

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 3.

Toronto, Thursday, January 22nd, 1885.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 7 cents.

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.
Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A GOVERNOR-GENERAL necessarily brings with him to Canada a factitious influence on account of his rank. He carries away with him an influence which if not wholly is largely factitious on account of his supposed experience. His term is short, and though at his receptions and in the course of his official tours he sees many and talks to many, he really converses only with a few, and those either of the Viceregal way of thinking or under courtly restraint. Yet he deems himself and is naturally considered a special authority on Canadian subjects. When Lord Lorne does us the honour to speak about Canada, his utterances are always quoted and cabled as though they carried more weight and deserved more attention than those of ordinary men ten times better acquainted with the subject. He has probably been enabled, with the best intentions, to do some mischief by stimulating unsuitable emigration. He now proposes, and he may be taken to represent Canadian feeling in the proposal, that our affairs should be managed by a board of colonists resident in England and advising the Colonial Secretary. The answer to suggestions of this kind has been given fifty times over. Colonists settled in England, domesticated in London society, and having its prizes before their eyes, would cease to be colonists or fair representatives of colonial interests and sentiments. A board made up of the representatives of different colonies, with widely varying circumstances both commercial and political, would, moreover, have no unity in itself, nor could the representative of any one of the colonies on such a board allow its wishes to be over-ruled by the votes of the rest. The devotees of Expansion seem to have dreamed and talked themselves into the belief that the Empire is a homogeneous mass instead of being a heterogeneous collection as it is. What is the object of all this gimcrackery? What is it intended to produce? Why is not an Anglo-Saxon community, half as numerous again as England in the time of Elizabeth, and ten times better educated, competent, with the help of the telegraph, to manage its own affairs?

Few men enjoy the felicity which has fallen to Sir John Macdonald, and celebrate the fortieth year of their entrance into public life, or their seventieth birthday. The coincidence invites to a double retrospect, and may be used as if it furnished a momentary dispensation from the necessity of looking to the future. At seventy the future is not likely to be long to the individual; but it is plain that Sir John was merely feeling his audience and anticipated the emphatic "no" which he elicited when he said

"perhaps he should make way for younger and stronger men." That he should remain while strength lasts is, as he said, the unanimous voice of his party. There is no one intriguing to supplant him, and there is a general feeling that no possible competitor has the elements of success which have kept him in the position of chief command. The forty years of public life are divisible into two distinct periods through which the dividing line is drawn at the year 1856. Till then Sir Allan McNab was the Tory leader; and in those days Toryism meant in Upper Canada a State Church, and in Lower Canada a dual establishment, in company with the feudal system—a survival the more anomalous from the fact of its appearing on the soil of the New World. Under different circumstances the men who abolished the feudal tenure and secularized the Clergy Reserves would have won the laurels due to the foremost of Reformers; but Sir John had belonged to the party which resisted these changes as long as possible; he then in conjunction with others took up the programme which old opponents had framed and carried it out in good faith to the last line. In deference to M. Morin, who insisted on this reform, the Legislative Council was made elective. This step, when the Confederation was set up, Sir John in deference to the Maritime Provinces consented to retrace, and in doing so he made the only reactionary move of any importance in his whole career. From 1856 to the death of Sir George Cartier Sir John was not the sole leader of the Conservative Party; he was the leader in his own Province, where he did not always, even while in power, command a majority, and he was often under obligations to Sir George Cartier for the majority which maintained the twin leaders in office. With the death of Cartier the double-headed Ministry became impossible; at best it was an anomaly, and with Confederation it was incompatible. After the removal by death of his great ally Sir John became, in the sphere of his action, supreme.

WHEN the friends of such a man resolve to pay him a public compliment on his double birthday they are not likely to do it by halves. The ovation was complete, and everything that adulation could do was done. The after-dinner speech of the guest, witty and brilliant, though sometimes sophistical and inconsequent, was equally applauded for its good and bad points. The company was determined to make the guest happy, and as the readiest means of doing so it resolved to welcome every part of his speech with the same marks of boisterous appreciation. Sir John's defence of the granting of Imperial decorations and of the receipt of them by colonists is well fitted to recall the aphorism *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. For what purpose was the fact recalled that Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie recommended some of their friends for knighthoods, if not to show that there are not, in this community, two opinions about the desirability of our public men accepting rewards at the hands of others than the public whom they serve? When Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake refused the offer of knighthood they did their duty just as well as Sir John conceived he did his in accepting. It is late in the day for Sir John to feel severely shocked at a knight expressing opinions in favour of Canadian independence, since he did not object to having as a colleague another public man who had accepted knighthood on the express condition that it should not interfere with his right to advocate independence. What was permissible in Sir Alexander Galt is sought to be made treason in Sir Richard Cartwright. Sir John does not himself object to independence, as he understands it. "What country in the world," he asks, "is more independent than we are?" And he reminds us that, on the Tariff Question he took for his motto "Canada for the Canadians." When he adds "we are free from all the complications of European history," he forgets that Canada has been twice conquered as the result of European complications, and that so purely a dynastic quarrel as the war of the Spanish succession once caused the stronghold of Quebec to change masters. What is there to prevent Canada being again made the battle-ground in a quarrel in which she had neither part nor interest?

THE guest at the Montreal banquet took credit to himself for having allayed the jealousy and ill-feeling which formerly kept the French and English populations apart. In Lord Durham's time (1838) social intercourse

between the two races was unknown; and Sir John says that so late as after his entrance into public life French and English butchered one another in the streets of Montreal. But at this time the serious cause of friction had been removed. So long as the representative Assembly was checked in all its movements by the Crown-nominated Chamber exasperation was sure to result from the collision. The wrath of the popular leaders fell upon the instrument by which the Assembly was held in check, and the worst feeling between the two Chambers was kept up. Responsible government made it necessary to bring the two Houses into harmony, and in this great work Sir John bore no part; it was done before his influence in the Legislature was felt. The part he bore in aiding the two races to work politically together has not been inconsiderable, and it is impossible for on-lookers not to feel sometimes that the less we had of the costly achievement the better. By humouring the French, especially on fiscal questions, it is possible for an Ontario leader to get their support. It was to please Quebec that the Federal Government assumed a heavy burthen of debt due by the two Provinces. This and similar compliances have enabled Sir John to control the Quebec Vote; but it is a policy that costs dear and tends greatly to increase the Federal debt. The speeches were not allowed to close without a warning from the Premier of Quebec that he was going back to Ottawa to ask for more money from the Federal treasury. There are no signs of amalgamation between the two races. The French pride themselves on being a people apart from the rest of the population. Intermarriage is rare, and religion not less than race tends to keep distinct the line of division. One people the French and English populations of Canada can never become in the absence of amalgamation; and to-day its absence is almost as marked as it was fifty years ago.

It fell to several of Sir John Macdonald's colleagues to grace the banquet with their oratory when the chieftain had had his say. The most notable of these speakers, in some respects, was M. Chapleau; by him the greatest effort was made at both the Toronto and Montreal banquets. On both occasions the impression he made was favourable to his ability as a speaker. At Toronto, he ventured on the experiment of throwing a few drops of cold water on Imperial Federation; at Montreal, while fealty to the chief was the refrain to which he attuned his voice, he treated Imperial Federation as absolute colonial independence, which he was not prepared to welcome. Whether the change implies intermediate admonition no one has told. Sir Leonard Tilley, as in duty bound, defended the National Policy, without explaining why, contrary to promise, the National Policy had bloomed into fully developed protectionism. Sir David Macpherson asked for the Senate immunity from reform; and he gave a reason for making the request: that because the small Provinces have an equal representation in the Senate he thought they would not agree to a change. But if, for the doubtful and uncertain representation they now get, they got a real representation selected by their own Legislatures, they would have good reason to prefer the change.

It is to be hoped that we are now at the end of party demonstrations, whether in honour of the Conquering Hero or of the Beloved Chief. The warriors on both sides must by this time have quaffed to the full the mead of self-glorification out of the skulls of their political enemies. It is fortunate that still more savage practises do not prevail, or Sir Richard Cartwright might smoke upon the hostile board. An onlooker is chiefly struck by the childishness of these exhibitions. Not even the speakers themselves can imagine that their hyperbolic tirades bear any relation to the facts, or that their presentations of political history will ever be deemed worthy of notice by the historian. As to answering the statements or the arguments, a man of sense would as soon think of answering a bagpipe. Yet all is not laughable in these orgies of partisanship. The banqueters go away drunk with a wine even more deadly than the sherry. They are more than ever inflamed with party passion. They have learned more than ever to set party above their country, to regard half their fellow-citizens as their enemies, and to believe that everything is moral in politics which can put power and patronage into the hands of the Conquering Hero or the Beloved Chief.

In his address to the Young Men's Liberal Club, Mr. Blake assumed the existence of a centralizing tendency in the Ottawa Government. This tendency cannot be denied; but measured by the number of local acts brought under the operation of the Federal veto, it has not increased but rather diminished since Mr. Blake was in power. But the veto is not the only measure of a tendency to centralization; there is besides the aggression of the Federal Legislature on the domain of the Provincial Legislatures. The decision of the Supreme Court on the Federal License Act shows that the legislative power is divisible; that the Federal Legislature exceeded

its authority when it assumed to control retail licenses, and that the Local Legislatures exceeded their authority when they undertook to control wholesale and steamboat licenses. To each the decision of the Supreme Court is a partial defeat, to each a partial victory; and neither is in a position to blame the other for what it has done in the premises. When Mr. Blake talks of "enforcing the Federal view of the Constitution" he uses the words in a sense directly opposite to that given to them by Hamilton, Jay and Marshall. The object of the founders of the Federal Party was to increase the power of the general Government; and in this they succeeded when they supplanted the old Confederation by the present Federal constitution. Still, apart from this conventional meaning of Federalist, there is a true meaning which receives no violence at the hands of Mr. Blake. Pisa closing the gateway of the ocean to Florence is the extreme of localism; the United States Congress clothed with power to do anything necessary to the fulfilment of the duties specifically imposed upon it, may, under a recent decision of the Supreme Court, approach the opposite extreme. But the Federal Government of Canada started with odds in its favour. The absence of Provincial Courts places the Provinces at a disadvantage as compared with the separate States of the American Union. In spite of the tariff, Mr. Blake finds that the imports have not decreased since 1878, while the revenue has increased along with the duties. The tariff is protective to the extent that it prevents an increase in the imports; it is a revenue tariff if its productiveness only is considered. In other countries an increase of duties has often caused a diminution of revenue, and a decrease of duties has led to an increase of revenue. Pitt, by lopping off nine-tenths of the tea duty, increased the revenue by one-third; when, in 1807, the taxes of Ireland amounted to three millions four hundred thousand pounds, war taxes were added in the expectation that they would produce three millions four hundred thousand pounds more, with the result that, some years after, the whole product of the taxes, old and new, was one-fifth less than before. When a tariff rises above the revenue limit, increased taxes diminish revenue. Towards this danger, which we have not yet reached, we are tending. Specific duties, to which Mr. Blake objects, are theoretically unequal; but if another form of duty causes frauds on the revenue, the result is a still greater inequality. Average earnings and average expenditure, Mr. Blake should know, prove the scale of living in the country; the earnings make the scale and the scale eats up the earnings.

It has been several times repeated that when Parliament met the Pacific Railway Company would be applicants for a further advance of public money; but the report has always been met with a positive contradiction by the representatives of the company. It came from a hostile source and was in itself most improbable; for the Government, however large and docile its majority, would hardly dare to commit itself to such a proposal. It is now said that instead of a further advance of money, the company intends to seek a relaxation of the Government lien which at present covers the whole of its property, and must interfere seriously with the sale of its stock, and consequently with the raising of the funds necessary for the completion of the road. This is at all events a more credible version of the report; nor would there be anything to surprise or shock us in such an application. The country has undertaken for political objects, which were deemed worthy of the sacrifice, and which include the multiplication of Knighthoods and Imperial decorations, to build and run a railway connecting this disjointed line of Provinces and terminating in British Columbia, where at present there is hardly any trade. This enterprise may be wise and patriotic, but it is costly; the country must pay, and will pay with a vengeance before it has done. If financial embarrassment ensues, not on the Company, which has in every way done its best, but on the politicians will rest the blame.

The attempt of the Prohibitionists in the United States to run a candidate of their own for the Presidency has resulted in a reaction against their cause. The Republican Party, from which most of their votes were subtracted, and which ascribes its defeat largely to the loss, has turned on them in a mood of high displeasure. Their movement itself is now criticized with a freedom seldom exhibited while their political action hung in suspense and both parties feared the vengeance of their vote. The *Utica Daily Press*, for example, calls attention to the apparently adverse verdict of experience on the effects of prohibitory legislation. The criminal record of the States in which the sale of liquor is prohibited is, according to this journal, as bad as those of the States in which it is permitted under restrictive licenses. Statistics collected in Maine show that the greatest amount of pauperism prevails in cities and towns in which no liquor is sold. And now the Directors and Wardens of the Kansas Penitentiary report that in that State crime instead of dying out reached its highest mark while Pro-

hibition was most stringent. Figures are given by them to show that districts where the sale of liquor was not repressed have sent to the penitentiary fewer convicts in proportion to their population than those in which repression was most complete. That crimes of violence are often committed under the influence of drink nobody can doubt; still less can anybody doubt or be disposed to deny that drunkenness is a hideous and fatal vice which we ought all do our own utmost to restrain. Never in these editorial columns has wavering language been held upon that subject; never have we deprecated the adoption of thoroughgoing and effective measures, in case it should be really proved, and not merely assumed by the orators of the Prohibition platform, that drunkenness was gaining ground in Canada, and that there was no hope of repressing it by moral influence. But the question whether a particular law works well or ill, whether it diminishes or increases the evil which it is intended to cure, is surely one on which we may be allowed to hear the evidence of experience before organized agitation thrusts the law down our throats.

As the conflict between the Jews and the native population in Russia and Eastern Europe is unhappily again assuming a violent form, those who are not too liberal to wish justice done even to Christians will do well to remember that Reuter's agency, the Vienna Press, leading organs of the German Press, and leading organs of the Press in all countries are in Jewish hands or under Jewish influence. They will do well also to remember that when Russia is concerned, financial considerations as well as the feeling of race are at work. Comparing the present crisis in the Jewish question with that which occurred a few years ago, "when the European Press boiled over with indignation," the Paris Correspondent of the London *Times* says:—"The only difference is that the great bankers, especially the Germans, who had then an interest in sounding the alarm and deterring capital from investment in Russia, now seem to have realized sufficient profits to warrant a change of tactics. The very men who then incited or subsidized the Press to denounce the ill treatment of the Russian Jews are now inclined to subsidize it into silence, so that European confidence in Russian affairs may not be impaired." Here is a distinct assertion by one well entitled to credence, that the Press was not only incited but subsidized by German (that is Jewish) bankers, with a financial object, to publish narratives of the persecution of Jews by Christians, which made Europe boil over with indignation. It was subsidized to some purpose. By the accounts of wholesale violation of Jewish women it was that indignation was brought to the boiling point. These accounts were undoubtedly furnished to the English Press by Jewish financiers. They were afterwards submitted to investigation by the British Consuls on the spot under the orders of the Foreign Office and were proved to be almost destitute of foundation. The frightful destruction of Jewish property at Odessa, estimated in the Jewish narrative at three millions of roubles, shrunk under the same impartial scrutiny to two thousand pounds. But the most important part of the Consular reports was the unanimous testimony borne by them to the fact that the movement was essentially social and economical, not religious. The only tinge of religious antipathy visible was at Warsaw, among the Polish Roman Catholics. An irrepressible conflict has broken out between the race of extortioners and the races which have long been suffering extortion; its bitterness is enhanced by the anti-social bearing and habits which are still a part of the religious system of the Eastern Jew; but it has almost nothing to do with differences of belief. Its incidents are deplorable, as the incidents of such conflicts always are, but those who persist in calling it a religious persecution might almost as well call it a volcanic eruption or an earthquake. People are misled by the memories of the Middle Ages, though even in the Middle Ages extortion, far more than religion, was the cause of the hatred and its outbreaks. Neither the Russian nor the German peasant is a persecutor; both of them live in perfect amity with men of a different religion. The much abused Herr Stöcker, whose election to the German Parliament by the way shows the strength of the movement, has never said a word against the Jewish religion, though he has complained of the attacks made on Christianity by the Jew-ridden Press of Germany. He is the leader of the Christian Socialists and, with his associates and the German peasantry who follow them, is in revolt, not against the Pentateuch but against social and financial oppression.

THE fate of the Mexican Pension Bill at Washington is still uncertain. Whether the Democrats, at the moment of their assumption of power, will use their majority in the House to pass a measure which within the next five years would take four hundred millions of dollars out of the Treasury, is the pivot on which the proposed appropriation turns. If they think

they cannot do it without forfeiting the newly-revived public confidence, they may hesitate. And this seems to be the only hope that the bill may not pass. The Democrats have usually been more reckless than the Republicans in dealing with financial questions; but prudence if not patriotism may stay their hand when tempted to assist in this new raid on the Treasury. That the bill is a job of a very scandalous kind there is no attempt to conceal. It is so scandalous as to be without a counterpart in the most corrupt countries of the Old World; even in the annals of the Turkish Government—the most corrupt in Europe—its match could not be found. The bill has two objects: to bribe the large body of voters connected with the grand army of pensioners, to which so enormous an addition is proposed to be made, and to make away with a surplus which, so long as it exists, is a constant reminder of the scope that exists for a tariff reform. To get rid of the surplus a profusion of wild projects has been invented of which the Mexican Pension Bill is the worst. The Nicaragua Canal, though built at a cost of \$200,000,000, in overcoming one of the greatest obstacles to commerce which geography imposes, would bring some value for the expenditure. The abolition of the internal revenue duties would remove a great burthen, though the relief would be unequal; but the Mexican Pension Bill means pure waste with sinister design.

It would be curious, after all the *pourparlers* which have passed between England and the United States apropos of the Nicaraguan Treaty, and the discussions on diplomatic ethics which the proposal to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has precipitated, if it were to turn out that the difficulty has arisen entirely out of the enterprise of a private individual. Yet so it is alleged. Captain Bedford Pym, who it will be remembered was instrumental in bringing the British Association to Montreal last August, is said to be at the bottom of the Nicaragua scheme. He is credited with owning territory where the proposed canal is to be cut, and it is his interest (\$100,000 probably) which is the grain of mustard seed that threatens to sprout out into an expenditure of \$200,000,000 and a serious misunderstanding between England and the United States. Read in the light of this rumour Captain Pym's report to Secretary Frelinghuysen on the Panama Canal might not appear quite disinterested. Less than three miles out of the contemplated forty-one miles of water-way have been opened, we are told, and in the opinion of Captain Pym it would take ten thousand men fifteen years to finish the necessary excavations, and another five years would be required to fit the canal for traffic.

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

"T.W.P.," whose criticism on the "Bystander's" plea for the omission of the Athanasian Creed, especially on Christmas Day, appeared in the last number of THE WEEK, writes at all events more like a Christian minister than some controversialists who have flown to arms on the same side, and to discuss the subject with him is not to degrade it.

We are all aware that the supposititious character of the Creed is acknowledged in the Prayer-Book, which designates it as a Confession of Faith, "commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius." There seems however no good reason for doubting that its framers, in producing it under the name of Athanasius, intended to obtain for it the authority of that Saint, in which case it must rank among ecclesiastical fabrications. Thomas Aquinas certainly cites it as the genuine work of Athanasius (*ut dicit Athanasius in symbolo suo*), and his voice is that of the Church of the Middle Ages. The latest and most exhaustive treatise on the subject appears to be that of Dr. Swainson. I have not his work at hand; but a trustworthy writer quotes him as saying "That the production of this work under the name of Athanasius was an intentional and deliberate attempt to deceive no reasonable person can question." Even supposing the contents of the Creed to be true, there is surely something incongruous in the devotional use of a forgery. If the Church of Rome were to persist in appealing to the forged Donation of Constantine, though she might save her veracity by a "commonly called," we should be apt to tell her that she had better lay aside the spurious document altogether.

This, however, may be a question of sentiment. The essential point is that the Creed, being neither ratified by any Council nor even accredited by any name, though it may perhaps be lawfully used by those who believe it to be the truth, cannot even on High Church principles—perhaps I should say can least of all on High Church principles—be imposed under pain of anathema on the Church. Of the addition of the words "And from the Son" to the Creed by the Latins, Pearson says, "Now although the addition of words to the formal Creed without the consent and against the protestation of the Oriental Church be not justifiable, yet that which

was added is nevertheless a certain truth, and *may be so used in that Creed by them who believe the same to be a truth*, so long as they pretend it, not to be a definition of that Council (the Council of Constantinople), but an addition or explication inserted, *and condemn not those* who, out of a greater respect to such synodical determinations, will admit of no such insertions, nor speak any other language than the Scriptures and their Fathers spoke." This, I say, is fatal to the imposition of the Athanasian Creed, which embodies the additional article, even if we regard the question from a strictly High Church point of view.

I am not ignorant of the contents of the Nicene Creed. I alluded to them when I said that quiet acquiescence in doctrinal definitions was a different thing from participation in anathema. Jeremy Taylor in his "Liberty of Prophecy," says: "But now if I should be questioned concerning the symbol of Athanasius (for we see the Nicene symbol was the father of many more, some twelve or thirteen symbols in the space of an hundred years), I confess I cannot see that moderate sentence and gentleness of charity in his preface and conclusion as there was in the Nicene Creed. Nothing there but damnation and perishing everlastingly unless the article of the Trinity be believed, as it is there with curiosity and minute particularities explained." It is pretty clear that instead of "curiosity" and "minute particularities," Taylor, had he given free expression to his sentiments, would have used some less respectful words.

Hooker defends the retention of the Athanasian Creed, as he defends everything else in the Liturgy. But he couples it with the Doxology, and says nothing about its damnatory clauses. He imagines it to have been written about the year three hundred and fifty, and labours to devise a reason for its having been withheld from publication.

"T. W. P.," being no doubt a kindhearted man and understanding the temper of these times, puts a charitable gloss on the damnatory clauses. But we know what a mediæval priest meant when he uttered or penned an anathema. The charitable construction is charitable legerdemain.

It has been pointed out by a writer in the *Mail* that the Bishops, Clergy and Laity of the American Church when they revised their Prayer-Book in 1789 omitted the Athanasian Creed. Yet the rest of the Anglican Church remains in full communion with the American branch.

The whole of the Eastern Church not only rejects the Athanasian Creed, but positively denies the article of it asserting the procession of the Third Person of the Trinity from the Second as well as from the First. Is "T. W. P." prepared to say that all the Bishops, Clergy, and other members of the Eastern Church will without doubt perish everlastingly?

I am not driven, as some fancy, to shelter myself under the names of Stanley and the modern Latitudinarians. I have on my side Wake and Sherlock. I might claim all those prelates and members of the Anglican Church who with Elie Dupin and the Gallicans took part, or since that time have taken part, in overtures of union to the Eastern Church. Assuredly I might claim Dr. Arnold and many others whom no one but an extreme High Churchman would class among "assailants of the Bible and of Christianity." Perilous is the situation of Christianity if it has no upholders but those who love to repeat the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

The word used in the fourteenth verse of the Fourth Gospel to denote the conversion of the Logos into flesh or into humanity—for that is the broad meaning of the word translated flesh—is the same that is used in the ninth verse of the next chapter to denote the conversion of water into wine. Bishop Wordsworth's interpretation is at the best a philological *tour de force*; and it seems strange that to a philological *tour de force* executed in his favour by Bishop Wordsworth an Evangelist should owe his escape from anathema.

Such a word as "begotten," when used in the Gospel of a Divine relation, is symbolical and an adaptation to human understanding; but, when formally contrasted with "proceeding" in the Athanasian Creed, it assumes a totally different character and meaning: it becomes metaphysical, and an attempt to define and describe precisely a mode of divine generation which no human understanding can comprehend. This conversion of the symbolical into the metaphysical and dogmatic by the supersubtle intellects of Alexandria and Constantinople was a fruitful source of the cloud of theosophic dogma which now darkens our perception of the character and the veritable teaching of Christ, and which the Second Reformation bids fair to sweep away.

Belief is an act of the understanding: that to which we can attach no meaning, though we may repeat it with our lips, we cannot with our minds believe; not though, instead of being spun out of the brain of some mediæval monk in an hour of theological acrimony, it were proclaimed in thunder from Sinai. This the most unlearned of laymen must know as

well as he knows the number of his own arms or legs. Nor is any learning needed to support the petition that the voice of ecclesiastical cursing should be silent on the Natal Day of Charity and Peace. A BYSTANDER.

[The absence of the signature, "A Bystander," must never be taken as indicating that the writer has withdrawn from THE WEEK, to which, on the contrary, he hopes to be a regular contributor, though he may not adhere to a particular *nom de plume*, which has now served the literary purpose for which it was adopted.]

THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

AMONG national lyrics in America the song of John Brown's body as it lies mouldering in the grave has attained a place equally as high in the hearts of the American people as the famous New England tune of "Yankee Doodle." R. H. Dana, junior, in a letter to James T. Fields, once wrote as follows: "It would have been past belief had we been told that this almost undistinguishable name of John Brown should be whispered among four millions of slaves and sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, and incorporated into an anthem to whose solemn cadences men should march to battle by the tens of thousands."

For many years various conflicting statements have been made as regards the origin and authorship of the John Brown song. It was said of the song, at a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic some years since, that "the air was as universally sung as any other in and out of the army during the war; but its origin of authorship has never been satisfactorily traced." Many of the stories of the origin of this famous song are curiously told. As early as 1856 a Mr. William Steffe, a somewhat popular song and Sunday-school hymn writer, was requested by a fire company at Charleston, South Carolina, to write an air for a series of verses, the chorus of which ran:

Say, bumsers, will you meet us?

The effort resulted, claims the friends of Mr. Steffe, in the production of a tune now commonly called "John Brown's Body." The air possessed a spirited and pleasant measure, and at once attracted the attention of revivalists and persons interested in camp meetings. An entirely new set of words were written as a camp meeting hymn, the tune being retained and ending in a chorus, as follows:

Say, brothers, will you meet us?

The friends of Mr. Steffe, who claim that he still resides in Philadelphia, say that he has the original score of the tune in his possession.

This particular story of the origin of the John Brown song continues with the statement that in the Second Battalion Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteers, there was a singing quartette whose favourite song was "Say, brothers, will you meet us?" One of the members of the quartette was named John Brown, and he was chaffed a good deal on account of it. The other members of the quartette were Newton Purnette, James Jenkins and Charles Edgerly. The battalion was ordered to Fort Warren, Boston Harbour, in April, 1861, and, as the story goes, one day towards the end of April Edgerly and Purnette, who had been to Boston, returned in the evening boat. Jenkins and Brown were sitting near the guard-house watching the boat come in, and, as Jenkins caught sight of Edgerly, he called, "What news from the city?" Edgerly, upon seeing Brown, who was standing near, replied, "Oh, nothing special, except John Brown's dead." Brown began to fume and fret, which occasioned Purnette remarking, "He's a pretty lively corpse anyway, and moves around considerably." By nightfall the hazing had crystallized into the lines:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

The camp-meeting tune was fitted to these words, and by daylight on the following morning the John Brown Song was heard all over the camp, and from thence all over the country.

This is the story which has been told me, and I dislike to destroy the effect of so fine a narrative. The story shows that the John Brown Song originated in 1861. John Brown was executed at Charleston, Va., December 2nd, 1859, and was buried some days later at North Elba, New York. Miss Edna A. Proctor composed the "John Brown Song," which was set to music and made public. The original version of the song was as follows:

THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

By Edna A. Proctor.

John Brown died on the scaffold for the slave;
Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed grave;
Now God avenges the life he gladly gave:
Freedom reigns to-day!
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory reigns to-day!

John Brown sowed and the harvesters are we ;
Honour to him who has made the bondmen free ;
Loved ever more shall our noble ruler be :
Freedom reigns to-day !
(Chorus.)

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave ;
Bright o'er the sod let the starry banner wave ;
Lo ! for the million he perilled all to save :
Freedom reigns to-day !
(Chorus.)

John Brown's soul through the world is marching on ;
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be gone ;
All men will sing in the better day's dawn :
Freedom reigns to-day !
(Chorus.)

John Brown dwells where the battle strife is o'er ;
Hate cannot harm him, nor sorrow stir him more ;
Earth will remember the martyrdom he bore :
Freedom reigns to-day !
(Chorus.)

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave ;
John Brown lives in the triumph of the brave ;
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave :
Freedom reigns to-day !
(Chorus.)

The song became the popular air among the thousands of soldiers in the Union Army. It was sung at the camp fire ; on the march ; it was heard in Texas and Alabama ; through the Carolinas ; along the streets of captured Richmond ; its echoes ran through the north, and to-day the never-dying reverberations are heard from Maine to California and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

EDUCATION NOTES.

WHEN will the Education Department be freed from the suspicion of corruption in its management? Ever since the exposure of the famous "Casual Advantages," more than a quarter of a century ago, its affairs have at various times been subject to investigation either in answer to public demands, or upon the representations of private individuals. In the early days of Confederation a parliamentary committee was appointed to inquire how business was conducted there. The inquiry was made in such a manner that nothing good or bad ever came of it. After the reorganization of the Council of Public Instruction upon a representative basis, that body appointed a committee of its own members to inquire into the working of the Depository. This committee soon found that the institution in question had outlived its usefulness to the public, though perhaps not to those who had the management of its affairs. Without expressing any opinion on the management they recommended the abolition of the Depository. This brought upon the teachers' representatives who were on the committee a torrent of abuse from the Chief Superintendent, which did not cease until the Government at his bidding decreed the destruction of the Council of Public Instruction, thus depriving, without any just cause, the teaching profession of the right to have representatives in the management of the educational affairs of the country. A parliamentary inquiry was next held, which revealed grave irregularities in the management of the Depository, and ended in its abolition and the dismissal of a portion of the staff; but not that portion which the Department, for the sake of its good name, might best relinquish. We next hear of a series of charges against the individual who had the direct control of the Depository. These Mr. Crooks, then the Minister of Education, could not set aside, and therefore appointed a County Judge as commissioner to investigate. Some of the evidence was of a damaging character, the letters of Mr. Crooks himself not the least so; but, to the surprise of many who knew the state of affairs, the judge decided that none of it went far enough to criminate the accused, and the investigation rather abruptly ended, as such Government investigations do end, in a "whitewash." When Mr. Ross, whom the teachers had made the president of their Provincial Association, was hoisted from their shoulders to the position he now holds as Minister of Education, it was generally thought that he would become a terror to evil doers in the Department. But rumour says he is not making Herculean efforts to cleanse the Augean stable; but, on the contrary, connives at practices which, if detected in a private establishment, might lead to a change of managers. Once more, then, we ask, when will the Education Department be freed from the suspicion of corruption?

At the recent professional examination of the Toronto Normal School students forty-seven males and fifty-nine females passed. The names first announced included only forty-five males and forty-seven females, but at the last moment it was discovered that several students failed to only a trifling extent in one or two subjects. Why should not this have been discovered in time to prevent the keen disappointment which the omission of the names in the first list must have caused, and also avoid any suspicion of "levelling up" to increase the number of certificates? At the Ottawa Normal School nineteen males and twenty-four females passed. The gold medal given to the Toronto Normal School was won by Mr. Wilson Taylor, that given to the Ottawa School was won by Mr. Haight. These medals, Mr. Ross explained last summer, arise from a donation of the Prince of Wales to the Normal School when he visited this country in 1860.

It is hoped that the Minister of Education has successfully solved the question of religious education in schools. A volume is to be put into the hands of each teacher in a Public and High School, which will serve

as a guide in the daily reading of the Scriptures in the school-room. We are told that it "has been carefully revised by representatives of all the leading religious denominations, and that the course of lessons is so arranged as to include the most instructive portions of both the Old and New Testaments." The teacher is to read these without explanation or comment, and any teacher who has conscientious scruples against these religious exercises is to notify the trustees in writing. No pupil is to be expected to take part in these whose parents express disapproval. The Ten Commandments may be required by the Trustees to be repeated in the school-room once a week. Provision is made for religious teaching by clergymen once a week, after the closing of the school, which the trustees are given the power to close earlier for the purpose. Certain prayers in addition to the Lord's Prayer are prescribed for use; these, we fear, will not be acceptable to some denominations. Every school is to be opened with the Lord's Prayer and closed with the reading of the Scriptures and the Lord's Prayer or one of the other prayers prescribed. Some think this is a mistake, as the reading of Scripture should *begin* rather than *end* the day. If the portions of Scripture bear, as they should do, upon conduct, they will lose some of their effect through lack of comment or explanation. It would be interesting to the teachers of the country to know if Mr. Ross summoned to the aid of those who revised these lessons the assistance of the three gentlemen who were appointed at the last meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Association to co-operate with them.

A DEPUTATION from the Industrial School Board, the life and soul of which is Mr. W. H. Howland, waited recently upon Mr. Mowat to urge upon him the propriety of giving fifty acres of the Government farm at Mimico for the purpose of establishing an Industrial School which would accommodate two hundred and fifty boys from all parts of the Province. An institution such as this, only on a larger scale, is necessary to make the working of our school system under the present law complete. Any money devoted by the Government to this object will be much better spent than that laid out on that comparatively useless institution, the Mercer Reformatory. Every boy reclaimed from the streets, and trained to some industrial occupation in such an institution as Mr. Howland proposes to establish, will be a double gain to the country. He will add to its wealth by his productive labour, and will prevent the outlay which he would probably have caused as a criminal. The Government, therefore, will be consulting the best interests of the country by considering favourably the proposal of the Industrial School Board.

THE New York Board of Education at a recent meeting voted to exclude Bryant's poetry from the schools on the ground that scholars should read only the best poetry, such as Longfellow or Whittier. Bryant they regarded as only a second-rate poet.

IN the interesting and highly instructive Report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Education, recently issued in England, we are struck with the amount of attention that is given to drawing in the elementary schools of Europe. The report of the Commissioners on this subject in their visit to the various countries on the continent is prevented from being tiresome by the importance which they attach to it. They seem to have been particularly struck with the system of teaching drawing pursued in the schools of Belgium. Here each pupil is given a square metre of black-board, upon which he practises, drawing with chalk various geometrical forms made up of "straight, inclined, and curved lines in their various combinations." After becoming proficient with the chalk, the pupil advances to the drawing of similar forms with charcoal on sugar paper; first in outline, and then in shading from the cast. In the third year he is led to drawing from life. The Commissioners aver, what we can well believe, that this system "produces great rapidity and boldness of work, without aiming at high finish, a style of drawing eminently fitted for artisans." They assert that it gives pupils a sufficient power of drawing for practical purposes in a far shorter time than is possible under the School of Art system prevalent in England.

CENSOR.

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS RYE.

A BRIEF despatch in the city journals of a day or two ago conveyed the intelligence of the death "at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, on the 21st ultimo, of Francis Rye, barrister-at-law, late of Barrie, in the County of Simcoe." Mr. Rye's decease is a blow to Canada, to Canadian art, and to Canadian literature; for had he lived, native letters and art would have been adorned by the work he had begun for them and Canada.

Few are the incidents of his brief, and for the most part sickly, life; for he may be said to have died, not knowing what it was to live. He was born, we believe, at Chelsea, London, England, about the end of 1848, and was the youngest son of an English solicitor of good practice and standing. His early education was received at a private seminary, and completed at King's College School, London, where he took prizes for drawing and science, and the highest prize for mathematics. After leaving school, he travelled for a time on the continent, and was then articled to his father, and subsequently admitted as attorney and solicitor. His health preventing him from pursuing his profession in London, in 1873 he came to Canada with his sister, the philanthropic Miss Rye, of "Niagara Home" fame, who had been for several years superintending on a large scale juvenile immigration to Ontario. Shortly after his arrival in Canada he was articled to Mr. F. R. Ball, Q.C., of Woodstock, but removing to Barrie, he was admitted as an attorney, and entered into partnership with Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C. and M.P. In 1875 he married at Niagara an attractive English lady of fine literary tastes and varied accomplishments. In the

following year he was called to the Bar of Ontario, passing we believe first in the examinations.

Settling down to the hard reading and labour of his profession, he began to relieve the tedium of law by occasional, and as the taste grew upon him by frequent, literary work. The files of the *Canadian Monthly* indicate that he commenced to write for that serial in 1875: for the next seven years he appears frequently as a contributor, both in prose and verse, while his wife's name, during the period, is not seldom to be met with in papers written for *The Monthly*. Mr. Rye's articles were on the most varied and entertaining subjects; and his interest in the magazine showed itself in many unsigned papers and disquisitions contributed to "The Round Table" department of the publication, and in a mass of reviews which appeared through a number of years while the present writer was editor. He was a voracious reader, and possessed in an eminent degree the critical faculty, which, while it did not detract from his enjoyment of a book, made it easy for him to "boil down" the product of his reading and work it up into a lively and entertaining book review. No one better than he could pleasantly detail the plot of a novel, analyze its methods, criticize its shortcomings, and at the same time do justice to its merits, and, where good, reproduce its special atmosphere and flavour. He was an ardent lover of the poets; at home in *belles lettres*; well-read in science; and strong in the social and literary life of every period of English history. Himself an artist, he had the artist's eye for literary effects. Yet his work was never laboured; and, considering his health, it was wonderful how genial and optimistic was everything that came from his pen. This was a special characteristic of the man, as it is a well-marked trait of the disease from which he suffered. In his manner there was always a cheerful make-believe of vitality and robust health, even when the shadow of the grave was upon his face. In his latest letter to the present writer from the Isle of Wight—whither he had gone some years ago, alas! only to prolong a fading life—he says: "Twice this winter I have knocked at death's door, but we could never agree entirely on the terms of admittance, and I must struggle on a little longer without his hospitality." The struggle is now, alas! over, and death has the seeming victory.

G. M. A.

"HE HAS COME BACK."

WITHOUT, the wintry sky is overcast;
The floods descend—fierce hail and rushing rain;
Whilst ever and anon the raving blast
Clutches the casement pane.
Within, our darling beats an angrier air
With piteous outstretched arms and tossing head;
Whilst we, bowed low beside his labouring bed,
Pour all our hearts in prayer.

Is this the end? The tired little hands
Fall by his side, the wild eyes close at last—
Breathless he sinks; almost we hear his sands
Of being ebbing past.
When, oh miraculous! he wakes once more,
Love glowing in his gaze, the while there slips,
"Mother, dear mother!" from his trembling lips,
"Dear mother!" o'er and o'er.

He has come back, our little fairy child,
Back from his wanderings in the dreadful dark,
Back o'er the furious surge of frenzy wild,
The lost dove of our Ark;
Back, feebly back o'er the dire flood's decrease
His white wings flutter, only our God knows how,
Bearing aloft the blessed olive bough
Of His compassionate peace.

Spectator.

A. P. G.

How great Mr. Gladstone is we shall never really know until he is gone. At present he is not so much appreciated as idolized. No man ever had so deep, so powerful a hold upon the imagination of the people as the Prime Minister has to-day. When he travels about the country, his journeys are more than royal processions. Crowds wait at every railway station to clamour for a passing word, and a hundred newspapers give precedence to reports of his wayside talk over news of the fall of Ministries or the fate of campaigns. In the popular imagination he has undergone an apotheosis not unlike that which in the mind of the Russian peasant takes place on the coronation of the Czar. He is the only statesman who at once kindles the imagination, informs the understanding, and commands the enthusiasm of the people. Without him to praise or to abuse, English politics would lose half their zest. He is the great dominant personality of our nation. If anything goes wrong the people do not blame him, but charitably lament the shortcomings of his colleagues. "If only Mr. Gladstone would take it in hand!" is the cry of the masses whenever a difficulty insuperable by ordinary mortals overtakes the State, and "More power to his elbow" is the popular panacea for all the ills of the body politic. It is strange to witness this revival of the old kingship as the first-fruits of English democracy, and it is well that the first monarch of the new line should bear a character as lofty as that of Mr. Gladstone.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

HERE AND THERE.

TORONTO ought certainly to have a good public gymnasium. There is no comparison between the benefit received in such an institution and that derived from private exercise. In the latter case, a young man, possibly "out of form" as the result of a hard day's desk-work, if he goes in for parlour gymnastics at all, does so in a perfunctory manner—as an unpleasant duty. If, on the contrary, he goes to an athletic club for exercise, he has the advantage of an assortment of apparatus, probably the benefit of an instructor's guidance, and the presence of a number of kindred souls rouses a spirit of emulation and cheerfulness in itself of great value.

ABOUT a month ago a leading "society" journal in London announced that in England the practice of opening balls with the quadrille instead of a waltz would probably be returned to, the Princess of Wales agreeing that the older custom was much more dignified. On Saturday last a Toronto daily had the temerity to circulate the paragraph as a "special" item of news from London! In the same column was yet another "despatch" referring to the Queen's movements on the continent, the substance of which was extracted from the same source. What a *deus ex machina* a metropolitan weekly is to the distressed news editor in dull times!

DISTINCT traces of home manufacture were evident in another "special" which referred to a "mass-meeting of unemployed working men" in London. On no other theory is it possible to account for the ludicrous discription of ten thousand people being addressed in front of the Royal Exchange on Saturday! No man who knows the City could possibly write such rubbish. The cloven hoof was shown in that part of the "special" which referred to "Radical" and "pickpocket" as interchangeable terms, and which fathered a pamphlet entitled "Blood, Bullets, and Bayonets" upon the Radical Party. Oh! Party what sins thou hast to answer for!

THE craze may be an ephemeral one, but the practice of roller-skating is daily becoming more popular in Canada and the adjoining Republic. Many American papers find it necessary to devote whole columns of their pages to "roller-skate gossip" and "rink intelligence." Despite the rival attractions of the ice-rinks, the dozen or so roller-rinks opened in Canada within a few months continue to attract large numbers of ladies and gentlemen skaters.

IN the very teeth of its liquor law, the inhabitants of Maine contrive to consume a fair average amount of alcohol, and "still they are not happy." The heart-burnings and bad blood which are usually produced by sumptuary legislation are not absent from the prohibition State—which is still one of the wickedest in America. With the opening of the Legislature the whiskey fight will commence afresh, and those on the spot anticipate some lively scenes. Neal Dow charges that the Republican Party in Maine is run by a ring, and that that ring is doing its best to perpetuate the secret grog-shops so as in time to wear out the friends of temperance. He declares that in answer to a petition from the leading citizens of Bangor to appoint constables to suppress the grog-shops, the Governor selected two retired business men of fortune each over seventy, and then complains that he does not see any good results from the "constable law."

THE "Man of the World" has shown his astuteness by electing to serve four months' imprisonment at once instead of appealing to the House of Lords. There was small chance that the sentence of Lord Coleridge would be reversed, and by surrendering himself in a spirit of bravado to the minions of the law, he has secured a splendid advertisement which will bring an ample commercial return. His social position will not suffer much, as he has always been more feared than liked, more tolerated than courted, on account of the power he wielded through his journal. As a "first-class misdemeanant," Mr. Yates' imprisonment is a mere formality. There are practically no restrictions beyond those on his liberty to leave the prison, which is a large modern building situated in a healthy locality. There is only one easier way of undergoing punishment, and that is on the plan adopted in civil cases in France, where the convicted man is permitted to serve his sentence in "terms," or as will least interfere with his business or pleasure.

EVEN Mr. Sala's entertainers in New York fell into the mistake of making the brilliant Bohemian a nomad. "G. A. S." does his work, takes his pleasures, and lives his life generally in an amusingly erratic manner, without let or hindrance; but there's method in his madness. It may be taken for certain that if the well-known rotund figure that was seen yesterday on Fleet Street is found to-day on the Boulevard des Italiens, or a week after in New York, there is a good and sufficient reason for the sudden and unannounced move. Mr. Sala is accustomed to tell his brother "Savages" that the only valise necessary to a man of the world is a well-lined purse, and is never tired of relating how he started for Algeria with a paper collar and a toothbrush; he, moreover, probably changes his bed oftener than any man not a gypsy—"sleeps all over the place," as an American said of him; but it is nonsense to talk of his having no house, or that he never lives in it. His mansion on Mecklenberg Square, London, W.C., exactly opposite to one owned by Hon. Lewis Wingfield, is well-known to every person living on the Doughty Estate, as well as to Mr. Sala's literary *collaborateurs* and private friends.

AN English correspondent informs us that Princess Beatrice's betrothal caused much astonishment in society. It was understood that she preferred to stay by the side of her royal mother lest she should be left alone, and for that reason sacrificed her love of society and her hopes of happy wifehood. The announcement of her approaching marriage consequently created astonishment. But she has remained in her mother's house until the Queen had another companion. The Princess Beatrice will be to some extent replaced by the Duchess of Albany and her two children. Nor in leaving her mother's house will the Princess leave her mother's side. Her *fiancé* is said to be young, good-looking, agreeable. He has displayed no particular qualities, and he must be very poor, for he belongs to a house the head of which is by no means wealthy. The Princess Beatrice will have to economise, as did her sister Alice.

THERE are wheels within wheels. Now it is evident why Prince Albert Victor—Prince Edward it is now the fashion to call him—did not get his income on his coming of age. Two applications to Parliament for royal pensions could not be made in the same year, and the aunt about to be married took precedence of the nephew who has not yet fixed his choice. For of course the House of Commons will be called upon to give the Princess Beatrice her portion. All her sisters have been endowed. Even the Duchess of Teck has \$25,000 a year, and the Princess Louise, the Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Albany have \$30,000 a year. To leave the Queen's youngest daughter with no support would be impossible. Application, the quidnuncs say, will in due time be made to Parliament on behalf of the Princess, and the annuity, according to precedent, will be fixed at \$30,000.

THE veil has been lifted once more rather rudely over the family quarrels of authors. It was no secret, of course, that for many years before the death of Harriet Martineau, she and her brother Dr. James Martineau had ceased to communicate with each other on friendly terms. Mrs. Fenwick Miller has, however, brought the causes of alienation very prominently before the public in a recently-published monograph. She, in effect, explains much that appeared hard and unsympathetic in the character of Miss Martineau by the suggestion that her early home was joyless, and that the development of her natural affections was crushed by her mother and brother. Dr. James Martineau, at the age of eighty writes a letter of three and a-half columns to the *Daily News* in defence of his mother's character and his own. He denies entirely the accuracy of Mrs. Miller's description of his mother's character, but he also substitutes an account of his own which in some respects is not materially different. As to the cause of alienation between Harriet and himself, he puts it down entirely to the resentment of his sister at his review of the "Atkinson Letters," which he severely cut up, pulling to pieces her newly adopted philosophical theories. Mrs. Miller, in a long reply to Dr. Martineau, points out that nearly all her statements in regard to the early life of Harriet are founded on some passages published in the Autobiography many years ago. Finally Mrs. Miller points out that among the unkind things the brother wrote in his review of his sister's book he accused her of having "prostrated herself at the feet" of Mr. Atkinson, and "laying down at his bidding her early faith in moral obligation," and in the immortal sanctities. The whole story is very sad, and shows how little intellectual eminence can do to secure human happiness, and how Spartan fortitude in following the supposed dictates of pure reason by no means exempts the obedient disciple from the gnawing affliction of a sore heart.

THERE is more truth than poetry in the following cutting from the letter of a cynical correspondent, contrasting a police-court decision in a case of petty larceny and some of the "big steals" so common of late:—

- Taking \$1,000,000 is called a case of Genius.
- Taking \$100,000 is called a case of Shortage.
- Taking \$50,000 is called a case of Litigation.
- Taking \$25,000 is called a case of Insolvency.
- Taking \$10,000 is called a case of Irregularity.
- Taking \$5,000 is called a case of Defalcation.
- Taking \$1,000 is called a case of Corruption.
- Taking \$500 is called a case of Embezzlement.
- Taking \$100 is called a case of Dishonesty.
- Taking \$50 is called a case of Thievery.
- Taking \$25 is called a case of Total Depravity.
- Taking one ham is called a case of War on Society.

WHY need we drown? Here is Dr. Sylvester with a plan which enables us all to inflate ourselves, and become our own buoys. Like as the butcher blows up the membranes of a joint of mutton, so Dr. Sylvester will blow out our skin until we are turned into unsinkable masses which no wave can depress into the depth, and which will float in any sea. Nay, we can blow ourselves out, and take no such harm as is caused by such proceedings at Christmas time as commonly, not to say vulgarly, are associated with the term. "The operation consists in making a small puncture—not larger than would allow of the passage of an ordinary blow-pipe—in the mucous membrane of the inside of the mouth; the object being to open a communication for the passage of air from the cavity of the mouth into the subcutaneous space of the neck." Then, with closed mouth and nose, forcibly distend the cheeks, so as to force the air into the passage thus made. You may go on doing this until the neck and chest are filled with air; and your skin will be a sort of balloon. It takes three minutes to perform the operation, and the distention is sufficient to support the body in water. In

the water the process may be repeated, so that whatever air is lost may be recovered again. There is no pain and no danger. So that, if we have only three minutes' warning, we can become our own lifebuoys and live in any water. This is not a joke; at least it appears in *Lancet*.

BISMARCK'S Anglophobia is thus accounted for by the usually reliable London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*:—"It will probably turn out that Bismarck's hostility to Mr. Gladstone is based on something more practical and immediate than even the securing of an understanding with France. It is said that Mr. Gladstone is the only statesman in Europe who stands in the way of that settlement of the Eastern question which the Prince favours. He wants before he dies to turn Austria into a Slavonic Power. He desires also to give Russia enough to do in Asia Minor to keep her busy for a decade at least. Had England annexed Egypt he would have felt himself free to agitate this development of the Eastern question. Mr. Gladstone has not only refused to annex Egypt, but has cried 'Hands off' to Austria, and prevented the advance to Salonica, which Bismarck would provoke. In fact Austria is pledged in honour not to advance to Salonica so long as Mr. Gladstone is in power. A promise not to do so having been given to Mr. Gladstone as a *quid pro quo* for the much-denounced Karolyi apology. Bismarck, irritated at this, is paying Mr. Gladstone off. The Angra Pequena incident gave him his excuse. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*."

THE announcement that the brilliant French *litterateur*, Edmund François About, is just deceased has been received with some surprise by many who thought him dead long ago. In a literary sense he has been so. Though he was an all-round writer, M. About's greatest success was as a pamphleteer. His well-known "La Question Romaine" created a European reputation. He was considered to have scored a good point in that attack upon the Pope's temporal power by indicating that the Italian peasantry were a deplorably idle lot in spite of the fact that fourteen thousand monks were continually preaching to them the duties of labour. There seemed to be only too much foundation for some of the charges of plagiarism which were freely heaped upon M. About's head at one time and another, and that probably had considerable effect upon his reputation. At all events, with the exception of a temporary notoriety, caused by his arrest in Strasbourg in 1872, he dropped out of prominence as a writer a score of years ago.

THE *Publishers' Circular* gives its annual analytical table of the book issues of the year 1884, in England. It shows an increase of 228 on 1883, or, taking the new books and excluding the new editions, the increase is exactly 100. Of the total issues of new books theology stands at the head with 724 volumes, more than one-sixth; juvenile works and tales stand second with 603, about one-eighth; educational, classical, and philological books, 543, about one-ninth; history, biography, etc., 490, more than one-tenth; books on the arts and sciences and illustrated works, 432, one-eleventh; novels, tales, and other fiction, 408, more than one-eleventh; year-books and volumes of serials, 323, one-fifteenth; voyages, travels, and geographical works, 236, one-twentieth; pamphlets, sermons, and miscellaneous works, 208, one twenty-third; and then with less than 200 volumes comes poetry and the drama, 179; law, jurisprudence, etc., 163; medicine, surgery, etc., 160; and belles lettres, essays, etc., also 160. Comparing the new works of 1884 with those of 1883 the greatest increase is in books on the arts and sciences—a rise of 78; next stands history and biography with a rise of 76; then come novels, tales, and other fiction with an increase of 59; poetry and the drama with a growth of 34; voyages and travels with a rise of 26. The increase, on the whole, is counterbalanced by a falling off of 138 in the issues of juvenile works and tales, and of 96 in belles lettres; the only other classes in which there is a reduction being the educational, classical, and philological works, which show a small reduction of 13, and the medical works with a diminution of 3. In the new editions the issues of 1884 show an increase of 128 on those of 1883, including a rise of 60 in the novels, 32 in law and jurisprudence, 22 in arts and sciences, 35 in poetry and the drama, and 31 in *belles-lettres*; but there was a reduction of 44 in juvenile works, and several other slight alterations.

MR. SMITH (to Mrs. Parvenu, who has been telling him about her new house): "I suppose you will have dumb waiters in the house?" Mrs. P.: "No, I shan't! I had a deaf cook once, and I vowed then never to have another crippled servant."

THE New York "mashers" (if the "dudes" are really extinct) have been much puzzled, it seems, over the appearance of some English barmaids at the café at Wallack's. The young ladies were "sedately dressed in black stuff, which reached to their necks and wrists; their faces were unpainted, and they wore no gewgaws." The novelty drew the house completely, but there was much perplexity as to how to treat them. Fortunately there was a Briton present to set the fashion. All eyes were on him as he approached the bar, and this is how he acquitted himself: "He neither smiled nor frowned on the maid; he was totally oblivious; she might have been an automatic beer-pump for all the consciousness which he seemed to recognize in her." The "mashers" went away sorry, but resolved for all that to do the right thing, and the English barmaids are to be treated with indifference, which, after all, is so much better than impertinence that no one need undecieve the New York masher as to the ways of his English brother.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE LATE MR. BALDWIN.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—In the last number of THE WEEK there appears some reference to the treatment which Robert Baldwin received at the hands of his political associates. There never was a grosser instance of political ingratitude than in his case. We have had a statue erected in memory of George Brown; but what did he do for Canada in comparison to Robert Baldwin? The latter struggled for the establishment of the system of responsible government which now prevails long before Mr. Brown made his appearance in Canada. If not the originator of that system in Colonial Government, he was before all other men in the front of the movement. After an arduous struggle for years he succeeded in changing the structure of Colonial Government not only in Canada, but he set the example which was followed in other colonies of Great Britain. I do not mean that Mr. Brown and many others did not assist in this great movement. But beyond dispute the leader was Robert Baldwin. Had he done no more than this work, he would have deserved well of his country; but he did very much more. What return was there for his services? The blackest ingratitude!—not a trace of gratitude, except in the remembrance of a few in whom the blight of political partisanship has not destroyed every generous impulse. Yes; indeed, it seems as if Mr. Baldwin were too honest to be venerated as a Canadian politician. He was not qualified for what is called a "good party man." He was a man of inflexible integrity.

"Unskilled was he to seek or fawn for power,
By doctrines fashioned to this varying hour."

He died in retirement. How poignantly he felt the wound which mainly came from his political friends, only those who knew him personally could ever know. Had he been a loud-mouthed sham patriot, regardless of truth, conducting a newspaper devoted to partisanship teeming with abuse of all who ventured to differ from him, perhaps a fine monument would have been erected to his memory before this time. He outlived the virulence of political foes, and has gone beyond the reach of treacherous friends.

London, January, 1885.

E.

COAL IN THE NORTH-WEST.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—In the WEEK of January 8th there are two items respecting coal discoveries in the North-West on which I would like to make some remarks. As regards the coal seam recently cut in a shaft near Crowfoot station on the line of the Canada Pacific. I may state that this discovery, if it can correctly be so called, is entirely due to the Company, acting on advice and information given by the Geological Survey, and with the full report and carefully constructed map of the area by Dr. G. M. Dawson. The report and map were published early last year, and on the latter the approximate outcrops of the Crowfoot and of other coal seams in the Bear and Belly Rivers region are distinctly laid down in red lines and figures. The thickness of the Crowfoot seam as proved in the Canada Pacific Railway shaft is not as stated, fourteen feet, but nine feet, or one inch more than the thickness assigned to it on the map and in the report of Dr. Dawson. I have not yet seen any specimens taken from the shaft, but it is not at all likely to be, as stated, an anthracite.

The analysis of specimens from the outcrop, six miles distant to the south, is published in the Geological Survey reports. I am sorry "R. L. R." does not give his authority for the statement he makes respecting the anthracite character of this coal. I might also remind him that the problem of fuel supply in the North-West was long ago solved by the facts ascertained and published by the Geological Survey and by Dr. Dawson on the Boundary Survey, the "discovery" to which R. L. R. now refers being simply one of the results of the investigations.

The following extract from a letter just received from Mr. W. C. VanHorne, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, will perhaps tend to confirm the foregoing statements.

"In this connection I beg to express my appreciation of the value of the Geological Survey in the determination of the coal areas in the North-West. The accuracy of the Survey is well illustrated by our experimental coal shaft at Crowfoot, the results of which exactly corresponded with the information received from Dr. Geo. M. Dawson before the shaft was commenced."

There is no difficulty by proper management in keeping a stove-fire made with the North-West lignite coal alight all night, indeed I am told by persons who have used them that in this respect they are better than some fire-burning eastern coals.

By quoting Dr. Dawson's notes without giving the date of them, it would be supposed the Cascade Mountain anthracite was discovered last summer, whereas it was discovered in the spring of 1883, and the outcrops were visited and examined and specimens collected for assay, both by Dr. Dawson and myself, in the autumn of the same year.

Ottawa.

ALFRED R. C. SELWYN,

Director Geological Survey.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—I have read in the issue of Dec. 11th, 1884, of your excellent paper an article by "J. C. S." on "Geological Surveys." In the number for Jan. 1st you publish a letter from Dr. J. W. Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey, in reply to the article. Dr. Powell states that "There are two criticisms in the article which seem not to be quite fair." Now permit me to say that Dr. Powell's own criticisms "seem not to be quite fair," inasmuch as they are not answers to the valid objections raised by "J. C. S." to the present management of the Geological Survey of Canada. That writer, whom I do not know, bases his remarks upon the Report of the Select Committee of the House appointed last session to enquire into the efficiency of the Geological Survey. The matters to which he alluded are strongly commented upon in the Report, and form the real grounds of complaint against the Survey. Dr. Powell does not answer these; indeed they are unanswerable.

But Dr. Powell's letter is invaluable in the present connection, as pointing out the duties and acquirements of the geologists in general; and judged by this alone our Survey falls far short of the standard thus set up. It is true that "the geologists of the world constitute the chief authority in physical geography and ethnography." To Dr. Powell

himself the scientific world owes an incalculable debt, and his entire work has excited the admiration and aroused the enthusiasm of many students of natural history. The people of the United States are fortunate indeed in having so competent a man at the head of their Geological Survey. Unfortunately we in Canada are not so favoured in regard to the chief officer of our Survey. No man can truthfully charge him with being an authority on any ethnographical study or research. It has never formed any of his published work during his more than fifteen years' residence in this country.

But "J. C. S.'s" reference to the "Indian dolls" of the Charlotte Islands requires a further explanation. Mr. S. M. Dawson, in his report on the investigations carried on by him in the year 1878, dated May 1st, 1880, and published at the end of that year (no undue haste in this instance) takes up a space of one hundred and eighty-nine pages of the Report of Progress, forty-four pages of which are devoted to a general description of the Queen Charlotte Islands, fifty-seven pages to the geology, and eighty-eight pages to the description of the Haida Indians, their manners, customs, and dialects, the latter illustrated by several pages of vocabulary. To this are appended, besides other maps and illustrations, twelve full-page cuts of houses, implements, masks, dolls, etc. Mr. Dawson has not omitted this opportunity of displaying his many-sidedness. "Bottom, the weaver," could not have been more versatile than he. But the real objection lies in the fact that the funds of the Survey were at that time more limited than now; that in publishing such reports, no matter how interesting or valuable, often infinitely more important work had to be suppressed; that such work had never before been considered part of the work of the Survey; and that the public were dissatisfied at not getting what it had a right to expect.

The report of the Select Committee states that "The frequent sketches and photographic views of scenery, the long descriptions of the trivial incidents of the journey, anecdotes of the Indians, dissertations even as to their habits and dialects, while all entertaining, should, in the opinion of the committee, absorb no prominent part of the attention of a field party sent out to study the geology of the country, and certainly should occupy no portion of the published reports."

If Dr. Powell's letter is intended for a defence of existing affairs in the Geological Survey, in this sense it must be considered a mistake. All the evidence before the Select Committee went to show gross mismanagement in this department, and it is unwise either to palliate or deny it. They are the best friends of the institution who frankly admit this and set about to apply the remedy. This is at least hinted at by the Select Committee in their Report.

Respectfully yours, WALLACE BROAD,

St. Stephens, N. B., 12th Jan., 1885. Late of the Geological Survey of Canada.

A HEALTH MAP OF TORONTO.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Some few years ago I had opportunities which enabled me to take a practical interest in sanitary matters, being at the time engaged in collecting and studying statistics of disease. I then proposed to construct a health map of the City of Toronto, but was advised that the publication of results which such a map would show would, in all probability, place me in antagonism with the property owners, and might eventually end in a suit against me for libel.

I still think that such a map would perhaps aid most effectually in deciding the question as to whether bad water, defective drainage, or both, are the causes which result in the present unhealthy state of the city.

I would suggest that the new city council take this matter in hand and make provision for collecting statistics of the state of health in every house of the city, not only for the past few years, which the returns of vital statistics would give, but, with the co-operation of the city physicians, of the diseases which through their care have not resulted in death. Such statistics should be entered on a map, similar to that which Mr. Goad has prepared for insurance purposes, in this city. Some of the advantages which may be derived from studying this map would be as follows:—

1. The effect of the water supply, wells vs. city water, could be definitely ascertained.
2. The results of bad drainage would be shown.
3. The effect of the so-called modern improvements would at once be seen.
4. The landlords of the city would be thereby induced to make their houses more healthy, for

5. No person would rent a house with a bad reputation, unless put in order and approved of by the sanitary authorities.

Such a map should be open for inspection by any person, on payment of a small fee to provide for the cost of preparing it.

These are only a few of the advantages which might be claimed for such a plan, as any one interested in sanitary matters will see.

While the council are considering this plan they may also see the propriety of appointing a consulting sanitary engineer, to whom all who are building or making alterations may come for advice with respect to drainage, etc., a fixed fee being charged for such advice. Every landlord should be required to register a plan of the system of drainage, plumbing, etc., connected with each house. All plans should be required to be approved of by the sanitary engineer. When cases of disease occur, the cause of which may be traced to defective drainage or bad water, an inspection should be made, and any alterations suggested by the sanitary engineer should be compulsory, and any householder wishing to have an inspection made should have the same done by the said engineer on payment of certain fees.

The present mayor seems determined to insist on rigid economy (not before it was required) and it is to be hoped that, in the effort to enforce economy of wealth he will not overlook the more important matter of life and health.

Toronto.

Yours respectfully,

M.

EVERY one remembers the strange history of E. W. Howe's recent romance, "The Story of a Country Town"—written in night hours by a hard-worked Kansas editor—printed in an Atchison office—discovered and praised by Howells and Mark Twain—republished by the Osgoods of Boston—and then meeting with immense sales and the applause of the best American and English critics. "The Mystery of the Locks," Mr. Howe's second novel, is on the eve of publication by James R. Osgood and Co., and will be welcomed by thousands of readers. It is fully equal to "The Story of a Country Town" in its properties of enthralling interest and exciting climaxes. The scene of the story is a Western river-town, from which "the boom" has long since died out, leaving a picturesquely dreary decadence, amidst which move grotesquely delightful characters concerned in "The Mystery." The locality and the situation are full of the best possibilities, and the author's rare narrative skill and subtle character-analysis have made from these capital materials a most entertaining story.

THE BELLE OF THE YACHT CLUB BALL.

SHE came at last, 'twas nearly ten,
I saw her in the entry hall
Surrounded by her sailor men,
The belle of all the Yacht Club ball.

See there she goes with twinkling feet,
And look, is she not faultless fair?
Such eyes as these but seldom meet
Beneath such glistening golden hair.

She lost her fan—a fault of hers—
Somewhere, she really couldn't tell,
She sends that man with all the spurs,
Of course he goes, for she's the belle.

I saw her leave, 'twas nearly two,
I saw her in the entry hall,
Quite satisfied, but never knew
She was the belle of all the ball.

NATHANAEL NIX.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

MONTCALM left a detachment to hold Fort Ticonderoga; and then, on the first of August, at two in the afternoon, he embarked at the Burned Camp with all his remaining force. Including those with Lévis, the expedition counted about seven thousand six hundred men, of whom more than sixteen hundred were Indians. At five in the afternoon they reached the place where the Indians, having finished their rattlesnake hunt, were smoking their pipes and waiting for the army. The red warriors embarked and joined the French flotilla; and now, as evening drew near, was seen one of those wild pageantries of war which Lake George has often witnessed. A restless multitude of birch bark canoes, filled with painted savages, glided by shores and islands, like troops of swimming water-fowl. Two hundred and fifty bateaux came next, moved by sail and oar, some bearing the Canadian militia, and some the battalions of Old France in trim and gay attire; first, La Reine and Languedoc; then the Colony regulars; then La Sarre and Guienne; then the Canadian brigade of Courtemanche; then the cannon and mortars, each on a platform sustained by two bateaux lashed side by side, and rowed by the militia of Saint-Ours; then the battalions of Bearn and Royal Roussillon; then the Canadians of Gaspé, with the provision-bateaux and the field-hospital; and, lastly, a rear guard of regulars closed the line. So, under the flush of sunset, they held their course along the romantic lake, to play their part in the historic drama that lends a stern enchantment to its fascinating scenery. They passed the Narrows in mist and darkness: and when, a little before dawn, they rounded the high promontary of Tongue Mountain, they saw, far on the right, three fiery sparks shining through the gloom. These were the signal fires of Lévis to tell them that he had reached the appointed spot.

The earthen mounds of Fort William Henry still stand by the brink of Lake George; and seated at the sunset of an August day under the pines that cover them, one gazes on a scene of soft and soothing beauty, where waters reflect the glares of the mountains and the sky. As it is to-day, so it was then; all beautiful repose and peace. The splash of some leaping trout, or the dipping wing of a passing swallow, alone disturbed the summer calm of that unruffled mirror.

Fort William Henry was an irregular bastioned square, formed by embankments of gravel surrounded by a rampart of heavy logs, laid in tiers crossed one upon another, the interstices filled with earth. The lake protected it on the north, the marsh on the east, and ditches with *chevaux-de-frise* on the south and west. Seventeen cannon, great and small, besides several mortars and swivels, were mounted upon it; and a brave Scotch veteran, Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, of the thirty-fifth regiment, was in Command.

The trenches were opened on the night of the fourth—a task of extreme difficulty, as the ground was covered by a profusion of half-burned stumps, roots, branches, and fallen trunks. Eight hundred men toiled till daylight with pick, spade, and axe, while the cannon from the fort flashed through the darkness, and grape and round-shot whistled and screamed over their heads. Some of the English balls reached the camp beyond the ravine, and disturbed the slumbers of the officers off duty, as they lay wrapped in their blankets and bearskins. Before daybreak the first parallel was made; a battery was nearly finished on the left and another was begun on the right. The men now worked under cover, safe in their burrows; one gang relieved another, and the work went on all day.

The Indians were far from doing what was expected of them. Instead of scouting in the direction of Fort Edward to learn the movements of the enemy and prevent surprise, they loitered about the camp and in the trenches, or amused themselves by firing at the fort from behind stumps and logs. Some in imitation of the French, dug little trenches for themselves, in which they wormed their way towards the rampart, and now and then picked off an artilleryman, not without loss on their own side. On the afternoon of the fifth, Montcalm invited them to a council, gave them belts of whampum, and mildly remonstrated with them. "Why expose yourselves without necessity? I grieve bitterly over the losses that

you have met, for the least among you is precious to me. No doubt it is a good thing to annoy the English; but that is not the main point. You ought to inform me of everything the enemy is doing, and always keep parties on the road between the two forts." And he gently hinted that their place was not in the camp, but in that of Lévis, where missionaries were provided for such of them as were Christians, and food and ammunition for them all. They promised with excellent docility to do everything he wished, but added that there was something on their hearts. Being encouraged to relieve themselves of the burden, they complained that they had not been consulted as to the engagement of the siege, but were expected to obey orders like slaves. "We know more about fighting in the woods than you," said their orator; "ask our advice, and you will be the better for it."

Montcalm assured them that if they had been neglected, it was only through the hurry and confusion of the time; expressed high appreciation of their talents for bush-fighting, promised them ample satisfaction, and ended by telling them that in the morning they should hear the big guns. This greatly pleased them, for they were extremely impatient for the artillery to begin. About sunrise the battery of the left opened with eight heavy cannon and a mortar, joined on the next morning by the battery of the right, with eleven pieces more. The fort replied with spirit. The cannon thundered all day, and from a hundred peaks and crags the astonished wilderness roared back the sound. The Indians were delighted. They wanted to point the guns; and to humour them, they were now and then allowed to do so. Others lay behind logs and fallen trees, and yelled their satisfaction when they saw the splinters fly from the wooden rampart.

Day after day the weary roar of the distant cannonade fell on the ears of Webb in his camp at Fort Edward. "I have not received the least reinforcement," he writes to Loudon; "this is the disagreeable situation we are at present in. The fort, by the heavy firing we hear from the lake is still in our possession; but I fear it cannot long hold out against so warm a cannonading if I am not reinforced by a sufficient number of militia to march to their relief." The militia were coming; but it was impossible that many could reach him in less than a week. Those from New York alone were within call, and two thousand of them arrived soon after he sent Loudon the above letter. Then, by stripping all the forts below, he could bring together forty-five hundred men; while several French deserters assured him that Montcalm had nearly twelve thousand. To advance to the relief of Monro with a force so inferior, through a defile of rocks, forests and mountains, made by nature for ambushes, and this, too, with troops who had neither the steadiness of regulars nor the bush-fighting skill of Indians, was an enterprise for firmer nerve than his.

By this time the sappers had worked their way to the angle of the lake, where they were stopped by a marshy hollow, beyond which was a tract of high ground reaching to the fort and serving as the garden of the garrison. Logs and fascines in large quantities were thrown into the hollow, and hurdles were laid over them to form a causeway for the cannon. Then the sap was continued up the acclivity beyond, a trench was opened in the garden, and a battery begun not two hundred and fifty yards from the fort. The Indians, in great numbers, crawled forward among the beans, maize and cabbages, and lay there ensconced. On the night of the seventh, two men came out of the fort, apparently to reconnoitre with a view to a sortie, when they were greeted by a general volley and a burst of yells which echoed among the mountains, followed by responsive whoops pealing through the darkness from the various camps and lurking-places of the savage warriors far and near.

The position of the besieged was now deplorable. More than three hundred of them had been killed and wounded; smallpox was raging in the fort; the place was a focus of infection, and the casemates were crowded with the sick. A sortie from the entrenched camp and another from the fort had been repulsed with loss. All their large cannon and mortars had been burst or disabled by shot; only seven small pieces were left fit for service; and the whole of Montcalm's thirty-one cannon and fifteen mortars and howitzers would soon open fire, while the walls were already breached, and an assault was imminent. Through the night of the eighth they fired briskly from all their remaining pieces. In the morning the officers held a council, and all agreed to surrender if honourable terms could be had. A white flag was raised, a drum was beat, and Lieutenant-Colonel Young, mounted on horseback, for a shot in the foot had disabled him from walking, went, followed by a few soldiers to the tent of Montcalm.—*From Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe.*

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE is a marvel of his age, and may prove a great puzzle to posterity. The author of "The State in its Relations with the Church" must have been a very different man from the Minister subsequently associated with Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain—the statesman who disestablished the Irish Church and was mainly instrumental in passing the Burials Act. When from time to time the great leader changes his mind, he does so from honest conviction, mixed with an appetite for applause, and then he sees his old friends in the light of a company of blind fools.

You cannot realize the Liberal Chief, or form a picture of the man, solely through a study of his interminable speeches, books, pamphlets, letters and post-cards. You must see him in the flesh, upon the platform, indoors, and out of doors, in the House of Commons, in Opposition to the left of the speaker, or lolling with the air of an invalid upon the Treasury Bench. There, in office, sits the First Lord of the Treasury and leader of

the House of Commons, stretched out with his legs straight before him and his toes turned up to the glass ceiling. His hands he listlessly crosses upon his lap. His head droops over his right shoulder. His face is pallid. The corners of his mouth droop as if in pain. His scant grey hair clings like a fringe of floss about the base of his great skull. His eyes are closed. The powerful features, touched with a tinge of sweetness and overworn with half a century of politics, mutely engender pity. His ill-fitting clothes hang loosely about his figure, always lithe and active in motion, and with the free stride of a wild thing of the woods. So tired seems the Premier reposing upon the Treasury Bench that the pitiful heart goes forth to the old warrior of the State, plainly wearing himself out in his country's service.

So, seeming as if flaccid from want of sleep, he lies in wait. The men on the other side gird at his government. Mr. Gorst pelts him with the pebbles of perennial blame; Lord Randolph Churchill, light and agile as a bull-fighter, stings his broad hide with pointed darts; and Sir Stafford Northcote, from the opposite corner of the gangway, by the mace, says the most disagreeable things with an amount of blandness which might put Ah Sin to the blush. Then the lax figure which seemed to sleep suddenly sits bolt upright, chin in the air, and hands clasping his knees. And now the tribe of draughtsmen who evolve portraits of Mr. Gladstone with the aid of photograph out of their inner consciousness might observe that there are only three fingers on the left hand; the first finger is no longer there, the knuckle being concealed with a circular black patch kept in its place by a narrow black riband drawn back and front of the palm. All traces of fatigue pass away as the eyes, large and luminous, keen and grey, rest with anger upon the enemy. The nostrils dilate, the lips—still close—work impatiently, the body leans forward, the hands gripe upon the knees pressed outwards. In a moment Mr. Gladstone is upon his feet. Say it is a field night, and that he has come from some political reception. He wears evening clothes and a flower. And when he comes down to the House decorated with the spoils of the garden, the reporters sharpen their pencils, and members wait about the lobbies to hear him. By what process the Liberal Chief ruffles the front of his dress-shirts is a secret as close as that of the age of the world. With a couple of quick steps he comes to the despatch-box at the corner of the table, and for an instant beams upon the House. Then he opens the flood-gates of his oratory and deluges the Commons with superb eloquence. The *timbre* of his voice is delightful, gliding, mellow, dropping to the soft sound of wind-stirred reeds by the river, rising to the full volume of the storm beating and belling the sails of a ship at sea. In the heat and passion of debate, Mr. Gladstone does not respect persons, but rends friends and foes alike. In his eyes it is assuredly a sin to differ from him in opinion, even though his enemies' thoughts were his own of the previous day.

Not content to play the general, he must needs shoulder a musket, march with the baggage, and on occasion help to drag the guns uphill and take his turn at sentinel duty. He will leap to his feet to answer the most trivial question, and wrestle with the merest fledgling of the Chamber. He attributes too much consequence to small persons; and sometimes the impulse seizes him to strike at and crush them.

All his greatness, all his virtues notwithstanding, his love of applause amounts to a foible. The noise of cheering stirs his heart as with the sound of a trumpet.

That he is a great statesman and a great speaker is admitted on all hands; but that his oratorical style might with advantage be less diffuse is best known to those whose duty to their constituents keeps them most often in their places in Parliament. No man living excels him in a Budget speech. He is a master of detail, and deals with complicated accounts with wonderful clearness and precision. He is, however, at his worst and is most verbose when answering questions.

Like all orators of the impassioned type, Mr. Gladstone is sometimes carried away by his enthusiasm. In dealing with finance, he is, however, a model of lucidity. All his facts and figures are arranged with business-like precision. A consummate master of detail, he can, at the same time, invest the ordinarily dry subject of Supply with literary grace, and impose a tax with the manner of a bard reciting a ballad. I have heard him speak hundreds of times and have carefully studied his several styles; for the Liberal Chief has many methods adapted to various occasions. No living parliamentary leader possesses an equal power of giving renewed life and energy to a flagging debate. When, as will occasionally happen, his followers seem to be getting the worst of the wordy encounter, he can at any moment, by the sheer force of a commanding and compelling eloquence, turn the tide of battle and snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Likewise, he can be a master of reticence, as witness his attitude in many a Bradlaugh skirmish, when, sitting stolidly in his place on the Treasury Bench, he has temporarily resigned the initiative to the amiable Sir Stafford Northcote.—*Scenes in the Commons, by David Anderson.*

"So the Commander-in-Chief rides up," says Michael Sullivan, recounting his own valiant doings in Egypt—"the Commander-in-Chief rides up as the army sthooed in loine of bhattle, and he calls out, 'Is Mike Sullivan in the ranks?' 'Here I am, General,' siz I, stepping forward. 'Then let the ingagement begin,' siz he."

HARLEY was one day informed that Coningsby had declared that he would have his head. "I am sorry I cannot return the compliment," said the Earl of Oxford, "for I would not have his if he would give it to me." This was as severe as the remark made, at a much later period indeed, by Lady Townshend to Lord Bathurst. "I have Sir Robert Walpole's head in my pocket," he exclaimed. "Then, my lord," said Lady Townshend, "the best thing you can do is to put it on your shoulders."

THE SCRAP BOOK.

MODEL NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

I DO not wish to be too rash,
But yet I do resolve to try,
This coming year, to pay in cash
For everything that I may buy.

I'm quite determined, if I can,
My conscience never more to snub;
To be a more domestic man,
And come home early from the club.

I think that I shall try to do
With half the number of cigars;
A pipe is really better, too,
And walking's cheaper than street cars.

And I have had a notion long
That it would pay, at any price,
To sometimes own that I am wrong,
And always take my wife's advice.

A man may always live and learn;
A man may always live and mend;
I'll just let Polly have a turn,
Then on the rest I can depend.

THE SNOW CURE.

FROM an illustrated paper, by W. Geo. Beers, on "Canada as a Winter Resort," in the *February Century*, we quote the following: "It is by no means every delicate person who should make Canada his winter resort; but it is well known that our winters have cured chronic cases for which Colorado and Florida were alone supposed to be beneficial. Every winter numbers resort to Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, and Winnipeg for no other reason than that for which they once went to tropical climates. I know of patients who were regularly sent to Bermuda and the West Indies, and others to such winter climates as Nice, without more than temporary benefit, who were completely cured by the out-door life of our Montreal and Quebec winters. Two years ago we had an exceptionally severe winter in Manitoba. Its severity and peculiarities were precisely the same in Dakota and Minnesota. I was *en route* from Brandon to Winnipeg, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles by rail, and was caught in a snow-blockade which lasted eight days, and kept us in a situation not likely again to occur. The storm was so severe that relief trains could not leave Winnipeg, and a couple of us who had the long snowshoes used on the prairies tramped to and from farm-houses a couple of miles distant for provisions for the passengers. The snow-ploughs were of no use, and in a desperate attempt to cut a way through the drifts, the engine jumped the track and came to grief. The train was pulled back from the *debris* by an engine in the rear, and the next morning we found ourselves separated from the wreck by deep drifts, some of them fifteen feet high. Night after night passed; the coal and wood ran short; two of the cars were abandoned by the passengers, and, to economize fuel, we were crowded into the two remaining cars. The sleeping accommodation improvised was very amusing. Fancy roosting two in a single seat, with your knees doubled up to your chin; or lying like sardines, four in a double seat; or propped on top of the back of the seats, which were turned up and brought together so as to form a sort of double deck. Shovellers had been working day and night, but there were too few of them; and at last the passengers went to work, and from nine a.m. until five p.m. pitched the snow with might and main, and succeeded in clearing the track. In order to pass the obstacle of the wrecked engine, we raised old rails, got ties and laid a new side-track on the hard snow, and our cars were safely shoved forward. Shovellers from Winnipeg had succeeded, with the snow-plough, in reaching us, and we were soon on our way. The effect of this exposure upon the health of many of the passengers was remarkably good. One clergyman who had come out from England for some affection of the throat, was determined to do his share of the shovelling. He had very thin moccasins on his feet, and during the day, as there was a warm wind, they were wet through. He never expected to see England again, but that one day's work cured him effectually. Other persons suffering from throat and lung affections have not since been troubled. One would suppose the conditions were just those to provoke illness, but the very reverse was the case."

MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND NELSON.

WE were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. "Why," said the Duke, "I am not surprised at such instances, for Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office on Downing Street, and there I was shown into the little waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman, whom from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm I immediately recognized as Lord Nelson. He could not have known who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side and about himself, and in reality, a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust

me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was somebody; and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt, to ask the office-keeper who I was, for when he came back he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished, and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent with a good sense, and a knowledge of subjects both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly, for the last half or three-quarters of an hour, I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man; but certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw.—*From the Croker Papers.*

AN IDEAL AMERICAN.

IF there is any person in the world to be envied, it is the one who is born to an ancient estate, with a long line of family traditions and the means in his hands of shaping his mansion and his domain to his own taste, without losing sight of all the characteristic features which surrounded his earliest years. The American is, for the most part, a nomad, who pulls down his house as the Tartar pulls up his tent-poles. If I had an ideal life to plan for him it would be something like this:—

His grandfather should be a wise, scholarly, large-brained, large-hearted country minister, from whom he should inherit the temperament that predisposes to cheerfulness and enjoyment, with the finer instincts which direct life to noble aims and make it rich with the gratification of pure and elevated tastes and the carrying out of plans for the good of his neighbours and his fellow-creatures. He should, if possible, have been born, at any rate have passed some of his early years, or a large part of them, under the roof of the good old minister. His father should be, we will say, a business man in one of our great cities—a generous manipulator of millions, some of which have adhered to his private fortunes in spite of his liberal use of his means. His heir, our ideally placed American, shall take possession of the old house, the home of his earliest memories, and preserve it sacredly, not exactly like the Santa Casa, but, as nearly as may be, just as he remembers it. He can add as many acres as he will to the narrow house-lot. He can build a grand mansion for himself, if he chooses, in the not distant neighbourhood. But the old house, and all immediately round it, shall be as he recollects it when he had to stretch his little arm up to reach the door-handles. Then, having well provided for his own household, himself included, let him become the providence of the village or the town where he finds himself during at least a portion of every year. Its schools, its library, its poor—and perhaps the new clergyman who has succeeded his grandfather's successor may be one of them—all its interests, he shall make his own. And from this centre his beneficence shall radiate so far that all who hear of his wealth shall also hear of him as a friend to his race.

Is not this a pleasing programme? Wealth is a steep hill, which the father climbs slowly and the son often tumbles down precipitately; but there is a table-land continuous with it, which may be found by those who do not lose their head in looking down from its sharply cloven summit. Our dangerously rich men can make themselves hated, held as enemies of the race, or beloved and recognized as its benefactors. The clouds of discontent are threatening, but if the gold-pointed lightning-rods are rightly distributed, the destructive element may be drawn off silently and harmlessly. For it cannot be repeated too often that the safety of great wealth with us lies in obedience to the new version of the old world axiom, RICHESSE oblige.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in February Atlantic.*

A CANADIAN SNOW-SHOE PARADE.

THEIR first view of the palace on reaching the Square was enchanting. It was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, which shone through its sides and gave it the appearance of a large structure of ground glass. A band of music was playing inside, and thousands of people in their warm furs and gayly coloured head-dresses were crowding about it. A slight snow was falling, the air was cold, but dry, and the whole scene made us think of pictures we had seen of winter sights in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Soon there was a cry of "Here they come," and then at the northern end of the Square the torches of the snow-shoe clubs were seen approaching. On they came, and after several hundred had filed by, and their torches had surrounded three sides of the Square with a line of light, at a given signal a shower of rockets ascended from the middle of the Square, Roman-candles were let off from the whole line of snow-shoers, and the ice palace was brightly lighted with coloured fires, one tower being red, another green, and another blue. The effect was almost magical. We were well acquainted with Fourth of July fire-works (as what Americans boys are not?), but to see such effects in a snow-storm was novel indeed. We watched the whole parade—a thousand snow-shoers in their picturesque white suits, and then returned home, and from the window watched the line pass and re-pass across the top of the mountain and then wind down its side, doubling back and forth into the descent four or five times, until finally we saw it as it sank into

"The mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."
—*George A. Buffum, in St. Nicholas for February.*

THE way to Canadianize the North-West and build up the country is for the young Canadian to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and come west.—*Nor'-Wester.*

IT is not only for cattle to be sent to Britain to be slaughtered for beef that Canada has a great future before her, but attention has lately been conspicuously directed to the advantage and profit of importing Canadian cattle for feeding purposes.—*Regina Leader.*

WE have been told that, in the event of the fall of religion, "life would remain in most particulars and to most people what it is at present." It appears to me, on the contrary, that there is actually *nothing* in life which would be unchanged after such a catastrophe.—*Frances Power Cobbe, in Contemporary Review.*

PARTY journalism has been beautifully illustrated in Ottawa recently. The *Citizen* ignored the decision of the Supreme Court on the license question because it went against its party, and the *Free Press* ignored the demonstration in honour of Sir John Macdonald because it was against its party. And these sheets call themselves newspapers.—*Ottawa Sun.*

WE can hardly believe that, in view of his past experience, Mr. Norquay can really have undertaken to make a final settlement with regard to the lands in the name of the Province. If so he has displayed an amount of temerity for which we had not given him credit. Manitoba is neither in a position nor in the temper at present to accept any such agreement.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

FROM remarks made by judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, it is plain that some of them find great difficulty in reconciling the decisions of the Privy Council in the Hodge case with that in the Russell case. The recent decision follows the Hodge case as the latest. The Privy Council, if again appealed to, may perhaps give a decision explaining away the apparent inconsistency of these two verdicts.—*Halifax (N.S.) Mail.*

REASONS have been found for believing that:—The North-West was once a wooded country; it was cleared by fire; the fires were the work of man; it would take between five and ten centuries of such fires to effect the present clearance, and their starting-point must have been in the direction of the Coteau du Missouri. Therefore, the North-West country was populated by migration up the Missouri Valley from the Southern Central Plains, between five and ten centuries ago.—*London Free Press.*

No doubt men would be better off than they are if they would abjure altogether stimulants of every kind. So they would be happier if they would desire no ornaments or articles of any kind for mere display. But we must take men and women as we find them, not as they may be in some far distant day, when moral influences, religious teachings, and careful physiological studies have made Utopians of us. There is in all men a craving for narcotic or other stimulant. Those who do not find it in tea or tobacco are apt to seek it in opium or alcohol.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

NORTH-WEST Canada has for years been taking cattle freely from Wyoming and Montana. I believe that Canada's recent refusal to be the channel of this trade was a decision given in deference to the policy of that reign of blood and terror on this (the English) side of the water from which we are now happily emerging. If, however, this decision is final, a route connecting the North-West Territories and England *via* Boston and Portland passes clear of any States under suspicion of disease, and renders us fairly independent of Canada.—*Moreton Frewen, in Fortnightly Review.*

THERE is probably no greater or more sure gauge of the prosperity and thrift of the working classes of this country than the statistics which are annually presented of the business transacted at the Savings Banks. During the past year, notwithstanding the depression of trade and the strikes and other circumstances which usually operate against industrial prosperity, the deposits in the Post-office Savings Banks and in the Trustee Savings Banks throughout the kingdom have reached a total sum which has never been equalled in the history of the savings bank movement.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

IT was noted and regretted by many Conservatives that, while Sir John Macdonald spoke with ease and vigour and seemed in the fullest enjoyment of his great intellectual powers, his speech was utterly barren of any indication of new measures to be submitted to the party's or the people's judgment. For the ardent, ambitious Junior-Conservative there was no "cry" for the future, no foreshadowing of coming events, nothing to show that the policy and life of the party were to be stimulated by additions to its creed or new blood to its veins. The speech, viewed from this standpoint, must be regarded as a serious blunder.—*Montreal Herald.*

As compared with the countries of Europe, Canada shows rapid increase in population, though the distinction disappears when compared with the States or the Australian provinces, or even with the Canada of earlier years. Our last decade showed an increase of 17.14 per cent. in population, as against 30 per cent. in the republic and 54.50 in the Australian provinces. In the period since 1861, mainly covered by Confederation, the ratio of increase in these provinces has dropped in the first decade to 18½ per cent., and in the second to 17.14 per cent. The States have in the decade ending with 1880 increased in population 30 per cent. It will be seen that though we make fair progress we are quite overshadowed by our more progressive neighbour, which is perhaps to be expected. But it is disappointing to find that our rate of increase in the past twenty years has fallen off so sadly from that of the previous decades, and this notwithstanding our acquisition of the Northwest and our vast expenditure in railways and other public works.—*St. John's (N.B.) Globe.*

MUSIC.

THE new Gewandhaus in Leipzig, of which mention was made in THE WEEK a short time since, was recently opened with great *éclat*. This palatial building has over the main entrance in letters of gold the motto "Res Severa Verum Gaudium" well expressing the serious way in which the people of Leipzig regard musical art. The interior shows artistic taste in every detail, whilst (more important than all) the acoustic properties are excellent. In honour of the occasion Carl Reinecke, head of the Leipzig Conservatory, was created "Doctor phil et liberalium artium magister honoris causa" by the Philosophic faculty of that institution. At the opening concert the King of Saxony, Queen Carola and suite were present. The new temple of music in the most musical city in the world was fittingly inaugurated by the work of Beethoven, the overture in C, known as the "Consecration of the House," originally performed, very badly too, at the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna. This was followed by the recitation of R. Von Gottschall's poetical prologue, the last words of which were immediately followed by the sound of the organ breaking forth with Bach's glorious D minor Toccata and Fugue. The new organ, built for the hall by Walcker, is the largest in Leipzig, and was played on by the well-known organist Paul Homeyer. The programme also contained Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, and Beethoven's 9th Symphony. The second concert consisted of Handel's "Messiah," the performance of which demonstrated in a marked manner the fine acoustic qualities of the new hall, the effect of the well-known choruses, especially the "Hallelujah," being described as almost overwhelming. The third concert comprised Hayden's Symphony in E flat, No. 3, one of the Leonore overtures by Beethoven, Schumann's D minor Symphony, the A major Violin Concerto of Mozart and Adagio by Spohr, both played by Joachim, together with songs by Mozart, Schubert, and Weber sung by Fraülein Hermine Spiess.

An interesting novelty was recently produced at the Theatre Italien, Paris, in the shape of a new opera called "Aben Hamet," by Theodore Dubois, organist at the Madeleine. M. Dubois is the composer of several cantatas and operettas, also a ballet, "La Farandole," which has recently been successful at the opera. The libretto is by M. de Lauzieres, the critic, and M. L. Detroyat, and is described as "dramatic and not too incoherent"; fair praise for the average opera book, notwithstanding the influence of Wagner. The plot is a free adaptation of Chateaubriand's work "Le Dernier des Abencerrages," and deals with the fortunes of Aben Hamet, son of Bobadil, in his attempt to reconquer Granada from the Christians. Although critics differ as to the merits of M. Dubois' score, they all agree that some portions of it are very fine indeed, the orchestration being masterly. The best numbers are, a quaint Mauresque song for mezzo soprano, a duet, "A Granata Insieme Andiamo," for soprano and mezzo soprano, which so delighted the audience that it had to be sung three times, a solo for Bianca, "Ben Chinossi il Ginocchio," two love duets, which are full of beauty and passion, a very striking drinking song, and an impressive and touching prayer to Allah. M. Maurel, the celebrated baritone, and manager of the theatre, took the part of *Aben Hamet*, in which he made a great success.

A WRITER in an English musical paper draws attention to the fact that the shipwreck scene in the Drury Lane Pantomime of "Whittington and his Cat" is accompanied by the band performing the storm music from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." This is a sign of the growing popularity of Wagner's music; but whether it would have been gratifying to the great master in his lifetime is more than doubtful. Incidental music to plays might decidedly be made much better and more illustrative than it usually is. At the Lyceum, when the "Belle's Stratagem" was produced by Mr. Irving, the *entr'actes* consisted almost entirely of pieces in the antique style, the pretty gavotte from "Mignon" being utilized with happy effect, the whole musical programme thus maintaining the old fashioned character in a charming manner. Some years ago, too, at Wallack's Theatre a melodrama of no great merit, the name of which is now forgotten, was brought out, and being well mounted and well acted produced the desired blood-curdling effect, which was enhanced by the clever use of one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne worte," known as "Illusions Perdues." This was played by the orchestra as a *leitmotif* at the thrilling situations, to which its weird delicate lightness added much strength. There is a large and profitable field for theatre conductors to work in the adaptation of good music in this way for stage purposes.

MR. FREDERIC ARCHER, in the *N. Y. Keynote*, has been recently doing good work by exposing the absurdities of musical criticism perpetrated by the daily papers. The instances cited by him, although bad, can be rivalled in Canada, notably by the writer of a critique in a Montreal daily paper on the Philharmonic performance of "Alexander's Feast." This gifted gentleman, after disposing of Handel as gone-by and old-fashioned, shows his knowledge of the subject by attributing the "Creation" to Handel, and speaks of the C Major Symphony of Beethoven played at this concert as the Concerto in C by Mendelssohn. Strange to say the notice of the concert of the night before, "Paradise and the Peri," was admirably written. Perhaps the services of the sporting editor were pressed into the work of the second concert.

THE Chicago Opera Festival project has survived the animadversions of the local critics. The arrangements are complete for the Festival, which is to take place in the Exposition Building, April 6th (Easter Monday) to 12th. The Association has contracted with Colonel Mapleson for the appearance of Patti, Scalchi, Nevada, Albani and Mme. Durschmadi. He will also furnish a chorus of sixty voices to be reinforced by the local chorus of two hundred. The orchestra under Arditì will number

one hundred. The auditorium will hold eight thousand, and a large stage and proscenium will be built. The operas will include "Lohengrin," "Aida," "Der Freischütz," "Faust" and "Mirella." The price of seats will be \$1, \$2 and \$2.50. Cheap rates will of course be issued by different railroad companies in anticipation of excursion parties from other cities. With the Wagner Festival last summer in Montreal, and the Chicago Opera Festival of 1885, Toronto will soon be expected to come forward in the same manner. That venerable impresario, Colonel Mapleson, has a hard time at the hands of the American people. They show themselves most ungrateful both as critics and opera-goers. The "same old singers, the same old operas," say they, forgetting that surely it is too early in the history of New York and Boston to declare for the *blasé* side of life. Why not produce an impresario themselves who will do for Italian and English opera what Damrosch is doing for the German?

THE latest volume of the "Great Composers," a series of biographies edited by Francis Hueffer, treats of the life of Hadyn. Besides being an unusually meritorious compilation in itself, and one involving many difficulties in the way of translation from the German authorities, it is of special interest to Canadians, as the author is a sister of Mr. Walter Townsend, of Toronto. Mr. Townsend is himself an essayist of merit, and readers of the old *Canadian Monthly* will recall his papers on literary topics with pleasure. Miss Townsend has performed her task with great care and punctilious research, and has confirmed anew her place as a *littérateur* and as a translator of Jah'n's "Mozart." In her own words, "the task will have been undertaken in vain if it is necessary to conclude it with any remarks on Hadyn's mental and moral characteristics, or on the place to be assigned to him in the history of music. Our object throughout the preceding sketch has been to present him to our readers as he appeared to his contemporaries, and as he was, and to indicate his position in relation to his art from the larger and wider point of view which the rapid progress of music during the last century enables us to occupy."

BOOK NOTICES.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT. By Dr. D. A. Sargent. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

RED LETTER STORIES. Swiss Tales from the German of Mad. Johanna Spyri. By Lucy Wheelock. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

In dealing with the common accidents and emergencies of life the principal thing is to know what is best to be done in the absence of skilled assistance or pending its arrival. Dr. Sargent's little book gives just such information, couched in intelligible and untechnical language, along with a brief sketch of the anatomy of the human body. The text is further elucidated by a number of illustrations.

The second book sent by Messrs. Lothrop is uniform in style and size with that just referred to. Madame Spyri is admittedly the best living German writer for children, and the two stories, "Lisa's Christmas" and "Basti's Song in Altorf," are admirable in tone and motive.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. By William H. Prescott. In two volumes. New York: John B. Alden.

Good wine needs no bush, and Mr. Prescott's work has for over thirty years held so high a position that most readers of history are well acquainted with it, and it is unnecessary to sing its praises. It is more to the point here to say that Mr. Alden's reprint—which is from the third edition of 1838—is a most excellent one. The type is large and clear, the paper is good, the general get-up in accordance with the dignity of the work. More important still—at any rate to the average student—is the fact that the price at which it is published (\$2) places it within the reach of even limited means.

SUNDAYS IN YOHO. Stories for Children and their Friends. Montreal: William Drysdale and Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

"Yoho is an island in one of the small northern lakes of Ontario, only to be found depicted on local charts." Children, we are told, form a large element in its limited population, and each Sunday (in suitable weather, it is to be supposed) they assemble for worship in a natural tabernacle, and in the open air are treated to a story-sermon. The editor, Mary Helen Campbell, has collected twelve of these narratives, and in book form they will doubtless find a much larger, though they can hardly reach a more appreciative, audience than they were delivered before in Yoho.

TWO COMPTON BOYS. By Augustus Hoppin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Mr. Hoppin's reputation as a droll writer is already established; had it not been so "Two Compton Boys" would have gone far to earn him that character. It is, in youthful parlance, one of the "jolliest" books that has appeared for some time. It is a portrayal of boy-life in New England, written in an irresistibly amusing and original style. The narrative is, moreover, accompanied by ninety-three engravings, also the work of the author, the whole printed and bound in handsome style. It would not be easy to suggest a more entertaining book for presentation purposes.

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM LATIN AUTHORS. By Crawford Tait Ramage, LL.D. New York: John B. Alden.

The title of this work, even if it were less widely known, would leave little to explain. It is a reprint of the third edition, neatly got-up, and forms one of the many useful volumes issued by this publisher in his "Elzevir Series." Though the extracts are somewhat fragmentary, they are, it will be remembered, the selections of a man of culture, and will be found of excellent service by those in search of lofty sentiments chastely expressed.

MR. DOLBY's forthcoming work on Dickens will be divided into three books, the first being a narrative of the English tours (1866-67), the second treating of the American tour (1867-68), and the third dealing with what Dickens called the "final farewell" tour in the United Kingdom. The author will devote a chapter to American pilgrims to "Gadshill," and will describe those sad "last days in town" which helped to wear away the then slender thread of Dicken's life.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Novelist* is a weekly journal devoted to the reproduction of popular stories. The current issue, No. 2, contains instalments of serials by Hugh Conway, Mr. Oliphant, William Black and lesser lights.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD does not retire from his position in the English Education Department until the month of September next. Early in October he will start on his second lecturing tour in the United States.

DR. TALMAGE will reply to his distinguished friends who comprised the birthday testimonial recently tendered him by *The Brooklyn Magazine* in the February number of that periodical. The publishers announce that many letters which arrived too late for insertion in the January number will be printed in their following issue.

THE *Boston Home Journal*, always a handsome sheet, comes out in an entirely new suit of type, and with a new heading. One thing only remains to make the *Journal* more attractive—the size of its pages should be reduced by one-half. Our valued exchange would then be as attractive in appearance as it is now by reason of its literary excellence.

WM. HANLEY SMITH, of Peoria, Ill., is the author of a remarkable story which will create as great a stir it its way as "Ginx's Baby," although quite different in style. It treats of some phases of young life as connected with the American public school system in a manner so full of the keenest satire and the deepest pathos as to command the absorbing interest of every reader from the first page to the last. Every parent, teacher, and school officer in the land may read it with profit. D. Lothrop and Co., publishers.

UNDER the title of "Literary Landmarks of London," Mr. Lawrence Hutton has prepared a handbook to those spots in the British capital which are hallowed by association with distinguished authors. The arrangement of the book is alphabetical, and under each author's name are given exact particulars of his London homes and haunts, with precise indications of their present condition. It has been the labour of years, both in New York and in London. It will be published by J. R. Osgood and Company at an early date.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S new volume of poems, "At the Sign of the Lyre," will be published shortly, by Henry Holt and Company. In it will be included most of the poems which Mr. Dobson has written since the American edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme" was published, and also certain of the poems which appeared in the English edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme," and in the later "Proverbs in Porcelain." The forthcoming volume has been prepared expressly for America; it will not appear in England for several months.

"LETTERS FROM HELL" is the startling title of a book now in the press of Funk and Wagnalls. George MacDonald contributes an able preface. The original work, of which this is a faithful translation, has created profound interest wherever known. Dr. MacDonald says of it: "It mission is not to answer any question of the intellect, to please the fancy, or content the artistic faculty, but to make righteous use of the element of horror; and in this the book is unparalleled." The work has rapidly run through twelve editions in Germany. It is published anonymously.

MESSRS. SCOTT'S unique *Shakespeariana* commences a second volume in amended shape, but retaining the same interesting features. In the January issue is reproduced the Earl of Lytton's criticism of the London critics apropos of Miss Mary Anderson's "Juliet." A capital essay on "Shakespeare and Bacon," giving cogent reasons for the belief that Shakespeare was himself appears from the pen of Henry Hooper, and Mr. Parker Norris has an able article on "The Editors of Shakespeare." The departments are replete with matters of special interest to the dramatic student.

"STORIES for Home Folks, Young and Old," is the attractive title of a pretty volume by a famous author, just published. It starts out with "A True Story of President Lincoln," which, with other war reminiscences that follow, will waken a patriotic glow in the hearts of readers both old and young; there are stories of travel in this and other lands, stories of famous people, of "My First Love-Letter," "Almost a Ghost Story"—in all twenty-nine stories, which, being written by Grace Greenwood, who is so well known as one of the most graceful and captivating writers, will find joyful listeners everywhere.

THE *Montreal Daily Star* produces a magnificent Carnival number, one which "eclipses in artistic merit and absorbing interest every illustrated paper heretofore issued in this country." It portrays the attack on the ice-palace and defence by the garrison; the tobogganing-fête; the Ice-Condora, inaugurated with electric and pyrotechnic illuminations; the mammoth ice-lion; the great sleigh drive; the fancy-dress entertainments; and an inset-plate of the ice-palace in tints. The artists are Bengough, Julian, Harris and Haberer. The writers, George Murray, John Reade, Dr. Beers, "Adirondack" Murray and W. H. Turner.

If any wounded author wants to criticise the critics, now is his chance. A poetical satire, "The Buntling Ball," has been published anonymously (by Funk and Wagnalls), and the critics are not only challenged to name the author, but a prize of \$1,000 is offered to those who do so. If the author were an unknown writer, the critics could not be blamed for going wrong; but he is announced as one of the best known of living writers. And yet of a score of opinions given by prominent men and announced by the publishers, hardly any two agree as to the author. The affair promises to become quite amusing, for they are crossing fire and naming each other in a most perplexing way.

ENGLISH literature is quite appreciated by the more intelligent classes in Sweden. Mr. Marion Crawford's tale, "A Roman Singer," is now appearing in the Stockholm *Dagblad*, and Besant's pleasant story, "The Captain's Room," has lately appeared in Swedish. Of writers on religious subjects Archdeacon Farrar and Mr. Spurgeon are most admired. Farrar's work on "Eternal Hope" has attracted much attention. But this is not all. The Swedish nation is the first among the Scandinavian people who have translated Herbert Spencer's great work, "First Principles," as well as his "Study of Sociology." Buckle's "History of Civilization" has likewise been published in Swedish.

FICTION occupies a prominent position in the February *Atlantic*. There are considerable and interesting instalments of Miss Jewett's "A Marsh Island," Mr. Craddock's "Prophet of the Great Smoke Mountains," and Mrs. Oliphant's "Country Gentleman." Principal amongst the more solid articles are Mr. Liscombe's "The Auest for the Grail of Ancient Art," an able paper upon the revival of interest in antique sculpture; a second on "Madame Mohl's Salon"; and a clever caricature on "Vernon Lee" by Harriet W. Preston. "The New Portfolio," Mr. Holmes says, is not yet properly opened, though it contains some charming reading. The remaining principal contributions are entitled "Winter Birds about Boston," "Spirit to Spirit," "A Sheaf of Sonnets," "Strange," and able criticisms of the new books "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," Johnson's "Persia," "A Word for Pepsy," and minor notices.

CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

ST. JOHN "GLOBE" TOURNEY.

2ND PRIZE WINNERS.

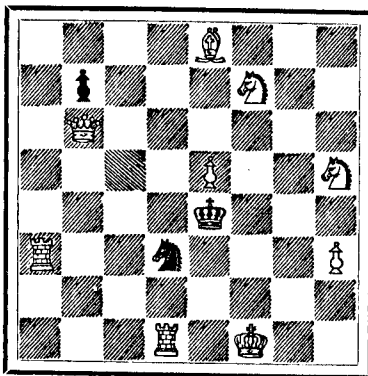
PROBLEM No. 75.

By A. F. MacKenzie, Kingston, Jamaica.

PROBLEM No. 76.

By J. Rayner, Leeds, Eng.

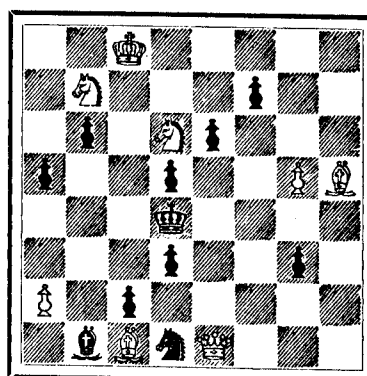
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves

BOARD E.

TORONTO vs. QUEBEC.

A game played in the above match between Messrs. R. Blackiston and J. B. Parkin, Quebec; E. H. E. Eddis and A. B. Flint, Toronto.

Ruy Lopez.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Messrs. Blakiston and Parkin.	Messrs. Eddis and Flint.	Messrs. Blakiston and Parkin.	Messrs. Eddis and Flint.
1. P K 4	P K 4	27. K B 2	K K 3
2. Kt K B 3	Kt Q B 3	28. K K sq	P Q 4
3. B Q Kt 5	P Q R 3	29. P x P ch	P x P (l)
4. B x Kt (a)	Q P x B	30. R Kt 5	R Q B sq
5. P Q 3	B Q 3	31. K Q 2	P K 5
6. P K R 3	B K 3	32. R K sq	K Q 3
7. Kt Q B 3	Q K B 3	33. R B 5	P x P
8. Kt to K 2	P K R 3	34. K x P	Kt to K 5
9. Kt to K Kt 3 (b)	P K Kt 3	35. K to Q 4	R to B 5 ch
10. B K 3	Castles (c)	36. K to Q 3	R to K 3
11. Castles	Q K Kt 2 (d)	37. R to B 8	Kt to B 4 ch
12. P Q B 4	P K B 4	38. K to Q 2	R x R
13. R Kt 1 (e)	P K B 5 (f)	39. K x R	Kt to Q 6 ch
14. Kt K B 5 (g)	P x Kt	40. K to B sq	K x P
15. P x P	B x P at KB 5	41. R to B 6 ch	K to B 4
16. Kt to R 4	B x R P	42. R to B 8	P to Kt 4
17. K to R 2	P x B	43. R to B 2 (m)	R to B 8 ch
18. K x B	P x P	44. K to K 2	R to B 7 ch
19. R x P	P K R 4 (h)	45. K to B sq	R x R
20. Q B 3	R B sq	46. K x R	P to Q 5
21. Kt to B 5	Q to Kt 5 ch	47. K to K 2	P to Q 6 ch
22. Q x P ch	P x Q ch	48. K to Q 2	K to Q 5
23. K to Kt 3 (i)	Kt to B 3	49. P to Kt 3	Kt to R 5 ch
24. Kt x B (k)	P x Kt	50. K to Q sq	K to B 6
25. Q B to K B sq	R R 3	51. Resigns.	
26. R B 5	K Q 2		

NOTES.

(By Mr. Eddis.)

- (a) A weak move.
- (b) Evidently intending an attack on the K's side.
- (c) The doubled P is a protection for the Black K.
- (d) Preparing to advance cavalry.
- (e) Overlooking the threatened attack, but under any circumstances a lost move.
- (f) The winning move.
- (g) Another error, being just what Black wanted. B x P is the best move here getting a P for the lost piece, and also giving White a strong passed P.
- (h) Intending to force exchanges.
- (i) Taking the P would have been immediately fatal.
- (k) Strengthening Black's P's.
- (l) White's game is hopeless, but they appear to think there is a chance to draw.
- (m) Hastening the end.

CHESS NOTES.

CONSIDERABLE amusement was caused at the rooms of the Toronto Chess Club last week by Mr. J. A. Kaiser's prize problem in *The Mirror* tourney. The best players and analysts of the club set to work to demolish it, and after some hours united work declared the problem unsound. The next day one of the members of the club, in the Third Class, quietly announced that he had solved it in three minutes. This statement was received with great incredulity, but the gentleman soon demonstrated its truth. The mystery then stood revealed. The experts had one and all refused to entertain for a second a check as first move, and lo! the key was a check.

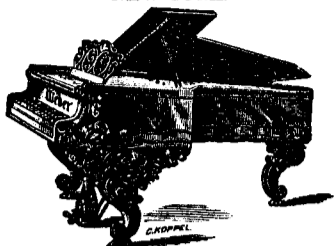
THE proposed group picture of the chess editors of America will soon become a reality. Canada is well represented in the Chicago *Mirror* Tourney.

THE local Championship Tourney is progressing slowly with every prospect of an exceedingly close run.

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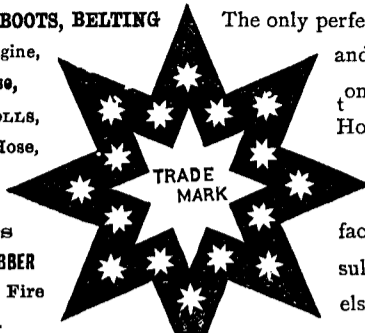
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Secy., Dept. of Agric.

Department of Agriculture,
Ottawa, December 19th, 1884.

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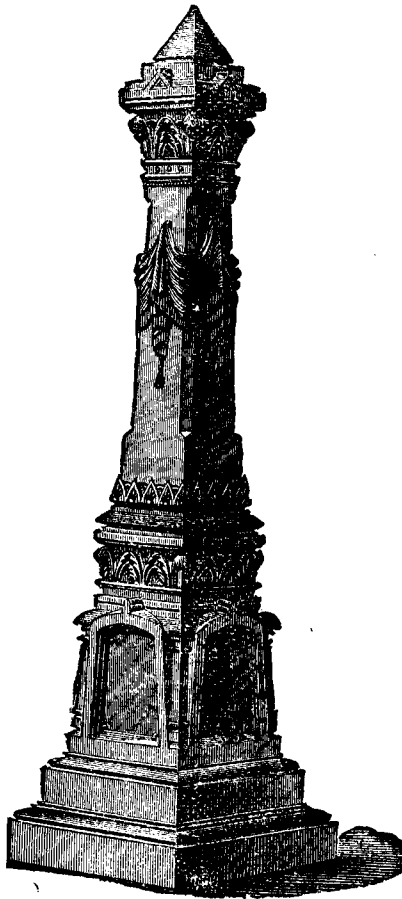
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