

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year
Vol. VII., No. 7.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17th, 1890.

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The following valuable freehold property, situated on the north side of Richmond Street, near York Street, in the City of Toronto, containing by admeasurement one-tenth of an acre, being part of Lot number 8, on the north side of Richmond Street, formerly Hospital Street, in the said City, commencing in front of the said Lot number 8, on the north side of Richmond Street, at a distance of about sixty-six feet from the south-west angle of Lot number 8; then north sixteen degrees west one hundred feet more or less to the centre of the said Lot; thence north seventy-four degrees east, thirty-eight and one-half feet more or less to a certain plot or portion of said Lot, formerly belonging to Joseph Maitland; thence south sixteen degrees east, one hundred feet more or less to Richmond Street; thence along Richmond Street thirty-eight feet and one-half, more or less to the place of beginning. Upon the property is situated a frame chapel, known as Richmond Street Coloured Wesleyan Methodist Church.

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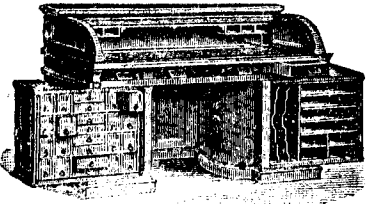
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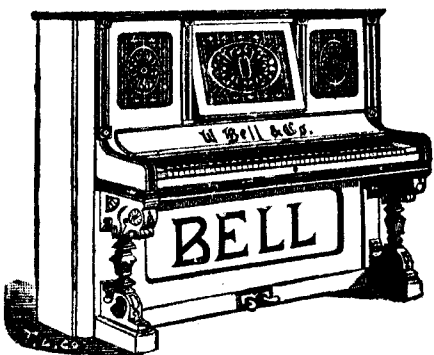
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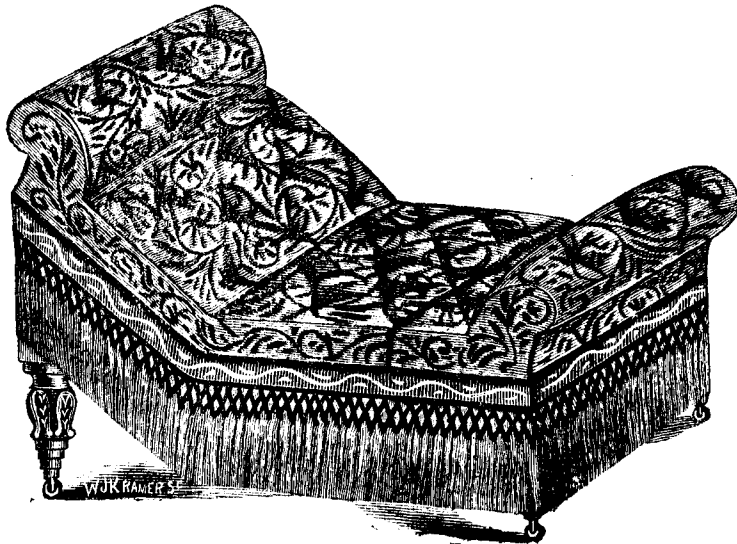


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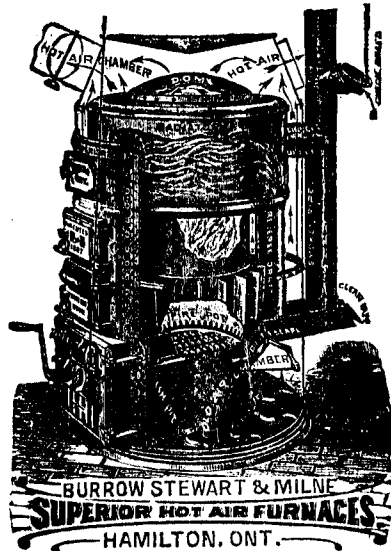


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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

"SOME aspects of Imperial Federation" was the topic of a very able and interesting address delivered by Mr. Granville C. Cunningham, before the annual meeting of the Toronto branch of the Imperial Federation League, on the evening of Thursday, the 9th inst. The courage and candour with which Mr. Cunningham presented and faced the tremendous difficulties to be overcome before the grand scheme which he so clearly outlined can be realized, are worthy of all praise. "However great," said he, "the difficulties may be in the way, the federation of the British empire can be lasting and permanent only if her political system accords complete autonomy in local affairs with due representation in imperial affairs." He added, with obvious truth, that the difficulties in the way are very great and that those difficulties lie in England rather than in the Colonies. In the course of the discussion which followed Mr. Cunningham's address it was argued that some scheme of imperial unity might be brought about without the adoption of the federal system for Great Britain and Ireland. But most minds which address themselves fairly to the problem will, we think, reach Mr. Cunningham's conclusion, that a reconstruction of the present parliamentary system of the British islands, on a federal basis, would be an indispensable first step in the direction of any stable and satisfactory federation of the Empire. We are not of the number of those who scout the idea of such a change in the British home government as utterly beyond the pale of possibility. On the contrary, we quite agree with Mr. Cunningham that, notwithstanding the intense conservatism of the British mind in the aggregate, and, notwithstanding the deep-seated reverence with which it regards those grand Parliamentary institutions which are the growth of centuries, the trend of opinions and of events in Great Britain in the direction of home federation is at present marked and unmistakable. In fact the thin edge of the wedge is now fairly inserted. Rather should we say the thin edges of several wedges are already inserted, and the immense weight of neglected but needed legislation, constantly accumulating, is pressing them home. The most serious difficulty that presents itself from this point of view is the inevitable delay. The "proverbial slowness" with which the English always move in such matters relegates the change to a future so distant that it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether

either Canada or Australia could afford to wait for it, even were the consummation one devoutly to be wished in every other respect.

HOPE deferred has, it will be admitted, as enervating an effect upon a people as upon an individual. If it be true, as Mr. Cunningham admits, that we Canadians feel that we have outgrown our colonial position and are aspiring to the dignity and responsibility of full national life, is it wise or reasonable to ask us to relegate our hope to the uncertain issues of a somewhat dim and admittedly distant future? The answer to this question will depend, no doubt, upon conditions. The most obvious of these conditions is the attractiveness of the alternative way or ways which may promise to lead more speedily to the goal. Closely connected with this will be the question of the comparative superiority and certainty of the advantages to result from the proposed federation when at length it shall have become attainable. It would be absurd to attempt to discuss either of these questions in a paragraph. We can but indicate in a word one or two directions in which we should be disposed to look had we time and space for adequate discussion. Annexation we decline to consider as a practical question. Mr. Cunningham dismisses the idea of Independence on the ground that it would give us a weak nation existing mainly upon the sufferance of a powerful neighbour. This argument from timidity will scarcely satisfy the self-reliant Canadian, and it conveys an imputation against our powerful neighbour that is perhaps scarcely deserved. It loses sight of the fact that the United States, if disposed to be hostile, could almost as effectually block Imperial Federation, so far as Canada is concerned, as she could destroy Canadian Independence, and would be much more likely to do so. Above all it ignores the belief, which is one of the chief articles in the creed of the advocates of Independence, that, under the impulse of national life, Canada's great resources would be so rapidly developed, and her sparse population so strongly reinforced, that she would in a short time be no longer weak. Turning, on the other hand, to the grand picture Mr. Cunningham and others delight to paint of the growth and greatness of Canadian commerce under Imperial Federation, the argument fails at the crucial point, in that it gives no sufficient cause why Canada's trade with Great Britain and her colonies should be so much increased by the proposed change. The thing most necessary to a trading community, says Mr. Cunningham, is that "it shall be safe, secure from molestation and free to come and go." But is not all this as true of Canada to-day as a British colony as it could possibly be under any other relation to the mother country? What, then, stands in the way of this great development of Canadian trade with Britain? Would not precisely the same obstacle, whatever it may be, exist after the federation as before? In a word, in giving up, as Mr. Cunningham tacitly does, the visionary hope of a preferential tariff in favour of the outlying parts of the proposed federation, does he not virtually surrender the one "material advantage" derivable from the proposed change?

THAT philosophical problems are problems of human life; that the effects of philosophy on life are, in a general way, and when historically interpreted, a legitimate test of the truth or falsity of a philosophical doctrine or system; these are the primary propositions which Professor Baldwin ventured to maintain in his inaugural lecture on Saturday afternoon. They are bold and comprehensive propositions for these days when so much of what passes as the higher, or at least the truer, thinking oscillates between Positivism and Agnosticism. That they were maintained with a logical grasp and clearness which in themselves go far to vindicate, not only directly the place and use of philosophy as an essential element in sound academic culture, but also indirectly the wisdom of the University authorities in their choice of a successor to the late lamented Professor Young, must, we think, be admitted by all impartial listeners, whatever their personal opinions upon the primary propositions themselves. For our own part we can but congratulate Professor Baldwin on his masterly handling of a most difficult but most important theme; and at the same time congratulate the

present and future students of Toronto University on their privilege of regular lecture-room contact for a term of years with the author of this admirable prelection. It was time that the barren and mischievous notion that the use of philosophy proper in a college course consists simply in the mental exercise, the practice in fine intellectual fencing, which it affords, a notion which has for its corollary that for this use one set of opinions is about as good as another—it was time that such a notion should be boldly challenged. If Professor Baldwin has not shewn that Philosophy stands in vital relation both to truth or knowledge, and to conduct, he has at least intimated pretty clearly the lines along which such demonstration may be sought and found. He did well, too, while clearly holding that in order to accomplish his true work in education the instructor in Philosophy must be alive to the essential conditions of progress in each of the great departments of learning, to intimate as clearly that if mind is as real an existence as sense, its phenomena are as well worth studying, and as reliable, as material for scientific induction. The friends of Toronto University have good reason to infer from this address that this important department of instruction is in good hands. If Professor Baldwin's teaching power is equal to his power of thought and expression, and if we may accept a single essay as a key to the latter, we may safely predict that the subject of metaphysics will lose none of its old time popularity in the Provincial University.

ONE of our correspondents, in the discussion of the Manitoba Separate Schools question, said that we "appear to have forgotten that the Manitoba Act is of the nature of a treaty or contract, and that there are at least two sides to it." Writing somewhat hastily last week, we misinterpreted the sentence as referring to the Act of the Manitoba Legislature establishing Separate Schools. The real reference, it is clear on a second reading, is to the Act of the Dominion Parliament by which Manitoba was constituted a Province and admitted into the Confederation. That this Act was to some extent the outcome of a series of conferences held between certain delegates representing or claiming to represent the short-lived Provincial Government of the Red River country and the Dominion Government is beyond question. Admitting for argument's sake that the said Provisional Government had authority to represent the sparse population at that time in the country, and that the delegates to Ottawa correctly represented that Government in the framing of the agreement which was the basis of the Manitoba Act, the broad question would still remain of the right of a few settlers in a large unoccupied territory to enter into a compact binding the future inhabitants of that territory, though nine-tenths of those future inhabitants might have quite different ideas as to what was expedient in the various matters dealt with in the agreement. There would remain, also, the related, but broader, question of the right of even the Dominion Government and the British Parliament to impose an unalterable constitution upon a people entitled to local self-rule as a Province of a virtually autonomous Confederation. As we have before intimated, it appears to us extremely doubtful if the people of either a Province or a Dominion can be properly regarded as a free people, so long as they are held bound by the provisions of constitutional Acts which they have no power to alter or amend. But the particular question under discussion—viz., that of the alleged compact embodied in the Manitoba Act—has now entered a new and remarkable phase. Our correspondent, in the sentence above quoted, had no doubt in mind the Bill of Rights which Archbishop Taché published a few weeks since, as having been presented by the delegates from the Red River country in 1870, and as having been made the basis of negotiation in framing the Manitoba Act. Professor Bryce, of Manitoba University, now comes boldly forward with the astounding statement that the original and only authentic Bill of Rights prepared by the Council of the Provisional Government contains no stipulation in regard to Separate Schools or the distribution of public money for the schools among the different religious denominations. Pending the answer of Archbishop Taché to this very serious charge, it seems but proper to leave the question in abeyance. It is incredible

that, as seems to be insinuated, a fictitious Bill of Rights could have been substituted by the delegates for that given them by the Council of the Provisional Government. Nothing but the clearest demonstrative evidence could justify such a supposition. It is now evident that several Bills of Rights were prepared by different parties claiming to represent the Red River people, and that the first draft prepared—that of which the original is in the keeping of the Society represented by Professor Bryce—was materially changed before being submitted by the delegates, by what right or authority remains to be seen. We await more light.

THE letter of the Hon. H. G. Joly, which recently appeared in the *Montreal Witness*, on the religious and racial agitations now going on in Ontario and Quebec, is an important though, perhaps, rather tardy contribution to the discussion. The eminently judicial tone of Mr. Joly's communication, its political sagacity, and the weight of the writer's personal influence, all combine to prompt the wish that the writer had put his views before the public at an earlier stage of the controversy. Perhaps, however, it may not yet be too late for the more fair-minded among the agitators to pause and re-consider the question of the Jesuits' Estates Bill on its merits. Mr. Joly firmly believes that the nature of that Bill is not well understood by those who condemn it so absolutely. In justifying this opinion he points out several features of the Bill which he thinks are being continually though not intentionally misrepresented. The views he expresses may not be absolutely new, but they come with new and exceptional force from the pen of the veteran French-Canadian statesman. Most of them are, in substance, the same which have been from time to time presented in these columns. He asks, for instance, why the opponents of the Bill should constantly represent the payment of the \$400,000 as an endowment instead of calling it what it really is, the settlement of a long-pending claim. "It is perfectly fair," says Mr. Joly, "to attack the validity of the claim, but the existence of the claim ought not to be ignored." He also argues that it is a misstatement to say that the property in question was confiscated. If it had been confiscated by the crown for some political offence, the affair would have a very different aspect. But, as a matter of fact, the property originally became vested in the crown by the law of escheat, in consequence of the suppression of the Jesuits by the Pope, and not by any law or act of confiscation. In regard to the introduction of the name of the Pope so freely into the preamble, Mr. Joly is still more emphatic. "Had I been," he says, "a member of the Legislature at the time, if the name of the Pope and his consent to the settlement had been omitted, I would have insisted upon their being entered into the bill before allowing it to pass." He would have done this on the obvious legal ground that, just as in a bargain with any commercial or other corporation, the contract, in order to be legally binding, must have the sanction of the proper authorities, so it would have been an inexcusable oversight to neglect obtaining the sanction of the supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church, the Pope, without which no settlement could be considered as final. Mr. Joly even intimates that, from the legal point of view, a great portion of the contents of the preamble, "which appears, at first sight, either out of place and objectionable, or superfluous," should rather be regarded "as evidence of the minute precautions taken to secure a valid and final discharge and settlement for the Province of Quebec." Though Mr. Joly is not oblivious to the fact that the majority in the Province of Quebec have given their friends of other origin and creed fair grounds for suspicion, it may be questioned whether he fully apprehends the divisive and dangerous nature of the Nationalist movement among his fellow-countrymen, or realizes the extent to which the Equal Rights agitation is a counter-blast to that movement. It is greatly to be desired that Mr. Joly and others like-minded amongst French-Canadian leaders could bring their fellow-countrymen to see clearly that, so long as any influential portion of the people of French origin continue to cherish the dream of an independent French nationality on Canadian soil, so long there can be no return to the confidence and good-fellowship essential to the unity and concord Mr. Joly so ardently desires.

IF newspaper reports touching negotiations said to be in progress, on behalf of an English syndicate, aiming to secure control of the wholesale grocery trade of Canada, be confirmed, the time is evidently near when some decisive steps will need to be taken to determine the status of the

"Trust" in Canada. The idea of permitting this immense business to be brought under the management of a monopoly, on the tender mercies of which the whole population of Canada would thereafter be dependent for these commonest necessities of life, is intolerable. We cannot suppose that the people would submit to anything of the kind. At the same time, as we have on former occasions pointed out, there is another side to the Trust discussion which is well worthy of more consideration than it has yet received. It is undoubtedly true that a strong syndicate, representing capitalists of undoubted standing and ample resources, would be able to procure the vast amount of capital required for carrying on the business at very much lower rates than at present prevail. It is equally true that the present competitive methods are clumsy and enormously wasteful. Unity of management would be able to effect a very great saving in these two directions, to say nothing of other advantages. If by some means this saving could be effected in such a way that the consumers, whose interests should be the first and ruling consideration, could be assured of the benefit, in the shape of reduced prices, the change would be in the right direction, and worthy of the intelligence of the age. But if such a consummation is utterly visionary, it is evident that the sooner decisive measures are taken to protect the interests of the people against selfish monopolies the better. Even from the point of view of the optimist, who looks forward to a radical reform of the present competitive system in trade, and expects to see it superseded by one more rational and less wasteful, it is quite possible that to place a decided and effective check upon the operations of selfish monopolists may be a necessary first step. This seems likely to be done in the United States. The proceedings against the Sugar Trust are being pushed with great vigour and thus far with success. Another step has just now been taken. The Receiver of the North Sugar Refining Company has filed a petition in the Supreme Court for an injunction restraining the companies and individuals cited as members of the Trust from making any further payments out of the assets of the co-partnership to any persons under the guise of dividends, or from otherwise disposing of the assets of the co-partnership. This petition is a consequence of the unfavourable decisions already pronounced against the Trust. Its effect, if granted, as it probably will be, will be to prevent the various holders of the certificates of the Trust from receiving any returns pending the decision of an action for dissolution of partnership. These certificates, which were received in lieu of the stock surrendered by the various companies and stockholders to the Trust, have, it has already been decided, no legal value. It is thought probable that other adverse decisions will shortly be given in cases now pending, and that the next step will be to "wind up" the business, sell the refinery property under the hammer, and lodge the proceeds with the Court for distribution to the rightful owners, when these are legally ascertained.

IT is never safe to judge of the ultimate results of new inventions from the first experimental applications. The *Spectator* thinks that though such vessels as the *Gymnote*, which on the 22nd of December plunged under the waters of the harbour of Toulon until it became invisible, and then traversed and retraversed the harbour, guided and controlled by the crew of four men on board, may be used for a variety of purposes, such as submarine exploration and the rescue of submerged treasure, they do not as yet promise much aid in the art of destruction. Most persons will, we think, deem such a conclusion exceedingly rash. It may or may not be that the *Gymnote*, "if used as a ram," as Jules Verne suggested, "would crush her crew as well as the enemy," but it by no means follows that she could not, in many ways less hazardous to her occupants and manipulators, accomplish destructive results. It would certainly add a new and untold terror to the dangers of marine warfare, if the crews of an attacking squadron were to realize that, for all they could know to the contrary, a gigantic "electric eel," half a hundred feet in length and well supplied with the tremendous forces which modern science knows so well how to bottle up and let loose at will in volcanic explosions, might be at any moment moving beneath their keels. It is pretty safe to say that to perfect the invention of such a submarine vessel capable of being propelled and intelligently guided under water, with safety to its crew, would go far to revolutionize modern marine warfare and render the navies now equipped at fabulous cost comparatively useless. It is doubtful whether steel-clad steamships, and torpedo boats and dynamite guns, and other modern de-

vices, would not all dwindle into insignificance in the presence of such a submarine monster.

THE litigation now being carried on in the New York Courts, to test the legality of the Act providing for execution by electricity instead of by hanging, has advanced a stage. In the action taken to inhibit the use of the proposed method on the ground that it would be "cruel and unusual," the judge before whom the case was first brought decided that there is at present no judicial knowledge that death by electricity is so prolonged and painful as to justify the courts in holding it to be a "cruel and unusual" mode of punishment. That decision has now been affirmed by a General Term of the New York Supreme Court. The judgment of the latter court was that although the method now prescribed by law was in a sense unusual, there was no common knowledge that it is cruel. As a matter of fact the evidence attainable all pointed the other way. It is understood that there will be an appeal from this decision, but it is thought that it will be sustained by the court of last resort. In that case the result of the first application of the new agency for inflicting capital punishment will be awaited with an interest far deeper than that of mere curiosity. If capital punishment is necessary to the protection of society and the well-being of the State, it is high time modern civilization and science had found some less revolting mode of inflicting it, than by the old process of hanging. This method of ridding the world of those who have forfeited the right to live is peculiarly shocking at the best, and when bunglingly performed, as seems to be now almost the rule, becomes horrible beyond description. This frequent bungling is really due to the natural reluctance of the officers who are actually responsible for carrying into effect the death sentence to have anything to do personally with its infliction. Hence the painful task has to be entrusted to such agents as are procurable for such a purpose, and these are, naturally enough, often seriously deficient in intelligence and skill. It is clear that if capital punishment is to be continued means must be found to have the final act of the tragedy performed by unconscious agents, and to make the personal act of the executioner as slight and indirect as possible. Thus the conditions of the problem seem almost to suggest electricity at once as the subtle force by whose agency the task of the operator may be reduced to the minimum, such as the mere touching of a button. If, as there seems every reason to expect, the electric current should prove to be a reliable and instantaneous means of causing death, its adoption in all civilized communities, where capital punishment is retained, will be certain and speedy.

WHETHER and to what extent a country which prides itself on having the freest institutions in the world, can justify itself in adopting measures designed to restrict immigration is, to say the least, a doubtful question. Theoretically it seems hard to defend such a course as consistent with genuine freedom of government. Still, to those familiar with the evils that have been produced in the United States as the result of the free admission of the pauper and criminal classes of the old world, it is not surprising that there is a popular outcry for restrictive legislation. Congress affirmed the principle involved when, some years ago, it passed the Anti-Chinese and Contract Labour Bills. This year a measure is to be brought before it, the object of which is to extend the principle of exclusion to certain classes of foreigners who certainly do make almost as undesirable citizens as the Celestials. This Bill, which is to be introduced by Congressman Oates, of Alabama, provides among other things, for the inspection of intending immigrants by American Consuls abroad—a plan which may perhaps prove feasible, though it certainly has its difficulties, and bids fair to make the positions of some of those consuls anything but sinecures. The Bill contains also some clauses intended to make more stringent the conditions under which aliens may become citizens of the United States. As to the wisdom and desirableness of some of the proposed restrictions there is little room for difference of opinion. Naturalization is to be refused to those who have been convicted of serious crime or misdemeanour, to those who cannot speak and read the English language, and to polygamists, anarchists, socialists and communists, and members of societies composed of such persons. These latter precautions may be to a certain extent necessary, but it must be admitted that to make an article of creed or membership of a society not necessarily treasonable a bar to nationalization is to introduce a somewhat doubtful if not dangerous principle into the national legislation. The

principle is doubtful, because of the difficulty or impossibility of drawing clear distinctions between harmless and dangerous societies and creeds. When once a departure is made from the sound maxim in legislation that a man is to be judged by his deeds, not his beliefs, personal freedom and the rights of conscience are menaced. There is, moreover, room for question whether the path of national safety does not lie in the direction of encouraging incomers to assume the responsibilities and enjoy the rights and privileges of citizenship, rather than in the opposite direction. The existence in any community of a considerable class of residents, who are not permitted to become citizens, can scarcely tend to internal peace and security.

THE providence that evolves good out of evil will, it may be believed, cause the recent brutal butchery of Siberian exiles by Russian soldiers and guardsmen, to result in at least some mitigation of the barbarous system of wholesale banishment to Siberia. The details of the slaughter, as furnished by a correspondent of the *London Times* from information communicated by survivors to friends of the exiles, almost surpass belief, yet have a verisimilitude which leaves little doubt in the mind of the reader of their substantial truthfulness. The prime mover in the affair seems to have been the incompetent or malicious Vice-Governor of Takoutsk, who issued a stupid or murderous order which required the exiles with their guards to set out on a journey of ten or fifteen days into the interior, across the frozen and uninhabited desert, under conditions which must have inevitably caused all to perish miserably on the way. The joint protests of the exiles against these impossible conditions were construed into an act of insurrection, and their subsequent hesitation to follow a police officer from the house to which they had been ordered to the government offices, when they had previously been distinctly forbidden to appear again at those offices, was quickly followed by a furious assault and indiscriminate slaughter by a troop of soldiers. All attempts at explanation were useless. In their frenzy a few who had revolvers for defence against wolves and other animals likely to attack them in the march resisted, and the Vice-Governor, an officer and a soldier were wounded. Of the total number of about thirty, including three or four friends who had come to visit the prisoners, six were killed, and nine wounded. The tragedy was fittingly wound up with a court-martial, instituted by order of the Governor of Eastern Siberia, General Ignatieff, brother of the celebrated diplomatist. The pretext for the court-martial was that the simultaneous presentation of thirty similar petitions against an official decree constituted an act of insurrection. No one was allowed to defend the prisoners. They were not even shewn the indictment against them. After what was, according to the account given, no better than a mock trial, three of the survivors were condemned to death, four to penal servitude for life, six for twenty years, four women to hard labour for fifteen years, and the rest to penal servitude for periods ranging from eight down to three years. One only, who had not been present till all was over, was acquitted. And these exiles, be it remembered, were not convicts. They had been proved guilty of no offence, had not even been arraigned before any court, but were simply banished as political suspects. Bernstein, one of the three condemned to death, had been pierced by four bullets in the massacre, and had been borne in his bed to the court-martial, and was conveyed in the same way to the gallows, where the sentence was carried out by placing the rope around his neck, and removing the bed from under him. A few moments before his execution he penned to his friends and comrades a letter full of lofty patriotism and an almost sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of right and freedom in his "poor, poor country." "Not an atom of force," said he, "is lost in this world. Therefore the life of a man cannot be lost." It may surely be hoped that there is truth in the report which represents the Czar as scandalized by the affair, and even disposed to consider seriously whether it pays to continue a despotic practice which leads to such horrors, and earns for his Government the reproaches of the civilized world.

AN interesting account is given in the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of December 7th of a completely worked out design which has lately been submitted to inspection for an ocean-going steamship which shall shorten the voyage to Europe to four days and twelve hours, or thereabouts. The principle upon which the designer works is to abandon the freight business entirely and carry only passengers, leaving the transportation of merchandise to slower boats. The *Journal* fully approves this departure and pronounces the designer's plans rational and the economical calculations reasonable as well.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN SCIENCE

ON the 21st of November the American Philosophical Society celebrated at Philadelphia the centenary of the occupation of its Hall by the oldest Scientific Society of the New World. It had for its first secretary, Franklin, and for its early members, Jefferson, Boersted, and others of the foremost men of the time. The Hall, which stands alongside of the relic venerated by Americans as the hall in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, is about to be demolished, along with other neighbouring buildings, so as to leave the one historic edifice to grace Independence Square; and this, with the recurrence of the centennial anniversary, led to the celebration, in which representatives from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Baltimore, Washington, and other American Universities, as well as from Toronto and the Royal Society of England, took part.

At the banquet which crowned the proceedings, special themes were assigned to the chosen speakers. To Sir Daniel Wilson, as the Canadian representative of Science and Letters, the following theme was apportioned; and we are now enabled to produce the address then delivered by him from proofs in advance of the printed report of the celebration now in preparation by the Society:—

"All Research into the Book of Nature has not Discovered an Erratum."

ADDRESS BY SIR DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Mr. President, and fellow members of the American Philosophical Society:

In the part which you have assigned to me in this centennial commemoration, I find myself called upon to deal with a subject the compass of which is wholly beyond my powers, as it is all too ample for the limited time available. In the eloquent address in which you, Mr. President, retraced the history of this, the oldest among the scientific societies of America, you found an hour too brief for a review of the events of the century which today completes its cycle; and now I find myself called upon, in the briefer limits at my disposal, to verify the entire Book of Nature, and demonstrate the faultless perfection of the record. Looking back over the immeasurable ages of the past, and turning to the equally incomprehensible vastness of the visible universe, hours, instead of minutes, would fail in the most superficial effort at such a review.

Amid the brightness of this festive commemoration the temptation is rather to leave the past unheeded and to take the wings of fancy—or, better still, the intuitions of science—and anticipate the marvels of the coming time; those fairy tales of science that surpass all the wonders of romance. But your behest must be obeyed; and it will, perhaps, most aptly meet present requirements, if I select from the manifold phases which challenge our consideration two suggestive aspects of the comprehensive subject, which in some sense may serve to epitomise the past and the present for such a brief review.

When the fiat went forth, formulated in words that might fitly constitute the motto of this the oldest among the philosophic fellowships of the New World: "Let there be light!" the abyss flashed into cosmic brightness and beauty; and the illimitable depths of space, illumined with the splendour that enkindled suns and awoke the myriad worlds to life, traced for us the first page in the Book of Nature. Your theme invites our attention to it under the apt metaphor of a book: no chance medley of the materialist or mere evolution of time out of chaos; but a volume of well-ordered method and sequence, revealing on every page the purpose and design of its Author. Turning, then, to the pages of this ample volume, astronomy is the science which, dealing with the visible present appeals even to the uncultured mind—to the Syrian shepherd, as to the Indian hunter on the prairies—in proof of an all-mighty, and all-wise Creator. With upturned eyes, savage and sage alike peer into the immeasurable depths of space lighted up with its galaxy of worlds and suns, marshalled in such harmonious symmetry that they unmistakably reveal the evidence of design, order and law; the governance of a Supreme intelligence. Nor is the royal psalmist alone in learning from them the lesson of devout humility, as he considered the heavens, the work of God's hand, the moon and the stars which He has ordained, and realised the marvellous compass of that overruling Providence that can still be mindful of the meanest of His creatures.

The old Greek, perplexed though he was by the misleading complexities of a stellar universe revolving, as it seemed to him, around our own little planet, nevertheless realized such a rhythmical harmony and beauty in the motions of the heavenly bodies—cycle on epicycle, orb on orb—that he listened if perchance he might catch some echo of the music of the spheres which seemed inseparable from that stately measure of their nightly round. The same fascinating idea is revived by our own Shakespeare, in lighter mood, when his Venetian lovers meet in the moonlit gardens of Belmont. I say, in its amplest sense, "our Shakespeare;" for in this reunion with so choice a gathering of American friends it is pleasant to recall the community which we realize in the matchless literature of our mother tongue. With an altogether peculiar bond of kinship, akin to that recognized among the remotest wanderers from the Hellenic Fatherland: on the Euxine, at Cyrene, Masala, or in furthest colonial outposts on the Iberian shores, we "who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold that Milton held,"

may surely claim to be one. And so, as such, with Shakespeare for our guide, we renew the fond imaginings of the old Greek, as Lorenzo in that moonlight meeting with his bride, in "The Merchant of Venice," points her to the floor of heaven, all thick inlaid with patines of bright gold, and exclaims:

There's not the smallest orb in all the heaven
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddied vesture of decay
Does grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Thus, as it would seem, not alone the gaze of the wondering onlooker, but the combined research of ages concur in the verdict which your thesis affirms. We, too, in the spirit of the old Greek, may assuredly recognize the perfect harmony and order which everywhere reveals a Creator's hand.

Alike in the splendour of that universe which greets our eyes as with optic glass we strive to fathom its mysteries, and to interpret its chronicles as a page of nature's volume, and in the minutest atom that the microscope reveals, we recognize the consistent harmony of a Divine law-giver. For the same law that moulds a tear, and shapes a dew drop, holds the planets in their course and regulates the form and motions of suns and worlds. The astronomer, with ever increasing aids of science, penetrates into remoter depths of space only to bring back fresh evidence of an all pervading harmony amid its countless members. In confident reliance on the orderly movements of the planets, Leverrier and Adams independently wrought out results by means of which the telescope of the observer was pointed to the unheeded speck, invisible to the naked eye; and the planet Neptune was added as a new member of our solar system. The science of chemistry, too, unexpectedly directing its operations to a sphere which had hitherto seemed to be wholly beyond its province, by means of spectrum analysis brings back to us the reassuring disclosure that amid endless diversities in their combinations the remotest of those suns that light up the firmament are fashioned of the same elements as this little planet-home of man. Such are some of the teachings of science. But even the untutored eye sees enough in that mysterious vault that nightly spans for him life's fleeting hour, lit up with the splendour of its myriad suns, and the star-strewn Milky Way, to realize that no errata need be appended to the volume of a nature. It may be that every star is the centre of a system of worlds, the abode of intelligences more gifted than we are to interpret the wondrous volume; but this at least we do know, that they shine for us lighted up from the same source which enkindles the central luminary of our little group of planets; stirs our earth in its winter's sleep; quickens the buried seed, and the dormant animal life; and is but another aspect of that force which moves the worlds.

Thus we recognize the indices of an all-pervading harmony disclosing to every eye evidence of rule, of law, and so of the divine Lawgiver, alike in the orderly movements of suns and planets, and in the mysterious wanderings of the comet that blazes in the splendour of its perihelion, and then returns in darkness to unknown depths of space. This is for us a living present. But so also, in another chapter of the volume of nature we learn of the same harmonious reign of law through countless ages. Geology is the record of the past; and with its aid I invite you to turn for a moment to that testimony of the rocks which the palæontologist has deciphered for us; testimony which embodies the history of life through all the æons back to the eozoic dawn. Biologist and palæontologist had alike recognized the orderly progression, as, in apt accordance with your metaphor, they turned over page after page of graven strata, till the record of life closed—or seemed to close—in the azoic rocks. But the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, who so recently passed away, has revolutionized biological science with the demonstration of that process of evolution which has guided all the manifestations of life from the lowest to higher forms. Here accordingly a new reign of law appears, as we recognize one after another of the progressive steps through which, in the calm, unresting process of evolution, life has advanced onwards and upwards into ever more complex forms; through countless ages fashioning the present out of all the past. Yet here I, for one,—I know not how few others may sympathize with me,—but I am constrained to pause upon the threshold of that essentially distinct sphere of the psychologist when man, with reason as his distinctive attribute, stands apart from the whole irrational creation. It is not as a mere matter of sentiment, nor even because of any too literal reading of the narrative of creation when man "became a living soul," that I feel constrained to withhold assent to the hypothesis of the evolution of mind. By no inductive process does it seem to me possible to find the genesis of reason in the manifestations of intelligence in the brute creation. The difference between a Newton and an Australian savage is trifling when compared with the great gulf that separates the latter from the highest anthropoid. I look in vain in all the manifestations of instinct or rationality in the latter for any germ of a moral sense, of a spirit of religious worship, or the anticipations of that higher life and immortality which Socrates, Plato and the wisest of heathen philosophers shared with Paul and Augustine, and which are dimly present even in the savage mind. I feel constrained to reject, even as an hypothesis, the gift of reason and the "living soul" by any conceivable process of descent. All the arguments based on heredity and environment, instead of helping to account for the exceptional genius of

a Plato, an Aristotle, a Dante, Shakespeare or Newton, only make more obvious the incompatibility of such manifestations with any evolutionary theory. Geology may reveal the onward march through countless ages, refashioning continents, and advancing in orderly progression from the lowest to ever higher organisms. One common plan of structure may be traced throughout geological time amid all the manifold diversities of vertebrate life, even as one law is found to pervade and control the whole visible universe; but—

Though worlds on worlds in myriads roll
Around us, each with differing powers
And other forms of life than ours:
What know we greater than the soul?

Life is as great a mystery as ever; and that which humanity comprehends as its immortal essence can have no relation to any progressive development of mere physical structure. The mind is the standard of humanity. Man alone, savage and civilized alike, looks before and after. Nature and experience alike confirm the radical distinction between him and the irrational creation. Psychology can only know the physical as subjective. Nevertheless in that faculty of reason, the distinctive essential of man, whereby he is able not only to look forth on the visible heavens and realize in some faint degree the cosmos, but to apprehend its lesson of humility, we read the brightest of all the illumined pages of the book of nature and find no flaw. The very fact that "this brave overhanging firmament; this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire," expanded before our nightly vision, seems, to us, infinite in its compass, is in itself the index of an apprehension that enthrones reason apart from the highest attributes of irrational life. The physicist and the metaphysician have diverse conceptions of space; but practically, for us, the impossible is to conceive of limits to the universe. Imagination speeds from star to star through all the fields of space, guided by the strictest mathematical induction; and finds everywhere the same majestic harmony. No chaos lies behind the heavens nightly revealed anew in all their mystery as evening draws her azure curtain athwart the sun. It is indeed the garish day, with its mundane round of petty cares, that curbs the wings of fancy, blinds the eye of faith, and shuts out heaven from our view. But who can set bounds to that mighty vision? If we sphere space, what lies beyond it? Still law, order, harmony—one over-ruling, all-prevailing influence—one divine purpose. What can be behind it but God?

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

THE ENGLISH MINORITY IN QUEBEC.—I.

THE English Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec ought to be very unhappy, if for no other reason, because so many estimable people in the sister Provinces and in the United States seem to be distressed on their account. It is not pleasant to be the object of so much solicitude. Besides, it is too late. The doctrine of "States' rights" has been so persistently maintained by the other Provinces, especially by New Brunswick and Ontario, that it is impossible to deny to the French in Quebec those powers which the English majorities in the other Provinces have successfully asserted. It was probably too much to expect that any consideration for the English Protestants of Quebec would prevent the adoption of extreme States' rights opinions. The marked ability of the Provincial advocates has extorted from the Confederation Act meanings which the report of the debates shows to have been remote from the minds of its framers. The set of opinion is all in the direction of Provincial autonomy, and no change in the opposite direction is in the least probable. What assistance then the other Provinces can afford to the minority of Quebec does not clearly appear, even if that minority shared generally in the gloomy apprehensions felt elsewhere on their account.

The English minority ought also to be unhappy because of the civil and religious disadvantages which it would appear from outside sources that they are obliged to endure. And, then, if perchance any one of the minority faintly suggests that he cannot perceive anything unusually hard in his lot—anything beyond what falls to minorities elsewhere—he is chidden by "superior persons" for not realizing his abject condition. So that he becomes discouraged because he is not unhappy enough to please his neighbours.

For after all, in real deed, the most of us who have long resided in this Province do not find it in the least disagreeable. Unless the Anglo-Saxon mind is at an early age familiarized with other races and religions, it is apt to form fixed ideas. And so it often happens that the French Roman Catholic, as imagined by our outside friends, is different from the person we come in daily contact with. An Englishman may dwell a life-time in peace in the heart of French Canada. Nobody will leave tracts at his door or give them to his children. He may be on excellent terms, and even exchange hospitalities, with the *curé*; but if that reverend gentleman should feel any doubts about his host's future state, he will never be disagreeable enough to express them. In Montreal there is the most absolute freedom of discussion for Protestants. We may say, if we wish, just as unpleasant things here of those who differ from us, as in Toronto—which is saying a great deal. And, indeed, this tolerant feeling in Montreal elicited comment at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance which was held here last year. In opening the debate upon

"Romish dogma a source of religious, social and national peril," one of the Toronto clergymen remarked, that there had "been no occasion where a discussion on Romanism had been carried on so fully, so closely, so delightfully. We are sitting here to-day," he added, "under the shade of our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid." Now this is very good evidence in favour of Montreal.

Beyond question the Roman Church has an advantage over all others in this Province, inasmuch as it may collect its tithes and dues under an Imperial Statute. But before blaming too severely the British Government for that, we should remember the whole scope of the Act and its date. No one dreamed of dis-establishment then. The intention was to establish and endow, first the Church of England and then the Church of Scotland as Protestant Churches, and, in a lesser degree, the Roman Church for the French population. The first part of the plan was not possible upon this continent at that period. The Protestants united to frustrate it. They broke down the Establishments and destroyed the endowments intended for themselves. Whether they were right or wrong is not in dispute. The fact is, that they did it while the French stood aside, seeing that the quarrel was none of theirs. But the Roman Catholics would not break up their own *quasi* establishment, and, therefore, it remains to this day. When they choose to do so, they may. They have the votes to do it. Before that time arrives, it will not—it cannot be done. The English Provinces have established "States' rights." Shall they not be equally available to the French majority in this Province? The Protestants are as one to six. Public agitation in Ontario or the United States cannot help that; nor can discussions upon "Romish dogma," no matter how delightfully thorough. They only attach the people more fully to the principles attacked, not always with judgment or moderation. A Doctor of Divinity came on from New York to tell us, in Montreal, that the Jesuit Order has been dissolved by Popes "again and again," that "the present Pope, Leo XIII., has again restored them (the Jesuits) to power," and that "Romanism at the present moment of human history means Jesuitism." What can be the depth of the well of knowledge from which such propositions are drawn? They cannot help us here. What effect the present agitation may have elsewhere, it is difficult to calculate. The Roman Church exists over the whole world under infinitely varied conditions. The advantage it has derived from the method of the late settlement of the so-called Jesuits' Estates in Canada is very problematical. The agitation it has caused has been very wide-spread and may have had greater effects than appear at first sight. In Brazil, for instance, and in South and Central America generally, the Roman Church may lose more than it has gained here. The Jesuits are reported to own immense estates in Brazil. The revindication of these estates here after one hundred years may cause them to be distributed and secularized there. All these considerations, however, concern the authorities of the Roman Church at Rome more than the Protestant minority in Quebec.

Returning, however, to the *quasi* establishment of the Roman Church in Quebec, one may ask—Does it in any way affect the English minority? Certainly not; for the very same Statute of 1774—an Imperial Statute beyond repeal even at Ottawa—protects them. And in the Revised Statutes of Quebec, just published, section 3410, in the chapter on religion, reads as follows: "Nothing in this chapter shall render any of Her Majesty's subjects of any class of Protestants whatever, or any person whosoever other than Her Majesty's subjects professing the Roman Catholic religion, liable to be assessed or taxed in any manner for the purposes of this chapter."

The Protestants are thus exempt; but it is argued that the French-Canadians are impoverished by these laws. That is clearly their own business. When they are inconvenienced they will complain. Can they be expected to believe that the present agitation in any degree arises from anxiety on the part of the English to save money for them? If the Church presses too hard upon them, and if the regular Orders from abroad, irresponsible save to alien generals, crowd into the Province and absorb too much land in mortmain, the people have the remedy in the ballot-box. There is no need of revolution. The bishops probably know that well enough. The strength of the Roman Church now is in its diocesan bishops, who are in touch with the people. The usefulness of the great regular Orders is gone. Their independence, privileges and exemptions are so many centres of disturbance.

The establishment of the Roman Church in Quebec depends chiefly upon the continuation of the parish system of the old French Monarchy. So much misunderstanding exists on this subject even here that it will be worth while to examine it somewhat closely, and enquire if it in any way presses upon the Protestant minority. Not one in a thousand Protestants knows the parish he lives in; and yet the city of Montreal is cut up into parishes, and has, of late, been divided and sub-divided in ways of which the English residents are only dimly conscious. I propose to try and explain this system in another letter, but it seemed proper first to reassure our friends elsewhere. Their apprehensions have been aroused by quotations from the writings of a lot of extremists who by no manner of means represent the mass of French opinion. It is not fair, for instance, to quote from the "Source du Mal" without explaining at the same time that the book was more offensive to Roman Catholics than to Protestants; and that it was condemned by the Archbishop and suppressed. Such quotations will not make evidence. Anyone who really wishes to know the relations of the Church to the

State ought to look up the decisions of the judges in the numerous cases which have been decided under the Parish law. All the minority have to watch for is absolute liberty of religious belief and worship. This is embodied in section 3439 of the Revised Statutes of Quebec as follows:—

"The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference, so the same be not made an excuse for acts of licentiousness or a justification of practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the Province, are by the constitution and laws of this Province allowed to all Her Majesty's subjects within the same."

This is all which it is safe to ask. In these days of reading and writing and of newspapers the truth must surely prevail. The Revised Statutes of Quebec are law here, not the Syllabus of Errors. How far this latter is held to be binding on the interior conscience everywhere, or how far it is held to be applicable only to the countries specified in the document itself, it is impossible for us to know; and, until some overt action is taken, unnecessary to inquire. It is a matter of purely speculative interest. There must be freedom of thought for Roman Catholics also, and extremists of all creeds must, under modern systems, be allowed to indulge in the most uncharitable opinions of each other so long as such opinions do not take shape in overt acts. S. E. DAWSON.

Montreal, January 6th, 1890.

CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF JOHN HOWARD.

IN some departments of mission work it might be a difficult and invidious task to have to say who were its pioneers, but in the corporal work of mercy of visiting prisoners and captives with a view to the amelioration of their condition, the name of John Howard stands out clearly in modern times as the originator of a movement which has simply wrought a transformation in the condition of our gaols and prison-system. It was as a Christian, and not merely as a philanthropist that his life's work was undertaken. The Church had not been wanting in early days towards "prisoners and captives." The words "I was in prison and ye came unto me" had their effect in numberless cases in the ransom of captives and in the mitigation of the punishments of felons. St. Agnatus and the Apostolical Constitutions include the liberation of prisoners among the works of mercy. The influence of Christianity was so potent that an Imperial decree was issued in A.D. 400, which recognized the visitation of prisoners as an episcopal duty, with the view of preventing false imprisonment or any cruel treatment of those who were incarcerated. Later on, in A.D. 549, at the Synod of Orleans, it was laid down as part of the Archdeacon's duty to visit gaols every Sunday, to see to the needs of prisoners, and to provide them, if necessary, with food. It is said of St. Vincent de Paul that he "anticipated the prison reformers of the next century." Criminal law had but one idea, that of the punishment of the offender. St. Vincent added to this, the grand idea of the reformation of the culprit. He became, as is well-known, chaplain-general of galley-slaves and convicts. And the story of how St. Vincent having discovered in the galleys at Marseilles a young man who was suffering the penalty of a crime which he had never committed, and who was agonized by the thought of his destitute and disgraced wife and children, persuaded the jailor to allow him to become the convict's substitute, and how St. Vincent clothed himself in the prison garments and endured the remainder of his period of captivity, is one which is not only an evidence of the saint's heroic self-sacrifice, but also explains how St. Vincent gained an experience of and acquaintance with the sufferings of those condemned to the galleys.

John Howard, "the philanthropist," was born at Hackney, London, in 1726, and died January 20, 1790, at Kherson, in the South of Russia, from having caught infection from a fever patient for whom he had prescribed. In that country special preparations have been made for duly observing and honouring his centenary, while the Russian Government has offered a gold medal and the sum of 2,000 francs for the best essay in connection with his labours for prison reform.

In 1755 there occurred what is known in history as the Great Earthquake of Lisbon, by which the greater part of that city was laid in ruins in five short minutes, and 60,000 of its inhabitants destroyed. The distress and misery wrought by so terrible a calamity is hard to imagine, and harder still to describe. John Howard, hearing of the sufferings and privations of those who escaped, determined to go to Lisbon and try, as far as his means would permit him, to help and give relief and succour to the afflicted ones. He was possessed of independent means, having inherited a fortune from his father, a successful London merchant. He had no ties, his wife having just died, after three years of married life, and by this affliction his heart was softened. In 1756, when about thirty years of age, he embarked for Portugal in the *Hanover*, which was captured by a French privateer and carried to Brest, where the whole crew were cast into prison. Here Howard lay night after night upon straw, and observed the cruelty which was practised; and afterwards at Morlaix and Carpaix he enlarged the area of his experience.

An exchange of prisoners having been effected, Howard returned to England, and retired to his home near Bedford, when three years later he married a second wife, and

during seven happy years he farmed his land, and earnestly set himself to the task of bettering the condition of his dependants; he built model cottages, improved schools, visited the sick and destitute, and in these good works he was ably assisted by his wife. Her death in 1765 caused him for a time to lose all interest in these places and occupations, but some time after being appointed sheriff of Bedford, he was brought in contact with prisons and prisoners, and from this time began those efforts at prison reform both at home and abroad, with which he will ever be remembered, and in which he expended his fortune and his life.

Howard now commenced a series of visits to the gaols of England, where he was shocked at the misery and degradation he found. An account, published a few years ago, of the cruelties at that time practised in Egypt caused a shudder to pass through Christendom, but the descriptions of the state of English gaols, about a century ago, may well be compared with the prison of Benha. Thus, in the summer of 1774, Howard visited the west of England.

"When he struck down into the beautiful county of Devon, and visited what is now the queenly seaport of the south, he found there a gaol, which in its horrors vied with the famous Nitrian caves, inhabited by Eastern monks in the fifth century. 'No yard, no water, no sewer. The gaolers live distant,' are the ominous words recorded in Howard's note-book. This horrid establishment had in it a place called the clink, seventeen feet long, eight feet wide, and five and a-half feet high. No light could struggle inside, no air could penetrate the den except through an opening five inches by seven. Three people had once been shut up within this receptacle for two months, preparatory to transportation. By turns they took their stand at the opening to catch what light and air could by this method be obtained. The door had not been unfastened for five weeks before Howard paid his visit. He insisted upon entering, and there found, amidst intolerable filth and stench, a human being who had been confined in it for no less than seventy days. The unhappy creature confessed he would rather have been hanged at once than endure a lingering death in this fearful grave!"

As a result of these visits Howard laid detailed statements before the House of Commons. His energy and the justice of his cause were successful in part, and something was done towards the desired end in two Acts of Parliament that were passed at once; yet he was not satisfied, and the history of the remainder of his life is a little more than a diary of his journeys, not only in England, but through foreign countries, gathering information the most valuable, relieving at his own cost the wants of the wretched objects of his care, and visiting the most noisome places.

Danger never turned him from his path; he traversed in succession the gaols of England, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Russia, and their pest-houses as well, and even sought when pestilence raged in Malta, Smyrna and Constantinople, to study the means of relief from it. No man has united more remarkably the zeal of a martyr with the calm intelligence of a statesman in the service of philanthropy. Once at Vienna, dining at the table of the British Ambassador to the Austrian Court, the conversation turned on the torture, when a German nobleman observed that the glory of putting an end to it in those dominions belonged to his Emperor.

"Pardon me," said the Englishman, "His Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture to establish in its place another still more cruel; for the torture which he ends lasted at the most but a few hours, but that which he has begun lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are thrown into a noisome dungeon, worse than the Black Hole at Calcutta, from which they are only released if they confess what is laid to their charge."

"Hush!" said the British Ambassador, "your words will be reported to His Majesty."

"What!" replied John Howard, "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain it is perfectly true."

He was just as fearless, too, in reproving vice. On one occasion he was standing near the door of a printing office, when he heard dreadful oaths and curses from a public-house opposite. Buttoning his pocket before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do so when I hear men swear; for I think that any one who takes God's name in vain can steal or do anything else that is bad."

In 1779 an Act was passed for the establishment of two penitentiaries, and Howard was appointed one of the three superintendents. From the code of laws governing these institutions have sprung up our modern systems of prison discipline. They have become a development of civilization and, contradictory as it may seem to say so, of personal liberty. In the days of slavery no such systems were required. When imprisonment became a function of the State in the administration of justice, it was often carelessly, and hence tyrannically, exercised, because the practice of awarding it as a punishment arose more rapidly than the organization for controlling its use. On several occasions, grave abuses have been exposed by parliamentary enquiry and otherwise in the practices of prison discipline in different countries. The exertions of Howard and other investigators awakened in the public mind the question, whether any practice in which the public interest was so much involved should be left to something

like mere chance—to the negligence of local authorities and the personal dispositions of gaolers. The result has been that prison discipline is now regulated with extreme care. The public sometimes complain that too much pains are bestowed on it—that criminals are not worthy of having clean, well-ventilated apartments, wholesome food, medical attendance, industrial training, and education, as they now have. There are many arguments in favour of criminals being so treated, and the objections urged against such treatment are held, by those who are best acquainted with the subject, to be invalid; for it has never been maintained by any one that a course of crime has been commenced and pursued for the purpose of enjoying the advantages of imprisonment. Perhaps those who chiefly promoted the several prominent systems expected from them greater results, in the shape of the reformation of criminals, than any that have been obtained. If they have been disappointed in this, it can, at all events, be said that any prison in the now recognized system is no longer like the older prisons—an institution in which the young criminals advance into the rank of proficients, and the old improve each others' skill by mutual communication. The system now generally adopted is that of separate cells at night, and silent, associated labour by day—a system adopted at the beginning of the eighteenth century in the prison of St. Michael, which was visited by Howard, and warmly commended by him. He found within it a marble tablet with this inscription in Latin, "It is of little use to restrain criminals by punishment unless you reform them by education." This is the basis of the present principles which the world is even to-day seeking to introduce into prison management. A state of cheerfulness, hopefulness, and kindly treatment is essential for improvement and reform among criminals. Prison life must be regarded as one in which convicts are to be re-reared, as a family of peculiar children, each of whose peculiarities has to be considered. It is assumed that the worst traits in a convict do not prove him devoid of some good ones; and that the incentives to a good life should be made much greater and more pleasant than a bad one.

It is much to be hoped that the celebration of the centenary of the death of John Howard in Russia will do much towards prison reform in that country, where punishments are of the severest kind, and no attempt is made to reform the criminal, or assist him on liberation. Those who have read Hugh Conway's "Called Back" will have something more than dim remembrances of the ostroms in which men and women were huddled together, in "rooms reeking with filth, and floors throwing out poisonous emanations." In the more enlightened of European countries, as well as in America, people have learned to see that the offence of the criminal does not acquit society of all its duties towards him; and, moreover, the practical necessity, that each State should absorb its own criminals, prompts the desire to change these dangerous members into useful ones. In most of the German States care is taken by the authorities that a convict on his liberation should have the means of immediate subsistence provided for him; and he is placed for a probationary term, under more or less surveillance from the local magistrates, with a view at once to render his relapse into crime more hazardous, and to afford him assistance in his efforts to gain an honest living.

The subject of prison reform is yet a most important one in the social questions of the day, and we may well hope that the universal attention drawn to this matter by the centenary of the death of Howard may be productive of much lasting good.

A monument to the memory of Howard, carved in marble, in Roman costume, with sandalled feet, stands in St. Paul's Cathedral. His life has left its monument in every nation, as an evidence of the power of Christianity, and of how much it is able to accomplish in generous and benevolent souls. The doctrine that human nature is totally corrupt is negated by such grand examples of natural virtue as from time to time appear, and to which Howard so pre-eminently belongs. To his exertions are mainly due the humanity with which prisoners are now treated, and the better moral atmosphere of our gaols, while to the end he will be known as John Howard the Philanthropist, the friend of the prisoner.

F. S. MORRIS.

THE *Times* made a revelation recently of some literary interest. The elder among our readers will probably remember a series of letters, signed "An Englishman," which began to appear on December 20th, 1851, and attracted unusual attention owing to the extraordinary literary vigour of their invective against Napoleon III. Good critics pronounced the writer superior to "Junius," and they were attributed to all manner of statesmen of the highest pretensions. They were originally published by the *Times* in ignorance of their writer's name, but it was subsequently, it would appear, ascertained that they were written by Mr. H. J. Wolfenden Johnstone, a surgeon, who had lived in France from 1848 to 1850. He died "recently" at Ramsgate, aged eighty-one. He appears to have remained silent ever after, and it is pleasant to think that in our day of self-advertisement a man could live from middle life to old age in possession of so powerful a weapon as Mr. Johnstone wielded, yet use it only when moved out of himself by moral indignation. There was not a journal in England which would not have been proud of letters from him, and he might have destroyed Ministries; but, in an age of gabble, he remained silent.—*Spectator*.

CANADA FOR ME.

BEFORE Old England's snowy head
In reverence we bow;
We see the light of centuries shed
Its glory on her brow;
We feel it, that to her we owe
More than our love can pay;
And yet our young life cannot grow
In bonds of yesterday.
'Tis Canada, young Canada,
Canada for me.

The story of Old England's deeds
On many a page is writ,
And it must stand as now it reads,
No power can alter it.
Chequered it is with good and ill,
With mercy and with blood;
Ours is unwrought, unwritten still,
And we can make it good.
'Tis Canada, young Canada,
Canada for me.

Nowhere beneath Old England's flag
The slave can live a slave;
No hapless serfs their fetters drag
Where her free banners wave;
And yet the yoke of rank and blood
Sets heavy on her neck,
While our more stalwart freemanhood
Bows but at virtue's beck.
'Tis Canada, free Canada,
Canada for me.

The Lion's roar affrights the earth
And sets the world ashake;
Strong are the nations which their birth
From that strong mother take;
And we who are to manhood grown
Learned from the milk we drew
To face the shafts of fate alone
And a new path pursue.
'Tis Canada, brave Canada,
Canada for me.

Fair are Old England's holy spots
Where poets mused and sang,
Where sprang to birth world-moving thoughts,
Where shouts of freedom rang;
But fairer is the prairie wild
That waits the patriot's tread;
The promise of our Northern child
Is more than England's dead.
'Tis Canada, my Canada,
Canada for me.

Benton, New Brunswick. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

CULTURE AND THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.

I HAVE just taken up a volume of "Piers Ploughman" and it has suggested certain reflections. I propose to make a few remarks on the fourteenth century in England without paying much regard to artistic arrangement and daring to discard master Horace's "lucidus ordo."

There is a close relation between literary genius and the passion for the welfare of the people,—between the desire to serve humanity and liberal studies. I cannot recall an instance of a man of genuine powers of thought and true talent for expression who, free from the influences of warping profession or pursuit, was not against oppression and for the people. Nor ought we to be surprised at this, for as thought and speech are the great distinguishing qualities of man, the power of thinking fruitfully and clothing thought in fit words implies an elevation of mind from which the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of state and war are reduced to comparative insignificance. And no doubt one of the reasons why the fame of literary men—of course I speak of the great ones—is more enduring than that of other great men, because they are the champions of the people, especially the poor and the oppressed, and leave evidences of this in living thoughts and words which continue their warfare after they have been resolved into the elements. Dead heroes whose marbles adorn fane or capitol fade from the popular memory, and the proudest priesthoods pass away like phantoms, while the love and admiration and tears of centuries have kept his name bright and his grave green whom the forgotten warriors and statesmen would have thought honoured by an invitation to dinner as a passing notice.

With Piers Ploughman or Walter de Map in hand the truth irresistibly occurs to one that it is not in the main to statesmen, still less to lawyers or ecclesiastics, but to literary men—to culture, in a word, we owe our freedom. In the universities the activity caused by the crusades and the struggle for political and religious liberty in the thirteenth, and it is interesting to note the connection between the physical and mathematical science of Cordova and Bagdad, between the scholastic philosophy of Paris, the hunt after old classics in Italy, the legal studies of Bologna and the burgeoning out of English literature, the dawn of English science, the earliest movement in the direction of popular freedom. That Mahomedanism the crusaders went to destroy converted them to higher views of intellectual and

social life; the Greek world, though in decay, through which they passed, left on their minds the impress of its advancement, polish and enlightenment.

The church was even still a shield for the weak against the strong, but she had herself become an oppression, and the earliest satirical ballads against her exceed in fierce pungency the bitterest of any subsequent time. They are written in Latin, for the first notes of battle rang out among the learned. A great change had taken place since Ælfred laid the feeble foundation of English speech, and opened the gates of knowledge to his people by his elaborate rendering of the compilation of Osorius, and his pious and glowing translation of the consolations of Boethius. We must not despise the ecclesiastic statesmen who played so prominent a part down to Wolsely and Laud, sometimes a sinister part, as in the case of Laud. The large figure of Dunstan rising over the West Saxon realm stands at the fountain head of the English constitution: nor let us forget that England was rescued from a chaos of misrule by the church when the Bishop of Winchester, himself the brother of a King, enforced through ecclesiastical courts the charter of Henry. Strange and instructive is it to mark how the alternate depositions of Stephen and Matilda, by Church Councils, led the way to the depositions of Edward and Richard, and to the solemn act by which the succession was changed in the case of James, William of Orange placed on the throne, and the present Protestant dynasty secured.

It was natural the church should have assumed portentous power when she held not only the keys of heaven, but the keys of earthly knowledge, and the first blow her overshadowing authority received was when there grew up a literary class, independent of ecclesiastical garb and privilege. From Bæda to the Angevins only two writers are not monks or priests, Ælfred and Ethelweard. But Walter de Map is the embodiment of the outburst of literary energy, social and religious criticism which followed the romance and free historical tone of the court of the two first Henries. He strikes with a fearless hand at the indolence, immorality and greed of the Mediæval Church. The Baronial wars entailed the loss of the great political leaders. But their cause was not buried at Evesham with the heroic de Montfort and his son. Satire, as we have seen, continued the work.

The incubus of the monks and prelates began to be sorely felt. Their corruptions and immorality were notorious. Nothing but the grossest oppression could account for the slaughter of monks and the burning of abbeys by the people, such conduct again throwing a lurid light on the social and political revolution which had taken place. Simon de Montfort, by conferring parliamentary existence on the cities and boroughs of England, had introduced a new political system, and when, in 1265, two knights from every shire and one or two members from every borough-town met with the barons and clergy at the village of Westminster, a mile or so west of Temple Bar, along the pleasant country road where the traffic of the Strand rolls to-day, the Thames flowing by, not then murky and dirty as it is now, nor hemmed in by palatial structures and noble embankment—then was enacted one of the most interesting scenes in history. The time was the morning of an imperial day—a day of warlike, commercial, literary, colonial splendour. Roger Bacon is in his room at Oxford studying nature in a scientific spirit, and foretelling the steam-ship and the railway. In the London of that day with its thatched houses who could foresee the modern Babylon? In the England of that day who could decipher the world-wide Empire of ours? Why should not Canada to-day have a future weighted with as mighty a destiny?

A series of foreign wars had impoverished the crown, and instead of calling the great barons together to bring their retainers to the field, the King now appeals more directly to the people who begin to feel the weight of taxation. Already we hear of the "King's Evil Advisers." King and aristocracy and church were interested in keeping up the oppressions under which the people groaned. Hence those espousing the popular side felt that a radical cure was needed which would strike at the root of all three. This gave rise to persecutions in which those who were neither "Levellers" nor "Democrats" suffered. The work of the cultivated slowly but surely bore fruit, and when we come to the fourteenth century, we are face to face with a popular intelligence and energy which have never since died out in the British people. The fourteenth century in England presents one of the most dark and brilliant and stirring scenes imaginable. The first quarter is hardly complete when we have great battles fought and a king deposed. The corruptions of the Church grow darker while the Commons become more and more awake; stand shoulder to shoulder for their liberties and demand redress of grievances.

A glance at the "battles, sieges, fortunes," from the accession of Edward II. to the deposition of Richard II., reveals one of the most stirring and eventful centuries in English annals:—Bannockburn, 1314; battle of Athensra (or Athenry), 1316; Edward II. deposed, 1327; the disastrous love of the fair Isabel—*la Belle* and the Earl of March—"the gentle Mortimer"; the battle of Crécy, 1346; surrender of Calais, 1347; peace of Bretigny, 1360; death of the heroic Black Prince, 1376; peasant insurrection, 1381; rise of the House of Lancaster as the century closes with the dark fortunes of Richard II. A great political movement went forward side by side with a powerful intellectual movement. They acted and reacted on each other—but an intellectual movement gave the first impulsion to the political.

Drayton has written a poem in six cantos—I suppose he meant it for an epic—on the Barons' wars, and strangely confines himself to the struggle that eddied round the queen of Edward II. and her handsome paramour. He is blind to the real light and shade in the turbulent picture of the fourteenth century. Its darker features found a poet in Piers Ploughman, who on the Malvern Hills dreams his dream of woe and denunciation, of sermon and satire. He wrote in the early part of the third quarter of the fourteenth century. Parsons, "parishe preestes,"

Bisshopes and bachelours,
Bothe maistres and doctours,

came in for his lash, equally for their "Symonie." While the Son of God came on earth poor, the rich abbot, we are told, rode about with a retinue to insult and oppress the peasantry.

We find a reference made to a belief put forward by astrologers at the time that the great plague was due to a conjunction between Saturn and other planets. Saturn was represented by the astrologers as peculiarly noxious.

Jupiter atque Venus boni, Saturnusque malignus,
Sol et Mercurius cum Luna sunt mediocres.

Food had more to do with it than the constellations. The poor perished by thousands. "He who was ill-nourished with unsubstantial food," says Simon de Covino in Latin hexameters, "fell before the slightest breath of the destroyer," but death respected the rich and great. It was, however, all one—for as for the poor—

Grata morte cadunt, quia vivere talibus est mors.

At the time marriage was sometimes brought about by "brocage," i. e., the wooing was done by another. This Piers condemns, and most will agree with him that a man had better do his own courtship. "Regrating," i. e., buying up everything brought to market and then raising the price—the mediæval "corner"—is condemned. We find the phrases, "in a pryvee parlour" and "in a chamber with a chymenee"—a curious illustration of the change taking place in social manners. Originally the hall was the apartment where the lord of the household and the male portion of the family passed most of their time when not engaged in war or the chase; and from the huge fire-place, with its vast frogs for the logs, rose the only chimney in the dwelling. The chambers were only used for sleeping and as places of retirement for the ladies. At first they had no fire places (chymenees). The parlour was a room introduced at a late period. As its name imports, it was a place for private conferences. As refinement went forward people would wish to live with more privacy. The heads of the household gradually deserted the hall, except on special occasions; they withdrew to the parlour or to "the chambre with a chymenee." Naturally with the departure of the lord from the hall, its old festive character and its indiscriminate hospitality begun to diminish, and it ultimately disappeared. This gave rise to a popular agitation and was stigmatized as a sign of the degeneracy of the times. In some vigorous lines the hunting abbot, trafficking in land ("lond buggere"), "an heepe of hounds" following at his heels (Piers uses a coarser word) is denounced. This was a common subject of satire. Chaucer strikes at the abuses. The Archdeacon of Richmond, on the occasion of his visitation to the priory of Bridlington, had with him ninety-seven horses, twenty dogs and three hawks. The Bishop of Norwich dies, and he leaves the king—what? His crosier? His blessing? No—his pack of hounds!

The condition of "cherl" is described in pitying tones. He could make no covenant; could not even be apprenticed without his lord's leave. In a poem on the Constitution of Masonry, published in the same century, the master is warned he must not make of any "bondeman" an apprentice to masonry.

The sky is in places so dark; elsewhere so bright! Criticism, history, romance, poetry, prophecy, are flashing in auro-boreal tint and splendour. We have seen what some had done. Yonder there in Scotland the heroic Wallace asserts freedom to be "a natural right," and, hark! Wycliffe's voice—the voice of one of the greatest scholars of the time—is pealing *reveillee* of the Reformation!

We could go down to the centuries and find in each generation the men of genius proclaiming great root principles of freedom. There they are, from the wholesome Chaucer to the graceless Byron, a great shining throng. Chaucer proclaims

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.

anticipating Burns'

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gould for a' that.

There they are—like the great Milton—battling for the people's cause, for the cause of enlightenment, of progress, of gentleness, of pity for the poor. Witness Dickens in our own day. How noble Byron is when he writes of liberty! The God-given gift feels at her true work, released from the thralldom of sense and scorn. The same is true of Swinburne. Go to ancient days and other lands. Who so great an enemy of the tyrant in Greece, in Rome, as the literary man? The courtly author or authors of Homer give the highest glory to the man whose espousal of the popular cause (Achilles' wrath following on his wise counsel to find out the cause why the people were perishing) stands in the forefront of the Iliad. The Hebrew prophets (adopt what theory you like of inspiration) were the literary men of Judah and Israel, and how they brand oppression when every other voice is dumb! The monarch, the statesman, the soldier, the lawyer, the parson, the

priest, have all at one time or another oppressed the people. But the voice of literature has ever been the same—true to nature, to humanity, to God! Genius is, indeed, itself a true and solemn consecration.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

LONDON LETTER.

A LIGHT mist was rising in and about Hampstead as I climbed the hill this morning—a mist which, meeting the London atmosphere, a mile or two off, turned into an unpoetic yellow fog. The delicate grey veil drifted aside now and again, when were revealed those points of view—Flask Walk, Well Walk, Church Row, and the like—which make this charming old town famous. Soon, on the heath, the air became perfectly clear and bright. The haze faded from the low-lying meadows and woods, considered of the finest quality by Cockneys; the ponds at Hendon glimmered among the leafless trees: one could almost see Windsor Castle away in the distance—visible yesterday, they tell you, and may be to-morrow, but which they can never show you to-day. The landmarks in the great city to the south-east had to be taken on trust. St. Paul's was somewhere in that dense vapour in the hollow at the back of the Pickwickian pools still frequented by tittlebats: and Westminster Abbey was yonder, making ready to do honour to Browning: and all the church spires were there that cluster about the golden-crested Monument. But, blotted by the fog out of the map spread below and around, there were no signs of the London that lay so near: you could only tell you were on the outskirts of the capital by the immense suburban fringe of roads and terraces, which stretched vague and picturesque in a shadowy half-light. With one's back to the town and its grey-brown cloak one looked at a country scene that would have delighted Caldecott. It wanted but his red-coated huntsmen to ride across the fields and vault over the gates, and "powder up and down a bit," to give the necessary touch of colour.

Turn away from the Heath, down a quiet road bordered with limes, and you come to a corner, characteristic of Hampstead, where the old and new for ever jostle each other. Here three houses stand near together, two *tempe* Queen Anne, of fine red brick pointed with stone, and surrounded by the pretty formal gardens of their century, the third built about seventy or eighty years ago in the Gothic style affected by Pugin and his followers. Outside, this turreted villa contrasts unfavourably with the beautiful architecture of its neighbours; but within, the most exacting must fail to find a fault, for here lives Mr. du Maurier, and from the moment the threshold is crossed you feel you are in the home of an artist.

The "eye" of the house, as the old dramatists say, is, of course, the studio upstairs, wide and comfortable, lighted by three large windows. In a sunny corner stands the easel, a little littered with drawings, but there is nothing else to tell the room is not a library or boudoir. There are plenty of books and papers, easy chairs and sofas in abundance, a piano at which all sorts of famous people have sung, delightful pictures on the walls, small pieces of decoration in china and bronze. On the mantelpiece stands a reduction of the Venus of Milo, and not far off hangs the diploma of the Water-Colour Society, of which Mr. du Maurier is an associate.

Mr. du Maurier sits in the light of the window near to the yellow-brown skin of his old friend Chang, that great St. Bernard whose portrait for eight years was so often to be seen in *Punch*. The fur is carefully stretched against the wall in an honoured place, and makes an uncommon ornament above the matting dado. Close to the artist are his pencils and drawing paper; on the easel in front is a little sketch at which he has been at work. But the master-hand rests quiet as the kind voice speaks of matters which have nothing to do with the delicate, graceful composition set aside for the pleasure of a casual visitor.

Would you like to know what my host is like? Picture to yourself a gentleman endowed with a certain youthful alertness in expression of face and carriage—characteristic, I think, of the inventor—which makes the statement that he was born in 1834 incredible. The thick brown hair, moustache, and imperial are hardly touched with grey: the slim figure might be that of a man of thirty. Those whom the gods favour can never grow old: when they die, they die young. Success and happiness are great beautifiers: their presence scares crow's-feet from the corner of the eyes, and wrinkles from across the forehead. It is easy to read, by a dozen of unfailing signs and tokens writ large in the mobile, refined face, that Mr. du Maurier's lines have fallen in pleasant places.

It is Mr. Lowell's opinion, expressed by Mr. Smalley sometime back in the *New York Tribune*, that Mr. du Maurier is an artist in talk as well as an artist who talks. Personally I cannot imagine anything pleasanter than to listen as the owner of this charming work-room speaks of all sorts of things, in such a fashion that, when he ceases, one would like to answer with the quotation from "Paradise Lost" addressed by Burke to Reynolds. It is not only what Mr. du Maurier says, it is how he says it, with that French neatness of method to which the *Tribune* alludes, which makes everything tell. The manner I cannot re-produce, but I would like to give you an outline of his talk.

Mr. du Maurier speaks, for this is something in the form of an interview, of a part of his young days spent in No. 1, Devonshire Terrace, a house now sacred to the memory of Dickens who lived there for some years. He describes the life in the school at Passy, where he and his

brother were educated. "I was always drawing," says Mr. du Maurier, "but my father did not care for me to be an artist. I sang a little too, but he had studied three years at the Conservatoire and had a charming voice himself. Knowing what good singing was, he used to snub my efforts." So Mr. du Maurier took up science, went to the Birkbeck Laboratory of Chemistry and became an analytical chemist and assayer and the possessor of a laboratory of his own in Barge Yard. But never really caring for anything but Art, he threw up his career in the science world on the death of his father, and studied in Paris. There Mr. du Maurier spent a year in M. Gleyre's studio, a time which he is inclined to think now was wasted.

"It was while I was copying the model in the Antwerp Academy," says my host, "that quite suddenly like that [with a clap of his hands] I lost the sight of my left eye through the sudden detachment of the retina. For a year and a half I stayed in that odious little town, Malines, where the doctors told me to make up my mind to the fact that I was going blind; but at Düsseldorf De Leewe was much more hopeful; he said I might count on keeping the use of the right eye. His opinion was the correct one. I can see perfectly with that eye to-day."

Well, after a little time Mr. du Maurier returned to London. He then began to illustrate for *Once a Week*, to which clever little paper Millais, Lawless, Sandys, Charles Keene, and Fred. Walker were contributors, sending in occasionally as an outsider small drawings to *Punch*. It was a year before that, in 1862, that he saw Thackeray for the first and only time, at a musical party at Mrs. Sartoris'. Mr. du Maurier was too shy to be introduced to the great literary lion. "I walked round and round, looking up at him. I was struck by the perfection of his French accent. He said something to his daughters, and it might have been a Frenchman speaking; no trace of an English accent."

Mr. du Maurier tells me of his great affection and admiration for Leech ("the dearest fellow" he whistles), and of the long walks they took together at Whitby, that windy, picturesque little town on the Yorkshire coast, when they were up there in the summer of '63. He was the last of Leech's many friends to see that famous artist alive, for Mr. du Maurier had called at Kensington late on Saturday to give him a drawing for "Wives and Daughters," then running in *Cornhill*, and on the Sunday the news came that Leech had died suddenly of heart disease that morning. Mr. du Maurier was elected to fill the vacant post on the *Punch* staff, as everyone knows, and was present at his first *Punch* dinner in October, 1864. "Since then," he says, "you know all I have done."

(By the way Leech's round-faced, large-eyed girl, rather short of stature, who never went in for very fashionable gowns or much society in favour of a small dinner or early dance, has disappeared in favour of Mr. du Maurier's tall, energetic young lady developed by tennis and cricket and boating, always admirably dressed, who goes everywhere and knows everyone. Mr. Leech's quiet damsel, of a type quite extinct, in her garibaldi and flounced skirts with her love of croquet and of the placid pleasures of the seaside, would find little in common with the brisk inhabitants of Mr. du Maurier's crowded drawing rooms.)

As I go slowly about the studio, looking now at Canon Ainger's portrait—Mr. du Maurier's first attempt at water colours, 10 years ago, and an admirable likeness—and now at the original *Punch* drawings which hang here and there, my host points to the Venus of Milo in passing. "Look there," he cries, with all the enthusiasm of Clive Newcombe for the same subject, "There is the formation of all beauty." Then I am shown other types of beauty in the drawing-room in the shape of his daughters' portraits, painted by himself, round which are wonderful enlarged photographs by Mrs. Cameron of various famous folk. Downstairs in the dining room Chang's picture, from the hand of Mr. Nettleship, shines from the wall and is the first object to which his attention is drawn. Mr. du Maurier speaks most touchingly of the loss of his friend who died of every sort of complaint, including heart disease. Dr. Richardson promised to chloroform him out of the world when the end was near, but after all poor Chang breathed his last in the night with "eyes unbandaged," and Dr. Richardson's kind help was not required. A dachshund and a terrier tumble about the artist's feet as he crosses the pretty hall, but I doubt if either of them will ever be mourned as is their predecessor.

As I turn from the "house of welcome" as Henry James calls this Gothic villa in his essay on "London," I think of what Lockhart says was the exclamation of a visitor to Abbotsford: "Sir Walter, everything here is exactly as I pictured it." It is a fact that celebrities, being kittle cattle, are apt to disappoint one's pre-conceived notions. One should be doubly grateful to Mr. du Maurier, who would satisfy the most exacting student of his work.

WALTER POWELL.

THE famous collector of Japanese art, James Lord Bowes, is a Liverpool wool-merchant of wealth and culture. Mr. Bowes, who is more familiarly known as Japanese Bowes, is said to have the finest collection of Japanese art in Europe, and is the author of three volumes on the subject.

ROBERT MARNOCK, one of the most successful landscape-gardeners of his time, died in England recently at the age of ninety years. He laid out the Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park, London, and won a great reputation on the Continent by his work for Prince Demidoff, at his villa, San Donato, near Florence.

IN WINTER TIME.

(SONG.)

BLOW, O winds! and fall, O snow!
My heart is happy still,
Though I miss to-day the Summer glow
In valley and on hill;
Though the song of the robin comes no more,
And the swallow's twitter is fled,
And the little violet's life is o'er,
And the rose lies cold and dead.

Blow, O winds! and fall, O snow!
I'm happy, happy yet,
For, if hath vanished the Summer's glow,
My heart cannot forget—
That the bird will come with his merry note,
As he came in the days before,
And to me the breath of the flower shall float,
As I gaze on its bloom once more!

So blow, O winds! and fall, O snow!
I'm happy, happy still,
Since well I know the sun's bright glow
Shall come to valley and hill;
And Earth a fresher life declare,
And Joy with Beauty rhyme,
For Love shall breathe upon the air
And bring the Summer time!

GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

PARIS LETTER.

INFLUENZA is the only democratic institution in France. But is the dominant epidemic influenza? The medical Sanhedrim, recently held, concluded that it was, because, observe the cynical, the doctors were at sea respecting the strange visitor. Remember, that since the days of Hippocrates, all that the Faculty have been able to do for a cold in the head is to baptize it "coryza." The sphinx is not homicidal, proclaim the Galens; every one can catch the disease but none will die from it. No cough accompanies the influenza; the bronchial tubes are not affected; there is no expectoration. But the chest is blocked suddenly and effectively during three days, when it disappears as magically as it arrived.

During the three days the patient feels sore all over, in a debilitating sea-sickness, accompanied with a nasty debilitated fever, and the sensation of a rheumatic grinding of the bones, of the knees, the shoulders, or about the neck. This bone-twisting produces contortions; imparts a stiffness to carriage, and a jauntiness of motion to shift pain. Hence, why the navy doctors—who differ from the land doctors—give the Spanish name *dengue* to the pseudo-influenza, and which corresponds in English to the word "dandy," the dangling gait. The *dengue* is the most contagious of all known maladies, spreads most rapidly over large surfaces, and follows in the most peopled tracks of travel. From Syria, it spread to Turkey, whisked up to St. Petersburg, while a southern current of it, like the Aryan race, advanced by the Mediterranean, both meeting in Paris, now the head centre of the endemic, modified by climatic differences.

Is the phenomenon of earth, air, or cosmic origin? Scientists on this point are mute. This explains, perhaps, why so many explanations are given: such as Jules Verne righting the axis of our planet; the passage of the Earth through a comet's invisible tail; a passional souvenir of the cosmopolitan fair on the Champ de Mars; or, to spots on the sun; to the stomach dances of Almées at the Exhibition; to the neurosis of society; to the electric light; to the United States of Brazil; to parliamentarism, Boulangism, the Eiffel tower; or to some runaway microbes from the laboratories of Pasteur or Koch. The autocrat, Alexander of Russia; the liberty, equality, and fraternity, Carnot, have had to pay their tribute to the endemic. The leaders of the nine different political schools of France are prostrate from the disease. And it is becoming the fashion to lay to its charge every form of death, from broken necks to broken hearts. In the out-house where the guillotine is stored, some fluensa is inside.

Christmas-tide and the New Year are the favourite epochs for inspecting the army of mendicity—the most bloated of any country, and whose reduction does not meet with one dissentient voice. For two years the municipality of Paris has been endeavouring by a special commission to classify the beggars of the city. The effort has been as impracticable as to seize the snow-flake on the river. However, some curious facts were brought to light, as the report of the commission, just issued, records. The majority of the metropolitan vagrants reside in the suburbs, like well-to-do work-people or the living-on-their-money classes. Some travel by train and boat; others tramp to and from the city, pursuing their natural calling *en route*. They escape arrest by calling themselves labourers, vocalists, scavengers, etc. The police do not allow either vocal or instrumental music in the streets; performers under these heads are free to bellow, grind, or blow in court-yards, if the house porters permit. These ambulating musicians, chiefly masculine, are idle children of professional beggars, or exploited Italians.

The individuals who sell letter-paper, pencils, ribbons, combs, etc.—unlicensed tradesmen as they dub themselves—are sturdy beggars, venerated with an industry:

they decamp on the approach of the police, like the *camelots*. The most dangerous mendicant is "the young workman out of employment." He is a recidivist; is the outpost of a gang of thieves close at hand, who, like the Spanish beggars, unite assassination to appeals for charity. The aristocratic beggar has a comfortable home; he thumbs the directory, ascertains the address of a family who has relations with a department. He apes broken-down gentility, calls at the address and artfully recites that he is destitute of the means to travel there, to bid his dying mother, etc., adieu. He rarely fails. Prauzini, the terrible murderer—he killed two women and a child—who was guillotined two years ago—I chanced to see his skeleton last week and was present at his decapitation—swindled the present writer once out of 5 frs. by a forged begging letter, containing the well-imitated signatures of some of my friends. He wanted to bury his wife, and to release two of his children down with scarlatina. He had neither wife nor child, and for several years eked out a splendid revenue by the Directory dodge.

The artists are the most peaceful of workers in this vale of tears; yet even their chronic tranquillity has been broken into. A syndicate of tradesmen demand that, since the artists sell what they produce, they ought to be compelled to pay the trade license. But that is not the gravamen of the discontent. A section of the French artistic world, that whose members were not recompensed, following their self-estimates at the International Exhibition, noisily complain that the foreign artists have been too liberally awarded prize medals, and this is tantamount to admitting that French Art has declined and is in decadence. The truth is, that the art juries proved to be guided by their own eyes and judgment, and not by the background influences and log-rollers. French art has not receded from its high position, but foreign art is rapidly coming into line with it. To ask the appeal-jury to quash all the rewards, and pass the sponge over the art section of the late Exhibition, surpasses the audacity of a Gascon. No wonder Meissonier has had a first stroke. It is proposed, also, not to record the awards, as has been the case with the two previous international picture contests, in the annual editions of that *Livre d'Or*, the Salon Catalogue. The foreign artists who were invited to contribute some of their best things have sufficient home admirers and buyers to be able to dispense with seeking either or both here. The incident is rather an unexpected addition to French "hospitality."

There is ever something to be learned from the intelligent foreigner. In looking through a mass of current literature on Christmas manners in general, it appears that the Anglo-Saxon custom of giving Christmas boxes is due to servants, on the morning of the day we celebrate, waiting on their masters with a box for which the largest contribution is thankfully solicited. The best tip-best was Cardinal Dubois: he presented his servants with all that they had stolen from him throughout the twelve-month; granted them forgiveness, and added thereto his benediction. Another burning and shining light states that no English family worth its salt sits down to dinner without three courses of fish: cold fish—not oysters, boiled fish, and a *friture*.

"Give good dinners and keep on good terms with the ladies" was Talleyrand's parting advice to young ambassadors. It is by a dinner that everything commences in diplomacy, and it is by banquets that all terminates. When no repast figures in a political action, war is not distant. Machiavel, Metternich, and Talleyrand were notorious trenchermen. Napoleon I. devoted but fifteen minutes to a repast: chiefly a mutton chop, or a chicken, and a glass of Chambertin. If any friend expected a good dinner, Napoleon recommended them to count on his Marshals.

Louis XVIII. was a famous gourmand; Louis Philippe less so, but his son, the present Duc d'Aumale, is abstinence itself, and that in Chantilly, where Vatel committed suicide because a turbot did not arrive in time for Louis XIV.'s *déjeuner*. Prince Napoleon is an accomplished gourmand: his cousin, Napoleon III., kept the worst table and the best cigarettes in France. Thiers loved a good table, and Gambetta's best speeches were at dessert time. The President of the Senate, M. Le Royer, doats on the leg of a roast capon; President of the Chamber Floquet has a weakness for lobster salad and wild duck; M. Jules Ferry is partial to pigeon and peas, like the ex-queen of Spain. Foreign Secretary Spuller likes every dish but ham, and he is neither a Jew nor a Turk. Clemenceau is in the seventh heaven over potted Toulouse goose. Boulangier's delight is the indigestible dish, stewed beef and olives, but he courts difficulties. Rochefort devours pastry, and his massive jaw-bones grip a tiny *paté*, like a foundry scissors. M. Carnot has an ostrich stomach, and so a pure conscience. His stiff figure facilitates deglutition, and each new dish lengthens his smile. He will live a long time, for he has capital teeth and has the courage to be helped a second time with *salade russe*.

The Emperor of Russia is ever six feet in height, and is a magnificent, a bizarre eater. He goes to bed at three in the morning; rises at seven and partakes of a cup of tea or coffee. He works till one, when his *déjeuner* is served; he lunches at four, dines at seven, and sups at midnight. The Emperor of Austria is simplicity itself at table; he prefers chiefly of the Austria and jams made by the hands of the Empress. The Sultan lives upon rice, mutton, bonbons, and spring water. The King of Spain is still on pap and fresh-laid eggs; his Regent-mamma is quite as simple, her favourite drink being soda-water, as the

"fizz" makes baby-King laugh. The King of the Belgians is a notorious gourmand, and it is well known that the old King of Holland is kept out of the grave by the attentive cooking of the Queen herself. The King of Greece has Danish—his Queen, Russian—dishes, plus French cookery for the guests. A wing of a chicken, fruit, and a glass of claret, comprise the *menu* of His Holiness. King Humbert is a poor eater, the opposite of his father; but Queen Marguerite is the sole delicate gourmande that the royal fair sex can boast of. The Emperor of Germany does not remain longer at table than twenty-seven minutes; it may surprise many to learn that he only drinks water, like the King of Italy and the Sultan. As he can only use his right hand, his chop-stick unites on one side a fork, on the other a knife.

The new Chamber of Deputies has finished its first session, but has produced neither a man nor an idea. It has been incoherence itself. After the holidays will commence the game of ministerial skittles. Z.

MONTREAL LETTER.

FEW more curious and instructive documents are placed before the citizens of Montreal than the annual report, drawn up for the Sheriff, by the officials in charge of our gaol. It contains the statistics of our moral health and ought to supply to our moral advisers the data for a moral diagnosis of the community. Although ignorant of the object for which it is prepared, and of the practical value which our worthy Sheriff may set upon it, one cannot go over its *omnium gatherum* of figures without endeavouring to get at some underlying principle which might suggest more effectual remedies, either in cure or in prevention. Out of all the grand total of breakers of the law in Montreal 2,799 have been captured and punished, or at least put into gaol. In view of the fact that one of these was actually sent in 120 times we may ask, Are our police superlatively vigilant and efficient? Are our criminals stupid as well as wicked? Or, is prison-life less of a punishment than it is supposed to be? Of the whole number 732 were women and 1,067 men. Remembering the superabundance of women everywhere is the moral standard higher among them than among men? The proportion of unmarried men is shockingly greater than of married; whilst among the fair (?) sex it is the opposite. Is wedded felicity a more unqualified blessing to men than to women? A very much larger number of boys than girls were captured in wrong-doing; was not the Sunday-school boy, who would not be born again for fear he might be turned out a girl, all astray in his calculations? The report gives the religion of the women but is silent on that matter regarding the men. Had the men none? Or was it only not worth noting? Of Catholic women there were 472 and of Protestant 82. If there are three times more Catholics than Protestants in Montreal, is there anything in the one faith more than in the other to account for six times the number of criminals? Of those who were consigned to the Penitentiary ninety-seven were men and two women, a fact which seems to suggest that men in general not only swell the ranks of criminals more, but stoop to lower depths; but as the report states that two women and eleven men died in prison, may we not infer that for one woman there are three men who suffer from remorse?

From what may be called the Canadian nation comes, unfortunately, the largest crowd of the list, although in questions of more attractive interest there is said to be no such thing. Ireland, with its crime as ready as its wit, stands next. Then follows England with its inspected and approved emigration, the United States, Scotland, France and Germany. Is there anything in the trade of shoemaking to excuse its being at the head of occupations in the unenviable classification, with 132 out of the total? Or in that of the carter, to come next? Or in that of the carpenter, machinist, painter, moulder, tailor, mason, blacksmith, baker, engineer or barber, that they should follow in the order in which I have selected them? Or in the professions of chemist, broker, lawyer, merchant, student, schoolmaster, artist or musician, that we should find their members among the motley crowd?

We turn from shade to sunshine when we pass from this rogues' gallery to a portrait of His Lordship Bishop Bond, which has just been presented to the Diocesan Episcopal College by Mr. A. Frederick Gault, the occasion being made an opportunity for the friends of the College to congregate at the residence of the Principal. The portrait is executed by Mr. Robert Harris, R.C.A., and adds another to his list of masterpieces. In making the presentation, Mr. Gault spoke affectionately of the Bishop's deep piety and devotion to duty, and Dean Carmichael, in accepting the gift on behalf of the College, traced the fostering care which the institution had received at all times from His Lordship, and ascribed its wonderful success and development to his fatherly interest. Principal Henderson sketched the career of the Bishop and drew from it a lesson of guidance and encouragement to all young clergymen. The Bishop replied in his own modest, unassuming, and patriarchal style, thereby endearing himself more than ever to his friends and admirers, and to the community at large who may not have the opportunity of knowing him so well.

The Provincial Hospital for the Protestant Insane has appointed its first Medical Superintendent, Dr. Burgess, an Upper Canada College boy and a graduate in medicine of Toronto. Dr. Burgess comes from the Assistant Superintendentship under Dr. Russell of Hamilton, with speci-

ally high and reliable recommendation, and we look for a *régime* which will not be merely an asylum but a hospital for that portion of our population which always commands our most sacred sympathy.

La Grippe is proving itself a veritable scourge among us. Our Mayor, aldermen, police and Fire Brigade forces are *hors de combat*. Schools are vacant. Teachers are invisible. Lawyers, doctors, and ministers are on the list. A very cold snap has laid the last straw; the streets are deserted. The butcher and baker hold uncontested possession. Business is impeded. We can hardly get our letters or send our telegrams. Grown people rather than children; men more than women; the strongest are laid lowest, and our prominent citizens are the first to disappear. A few cases, aggravated by indiscretion, have proved fatal, and we have lost one of our ex-aldermen who, in his Christmas benevolence, was entrapped by the deadly enemy.

From statistics recently supplied we gather that the value of real estate in Montreal has increased by over two million dollars during the past year, a fact which we may be excused for cherishing, not in unfriendly rivalry, but in patriotic satisfaction.

A new map of the city has been prepared by the Municipal Surveyor, indicating proposals for street improvements on quite a cosmopolitan scale. Altogether 130 streets are to be made presentable in wood-block on concrete, in wood-block on plank foundation, in block-stone, or in asphalt.

The Hon. Mr. Mercier is going to give us a larger representation in the Provincial Parliament. It is believed that we are entitled to twelve or sixteen. We are to have six. Better half a loaf than no bread, but the usual balance of half English and half French is most likely to be rigorously maintained, all other things being unequal and of no consequence.

A youth from an office went into one of our banks last week to deposit a sum of money. As he pulled his pocket book out, a stranger stepped forward to make a polite enquiry, while answering which the youth was off his guard, and the stranger snatched the money and vanished. Meantime the Sheriff's list of the captured does not contain his name. Better luck next time, we hope.

The School of Cookery established this winter is proceeding to incorporation. VILLE MARIE.

DEATH.

BUT now he praised my beauty, gazing down
On this fair body, which is all his own,
More fair for being his,—each look and tone
Still linger with me. Yet may Death-sounds drown
All music, and this beauteous body, grown
Unbending, pale, and cold as chiselled stone,
Left for a few short hours perchance, while flown
From earth the soul is, shall endure his frown.

This flesh he loves become a thing abhorred
And hateful to him? Shall it e'er be so?
Revolting thought, I will not bear the woe
Of thy dread presence. See the strength and fire
In this proud flame, these limbs that never tire.
Let the weak die! Here love alone is Lord!

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

GEORGE MUCKENHUBER

(Concluded).

CHAPTER III.

GEORGE gripped hold of the Council and the Council of George; but the Council had in itself been bitter over George. There existed two parties which disputed among each other so that the cause of the dispute over the dispute was quite forgotten. The one wished, as already mentioned above, to hang George for a murderer. The other because he had not murdered. Only the Town Clerk—but secretly and to himself alone—formed a third peaceable party. He would let George go, "because," so he said to himself, "had one immediately on the first day tortured the culprit, then had indeed the truth come to light; now it is too late; but if we wait until the parties have agreed for which reason to hang Muckenhuber, he will, in the meantime, die in the tower of sheer old age. But the city had the damage which had so long to board and lodge the vagabond free. And then," concluded the Town Clerk, with his knowledge of human nature, "George, after so many weeks of the turnkey's scanty cookery, might long for a change." So, thought he, the best solution will be to accidentally leave the door open and let him escape. With the object of the dispute the dispute would disappear; yet everyone would wonder how anyone could bother their head so long about such a ragamuffin; the honour of justice would be saved; and to defend the negligence of the turnkey he would take the deed upon himself.

So he arranged that the bolt of George's cell door should often be forgotten. George noticed it, but quietly remained where he was; he would be hanged on Nordlingen ground. But one day he told his neighbour of the growing negligence of the turnkey, which gave the matter another turn. With the bare thought of the open door (even though it were not hers) awoke in Frau Hollin the whole mighty love of freedom. "If I could get out," said she, "—not that I would fly—I would go away that I might come back again; that I could tell my friends at

Ulm all the ignominy I have suffered; that I might come again with the witnesses and proofs of my innocence. I do not want my liberty at all; I wish only to save my honour and reputation." She did not finish, but George understood her. He had long since begun to work at breaking through the thin partition between the two cells. He had up to this time made but little progress, armed as he was only with a little bit of iron. But after this outcry of Hollin he worked with a giant's strength day and night; and on the third night he could attempt to creep through the hole he had made in the darkest corner.

There was no time to lose. George's door stood open again that night. There was only time for a short farewell. Frau Hollin crept into her neighbour's cell. George, his whole body trembling, embraced the old woman's knees, and cried—as if he would in this single word pour out the whole fulness of his obedience and thanks—"Mother!" And she, feeling over his face with her hand, in the black darkness felt his features and cried, "My poor, unfortunate son!" Then the two friends parted, who had never seen one another although they stood so near together. The childless widow had in this hour for the first time, with the full feeling of a mother, pronounced a child's name; and the tramp, who had never known a mother, for the first time pronounced the name of mother with deepest, childish veneration.

The same night Frau Hollin was concealed with true friends that she might get to Ulm the next day. But George slipped over into the empty witch's chamber, and as the turnkey came to the door in the morning and shoved the meagre meal through the sliding window, he crouched in the farthest corner and covered himself with the cloak the old woman had left; and as the man passed on to the door of his own prison he slipped quickly through the hole in the wall and took as George Muckenhuber the other portion.

Thus matters went on for a week, and he quietly enjoyed it, when the pain of losing his friend did not kill his pleasure. But one day, not the sliding window but the whole door opened, and in stepped the Town Clerk with the turnkey, and ordered Hollin to rise and follow him into the judgment room. George played his *role* as far as it would go, cowered as with the greatest anxiety into the dark corner and motioned the approaching figures back. But as the Town Clerk said encouragingly, "Woman, follow us and be comforted. I lead you no more to the torture, but to freedom!"—at that, Muckenhuber, entirely forgetting his mask, threw the mantle away, sprang proudly forward, and answered the frightened Town Clerk, his fists planted on his hips, "Make an end of that. I will be hanged on Nordlingen ground!"

The Town Clerk tore his hair with rage and disappointment as he saw that the witch had flown and the tramp remained. He was indeed about to conduct Hollin to freedom, but freedom under weighty conditions; and now she had disappeared entirely without conditions. George, in exchange, who without conditions should have disappeared, was now again on the hands of the Council. "Fellow, you are not to be killed!" shrieked the Town Clerk, foaming with rage, to Muckenhuber, who answered coldly, "That is my complaint—that you will not even try."

At this time the trial of Hollin stood in the following condition. In Regensburg they urged and threatened so forcibly that the greater part of the Council were non-plussed, and began to make a stand against the three companions who had brought about the whole witch-tragedy and had for five years conducted a veritable reign of terror. The always stormy complaints of the people increased, as they encouraged one another, madly as in a fever dream, and the witch-finders saw only too clearly that their career had reached its end, and that they must look to their own security. They wished therefore to set Hollin free under the condition that she should sign and swear to a document containing the following: She received her freedom as grace instead of right, and would never elsewhere lodge a complaint against her judges nor revenge herself personally upon them; she was to leave the city within twenty-four hours, and promise during the entire course of the trial to hold her peace.

From a frightened old woman who saw behind her the torture and before her the faggot-heap, one would expect easily to obtain the oath and signature to such cheap conditions. Great was the fright, therefore, when they heard of the flight of Hollin; but now she could from without lodge complaints and stir up the people as much as she wished.

The Town Clerk stood like a wet poodle before his official brethren, as he brought George Muckenhuber, instead of the old woman, into the justice chambers. The gentlemen of the council cast at each other the bitterest reproaches, first low, then louder; at last the storm grew, and all shrieked together, as in a Jews' school. Then the Town Clerk with his deep bass pitched above the general whirr caused a sudden quiet, and brought to peace the strident councillors. He cried, "George Muckenhuber is the cause of this trouble. Hang him up, if he does not instantly deny his former confession!" George answered: "I recall nothing!" And when the Town Clerk demanded for the second time, reiterated "Now for certain will I not recant!" And for the third time—there stands, as if sprung out of the earth, Frau Hollin herself in the room, conducted by two of the most influential burghers of Nordlingen and Ulm. She looked Muckenhuber sharply in the eye and said in a firm tone, "George, thou wilt deny thy false confession!"

The voice struck the defiant youth as a lightning stroke. He was long silent and cast down his eyes. All were silent; one could only hear the low breathing. Then he spoke, "No other power on earth would have forced me to recant, but I cannot lie to this woman's face—I recant!"

In the meanwhile the tumult of the crowd waged from without, which with the wildest threats against the council demanded the instant liberation of Frau Hollin. The gentlemen, feeling the dangers of delay, after a short secret exchange of words let the Town Clerk therefore acquaint the old woman in a polite manner with the articles of the document she was to swear to. But Frau Hollin answered that she demanded right and not grace; she had also only presented herself that her trial should be carried in due form to a conclusion; to this writing she would not swear. The gentlemen of the council made long faces, and faint would have resorted to persuasion, but they knew already that this woman was not very likely to be taken in by persuasion. Here the old woman observed the turnkey putting heavy chains on Muckenhuber, preparatory to his being taken to a strong cell, and the faltering glance with which he looked over fell heavy on her heart. After short consideration she spoke to the judges: "You gentlemen have put yourselves to bargaining with me, so you are no more really judges; since judges bargain not. But as you are no judges, you cannot do right by me. Go to. I also will offer a bargain. Give me that bad boy free, I will adopt him and take him with me to Ulm, and see if I can bring him up better than you. My property has lain idle during the eleven months I was in the town. You should make good my rents that I have lost in the meantime. Give me this bad boy; I will take him in lieu of the rents which God has allowed to accumulate during my suffering. Under these conditions I will swear to and sign your writing." The crowd in the vestibule of the house were uttering stormy threats. The council had no choice, even if Hollin had made quite different demands.

As she signed the document she found the reckoning beside it for her eleven months' keep. But she handed the paper back to the Town Clerk with a polite smile, and as the crowd were already knocking on the door, he tore the interesting appendage into little bits and threw them under the table.

George had in the meanwhile been relieved of his chains; he looked around as in a dream and silently allowed all that befell him; Frau Hollin took him by the hand and went to the door, where both were jubilantly received by the pressing crowd.

The Town Clerk wished now to shew that he was not quite cuffed in the mouth and cried in a half loud voice after the departing couple: "Now find this noble fledgling in Ulm at least a gallows where he may have the right to be hanged." Frau Hollin had understood him well, therefore she turned around in the door and cried in a loud voice: "Town clerk, you yourself should also be imprisoned for twelve months that you might learn to know the human heart; you would then probably find that there are people who not only do not fear death but desire him, so desolate and unattractive is their rough life. Others on the contrary have tasted so deeply the true nobility and powerful courage of life that thereby they despise death, even though they do not fear him. The first fear not death because they have not learned to live; these others fear him even less because of their consummate knowledge of how to live. I will now teach this my son to live, that death, which in his first wild state he knew so well how not to fear, in his other state of true Christianity he may learn how not to despise."

The old woman kept her word. George was in her house an honest and brave man, who rendered so valuable services to his new "native city," Ulm, in the first ten years of the Thirty-Years' War as to keep his name long in thankful and honourable remembrance. But the Nördlingen witch-judges were obliged to lay down their office. The entire council was weeded and renewed, and after these five years of fright followed a better decade in which right and justice reigned again in the honourable empire city.

FRED. A. T. DUNBAR.

TRIBUTES TO BROWNING.

CARLYLE loved to talk of Browning. He told me of their first meeting. He was riding on Wimbledon Common, I think, when this "beautiful youth," walking there alone, stopped him and asked for his acquaintance. The marriage of the Brownings was a well-remembered romance in the house at Chelsea. Miss Barrett had sent Carlyle her early poems, in manuscript, and the rhyme-hater at first discouraged her *avo more*; but when he found that she was hopelessly couch-ridden, and furthermore fairly imprisoned by a tyrannous father, "whose lightest word stood out as a law of the Medes and Persians," he thought it fortunate that she could so beguile her days. Robert Browning received, as it were, his summons to her side in two lines of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The lady and her lover culled

—from Browning some pomegranate which, when cut deep down the middle, showed a heart within blood-tinctured with a veined humanity.

I have not the poem beside me, and if I misquote, it is not half so badly as Carlyle did, who, I remember, raised Mrs. Carlyle's wrath by saying, "she compared him to a nectarine"! Browning, he said, had as much difficulty in making his way into the house as the knight who found Sleeping Beauty amid her thorns. And the effect

was much the same. Elizabeth Barrett had not left her sofa for years, but now rose up, and followed him to Marylebone Church, and then to Florence, and through many years of happiness. He was "beautiful," Carlyle said, and had flowing black hair, although for so many years he has been so blonde.—*Moncure D. Conway.*

* * *

It cannot have escaped the notice of any one who knew Robert Browning well, and who compares him in thought with other men of genius whom he may have known, that it was not his strength only, his vehement and ever-eruptive force, that distinguished him, but to an almost equal extent his humanity. Of all great poets, except (one fancies) Chaucer, he must have been the most accessible. It is almost a necessity with imaginative genius of a very high order to require support from without: sympathy, admiration, amusement, must be constantly poured in to balance the creative evaporation. But Mr. Browning demanded no such tribute. He rather hastened forward with both hands full of entertainment for the new-comer, anxious to please rather than hoping to be pleased. The most part of men of genius look upon an unknown comer as certainly a bore and probably an enemy, but to Robert Browning the whole world was full of vague possibilities of friendship. No one resented more keenly an unpleasant specimen of humanity, no one could snub more royally at need, no one was—certain premises being established—more ruthless in administering the *coup de grace*; but then his surprise gave weight to his indignation. He had assumed a new acquaintance to be a good fellow, and behold! against all ordinary experience, he had turned out to be a bore or a sneak. Sudden, irreparable chastisement must fall on one who had proved the poet's optimism to be at fault. And, to those who shared a nearer intimacy than genial acquaintanceship could offer, is there one left to-day who was disappointed in his Browning or had any deep fault to find with him as a friend? Surely, no! He was human to the core, red with warm blood to the centre of his being; and if he erred, as he occasionally did—as lately, to the sorrow of all who knew him, he did err—it was the judgment, not the instinct that was amiss. He was a poet, after all, and not a philosopher.

It was part of Mr. Browning's large optimism, of his splendid and self-sufficing physical temperament, that he took his acquaintances easily—it might almost be said superficially. His poetic creations crowded out the real world to a serious extent. With regard to living men and women he was content to speculate, but with the children of his brain the case was different. These were not the subjects of more or less indolent conjecture, but of absolute knowledge. It must be ten years ago, but the impression of the incident is as fresh upon me as though it happened yesterday, that Mr. Browning passed from languid and rather ineffectual discussion of some persons well known to us both into vivid and passionate apology for an act of his own Colombe of Ravenstein. It was the flash from conventionality to truth, from talk about people whom he hardly seemed to see to a record of a soul that he had formed and could follow through all the mazes of caprice. It was seldom, even in intimacy, I think, that he would talk thus liberally about his sons and daughters of the pen, but that was mainly from a sensible reticence and hatred of common vanity. But when he could be induced to discuss his creations it was easy to see how vividly the whole throng of them was moving in the hollow of his mind. It is doubtful whether he ever totally forgot any one of the vast assemblage of his characters.

In this close of our troubled century, when to so many of the finest spirits of Europe, in the words of Sully Prudhomme, "Toute la vie ardente et triste semblerait anéantie," the robust health of Robert Browning's mind and body has presented a singular and a most encouraging phenomenon. He missed the morbid over-refinement of the age; the processes of his mind were sometimes even a little coarse, and always delightfully direct. For real delicacy he had full appreciation, but he was brutally scornful of all exquisite morbidity. The vibration of his loud voice, his hard fist upon the table, would make very short work with cobwebs. But this external roughness, like the rind of a fruit, merely served to keep the inner sensibilities young and fresh. None of his instincts grew old. Long as he lived, he did not live long enough for one of his ideals to vanish, for one of his enthusiasms to lose its heat; to the last as he so truly said, he "never doubted clouds would break, never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." The subtlest of writers, he was the simplest of men, and he learned in serenity and happiness what he taught in song.—*Edmund Gosse.*

* * *

MR. BROWNING made his last visit to us at our hotel on the day we left Venice, the 7th, I think, of November. He came between ten and eleven o'clock, and remained until near the time of our leaving for the one o'clock train for Bologna. I never knew him to be more communicative and cheery. He told us much about himself—about Asolo, where he wrote, or prepared for publication, the poems contained in his last volume, "Asolando," in the dedication of which, to Mrs. Arthur Bronson, he says, "I unite, you will see, the disconnected poems by a title-name popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient Secretary of Queen Cornaro, whose palace-tower still overlooks us—Asolare: 'To disport in the open air, amuse one's self at random.' . . . I use it for love of the place, and in requital of your pleasant assurance that an

early poem of mine first attracted you thither, where and elsewhere—at La Mura as Cà Alvisi—may all happiness attend you!"

This last little volume was not the last in his mind then, for he talked as though he looked forward to many more years of productive work. My wife remarking that he could not be accused of letting his talents lie idle, he replied:

"It would have been quite unpardonable in my case not to have done my best. My dear father put me in a condition most favourable for the best work I was capable of. When I think of the many authors who have had to fight their way through all sorts of difficulties, I have no reason to be proud of my achievements. My good father sacrificed a fortune to his convictions. He could not bear with slavery, and left India and accepted a humble bank office in London. He secured for me all the ease and comfort that a literary man needs to do good work. It would have been shameful if I had not done my best to realize his expectations of me."

I give his own words as nearly as I now remember them.

A servant announcing that the gondola was waiting to take us to the railway station, he arose suddenly from his chair, bade us a cordial good-bye, with a "God bless you both," saying as he hastened off, "Now be sure to come and see me, next May, in London. You'll remember where my little house is, near the Kensington Gardens"—and was gone! We little thought then that we should see him no more in this world.—*Hiram Corson.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COMING CANADIAN COMMONWEALTH.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

DEAR SIR,—The Dominion of Canada is the third largest country in the world. Its resources are great and varied. Its citizens are strong, apt, intelligent and that the fourth merchant marine flies the maple leaf tells of their industry and capability:

Students of Canadian affairs have agreed that the Dominion cannot remain in her present political position. They differ widely however in their opinions as to what the necessary change should be. Three distinct schemes are before the public, viz., Imperial Federation, Annexation to the United States and Independence. These propositions as yet find their support, not in any particular party but in separate individuals, each claiming for his fad Utopian results.

Imperial Federation has among its supporters a few of high position and undoubted ability, yet the great majority of Statesmen are inclined to consider it a conception vague and void. Its *modus operandi* has never been defined, a fact that may be taken as a trustworthy index to its impracticability. Federation, however, upon a naval basis has been suggested, but the lack of common danger and interest between Britain and the colonies would seem to destroy all likelihood of its success. It would be a strange sight to see a combination, formed as the civilizing agent of the world, based upon readiness for war. That such a basis has been proposed certainly hints that particular advantage is the object of its promoters rather than the general good.

Would a national combination, destroying all balance of power and able to act with a high hand, be a friend to the interests of the world or a constant menace to its peace and prosperity? He who has studied human nature and history must answer the first question by *no*, the second by *yes*. The story of the naval confederacy of Delos, a union born of fear of a common enemy, also helps to dispose of this most plausible form of Imperial Federation. It was created under far more favourable circumstances for its continuance than could be expected for a British naval Confederacy, but soon rivalries arose, dissensions became rife and disintegration ensued. When the strong adhesive of common danger failed to cement the little Greek Confederacy, what is there to assure the success of this proposed short cut to the Parliament of Man? Until some guarantee is forthcoming and some definite plan devised we must consider Imperial Federation a fount of poetical reverie, only that and nothing more.

As to Annexation, it is fair to say that the average Canadian opposes it. He has taken his glass and scoured the social and political arena of the Republic. Far to the south he sees hordes of black men and crowds of white men wrangling and threatening each other, and he calls this the *racial* problem. In the great cities he sees the rich and poor mustering their forces, the working man and the lordly man nearing a collision, he sees society begin to quake, and he calls this the *social* problem. If his investigations have inclined him against union the anti-British tactics of White House politicians have made him a confirmed anti-annexationist. If then Canada is to undergo a political change, and Imperial Federation is impracticable and Annexation is held undesirable, we must conclude that the goal for which Canada is bound is Independence.

So it is. The Republicans and Democrats as they harangue against Britain; the Fishery Question and Home Rule Question as they press for solution; the revenue cutter as she chases the Canadian sealer and the British gunboats as they look idly on; the young Canadian as he plans and the English statesman as he ponders, all are helping to bring about Canadian Independence.

Nations are mere sandhills on the desert plain of Time, and the sands are shifting Canadaward. But some may call a halt here, and claim that Canada cannot become or remain independent. Their reasons are well defined and we may briefly examine them.

1. Britain's consent would not be given. Is this so? The late Hon. Mr. Bright, together with many other English statesmen, once declared, with the approval of the press, that Canada could become independent without the slightest resistance from England. The connection between Britain and Canada has long since ceased to be of any profit to the former. Canadian ports do not welcome the British merchant any more than the German, and for the doubtful glory of dominion John Bull is asked to protect Canadian interests, embarrass his trade and squander his wealth in war. All the straws that mark the trend of public feeling indicate that with a good will and best wishes England would second Canadian Independence.

2. The costs of an independent form of government would be too great; ambassadors, consuls, and the other necessities of a nation would require a revenue such as Canada could not produce. The expenses thus to be incurred are exaggerated, and there is no reason why, with an economic administration, the present revenue would not be sufficient to maintain the dignity of a nation.

3. Canadians would not be able to protect themselves. This is an argument against immediate Independence rather than against Independence in itself, and even as an objection to immediate Independence it is doubtful if it will stand criticism. Under present relations Canada receives no aid from England. The outrages on Canadian sealers continue and piratical plundering off the Alaskan coast still goes on. Withdraw the feigned protection, and what would Canada lose? Indeed, is not colonial connection the one cause of the existing unpleasantness between Canada and the States, and once separated from England would not all probability of such trouble disappear?

4. A national spirit in Canada is impossible! Consider the facts. When a Government official visits British Columbia he is publicly welcomed and every town hall flies its flag. When rebellion showed itself in the North-West the Halifax and Quebec Companies were among the first to march out. When peace was once more restored the martial strain of triumph echoed from Canso Strait to Nootka Sound. Whether you read a Canadian paper by the shores of the broad Pacific, on the rolling prairies or in the humble home of the *habitant*, you read of the same men and same events. Have we not already in Canada much that approaches a national spirit? Does the Pacific province welcome Eastern dignitaries that it may gain a subsidy or that it may honour those to whom honour is due? Did those Halifax and Quebec Companies respond to duty's call as slaves of enlistment or as knights to serve their country? Were the rejoicings after the rebellion merely formal, or the honest expressions of a people that thought they had a country worth saving? Do the journals throughout the length of this great Dominion teem with Canadian news because it is acceptable or otherwise? Yet there remain those who profess to see in our French fellow-countrymen an obstacle to a national spirit. They shut their eyes to Belgium and Switzerland with their dual and tripart official languages, and talk as though they never heard of Dutch unity or Helvetic patriotism. After all is there not too much stress laid on sameness of race as entering into a national life? Several European countries whose names are associated with the noblest struggles for national existence have been composed of distinct races, differing in language, religion and sentiment. History sufficiently affirms that common interests and love for the same kind of government can overcome all obstacles of race and creed, and weld the Latin and Saxon into a unified people. Why can this not be in Canada? Thus far we have seen that events are pointing towards Independence, and that no very serious objection thereto can be urged.

A few words now as to the effects of Independence. It has been said before that our relations with the United States would be improved. The Behring Sea contentions and Fishery fracas are continued in order to soothe the Anglophobias of the States. This class has no object in venting its spleen on Canada apart from her connection with Britain. Let the connection cease, and Canada, no longer an unoffending appendage, would be free from injury and insult, and John Bull would escape the awkward position of either being drawn into a quarrel with his big son Jonathan or forsaking his olden time prestige. Britain's convenience would be served and Canadian interests furthered. Treaties could be entered into with the States without Canada's suffering the effects of European indiscretion, and in many a fishing village and border town rancour and reverse would give way to sunshine and success. From out the turmoil of change a national literature would rise. A Milton or a Dante might not grace the crisis, but humbler poets would sing Canadian song till the continent would ring with the glad refrain. An educational influence would sweep over the country, petty prejudices would be absorbed in devotion to the national spirit, and the whole land would become strong in bonds of mutual trust. The vigour of new life would permeate industry and commerce would receive fresh impetus. The native hills would have a finer charm, the forests greater beauties, and a louder song of welcome would await Canada's sons in other lands.

Canadians are already looking towards Independence. Civil agitation suggests it, prosperity requires it, and peace demands it. Let us hope that destiny's wand may soon wave, and that from out the troublous times in which we

live, when social storms are brewing and clashing struggles stirring, there may rise into the pure sky beyond the clouds a guiding star amid the nations—the coming Canadian commonwealth. W. W. B. McINNES.

Toronto, January, 1890.

ART NOTES.

FERDINAND HEILBUTH, a native of Germany, but well-known as a prominent Parisian painter of park and garden landscapes with fashionably dressed figures in the foregrounds, died on the 20th November last, at Paris.

A WELL authenticated painting by Leonardo da Vinci has been discovered, and is now in Munich. It is the picture of a Madonna, and has been lying *perdu* in the little Bavarian town of Gunzberg, whence it was sent to Munich. It is pronounced authentic by the best connoisseurs of that town.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, originator and chief patron of the Grosvenor Gallery, has just founded a Society of British Pastellists, whose exhibition will be held annually at the Grosvenor Gallery. Members will be invited to exhibit, and the works of non-members will be received if accepted by the hanging committee.

THE Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, which held its first exhibition in Melbourne in 1885, has lately been honoured by Her Majesty with the title of *Royal*. It now numbers eighty members. In future its exhibitions will be held annually at the National Gallery at Sydney, and kept open for four weeks. Among the honorary members are Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Sir J. E. Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Sir Frederick Leighton, also Linton, the engraver, and G. F. Watts, R.A. For some unexplained reason considerably more high class and high-priced pictures are sold in Australia than in Canada. This is especially the case in regard to English art, which has not been much sought after in Canada, where most of the collectors patronize French artists. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

VERDI is spending the winter in a hotel at Milan, engaged in making notes for a new opera.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL intend this month to give six vocal recitals in Italy. They will no doubt be vastly appreciated in the land of song.

THERESA CARRENO, the American pianist, gave a concert in Berlin on the 18th of November, and surprised everybody with her powers. Otto Lessman says that for years he has not heard such playing.

A MISS CARLOTTA JOHANNSON, a niece of Christine Nilsson (a daughter of the prima donna's sister), is said to have a remarkably fine soprano voice and has been sent to Christiana to finish her studies in singing.

THE disposition of the characters in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" last week at the Grand Opera House gave entire satisfaction to those who were familiar with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's pretty classic as well as to less exacting play-goers. Tommy Russell in the title role had perhaps more admirers than the little girl who alternated with him, but both were highly gifted and exceptionally well-trained children. The slightly transpontine situations of the charming book hit the modern stage to perfection; there is just enough of the pathetic, varied by the humorous and the incongruous to satisfy all tastes. Numbers of happy children were in the audience, even at the night performances, and as for the matinee, the auditorium was fully as novel a sight as the stage.

It is only about twenty five or thirty years since Japan opened her portals and admitted foreign culture, but in that period she has made wonderful strides in advance. Not only in the science, but also in the arts, has the Japanese mind made unusual progress. What is being done in music may be seen from a concert programme performed in the Imperial Musical Academy of Tokio. This institution was started in 1878, and is therefore but a little over ten years old. Yet, at the head of the institution stands Mr. (or whatever we ought to betitle him) Isawa, a native Japanese. Next to him as head teacher we find Herr Dittrich, a German. The programme just alluded to was made up of choruses and songs, of pieces for piano and violin, by Weber, Schumann, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Yes, even a *concert-stück*, composed by a native, with the name of Koto, was performed. There also was played an original "Polka Japonica" for the piano. The natives display much love for art, they exhibit great perseverance in their musical studies, and are making most decided progress. The ladies are said to have pleasing voices, while the Japanese language is well suited for music.

THE English stage was at a poor pass when the ingenious writer of "The Bab Ballads" and the composer of "Cox and Box" got together about thirteen years ago. The biggest playwrights were Tom Taylor, John Oxenford and T. W. Robertson. Comic opera and opera in all its forms had hardly an existence. The public had sickened of farce and adaptations. It panted for something new, natty and national. The old songs of Balfe, Wallace and their emulators had outworn their popularity. Offenbach had begun to pall. Lecocq had paved the way for drawing-room operetta. But he was a foreigner and the Londoners wanted English music. Gilbert and Sullivan had the sense to see their opportunity and catch it now that it had come. Both were men of mark. Each had his social

following. Mr. Sullivan (he was not Sir Arthur then) enjoyed the friendship of royal highnesses, a princely fiddler among them. Mr. Gilbert had won his dramatic spurs long since at the Haymarket. One had wit, literary brightness and culture to help him; the other ranked as the foremost of living English musicians. The experiment was worth making. They made it. At the outset, if I am not mistaken, they aimed chiefly at modernizing operetta. To refinement of wit, humour and dialogue, to scholarly musical methods they would give the piquancy of ultramodernism of subject, and we hardly needed the assurance of the two unwearied authors to know that their work is not produced, as some might think, with ease, but with labour and thought as great as might be expended on far more lofty and pretentious essays. Mr. Gilbert was interviewed on his librettos lately. He said he had spent five months on the words of "The Gondoliers," and though he dared say he "could write an opera in a week, it would be a precious bad one." "Are you a rapid worker?" some one asked Sir Arthur the other day. "Well, that depends," was the reply. "Sometimes I do three or four numbers in a day, and sometimes I take a fortnight over a single song." Sir Arthur settled down to "The Gondoliers" last July and worked on steadily at it through the autumn. The melodies seem to have given him the most trouble, which is not surprising. The orchestration was disposed of in less than a fortnight. Gilbert works up his quaint conceits and quips as carefully as the composer makes his melodies. His library is littered all over with note books filled with embryo verses and dialogue. "When found make a note on" is his motto, as it is Alphonse Daudet's and Zola's, and as it was Charles Dickens'. He trims his lines and turns them; he amplifies and suppresses, till very often there is nothing at all left of the ideas with which he may originally have started. In staging his work when he has at last completed it he shows the same conscientiousness. It took three days' rehearsing at the Savoy before he was satisfied with the way in which the company played that game of blindman's buff in "The Gondoliers." As for Sir Arthur he vows and protests he worries more over his two act operettas than over his oratorios and cantatas. "My 'Martyr of Antioch' and 'Golden Legend,' strange as it may seem, gave me far less mental anxiety than my 'Pinafore' and 'Pirates.'" It is this thoroughness of the authors, no less than their wit, their humour and their artistic worth, that makes even the least brilliant of their joint works so peculiarly interesting. Whether "The Gondoliers" succeeds or fails—whether it is damned with faint praise, hissed down or wins uproarious welcome, we may expect it to be the best Gilbert and Sullivan could give us.—*N. Y. Herald.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT AND THOMAS HOOD (SELECTED). Edited, with Introduction, by J. Harwood Panting. London: Walter Scott; New York and Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

This latest volume of the Canterbury Poets should need but few words from us, unless certain hints as to the belittling of the literary wares of the past be true, as some critics would fain have us believe. Neither Hunt nor Hood are poets whom it is good to read continuously—this in self-defence. It is preferable to come upon such delightful lyrics and ballads, as either can give us, rather by accident, than to light upon them after having exhausted the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" or "The Story of Rimini." Delightful and inconsequent Leigh Hunt, who was never able to master the multiplication table! Poor Hood, receiving in his last days a letter containing a bank-note for £20, and these words in a feigned hand: "A shirt! and a sincere wish for health!" His commentator observes: "Alas! that wish was not gratified. The shirt became, indeed, a shroud." The selections have been in the present instance for the most part judiciously made, although we miss one or two popular favourites. The humorous poems of Hood are not included, but will soon be issued in a separate volume.

Le Canada-Français comes to us for January, well edited and full of good names. Napoleon Légendre, A. Gerin-Lajoie, P. J. O. Chauvean, and Benjamin Suete appear as contributors, while Dr. Fréchette gives a translation of Cable's "Sieur George." The *Documents Inédits sur l'Acadie* are continued, and a new Canadian novel by M. Légendre is promised for the February number. An interesting item is a *variante* of the French-Canadian song, "A la Claire Fontaine," found by Nérée Beauchemin in some districts of France, upon which he has constructed a delightful bit of verse.

Temple Bar has several seductive features this month; the two new serials promising well at the outset. Miss Edwards' "Pearl-Powder" is in her best and most careful style, and Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Alas," carried along all through in the present tense (she was the originator of this trick, afterwards taken up by the "Duchess" and other inferior writers of society novels), is laid upon the Continent, and is interesting from the very first paragraph. The fortunes of "Elizabeth" will be followed largely by all readers of the magazine. The eighth instalment of the "Romance of History" deals with the career of Casanova, and is one of the most picturesque and stirring of these bright papers. "The Green Door" is a fascinating short story of a Russian Princess, and a provincial English

doctor. The chief article of heavy calibre is entitled "The Catastrophe of Sedan"; there is some fair poetry and a couple of papers upon "Goethe" and Severn, the friend of Keats. Altogether the number is of exceptional importance—the periodical is one which holds its own among hosts of lesser but more pushing lights.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has commenced a new book on archaeology, which it is believed will be the most important of all his works.

It is announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to give the money necessary to rebuild the Johnstown Public Library.

THE publisher, Nicolai, of Florence, has brought out the third volume of the work of Ernesto Rossi, the famous actor: "Forty Years of Artistic Life."

WALTER BESANT has undertaken a life of Captain Cook, and Archibald Forbes one of Sir Henry Havelock for Macmillan's "English Men of Action."

It is a gratifying statement from Paris that the old co-workers, Erckmann and Chatrian, have become reconciled, and that they have an important literary enterprise in view.

PHILOLOGICALLY MacMahon and Bjoernson are the same name. MacMahon is the Irish translation of the Norman Fitz Urs, and Fitz Urs the translation of the Norwegian Son Bjarnar, which has been modernized into Bjoernson.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have now ready for the American market Tennyson's new volume, "Demeter, and other Poems." In London, nearly 20,000 copies were sold within one week of the day of publication (December 13).

MAX O'RELL has returned to America, and on a recent evening 2,500 people listened to the first lecture of the series he is to deliver under the management of Major Pond. It was in the Star Course, at Tremont Temple, Boston.

MISS OLIVE SCHREINER, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," writes to a Boston publisher that she has not yet completed her second novel, the newspaper report that the work was already in the hands of printers being untrue.

ALL France is laughing over the following announcement that lately appeared in an advertising sheet: "M. Ernest Zola (of Paimbeuf), inventor of the spring nippers, notifies his customers that he has nothing in common with his namesake, Emile Zola, writer."

"ARTISAN SONGS, by a Queen, for the German People," is the title of a collection of about 150 songs, written by Carmen Sylva and set to music by August Bungert. They are popular songs of shoemakers, tailors, bakers, coopers, etc. They will be published in numbers.

MRS. MARGARET HUNGERFORD is the every-day name of "The Duchess," the celebrated novelist. She resides at a beautiful place near Cork, Ireland. She enjoys a munificent competence from her books, the most popular of which, "Phyllis," has had a sale of 250,000 copies.

MARSHAL MCMAHON is at work upon his memoirs, and expects to finish them in January. The work will not be published for general circulation. Only six autograph copies will be printed,—one for the author and the others for his wife, their sons Patrice, Eugène, and Emmanuel, and their daughter, the Comtesse de Piennes.

ROBERT BROWNING is the first poet in the history of the world whose voice lives after death. He survived long enough to win a touch of literal immortality from the hand of science. The phonogram has preserved his voice, and if all goes well, Browning can speak in his own living tones to the unborn generations of a thousand years hence.

WHILE taking tea with Sir Theodore Martin in Wales last summer, Queen Victoria is said to have confided to her host her intention to issue a further volume of extracts from her journals, and it was arranged that he should again act as literary adviser and editor. The volume may include a selection of original verse from Her Majesty's pen.

ROBERTS BROTHERS will publish early next month "Albrecht," a new novel by Arlo Bates, and "The Bagpipers," by George Sand, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley, so favourably known through her translations of Balzac's works published by this house. They have now in preparation Miss Wormeley's translation of Balzac's "Sons of the Soil."

LORD TENNYSON is to write his own name in each of the one hundred copies of a volume, about to appear in England and America, which will contain three poems of the Laureate's—"To E. L." (Edmund Lear), "The Daisy," and "The Palace of Art,"—illustrated with photogravures of twenty-two drawings by Lear, the artist's portrait, and Watt's portrait of Tennyson. Scribner and Welford will import the book.

THERE will soon be published at Vienna a book entitled "A Summer in the South," which has been written by the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and by the Archduchess Valerie. The Empress describes the southern part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which she has visited this autumn, while the Princess speaks of the persons whom she met there. The Archduke Francis has furnished several designs to illustrate the work.

MR. STEAD's new *Review of Reviews*, a periodical whose first number has just appeared in London, with an edition of 50,000 copies, is a fresh exemplification of the increasing specialization in all fields of activity. One is sometimes minded to ask where it is all going to end. Life is daily becoming more complex; the subjects pressing for consideration are rapidly multiplying; yet Time remains a constant quantity, and, strive how we may, twenty-four hours continue to be the maximum which can be carried into a day. How long the increased pressure can be met by increased condensation is a vital question which social philosophers will soon be called upon to answer.

SOME one, a man apparently, who signs himself "B. F. P.," is writing a series of papers on "Authors I Have Met" for the Boston *Transcript*. How do you suppose he has met his authors?—at the club, or in the drawing-room? Not at all. In a much more practical way: as a proof-reader and compositor; and he discusses them from the manuscript point of view. The most of his meeting was done in Boston, and he tells us how amiable were such men as Robert C. Winthrop, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Story, and other equally distinguished Bostonians, when they visited the printer's. As a rule these gentlemen wrote carefully, and their manuscript was not difficult to read.

THE new letters of Lord Chesterfield have made a hit in England, the whole of the first edition having been sold on the day of publication. The collection has been admirably edited by Lord Carnarvon, whose memoir of Lord Chesterfield is very interesting. It is a mere chance that these letters were not given to the world fifty years ago, when Mr. Charles Greville searched the archives at Bretby with the express object of discovering the private correspondence of Lord Chesterfield; but all these manuscripts were then (and for a long time afterwards) hidlen away in a locked-up cupboard. Mr. Greville found only a number of volumes containing Lord Chesterfield's despatches when he was Minister at the Hague.

JEFFERSON DAVIS spent the last year of his life in literary work. He wrote an article on Andersonville for the *North American Review*, exonerating the Confederate Government from the charge of wanton cruelty toward Federal prisoners. On the publication of his reply to Lord Wolseley in the *North American* (which, Mr. Davis charged, was mutilated by the American editor in the interest of the English Government), Mr. Davis refused to permit the *North American* to publish his article on Andersonville unless the editor should agree to publish it uncut. The editor refused to give that pledge. Mr. Davis thereupon withdrew his article and transferred it to *Belford's Magazine*. It will appear in the January number.

MR. FREDERICK KEPPEL calls attention in the *Tribune* to the similarity of the poet's thought in the last two stanzas from Tennyson's last book ("Twilight and Evening Bell," etc.), with that in the last two of Whittier's "Burning Drift-Wood," in *The Independent* of January 2. The latter lines are as follows:—

I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling upon me;
I know from whence the airs have blown,
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of drift-wood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
The mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

SOME interesting autograph letters from Dickens, Thackeray, Keats and others were sold recently in London. One from Dickens to Mrs. Macready brought £6 15s. A letter from Hood to Samuel Lover, referring to Thackeray's visit to America, contained the familiar anecdote of Thackeray and the Bowery boy. An autograph manuscript poem, in four verses, entitled "As I See with Mine Own Eyes," beginning

They call thee false as thou art fair,
They call thee fair and free—
A creature pliant as the air
And changeful as the sea,

was signed "W. M. Thackeray," and brought £3 12s. 6d. Ten lines of poetry in the handwriting of Keats, on a small half sheet of paper, included the familiar line,

And joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu,

which the newspapers speak of as unpublished, went for £3.

OF the novelist, Cable, and his home in New Orleans, Mrs. Emily Pierce writes in the *Washington Capital*: "In his literary labours, George W. Cable is a marvel of neatness. His chirography resembles a Spencerian copy-book, and every manuscript is carefully copied by letter-press, neatly bound and laid away upon the shelves of his library. His study is rather a dull room, and suggests a workshop. Two low book-cases, books meagre and plain, an ugly, high desk and map of Louisiana are opposite the open grate, above which hangs a strong head of Homer. On the mantel stands an artistic bust of Clytie. Some etchings and sketches suggest the taste of the master, while a well-worn Webster's dictionary hints that he is not beyond the needs of his fellow-man. The only attractive spot is the low window dividing the book shelves, where the broad seat among the cushions suggests dreams of the 'Old Creole Days.'"

THE University of Jena announced autumn courses for teachers in the various sciences. The entire number of students in the German universities for the summer semester, was 29,491, distributed among the faculties as follows: Theology, 6,000; law, 6,835; medicine, 8,883; philosophy and natural sciences, 7,773.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into that vast Forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavour,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here;
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet, fearless toward that midnight black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

Augusta C. Winthrop.

MR. BROWNING'S ONLY PUBLIC SPEECH.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scotsman* writes:—Though an accomplished and fluent talker in private life, Mr. Browning had a pronounced and life-long antipathy to speaking in public. Edinburgh enjoys the honour of having been the scene, and the students of Edinburgh University the credit of having been the direct instigators, of probably the only public speech that the poet ever made. During the celebration of the tercentenary of the university, in 1885, Mr. Browning was one of the most popular of the many illustrious guests that thronged our city, and he thoroughly appreciated the unexpected tribute to his work. At the end of the famous week a "Students' Reception" was organised in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, and Mr. Browning was present, not as one of the *savants* who had agreed to address the students, but as a guest. When he appeared to take his seat on the platform, he was hailed with a perfect storm of applause by the students. Mr. Browning was profoundly affected by the heartiness of the welcome; he could scarcely believe that he had conquered such a position in the enthusiasm of the younger generation. He turned to the writer of these lines, who, as a platform steward, had the honour of ushering the poet to his seat, and embracing him as a kind of convenient epitome of the students in general exclaimed in a voice full of feeling—"You dear young men, how I love you all!" At the close of the reception, after Lesseps, Laveleye, Virchow, Helmholtz, Lowell, and the other famous men had spoken, shouts for "Browning!" "Browning!" once more broke out tumultuously. Mr. Browning could not resist the appeal; the antipathy to public speaking had to vanish on an occasion like that. "My dear young friends," he said, "some people are good enough to say that my writings are sometimes unintelligible; but I hope to make myself intelligible now, when I say how affected and impressed I am by this noble, this magnificent welcome, which you have given to one so unworthy as myself." It was not a long speech; but, when a thing is unique, size does not go for much.

THE USE OF THE HYPHEN.

ONE of the most difficult punctuation marks to place is the hyphen. The following common-sense directions by a practical printer are of more value than the rules in grammar: When two nouns come together, and the second one implies the act of containing the first, a hyphen is used to connect them, thus: Coffee-pot, a pot holding coffee; grain-drill, a drill holding grain. Many other familiar compounds may be mentioned, such as type-case, shell-box, spear-rack, paper-box, and an infinite number of others, which may be easily detected by the simple test I have given. When, however, the first noun indicates the material of which the second is made, no hyphen should be used, thus: Gold pen, silver dollar, rag doll, iron nail, etc. Evidently the hyphen would be ridiculous here, and not less so in such expressions as common sense, good nature, ill will, etc., when used simply as noun and adjective. When two adjectives stand before a noun, and the first one belongs rather to the second than to the noun itself, a hyphen should be used between the adjectives. Before me is a story about a "red haired girl." That means a red girl with hair, but a "red-haired girl" means—business! I don't mean that adjectives qualify adjectives, but a noun may be used as an adjective, and thus render the hyphen necessary; thus, the ten-hour plan, a ten-cent toy, a rosy-cheeked girl, etc. Read these words without the hyphen, and its omission would be intolerable. It takes the *Scientific American* to tell what "nine-inch cannons" will do; that is, nine cannons, each of one-inch bore. The question may be asked, right here, if common sense would not tell the meaning in the above case. Yes, I think it would, and by the same line of reasoning we may dispense with all punctuation; but as long as a judicious use of the

points saves us much mental work, let us continue to use them all. Sometimes, two words of the same part of speech are connected by the word *and*, and the three form an adjective, thus: "Up-and-down motion," "back-and-forth movement," "sick-and-well man," "cut-and-slash fury." If the hyphen be omitted in the above examples, a wrong meaning is substituted, or else the true meaning is not so readily perceived, but if, in the case just cited, the two adjectives qualify the noun equally, no hyphen would be necessary. If we speak of a shipping-case, for instance, we use a hyphen, and so in retailing-case; but if the words "shipping and retailing" come before the word "case," no hyphen is possible, as "shipping and retailing case." Some use the hyphen after the first adjective above mentioned, and punctuate it thus: Shipping-and retailing-cases, but this is a German idea and is not proper in English. It looks too much like the grocer's sign: "Straw-, goose-, huckle-, cran-, black-, rasp-, and June-berries for sale." A participial adjective coming before a noun, indicating the general or habitual use of the noun, should have a hyphen, as "printing-press," "stamping-die," etc. A printing press is a press which is just now printing, but a printing-press is used for printing in general, though at this instant it may be perfectly still. In a similar manner we distinguish between "running-boy" and a "running boy." It will be seen here that the hyphen renders habitual that which is only temporary or accidental.—*National Educator*.

THE OMNIBUS FIEND.

He thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney piece;
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

—*Lewis Carroll in Sylvie and Bruno.*

MORTALITY FROM SNAKE BITES IN INDIA.

The mortality from snake-bites is very great. The average loss of life during the last eight years has been 19,880 human beings, and 2,100 head of cattle yearly. I regret that I am unable to state how many of these deaths are to be ascribed to the cobra, or each particular snake, as I have been unable to obtain any reliable returns which entered into this special detail. But when conducting an investigation into this subject in India some years ago, I was then able to make out that of 11,416 deaths of human beings in 1889, out of a population of 120,914,283, 2,690 were assigned to cobras, 359 to kraits, the balance being caused by snakes unnamed. This return is of little value, but it indicates what is well known, that the cobra is by far the most destructive of the venomous snakes of India. Mr. V. Richards, who has investigated the subject closely, says the cobra causes nine-tenths of the human deaths. The snakes which are most destructive to life are probably in the following order:—The cobra, *Naja tripudians*; the krait, *Bungarus caeruleus*; the kuppur, *Echis carinata*; Russell's viper, *Daboia russelli*; the hamadryas, *Ophiophagus elaps*; the raj-samp, *Bungarus fasciatus*. The hydrophidæ are probably not less dangerous, but they are comparatively rare, and seldom brought in contact with human beings, and thus do not contribute so largely to the death-rate. The number of snakes destroyed in 1887 amounted to 562,221, for which rewards amounting to 37,912 rupees were paid. The table shows in detail the number of human beings and cattle killed by all poisonous snakes together, the number of snakes killed, and the amounts paid for their destruction each year from 1880 to 1887 inclusive:—Number of people killed: 1880, 19,150; 1881, 18,670; 1882, 19,519; 1883, 20,067; 1884, 19,629; 1885, 20,142; 1886, 22,134; 1887, 19,740. Number of cattle killed: 1880, 2,536; 1881, 2,029; 1882, 2,167; 1883, 1,644; 1884, 1,728; 1885, 1,483; 1886, 2,514; 1887, 2,716. Number of snakes killed: 1880, 212,776; 1881, 254,968; 1882, 322,401; 1883, 412,782; 1884, 380,981; 1885, 420,044; 1886, 417,596; 1887, 562,221. Amount of rewards paid: 1880, 11,664 rupees; 1881, 11,996 rupees; 1882, 14,873 rupees; 1883, 22,353 rupees; 1884, 28,551 rupees; 1885, 25,213 rupees; 1886, 25,361 rupees; 1887, 37,912 rupees.—*Sir Joseph Fayrer, in the Nineteenth Century.*

AN AMERICAN POPE.

Of the ecclesiastical qualifications of Cardinal Gibbons for the most exalted honour in the Church's gift, it is not for a layman to speak. It is enough that the Holy See has seen fit to set him at the head of one of the most powerful and perhaps the most intelligent hierarchy in the world, and that the Vatican has paid unprecedented respect to his counsel. Cardinal Gibbons combines the suavity of an Italian monsignore with that ingenuous integrity and robustness which we like to think is the characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon race. If he were called to occupy the most conspicuous and most ancient throne in Christendom he would not go to Europe as a novice in European affairs. To have assisted at an Ecumenical Council at an age when most men are on the threshold of a career is an early

training in cosmopolitanism rarely experienced. During the intervening twenty years the cardinal's frequent visits to Europe have brought him into contact with some of the acutest intellects of the Old World. Moreover, since his elevation twelve years ago to the head of the hierarchy of the United States, he has governed an episcopate and a priesthood which are composed of members of every European nation. His unexampled undertaking two years ago, when, the youngest member of the Sacred College, he prevailed upon the Holy See to reconsider a momentous judgment, was not the achievement of a man whose attributes are merely local and national. The installation in the chair of St. Peter of this enlightened English-speaking churchman would be an event of such import to human society that one dares not hope to see its accomplishment, for it seems as if it would be the first step toward bringing back to the church the great democracies which are destined to govern the world.—*J. E. C. Bodley, in The Nineteenth Century.*

INFLUENZA EUROPEA.

THE epidemic of influenza, which is just now taking the place of war rumours, royal progresses and marriages, or general elections, as a Continental sensation, is rather a curiosity to most newspaper readers of the present generation. There is nothing at all new about the influenza itself, but an epidemic which overspreads Europe like a great wave, setting Paris and Berlin topsy-turvy at once, and almost producing a suspension of business, is something a little more surprising than an ordinary epidemic of colds. It has been some little time, indeed, since the like phenomenon occurred; the last severe epidemic of *influenza Europæa* is recorded as taking place in 1847. But in the eighteenth century there had been no less than ten of these epidemics. The Italians, who gave its English name to the influenza (the French call it *la grippe*), finding no reason in nature or in conditions of life for this disease, ascribed it to the influence (*influenza*) of the stars. Perhaps there are some modern scientists, and especially the French medical students of "suggestion," who would agree that in this case, as in so many others—

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves.

But the name perpetuates the old notion. The present epidemic, like almost all other epidemics, comes from the East. We heard of it first in St. Petersburg, and no doubt it would be traceable thence to Astrakhan or Oldenburg. From St. Petersburg it went to Moscow and Berlin, and thence to Paris. The rapidity with which it spreads is something marvellous. Even in the days before the railroads it has been known to overspread the whole of Europe in six weeks, and then to travel on to America. No doubt it may be expected in New York or Boston about Christmas time. Fortunately the present visitation is classed as "benign" by the physicians. "Benign" is one of the doctors' odd words, and in this case it means merely mild, just as "laudable pus" means something comparatively and not positively praiseworthy.—*Boston Transcript.*

A LION HUNT.

I now come to one of my great days, when I shot my first and only lion. I had started out to the left of the river, and was skirting the far side of the plain, in the hopes of coming across buffalo near the edge of the bush. As I went along I put up, from under a tree, an enormous leopard, about the size of a moderate lioness, and I put in a snap shot, with no apparent effect, as the creature rapidly disappeared. Having proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther, I saw some ostriches, and was debating whether I should try and stalk them or not when one of my men gave a low whistle to attract my attention, and standing broadside to me, not forty yards away, was a magnificent lion. He was looking at the ostriches, and, like myself, so busy debating the chances of a good stalk that he neither saw nor heard me. He looked truly magnificent, and quite the king of the forest at that moment; but, though full of admiration, I lost no time in firing off my 450° rifle. With a deep roar he bounded off, and, fearing that I had not planted the bullet in the right place, I gave him the other barrel. This time I aimed for the back of his head, and, as I afterwards found, with great accuracy, though the bullet had only penetrated the skin and then glanced all along his skull, coming out just above the upper lip. As he disappeared after this shot in a thick clump of bush, some twenty yards off, I waited a quarter of an hour before taking up the tracks. I then did not have to penetrate far before I came upon him stone dead, my first bullet having penetrated the heart. He measured nine feet five inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail as he lay, and the skin, when removed, without any stretching, measured eleven feet, and that, too, with rather a short tail. He had a fair amount of mane, which is rare, as it generally gets torn out by the bushes.—*East Africa and its Big Game, by Captain Sir John Willoughby, Bart.*

MISS VON FINKELSTEIN, the Russian lady whose lectures on life in the Holy Land attracted large audiences in London and the Provinces, has just completed her first lecturing tour in Australia. She has cleared £5,000 by it, and has already begun another tour, at which her audiences are equally large and equally eager to learn something of Eastern life.

THE THREE BADGERS.

THERE be three badgers on a mossy stone,
Beside a dark and covered way;
Each dreams himself a monarch on his throne,
And so they stay and stay—
Though their old father languishes alone
They stay, and stay, and stay.

There be three herrings loitering around,
Longing to share that mossy seat;
Each herring tries to sing what she has found
That makes life seem so sweet.
Thus, with a grating and uncertain sound,
They bleat, and bleat, and bleat.

The mother herring on the salt sea wave
Sought vainly for her absent ones;
The father badger, writhing in a cave,
Shrieked out, "Return my sons!
You shall have buns," he shrieked, "if you behave!
Yea, buns, and buns, and buns!"

"I fear," said she, "your sons have gone astray;
My daughters left me while I slept."
"Yes'm," the badger said, "it's as you say,
They should be better kept."
Thus the poor parents talked the time away
And wept, and wept, and wept!

Gently the badgers trotted to the shore—
The sandy shore that fringed the bay;
Each in his mouth a living herring bore—
Those aged ones waxed gay.
Clear rang their voices through the ocean's roar
"Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

WHAT CAUSES SUICIDE?

NATURE revolts at self-destruction, even when life has lost all charms for its possessor and when existence is attended with naught but misery. When loss of all that is dear has driven a soul to the madness of despair, when a life of crime has brought remorse unendurable, or when the body is racked with ceaseless torments of pain, self-wrought destruction seems sometimes pardonable and often almost logical, but suicide, when attended by no such circumstances, can be ascribed to nothing else than the breaking down of self-control—the act of a madman. Psychologists have wrestled with this problem for ages without coming to any very full and satisfactory conclusions as to the real causes that produce suicide. In some instances physical causes seem to predominate, in others a diseased brain destroys the body as a caged tiger breaks its prison bars. Every case is more or less isolated, for, being an unnatural act, there are no general principles which govern it. Often when confidently expected it is never found, and it is usually discovered where least looked for. Physiologists tell us that life is a constant effort to preserve a balance between the forces of the individual within the body and the external forces and conditions of its environment. When this equilibrium is disturbed disease results and it is necessary to restore it by unusual means, as medicine, diet, change of habits or climate, and if unsuccessful, death results. Much more is this the case as regards the brain and its functions. That organ is constantly at work whether the body is at rest or not. In some the action is sluggish; the equilibrium is easily preserved. In others it is active and more care is necessary, while in a few highly developed organisms the conflict is constant, though unperceived, and often the struggle ends suddenly. The over-wrought brain, instead of yielding slowly, gives way altogether and the reaction is proportioned to the effort that has been made at resistance, just as the ball of a pendulum, if held at a distance from the position of rest, will swing an equal distance beyond the centre when released. No sane man ever killed himself, because self-preservation is the first law of sanity. No man, however, is at all times sane, or which is the same thing, mentally balanced. In most persons the variations are small and the balance is easily restored, particularly if the giving way has been gradual and prompt efforts are taken for relief. It is only when the strain has been long and continual, without effort or relaxation, that the consequences are serious. Sometimes the result is complete prostration, often resulting in dissolution, at others the laws of nature are completely reversed and self-destruction follows. Life at a high mental pressure in any sphere is dangerous. The man who violates those laws which pertain to his material body only is far safer than he who gives his brain no rest. Sleep throws the body into complete repose, but the brain is still more or less active. The brain needs rest and recreation apart from this, and those who neglect it have soon to repent of their indiscretion. The tendency of this age is to live at too high a pressure and we have only ourselves to blame for the results which follow.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

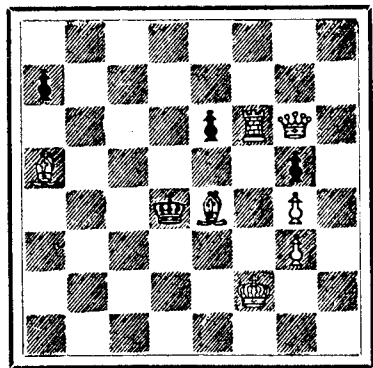
MR. RUTTON, who compiled the pedigrees of the Veres and other great families for Mr. Loftie's "Kensington," is about to print a couple of hundred numbered copies of an account of the three junior branches of the Wentworth family—those, namely, of Nettlestead, Gosfield, and Lillingstone Lovell. The Lady Wentworth who won Monmouth's heart was the representative of the Nettlestead family. One of the Lillingstone family defied Queen Elizabeth and died in the Tower in consequence, though he was nearly related to Walsingham. From the junior Wentworths a good many well-known people are descended, as, for instance, Sir Charles Dilke, Lady Anne Blunt, Mr. Loftie, and Mr. Rutton himself.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 427.

By G. BEHTING.

BLACK.



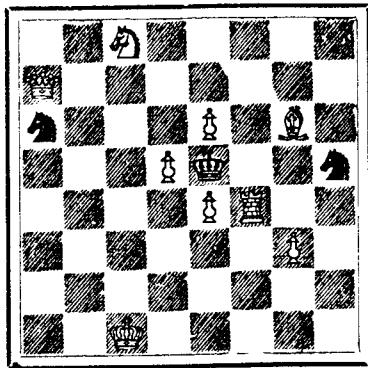
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 428.

By T. TAVERNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 421.
White.
1. R-B 1
2. K x P
3. K-K 3 mate.
Black.
P-B 6 +
P-Kt 5 +
If 1. K-K 5
K-B 4
2. R-K 1 +
3. Kt-R 6 mate.
With other variations.

No. 422.
Kt-K 3

GAME PLAYED RECENTLY AT HAVANA BETWEEN MESSRS. GUNSBURG AND CARVAGAL ON ONE SIDE, AGAINST MESSRS. GOLMAYO AND VAZQUEZ ON THE OTHER.

GUNSBURG AND CARVAGAL White.	GOLMAYO AND VAZQUEZ Black.	GUNSBURG AND CARVAGAL White.	GOLMAYO AND VAZQUEZ Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	13. P-Q 5	Kt-K 4 (b)
2. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	14. B x Kt	B x B
3. P-K B 4	P-Q 3 (a)	15. Q x P	Q-K 2
4. Kt-B 3	P x P	16. B x B +	K-Q 1 (c)
5. P-Q 4	P-K Kt 4	17. B-B 5	Kt-B 3
6. B-K 5	P-Q R 3	18. Q-B 3	R-K Kt 1
7. B-R 4	B-Q 2	19. P-K Kt 4	B x Kt +
8. P-K R 4	P-Kt 5	20. P x B	Kt x Q P
9. Kt-Kt 5	P-R 3	21. Castles	Kt-K 3
10. Kt x P	K x Kt	22. P-K 5	Q x K P
11. B x P	B-Kt 2	23. K R-K 1	Q-Kt 2
12. R-K B 1	K-K 1	24. Q x Kt P	Q x B P

NOTES.

- (a) This gives Black a cramped position.
- (b) Kt-Kt 1 better.
- (c) If Q x B, R-B 8 and the Queen is lost.

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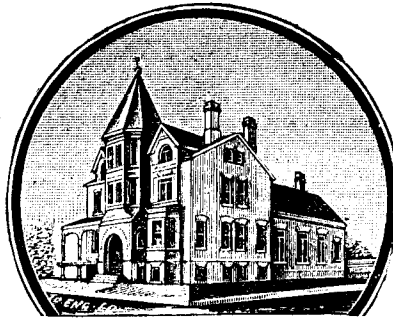
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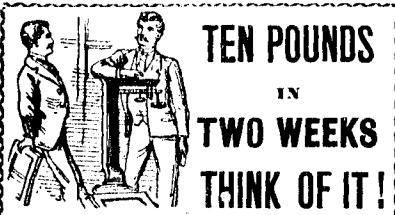
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"Yes, dear, I am married now, and George and I are keeping house in the loveliest flat on 4th St. Well, yes, we did get married somewhat suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Heavyfoot had insisted that he feared I would follow poor, dear sister Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that 'nephew Nelly Parker' say to his mother, 'I think that George Blawie is just as badly for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step in to her shoes and become Mrs. George Blawie; now just you wait and see.' This spring I took of George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deceitful hussy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderful life-saving effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was I with my healthy and robust appearance that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blawie. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

THE DEY OF ALGIERS!
THE SHAH OF PERSIA and the SULTANS of TURKEY and MOROCCO now FATELY and BEAUTIFULY their haroms exclusively on DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. So great is the demand for these marvellous Wafers that their manufacture is continued day and night.

"The Shah found his harem in a state of disorder on his return to Persia. N. Y. World, Oct. 12, 1889. Reason—Their supply of CAMPBELL'S WAFERS was exhausted."

ILLUSTRATIVE of the desirability of a certain amount of Plumpness, rousance has it that the above distinguished Oriental Potentates make it a practice to WEIGH their wives regularly once a month, precedence in rank and imperial favour being accorded to the wife possessed of the greatest number of pounds avoirdupois.

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Breakfast Cocoa
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation as has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes tan, pimples, freckles, moth-patches, rash and skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. **FRED. I. HOPKINS**, proprietor, 48 Bond Street, running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., New York. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

The Home Savings & Loan Co.
LIMITED.
DIVIDEND No. 21.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum has this day been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the half year ending 31st December, 1889, and that the same will be payable at the Company's Office, No. 76 Church Street, Toronto, on and after the 2nd day of January, 1890.

The transfer books will be closed from 16th to 31st December inclusive.
By order of the Board.
JAMES MASON,
Manager.
Toronto, 14th Dec. 1889.

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