General Sir William Johnson, who gained the battle of Crown Point and Niagara, for which services he was created a baronet and received a grant of money, held the office of Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs for North America. He died in 1830. His eldest son, a colonel in the army and an "Ottawa boy" by birth, married a sister of Sir William de Lancy, Wellington's favourite general, who fell at Waterloo. Upon his death the widow married Sir Hudson Lowe, who held Napoleon in captivity at St. Helena. The old bell found by Mr. Morgan turns out to be the oldest Protestant church bell in existence within the Dominion, the next oldest being the one formerly belonging to the private chapel of another old Seignior, Hon. James Cuthbert, at Berthier, which was cast in 1774. The congregation of Christ Church, St. Andrews, whom the old bell with all the historical associations clinging to it summons regularly to their religious duties every Sabbath, may well be proud of so interesting a relic.—Ottawa Journal.

THE CONQUEST OF MODERN SCIENCE.

SURELY I have established my thesis that dirt is only matter in a wrong place. Chemistry, like a thrifty housewife, economizes every scrap. The horse-shoe nails dropped in the streets are carefully collected, and reappear as swords and guns. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was probably once the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The chippings of the travelling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs and the worst kinds of woollen rags, and these are worked up into an exquisite blue dye, which graces the dress of courtly dames. The dregs of port wine, carefully decanted by the toper, are taken in the morning as a seidlitz powder, to remove the effect of the debauch. The offal of the streets and the wastings of coal gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavour blanc manges for her friends. All this thrift of material is an imitation of the economy of nature, which allows no waste. Everything has its destined place in the process of the universe, in which there is not a blade of grass or even a microbe too much, if we possess the knowledge to apply them to their fitting purposes.—Lord Lyon Playfair, in North American Review.

LORD BYRON TO M. GALIGNANI,

A HITHERTO unpublished letter written by Lord Byron to the founder of this paper (says Galignani's Messenger) has been found in the office of the Celestial Empire of Shanghai. Our readers are likely to find it interesting. It is addressed to "Monsieur Galignani, 18 Rue Vivienne, Paris": "Sir,—In various numbers of your journal I have seen mentioned a work entitled 'The Vampire,' with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal annunciation of 'The Vampire,' with the addition of an account of 'my residence in the Island of Mitylene,' an island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant—and where I should have no objection to reside—but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever it would be base to deprive the real writer—whoever he may be—of his honours; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own. You will excuse the trouble I give you—the imputation is of no great importance—and as long as it was confined to surmises

and reports I should have received it as I have received many others—in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided, is a little too much—particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one nor the incidents of the other. I have, besides, a personal dislike to 'Vampires,' and the little acquaintance I have had with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets. You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about 'my devotion' and 'abandonment of society for the sake of religion'—which appeared in your Messenger during last Lent—all of which are not founded on fact; but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal—whereas the others in some degree concern the reader. You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question, and have the honour to be—as the correspondents of the magazines say—'Your constant reader' and very obedient, humble servant, BYRON. To the Editor of Galignani's Magazine, etc.'

THE FIRE OF AUTUMN.

A WEST Country orchard, when

like living coals the apples
Burn among the withering leaves,

is one of the sights of autumn. This year the harvest is but scanty, and the heaps of red and yellow that are wont to shine upon the orchard grass are few and far between. Another fortnight will heighten still the colours of the landscape. But here, at this sunny corner, on the southern edge of the wood, the trees are at their best and brightest. Behind them, further in, the oaks are green, and make no sign. But here the sun is warm even on these chill October days. Here there is a splendour of red and yellow, of russet and gold, of brown and of fiery crimson, as in some

great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall.

Chief among all is one tall beech tree. Its foliage is thin and scattered, but against the dark, unchanging green of the stately firs behind it, its every individual leaf is like a point of fire. Clear cut upon the shadowy spaces of the wood behind, the flaming sprays hang motionless. To right and left its fair companions are beautiful in soft tones of green and gold. On one tall oak that towers above the dark waves of the wood the change has fallen, and its great head glows as with the light of sunset. The maples of the hedgerow, gorgeous in yellow, orange, and deep red, are fitting frame to a rare scene of beauty. The path into the wood is deep under fallen leaves. A coloured rain floats lightly down among the branches. At times there stirs across the woodland slope a sudden gust

from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Sitting here in the shade of a tall beech tree, looking up through the brilliant canopy, the very air seems warmer for the rich light streaming down. Far off, in the dim recesses of the wood, a great maple bush, one blaze of colour, lights up the shadows like a fire. The trees are alive with birds, and among the red leaves that strew the ground is a continual stir of busy feet, of tits, of finches, searching for the fallen beech-mast. Nor birds alone. High up among the boughs of a beech near by there is the stir of some heavier figure. Nothing but a squirrel could sway the tree like that. Yes, here he comes, straight this way, racing along his airy highway, the colour of his coat and brush just in harmony with the russet of the leaves. Lightly he leaps from bough to bough, from tree to tree; and pausing at last right overhead, settles down calmly to his dinner. You can hear the wrench with which his white teeth tear the shaggy beech-mast, you can feel the hail of fragments that patter on the dead leaves at your feet.—Daily News.

LANGUAGES are the keys of science.—Bruyère.

So intense was the love of the Roman for games of hazard that wherever I have excavated the pavement of a portico, of a basilica, of a bath or any flat surface accessible to the public, I have always found gaming tables engraved or scratched on the marble or stone slabs, for the amusement of idle men, always ready to cheat each other out of their money. The evidence of this fact is to be found in the Forum, in the Basilica Julia, in the corridors of the Coliseum, on the temple of Venus and Rome in the square in front of the Portico of the Twelve Gods, and even in the House of the Vestals after its secularization in 393. Gaming tables are especially abundant in barracks such as those of the seventh battalion of vigilantes near by S. Critogono, and of the police at Ostia and Porto, and of the Roman encampment near Guise in the Department of the Aisne. Sometimes, when the camp was moved from place to place, or else from Italy to the frontier of the empire, the men would not hesitate to carry the heavy tables with their luggage. Two, of pure Roman make, have been discovered at Rusicade in Numidia and at Ain-Kebira in Mauretania. Naturally enough they could not be wanting in the Prætorian camp, and in the taverns patronized by its turbulent garrison, where the time was spent in reveling and gambling and in riots ending in fights and bloodshed.—From "Gambling and Cheating in Ancient Rome," by Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani, in North American Review.

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No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a \$500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith is this: Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth.

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every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine,

Gentle, **Refreshing** **Sleep.** Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle

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AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

AFTER U.S. MEDICAL MEN FAIL RELIEF COMES FROM CANADA.

The following letter tells the tale of one released from suffering, and needs no comment:—

Michigan Soldiers' Home, Hospital Ward A. GRAND RAPIDS, March 27, 1892.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I have your letter of the 24th, asking me what benefit Pink Pills for Pale People, and it gives me unbounded satisfaction to reply. Within ten days after I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, those terribly excruciating pains I had experienced in my limbs, heart, stomach, back and head, began to leave me, becoming less severe and less frequent, and before I had taken all of the second box they were gone. At times since, I have experienced aches, but they are nothing compared to the pains I had formerly suffered. For months I could get no sleep or rest, only from the use of morphine, two, three, and five times daily. Soon after I began taking the Pink Pills I discontinued the morphine and have taken it but once since, and I am now only taking my fourth box of the pills. Before I began taking Pink Pills I had no passage from my bowels except from the use of cathartics. Very soon after taking the pills my bowels moved regularly and naturally—constipation was entirely gone. Previous to commencing the use of Pink Pills my urine was milky in colour, and after standing resembled a jelly substance. Now it is clear and perfectly natural, and shows no sediment whatever. I had lost the use of my legs, and could not bear the weight of my body on them. By the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and cold baths and rubbing with a crash towel prescribed with them, my limbs have steadily gained in health and strength until I can now bear my full weight upon them. I have been gaining slowly, but surely, ever since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and am perfectly confident that I will be able to walk again and be comfortable, and this after doctoring for years with the best physicians and specialists who said my disease could not be cured but only relieved temporarily by the use of hypodermic injections of morphine. I would not do without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under any circumstance, even though they cost ten times what they do, and I strongly recommend them to persons afflicted with locomotor ataxia, paralysis, kidney troubles, nervous diseases and impurities of the blood. I have recommended the Pink Pills to a number of old comrades, and in every instance they have proved beneficial, can I therefore do less than warmly recommend them to all who read this letter?

Yours very gratefully,
E. P. HAWLEY.

Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A BICYCLE railroad two miles long has been opened to connect Mount Holley and Smithville, N. J. One or two persons can ride on a machine, and a novice can easily propel one a mile in four minutes. This railway is described as a fence, on the top rail of which the bicycles run, propelled by the passenger, who pays a fare for the privilege. Guide wheels pressing against the side of one of the lower rails prevent the bicycle from turning over, so that no experience is required to ride them. The rider sits just high enough to clear the fence, so that the centre of gravity of the machine and rider is considerably below the centres of the wheels.—*Invention.*

THE TESTIMONIALS published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence, as if they came from your best and most trusted neighbour. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

CONSTIPATION, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC Transmission.—There is some possibility of an attempt being made to transmit photographs of scenes by telegraph when the World's Fair opens, as a syndicate is proposed in Chicago which will undertake to send photographs by telegraph and reproduce them on a screen in distant cities by means of a system of telephotography. The exact system to be adopted is not mentioned; but it is said to have been described in the *Paris Figaro* some three years ago in comments on experiments by M. H. Courtonne, a French chemist. In these days three years is a long time to keep a discovery quiet, and it may be doubted whether the scheme will be successful.

A PRIZE of 3,000 francs has been offered by Baron Léon de Lenval, of Nice, to the inventor of the best application of the principles of the microphone in the construction of microphones, or of a portable apparatus for the improvement of hearing in deaf persons. Instruments for competition must be sent to Professor Adam Politzer, or Professor Victor von Lang, Vienna, before December 31, 1892. The prize, says *Nature*, will be awarded at the Fifth International Otological Congress at Florence in September, 1893. If no instrument is judged worthy of the prize, the jury reserve the right of announcing another competition, unless Baron Lenval decides to dispose of the prize otherwise. The following are the members of the jury:—Professor Adam Politzer (president), and Professor Victor von Lang, Vienna; Dr. Benni, Warsaw; Dr. Gellé, Paris; Professor Urban Pritchard, London; Professor St. John Roosa, New York; Professor Grazi, Florence.—*Electrical Review.*

EURASIA has no boundaries. It lies, a varying social fact, all over India, thick in the great cities, thickest in Calcutta, where the conditions of climate and bread-winning are most suitable; where, moreover, Eurasian charities are most numerous. Wherever Europeans have come and gone, these people have sprung up in weedy testimony of them—these people who do not go, who have received somewhat of the feeble inheritance of their blood that makes it possible for them to live and die in India. Nothing will ever exterminate Eurasia; it clings to the sun and the soil, and is marvellously propagative within its own borders. There is no remote chance of its ever being reabsorbed by either of its original elements; the prejudices of both Europeans and natives are far too vigorous to permit of much intermarriage with a jot of people who are neither one nor the other. Occasionally an up-country planter, predestined to a remote and "jungly" existence, comes down to Calcutta and draws his bride from the upper circles of Eurasia—this not so often now as formerly. Occasionally, too, a young shopman, with the red of Scotland fresh in his cheeks, is carried off by his landlady's daughter; while Tommy Atkins falls a comparatively easy prey. The sight of a native with a half-caste wife is much rarer, for there Eurasian as well as native antipathy comes into operation. The whole conscious inclination of Eurasian life, in habits, tastes, religion, and most of all in ambition, is toward the European and away from the native standards.—*From Eurasia, by Sara Jeannette Duncan, in the Popular Science Monthly.*

No flowery rhetoric can tell the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla as well as the cures accomplished by this excellent medicine.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents,—My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician; he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT to be used freely. 3 bottles cured her. I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for a broken breast; it reduced the inflammation and cured me in 10 days.

Hantsport. MRS. N. SILVER.

RHEUMATISM; yes, and Neuralgia too, are greatly relieved and often entirely cured by the use of PAIN-KILLER—Try it. 25c. for New 2-oz. Bottle.



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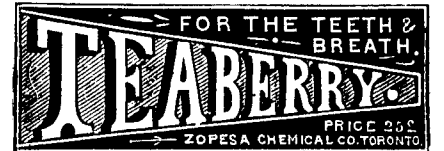
"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was

The Worst Case of Scrofula they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars. Just think of what a return I got for that investment! a thousand per cent? Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Galway, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.



AN All-round Light for the Clock Tower.—The new signal light at the House of Commons has again been tested with a view to substitute on the Clock Tower an all-round light for the one which has been in use for the last twenty years, giving an illumination in a westerly direction only. Members of Parliament, living in other parts of London, complain that they were not able to see the light when the House is sitting, and, on the occasion of a count-out, or of an early adjournment, this difficulty caused some inconvenience. A light encircling the tower has now been temporarily fitted, and it was recently tested at dark. The night was hazy, but the illumination could be seen at a considerable distance. It depends upon the First Commissioner of Works (Mr. Shaw-Lefevre) to decide whether a permanent arrangement shall hereafter be adopted.—*Invention.*

THE well-known power which many plants possess of developing adventitious roots from almost any part, when placed under favouring conditions, is manifested in a somewhat extraordinary manner by several trees recently brought to the notice of botanists. In the *Bulletin* of the Torrey Botanical Club for August, 1891, the present writer published an account of a linden growing in Boston, Mass., where it had been subjected to injury from horses gnawing the bark, and in consequence had a considerable portion of the trunk decayed. At the edge of the wound the cambium had formed a callus, and from a point in this living tissue there proceeded several vigorous roots which penetrated the decaying wood in all directions, evidently finding a rich soil. Subsequent issues of the *Bulletin* have contained descriptions of several other examples of trees exhibiting a similarly economical utilization of the products of their own decay. These include swamp maples, a Norway maple, a willow, and a white mulberry. In an English paper appeared not long ago an account of an oak which had "sustained itself for years by a mass of roots grown into its own trunk!" In one of the swamp maples observed by L. M. Stabler, at Great Neck, Long Island, the primary injury apparently resulted from a storm which split and twisted the trunk. One of the adventitious roots, "at least two inches in diameter, started as high as ten feet above the base of the trunk, and passed down through the decayed portion to the ground.—*F. L. Sargent, in The Popular Science Monthly.*

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.