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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, January 31st, 1896.

No. 10.

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## Current Topics

Cape Breton's  
Temperature.

The political temperature of Cape Breton has risen so rapidly during the past week that it is now at the highest possible point.

In fact the district invaded by the politicians seems little better than a burning, fiery furnace. Sir Charles Tupper is waging a campaign of extraordinary vigour. The efforts he is making show that the fight is not so unequal as it was expected to be. Mr. George Murray, his opponent, is a popular man, energetic, resourceful, and influential; and though it is likely that he will be defeated it is generally conceded that the majority against him will not be large. Sir Charles Tupper's defeat would be more than the Government could stand in its present delicate condition; but whilst the "Cumberland War Horse" is himself striving with all his might, his lieutenants are not working with the energy they should and are being distanced by the Liberal canvassers in all directions. It is the house-to-house work that tells, and in this form of energy the Conservatives have been lacking during the whole contest. The supporters of Sir Charles are too confident of success. Elections are seldom matters of certainty. Mr. Murray might possibly win. It is never safe to prophesy unless you know.

Mr. Cleveland's  
Position.

It may or may not be true that Mr. Cleveland wrote his famous "war message" to forestall any action Congress might take

on the same lines; but from whatever motive he wrote it is pretty clear now that he did not at the time realize the full force of the language used by him in the message. It is said that the President authorized Senator Smith, of New Jersey, to say for him: "I regard the Davis resolution as mischievous, inopportune, and unfortunate." A month ago this resolution would have been in complete accord with the war message. But Mr. Cleveland now sees that his curt demand amazed the world and that European statesmen only excused it on the ground of American diplomatic ignorance. On Wednesday, in the course of a scathing denunciation of Mr. Cleveland, Senator Tillman referred to the President as a "besotted tyrant." Is his training in the meaning of words also defective? Do the American

politicians ever mean half they say? However that may be, Mr. Cleveland's change of heart with respect to the Venezuelan boundary dispute is very apparent. His position is altogether different.

Mr. Chamberlain's  
Optimism.

The world now-a-days is so full of gloomy souls wandering about in search of auditors or publishers that it is delightfully refreshing to hear a cheery voice raised on high prophesying good things and laughing at our fears. Last Saturday night Mr. Chamberlain—it is unnecessary to say *what* Mr. Chamberlain—made a speech at Birmingham the chief part of which—according to the cable report—was devoted to the relations between Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Chamberlain is determined to believe that "the American people and all that is best in the United States would regard with horror a needless war with their own blood and kindred," and that Mr. Cleveland "would never drive the two kindred nations to strife." The two nations "were more closely allied in sentiment and interest than any other, and while the British looked with horror on anything approaching fratricidal strife, they looked with pleasure upon the possibility of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack floating together in defence of a common cause, sanctioned by community of sentiment." Mr. Chamberlain declared amidst the plaudits of his audience that he would re-echo and reciprocate from the bottom of his heart Senator Walcott's noble words: "Blood is thicker than water." The distinguished statesman deplored the wasting of breath in a petty South American boundary dispute, and expressed the wish that England could count on "the powerful support of the United States in enforcing the representations which hitherto we have fruitlessly made in behalf of those who are suffering by Turkish tyranny and Turkish fanaticism." We should like to believe that Mr. Chamberlain's faith in the good will of the President and people of the United States were well founded. As Senator Walcott was not "mobbed" for his recent great speech in the Senate Mr. Chamberlain may infer that there is sufficient ground for his faith.

An Ingenious  
Clause.

Though the terms of the Remedial Bill which the Government will soon bring down are not yet known outside the inner circle, it has leaked out, so we understand, that an important compromise clause is under discussion as a means of combining the opposing elements in the Conservative party. What the nature of this clause may be it is possible to glean from what is apparently a feeler thrown out by a Toronto evening paper. It is more than hinted that this clause declares the Bill obsolete wherever Roman Catholics may elect to take advantage of the methods provided to adopt the public school system instead of supporting a separate school. It is obvious that from a party point of view some compromise of this nature must be found, and the surprising ingenuity of this clause will attract wide and favourable attention. Apparently the effect intended is that if the election is once made in favour of the existing school there will be no second

opportunity—the act will not in effect exist to allow of such a slip being retraced. This clause would make of the Bill a permissive instead of a compulsory measure, and throw upon the different localities the onus of rejecting or accepting separate schools. It would make it impossible to assert that the Dominion Government is trying to “relieve” the minority when the minority does not wish to be relieved. Mr. Laurier’s Royal Commission to enquire into the facts would not be needed.

It Blocks the  
Way.

Each day makes this wretched Separate School business more and more intolerable. The country is groaning under the burden of it. Its malevolent effects are seen in every direction—effects ludicrously out of proportion to their cause. The minds and energies of men on whom depend to a large extent the progress of the country are absorbed and even enslaved by this nation-stultifying question. It blocks the way. It is as great a curse to Canada as Irish Home Rule has been to Great Britain. In considering the question, our politicians, with one or two exceptions, think only of the interests of the party to which they belong. That the country is at a standstill is nothing to them so long as the opposing party gains no advantage. The affectation of respect for the Constitution, for the “rights” of the minority, or the affectation of ignorance of the question and the desire for further light on it—how miserable it all is, how obviously the result of interested motives. And each party gravely accuses the other of being responsible for bringing the question into the Federal arena and keeping it there so long!

Another  
Warning.

The bye-election in Charlevoix County on Monday last resulted in the victory of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Angers, by a majority of nearly two hundred. As the total vote polled was not quite five hundred it will be seen that very few of the electors supported the Government candidate, Mr. Cimon, notwithstanding the telegrams of Bishop Labrecque to all the Roman Clergy in the County instructing them to insist upon their flocks voting for the candidate “who has pledged himself to a remedial bill which shall have been approved previously by ecclesiastical authority.” The Liberals of Quebec City have commented very severely upon this interference on the part of the Bishop. They say that this is the beginning of the fight of the Clergy of the Province against the Liberal party, and that they know “where all this comes from.” So far as we can judge the Liberals have every reason to welcome the interference of the Roman Clergy on behalf of their opponents. The people are evidently disposed to resent dictation in political affairs and to vote according to their own desires and not those of the priests. This election, then, is not only another and most impressive warning to the Government to consider carefully their Remedial Bill and their collective and individual reputation, but it is also a further warning to the Bishops and Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church that the laity do not approve of being instructed how to vote and that if the tutelage is continued it will end in the invariable defeat of the candidate on whose behalf the priests interfere.

The Church in  
France.

It is stated that the Government of France has decided to re-call M. de Behaine, the French Ambassador to the Vatican, because of his too great friendliness towards the Pope. The Premier, M. Bourgeois, appears really to be in earnest regarding his promised “drastic measures” against the Roman Catholic Church in France, and is about to introduce a bill to regulate associations as a prelude to the separation

of Church and State. This bill, it is said, will guarantee, in the first place, complete liberty of association, which has been denied since the days of Gambetta, but it will strictly define the position of prominent associations possessing real estate, and will compel all such organizations to prove their “public utility.” Many humanitarian societies, such as the Society of Saving Human Life, the societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to Animals, etc., are recognized by the Government as being of public utility. Several religious orders already enjoy such recognition, among others, the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the Little Sisters of the Poor. But besides these well-known societies there are thousands of religious associations possessing enormous wealth in stocks, vineyards, estates, and buildings, whose public utility, it is claimed, is not evident. These associations will be required, by the forthcoming bill, to furnish proofs of their public utility, as well as detailed statements of their wealth and the use to which it is put. If proof of public utility is not furnished, the associations may be dissolved and their property confiscated. This bill is likely to meet with approval in the Chamber of Deputies but the clerical party is strong in the Senate, and it is here that the battle will be long and fierce. The rejection of the bill would probably cause the dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country on this issue. Canadians will watch with interest the progress and fate of this notable measure.

The Italians in  
Africa.

The Italian policy of colonial expansion in North-East Africa is rather a strain on the Government. The moderate success achieved near Antaio by General Baratieri was followed one or two months ago by a serious reverse at the hands of Ras Mangascia, one of the lieutenants of King Menelik. It was reported at the time that this defeat caused the loss of several officers and of nearly nine hundred native troops. Fear was then expressed that its moral effect upon both Abyssian and Mahomedan natives might be such as to make the Italian position at Kassala, and even near the coast, one of grave difficulty. These “unpleasant” incidents, however, are inseparable from the occupation of semi-barbarous dependencies, and they seldom lead to ulterior consequences of a serious and enduring kind. But in the meantime the Italian forces are in serious trouble. The garrison at Makelle have been reduced to a glass of wine and water once a day. Communication with the beleaguered town is stated to be almost impossible. The Shoans have redoubled their vigilance to prevent the Italians from sending out any message. The investing tribes are patiently awaiting the failure of the water supply of Makelle which they think will compel the surrender of the garrison. It is to be hoped that the gallant commander, Colonel Galliano, and his followers have a better fate in store for them than surrendering themselves.

Upper Canada  
College.

The central need of this country is the means of broadening the views of her sons by educating them with a view to the elevation of public life of Canada and making each child realize the privileges he is born to by being a citizen of the great British Empire. For nearly three-quarters of a century Upper Canada College has nobly done its duty, and to-day is the one great national primary school which stands out as the alma mater of thousands who have given good earnest of her teachings on these lines. In the College halls assemble the flower of the intellectual youth of the country without regard to class or creed, with the example of those who preceded them and the teaching of those who are over them to direct their minds to the central idea of the merits of the Empire and

the great duty resting upon its citizens to maintain its integrity. Word has gone forth that to assure the permanent efficiency of this great public school a supplemental endowment by voluntary subscription is required to take the place of the endowment conferred at its foundation by Sir John Colborne in 1829, of which the College has been deprived by events in the course of years. It would be hard to picture what Canada would have been without Upper Canada College. To lose it from any cause would be irreparable. The public of Canada is not, fortunately, at this date called upon to provide the great expenditure required to found such an institution, but to aid Upper Canada College, which has never before appealed to the public for assistance, and which, with glorious traditions from its past history, is, under present auspices, more than ever capable of fulfilling the high requirements which are expected from it, when the means asked for are provided. It is gratifying to be able to announce that already Messrs. W. H. Beatty, W. R. Brock, and W. G. Gooderham have given tangible evidence of their views by subscriptions aggregating \$11,000. As the subscription is in its initial stage, we regard this as a confirmation of our belief that the necessary amount will be speedily raised. Toronto should be foremost in this matter. The secretary of the endowment committee is C. E. Ryerson, Esq., North of Scotland Chambers, King street west, Toronto.

Highland Mary  
at Dunoon.

The consent of His Grace the Duke of Argyll, and that of Colonel Bouverie Campbell and the Dunoon Commissioners having been obtained, it is now intended to use a portion of the rocks skirting the beach, in front of the noted ruins of Dunoon Castle on the Firth of Clyde as the site for a commanding statue of Mary Campbell, who was born near this ancient stronghold. Highland Mary is indissolubly wedded to the genius of the great national poet of Scotland. Robert Burns, whose birthday was celebrated last Friday. Professor Clark in his brilliant lecture on Burns delivered that day in Convocation Hall of Trinity University referred to Highland Mary as the woman whom Burns loved tenderly and mourned long and deeply after death.

"Thou lingering star with less'ning ray,  
That loves to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn."

The execution of the memorial has been entrusted to Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., Edinburgh, who has produced a design which has met with the highest commendation, and whose well-known reputation as an erudite Burns student, and an art sculptor, will sufficiently ensure the production of a work creditable alike to himself, the heroine, and the inspired author of "To Mary in Heaven." The statue, looking towards Ayrshire, will be constructed of enduring material, permanently presenting a white surface, so as to arrest the attention of the countless thousands who, as excursionists, travellers, and seafarers, constantly throng the familiar highway of the noble river, already rendered more than famous by "The Genius of Steam" (James Watt), who had birth on the world-famed Banks of Clyde. The details of costume have been chiefly taken from the works of the eminent contemporary artist David Allan, whose graphic and truthful illustrations of Scottish life, particularly the rank which Mary Campbell lived, are in the highest degree artistic and accurate. It is intended that this tribute to the bard's immortal memory shall be unveiled on the 21st of July, 1896, the centenary of his death-day, and that on the occasion there should take place a great national demonstration at Dunoon.

## The Fast Atlantic Service.

THE Colonial Secretary of State has promised on behalf of the Imperial Government to contribute one-third of the amount of any subsidy for the proposed fast Atlantic service providing the sum does not exceed \$1,125,000. per annum. Other important conditions are that the amount of the subsidy shall be proved by the public calling of tenders necessary for the establishment of the service, and that the steamships must be capable of a twenty or twenty-one knot speed, and be built according to specifications "laid down for commercial vessels, which may be required for Navy purposes by the Government." These terms have placed the project on a definite and business-like foundation. Steamship companies of experience and reputation may now be expected to tender, and it is probable that an established Canadian company will be the successful tenderers, a firm to whom the route and its requirements are familiar. So far this is quite satisfactory. But it will not give a service equal to the White Star or Cunard lines, or anything like them. It will only be a moderate improvement on our existing service.

Requiring a twenty-one knot capability does not mean, so it is said, an average service of that speed, but probably not more than an eighteen knot average. Indeed, the "Lucania," with at least a 23.33½ knot capability makes an average of only 20½ knots an hour. This is our first disappointment. The second is that there will be only three steamships—a number so small as to make a regular weekly service a matter of great difficulty—and though they will be comfortable and well-equipped they will not be at all the magnificent boats we were led to expect. Their cabin passenger accommodation will not be seven hundred and fifty but only two hundred and fifty.

The Montreal Witness, which had an interesting article on this subject in its issue of the 28th inst., says that the great majority of those who have been enthusiastic supporters of the "pretentious fast service," promised by the Ottawa Government and the Huddarts, will be greatly disappointed over these moderate proposals, and will find little in them to attract. We have been led to expect that the Canadian fast liners would be as fast as the Cunarders, as big as the new American Company's steamers, and as magnificent as the White Star liners. The Witness is disposed to doubt whether, after all, it is worth while paying \$750,000 a year for what will only be a fairly fast, a fairly fine mail and passenger service, but which, though very creditable, will "cut no figure at all in comparison" with the English and American ships running between Liverpool and New York. It is clear that only by the establishment of a line second to none on the Atlantic can the Canadian service hope to rival and outbid its great competitors. No doubt the present passenger traffic does not at all warrant such an enterprise, but that a route with so much in its favour as the Canadian route, cannot ultimately be made the chief channel of communication between Great Britain and North America is not to be credited for one moment. What is needed is faith.

## Montreal's Opinion.

THE WEEK, which enjoys an enviable reputation beyond, as well as within, our boundaries, has never been more effectively edited than during the past year. It has a fine staff of contributors, who discuss literature, religion, art, politics, and social questions from various points of view, and with an independence that is tempered with judgment and good taste. It deserves a fuller measure of support than it has ever yet received, and the valiant struggle that it has made to achieve success, without abandoning the high standard set up by its founders, is worthy of all respect. Some time ago it entered on its thirteenth year and we hope that it has many prosperous years before it.—*Montreal Gazette, Jan. 23rd, 1896.*

## Complicated Political Problems and Environment.

DR. JARDINE explains the "unreasonable" expressions of Canadians, in judging of the recent political problem by their environment. If ever a people were bound over by their environment to live at peace with the United States, Canadians are that people. The wolf accused the lamb of being aggressive and unreasonable, and no doubt the lamb's environment was unfortunate; but I have failed to find in Canadian journals any symptom of folly in dealing with the roar of hate which Mr. Cleveland's mad message evoked from United States newspapers. How was it with Dr. Jardine's Chicago environment? The Chronicle, in answer to Professor Von Holst's declaration that the message meant "dictatorship pure and simple," said bluntly, "There is no question of international law about it. We deem it for our interest to prevent any encroachment by Great Britain upon the territory of a South American country, and in order to do that we find it necessary to decide for ourselves what constitutes encroachment. Having decided for ourselves, we propose to enforce the decision." This, "the good old rule, the simple plan," the Dr. Jardine of former days would have protested against with all his might.

But the problem is "complicated," it seems! That is not the view of his environment. The Times-Herald announced: "From this time forth, so far as the American continent is concerned, Uncle Sam proposes to make, not to take, international law. . . . This is the short of it." What could be more simple? Americans have "the big battalions," and God fights on their side. Not always, if I read history aright. Noble men and women in the United States see how disgraceful this attitude is, and are doing their best, in the name of God and man and the future of their own land, to appeal from this ruffianism to the conscience and reason of the people. I expected to find Dr. Jardine on their side.

He confesses that the language of the President may be open unfavourable criticism. Well, I am not aware that we protested against anything but his language. His language was his action. No one imagined that he struck the British Ambassador a blow on the face; but his action or language was quite sufficient to create a financial panic, evoke the worst passions of the people, give over the Armenians to their torturers, and warn Canadians that they were living in a fools' Paradise. Oh! the pity of it! We are longing and praying for the unification of the English-speaking peoples, that they may spread righteousness, law, peace, and justice all over the earth, and instead of these realities we are offered the pitiful husk of "America for the Americans!" And the plea is that Britain has been guilty of introducing law and order into distracted India, and that she is actually "grabbing" a bit of Africa, that is, she is forcing the King of Ashanti, the Matabeles, and other gentry of their ilk to stop the pleasing practices of human sacrifices, and the massacre of unwarlike tribes! I thought that a familiar text read, "God so loved the world;" but it seems that a new version must be: "God so loved America that its people are exempt from international law or courtesy."

It is most unpleasant to write a word reflecting on the President of the States. He made a mistake and probably regrets it now, and the best thing we can do is to forgive and forget. But, Dr. Jardine's travesty of the facts almost forces me to believe that he cannot have read the original documents—viz.: Mr. Olney's despatch, Lord Salisbury's answer, and Mr. Cleveland's message. He probably contented himself with the commentaries of his environment. At any rate, I shall not refer again to the question.

G. M. GRANT.

## The Manitoba School Question and the Orange Order.

CAN an Orangeman consistently vote against remedial legislation?

Every Orangeman is presumably bound by the terms of the constitution of the Order to which he belongs. The constitution lies before us and we find in it the following clauses: "The Loyal Orange Association is formed by persons desirous of supporting, to the utmost of their power, the principles and practices of the Christian religion, to maintain the laws and constitution of the country, etc." "The duty

of every Orangeman is to aid and defend all loyal subjects of every religious persuasion in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights." "The Orange Association . . . calls upon the sons of Britain to lay aside political feuds, . . . to sacrifice every private consideration and establish a centralization of power to conserve the great blessings and privileges which we enjoy under British connection."

If these words mean anything, they mean that Orangemen will see justice done between man and man, irrespective of all creeds and nationalities, and that they will support the acts of Parliament which form the basis of the constitution of Canada, and the compact of Confederation.

It will thus be seen that, before an Orangeman can allow himself to be influenced by any of the minor principles involved in the Manitoba school question, he must answer in the negative these two questions.

1. Have the minority in Manitoba suffered a loss of rights to which they are entitled?

2. Can the Dominion Government refuse to pass remedial legislation consistently with the letter and spirit of the constitution? Upon the question as to whether the minority in Manitoba have suffered a loss of rights there is little to be said. No one denies it. It is admitted by counsel for Manitoba. We have paid dearly to get the opinion of the Privy Council. In the opinion delivered by them in *Brophy vs. the Attorney-General of Manitoba*, the Lord Chancellor says:

"The sole question to be determined is whether a right or privilege which the Roman Catholic minority previously enjoyed has been affected by the legislation of 1890. Their lordships are unable to see how this question can receive any but an affirmative answer. Contrast the position of the Roman Catholics prior and subsequent to the Acts from which they appeal. . . . In view of this comparison it does not seem possible to say that the rights and privileges of the Catholic minority in relation to education which existed prior to 1890 have not been affected." Nor must we forget in the discussion of this question that the educational advantages of their children have a powerful influence upon the lives of men. It often induces them to make pecuniary sacrifices, and to move from one country to another; and Roman Catholics, that is many of them, believe that education without religion, as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, is no education at all.

The constitutional question, at first sight, presents greater difficulties. Sec. 22 of the Manitoba Act reads: "The Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws, etc."

To a layman the use of the word "may" instead of "shall" might suggest an unlimited discretionary power. The same language is used in many places, for instance in the Ontario Judicature Act, e.g., "A mandamus or an injunction may be granted, etc." In both cases the power implies a duty. In neither case can an application be arbitrarily refused. The test is, what is the law? The decision must be formed on recognized principles and in a judicial and dispassionate spirit. It must be remembered that under British law vested rights are always protected, and the very object of the clause of the Act in question was to provide an especial security to vested rights which might be acquired in educational matters in the event of just such an emergency as has arisen. In the consideration of any question of public policy we must not lose sight of the fact that the Manitoba Act incorporates the terms of the British North America Act, and embodies the compact which was made between the representatives of Manitoba and the representatives of the Dominion, and that this compact was made after the very fullest discussion of the very points of public policy which are now being argued, and in the full light of all the objections which might be raised upon that ground. Nothing new for consideration has arisen since that time.

A perusal of the debates on Confederation throw full light upon the intention of the legislators. The following quotations from the reported speeches are particularly pertinent. Hon. Sir N. F. Belleau: "But even granting that the Protestants were wronged by the Local Legislature of Lower Canada, could they not avail themselves of the protection of the Federal Legislature? And would not the Federal Government exercise strict surveillance over the action of the local legislatures in these matters." Sir John Macdonald: "I believe the French Canadians will do all in their power to render justice to their fellow subjects of English origin, and it should not be forgotten that if the former are in a majority in Lower Canada, the English will be in a majority in the General Government, and that no act of

real injustice can take place without its being reversed by the Federal Government." Hon. Wm. Rose: "Now, sir! I believe that the rights of both minorities, the French minority in the General Legislature and the English-speaking minority in the Local Legislature of Lower Canada, are properly guarded. I would admit at once that without this protection Confederation would be open to the gravest objection."

Hon. George Brown: "I admit that from my point of view this is a blot on the scheme before the House. It is confessedly one of the concessions from our side that had to be made to secure this great measure of reform. But assuredly I for one have not the slightest hesitation in accepting it as a necessary condition of the schemes of union."

Alexander MacKenzie: "Though I am against the Separate School System, I am willing to accept this confederation even though it perpetuates a small number of Separate Schools."

Surely if we consider this question in the light of these discussions, we can come to no other conclusion but that, in spite of everything that can be urged against Separate Schools, the much disputed clause referring to education in the Manitoba Act was intended to be a part of the compact admitting Manitoba into Confederation and that it was intended to be acted upon.

If these arguments hold good, and they never have been really answered, so far as an outsider can form an opinion, we seem to be driven to the logical conclusion that either the constitution of the Orange Order is not binding upon all its members, or that any Orangeman who is opposed to all remedial legislation is in honour bound to resign from the Associations. The action of the Grand Master of the Orange Order naturally suggests a query as to what is the real significance which is to be attributed to his utterances. Are they to be taken as the deliberate utterances of a man who is conscious of being the constitutional leader and adviser of a powerful organization, or do they merely voice the sentiments of a number of his supporters, some of whom, in a difficult and involved matter, like the Manitoba School question, might naturally be supposed to be not fully informed and to a certain extent swayed by sectarian tendencies? Can it be that men cannot in these days retain the position of leaders of the people by leading, that in order to be popular it is necessary to pander to unintelligent prejudice? Mr. Clarke Wallace has lost his opportunity. His resignation from the Government was perhaps the only logical sequel of his remarks on the twelfth of July, made to raise an hurrah from "the boys," presumably without any deep study or research made beforehand, but it has undoubtedly largely contributed to the difficulties attending the settlement of this question.

In the late bye-elections the matter has been thrown into the arena of public politics and, as usual, "catch cries" with their half truths have played a prominent part. It is said that the Dominion Government are infringing upon Provincial rights and we must not "muzzle Manitoba." But Provincial rights have a limit. The limit in this case is defined by The Manitoba Act. He might point out that there are other matters in which the Provincial Government has only a partial jurisdiction, e. g., in Railway legislation and marriage laws. No objection has been raised to Dominion Acts which have been passed in these matters over-riding Provincial legislation. Stress has been laid upon the contention that the judgment of the Privy Council is in fact nothing more than the expression of an opinion and that it has no mandatory effect upon the Dominion Parliament. But what difference does it make if we admit that Parliament is bound by this Constitution? Objection has been taken to the Roman Catholic Separate Schools on account of their inefficiency. But the remedy lies in the hands of the Manitoba Government, for by the judgment in the Attorney-General of Manitoba it has been held that they have jurisdiction in such matters and regulations as to the efficiency of the schools could hardly be interpreted as an interference with vested rights. Again it is said we must not force the majority in Manitoba. That is the very object of the Act. Where would be the protection of the Roman Catholic minority in Ontario or the Protestant minority in Quebec if all questions of law and the constitution of the Country were thrown to the winds, and this principle was to hold good? The clauses in question in the Manitoba Act and the British North America Act would in that case be no more than so much waste paper. Each Province would then be left open to a constant change of the law in educa-

tion by varying majorities, a condition of things which must result in never-ending religious feuds and animosities.

The Liberals may admire Sir Mackenzie Bowell's honest and straight forward course, but that they should chuckle in their sleeves is human—or, let us say, party—nature. All parties, however, will agree that it would be nothing short of a national disaster if the Manitoba School question played any prominent part at the general elections. A commission might be a farce and a useless expense, but it would at any rate take the wind out of the sails of Mr. Greenway and Mr. Laurier, and it might be wise to postpone principle to expediency, in order that such a contingency may be avoided.

ERNEST HEATON.

### The Revival of Interest in Carlyle.

"Age to age succeeds,  
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds  
A dust of systems and of creeds."

OUR attention has been recently called in a special manner to the life and writings of Thomas Carlyle. A little over a month ago Mr. John Morley gave a splendid address in connection with the formal handing over of Carlyle's house in Chelsea to the trustees, and on that occasion Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Birrell contributed their share to the celebration. In a recent able sermon the Rev. Dr. G. A. Smith compared Carlyle to the prophet Amos and to John the Baptist, while contrasting him with such men as Marzzini, Maurice, Kingsley and Shaftsbury. At the same time popular lectures have been delivered throughout the country on this subject by able though less known men. The result of this, so far as England and Scotland are concerned, will, no doubt, be a revival of interest in the life and writings of a man who has played a great part in the literature of the present century. It is to be hoped that something of this influence will be felt here, for, while no one proposes to set up Carlyle as a correct theologian or as a perfect philosopher, we think that he has many things to say which are still worthy of our careful consideration. We pity the youth who does not feel something of Carlyle's impatience with conventionalities, and is not aroused by his fierce denunciations of shams. In these days when there is such a strong tendency to magnify circumstances at the expense of manhood and to regard character as the product of "environment," the life of Carlyle is full both of instruction and inspiration. The difficulties that he met, the doubts that he fought, the criticisms that he endured, were such as would have killed any man who did not possess strong faith in himself and in his destiny. And although Carlyle fought with heroic courage and gained a brilliant victory, we need not be surprised that all through life he felt both in body and soul the effects of the great struggle.

We cannot now attempt a review of his life and work with an elaborate analysis of his teaching and the criticism that it has evoked; our task is more modest. We desire simply to join in the general tribute to this great thinker and "man of letters." As "man of letters," he lived a heroic life, dealing in his own way with religious, political and social questions, following no beaten track, and relying on no small formulas, yet, in all things, proclaiming the need of unflinching courage and downright honesty. One thing is certain, that in his time he exerted a powerful influence for good or ill, and that while some of his work was ephemeral in its character, much of it still lives and speaks with a powerful voice to the heart and the imagination. While there is something of the cynic in his tone and of the despot in his manner, we believe that, on the whole, his testimony is on the side of truth and righteousness. The settlement of the question that Mr. Morley has raised as to the appropriateness of the name "sage" in reference to Carlyle, would demand a definition of the word and a complete analysis of the man, which we are not prepared now to attempt. It is perhaps difficult to describe him better than in his own phrase as "man of letters," in whom there was something philosophic, poetic and almost prophetic.

The style of Carlyle has provoked great discussion and given rise to a great variety of criticism, some regarding it as a barbarous jargon full of useless extravagancies, while others maintain that it is a fair expression of his individual-

ity and well suited to the thoughts he wished to embody and the pictures he wished to paint. A critic of fifty years ago declares that while "some of his early writings are very pleasing in their language as in their sentiments, in his last works, the 'Sartor Resartus' and 'Chartism,' he runs wild in distortions and extravagancies," and the critic accounts for this by the fact that "his essays have been originally, for the most part, drawn up for our periodical publications; and we need not say how much of this literature is written solely to amuse the most worthless class of readers,"—this is turning the tables on the prophet with a vengeance. Surely no man had a more serious conception of the literary vocation than Carlyle. Compare this with Mr. Morley's statement, that "it is quite true that a man who writes in dialect as Carlyle did is heavily handicapped. The classic writers are those who have written English, and not Carlylese, etc." Much might be said on this matter of style, but notwithstanding Mr. Morley, we believe that Carlyle is something of a classic writer and that much of his power is due to the fact that his style is not modelled upon any conventional type, but bears the stamp of a strong individuality and shows us an earnest soul wrestling with the great problems of life and thought.

The Quarterly Review of half a century ago thought Carlyle dangerous, because, among other things, he overlooked moral evil, because of his pantheism, and because, in his pride, he honours Christianity and patronizes Jesus Christ. We cannot deny that there is much in the writings of Carlyle to give color to these accusations. But at the same time we are forced to the conclusion that the charges are pressed too far. In many of his utterances Carlyle shows a strong sense of the reality of moral evil. The charge of pantheism is not now so terrible as it used to be, modern philosophy and poetry have recognized the deep truth of Paul's statement that "in Him we live and move and have our being." And as for Carlyle's reference to our Lord, so far as we are acquainted with them, we have found them tender and reverent.

Like every great body of teaching, that of Carlyle needs the sifting process which separates the chaff from the wheat. He was a man of great powers and great weaknesses; he had "the defects of his qualities," but we honour him for his strenuous life, and for his loyalty to righteousness. We honour him because of what he did on behalf of culture in bringing to his countrymen a fuller knowledge of German thought and literature, because in a restless age "he fought his doubts and gathered strength," passing from the "everlasting Nay" to the "everlasting Yea," because when, through the triumphs of physical science, men were in danger of worshipping the material world he showed the insufficiency of a merely mechanical and utilitarian philosophy, declaring: "There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness and instead thereof find blessedness." "On the roaring billows of time thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of eternity. Love not pleasure: love God."

W. G. JORDAN.

Strathroy, Ont., Jan. 21st., 1896.

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### A German View of Keats:

IN connection with the recent centenary of the birth of Keats, it is interesting to note the steady and enduring growth of the poet's fame, since the first days of obloquy at the hands of contemptuous reviewers.

This sketch will follow in a general way the course of a lengthy article in *Englische Studien* by J. Hoops, dealing with the youth and youthful poems of Keats. The article is particularly interesting in connection with the recent attempt to establish the poet's reputation in Germany by a series of poetical translations, a specimen of which may be seen in a version of the *Eve of St. Agnes* in a contemporary German publication.

The article in question first discusses the opinions of eminent men upon the work of Keats. John Ruskin writes, "I have now arrived at that pitch of admiration for him, that I no longer venture to read him: so discontented does he make me with my own work." A recent biographer, the calm and dispassionate Sidney Colvin says, "I think it probable that by power, as well as by temperament and aim, he was the most Shakespearean spirit that has lived since Shakes-

peare, and that in his premature death our literature has sustained its greatest loss." Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose favorite and prototype Keats was, wrote of him,— "He was among all his contemporaries, who have made their names eternal, the sole true heir of Shakespeare." Tennyson held the opinion that Keats, with longer life, would have been the greatest English poet since Milton.

Browning, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold have all expressed themselves similarly, and the latter's testimony is assuredly the strongest, when we consider how carefully he was wont to weigh his words of praise. In this instance at least, it would be wrong to bring home to the admirable critic his well-known habit of phrase-making for the public ear and tongue; and yet the famous "sweetness and light" expression is scarcely more memorable than the lofty praise which he accords to Keats. "By virtue of his feeling for beauty, and of his perception of the vital connection of beauty with truth, Keats accomplished so much in poetry, that in one of the two great modes by which poetry interprets, in the faculty of naturalistic interpretation,—in what we call natural magic—he ranks with Shakespeare. No one else in English poetry since Shakespeare has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness. 'I think,' he said humbly, 'I shall be among the English poet's after my death.' He is, he is with Shakespeare."

It is not inappropriate to mention here some other critical opinions of value, before directing our attention to the judgments of his contemporaries. Lowell wrote that "the poems of Keats mark an epoch in English poetry." The following judgments on individual poems are not without interest. Of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" Colvin observes that "it is the most beautiful thing of the kind in the world, for wildness, brevity, felicity of imagery and cadence, for romantic passion and suggestion, incomparable.

Stedman names the *Ode to the Nightingale* "as the nearest to perfection among English lyrics. The *Eve of St. Agnes* is the purest mediæval structure in our verse, a romance poem, more faultless in the strict sense of the word than longer models of earlier or later date, and just as surely *Isabella* is Florentine and equally without flaw. As regards verbal expression, a close test of original power, he certainly outranks any poet since Shakespeare."

Stoddard ventures the opinion that the *Eve of St. Agnes* is the "most artistic, the most exquisite, the most perfect poem in the world."

The author of the article we are discussing confidently asserts that Keats has exercised a deeper influence on the development and form of later English poetry, than any other of the poetic heroes of the first quarter of this century, with the single exception of Wordsworth.

The justness of the general direction of the above criticism few living critics, we imagine, would dare to dispute, although an unæsthetic Carlyle might have his fling at the sentimentalism of a degenerate age. But what shall we say of the contemporary judgments, which, until the myth was effectually exploded, were supposed to have hastened the death of the tender poet? With the pleasing exception of Lord Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*, whose words I all the more gladly quote, the contemporary greater reviews bestow revilement and contempt upon the object of their criticism. Jeffrey, to be sure, had specimens of the poet's maturer work before him when in 1820 he wrote the following words,— "We do not know any book which we would soon employ as a test to ascertain whether anyone had in him a native relish for poetry." After commenting on some conspicuous and acknowledged faults in the work he traces a literary descent from the Faithful Shepherdess, the Sad Shepherd, the *Comus* and *Arcades* to the poems before them, and sums up the comparison with these words: "In their case imagination is subordinate to reason and judgment, with him it is supreme.

The Quarterly reviewer in vol. XIX, after confessing an inability to read more than one book of the *Endymion*, proceeds,— "It is not that Mr. Keats (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody), it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy and gleams of genius—he has all these, but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney Poetry, of which school Mr. Leigh Hunt aspires to be the hierophant." We need quote no more. Those who are familiar with the fierce feud that existed between Hunt and the



Conservative Reviews, can estimate the justice that would be meted out to a supposed Neophyte in the school of Cockneyism. Amid much rebuke, which, for us by the lapse of years, recoils upon the brutal castigator rather than upon the supreme object of his ridicule, we light upon a passage which betrays a curious conservative clinging to the prosody of Pope, as against the heresy of modern innovations. As an aggravation of the innumerable faults of diction "there is hardly a complete couplet inclosing a complete idea in the whole book."

As affording another amusing instance of good old English conservatism I turn for a moment to a passage in the Quarterly for 1888. "There is little or nothing, of the adverse criticism contained in that famous review, which we desire to withdraw even after the lapse of seventy years." Verily, in the light of words like these, we may understand the remarks of Emerson on the value of consistency. Yet this modern rail-bird must fain admit the potent influence that our poet wields, in acknowledging that Keats and Wordsworth dominate the present age.

It would have been more effective, had I reserved the harshest words for the review which appeared in Blackwood, for August 1818. Lockhart is supposed to be the critic. "This young man appears to have received from nature talents of an excellent, perhaps even of a superior order—talents which, devoted to the purposes of any useful profession, must have rendered him a respectable, if not an eminent citizen.

"The frenzy of his 'poems' was bad enough in its way, but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled idiocy of 'Endymion.' (Johnny, we may remark, is the epithet the critic prefers to employ.) "His Endymion is not a Greek shepherd, loved by a Grecian Goddess; he is merely a young Cockney rhymester dreaming a fantastic dream in the full of the moon.

"Mr. Keats has adopted the loose nerveless versification and Cockney rimes of the poet of Rimini; but in fairness to that gentleman, we must add that the defects of the system are tenfold more conspicuous in his disciples work than in his own. Mr. Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities, which he has done everything in his power to spoil.

"And now, 'good-morrow,' to the Muses' son of promise. We venture to make one small prophecy that his bookseller will not a second time venture £50 upon anything he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet, so back to the shop Mr. John, back to 'plasters, pills, and ointment boxes.' But, for heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry." After this long and I trust pardonable digression let us return for a moment at least to the text.

Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Byron and Moore are considered with reference to the determining causes which have led to their diminished influence upon the general direction of English poetry. The only one of the group, apart from Wordsworth and Keats, who has persistently survived is Shelley: but even he, despite the growing number of his admirers, is not of radical significance for the recent developments in English poetry. As for Wordsworth and Keats (I quote the words of the review), essentially dissimilar as they are in their poetical character, nevertheless almost all the representatives of modern English lyricism have been intimately influenced by one or other of them, or even by both. The question then naturally arises, how is it that precisely these two, Wordsworth and Keats, are so little known on the continent, and especially in Germany, whereas the other named poets have long since been among the favourites of the German public? The writer is convinced that in the case of Wordsworth the explanation lies in the lack of successful translations, but above all in the strictly national and local character of his poetry. But Keats, on the other hand, with Byron, Shelley, Burns and Coleridge, belongs to that class of English poets who, despite all national colouring, still move upon the heights of universal humanity, and his masterpieces are qualified in every respect to take a lasting place in the literature of the nations.

To explain this phenomenon we must remember that it was not till Lord Houghton, in 1848, gave life to the dead fame of Keats that his reputation acquired the well-grounded celebrity that it now enjoys. Pre-Raphaelitism now

rests upon his shoulders, yet the waves of that movement which streamed into Germany bore with them no tidings of its spiritual father.

A lack of good translations of Keats in Germany is also a cause of his present obscurity in that country. This obscurity Herr Hoops proposes to remove by an extensive work upon the poet, soon to be produced, aided by a translation of the poems by Frau Gothein.

The article now passes to a discussion of the biography of Keats's youth, which, properly speaking, should extend to his death, but is here limited to the June of 1817, the year of his first published poems.

Instead of dealing minutely with many facts more or less known to all, which this paper reproduces, it would seem best to consider only points of disputed chronology, and matters connected with the character and developments of the poet's genius.

The reviewer, at the very outset, effectively contests the wide-spread paradox that prophecies from Keats' birth and surroundings rather than a nature poet of the highest order, a low-bred, beer-swilling Cockney. He points simply to the facts of the chronology in disproof of this fallacious opinion. The fact remains that he passed his earliest years in the stable in Finsbury Pavement; yet we find that at the most susceptible stage of childhood, at the age of seven or eight, he was sent as a resident pupil to the Rev. John Clarke's school at Enfield, which place, to borrow the words of Charles Cowden Clarke, was at that time "the very ideal of an English village." Add to this the fact that his mother, in 1805, moved to Edmonton with the result that from that time till his residence in London as a medical student, he passed all his days in the open country. We know that the charm never left him, for even in what we would suspect to be the most soul-killing days of his short life, the years from 1814 to 1816 of his medical studies in London, we find him escaping to the country as a refuge on every opportunity.

"To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel, an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently."

We leave the discussion of the other phenomenon of a Graeco-Gothic genius proceeding from a Welsh and Cornish stock to the professed students of psychological problems.

Eliminating what is purely legendary, such as Haydon's account of the boy Keats standing at a door with drawn sword, and flourishing it in his mother's face when she tried to enter, let us turn to some of the authentic accounts which we possess of Keats' boyhood.

Here, too, we are surprised at the nature of his development. Instead of a dreamy poetic child, we discover a fiery pugnacious youngster who strikes an usher for boxing his brother's ears, and thrashes a burly butcher-boy for teasing a cat. His passion, indeed, at times was almost ungovernable. That a change did come over him in his last eighteen months of school is sufficiently shown in Clarke's account.

"In the latter part of his time he occupied the hours during meals in reading. He had a tolerably retentive memory, and the quantity that he read was surprising. He must, in those last months, have exhausted the school library, which consisted principally of all the voyages and travels of any note. The books, however, that were his constantly recurrent sources of attraction were Tooke's Pantheon, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, which he appeared to learn by heart, and Spence's 'Polymetis.' This was the store whence he acquired his intimacy with the Greek mythology; here was he 'sucked in that creed outworn,' for his amount of classical attainment extended no further than the *Æneid*.

"In my mind's eye I now see him at supper, sitting back on the form, from the table, holding the folio volume of Burnet's 'History of His Own Time,' between himself and the table, eating his meal from beyond it. This work, and Leigh Hunt's Examiner—which my father took in—no doubt laid the foundation of his love of civil and religious liberty."

A letter of April, 1818, proves that in the interval of eight years his studies had been but fitful and intermittent. "I was proposing to travel over the north this summer. There is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing—I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, 'Get learning, get understanding.' I find earlier days are gone by—I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good for the world. Some do it with their society, some with their wit, some with their benevolence, some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good-humor on all they meet, and, in a thousand ways, all dutiful to the command of great Nature. There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study and thought. I will pursue it; and for that end purpose retiring for some years."

Returning to the last days of his school life, we find that as a reward of his diligence he captured the first prizes in the last two or three successive half years. A love of music developed, too, about this time, and Keats in after years when reading to Clarke these MS. lines of the *Eve* of St. Agnes:

The boisterous midnight festive clarion,  
The kettle drum, and far heard clarionet,  
Affray his ears, tho' but in dying tone,  
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone."

"That line," said Keats, "came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen in bed to your music at school."

Herr Hoops sums up very well the influences of his school-life in the following paragraph:

"So already in his school years there was awakened in Keats, in addition to a love of Nature, also a devotion to classical antiquities, and especially to classical mythology, which afterwards appears so closely bound up with the love of Nature in his poems. His own gifts led him in that direction. He had not the philosophical temperament of Wordsworth and Shelley, for whom Nature and its relation to man was an object of philosophical speculation; he regarded her more with the imagination of the painter, of the creative artist, and precisely for that reason the nature personifications of Greek mythology corresponded in so high a degree to his own spiritual disposition.

Through an acquaintance with Chapman's Homer, and the influence of Haydon, this love of classical antiquity was intensified and clarified, the first impulse of which we saw originate in the study of Vergil, Tooke, Spenser and Lemprière."

On the death of his mother in 1810 Keats was removed from school and, with his brothers and sister, placed under the care of two guardians, Abbey and Sandell.

The former seems to have undertaken from the first the exclusive control of the children. He selected the profession of medicine as a career for Keats, and bound him apprentice for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton named Hammond.

The old school at Enfield was only some two miles distant, and Keats was able to renew his early friendship with Cowden Clarke. It was there, in a beautiful old artour, that Clarke first read aloud to Keats the *Epithalamion* of Spenser. It was then that Keats first entered into his inheritance. "His features and exclamations were ecstatic. That night he took away with him the first volume of the 'Faery Queene,' and he went through it as a young horse would through a spring meadow, ramping.

"Like a true poet, too, a poet in the grain, he especially singled out epithets, for that felicity and power in which Spenser was so eminent. He hoisted himself up, and looked burly and dominant, as he said: 'What an image that is—sea-shouldering whales.'"

That was an important day in the life of Keats, for Spencer first woke to life his slumbering genius and remained more or less his poetical master all his life. For this reason his first poem probably, "The Imitation of Spenser," written in 1813—will always remain an interesting fragment for those who are familiar with the poet's development. Leigh Hunt and Milton exercised a marked yet evanescent influence upon the form of his poetry, Shakespeare profoundly influenced his general attitude towards life, but Spenser, in a greater measure far than these, dominated his expression and habit of thought.

Owing to a breach with Hammond, Keats passed to London in order to continue the study of medicine. He was 19 years old when, in the autumn of 1814, he was entered as a student of medicine in St. Thomas' and Guy's Hospitals.

Pertaining to this period, and some, perhaps, of earlier date, are several fugitive pieces of little merit, except that they indicate that the first impulse to poetry had not died out in him.

The verses on "Death" (II. 201) probably belong to the Edmonton period. The sonnets on Byron and Chatterton date from his residence in London, and betray certain poetical influences that were working upon him at the time. The sway of Byron over him was of short duration, but in an epistle to Matthew of the following year Chatterton is received into the heaven of Shakespeare; he dedicates "Endymion" to his memory, and as late as 1819 names him "the purest writer in the English language."

Keats' early attraction to the opinions of Leigh Hunt has been noticed in connection with his school-boy days, when the creed of the Examiner was all the politics he absorbed. Cowden Clarke relates how, when on his return from a visit to Hunt, then just released from prison, he met Keats, who, turning, accompanied him back part of the way. "At the last field-gate, when taking leave, he gave me the sonnet entitled 'Written on the Day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison.' This I feel to be the first proof I received of his having committed himself in verse; and how clearly do I recall the conscious look and hesitation with which he offered it."

This sonnet, and his subsequent connection with Hunt will, in a large measure, explain the violence which the critics displayed towards him. The *Ode to Apollo* (February, 1815) shows some advance in poetic power, and the *Hymn to Apollo*, despite some errors in taste, contains a few ideas.

All the poems of this period betray 18th century influence, but above all the stanzas to *Hope* with its stiff array of personified abstractions. About this time, that is to say in the spring of 1815, Cowden Clarke came to live in London. The old friendship was again renewed, and their intellectual relations established on a firmer basis.

One of the first books they attacked was a borrowed folio copy of Chapman's Homer. They did not separate that night until the small hours, when Keats left him to trudge the two miles home to the borough. When Clarke came down to breakfast the next morning about ten o'clock he found on the table a letter from Keats containing one of the finest sonnets ever written.

#### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Meanwhile he was attending lectures with commendable regularity, but with less commendable attentiveness to the subjects of the lecture. To Clarke he said, in proof of his inability to sympathize with the science of anatomy as a main purpose in life: "The other day, for instance, during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland."

Despite his poetic abstraction he passed his licentiate examination on the 25th July, 1816, and even performed some skilful operations in his capacity as dresser. His confession later to Brown is significant: "My last operation was the opening of a man's temporal artery. I performed it with the utmost elegance; but when I afterwards thought of what was passing through my head the while my skill seemed to me miraculous, and I never touched a lancet again." His release from his guardian and the influence of

Hunt eventually induced him to retire definitely from the profession.

It is impossible to mention all the poems of this period and to rehearse the tale of his new acquaintances. By far his most important acquisition in friendship was Leigh Hunt, whom he met, according to the opinion of Herr Hoops, not earlier than September or October, 1816, despite the generally accepted prior date.

An examination of portions of his earlier work will make plain Keats' aims and achievements at this period of his growth.

In the first place nothing is easier than to detect here and there glaring faults of taste such as set the venomous old critics by the ears. It is easy enough to point out, here and there, the extravagances in diction, the puerilities of thought, and the innovations in prosody which seemed to give some colour to the vehement strictures that were passed upon him. But surely some of those quiet luxurious beauties should have moved a satyr to tears, and softened the stony rigour of a critic's heart.

Objectionable, we may concede, are such lines as these :

I was light-hearted  
And many pleasures to my vision started ;  
So I straightway began to pluck a posey  
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

Or puerile Moorish-Byronic imitations like the following ("To Some Ladies") :

Why linger you to the wild labyrinth strolling ?  
Why breathless unable your bliss to declare ?  
Ah, you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,  
Responsive to sylphs in the moon-beaming air.

Verses as weak as that are not uncommon, nor such coined colloquialisms as "bloomy" and many more Cockneyisms and trivial expressions which betray the harmful influence of Hunt upon the choice of a vocabulary at least. Expressions such as, "the quaint mossiness of aged roots," "the pillowy silkiness of stars" are perhaps the outgrowth of Chapman, yet they, too, bear Hunt's seal of approval. Especially in the wrenching of one part of speech into another Keats can shelter himself behind such mighty fellow-sinners as Milton and Shakespeare, and a picturesque word such as "mossiness," in the line above quoted, is even an acquisition to our poetical vocabulary. What shall I say of the beauties of this first slender volume of 1817? At a later time Keats writing to Shelley gave a fragment of pregnant advice: "Load every rift of your subject with ore." The rank growths of a fertile youth forbade this to Keats before the masterpieces of his later years. Yet what earnest do we not obtain of the greatness to be? what ravishing insight into the gradual sphering of his genius to the perfect orb? He has said, in another place, that poetry should "surprise by a fine excess." If we come to the early poems, bearing that thought in mind, we may see that there is such a thing as an error of fine excess, but will inevitably conclude that only in such an error is there hope for the budding poet. Had Keats, in early youth, been a conscious master within the narrow bounds of a confined horizon, the Keats of maturer years, the Keats whom we know and cherish, would never have touched those mightier harmonies of his later verse.

A study of the development of Keats will ever be one of the most fascinating and fruitful tasks for the student of poetry. Few men have cherished such ideals of art, and few, indeed, have consecrated themselves so purely to the service of beauty. He was more than the prophet or high priest of Beauty; he was her very voice.

His delightful letters reveal to us his keen sense of his high vocation, and, therefore, are well nigh indispensable to a thorough appreciation of his poetry.

"I find I cannot exist without poetry—without eternal Poetry—half the day will not do—the whole of it—I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan." Again: "I went to the Isle of Wight, thought so much about poetry, so long together, that I could not get to sleep at night."

"I vow that I have been down in the mouth lately at this work (Endymion). These last two days, however, I have felt more confident; I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is, how great things are to be gained by it, what a great thing to be in the mouth of fame, that at last the idea has grown so monstrously beyond my seeming power of

attainment, that the other day I nearly consented with myself to drop into a phaeton. Yet 'tis a disgrace to fail, even in a huge attempt; and at this moment I drive the thought from me."

We perceive in this characteristic passage one of those forced attempts at humour which gave such umbrage to Keats' last critic, Andrew Lang. Yet, here, as in many finer portions of his familiar letters, we have assurance of his exalted opinion of the worth of poetry, a growing sense of its inherent sacredness. Indeed the spirit of poetry, even when manifested in a somewhat mawkish sentiment of love, received from Keats all the worship of which his nature was capable.

PELHAM EDGAR.

Johns Hopkins University.

## A Hundred Years!

(1796-1896.)

INSCRIBED TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND EVER PRESENT SHADE OF  
BURNS.

Shortly before the Poet's death (21st July, 1796), Mrs. Burns said to him, in a regretful voice, "Whaur are a' oor gran' frien's noo, Robert?" "Oh! never mind, Jean," replied the dying Bard, "the world will ken me better a hunner years hence." On that lowly bed, set in under the wall: pallid, livid, unshaven; worn almost to a skeleton; with masses of coal-black hair—prematurely tinged with grey—falling over his temples, the inspired Prophet of Freedom, and of Honest Independence, suddenly threw up his arms, and leaped, upward and forward, into those of Death.

A HUNDRED YEARS! yet the glorious throne  
Of Scottish Song is still thine own—  
A type of the Centuries waiting thee,  
Who sang the Charter of the Free!

Hustling the living and trampling the dead,  
The years rush on with resistless tread—  
Crowns and Kingdoms may disappear,  
But Time ever yieldeth another year.

Humble the bed that gave thee birth;  
Lowly as that from which—from Earth—  
Thy spirit leaped, strong in its faith,  
And sought the friendly arms of Death.

Strong in its faith! faith in a World,  
Repentant, that so long had hurled  
Its dire damnation on the head  
Soon number'd with the mighty Dead

Then, like a dazzling Splendour came  
That Worship of thy name and fame—  
To scorch Detraction's lying tongue,  
As forth Truth's golden joy-bells rung!

A Hundred Years! how swift their flight!—  
From darkness to unclouded light—  
To where thy Fame's perennial Sun  
Its endless course hath but begun!

With silence, then, shall the toast be met  
Of "The Bard" whose sun shall never set—  
Flashing its glory from shore to shore,  
A joy of the world forevermore—?

With *silence*!—no! or said or sung,  
Thy name shall be on ev'ry tongue,  
And in the hearts of all mankind  
The deathless fame of BURNS enshrined!

COLIN RAE BROWN.

The Burns Club, London, England, 1896.

\* \* \*

*The Expository Times* (January) begins with Notes on Professor Sayce's Archaeological Commentary on Genesis—a work which has already led, and which will hereafter lead, to much controversy, but which must be reckoned with. Professor Mahaffy on the Sermon on the Mount comes next, and the notes on this are distinctly valuable. Among the various contributions to this publication, we would specially note the "Requests and Replies." The requests are quite worth making and printing, and the replies are by men of the greatest distinction. The reviews are carefully done and without prejudice. The other features remain as before.

## Jameson's Ride.

"Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, may be;  
But I'm going, boys, all the same,  
Do they think me a Burgher's baby,  
To be scared by a scolding name?  
They may argue, and prate, and order;  
Go, tell them to save their breath;  
Then, over the Transvaal border,  
And gallop for life or death!

"Let lawyers and statesmen addle  
Their pates over points of law;  
If sound be our sword and saddle,  
And gun-gear, who cares one straw?  
When men of our own blood pray us  
To ride to their kinsfolk's aid,  
Not heaven itself shall stay us  
From the rescue they call a raid.

"There are girls in the gold-reef city,  
There are mothers and children, too!  
And they cry: "Hurry up! for pity!"  
So what can a brave man do?  
If even we win, they'll blame us;  
If we fall, they will howl and hiss,  
But there's many a man lives famous  
For daring a wrong like this!

"So we forded and galloped forward,  
As hard as our beasts could pelt,  
First eastward, then trending norward,  
Right over the rolling veldt;  
Till we came on the burghers lying  
In a hollow with hills behind,  
And their bullets came hissing, flying,  
Like hail on an arctic wind!

"Right sweet is the marksman's rattle,  
And sweeter the cannon's-roar,  
But 'tis bitterly bad to battle,  
Belaguered, and one to four.  
I can tell you it wasn't a trifle  
To swarm over Krugersdorp glen,  
As they plied up with round and rifle,  
And ploughed us, again—and again.

"Then we made for the gold-reef city,  
Retreating, but not in rout,  
They had called to us, "Quick! for pity!"  
And he said, "They will sally out.  
They will hear us and come. Who doubts it?"  
But how if they don't, what then?  
'Well, worry no more about it,  
At fight to the death like men.'

"Not a soul had supped or slumbered  
Since the Borderland stream was cleft;  
But we fought, even more outnumbered,  
Till we had not a cartridge left.  
We're not very soft or tender,  
Or given to weep for woe,  
But it breaks one to have to render  
One's sword to the strongest foe.

"I suppose we were wrong, were madmen,  
Still I think at the Judgment Day,  
When God sifts the good from the bad men,  
There'll be something more to say.  
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry,  
And as one of the baffled band,  
I would rather have had that foray  
Than the crushings of all the Rand."

ALFRED AUSTIN.

## A Parody.

AUSTIN'S PRIDE.

Is it too soon? Well, maybe;  
But I'm going, boys, all the same,  
Though Conservative Whips should flay me,  
To take a hand in the game.  
Here goes for the Transvaal Border!  
Do they think they can frown me down?  
Not a verse will I make to order  
While I wear the Laureate's crown.

Let statesmen continue to addle  
Their pates—as they always do.  
I have wisdom sufficient to paddle  
I fancy my own canoe.  
When my friends and my family pray me  
To write up poor Jameson's raid,  
Not Chamberlain's anger shall stay me,  
Or why was I Laureate made!

There are men whom I know in the city  
And some of them poets too;  
Who say I cannot be witty  
At the age of sixty-two.  
If I write they will certainly blame me,  
If I don't they will howl and hiss  
—They'd be perfectly right to defame me  
If I missed such a topic as this!

I shall mention "the gallop forward,"  
And speak of "the rolling veldt"  
Of "the bullets hissing" "norward,"  
Faster than horse could "pelt."  
Then a word on "the marksman's rattle"  
And the sweet, sweet "cannon's roar,"  
—And "rattle" must rhyme with "battle"  
As it oft has done before.

I shall say that our numbers were meagre  
When the Borderland stream we "cleft,"  
We were "bitterly bad to beleaguer"  
Though we hadn't a cartridge left.  
We were "not very soft or tender,"  
Our men seldom are, you know;  
And when we were forced to surrender  
We refused to "weep for woe."

I suppose they will call me a madman  
—Say I should have held my hand  
Till they settled the good and the bad man  
And peace was restored to the Rand!  
Perhaps it's wrong; but if Salisbury's sorry,  
And sick—I am not afraid,  
And I'd rather have written that foray  
Than "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

S. B. FLOWER.

Toronto.

## Dr. Ryerson, M.L.A., in The Times.

ON the 8th inst. The Times, of London, England, contained the following interesting letter from Dr. Ryerson, M.L.A., on the United States and Canada:—

SIR,—One can readily conceive that the recent Presidential message was somewhat of a surprise and a shock to the English people. To us in Canada more accustomed to see United States affairs at near view it was scarcely so surprising. We are so accustomed to read the truculent utterances of unscrupulous politicians whose master is the mob, and who, under the cover of fiery denunciations of England, seek to distract the attention of the people from their want of fidelity to the principles they were elected to represent, that such a document makes but little impression upon us. Still, politicians would not use this method of cloaking their sins if it were not fairly successful, and if it did not appeal to a popular sentiment and arouse passions which are not dead

but sleeping. As I interpret it there is always a lurking fear in the minds of United States politicians that the people might some day desire to return to the arms of the Mother Country, and that the only way to prevent such a catastrophe is to teach the children to hate England by means of a garbled and most untruthful history-book. This is assisted by careful instruction in the meaning of the flag. This latter is the more necessary as the population is so largely foreign born or of foreign descent, which also explains why no other flag may be displayed, with safety to the individual, in the United States.

In consequence of this unfriendly sentiment in the minds of the people, we have been on the verge of war with the United States no less than five times since the war of 1812. That this sentiment will, in the end, bear bloody fruit, I do not, for a moment, doubt any more than that the "guerre de revanche" will devastate France some day. In 1837 a vessel, the *Caroline*, was armed with the connivance of the United States officials by the rebels. She was cut

## The Sons of the United Empire Loyalists and the Old Flag.

[SUGGESTED BY A RECENT PARLIAMENTARY EPISODE.]

Out fathers loved the brave old flag they brought across the sea,  
To wave o'er their "New England" homes, the symbol of the free;  
And when their kinsmen cast aside the standard held so dear,  
They rallied round their country's flag, and bore it safely here!

\*For it, and Britain's honour bright, they staked their lives, their all;  
They left their dear old homes behind, and dared what might befall.  
The stormy sea, the wilderness, starvation, weary toil,  
That they might see their children stand *British* on British soil!

'The forest kings before them fell, 'neath many a sturdy blow;  
New fields and farms about them smiled, ere their grey heads lay  
low;

Yet staunch they stood, to shed their blood, in many a border fray,  
Nor counted they the cost of aught, so Britain won the day!

Their hope was for a happy realm, from feud and faction free,  
Where no monopolies should crush the dear-bought liberty;  
No land of slaves ground down by want, to fatten selfish greed,  
But one where prosperous toilers spring, to nobly serve her need.

No thought had they of Chinese walls, extending far and wide,  
To keep the work of British hands upon their farther side,  
Not this *their* love for the "old flag," not this they dreamed of then,  
When, outcast from their homes and farms, they went as *Englishmen*!

We pass the petty insult by, we scorn the covert sneer;  
*Their* memory needeth no defence, who left such record here,  
Our fair Dominion, spreading wide, shall their memorial be,  
When fused into one generous life, she reigns from sea to sea!

We fain would keep their loyal faith, their honour and their truth  
To mould our country's growing life; to guard her plastic youth  
From scheming plan of class or clan, from petty greed of place,  
And most of all from home-bred strife and feud of creed and race!

God save our Queen! God bless our land, to keep the brave old flag  
From hireling hands, that through the mire its sacred folds would  
drag!

With tyranny, intrigue, and wrong ne'er be its name allied,  
The flag for which our fathers fought, for which *they* lived and died  
FIDELIS.

### Parisian Affairs.

SINCE the firebrand telegram of William II. to President Kruger, the diplomatic situation of Europe seems to have fallen into a natural dislocation. The triple alliance is dead, and the Franco-Russian does not appear to possess any extraordinary vitality. In the disarray of the powers, new political programmes must be selected, and based solely upon practical and tangible interests. Englishmen must ever keep a watch on the German, after the conduct of the emperor; they must bear in mind, that the dishonourable telegram, for which there was no necessity, was deliberately drafted at a ministerial council; therein lies its gravamen. No getting over that premeditated insult; no use trying, as is now being done, to let his majesty down softly, by saying the telegram was written in the Pickwickian sense; it was only the culmination of a series of unfriendly acts on the part of the Kaiser. He has had to climb down, in presence of the determination of Englishmen at last to fight, and to stand no more of that kind of nonsense from any foreigner. His aim was to rush to Pretoria while England was "bull dozed" by confidence—misplaced—in his loyalty. The swift fitting out of a Flying Squadron, and the flying to arms by the whole British people, will cure Emperor William from coveting his neighbors property for a long day. He has been "run in" for the first time since 1870-71.

The Anglo-Americans here are enraptured at the certain fixing up of the Venezuelan dispute. The relations between the American and English people, are of quite a different character than those of the Teuton and the British; in the former, it is the intermarriage of commonwealth and commonwealth; of democracy with democracy; in the second case, it is the dynasty of England with that of Germany—"a penniless lass, with a long pedigree," as the British taxpayer unfortunately knows to his cost. Besides, the English people can make to their own kith and kin, concessions they would never accord to a stranger. "Let us be friends," said Grant to Lee, after the secession War. That will be a further astonishment for anglophobists all the world over; that Anglo-Americans while not fearing one another, can arrange their family disputes, and become faster friends than ever. It

out and sent over the Niagara Falls by a party of Canadian volunteers. An American lost his life and a Canadian was arrested and tried at Albany, but being able to prove an alibi was discharged. Intense excitement prevailed, and had the Canadian been convicted and hanged, war would have been inevitable. In 1861 we had the Trent affair, which nearly embroiled the two countries in war. In 1866 large bodies of Fenians were allowed to drill and parade publicly on American territory, and finally attempted an armed invasion of our country without protest from the United States Government. They were repelled by our brave volunteers, and forced to retire across the line. In 1870 again we had a further invasion by the same rabble, without protest by the United States Government, until it was too late. In 1893 we nearly came to blows over the Behring Sea affair, and now we have an apparent attempt to establish a United States protectorate over the whole American continent which, if the United States Government does not find a way out of the position they have taken, may end in war.

Further evidences of this hostile spirit may be seen in the following acts of the United States Government.

It was the United States which first imposed duties on Canadian products. It was the United States which abrogated the Reciprocity Treaty. The United States gave notice suddenly of the termination of the Washington Treaty. It was the same power, which, during the continuance of the treaty, which admitted fish free of duty, enacted a duty on the *cans* in which certain kinds of fish were sent.

Wrecking laws were enacted debarring Canadians from assisting vessels in distress if in American waters, and regulations were made preventing Canadian vessels from carrying American produce in transit on the Great Lakes, by the United States Government. By them, also, was passed an alien law which prevents Canadians from working in the frontier cities while residing in Canada and one which forces British subjects to take the offensive oath of allegiance if they wish to earn a living in the United States. No other nation deprives a man of his national rights to obtain a living under its flag. Then, as a climax, was enacted the McKinley Bill which practically shut out our products from the American market. In view of these facts I think I am more than justified in my statement that the United States exhibit a disposition of persistent hostility to England, and to Canada as her colony.

How, then, can Canadians be expected to regard the American Government with friendliness and how is it possible for anyone to seriously imagine that Canada can be voluntarily annexed to the United States? One making such a proposition in this country is regarded as a harmless "crank" or one whose atrabiliousness has perverted his judgment.

Some American journals talk of over-running Canada in ten days. They either forget or do not know that in 1812, with a population of 250,000, we, in this Province of Ontario alone, put 40,000 men in the field and at the end of three years we not only drove them out but possessed Michigan as well. We have now over 2,000,000 people in the Province and could, if required, put at least 500,000 men (by a "levée en masse") in the field, to say nothing of what the other Provinces could do.

In estimating public sentiment with regard to annexation, forcible or voluntary, one must bear in mind the basis of the fabric of Canadian society. English Canada was originally peopled by the United Empire Loyalists, by disbanded British soldiers and by British emigrants, the descendants of these three classes form the back bone of the Canadian people. They honour their memory, cherish their traditions, and make loyalty to the Crown a mainspring of political and national life. They can neither be coerced nor cajoled into change of flag. The French-Canadians are loyal, because, under our system, they enjoy perfect civil and religious liberty and especially because their laws and language are undisturbed, conditions which they could not hope to maintain in the Union. Rest assured Canadians are loyal to the core and will fight, if need be, to maintain their country against an invader, come what may.

Toronto, Dec. 26, 1895. G. STERLING RYERSON.

\* \* \*  
The very best criticism ever passed upon a book (James Payn declares) was made by Charles Dickens on "Robinson Crusoe": "The most popular story in the world, and yet one which never drew a smile or a tear."

was an article of faith, with continental café statesmen, that America and Germany had only to raise their little fingers, to menace John Bull, and he and his isle were wiped out. By courtesy, forbearance, and dignity England has conjured bugaboo number one away, and "laid" number two, by the shadow of her fleets.

England has now broken the back of the conspiracy to smash up her Empire, but she must henceforth "go it rough" with the foreigner; show him she can fight, as well as trade and colonize, and must clear out from her midst all the fads about peace and maudlin sentiment. She will be only respected and left quiet, so long as she displays her quickness to defend her honour and to protect her empire. "Hands off," should be "skyed," for the benefit of sneaks. Delagoa Bay is safe and Portugal has Torres Vedras lines there to loyally keep out Cape Colony invaders. Germany can never put a foot in the Transvaal now; even Holland will think twice ere she jeopardizes her existence by doing "fag" for Germany. There is no second opinion in France that Germany could never conquer England, while the latter would blockade her into capitulation, with the surrender of her baby colonies in Africa, and the payment out of what rests of the French war indemnity of five milliards of the cost of the war.

It is very difficult to exactly gauge at the present moment, the concrete opinion in France, as to passing events. The French have been astounded at the swift rush to arms, and the terrible rapidity by which squadrons have been fitted out, by England; they expected to be calm on-lookers at hostilities between the United States, aided by "grand son" William II., and England, and then, at the propitious moment, dictate and impose conditions. All that day-dream is now vanished; Britain is *debout*, and can point her illustrated answer to those who reproached her with—how resembling to other Tutons—attacking the weak and avoiding the strong. Anglo-phobism rages unfortunately more than ever in France. Let the paroxysm spend itself. Above all, let not England display the slightest desire at present for any alliance with France; be very polite and civil; very firm and very resolved, but let her rely on her own right arm. She ought to come to an understanding with her "best enemy"—Russia. The latter has no sentiment—happily, in her diplomacy; she has interests only to advance—so has England. A Russian friend said to me a few days ago: "Well, what do you think of the triple alliance now? England always charges us with disloyalty, treachery, and rapacity, but we have never deceived the English, like Christopher Sly, Emperor William." As the Turkish Empire is on the eve of breaking up, England can well consent, not to oppose the possession of Constantinople by the Czar who in return would guarantee her Egypt, and both could dispose of the Far East question to suit their combinations, but above all, their interests. That would checkmate Germany in Europe; then France would be compelled to fall into line with England and Russia, and demand of them "Mirth! admit me to thy crew." The trend of England is to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and to effect a *mariage de raison*, with her best enemy—the Muscovite. Their mutual trade would thereby be enormously developed; not a soldier could stir in Europe without their permission, and the dread of losing Alsace, and his foot-hold in Africa, would cure his majesty from writing telegrams, with the aid of his ministers, to flatter his grandmother, and humbug the Boers—before devouring them.

The present will be a very important year for the home politics of France. Of course I do not allude to the humorous circular letter of the Comte de Paris to the Royalists, for them to be ready, as he is about taking a grave step—that of doing a bit of globe trotting. It is the same "saw" with all pretenders; they assure their partisans—query dupes?—that the psychologic moment is at hand, but they are not. "Be ready; overthrow the Government that oppresses you, and after the victory you will find me at your head!" Modern pretenders do not risk their liberty or their life to deliver anyone. They have not the pluck of a Transvaal "Dr. Jim"—who, with all his faults, is admired still. The Comte de Paris bemoans the mis-government of France by the Republic; but France shows no dissatisfaction; France banished, and, in one case, decapitated, her Bourbon Kings and crushed her Napoleons for not keeping the country "the first flower of the earth and the first gem of the sea." But the Comte has neither named the day nor

selected the spot where he will disembark. In honour of his virile intentions, his "staff" attached to his newspaper had a five o'clock tea.

The important events of this year will be the proposed ameliorative legislation always promised to the country but never seriously proposed. Premier Bourgeois will compel the legislature to vote or to reject the outstanding remedial measures, but grappled with they must be. And he is a man that will keep his word. Thus, a graduated income tax law will be proposed at once. The new Session has just opened; pensions for old age, state assurance against the accidents of machinery, etc., compensation for permanent injury, and aid during sickness; and last, not least, the public departments will be cleared of their drones and useless public expenditure curtailed—such are the principal bon-bons. The Minister virtually classes the legislators into "go-a-heads" and "stick-in-the-muds." His programme will be short, but based on action. He has the chances to win. He dares, and the masses are with him, while the reforms are no novelties in other countries. In fact, some drastic financial reform must be adopted, or the country must succumb to its crushing weight of taxation.

The country owes a debt of undying gratitude to the Bourgeois ministry for its implacable campaign against black mailers. When Arton shall have been extradited, the mass of Panama corruption will be exhumed and those swindlers who have escaped by favour will be exposed to the full blaze of noon-day. For the moment, the reigning scandal is the plucking of the young millionaire pigeon, Max Lebaudy, by a horde of lame ducks and renegade press men. The *Petit Sucrier* Lebaudy was skinned like a flint of the moiety of half his fortune of 27 fr. millions, and, being a conscript, a private soldier at the time, and up to his death—aged 22, the Minister of War, handed all the extortion documents over to the public prosecutor. Some well-known writers have been arrested and are now in prison. The big gun of the *Figaro* who was also the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, with an aggregate income of 100,000 frs. a year—"Jacques Saint-cère"—Rosenthal is his family name—extorted 35,000 frs. from the deceased juvenile. This man was the leader in the press of the Anglo-phobists, for no subject appears to be more popular than making—till recently, at all events—a Turk's head of John Bull. Rosenthal is a German Jew, the son of a synagogue beadle, so, like Uriah Heap, his origin was "humble." It is curious that mostly all the writers in the French press told off to write on foreign politics rely on Anglo-phobists for their matter, and are next to invariably German Jews.

Paris, January 15th, 1896.

Z.

### \* \* \* Music and the Drama.

THE Toronto Philharmonic, as it is now called, gave its first performance of the present season on the 23rd inst. in the Massey Music Hall. Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," was the work presented, and the production of this venerable masterpiece was looked forward to with considerable interest, as it was to be the first appearance of the Society under the direction of the recently appointed conductor, Mr. J. H. Anger. It may be said at once that Mr. Anger proved himself well fitted for his difficult task, and that so far as he is concerned there need be no anxiety in regard to the future success of the Society. The chorus on this occasion contained about 225 members, practically the same number as took part in the production of "Una" last season, but the orchestra was this time considerably smaller, numbering only thirty-four. The reduction, however, proved a distinct gain, for, while still powerful enough, the orchestra became more manageable, particularly when delicate effects were required. The reed instruments were a little noisy at times, but evidently against the wishes of the conductor, who could not be expected, considering the short time he has held his position, to have his forces perfectly under control. The chorus showed a very fair balance of parts, although the basses did not produce as much effect as the numerically much weaker tenors. "The Marvellous Work," "Awake the Harp" and "The Heavens are Telling" aroused considerable enthusiasm on the part of the audience. Exception must be taken, however, to the very marked quickening of the time towards the close of the last-men-

tioned chorus, the speed attained being so great as to cause the dignity of the composition to disappear. The soloists were Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, soprano, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone, all of whom well sustained their reputations. Both Miss Robinson and Mr. Robinson appeared to best advantage in their solos, being rather overpowered at times in the heavier concerted numbers, although the high C for the soprano soloist in "The Marvellous Work" rang out with ample power. The baritone part of the oratorio is very low in many places so that Mr. Warrington was not able to do himself full justice; nevertheless his efforts won much applause, as did also those of the other soloists. The work as a whole was well received by the audience, though one cannot but feel that, in spite of some splendid numbers, it is a little tiresome. It is not to be classed with such oratorios as the "Messiah" and "Elijah." There are "sandy wastes of prose and catalogue," especially in the recitatives, one or two of which were taken much too slowly and thus became additionally wearisome. But perhaps, after all, the trouble is with ourselves. We are very highly fed and very critical in this age. We are no longer sufficiently childlike to enjoy such unspiced food, nor do the composer's simple artifices impress us deeply. The "awful thunders" and "wasteful hail" excite no fear. The "roaring lion" seems to us a stuffed museum specimen; and we feel very little interest in either the graceful, orchestral leaps of the "flexible tiger" or the chromatic crawlings of the sinuous worm. Parts, however, of the oratorio are most noble, as, for instance, "The Heavens are Telling," a chorus that will live for many a generation yet.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the President of the Society, in addition to introducing the new conductor to the audience, made the interesting announcement that Gade's "The Erl-King's Daughter" had been selected for presentation by the Society this season. Those who are acquainted with this singularly beautiful work will be much pleased with the information. It is certainly one of the most charming of all compositions of its class.

Last Monday evening the faculty and pupils of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution held a reception in honour of the Principal, Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., who has recently returned from Europe. During the course of the evening a short programme was given by vocal pupils of Mr. Shaw, assisted by piano pupils of Mr. Ed. Fisher, and varied with recitations by Miss Nelly Berryman, the talented Associate of the School. Many guests were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

A copy of a new song, composed and published by Mr. G. W. Johnson, of Toronto, has been received. Its title is "Loved, and Lost Awhile." It is written in a popular style, and, though it does not display any particular originality on the part of the composer, its extreme simplicity is a point in its favour which should not be overlooked. It has a refrain probably intended for a number of voices in unison.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's monthly organ recital will take place in All Saint's Church to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. An interesting programme, including as the chief number Guilmant's Fifth Sonata, will be rendered. The vocalist will be Master Eddie Cooke. C. E. SAUNDERS.

#### MADAME LOUISA BODDA PYNE.

A short time since a public appeal was made on behalf of Madame Bodda Pyne, formerly Louisa Pyne, who during a long professional career of 58 years, contributed largely to the pleasure of the public by her great talents and beautiful gift of song. By the example of her pure, unselfish life, and her earnest efforts in producing operas by native composers, she did much for English music, in fact she may be called the foundress of English opera.

Many years ago she visited Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, indeed all the principal towns of Canada. She has never ceased to speak in the liveliest terms of pride and gratitude of the warm reception she then received, and regretted that family ties should have prevented her returning. It is hoped that many of her old Canadian patrons and friends who remember how she charmed their youthful ears may be anxious to contribute to the fund now being raised and

thus brighten the last years of her life. She began her career at nine years of age, from which date she contributed to the maintenance of her parents and educated younger members of her family.

She is now 67 years old, a widow, childless, and in failing health. Many losses, caused by no imprudence, render assistance very needful. Her case is strongly supported by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Santley, and Lady Thompson. The last named will gladly receive donations if addressed to her at 33 Wimpole street W., London, England, or they can be paid to the "Louisa Pyne Fund," at the National Provincial Bank of England, Baker street W., London, England.

#### \* \* \* Art Notes.

WITH the death of Sir Fredrick Leighton, the Royal Academy loses one of the ablest presidents it has ever had. None of the seven men who have filled the office have upheld the dignity of the chair with a more courtly propriety and grace than Leighton: and, as a painter, he ranks as second only to Sir Joshua. I speak from memory when I say that there have been seven presidents; and their names and order of succession were, to the best of my belief, as follows: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Martin Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Francis Grant, Sir Fredrick Leighton. Of these the last was the only recipient of a peerage; and, sad to relate, he only received it three weeks before his death.

A short time ago I made Sir Fredrick (what his title as a peer was has not yet transpired) the subject of my notes, and if any of my readers care to refresh their memory I refer them to the issues of THE WEEK of Nov. 29th, Dec. 6th, 13th and 20th. I shall not recapitulate the various matters I touched on previously, but will briefly summarize a few of the works and characteristics of the predecessors of Leighton.

When the Academy received its royal charter, Joshua Reynolds was created its president, and received, at the same time, the honour of knighthood. This last distinction has been conferred on all the presidents. In the case of Leighton a baronetcy and a peerage followed the knighthood. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most popular as well as the most all round able portrait painter of his day still heads the presidential list in point of celebrity and of artistic worth. He painted the portraits of a vast number of the notable of his time and not a few renowned beauties. Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Keppel, Rodney, Mrs. Siddons (who sat for the famous portrait "as the Tragic Muse"), and a host, of others not to mention a fine picture of himself. Sir Benjamin West who followed was a painter given to the production of a ponderous order of historical pictures which did not all rise to the high level of his fine "Death of Wolfe." Then comes the popular Sir Thomas Lawrence, the painter of the Countess of Blessington, little Lord Mornington, Kean, the Duke of Wellington, and many more celebrities and pretty women. Of Sir Martin Archer Shee (or is it Shea?) I know very little beyond a few portraits only one degree less commonplace than a certain "poem" on "Art" which he was rash enough to publish, and which in point of area and dryness may be said to be a kind of literary Sahara. Sir Charles Eastlake is more deserving of consideration as a writer on the Italian schools of painting than as an artist. It has been my lot to see only one of his pictures; it is located in one of the public galleries (probably South Kensington), and represents somebody (was it an Italian peasant or was it Cleopatra?) suffering from the bite of an asp. Then we come to Sir Francis Grant, another of those painters whose elevation to the presidential chair may be made the subject of sad reflection. He did some entirely respectable portraits, but as he is almost wholly unrepresented in the English galleries, he is rapidly—and I should say justly—fading into oblivion. When his death caused the vacancy which Sir Fredrick more than filled there was considerable speculation previous to the announcement that Leighton was the Academy's (and the Queen's) choice, as to who would receive the honour; but I should say that the selection would be still more difficult now. Millais is rather too old and his powers are waning. I do not know what Calderons' qualifications may be (outside of his painting which is coldly correct), but both he and Luke Fildes (the painter of "The Doctor") stand

high in academic favour. Stanhope Forbes has made great strides both as a "subject" and portrait painter, and he is known to be a good speaker besides being universally liked. And Orchardson—why not Orchardson?

E. WYLY GRIER.

On Jan. 21st an exhibition was opened at the Chicago Art Institute—to last two months—of the entire collections of oil paintings, water-colours, drawings and studies, pen and ink sketches, etchings and engravings of Gustave Doré as well as the famous Doré gallery which was exhibited in London for over twenty-one years. Amongst the best known oil paintings in the collection are the following: "Paola d' Francesca di Rimino," one of his greatest works and which first brought him into notice; "Christ leaving the Prætorium;" "Christ's entry into Jerusalem;" "Moses before Pharaoh;" "The Dream of Pilate's Wife;" "Ecce Homo;" "The Ascension;" "The Neophyte" and its companion picture "Day Dream;" "Christian Martyrs," during the reign of Diocletian, Rome 303 A.D.; "The Vale of Tears," his last painting in 1883; "Massacre of the Innocents." In "Contemporary Art in Europe" S. W. G. Bengamin says of Doré: "To criticise his paintings, to dissect them until nothing is left, to show that the drawing is often defective, the colouring often unnatural would be an easy task. But it is not so easy to explain away the profound impression they produce or the conviction they give us that here is a mind standing alone in Paris—a mind Teutonic rather than French in its character—looking not so much on the surface of things as at what is hidden underneath, studying the moral of life, a French Albrecht Dürer to whom existence is less a comedy than a tragedy."

In the January number of Massey's Magazine Mr. G. A. Reid contributes an interesting article entitled "The Evolution of Two of My Pictures," with illustrations by Mr. Challoner.

\* \* \*  
BOOKS.

*The Victorious Life*: Post Conference Addresses. By Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe. (New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.)—It is hardly fair to judge of a public teacher's utterances when they no longer strike the ear, but come to us through the reporter, and especially, when the speaker has not corrected the reporter's notes. Still we doubt not that many readers will be edified by these addresses, which are earnest and devout. There is not a great deal that is new in them, except perhaps some novelties of expression, as, for example, when the author speaks of the Holy Ghost as "the universal income of the Church"—a form of speech not quite customary. At the same time his distinctions of the coming and work of the Holy Spirit are excellent; although here, again, we do not see the use of "endowment" and "endowment." Mr. Webb-Peploe did not correct the proofs of the volume, so we must not put to his account the "Pretorists" as a school of interpreters of the Apoclyypse.

*Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller*: With an introduction by Brander Matthews and notes by George Rice Carpenter. Longman's English Classics. (London and New York, Longman, Green and Co.)—We have here Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" issued as the first of a series to be known as Longman's English Classics. The introduction is excellent and the notes are full and complete, but we venture to think that if the "Suggestions to Teachers" are carried out the object of the series, viz., "To interest young students in certain books as literature and to draw attention to the main subjects of importance in them" will not be obtained. The student who is taught on this system will acquire a great deal of information but with few exceptions it will be at the expense of a permanent distaste for the works of the author he is studying. We are sorry that Washington Irving should have been selected for this treatment. We read him ourselves as a boy and learned to love him, even though we could not understand every single allusion, but we are convinced that if we had had to "get him up" five pages at a time, examining ourselves whether "we knew precisely what the author meant by every word, sentence and paragraph of the passage," if we had had to hunt up in a dictionary or encyclopædia whatever we did not understand, all the charm would have gone.

*Cruising among the Caribbees*. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. (Price \$1.50. New York: Scribner's. 1895.)—If there is nothing very startling, nor even especially graphic in this narrative of travel, seeking and finding, "summer days in winter months," it is at least a thoroughly well written volume and brings the reader to be acquainted with scenes which are very little known to most of us. The Caribbees here described are the Lesser Antilles, belonging to various European powers, where dwell but a few of the original Caribbees, a very remarkable race. How completely the travellers found summer days in these winter months may be inferred from the fact that, when the thermometer in Santa Cruz fell to 67°, there was an impression that snow was about to fall. The description of the voyage south from the winter of New York to the summer of these West Indian Islands is very interesting. The first island touched was St. Thomas. Thence they proceeded to Santa Cruz, to St. Saba, to the island named St. Christopher, after his own Christian name, by the great explorer and discoverer, irreverently reduced to St. Kits by its English owners—and so on. Many interesting notes of the manners and customs and traditions of the people are given. Perhaps the island that has the most striking historical associations is the only one which remains to the French, Martinique. It was the birthplace of two personages famous in French history, Josephine the Empress, and Madame de Maintenon, in all but name, the Queen of France, and, although herself born a Protestant, probably the author of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Not least numerable among the events here recorded was the decisive naval battle between Admiral Rodney and the Count de Grasse. What does not England owe to her great sailors?

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Recent Fiction.\*

ONE of the cleverest novels that has ever been published in Macmillan's Colonial Library is "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," by J. C. Snaith. The story is clean, the action quick and decisive, and the dialogue lively. The scene is laid in England, and the plot centres round two historical episodes, the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth and the advent of William of Orange. Incidents in the first of these episodes combine to turn the hero into a foot-pad and outlaw, while by the second he is restored to his rightful title of Sir Edward Armstrong. Mistress Marvin herself is a most winsome creation, and if at times she is disposed to act in a manner calculated to offend the modern Mrs. Grundy, yet the loyalty and fearless honesty inherent in her nature must, in the end, gain for her all the reader's sympathies. The story contains many thrilling episodes, and is altogether a very lively and exciting book to read.

Mrs. Clifford's novel, "A Flash of Summer" may be disposed of in short order, even though the book itself takes some time to read. Judging from the title one might expect a good deal of brightness in the story, but the title is sadly misleading, as the "flash" is of brief duration and gloom is the predominating characteristic. The writer displays some artistic power, but several very inartistic passages more than neutralize this, and the work is, on the whole, very unevenly balanced. We cannot understand how a woman with the character displayed by the heroine could ever bring herself to end her sufferings by suicide.

The next book on our list is a typical wild-west story with but one element missing—the red man. Cow-boys, miners, sheriffs, and gamblers are to be found in abundance. Exciting duels, thrilling escapes, and attempts at lynchings are introduced from time to time into the three hundred and

- \* "Mistress Dorothy Marvin." By J. C. Snaith. New York: Macmillan & Co. (Colonial Library.) Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.  
 "A Flash of Summer." By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. London: Methuen & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.  
 "Wild Rose." By Francis Francis. New York: Macmillan & Co. (Colonial Library.) Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.  
 "The Unclassed." By George Gissing. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.  
 "Sleeping Fires." by George Gissing. London T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.  
 "Galloping Dick." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.  
 "Prisoners of Silence" By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co. (Colonial Library.) Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.



seventy-six pages of the novel. The author of the book is Francis Francis. It is entitled "Wild Rose," and is a tale of Mexican frontier life, the action taken partly in the United States and partly in Mexico. The book receives its name from a sobriquet applied to the heroine, a dashing, reckless, brave young woman whose whole life has been clouded by some episodes connected with her early days. She, her lover, Ned Chase, and her pseudo-husband, the villanous Hannaford are the principals of the story, though two minor characters, Ned's partner and Ned's partner's wife, Kitty, also play important parts. A strong element of tragedy runs through the story, tragedy of the blood-and-thunder kind familiar to readers of dime novels and penny dreadfuls.

George Gissing's novel, "The Unclassed," is original in conception and well worked out. It is a little too long and the action is not quick enough. Mr. Gissing deals, as his title suggests, with life under sad conditions; tells of poor struggling atoms whose very individuality appears lost amid the waves of life in a big city. The scene is laid in London, and deals with almost every phase of London life, except one, the society phase, the upper ten—and the book contains many pictures of men and women. Misery and poverty and wretchedness are graphically depicted, with here and there a touch of sunshine brightening up the whole story. The leading characters are Osmond Waymark, a one-time tutor in a small school, and Ida Starr, one of the great "unclassified." These two form the nucleus around which all the other characters are grouped, and it is the development of their love for one another that is the main theme of the story. The reader's sympathies will all be attracted towards the woman; of the man it is harder to form an opinion. Waymark, with his callous cynicism, his deep-rooted pessimism, and his many weaknesses of character has yet much good in him. The book is worth reading, if only for the insight it gives into the depths and shadows of human nature.

The next book we notice is by the same author, but is very different from the foregoing both in conception and treatment. "Sleeping Fires," opens in Greece, the Greece of to-day, and the scene changes to England, reverting back eventually to the country of the Athenians. The *raison d'être* of the story is rather common-place, but the author executes some skilful manœuvring in order to give a semblance of originality to his plot. On the whole, we are inclined to think that this book will not go very far towards enhancing Mr. Gissing's reputation as an author. It is a book pleasant enough to glance through, but scarcely deserving any careful perusal. It is published by T. Fisher Unwin, and appears in the Antonym Library.

"Gallop Dick," by Marriott Watson is one of the first books of the new year, and is undeniably clever. Gallop Dick, otherwise Richard Ryder, was a gentleman of the road who flourished during the closing years of the seventeenth century. The book relates some half dozen adventures encountered by him in the course of a somewhat chequered career, and the adventures are all startling and exciting enough to please anyone. Gallop Dick, judging from this book, was a rollicking, reckless rake, up to any dare-devil undertaking, and blessed with a most subtle sense of humour. Mr. Watson writes these chapters from his life in a racy, breezy manner, the dialogue being in perfect keeping with the narrative. Of all the adventures we might perhaps select the story of the escape from "The Jug and the Bottle" as being the most interesting, though all are splendidly written. Readers of *The New Review* and of *The Chap Book* will recollect that Mr. Watson's brilliant sketches appeared originally in these two periodicals.

"Prisoners of Silence," by Mary Angela Dickens is a book written with a purpose; nevertheless it can be characterized in a single word—unhealthy. The writer is evidently trying to teach a lesson through the pages of this most morbid and unnatural book, but we fear that her method of exposition will militate greatly against the success of her attempt. The lesson, we think, might have been far better taught had the authoress hit upon some other idea than the portrayal of a mother and son between whom no other feeling existed than that of mutual hatred and antipathy. The conception seems a moral impossibility. It is one of the most rigorous laws of nature that a mother shall love her children, no matter under what conditions they are born to her, in honour or in shame. We do not deny that the writer has made the most of her strange conception, and developed it throughout in a way certain of maintaining the reader's interest.

## Letters to the Editor.

WOLFE BEFORE QUEBEC.

SIR,—The Illustrated London News of January 18th (American edition) has for its front page illustration a drawing by R. Caton Woodville entitled "Carouse in Wolfe's tent the night before Quebec: Wolfe singing a drinking song." The General is pictured as standing in the midst of a group of officers with wine cup held aloft while he sings his carousing song, the while the officers are draining and filling their glasses. According to the woodcut, they were "making a night of it," with a degree of hilarity that that up-to-date expression implies.

I for one am curious to know where the artist got his history for such an illustration. The latest "Life of Wolfe," that by A. G. Bradley, in the English Men of Action series (1895), gives an impression quite the reverse, as do all the books on Wolfe and the Siege of Quebec I have read. Mr. Bradley makes it appear that the night before the battle the troops were on board the boats and transports, that Wolfe was busy in the cabin of the *Sutherland* penning his final orders and writing his last dispatches, closing with the last address he ever issued to the troops that followed him, that the General visited the sick on some of the other boats. "They saw before them the General who twice in the last fortnight had been stricken almost unto death and yet was facing the whole responsibility of an expedition which seemed foredoomed by circumstances to failure." Then he returned to the *Sutherland* and made the final preparations for the scaling of the cliffs at two in the morning. The illustration certainly does not seem to fit in with the history of Wolfe.

FRANK YEIGH.

A PROPHECY.

SIR,—The present state of international relations raises strange thoughts in the mind of an Englishman whose belief in the divine right of the Anglo-Saxon race to rule the world has equal sanction with the chief tenets of his religious creed. But we would not despair though the whole world, brothers and all, seem to be against us. The war clouds hang thick and dark over the nations, the atmosphere heavily charged with hostility which envelops king's courts, and which some spark struck heedlessly may explode with terrible consequences, carry us back, in memory, to the stormy ending of the last century. But to suggest that present events will result in such a catastrophe, such a maelstrom of passion and bloodshed as was then exhibited, would be to discredit the boasted advance of the nineteenth century; to make ridiculous the panegyrics pronounced upon the philanthropic and cosmopolitan spirit deemed to be so substantial and real, but which turned out to be but a phantom of the philosopher's brain and the optimist's prophetic vision; to confess that we had made but poor use of the light which history, rightly read, throws upon the stage of international politics, that the lofty sentiments of poets and philosophers had been thrown away upon a sordid and grovelling people. We have no intention thus to malign our own time. We believe in the spirit of fraternity, of which there are many evidences to be found in the dealings of the Christian nations with one another. Above all we believe in the good sense, the stability, the vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race; and we much mistake if the present complications in international relations do not strengthen the hold of the Anglo-Saxon race both in America and in Africa.

The South African problem will be settled amicably, and all the world will be given to understand that Britain's right there is not open to question. Her position and intentions there will be made clear. All will be compelled to recognize that South Africa is hers, to be obtained, not by conquest and suppression, but by the advance of her legitimate boundaries as population naturally increases and pushes out into the yet undeveloped regions around, where it will be followed by free British institutions.

The Venezuelan difficulty should result in the acknowledgement, by the United States, that the claims put forward of suzerainty in the Americas, based upon the Monroe doctrine, have been ill advised and are not necessary to the peace and security of that country. South America, with certain limitations and restrictions, will be open to European

(that means Teutonic) capital and labour, with the same freedom accorded to them in the great Republic itself. The jealousies of Americans and Englishmen will be forgotten and the 20th century will begin a new era of progress for the Anglo-Saxon race. Yea, can I not use the broader term and say, for the Teutonic races of the globe.

If it is faith that makes men firm and unyielding in the face of opposition, do we not to-day need a strong faith in the possibilities for nobleness latent in mankind, needing only favourable circumstances to be brought to light? And could we go forward into the future with any better faith than this, that the natural intelligence of the Teutonic peoples will, ere long, reveal to them that in their unity lies the hope of the world!

VATES.

Pictou, Nova Scotia, Jan. 24th, 1896.

## THE PORT OF ST. JOHN.

SIR,—When in Toronto and Montreal recently I heard it repeatedly declared that the harbour of St. John is not safe owing to the frequent presence of fog. Will you allow me to state, for the benefit of your numerous readers, that less than four days of fog to each month has been the average for the past twenty-eight years. I have before me a recent Report of the St. John Board of Trade on the Navigation of the Bay of Fundy, and the character of St. John Harbour. In this report it is shown by statistics, carefully compiled, in part from material long in possession of the Dominion Government, that the Port of St. John is not only one of the safest, but actually the safest port, summer and winter, north of Cape Hatteras. If the good people of Ontario and Quebec knew a little more about the Maritime Provinces it would not hurt them.

L. K. R.

St. John, New Brunswick, Jan. 25th, 1896.

## AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

SIR,—I have been much surprised that your timely and valuable suggestion that low-class American newspapers and other publications should be taxed—so that some check may be given to the flow of trash which daily pours into Canada from the United States—has not been taken up by the press of the country. I saw that the Toronto Globe tried to ridicule the idea, but I happen to know for a fact that there is a very strong feeling amongst newspaper men in Ontario in favour of shutting out the scum-papers of the Republic. And this feeling is by no means confined to pressmen. The bad influence of the low-class journals of the United States is frequently the subject of conversation amongst our people. The taste of the rising generation is being utterly destroyed and their judgments led astray by these publications. They are filled with everything but what is conducive to cultivating good sense and a knowledge of what is right and wrong. They are animated and controlled by ideas essentially anti-British. The attention of the Government should be drawn to the matter. I hope for the sake of all that is best and purest in Canadian life that THE WEEK will not allow the subject to be dropped.

C. S. H.

St. Thomas, Ont., Jan. 26th, 1896.

## CHURCH TICKETS.

SIR,—There have been several fashionable weddings in Toronto of late when admission to the church in which the ceremony was performed could only be obtained, apart from the invited guests, by those possessed of tickets. There is something very objectionable in the issuing of tickets of admission to churches, to consecrated buildings set apart for the worship and service of God. It is also very vulgar, and the practice of it by our "smart" set will not make it any the less vulgar. At a great display wedding the other day at St. James' Cathedral admission was by ticket and there were several policemen acting as door-keepers. I quite admit the difficulty of dealing with the crowds of empty-headed women and girls who rush to the church to gape and stare at people they never knew and possibly never saw before. But tickets and policemen combined smack of the play-house and museum, the race-track and the circus. It is true that a "fashionable" wedding now-a-days is more a show than a religious ceremony—very much more,—but do not let us make it worse by issuing tickets and manning the doors with policemen. This may appear very high and mighty and great but vulgarity is writ large all over it from beginning to end.

JOHN SMITH.

Toronto, Jan. 29th, 1896.

## AN OBJECT-LESSON.

SIR,—Be kind enough to allow me space in your valuable journal to draw attention to the great object-lesson we had last week in Toronto in the destruction of telegraph and telephone poles and the consequent breaking and confusion of the wires strung thereon. Not a winter passes that these services are not disorganized at least once during the season by snow and wind. Thousands of dollars have been lost as a result of the wrecks caused by last week's storm. Had the wires been placed underground as they should have been we would have been spared this loss and the immense inconveniences caused by the means of communication being stopped for several days. It is high time the poles were swept away and every wire used in the city put under ground. We have had several warnings. The next one may be even worse than the last.

Toronto, Jan. 28th, 1896.

EDGAR EDGILL.

## MR. CLEVELAND'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

SIR,—It is agreed by the majority of the leading American journals that Great Britain is in the right as regards Venezuela. The New York Nation, their leading literary-political weekly, has cited authorities, thoroughly proving such to be the case; anyway the trouble only concerns England and Venezuela. Mr. Chauncey Depew—one of their greatest financial authorities—calculates that directly and indirectly the losses caused by what the Nation calls the "criminal folly" of the President, will amount to hundreds of millions of dollars. In addition to all immediate and visible losses, we must bear in mind the cancellation or postponement of proposed undertakings and investments. All agree that his action will for years to come lessen the flow of European capital into the States.

In the stocks of 38 American railways and other companies (taken at random) the average fall in four days was 9%. These depreciations—extending to all other stocks and business transactions—must have ruined hundreds, half-ruined thousands, and caused great losses to millions. Practically there is now no danger of war, but the question arises, who is to indemnify those American citizens thus wantonly sacrificed in order that Mr. Cleveland should be nominated for a third term? It is generally admitted that his attempt to embroil the two nations was caused by his wish to become President for the third time. I do not believe that he personally made money on the stock exchange, but probably political wire-pullers and others did; those behind the scenes, aware of the forthcoming bolt out of the blue, could have made enormous sums.

Why should Mr. Cleveland escape Scot-free? As you have subscribers in the States, I suggest that it would make future war between the two countries impossible, if some patriotic American citizens organized a movement that—so far as his means go—he should indemnify his wantonly injured fellow-citizens. Practically no justice could be looked for, but if his dishonourable conduct was persistently brought to his notice—backed by careful calculations of the actual losses sustained by Americans, he would be made to feel a little of the suffering that he has wantonly inflicted upon numbers of his fellow-citizens. With such an object-lesson before them, no future President would imitate his conduct. If Madison's action in 1812—in bringing about that war—had been thus dealt with, a great deal of the friction between the two countries during the last seventy years would have been avoided. Mr. Cleveland's position was, and is, "heads I win, and tails, I only lose character;" but this does not satisfy justice.

We read, in descriptions of old-time sieges, of storming assailants crossing the ditch to the breaches over the dead bodies of their friends; Mr. Cleveland has done with his fellow-citizens that which bygone commanders have done in semi-civilized warfare; but in his case the breach will not be won.

If American public opinion were thus brought to bear upon him, it would directly and indirectly do more towards preserving future peace than all that the various Peace Societies have done. Future presidents ought to be taught that American citizens are not dice to be thrown by political gamblers. This would make a good subject for a capable cartoonist.

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## Personal.

Lord Leighton has bequeathed his Kensington house in trust for the use of future presidents of the Royal Academy.

Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. George Murray were nominated on Tuesday for the vacant seat in the Commons for Cape Breton.

In the Charlevoix election on Monday last Mr. Angers, the Liberal candidate, was elected over Mr. Cimon, the Government standard-bearer, by more than two hundred votes.

Wednesday's Toronto Globe contained a most stirring letter from Principal Grant, of Queen's University, urging the raising of a fund in Canada for the relief of Christians in Armenia.

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Military Institute, held on Monday night at Toronto, Lieut. Col. Mason was re-elected president of the Institute. The annual report was considered to be most satisfactory.

Archbishop Lewis of Ontario, Primate of the Anglican Church of Canada, has cabled a message of sympathy with the Queen and Princess Beatrice in their recent bereavement, and has received an acknowledgment of the message.

The change in the British Embassy is talked about in the diplomatic corps at Paris just now. Sir Philip Currie is spoken of as Lord Dufferin's probable successor. There have been but three British Ambassadors in Paris during forty years.

Mr. Duncan Scott, chief clerk of the Department of Indian Affairs, has been appointed to the position of secretary of the department, a new office which is created now for the first time. We extend to Mr. Duncan Scott our best congratulations on his promotion, and hope it will not interfere with his literary pursuits.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Board of Trade on Tuesday Mr. Stapleton Caldecott, the retiring president, reviewed the condition of trade in Canada during the past year. He alluded to the gradual recovery from the depression of the years 1893 and 1894, and congratulated the Board on the better business outlook for the current year. The new president, Mr. E. B. Osler, made a hopeful address on assuming office.

Professor Huxley's biography is being prepared by his son, Leonard Huxley.

In the United States Senate on Wednesday Mr. Tillman denounced in scathing terms President Cleveland for his money policy, saying that he had sold himself to a gold ring.

The Right Hon. Hugh Childers, the English Liberal statesman, formerly First Lord of the Admiralty and Chancellor of the Exchequer, died on Wednesday. He was sixty-nine years of age.

The result of the most spirited contest in the history of the Montreal Board of Trade was the election on Wednesday of Mr. Robert Bickerdike as president over Mr. James A. Cantile, the retiring president, by 102 majority.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is understood to have been for some time engaged upon a couple of works—the one dealing with a great figure in the history of the age and to which the Marquis of Dufferin, British Ambassador at Paris, will contribute a Preface; the other treating of an international question of great importance. The former will not be published until late in the year; the latter will be issued in a couple of months by the Bradley, Garritson Co'y, of Brantford and Toronto, who have published Mr. Hopkins's career of Sir John Thompson and Mr. Gladstone with such marked success.

A meeting was held at the Toronto Canadian Institute, at which the preliminary steps were taken for the organization of a Citizens' Committee to make preparations for the visit of the British Association to Toronto in September, 1897. Professor A. B. Macallum presided, and there was a large attendance of representative citizens. The committee entrusted with the duty of drawing up a scheme of organization presented a report, in which they recommended the formation of a Citizens' Committee, to consist of ten special committees and an Executive Committee. The report was adopted, and the organization of the committees will be pushed forward.

## Literary Notes.

Charles Dana Gibson showed his art instinct almost in his babyhood. When he was eight years of age he amused himself cutting silhouettes from paper with scissors. These were so spirited that they astonished his friends and even attracted the attention of art critics. In the February St. Nicholas Christine Terhune Herrick tells of Mr. Gibson's boyish work, and there are reproductions of many of his remarkable paper figures.

Macmillan & Co. announce a work on "Social Interpretations of the Principles of Mental Development," by J. Mark Baldwin, M.A., Ph.D., Stuart Professor of Psychology in Princeton University, and author of "Mental Development in the Child and the Race." They also announce "An Outline of Psychology," by Edward Bradford Titchener, A.M., Ph.D., Sage Professor of Psychology at the Cornell University. Co-editor of Mind and of the American Journal of Psychology. The aim of this volume is to present in brief outline the methods and most important results of experimental psychology.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a genuine sensation in store for her readers. It will be a novel, but readers of her former novels would never be able to guess the character and contents of it, so complete and distinct a departure is it from anything that has heretofore appeared from her pen. It began in the author's mind originally as a short story, but it took such a firm hold upon her in the course of writing that it quickly developed into a full novel. It will be called "A Lady of Quality; being a most curious, hitherto unknown history, as related by Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, but not presented to the world of fashion through the pages of the Tatler." The story is laid in the time of Queen Anne, and presents a vivid and frank picture of the time, and, like "Henry Esmond," is written in the style of the period. It will be published shortly by the Scribners.

## A Light Keeper's Story.

HIS WIFE WAS A FEARFUL SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM.

Her Joints Were Swollen and Distorted Her Nights Almost Sleepless and Her Appetite Gone—Suffered for Several Years Before Relief was Found. From the Kingston News.

Mr. Hugh McLaren, lighthouse keeper on Wolfe Island, is one of the best known men in this section, and to his vigilance in the performance of his duties is due the safety of the many crafts sailing in that part of the St. Lawrence. Mrs. McLaren, his wife, has been an invalid for a number of years, and in conversation with a reporter recently, Mr. McLaren stated that she was rapidly regaining her old-time health under the treatment of that most marvellous of modern medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Asked if he had any objections to giving the particulars, Mr. McLaren replied that emphatically he had not if such publication was likely to benefit any other sufferer. He said: "A number of years ago my wife contracted rheumatism, and for a



considerable time was a helpless invalid. Her joints were swollen and distorted; her nights were sleepless and her appetite poor and very fickle. During those years she experienced excruciating tortures, the pain never ceasing day or night. She had the benefit of skilled medical advice but the treatment afforded no relief, and we began to fear that her trouble had gone beyond human aid. On a number of occasions I had read in the papers of cases of rheumatism being cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this at last determined us to give them a trial. She had used some three boxes before any improvement was noticed; and then we began to note that she slept better and that her appetite was improved. Then the pains gradually began to subside, and after using about a dozen boxes she was able to get up and walk about. She continued the use of the pills for a while longer, and although occasionally she feels twinges of the trouble in changeable weather, she now enjoys better health than she has done for years, and can sleep as soundly as ever she did in her life, while her appetite never was better. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a wonderful medicine, for I know they have done wonders in my wife's case, and I feel certain that if any who are afflicted as she was will give them a good trial, equally happy results will follow, and I therefore give this testimony freely, hoping it will benefit some other sufferer."

Mr. McLaren's strong testimony proves the claim made that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail, and that they deserve to rank as the greatest discovery of modern medical science. The public should always be on their guard against imitations and substitutes, which some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of extra profit, urge upon purchasers. There is no other remedy "just the same as" or "just as good" as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the genuine always have the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box.

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**Periodicals.**

The current number of The Fortnightly Review contains an interesting article on the late Matthew Arnold by Mr John Bailey. Mr. Bailey is disappointed with the lately published letter of the poet and critic which Mr. G. W. E. Russell has collected and given to the world and which have been published in New York by Messrs Macmillan and Co. Mr. Bailey says the letters are mostly very ordinary, but they will be widely read, as the only record which is to be given to the public of the life of a man who was one of the greatest influences of his time. Matthew Arnold is one of the half-dozen great names which the last half century has added to English literature. Madame Van de Velda writes of Alexander Dumas fils and his plays. Madame remarks that the author of "La Dame aux Camelias" must hold as unique a place as the author of "Les Trois Mousquetaires." Major Seaver, F.R.S., contributes the second instalment to his valuable and timely paper on "Boer, Briton, and Afrikaner in the Transvaal." He believes that the Transvaal will soon be brought within the orbit of the Customs Union, as now existing between the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State, and that the vast area from Tanganyika on the north to Capetown on the south, and from Delagoa Bay on the east to Damasaland on the west will by-and-by form a South African Federation under the aegis of Imperial British suzerainty and under one flag. Amongst other articles of interest are "Socialism at Home and Abroad" by Mr. H. G. Keene, C. I. E., and "The Sultan and his Priests" by Mr. Richard Davey.

The January Contemporary Review contains a passionate appeal by Mr. E. J. Dillon for immediate active interference to put an end to the atrocities in Armenia. Hon. H. Howard gives a most interesting account of his experience with the insurgents in Cuba. Mr. Macnamara writes ably of Religious Teaching in Schools. Mr. Gosse contributes a eulogistic memoir of the late Lord de Tabley. Sir E. Russell has a cheerful article on the "Liberal New Year." Mr. W. H. Mallock contributes a second article on "Physics and Sociology," and Herbert Spencer discusses "Architects."

The Nineteenth Century for January contains two notable articles on the Venezuelan boundary question which we noticed in our editorial columns. Mr. James Long discusses the important question, "Can the Empire feed its People?" It is obvious that the only answer to this query is a big emphatic Yes. Mr. Leslie Stephen replies to Mr. Gladstone's defense of Bishop Butler; and Professor Salmonè sets forth the views and objects of the "Young Turkey" party. Other contributors are Ouida, Prince Kropotkin, Rev. Dr. Jessopp, Rev. Guinness Rogers, and Sir A. We st.

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When I dine;  
And you have no irritating  
Way of keeping people waiting,  
And your smile is captivating,  
I opine.

You are always dressed so nicely,  
O Fraulein!  
All my feelings so precisely  
You Divine;  
That from soup to *tutti-frutti*  
You're acquainted with your duty;  
And utility with beauty  
You combine.

You are skilled in fancy cooking,  
O Fraulein!  
You're the maid for whom I'm looking  
For my shrine.  
Tho' I have not wealth nor title,  
Prithee, list to my recital;  
Give my fond love some requital,  
Oh, be mine?

So you actually are laughing,  
And decline?  
And my sentiment you're chaffing,  
And say, "Nem?"  
At his proffered love you laugh, eh?  
What! you are a better half, eh?  
Of the man who keeps this café?  
O Fraulien!!

The Century Co. has arranged with General Horace Porter for the publication in The Century Magazine of his personal reminiscences of General Grant during the war.

Anthony Hope has been called by George Meredith a "Master of modern dialogue," and this estimate finds amazing and delightful confirmation in a new volume of stories about to be published by the Scribner's under the attractive title of "Comedies of Courtship."

The contributions in the February Atlantic which will attract perhaps the widest attention is an able paper entitled The Presidency and Mr. Reed. It is a thoughtful presentation of the requirements of the presidential office and a discussion of Mr. Reed's fitness for it. It is the first of a promised series upon the issues and some of the personalities of the forthcoming campaign.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for immediate publication "Regeneration: a Reply to Max Nordau." With introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy, Ethics, and Psychology in Columbia College in the city of New York. This work, which is by an author who prefers, for the present, at least, to remain anonymous, is a vigorous and trenchant analysis of the morbid and exaggerated pessimism of Nordau's sensational treatise.

Toronto is soon to possess yet another illustrated periodical. Tarot is the name of the new venture, and it will be similar in form and aim to the Chap Book. Amongst the contributors to the first number, which will be published early in February, are Prof. Mavor, Mr. A. J. Cleare, Mr. Carl Ahrens, Mr. J. C. Innes, and Mr. C. B. Watkins, Miss Harriet Ford and Messrs. Ahrens and Innes will do the illustrating for the number. We wish the new enterprise every success.

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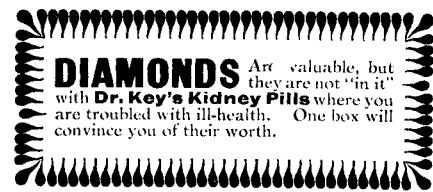
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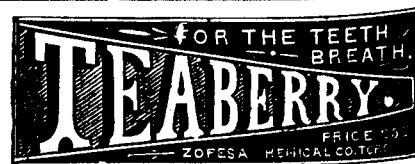
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CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

## The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.  
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.  
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.  
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.  
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.  
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.  
Slocum's EMULSION is for sale by all reliable Chemists.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.  
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.  
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.  
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.  
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.  
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.  
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York St. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.  
A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.  
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.  
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.  
Octavius Newcombe & Co. Wareroom, 107-9 Church St. Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.  
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuators, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
- Stocks & Bonds** { Æmilus Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.  
H. O'Hara & Co. Member Toronto Stock Exchange. Stock & Debenture Brokers, 24 Toronto St.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.
- Undertakers** { T. W. Kay & A. M. Craig. Embalming a specialty. 1265 and 529 Queen Street West.

**THE WEEK**

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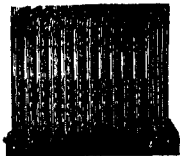
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