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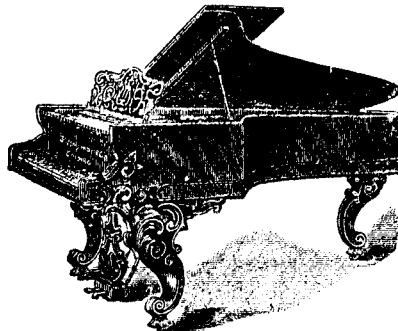
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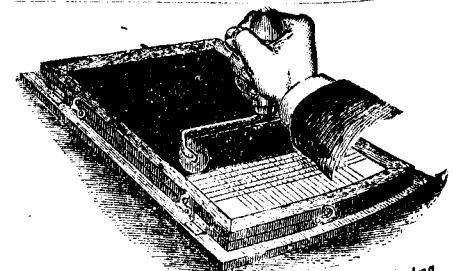
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# THE WEEK.

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## MUSIC IN FICTION.

THE world maintains a curiously inconsistent position with regard to music. In the abstract people look on it as a great and noble thing. Practically, they care little for it or its professors, in comparison with the estimation in which they hold other arts.

Music has fared particularly badly at the hands of novelists, which is to be regretted, because, from its emotional nature, it lends itself readily to fiction and has undeveloped capabilities in that direction. The emotional romancer is fond of introducing "gush" about music, and will, after eulogising it with the regulation terms—"heaven-born"—"soul-thrilling," etc., show on the very next page by some absurd mistake, which he would not have made about any other subject, that he has not had sufficient interest to master the commonplace details of the art. These writers usually believe that genius and feeling will enable a person to give technical displays of great difficulty through the mere exaltation of the moment. In this respect some of our best novelists have been great sinners, showing a carelessness as to musical details that they would certainly not have evinced in their treatment of any other branch of art life. In "The Hand of Ethelberta," Mr. Hardy makes his hero, a musical genius who by dint of labour and perseverance has attained the position of a cathedral organist, accept an engagement to go to the house of a provincial magnate and, accompanied by his sister on the harp, play dance music at a ball. Conceive the outraged dignity of a Mus. Bac., or F.C.O., on being offered a fee to play at a dancing party. What would the dean and chaplain, the vicars choral, even the boys in his choir, think of such a thing? Such an occurrence is so perfectly impossible that the novel is marred by its introduction, as everything in the plot which centres in it is rendered meaningless.

Another illustrious offender is William Black, who, in one of his weaker novels, causes his heroine to be so greatly affected and overcome by the representation of the storm on the Fribourg Organ as to make resolutions which greatly affect her future. There is no doubt that a highly strung person of great sensibility can be so affected by music that in the emotional excitement it arouses he is capable of an intensity of introspection by which his innermost life and motives are revealed to himself with unwonted clearness; in this mental enlightenment things are seen more plainly; the moral side of the nature is abnormally aroused, and instantaneous resolutions may be taken which have a lifelong result. But, for a novelist to bring on such a supreme moment in the life of so sensible, clearheaded, and withal intensely musical a girl as the "Beautiful Wretch" merely by listening to such a claptrap piece of charlatanism as a representation of a storm on the organ, is an insult to art and, like the case already cited, causes a weakness of the plot by assigning an inadequate cause for an important result. So far as I am aware, there are few novels in which music is treated seriously as a rational study and regular vocation of

daily life, but there are certain exceptions, foremost among which stands Elizabeth Shepherd's celebrated novel, "Charles Auchester." Amid all its faults of "gush" and exaggeration and huddling together of incongruous characters, such as the marriage of Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind, faults which are apt to make the male readers skip largely,—amid all these faults shines forth in every page the true artist's feeling, and, what is very unusual in fiction, a knowledge of the canons and details of musical art rarely attained except by well-trained musicians. In this work the character of "Seraphael" (Mendelssohn) is sketched in a masterly manner; whilst the advice to young musicians put into the mouth of "Aronach" (Zelter) is worthy of being committed to memory by all students of the art. Another delightful novel in which music is treated with truth and ability is "The First Violin," by Miss Fothergill. This is a picture of art life in Germany in which music is treated ideally as a source of beauty and delight, and a purifying factor in the lives of those who practise it earnestly and practically as a profession, whose followers are neither mountebanks nor monkeys, but people who, like any other art workmen, devote their time to an employment which has its very practical and prosaic side.

In his "Comet of a Season," Mr. Justin McCarthy has a few remarks on a somewhat subtle phase of musical feeling, showing himself more at home on the subject than are most novelists when they come in contact with this ill-used art. He says: "To the vast majority of people the feeling music inspires is far more often one of association than of art. Something suggested by the air, some connection that is in our memory with some past time or a lost friend it is, and not the nature of the strain, which touches our heart and strikes 'the electric chain with which we are darkly bound.' The village lad enlists and goes to the war and is killed, and his sweetheart is made melancholy for years after by the first sound of 'Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle,' on the barrel organ, because he used to whistle it and he is dead. The young wife, who died long ago, used to amuse her husband by rattling off on the piano the inspiring notes of 'Champagne Charley,' and the Charley of that day, now grown a middle-aged man, is made instantly melancholy by the sound of that ridiculous air, although he could hear without any outward sign of emotion the most devotional passage of the sublimest oratorio or the soul-piercing pathos of 'Che farò senza Eurydice.'" The novelist has here hit the secret of a great deal of fictitious musical sentiment. In this country, where so large a proportion of the population is of Gaelic descent, it is easy to render a roomful of people attentive and suffused by the performance of an air whose aggravating "snap" proclaims its Scottish origin. The air or words, or both, are connected in the minds of the hearers with patriotic feelings and personal reminiscences, and the resulting excitation of their susceptibilities is quite other than artistic. Frequently an air gains its power among uneducated people by association with certain words which are dear to them, as in the case of many hymns, in which the unmusical hearers, careless at first as to what notes their favourite words are sung to, gradually become accustomed to a certain sequence and, once their dull ears have acquired it, they love and prefer it to any other. It seems a pity that those who use this association of ideas as an emotional factor in church services do not care to remember that there is in nearly every congregation Mr. Matthew Arnold's cultivated "remnant," possessing some musical taste and feeling, to whom the only association of ideas the music of Moody and Sankey, for instance, suggests, is with burnt cork and negro minstrelsy, and for whom the devotional effect of the most impressive service is destroyed the moment such a tune is heard. Cultivated musicians occasionally have the quaint experience of being touched and moved by some air which is musically quite unworthy of attention simply because of its association with feelings or events long past. He feels curiously annoyed with himself for his inartistic weakness, but cannot, and perhaps would not if he could, rid himself of it. In the musician's mind, however, the music connected with his youthful feelings and early hopes is usually of a higher type by which is attained an emotional effect of the most intense and exalted character, because it is deep feeling aroused by really pure and high art. The Beethoven Quartett, the Mendelssohn Trio, which from his earliest childhood he was accustomed to hear in his father's house at the weekly meeting, where they were performed perhaps with more enthusiasm than efficiency by assembled friends—the concerts which he heard at intervals performed in public by great artists,—these are his

early remembrances, and when, in maturer years, he thinks he has grown tired of Mendelssohn in the rage for modern chromatic vagaries, he is still apt, after periods of silence, to be stirred to his inmost depths by the well-known sounds when awoke by a fine performance, and he finds that he is not yet so modernised as to despise the musical forms he once appreciated.

Poets ignore artistic facts and possibilities even more than novelists, although possibly poetic license may be taken in this case as some excuse. Still, one cannot help feeling that there could be no reason why the individual who was practising on an organ with the key-board out of order ("noisy keys") in Miss Proctor's poem should, immediately on discovering an unusually effective chord, have forgotten it and been unable to play it again. Perhaps his poetic mind was wanting in the mathematical qualities necessary to a good musician. Another funny man is the professor in Frances Ridley Havergal's well-known poem. This musician had a refractory pupil whom he induced, after much exercise of poetic and persuasive eloquence, to learn the so-called "Moonlight Sonata" instead of a set of waltzes. His artistic exertions were rewarded years afterwards by meeting this same pupil in society, and hearing her play the sonata with such feeling and insight as to disclose even to him a deeper meaning than he had previously discovered in it. As this is perhaps of all sonatas the most hackneyed, a musician fails to be touched by this poem, for his mind begins to speculate on the artistic and social status of this professor who was so slow of apprehension as to require in middle age one of his own pupils to reveal to him the emotional possibilities of the "Sonata quasi Fantasia." Possibly he was one of the noble army of "cheap teachers," to protect itself against whom the musical profession occasionally forms associations, but who nevertheless live and thrive under the sympathetic protection of an appreciative and economical public. Yet another instance of poetic aberration is a poem in which the duet in Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte" is compared with the well-known picture of the Huguenot lovers, the maiden being supposed to plead musically with her lover, endeavouring to detain and thereby save him. This poetic conceit loses all its point from the fact that the pleading voice in the piece is the man's, the soprano melody being of a calmer nature. Had the poet treated it as a love song, the man pleading, the woman denying, and finally both agreeing as they unite in the same air in octaves, some successful poetic use might have been made of it, but, as usual, the writer starts with a preconceived idea to which the poor art must accommodate itself. Music, being beyond all others the emotional art, should be left unfettered, and whilst to a poetic mind it undoubtedly does present definite images, it may be, within certain limits, very differently interpreted by different minds.

Music without words cannot state an argument or describe a material object, but it can rouse any kind of emotion, and by the emotional effect suggest a material cause, thus calling up a world of material images; but to confine it to any one of these images is to rob it of that vagueness of suggestion which is its chief glory and characteristic.

J. W. F. HARRISON.

### THE C. P. R. CONTRACT AND MONOPOLY.

In a former article, believing that the words of the Minister of Justice had silenced those who had so loudly claimed that the C. P. R. contract necessitated Disallowance in old Manitoba, I discussed monopoly enforced by Disallowance as a policy merely, and not as the result of any obligation by which the people of Canada might be bound. Since then Sir George Stephen has issued his address to the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and has created no little surprise by contending not only that the monopoly clause applies to old Manitoba, but also that, from the first, it was understood to affect it; and that, in 1880, "the province hailed the signing of the contract with satisfaction, and hardly a voice was raised in objection to the so-called monopoly clause." Nearly all the Government organs are repeating these assertions, and it is being widely represented that, as Manitoba swallowed the monopoly clause without complaint in 1880, she is estopped from raising her voice against it now. Of course this contention is not a just one. If the monopoly clause is unconstitutional as well as oppressive, no former act on the part of the old province could be used to muzzle her now, nor would any one outside of the interested parties and the partisan organs urge such a thing. As a matter of fact, however, the signing of the contract was not greeted by Manitoba with so much satisfaction as Sir George and the organs allege; and the statement that "hardly a voice was raised in objection to the so-called monopoly clause" is diametrically opposed to the facts. A little history on this point may not be out of place. On the 11th December, 1880, Sir John Macdonald presented the contract to the House of Commons, and a short summary of its contents, omitting any reference to the monopoly

clause, was telegraphed to the Manitoba papers. On the 15th of the same month the full text of the agreement was published in the Winnipeg press. The 14th clause provided that the Company might build branches "from any point or points within the territory of the Dominion," and the 15th or monopoly clause read as follows:—

"For twenty years from the date hereof no line of railway shall be authorised by the *Dominion Parliament* to be constructed south of the C. P. R. from any point at or near the U. P. R., except such line shall run south-west or west of south-west, or within fifteen miles of latitude 49. And in the establishment of any *new province* in the Northwest Territories provision shall be made for continuing such prohibition, etc."

On the 16th of the month Thomas Scott, Tory Member for Winnipeg, telegraphed to Sir John Macdonald, asking what were the real powers of the C. P. R. under clause 14, and on the 18th he received the following reply:—"The Canadian Pacific Railway will have the power to build branch lines anywhere." On the 20th of the month Mr. Hay, Member for St. Clements in the Manitoba Legislature, gave notice of the following resolution, that—

"An address be presented to the Governor-General in Council, praying that the terms with the syndicate may not be entered into, inasmuch as the said terms will be found unacceptable to the people of Manitoba and the North-west Territories, more particularly with respect to part of clause 11, and clauses 14, 15, and 16."

On the 21st he moved it, and, in speaking to his motion, he said:—

"He believed that, if the Dominion Government had announced their intention respecting this railway last summer or early this fall, not only would Manitoba have offered the strongest objections, but the Dominion at large would have done so. The terms offered to the syndicate would create one of the most gigantic monopolies ever brought into existence by any Government, and one which would be a lasting disgrace to this country."

At the request of Mr. Norquay—then as now Premier—the motion was postponed in order that more time should be given the members to consider the question fully. On the 22nd a meeting was held in the Winnipeg Court House, and a resolution referring to the published agreement and Sir John's telegram, and concluding as follows, was passed:—

"That for the present the Canadian Pacific Railway syndicate should have given to them power to build only the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that any other line or branch line shall be built by the syndicate or other company only after their obtaining power from time to time from the Parliament of Canada to build such line or branch; and that the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway shall not be allowed to approach within fifteen miles of the international boundary line; and that Parliament should not abandon its right of authorising the construction of railways in any direction by other companies."

On the afternoon of the same day, in the temporary absence of Mr. Hay, A. W. Ross, then Member for Springfield in the Local Legislature, re-introduced Mr. Hay's motion for an address to the Governor-General in Council, protesting against the monopoly clause, and clauses 14 and 16. As Mr. A. W. Ross has since become one of the most reliable voters on the side of the monopoly in the House of Commons, his utterances on that occasion may be of interest now:—

"The universal charter power [he said] proposed to be given this company would be one most detrimental to the Northwest. (Hear, hear.) Under it the C. P. R. syndicate could build roads wherever they saw fit, and bar all others out most effectually. (Hear, hear.) By running trial lines anywhere they might hold the field against all comers and prevent the incorporators of any other scheme from going on with their work. The monopoly given them in this way, and the mischief they could work by its use, will be patent to every hon. Member. (Cheers.) The Southwestern Railway, for instance, which is so valuable to this city and a large and important section of the country. The building of that road could be very readily retarded, if not prevented altogether. All the syndicate would need would be to say, 'We have resolved on running a line to the Pembina Mountains—in the same direction as yours,' and by merely holding out this threat a powerful corporation such as this syndicate might deter this company or any other from going on with a line, and no capitalists would advance money on such security. (Hear, hear.) There is no question in my mind but that this is one of the most pernicious provisions in the contemplated contract (cheers), and it meets the most determined opposition from the people of this Province. (Cheers.) Some of the provisions restricting the building of other lines in certain directions were also highly objectionable. Unless there is an intention to create a huge monopoly here, undoubtedly other companies should be permitted to build roads for the benefit of the public on as favourable terms as the syndicate."

At the urgent request of Mr. Norquay Mr. Ross withdrew his resolution, and in its place the Premier introduced substantially the same resolution which had been passed by the meeting of citizens during the afternoon, and it was adopted by the Legislature. The two resolutions differ in that the former asked that the contract be not entered into, while the latter demands that it should be modified in certain particulars, one of

which was that the Company be placed in the same position as other companies, with relation to the building of branches, and the other, that Parliament should not endorse the monopoly clause. Still another public gathering, this time a mass-meeting, was held. It seems to have been engineered by the local Conservatives, but despite that fact, there was a good deal of talk about the streets of Winnipeg of passing a resolution, asking for the "dissolution of Parliament," owing to the objectionable nature of the contract. That resolution was not passed; the knees of the faithful gave away at the last moment, and it was smothered. The following excellent resolution was presented by Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Killam, and was adopted by a large majority vote:—

"That the unlimited power proposed to be given to the C. P. R. to build branch lines of railway from the main line to any point in the Dominion, without the consent or control of Parliament or the executive, affords an unfair and unjust advantage over other companies, and will tend to prevent the formation of new companies to build lines connecting with the C. P. R. or any portions of the Northwest Territories, and will thereby paralyse private enterprise, and prove disastrous to the best interests of the country.

"That in the opinion of this meeting a tariff of railway rates cannot be efficiently regulated without the Government retaining the power to grant charters eastward, giving independent outlets to competing lines, and that the Parliament of Canada should not by any agreement with a private company divest itself of its sovereign right to authorise the construction of any railway lines when and where it may consider the interests or necessities of the country require or will be served by them."

According to the published report—

"Mr. Killam went on to say that these resolutions were directed at two clauses in the contract which had caused such an extreme commotion in Winnipeg during the past few days. These clauses provided that the syndicate should have the right, without going back to Parliament for a charter, to build branch lines anywhere they saw fit, and secondly, that Parliament should not, for twenty years, authorise any line to be built south of the main line, except in a southwesterly direction or a direction west of south-west."

So much for the history of the effect which the fear of impending monopoly had upon Winnipeg and Manitoba. The people of the city and the representatives of the province in the Legislature did all in their power to rid the contract of the monopoly clause. On every side it was regarded with strong disfavour. Sir George Stephen's assertion that "hardly a voice was raised in objection to the so called monopoly clause," therefore, is thoroughly untrue.

It is evident that the people of Manitoba believed that the monopoly clause applied to their province, and that they did all in their power to escape from what they regarded as an intolerable yoke. It is also evident that their protestations had a powerful effect at Ottawa. They were from time to time communicated to the House of Commons, and the champions of Provincial autonomy there suffered no chance of impressing them upon Parliament to escape. The result was that when the contract came up for ratification in February, 1881, Sir John Macdonald and Thomas White, the latter now Minister of the Interior, gave the explanations of the monopoly clause which have since become notorious. Sir John, denying that Manitoba had any cause to fear, said:—

"In order to give them a chance we have provided that the Dominion Parliament—mind you, the Dominion Parliament; we cannot check Ontario, we cannot check Manitoba—shall, for the first ten years after the construction of the road, give their own road, into which they are putting so much money and so much land, a fair chance of existence."

And Mr. White added—

"But we are told now that because of the fifteen miles there never can be any other railway in this country. To what does that apply? Simply to the territories over which the Dominion Parliament has control. There is nothing to prevent Manitoba now, if it thinks proper, granting a charter from Winnipeg to the boundary line. This provision does not take away from Manitoba a single right it possesses. In fact, this Parliament could not take away those rights. It has the same rights as other provinces for the incorporation of railway companies within the boundary of the province itself, and there is nothing to prevent the Province of Manitoba from chartering a railway from Winnipeg to the boundary to connect with any Southern railway. The only guarantee which this Company has under the contract is that the traffic shall not be tapped far west on the prairie section, thus diverting the traffic away from their line to a foreign line. But there is nothing to prevent a railway being built to Manitoba, within the province, that would carry the traffic to any railway that may take it from the American side. This is the position with respect to this matter."

I might quote further utterances, as for instance Sir Charles Tupper's statement during the debate of February, 1884, when Parliament was asked for the \$30,000,000 loan, and Mr. White's words to the Junior Conservatives of Winnipeg last March, but all these quotations have by this time become sufficiently trite. I will only add the assurance given by the

Minister of Justice to the Manitoba delegates on the 3rd of May last, which was as follows:—

"There is no legal constitutional reason to prevent the province chartering railways to the boundary; it is a question simply of the Government's trade policy."

Surely these facts should settle the question whether the monopoly clause applies to Manitoba or not. It is abundantly, and redundantly, evident, so far as the statements of the Ministers are concerned, that it does not.

It is also evident from the clause itself, obscurely worded and indefinite as it is. Let any one glance at it, quoted at the commencement of this article. The clause singles out no province whatever. If therefore it applies to old Manitoba, which was a full-fledged province at the time the contract was ratified, it must also apply to Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia, but no one has yet put forward so foolish a contention. The latter portion of the clause proves this even more clearly; why was it necessary to provide that "in the establishment of any new province in the Northwest Territories" the monopoly clause was to apply, unless Parliament was well aware that the erection of a portion of the territory into a province would relieve it of the monopoly clause, if a definite provision to the contrary were not made? The words are "no line of railway shall be authorised by the Dominion Parliament." As the Dominion Parliament has absolute control of railway construction in the Northwest, Parliament could undertake not to authorise the building of railways there, and the words would be properly used. But as the provinces do not consult "Parliament" when they build their railways, and such a thing as "Parliament" authorising an act of a Provincial Legislature is unheard of, the words would have no meaning at all if applied as the monopolists ask us to apply them.

F. C. W.

Winnipeg.

#### THE HUMOUR OF MOLIÈRE.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* we find an excellent analysis of Molière's dramatic works, the principal points of which are here given. It opens with the statement that most French people, not only the reading public, but professed critics, are prone to deny that Molière is a humourist because humour is now considered as especially a northern product, of which England is the home. Nevertheless, says Mr. Tilley, there is plenty of it in France. The old writers of fables and farces, Rabelais, La Fontaine, Le Sage, Balzac, to mention only a few names that immediately occur to me, are all what we should call humourists. So is emphatically Molière, though indeed Carlyle says that his humour is chiefly of the understanding, which is tantamount to saying that he has no humour at all; for the great difference between humour and wit, as branches of the ridiculous, is, I take it, that wit is an affair of the understanding or intellect, while humour is connected with the feelings and the imagination. The first play of Molière's in which real humour is exhibited is *Sganarelle* or *Le Cocu Imaginaire*, written when he was thirty-eight. It is a noticeable fact, though not one to be wondered at, that no man has written a great work of humour until he has neared, few before they have passed, the middle point of our allotted space of threescore and ten years. Cervantes was fifty-eight when he gave *Don Quixote* to the world. Sterne wrote *Tristram Shandy* at forty-six; Scott, *The Antiquary* at forty-five. The first instalment of *Pantagruel* appeared when Rabelais was thirty-eight. *Vanity Fair* when Thackeray was thirty-five. Fielding was the same age when he wrote *Joseph Andrews*, and even Shakespeare had to wait till he was thirty-four to create Falstaff. So much experience, and often so much suffering, is required for the production of a work of genuine humour. Of Molière's life up to the time when he returned with his troupe to Paris, nineteen months before the production of *Sganarelle*, we know little except that after studying the humanities and philosophy in the Jesuit College of Clermont, the son of Jean Poquelin, upholsterer to His Majesty, had at the age of twenty-one abandoned the law for the stage, acted for three years with a small troupe at Paris, and for twelve years had wandered from province to province in the triple capacity of playwright, actor, and stage manager. At any rate his experience must have been rich and varied; he must have drunk deep of the cup of life, and the after taste must have been sometimes bitter. In his two first regular plays, *L'Etourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, both written during his provincial wanderings, he had already given proofs of his genius for comedy, of his exquisite sense of dramatic situations, of his vigour and gaiety and good taste, and of the astonishing ease and power of his versification. *Les Précieuses Ridicules* revealed Molière not only to others, but to himself. But to return to *Sganarelle*, inferior to its predecessor, *Les Précieuses Ridicules* as a whole, it is remarkable for two things, the excellent fun of the situations and the character of the hero. The name *Sganarelle* henceforth appears frequently in Molière's plays, and whenever it does we know it was the part played by Molière himself. The impudent and brilliant Mascarille of *L'Etourdi*, for ever associated to us of this generation with the name of Coquelin, had been succeeded by a far humbler and unassuming Mascarille in *Le Dépit Amoureux*, who is a foretaste of his successor,

Sganarelle. In the third play *Mascarille* is again of the witty and brilliant type.

The Sganarelle of Molière, says Saint Beuve, in all his various aspects of valet, husband, father of Lucinda, brother of Artiste, guardian, wood-cutter, physician, is a person who belongs to the poet as much as Panurge to Rabelais, Falstaff to Shakespeare, Sancho to Cervantes; he represents the ugly side of human nature—the old, crabbed, morose, selfish, low, cowardly, side. In Molière's next comedy, *L'École des Maris*, we have another Sganarelle, a more important but less humorous personage than his predecessor. He is rough, morose, and domineering, and treats his brother, his senior by twenty years, with contemptuous insolence. But the prominent feature of his three characters is his arrogant confidence in his own wisdom, and especially in his theory of education, and it is upon this that the humour of the play depends. The subject of the more famous *L'École des Femmes* is almost identical, but Arnolphe is a very different character from Sganarelle; he is equally positive and self-opinionated, but here the resemblance ends. He is no rude, vulgar bourgeois, but a polished, open-handed gentleman, who not only fancies that he knows the world, but really does know it, especially the female portion. This play was produced nine months after the marriage of Molière with Armande Bégart, of the man of forty with the girl of seventeen, and the bitter *oh* with which Arnolphe quits the stage seems almost prophetic of what the author and player of the part was to suffer at the hands of his own wife.

In *L'École des Femmes* we see the serious and pathetic side of Molière's humours. In *Le Mariage Forcé* we return to the comic side, and Sganarelle re-appears in the chief part. The marriage of an old man with a young girl is again a leading motive. But the girl is no longer an innocent fool; she is what Molière had by this time found his own wife to be—a finished coquette. Sganarelle, her intended husband, is one of the true breed, vulgar, conceited, sensual, cowardly, always asking other people's advice, and never taking it. We now come to the greatest of all the Sganarelles, the valet of *Don Juan* or *Festin de Pierre*, the greatest of Molière's prose-plays. Groundless though the accusations were which churchmen and moralists made against the author of *Tartuffe* and *Le Misanthrope* of having turned religion and virtue into ridicule, they had some right on their side when they attacked *Don Juan*. Even as we read the play we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that scepticism is not without its attractions to the pupil of Gassendi; and that *Don Juan* is not merely a reckless atheist and libertine, but the forerunner, not only of Voltaire and Diderot, but also of the modern Positivist who does everything "for the love of humanity." The Sganarelle of the play, *L'Amour Médecin*, which succeeded *Don Juan*, and was written and rehearsed in the almost incredibly short space of four days, is neither a very interesting nor a very humorous person, but he is an excellent type of a narrow-minded egotist. It is doubtless only a coincidence, but it is worth noticing, that *L'Amour Médecin* was written in the same year as the publication of the first edition of La Rochefoucauld's *Maximes*. There could not be a better illustration of the theory which is put forth so prominently in that edition that self-love is the root of human action than the conduct and sentiments of Sganarelle. The Sganarelle of *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, for the vigour and realistic force with which he is drawn, stands next to his brother, *Don Juan*, but while the valet of the latter play is, morally, the best of the Sganarelles, this one is unquestionably the worst. Sosie, in the story of *Amphitryon*, is in everything but the name a true Sganarelle. The character, like the rest of the play, is borrowed from Plautus; but by virtue of certain touches which only a great humourist could have given, Molière has made it his own. Even if Michelet were right in his theory that the play of *Amphitryon* was meant to be an allegory of the loves of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, Molière's Sosie has taken good care to let us know that for his part he did not think dishonour any the more honourable because it was conferred by Royalty. In *Amphitryon* Molière adhered very closely to Plautus' play, but in *L'Avare*, which was produced in the same year, 1669, little is borrowed from Plautus, except the mere outline of the story. Harpagon is one of Molière's finest characters, and one which, perhaps more than any other, seems to refute the charge often brought against him by English critics that—like Regnard and our own Ben Jonson—he portrays humours rather than living men and women. He did occasionally, it is true, paint mere humours, as in *Les Facheux* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*; but the great majority of his characters are real human beings. It is this fidelity to nature, this entire freedom from exaggeration, which gives such freshness to his work. The part of Harpagon was taken by Molière; and Frosine's remark to him, "How gracefully you cough!" is a characteristic allusion to the cough which never left him, and of which he was rapidly dying. Five months after the production of *L'Avare*, on February 5, 1669, *Tartuffe*, written as long ago as 1664, but played for one night only in public, exactly eighteen months before, was re-introduced on the boards of the Palace Royal. There is not much humour in *Tartuffe*. The play is too serious an attack on hypocrisy to admit of humour. There is indeed one comic element in the character of Dorine, and all the scenes in which she appears are amusing; but she is witty and vivacious rather than humorous. The only characters which partake of real humour, and in these it is of a severe kind, are those of Madame Pernelle and Orgon, Molière's part. Madame Pernelle is an excellent instance of how Molière, like the greatest creators, like Homer and Æschylus and Shakespeare can draw a character in a few strokes. Chrysale, the father in *Les Femmes Savantes* (played for the first time March 11, 1672), is a far more interesting and humorous character. He is not very brilliant; he is a trifle vain, and likes to recall

his young days when he was a bit of a rake; but he is a thoroughly kind-hearted, genial gentleman, and his sympathy for the two lovers endears him to our heart. *Les Femmes Savantes* is no doubt inferior to *Le Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe* in depth and power, and it has no great central figure like that of Alceste and *Tartuffe*, but as a work of art it must rank with the former. What marvellous delicacy and finish, and, above all, what masterly portraiture it contains!

M. Jourdain, of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, occupies a far larger space on Molière's canvas than the *Bonhomme Chrysale*, but he is not so subtly delineated, and is altogether a broader style of portrait; moreover, M. Jourdain is only the type of a class, while a Chrysale may be found in any rank of life. Almost exactly a year before the production of the last named play came *M. de Pourceaugnac*, which is a farce from beginning to end. It is an admirable specimen of that rollicking, exuberant fun of which Rabelais and Aristophanes are such consummate masters. The part of Pourceaugnac was played by Molière himself; and from the time he abandoned the rôle of Mascarille for that of Sganarelle he always took himself the humorous character of the piece, whether he called it Sganarelle or not. It was not always the principal part; it was not so in *Tartuffe* or *Don Juan* or *Les Femmes Savantes*; it was generally an undignified part, but it was always one with the greatest amount of humour in it. The only exception to his otherwise invariable rule seems to occur in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, in which he is said to have acted the part of Scapin—of the duper, not the dupe, of the witty, not the humorous, character. In Molière's last play, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, there is no diminution of power; the fun is as irresistible, the situations as dramatic, and the dialogues as vivacious as ever. The characters too are well drawn. As one reads the play-book, one's thoughts go back inevitably to that night of the 17th February, 1673, the fourth representation of the piece, in which Molière played for the last time. It was a strange irony that this actor, who excited the laughter of the audience as he now ran shouting about the stage in boisterous health, now dropped exhausted into his chair, should have been in stern reality, beneath his player's mask, a dying man. In all Molière's comedies there is not so much humour as in the closing scene of his life, and a grim, bitter, cruel humour it is.—E. S.

#### MONTREAL LETTER.

THE usual autumnal bazaar craze has now taken possession of the fair portion of our community. During three days last week a grand fair was held in the Victoria Rink, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the buying of surgical instruments for the General Hospital. It is a pity that such an institution should, in the first place, want money at all, and in the second, have to resort to this means of getting it. However, the sale was perhaps an idea emanating rather from over-active feminine minds than suggested by serious necessity. There is much more charm, if less honesty, in swindling avaricious old gentlemen and stick-twirling bank clerks than performing that too self-sacrificing and thankless task—"collecting."

Of course the Victoria Fair proved an immense success; and well it might, for novel and pretty effects abounded. The rink was charmingly decorated with flags and trophies of war, and instead of long, heavily laden tables which every one dreads to approach, there were numbers of pretty booths. Now it is a Japanese chamber, crowded with "airy nothings;" now, in a miniature parlour "home-made candy" lies temptingly for sale. The tiny French café seems all too small to supply the needs of those about its door, longing to enter, I fear, less on account of refreshment than to obtain a closer view of the bewitching waitresses who peep out slyly every few minutes from behind the curtains. Some clever citizen offered a prize of \$100 to him whose guess should approach most nearly the number of beans packed in a large glass jar. The winner could not but pass over the prize to the hospital which would still be the gainer of ten cent throws and all. A very happy idea was the dressing of the sellers in nurses' garb. Nothing is so becoming and bewitching as these great white caps and aprons, prim collars and cuffs, and Quaker-like black dresses. No wonder the costume gains every day in popularity, and we behold with alarm a general exodus of our fair friends from the drawing-room to invade the hospital ward.

As the dear old Vicar of Wakefield hath it: "Though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right." Mr. Moody has taken us by storm. The "copy" innumerable fires offered reporters is now more than substituted by that gained from the great evangelist's daily, one might almost say hourly, discourses. Inquiry meetings, women's meetings, business men's meetings, evening meetings, are the order of the day, and they are regularly crowded. It is a very extraordinary manifestation of a very extraordinary power,—the power of child-like simplicity in thought and expression. He has one great quality much needed in this *blasé* age—enthusiasm. Then again, he is so positive he is right that every one who goes to his meetings feels ere long tempted to admit it also. There lies a great deal in these qualities, perhaps the secret of Mr. Moody's success. For the rest, his discourses have fallen into what Disraeli would call their "anecdoteage." They are full of "experiences" and little stories one might expect to find relegated to a "children's corner."

SOME cry has been raised with regard to the state of our public thoroughfares, some suggestions made as to the advisability of opening a boulevard from north to south in the eastern extremity of the city. However, it would show a woful ignorance of Montreal's streets were you to imagine our generation shall see such improvements.

Montreal, October 12, 1887.

## OTTAWA.

## I.

THREE are the cliffs, and three the winding rivers,  
High on the cliffs' crest riseth the crowned town,  
Three are the cliffs, and one the Fall with its thunder,  
Shaking the bridge, while the river rolleth under,  
Flicking the wild white foam from its lips so brown.

## II.

A city set on a hill may not be hidden,  
Her sunlit towers from afar transcend the green ;  
Three are her hills, as an Old World town's were seven,  
And from all three her spires ascend to heaven,  
Like nests in the cliff her homes in the rock are seen.

## III.

Fair is the view when the morning mists are melting,  
Bridge and river and tree awake in the dark ;  
Fairer yet when the rosy clouds of vesper  
Fire all the Gothic glass, and fair when Hesper  
Shoots at the blue his tiny silvery mark.

## IV.

But fairest of all when the winter sun is glowing,  
And the bluest sky in the world is overhead,  
Or when at night all the jewelled lights are shining,  
And the twisted ribbons of fire are gaily twining  
Around her pines to the sound of her children's tread.

## V.

Outaouai ! Whatever else betide her,  
Beauty is hers for a birthright sure and sweet,  
And old Romance, could he see her rocks and ridges,  
Could he stand but once on her spray-swept stormy bridges,  
Would grow young again as he cast himself at her feet.

SERANUS.

## NOTES BY THE WAY—CALAIS.

THE gray sea moans in autumnal fashion against the pier at this queer little town ; the rain drips in those straight lines which portend a wet day ; the wind "keens" round the corner of the unpicturesque streets, so like a series of French Tottenham Court Roads. It is the fashion to leave here the moment one arrives, yet there is much that is interesting, and that one would be sorry to miss. For Dessein's still exists precisely as it is described by Sterne, great gates, courtyard, and all, precisely as Thackeray wrote of it in his well-known *Roundabout Papers*, when there was a talk of pulling down the fine old place—then called Quillacq's—altogether. Now they have returned to the original name, and many a score of the admirers of the *Sentimental Journey* have looked, as I am looking now, at the stuccoed walls and heavy sashed windows of the famous Queen Anne hostelry. Scarlet geraniums, blue lobelia, green mignonette, fill stone vases that decorate the quadrangle, but the flowers are running to seed, and moreover are by no means improved by this steady rain. As I gaze I expect to see Yorick's grim visage nod at me from the open doorway, and to hear the starling's pitiful little voice break the silence. 'Tis as if an enchanter had stopped all life there these hundred years ; nothing sounds but the wind, nothing stirs but the leaves under their ice shower-bath.

I AM thinking of a certain terrible lonely death bed in Bond Street, of which we know only through a servant sent to summon the great author to a presumed forgotten feast. "Mr. Sterne is ill," said the landlady, "go up and see him !" The man stood in the doorway of the desolate room, arrested on the threshold by the presence of even a greater power than his embroidered coated master then jesting with Garrick and Hume, the absent guest's empty chair between them. And death awaits, looking at his victim, who stares back at him with lack-lustre eyes ; and then as the figure stirs, Sterne, shielding himself from the blow with his trembling arm, exclaims : "Now, it's coming,"—and, in an instant of time, the messenger, in his scarlet and gold livery, is the only living person in the room. There is an overgrown churchyard in the Bayswater Road in London, where, following a worn track, one comes to a stone which in grandiloquent language records the fact that here lies Laurence Sterne. But another story is told, in which resurrectionists and the dissecting room form prominent features. What an ending for the wit and satirist, the man whom all the town conspired to honour for so many years of his ill-spent life—the chosen companion of those great folk, whose names glitter at us from the pages of history ! No niche in a dim cathedral, or even a slab in a quiet country church. The resurrectionists' lantern, the dissectors' knife, are fit followers of such a death-bed as this.

"BEAU BRUMMELL's house was taken down only the other day," I was told by a pleasant-mannered verger who showed me over the beautiful church, with its fine seventeenth century reredos and its altarpiece after Vandyck. If I had come last year I could have seen the grave of a com-patriot of mine, a certain Lady Hamilton, but now, with many others, it is levelled for the new ramparts. He could tell me of no diversions, except—yes, I might take the train to St. Pierre, across the sandy wastes, and I must visit the gateway once drawn by Hogarth, and some pretty, quaint stuff should be bought as momentoes, called the Pas de Calais pottery.

Do you remember Charles Collins' opinion of this town (which he christened Malaise) expressed in his *Cruise upon Wheels*? He married Dickens' youngest daughter Kate, and the *Cruise* took place on their honeymoon, and I think it is one of the best books of travel ever written.

FRITH writes from the Manchester Exhibition : "I can't tell you what a delight these pictures are to me. I remember nearly every one of them being exhibited in the Academy, it's like meeting old friends again. Fildes' 'Village Wedding,' bought by Brookes, the man who invented magenta dye, is the attraction. There's nearly a roomful of Landseers ; a good selection of Millais' ; beautiful Walkers and Frederick Taylors ; only two Du Mauriers, both water colours ; none of his exquisite pen and inks ; only one Leech ; and no specimen at all of old Stone, though there are plenty of his school. Lawrence's portraits look well ; people are interested in Phillips' 'Marriage of the Princess Royal ;' his Spanish pictures glow on the walls. I have seven here : the 'Merry-making,' 'Hogarth Before the Magistrates,' and 'Boswell's Lodgings' look best. For the rest, the exhibition is like all the South Kensington ones, with the addition of the tobogganing and switch-back, and I think the food is better than the stuff provided in London for us. . . . Anstey tells me he means 'Starmouth' in *Punch* for Yarmouth ; how good it is ; was there ever anything better than the Professor incident, and the Blazers' behavior thereat ?"

I PICKED up in an old bookstand the other day the first edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, when I was much struck with the violence with which Mrs. Postlethwaite—poor Brunwell's evil genius—was attacked. No wonder Mrs. Gaskell had to apologise, and the edition was suppressed. I remember going to Haworth last year, and finding a narrow commonplace village street, and whitewashed inn, a vicarage set in the midst of the dead folk ; beyond, moors stretching far into another county ; above, a sky the colour of the gray houses ; around, the chill atmosphere of autumn and hills. There was no sound outside the cottage doors, except the clink of clogs chiming on the stones, as children tramped briskly and men and women climbed wearily up the steep hill. I was shown to the new church by the deaf sexton, and mourned with him over the demolition of the old building, and was taken to peer into the vicarage garden where they buried "Keeper," and where so much of *Wuthering Heights* was written, and we groaned again at the new wing to the old house. Finding I was interested in the Brontë family, the sexton, who turned out to be Tabby's great-great nephew, took us into two or three of the cottages to see some relics of the girls and their brother, the last of whom died thirty-two years ago. An old woman, shrewd-faced, kindly-eyed, stopped in her household duties to show me an execrable picture on the wall, a wicker doll's cradle, and a small workbox. "That is a portrait of my husband," she told me. "He was Mr. Brontë's clerk for many a year. Mr. Branwell painted it in '36 ; it was never finished. No, it wasn't a present ; we paid for it, frame and all. Their servant Martha was my niece ; she gave my daughter Miss Charlotte's workbox, and I remember Miss Charlotte wearing a bonnet trimmed with this black and white ribbon ; these are her cloak-clasps. We got into the way of calling her Mrs. Nicholls for a bit, but after she died it was Miss Charlotte again with all of us." In another cottage, where the family were dining, they left their stew to take me upstairs, so that I might see the bed on which Charlotte died, Emily's travelling trunk, with the name of the Brussels maker still inside, a carpet from Mr. Brontë's room, his prayer-book, and a letter in his crabbed writing. Down in the kitchen there stands Emily's desk, left exactly as it was when in her possession, with its pens, pencils, and hoard of coloured pebbles ; Ann's workbox lined with blue, and full of the odds and ends that litter a girl's life, such as lengths of old-fashioned gauze ribbon, bows, and worked collars ; and I saw the little garden-stool once belonging to Emily. "Miss Ann was the prettiest," they said, "Miss Emily was the tallest. A brother of Mr. Brontë's once came to see him, a regular Irishman, with gray stockings and knee-breeches ; they had not many relations, except some far-away Cornish cousins of their mother's, and some Irish ones of their father's. We always liked Mr. Branwell ; he was a very short gentleman with red hair ; the young ladies were auburn." These women spoke to us with the greatest sympathy of the Brontës, knowing or caring little enough for their authorship, telling only of their faithful discharge of every sort of duty. From there I went across the moors to a house at Keighley (pronounced *Keethley*) and there within a stone's throw of the shop where they used to buy their manuscript paper—the old bookseller is still alive—I found many of Charlotte's drawings, bad enough in all conscience, and a portrait by her of Flossy the spaniel ; a cameo brooch left by her to be repaired at the jeweller's, not long before her death, and never claimed, two fine Cashmere shawls, once worn by Mrs. Brontë, the last gown Charlotte wore, and a presentation copy of *Jane Eyre*. All these things were given from time to time to the faithful Martha, who bequeathed them to various members of her family. Mr. Nicholls has married again, and lives in Ireland. Till within the last few years he came back every summer, and used to visit Scarborough from here, to see that poor Anne's grave was in proper order.

WHAT miserable wretches have set foot in this town, flying from debt ; the air is full of ghosts. One can fancy Brummell's feelings as he faced the pier and strained his eyes towards England—towards London, rather, for London is England to a true Londoner. "There is no world without Verona's walls," sighed poor Romec, when he was banished but twenty miles. Like the starling, how many a captive has cried here, "I can't get out ;" only a streak of sea between them and their homes in Clarges Street, or Clapham, yet what an impassable gulf !

WALTER POWELL.  
*Calais, Oct.*

## The Week,

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

THE speech on Commercial Union delivered by Sir Richard Cartwright to his constituents at Ingersoll, on Wednesday of last week, is important as well for a singularly masterful treatment of the subject as for its utterance by the real and proper leader of the Liberal party. True, Sir Richard deprecated the making of Commercial Union a party question: it should he thought be considered, not from the standpoint of Conservatives or of Reformers, but of Canadians—willing to weigh the question upon its merits; and he spoke, not for his party, but for himself alone. Still, on account of his prominent public position, infinitely more weight must be attached to his opinion than to that of perhaps any previous speaker on this subject. For as he goes, probably a great party will go; and it appears to us that if that party should definitely embrace Commercial Union as the chief feature of its immediate programme, nothing—if the Americans consent—could prevent the ultimate adoption of Commercial Union by Canada, and therefore probably the return to power of the Liberal party. The major part of the Liberal party are already, without doubt, in favour of the idea of Commercial Union; and with the additional strength the party would gather in the Maritime Provinces, in Manitoba, and indeed all along the border, from the Eastern Townships to British Columbia, by adopting Commercial Union as a measure of Liberal policy, we should expect to see it sweep the country at the next General Election. Nevertheless, the Liberal party should not even for this advantage abandon its traditional Free Trade principles. Whether it remain in Opposition, or as a Government negotiate a treaty of Commercial Union with the States, a tariff for revenue only should be the goal at which it aims. At the comparatively high rate the financial obligations of this country render necessary, such a tariff, judiciously adjusted, will afford all needful protection to every industry worth fostering. This protection, it is true, will avail only against competition from Europe, if Commercial Union be established; but in that case the country will have determined that Canadian industries shall not be protected against the States, and the industries affected must, if they have suffered, be dealt with in some other way.

SIR RICHARD'S observations on inter-Provincial trade, especially between the Maritime Provinces and Quebec and Ontario, are very just. Notwithstanding the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, at a cost of forty-seven million dollars, to which must be added a further annual charge on the country of four million for dead loss on current account, the experience of nearly twenty years has only demonstrated that the utmost trade that can be done between the lower and upper Provinces, with the most favouring circumstances, is very limited; and there is no prospect whatever of any great improvement. The Government has indeed practically abandoned that railway as a means of welding the Provinces together, by subsidising the Short Line through United States territory, which takes the Intercolonial in flank, and restricts its usefulness to the sphere of a local line. Here is an additional evidence, if any need be added to those adduced by Sir Richard Cartwright, that the natural trade of the Provinces is not with one another, but with the States to the south of each group. Sir Richard said little new on the subject of the advantages of international trade between the States and Canada, perhaps considering, as the *Globe* says, those advantages so plain as to need no demonstration. A remark, however, that must commend itself to every business man was that "we have the means of informing ourselves very accurately of the wants of the American market; we are able, to a great extent, to dispense with the services of middle men in carrying on trade with the Americans; whether as consumers or producers we can easily put ourselves in close connexion with each other; and, therefore, it is only natural to suppose that we can adapt ourselves to that trade and develop that market and obtain better prices and conduct our trade at less cost than with any other country in the world," with which we agree, always provided the tariff arrangements of the States—of the proposed American-Canadian Customs Union—do not utterly spoil these advantages by excluding us rigorously from every other market than the American.

OF the political aspect of the question Sir Richard spoke cautiously and wisely. He frankly recognised the many obstacles that must lie in the path of a colony that proposes to discriminate against the Mother Country in favour of a foreign State. While deriding the Iscariotism of loyalists who yesterday denounced the British connexion, if it were going to conflict with the establishment of the National Policy, and to-day reproach the advocates of Commercial Union with being disloyal, because "they fear their craft may be endangered," he spoke with respect of the objections of those who now oppose Commercial Union, as they opposed the introduction of the National Policy, because that like this is in contravention of the policy of the British Empire. He thought, however, that, as the total of Canadian trade is not of much consequence to Great Britain, any loss that might occur through increased trade with the United States (but he believed that, as we grew richer and better able to purchase English goods, there would be a gain instead of a loss) would be more than offset by the resulting increased friendliness with the States. We have never fairly tried the experiment of endeavouring honestly to conciliate the Government and people of the United States; on the contrary, the conduct of a considerable portion of the Canadian Press and people toward the people of the United States in the hour of their sorest need was not of a sort to justify us in expecting much affection at their hands, and as one consequence the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was abolished. "There exists," said Sir Richard, "not a single English statesman worthy of the name who would not say that the greatest service that can be rendered by us to the British people is by every fair and honourable means to aid in making them good friends with the people of the United States;" no English statesman would hesitate to strain a point (with reference to loss of British trade) to ensure a permanent good understanding with the States; and if the people of Canada could succeed in carrying out this project, they would be likely to benefit the Empire more by that than by any other means. It was not then, he thought, with England that our difficulty will lie. (But here we must remark that Sir Richard takes no account of possible British objections to imperilling the new Imperial route to the East, which is undoubtedly valued as such, and increasingly so every year, but which could not continue so secure to England if, as Sir Richard himself admits, there may be a possible risk of political absorption involved in cultivating closer trade relations with the States.) But however that be, whether England be willing, indifferent, or hostile, as the British Government has, from the time of the Washington Treaty down to the date of Lord Salisbury's latest despatch concerning the fisheries,—as the British Government has practically told the people of Canada that in all matters of dispute between Canada and the United States it expects the Canadians to make the best bargain they can for themselves without counting too much on the assistance of Great Britain; as the Fisheries Question is publicly avowed to be a matter to be dealt with, not in the interests of Canada, but in the interest of the Empire at large; as moreover the British Government, rather than imperil its relations with the United States, abandoned Canada, and forbore to press for compensation justly due for the murders and outrages committed by marauders from the United States in the Fenian raids,—a wholly new principle of action, Sir Richard thought, had been established as between Canada and the United States; and the people of Great Britain have no right to complain if we, for our interest and the interest of the whole Empire, strive to put ourselves on the most friendly relations with the United States. The position of Canada in fact, he regretted to say, is under existing circumstances very little better than the position of a hostage given by Great Britain to the United States. That is not a situation he liked—that is not a situation he thought it desirable to continue, either in the interest of Great Britain or of Canada. Therefore, looking at the question in the largest possible way, he thought it to be for the interest of the whole Empire that we should, if we could, enter into such close and friendly relations with the United States as may remove all possible causes of quarrel between them and ourselves, or between them and the British Empire.

SIR RICHARD appears to favour Commercial Union as the lesser of two evils. It involves risk of Annexation; but without it, owing to the political ineptitude of the people, and the mal-administration and extravagance of the Government, it is more than doubtful if the Confederation can be preserved—or is worth preserving. Well, we cannot believe that affairs are as bad as this; the manifestly prosperous condition of the country as a whole at present, excepting perhaps the Maritime Provinces, is against the theory of impending political and economical bankruptcy; and we must doubt the political wisdom of putting the national existence at hazard



until driven to do so. That a commercial partnership with the States, with a high tariff against the rest of the world, will ultimately lead to a political partnership, is a conviction we cannot dissuade ourselves of by any argument; it is reported to be the conviction of Mr. Chamberlain also; and in view of that important fact—important from his known business capacity and insight, and from the bearing of his opinion on the settlement of the Fisheries question—it is now for those who have all along been contending for the reverse, to give us the data and reasons on which they base their opinions. They are lost otherwise, with Mr. Chamberlain apparently and Sir Charles Tupper undoubtedly against them.

THE brief filed at Sitka by the United States Government in answer to the British demurrer to the seizures in Behring's Sea, claims that sea as a *mare clausum* over which the United States has supremacy, jurisdiction, and dominion, as over any other of its inland waters, gulfs, bays, and seas. Vattel is cited in support, who says: "If a sea is entirely enclosed by the territories of a nation and has no other communication with the ocean than by a channel of which that nation may take possession, it appears that such a sea is no less capable of being occupied and becoming property than the land, and it ought to follow the fate of the country that surrounds it. The Mediterranean in former times was absolutely enclosed within the territories of the Romans; and that people, by rendering themselves masters of the strait which joins it to the ocean, might subject the Mediterranean to their empire and assume dominion over it. They did not by such proceeding injure the rights of other nations, a particular sea being manifestly designed by nature for the use of the countries and nations that surround it." But to this it may be objected that Behring's Sea is not landlocked to anything like the same extent as the Mediterranean; it is divided from the North Pacific by a chain of scattered islands which, separated from each other by stretches of sea in some cases many miles wide, extend little more than half across from the American to the Asian coast, leaving an open space of nearly five hundred miles unbroken by any land whatever. Moreover, the western shore of this sea does not belong to the United States but to Russia. Of what force or applicability then is the declaration of Mr. Sumner, in the Senate in 1852, cited in the brief, that "our [the United States'] right to jurisdiction over these, the larger and more important arms of the sea on both our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, rests upon the rule of international law which gives a nation jurisdiction over waters embraced within its land dominion?" Manning's *Law of Nations* and Wharton's *International Law* are both also quoted to show that rivers and inland lakes and seas when contained in a particular State are subject to the sovereign of such State,—which rule manifestly does not apply to Behring's Sea, that being an international sea, washing the shores of two States. However, whatever validity these arguments may or may not have in the Behring's Sea case, by their assertion in this formal manner the United States Government virtually concedes, though it denies in form, the soundness of the British contention that Americans are excluded by international law from fishing on the Canadian coast within a line drawn a marine league or three miles seaward from headland to headland of all bays and inlets. Not otherwise can it maintain its right of dominion, also asserted in evidence in the brief, over such vast inland waters as the great lakes, Boston Harbour, Long Island Sound, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, Albemarle Sound and the Bay of San Francisco. According to the brief, Secretary Pickering in 1796 affirmed the principle that "our [the United States'] jurisdiction has been fixed to extend three geographical miles from our shores, with the exception of any waters or bays which are so landlocked as to be unquestionably within the jurisdiction of the States, be their extent what they may [which last sentence would include the Behring's Sea, if it could be considered landlocked];" and Secretary Buchanan in 1849 reiterates this rule in the following language:—"The exclusive jurisdiction of a nation extends to the ports, harbours, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent parts of the sea enclosed by headlands"—a rule which applies equally well to Canadian jurisdiction over the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and the smaller bays and inlets of the Canadian coast as to American jurisdiction over Boston Harbour or Chesapeake Bay, to say nothing of Behring's Sea.

It is asserted nevertheless in this brief, in spite of the array of authorities to the contrary in other parts of the document, and of the supreme example of the Behring's Sea case, that the three-mile limit follows all the indentations and sinuosities of the coast. This, the brief states, must be accepted as a settled law of nations. And here we get the clue to this maze of American diplomacy—Behring's Sea and all the harbours and bays on the American coast—in reference to some of which their courts

have declared that the headland doctrine, as maintained by Great Britain, is the law of nations,—are to be deemed "inland waters" over which there can be no question of jurisdiction; while the harbours and bays of the Canadian coast—including the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, which is certainly much more landlocked than Behring's Sea, at any rate,—are to be treated as arms of the sea over which Canada has no jurisdiction beyond a three-mile limit, following all the indentations and sinuosities of the coast. The main drift of the brief, in fact, is to make out Behring's Sea to be an "inland sea" over which the United States exercises, by the law of nations, unquestionable jurisdiction—a contention attempted to be supported by the bare assertion that the Treaties of 1824–5 with the United States and England—by which Russia relinquished her claim to sovereignty over the North Pacific (north of a line drawn from 51° on the American coast to 45° 50' on the Asian)—did not refer to Behring's Sea at all! But this pretension of exclusive jurisdiction is preposterous: how can a sea whose shores are owned in part by Russia, and which is moreover a possible highway to the Arctic Ocean, on whose shores abut the possessions of other Powers, be considered as of the nature of "inland waters" belonging exclusively to the United States?

It is argued that because in the Treaties of 1824–5 it was stipulated that ships, citizens, and subjects of either Power might reciprocally frequent the *interior seas*, gulfs, harbours, and creeks of the other on the North American coast for a period of ten years, therefore, as the only *interior sea* on the North American Coast is Behring's Sea, that section of the Treaty really concedes Russia's dominion over Behring's Sea. But this is surely a feeble support to such a monstrous claim. The simple fact appears to be that Russia never pretended to jurisdiction over the whole of Behring's Sea, but only over a distance of one hundred Italian miles from the shores and the coasts of the islands. This claim was resisted by both the United States and Great Britain, and Russia gave way, making treaties with both Powers, conceding their position, and never afterwards reviving her pretensions. These, however, the United States, having meanwhile acquired Alaska, now revive and extend in order to make out that Behring's Sea,—which was unquestionably meant by the designation "Pacific Ocean" in the treaty, for Russia has never claimed jurisdiction south of the limits of that sea, and which was therefore the main subject of the treaty,—was outside the scope of that treaty, being an "inland sea" then under the sole undisputed jurisdiction of Russia, and now under that of the United States!

MUCH and constant literary work seems to breed a disinclination to answer letters—especially business letters. If correspondents knew how hard a task it is for a busy literary man to turn to the despatch of correspondence they would never be so cruel as to expect answers to their letters. They would leave him in peace to follow the simple plan of John Ruskin (which most of them do, at any rate), who, in a recently published letter, says: "And now my room is ankle deep in unanswered letters, mostly on business, and I'm going to shovel them up and tie them in a parcel labelled 'Needing particular attention,' and then that will be put into a cupboard in Oxford, and I shall feel that everything's been done in a business-like way."

IN reference to recent articles in THE WEEK on Canada in Fiction, a correspondent reminds us of several works of Canadian writers that we have omitted to mention. There is Miss Machar's *For King and Country*, a story of the War of 1812–14, which won the prize given by the *Canadian Monthly* in a competition for the best Canadian tale sent it. Miss Machar also wrote a serial, *Lost and Won*, for the same magazine. And Miss Louisa Murray wrote *Fauna, or the Red Flowers of Leafy Hollow*, a romance which was published as a serial in the *Montreal Literary Garland*, and which attracted a good deal of attention, having been reprinted in several Canadian and American, and one Irish newspaper. *The Settlers of Long Arrow* was another of Miss Murray's Canadian tales, published in the *London (Eng.) Once a Week*, and illustrated by that gifted young artist, Frederick Walker, who died young, but not before his pictures had made him famous.

MODERN Radicals who are defying the Government in Ireland have forgotten what was said by their exemplar, Tom Paine, in his *Rights of Man*:—"If a law be bad it is one thing to oppose and resist its execution, but very different to expose its errors, reason on its defects, and endeavour to procure its repeal. It is better to obey a bad law, reasoning at the same time against it, than forcibly to violate it, because breaking a bad law might lead to discretionary violations of those which are good."

### THE CLOSE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER'S gone, and the flowers are dead ;  
Birds are vanished, and songs have fled ;  
But hid in the seeds the flowers' souls lie,  
And the birds still sing in the southern sky !

Life's drear Autumn may hold us fast,  
Youth and pleasure and hope be past—  
Weep not ! Death, that spares birds and flowers,  
Cannot chill aught of these souls of ours.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

### PROMINENT CANADIANS.—III.

THE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, D.D., *Principal of Queen's University.*

IN an age too prone to rank mere material good above the higher well-being of man, it is well for Canada that she can claim in Principal Grant a representative Canadian—representative at least of her higher, purer, and more generous life. The Principal of Queen's University is emphatically what the late editor of the *Century* magazine once styled him—"a strong man," having that union of diverse qualities that constitutes strength. He comes of the fine old Celtic stock which, when its intensity and enthusiasm are blended with an infusion of Anglo-Saxon breadth, energy, and common sense, has produced not a few of the leaders of men. He is a native of the county of Pictou, Nova Scotia, somewhat remarkable for the number of eminent men it has already produced. His patriotic and passionate love for his country in all her magnificent proportions is one of his leading traits, and has much the same influence on his mind which the love of Scotland had on that of Burns, when, in his generous youth, he desired, for her dear sake, to "sing a sang at least," if he could do no more.

Principal Grant's early days were passed in a quiet country home, amid the influences of Nature, to which he is strongly susceptible. He was led by circumstances, and doubtless by that "divinity that shapes our ends," to study for the ministry, and won honourable distinction in his preliminary course at the Seminary. His studies were pursued chiefly at Glasgow University, where he came under the strong personal influence and inspiration of the high-souled and large-hearted Norman McLeod, whom in some of his characteristics he strangely resembles. While a student in Glasgow he became a labourer in the mission work carried on amid the degraded inhabitants of its closes and wynds, gaining there an insight into life and character which has been most valuable to him in fitting him for his later work among men. He did not remain long in Scotland, however, for though the beauty and culture of the land of his fathers had many attractions for him, he felt that to Canada his heart and his duty called him. He ministered for a time to the quiet country charge of Georgetown, in Prince Edward Island, from which he was soon called to the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, one of the oldest congregations in the Dominion. His gifts as a pulpit orator were soon recognised. The force, directness, and reality of his preaching strongly attracted to him thoughtful young men, who found in him one who could understand their own difficulties, and who never gave them a "stone" for the "bread" they craved. His charge grew and prospered, and a new church was built during his pastorate. His ministerial relations were so happy that it was a real pain when a voice that he could not resist called him to another sphere.

When his friend and parishioner, Mr. Sandford Fleming, was about to start on a surveying expedition for the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway he accompanied the party for a much-needed holiday. The novel experiences of the long canoe journey, through what was then a "great lone land" with unknown capabilities, strongly impressed his own imagination, and were communicated to thousands of readers through the hastily-written but graphic pages of *From Ocean to Ocean*. This glimpse of the extent and grandeur of the national heritage of Canadians—the fit home of a great people—made him still more emphatically a Canadian, and gave him a still stronger impulse and more earnest aim to use all the powers he possessed to aid in moulding the still plastic life of a young nation born to such privileges and responsibilities.

The popularity attained by the publication of *From Ocean to Ocean* called attention to Principal Grant as a writer, and though his time and strength have been too much taxed in other fields to leave him leisure for much literary labour, his vivid and forceful style has made him a welcome contributor to Canadian and American periodical literature, as well as to *Good Words* and the *Contemporary Review*. Several articles of his in the *Century* magazine have given American readers some idea of the extent and grandeur of the Canadian Pacific. His happy associations with the inception of this enterprise, and repeated visits during its progress, have given him an almost romantic interest in an achievement worthy of the "brave days of old." If in the judgment of some he seems to exaggerate its utility, and to lose sight of serious drawbacks and evils which have become connected with an enterprise too heavy for the present resources of the country, the explanation is to be found in the fascination which, to his patriotic heart, invests a work that connects the extremities of our vast Canadian territory and helps to unite its far-scattered people.

It need hardly be said that Principal Grant heartily rejoiced over the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces, or that he has always been a warm supporter of its integrity, and a staunch opponent of every suggestion of dismemberment. He thinks it not all a dream that this young, sturdy "Canada of ours" should indeed become the youngest Anglo-Saxon nation,

working out for herself an individual character and destiny of her own on the last of the continents where such an experiment is practicable. It is his hope that such a nation might grow up side by side with the neighbouring Republic and in the closest fraternal relations with it, free to mould its life into the form most useful and natural and therefore most enduring, but yet remaining a member of the great British commonwealth, bound to it by firm though elastic bonds of political unity, as well as by unity of tradition, thought, and literature. This hope and belief makes him a warm supporter of Imperial Federation—a scheme which he thinks full of promise, both for Great Britain herself and for her scattered colonies, as well as for the world at large, in which such a federation might be a potent influence, leading possibly to a still greater Anglo-Saxon federation. To such a consummation his wide and catholic sympathies would give a hearty God-speed. But he believes intensely that, in order to secure a noble destiny, there must be a noble and healthy political life, and that for this there must be a high and healthy tone of public opinion, a pure and lofty patriotism. And this he earnestly seeks to promote so far as in him lies.

The following stirring words recently published in the *Mail* are a good illustration of the spirit in which he seeks to arouse Canadians to their responsibilities: "Duty demands that we shall be true to our history. Duty also demands that we shall be true to our home. All of us must be Canada-first men. O, for something of the spirit that has animated the sons of Scotland for centuries, and that breathes in the fervent prayer, 'God save Ireland,' uttered by the poorest peasant and the servant girl far away from green Erin! Think what a home we have. Every province is fair to see. Its sons and daughters are proud of the dear natal soil. Why then should not all taken together inspire loyalty in souls least capable of patriotic emotion! I have sat on blocks of coal in the Pictou mines, wandered through glens of Cape Breton and around Cape North, and driven for a hundred miles under apple blossoms in the Cornwallis and Annapolis valleys. I have seen the glory of our Western mountains, and toiled through passes where the great cedars and Douglas pines of the Pacific slope hid sun and sky at noonday, and I say that, in the four thousand miles that extend between, there is everything that man can desire, and the promise of a mighty future. If we cannot make a country out of such materials it is because we are not true to ourselves; and if we are not be sure our sins will find us out."

All narrow partisanship he hates, and every kind of wire-pulling and corruption he most emphatically denounces, whether the purchase be that of a vote, a constituency, or a province. The evils inflicted on the country by the virulence of blind party spirit he has again and again exposed, with a frankness that finds no favour from the thorough-going partisans of either side. During the last election his voice and pen urged on all whom he could reach the honest discharge of the most sacred trust of citizenship, the paramount duty of maintaining political purity—of opposing, as an insult to manhood itself, every approach to bribery, direct or indirect. Nor were his eloquent appeals to conscience quite in vain. Some elections at least were in some degree the purer because, leaving the beaten track to which some preachers too often confine themselves, he followed the example of the old Hebrew prophets in denouncing the moral evils that threaten to sap the public conscience, and seeking at a public crisis, to uphold the "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

In 1877 Principal Grant was called from his pastorate at Halifax, to take the responsible office of Principal of Queen's University, Kingston. It was no sinecure that was offered him, and considerations of personal happiness and comfort would have led him to decline the call. But the University had urgent need of just such a man to preside over its interests, and he could not refuse what he felt a call of duty. The institution was passing through a financial crisis, and it was imperatively necessary that it should be at once placed on a secure basis, with a more satisfactory equipment. Principal Grant threw himself into his new work with characteristic energy, and his great talent for organisation and comprehensive plans, soon made itself felt. It is mainly due to his counsels and efforts that the University has been able to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, as in the last ten years she has done. His eloquence stirred up the city of Kingston to provide a beautiful and commodious building to replace her former cramped and inconvenient habitation. But the gifts that he secured for her treasury were of less account than the stimulus imparted to the college life by his overflowing vitality and enthusiasm—a stimulus felt alike by professors and students. The attendance of the latter largely increased, and the high aims and ideals of the Head of the University could not fail to have their influence on all its grades, down to the youngest freshman. He has always treated the students not as boys, but as gentlemen, seeking to lead rather than to coerce, and under his sway there has been no need of formal discipline.

The application of female students for admission to the University led him to grant their request without reluctance or hesitation, from a conviction that public educational institutions should be open to the needs of the community as a whole, and, in supplying these, know no demarcations of sex. Without taking any special part in the movement for the "Higher Education of Women,"—he believes that every individual who desires a thorough mental training should have the opportunity of procuring it. He has a firm faith in the power of the ineradicable laws of human nature to prevent any real confusion of "spheres," and believes that it is as beneficial to the race as to the individual, that each should receive the fullest training and development of which he or she is susceptible.

On the subject of University Federation Principal Grant has maintained a strongly conservative attitude. He believes firmly in the wisdom of respecting historic growth and continuity of organisation, and in the

salutary influence of honourable traditions on institutions as well as countries. He deprecates extreme centralisation, as narrowing the scope of education for the many, even though raising its standard for the few. He thinks that for Canada, as for Scotland and the United States, several distinct universities, each with its own individuality and *esprit de corps*, will prove most useful in the end; and that Queen's University, for the good work she has done and the high position she has maintained, deserves to preserve her continuous historic life. Heartily endorsed in this position by the trustees and graduates of the university, he has set himself vigorously to the task of raising by voluntary subscription such an endowment as shall give it an assured position for the future, in the face of the growing needs of higher education in Canada. Probably no other man would have dared such a task, but that he will carry it to a successful completion few can doubt who know the man and the magnetic power over men of his cheery and resolute spirit.

Principal Grant has since his appointment acted as Professor of Divinity also. His prelections in the class-room, like his preaching, are characterised by breadth of thought, catholicity of sympathy, and vividness of presentation. He has instituted a series of Sunday afternoon services for the University, conducted sometimes by himself or other professors, sometimes by eminent preachers from other places and of different denominations. These are much appreciated, not only by the professors and students, but also by a large class of the thoughtful citizens of Kingston, to whom—though many admirable sermons are preached there—none are more welcome than those of the Principal himself. As a preacher he is marked by simplicity, directness, earnestness, and force. For "fine writing" and rhetorical and finished periods he has no admiration, and aims instead at the direct conversational style for which he has the highest of all examples. He is not afraid of plain speaking, and prefers direct appeals to heart and conscience to theological disquisitions. Valuing only that vital religion which is the root of right feeling and right action in daily life, he has no respect for a "profession" of faith without its fruits. As in the case of political sins, so he denounces social and individual sins with the same fearless freedom, believing that this is one of the preacher's most solemn duties. He strives not for *affect*, but for *effects*, and though he not infrequently rises into impassioned appeals, he aims rather at producing permanent conviction than temporary excitement. His moral influence on the community is somewhat analogous to that of the late Henry Ward Beecher in the neighbouring republic. He is always on the side of the generous and unselfish policy as against that of mere expediency, and he seeks to uphold the pursuit of a noble idea as infinitely better than that of mere material success. Many, especially of young Canadians, owe to him their perception of this truth, and some measure of inspiration from his enforcement of it, and from the example of a noble and unselfish life.

But while ever ready to promote with heart and hand any movement for the real good of humanity, he believes in no artificial panacea for evil. He holds that as this is radical, having its root in human selfishness, that power alone, which can change the natures of individuals, can in the long run change the condition of masses, and he believes that the only true light of a darkened world streams from the Cross. "In this sign" all his efforts, all his teachings find their inspiration. To him it is the most real of all realities; and to make it such to others is the central aim and impulse of his life. His faith in this, and in the duty of the Christian Church to fulfil her "marching orders," have made him a warm advocate for Christian missions, giving a catholic sympathy to all, of whatever name, who are seeking to plant among the heathen abroad what he holds to be the root of a true Christian civilisation, or who are labouring by any method to humanise and Christianise the heathen at home. The narrowness of conventionalism in religion is as repulsive to him as that of creed or ritual. He delights to own true brotherhood with all who "profess and call themselves Christians," and he looks and labours for the true spirit of unity in the Christian Church, which shall give it its true power in the world.

It is the inspiration of this faith and hope which has made his life so fruitful in power and inspiration, and will make him live in many hearts and lives when other men, as prominent now, shall be forgotten.

FIDELIS.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MOCKETT CRAMP, D.D. 1796-1881. Late President of Acadia College. By Rev. T. A. Higgins, D.D. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company.

In the appearance of this notable biography the honour due the memory of a good and noble man is thoroughly vindicated. Dr. Higgins, a devoted friend of the departed divine, has sketched for us the life and education of this remarkable man in such full and interesting measure as leaves no doubt that he was the proper individual for the work, and fitted by intimate acquaintance with all things pertaining to the Baptist community to prepare such a memoir. Beginning with Dr. Cramp's early life in Thanet, the ancient isle once famous for its vast monkish possessions and as the landing-place of St. Augustine, we learn that he first went to school in Canterbury, then at Margate, and applied himself in both places with unceasing and unwearied energy to study, particularly Greek, Latin, and French, in the latter language being unusually proficient. Very early he entered the ministry, his first church being Dean Street, Southwark, and his connection with it lasted from 1818 to 1825. At this latter date his health becoming sadly impaired, he busied himself more with purely literary and philanthropic matters, giving valuable assistance to the promoters of the British and Foreign School Society, and being very closely identified with an effort

made at that time to start a new publishing company, the object being to furnish cheap literature for the people. At first this occupation seemed congenial, but as time wore on, it naturally dwarfed his more spiritual side and finally abandoning it in favour of a co-pastorate with his father, and afterwards for a pastorate of his own at Hastings, he became once more the gentle, kindly spiritual adviser and sympathetic preacher he was marked out to be from the beginning of time. Finally he made the great change of his life, came out to Canada in April, 1844, as successor to Dr. Davies, President of the Montreal Baptist College. And here a pause would have to be made were we able to furnish as minute and conscientious an account of the Baptist difficulties in these pages as Dr. Higgins has given in his. The Baptist body at that era was patient, heroic, enthusiastic, but financially depressed and overburdened. Few in numbers, they were also few in worldly influence, in private wealth, in public estimation. The inevitable happened, the building was sold to meet expenses, and the Canada Baptist Missionary Society was disbanded. Dr. Cramp then removed to Nova Scotia, but not before he had left many permanent records of his ability and capacity for hard work behind him, having been editor of the *Register*, the *Colonial Protestant*, and the *Pilot*, and having preached in many pulpits and made many friends. In 1851 he assumed the duties of President of Acadia College, in Wolfville, N. S. The remainder of his life was spent in the establishment of a theological department inside the college, and in ever widening literary labours, efforts on behalf of temperance reform, and in everything pertaining to the missionary cause. Henceforth his way was clear, duty lay open before him as the pages of some beloved book which he could not choose but read. Frequent quotations from his voluminous correspondence and from his varied preaching reveal the beauty of his character and the singular purity and benevolence of his mind, and it must be a source of the greatest gratification to the Baptist community as well as to the members of his own family to possess in this volume the index and key to a beautiful life, well-spent and well-enjoyed. The late Mr. Thomas Cramp, of Montreal, was his eldest son, surviving his father by only three years. Another son is Mr. G. B. Cramp, the well-known advocate of Montreal, and four daughters remain to mourn his loss, one of whom is married to her father's biographer, Dr. Higgins.

LAURA SECORD, THE HEROINE OF 1812. A Drama. And other Poems. By Sarah Anne Curzon. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

Another and very welcome contribution to Canadian literature and annals. We cannot have too much of that spirit of inquiry, that spirit of lively, healthy interest in national subjects, that is ever the sign of an increasing literature. The story of Laura Secord, one of the early Canadian heroines, has been well worked into a dramatic poem of much strength by the talented authoress. The local colour is well kept in sight, and there are passages of much feeling and poetic worth, leading up to a climax of real intensity. The remaining poems are on the same level, and betoken sincere appreciation of nature, art, and domestic subjects on the part of the writer. Nor must we forget the excellent translations from the French of both Florian and Pamphile LeMay, the latter our own Lower Canadian poet, translator of *Evangeline*. Very copious historical notes and appendices at the end of the book testify to Mrs. Curzon's conscientious researches, and to her efforts in providing something for her Canadian public which shall possess a lasting and tangible value. The work is prettily bound in gray and silver.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION. 1887. Edited by J. S. Gemmill, Barrister-at-Law. Ottawa: J. Durie and Son.

The thanks of every class of Canadian citizens are promptly and sincerely due to Mr. Gemmill, a learned and popular member of the Ottawa bar, for this useful and much-needed little handbook. The Senate, the House of Commons, and the Civil Service, all receive due attention, and the biographies are very carefully handled. The handbook, which was established in 1862, has long been associated with the name of Henry J. Morgan, who edited the work annually up to 1876, also author of the *Canadian Annual Register*. An explanation of technical Parliamentary expressions, with brief descriptions of the duties of heads of departments, is a leading feature of the text, which contains other interesting and equally new points. The work altogether is one of which Mr. Gemmill must feel very proud, and he has done equal credit to himself and to Canada, while the general appearance of the work is very pleasing, and is an honour to the Gazette Printing Company, of Montreal.

THE DELUSION OF TONICS. Massage and Mechanical Processes. By Geo. H. Taylor, M.D. New York: John B. Alden.

Dr. Taylor is well-known in the neighbouring Republic as a most voluminous writer on medical and hygienic subjects, and as an unrivalled worker in all matters pertaining to health and physical regimen. In fact, Dr. Taylor has, among other delightful things, actually established a sort of mission or Bethesda, down on Lower Broadway, where the stock broker, the banker, the lawyer, the agent, or the merchant may step in and "recreate;" in other words, undergo a physical treatment for the amelioration of insomnia, hand-shaking, and all nervous affections. All his views are correspondingly new, and he is an advocate of all healthy, natural exercises and remedies of nature, and if not exactly throwing physic to the dogs, he does relegate it to the hospitals, and prescribes instead, for the ordinary patient, open air and ample diet. These two little text-books will give much interesting information, especially with regard to the comparatively novel process of massage, or the application of force.

## REMBRANDT HOUSE.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

AN art ramble for the sake of art in this city of Toronto might not seem at first sight to include the unpromising purlieus of Leader Lane. Banks, Bodegas, engravers, and beggars abound on either hand; the guileless house-agent salutes you at the top, and the retiring commission merchant smiles upon you at the bottom. Utilitarianism surrounds you on every side, and you desecrate with emotions of ill-disguised joy a jeweller's window radiant with cases of six-and-a-half-dollar diamond rings—warranted pure stones of the finest water. The jeweller is not, however, alone. Passing along this prosaic thoroughfare, you pull up, just in time to prevent your walking bodily through the window, in front of an assemblage of pictures which look doubly and curiously precious in this precarious nook. Entering Rembrandt House, for such is the name of this Mecca of artists, to which some of the finest work of the day comes from Paris, Rome, and other art centres, you will stand, if you are easily impressed, and even if you are not, in silent admiration—a hackneyed phrase for which there is no better equivalent—before a large canvas representing the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Parma, a picture fraught with a two-sided interest. The mass of the work consists of a magnificently carved chamber, the carvings, painted a reddish brown, extending from floor to ceiling, and surmounted by busts on the cornice above. This mass of rich, yet never flagrant colour, serves admirably to throw out the figures of the priest, clad in cold greens and grays, and the choristers in attendance, the lines of glass and wine, table-cloths, and other accessories. The picture tells no story; it is art for art's sake. The management of light is most dexterous, and the entire effect absolutely satisfying. Its size and general conception is such as to dwarf all other pictures surrounding it, but there are excellent things here beside it all the same, which must not escape the eye. Mr. J. Kerr Lawson, our Canadian artist, at present studying in Paris, has sent out a fine study of a head, painted in the best manner of the best French school—alive, human, startlingly real, and naturally rendered, especially the nose, the hair on the forehead, the relentless truth of the ugly colouring. Another pair of pictures by the same artist deserves commendation. Some studies from the nude are also well projected by Miss Ford, though somewhat too severely dark in the shading. Miss Sutherland and L. R. O'Brien have a few pictures here, and the north window is filled with an immense canvas representing a winter scene of much beauty—yellow sky, whitening road, leafless branches and all. The room is charmingly decorated with rugs and *bric-à-brac*, and forms a fit setting to the artistic objects displayed in it, among which will be found reprints of the various Salon successes, framed and unframed, and making an appropriate pendant to the more highly-coloured oil and water studies that surround them. After which, *verb. sap.*, let none say that we have not the nucleus of an Art Gallery in our midst, small, but exquisitely chosen, and much of it Canadian work.

TO TURN to Mr. Roberts' excellent collection of first-class pictures, which also in great measure deserves the name of Art Gallery, how can you explain away the indifference and ignorance that besets such a thing as a Saturday sale in those precincts? Pictures sold last Saturday for three and four dollars that were worth three times those sums, and some pictures worth even more were hoisted up for inspection, and suffered to beat an ignominious retreat—nobody wanted them. Of course, you frequent sales in order to buy pictures cheap, that is understood, but the pathetic quality of the transaction comes home to you nevertheless, or it ought to. Some of the names are good in Paris, Rome, Naples, London. Let it be understood that these pictures, studies, sketches, and landscapes are of real merit, though perhaps of small market value, and you will treasure your purchase all the more even if you only gave a few dollars for it, in place of pounds.

## MUSIC.

THE Juch-Carreno concert came off successfully in the Pavilion on Monday night, being well attended by a pleased and sympathetic public. Miss Juch's beautiful soprano completely filled the building, and her perfect English, her delicacy of phrasing, and the rich clear quality of her voice held her hearers rapt while she was on the stage, while her choice of songs betokened artistic feeling of high order. Madame Carreno was, as usual, enchanting in her absolute command of her instrument and the perfection of her manner, but she should have played better music. The "Moszkowski Serenade" is not a piano piece, and Madame Carreno could have found dozens of pieces of similar style in her piano repertoire which would have suited her purpose equally well, and redounded more to her artistic credit. The "Harmonious Blacksmith" too, though very suitable for an encore, is scarcely important enough for a special programme place, when we reflect on the hosts of sonatas, ballades, preludes, fugues of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven, and the equally large number of Schumann selections, with all of which Madame Carreno is of course perfectly familiar. It rests with such a grand artist to popularise good music, for her attraction is so strong, and her technique and phrasing so inimitably easy and delightful in appearance, no matter what it may have cost her to attain it, that people will take from her what they will not from a less sympathetic player. Such a chance, let us hope, the fair and gifted Carreno will not lose again. Mr. Martin has a fine voice, but is too cold and conventional for the songs he chose on this occasion, though doubtless in others he is more pleasing. The cellist possesses an admirable tone, very pure and clear and full of sympathy, though he has somewhat too much manner. His selections met with great approval. Mr. Arthur Fisher very kindly supplied all the accompaniments.

It is expected that the present edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* will be completed before the end of next year.

A COLLECTION of Dean Stanley's *Sermons for Children* has been made, and will be issued immediately by the Scribners. Few announcements could prove more welcome than this to thousands of parents throughout the land.

ALL lovers of the music-drama will be interested in the paper which William F. Athorp, the well-known musical critic, will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* for November, on *Wagner and Scenic Art*, which is to be fully illustrated from the original Bayreuth sketches.

READERS who are interested in contemporary French literature may be glad to hear of the *Bulletin Bibliographique de la Librairie Française*, which is issued quarterly at 117 Boulevard Saint Germain, Paris. Summaries are given of the contents of a number of recent French works, and the subscription is only a franc per annum.

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY will shortly issue an interesting *Life of Robert Southey*, with numerous letters not before given to the public. The volume has been carefully prepared by John Dennis, the well-known English writer, author of *Studies in English Literature* and *Heroes of English Literature*, and is first published in America.

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S Hibbert Lectures for 1887 on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Babylonians, just issued by Messrs. Scribner and Welford, is noteworthy as being almost the only hand-book on the Babylonian religion. The absence of such a work has long been a reproach to Assyriologists, and its advent has been anxiously hoped for by all students. This volume will prove of immense value on its subject, and being written in an easy and pleasant style will interest a wide circle of readers.

A GENTLEMAN of this city having written to George W. Cable, the well known writer of Creole tales, as to the pronunciation of the name, Sevier, in his novel, *Dr. Sevier*, received the following reply:—"Sevier is an old southern name, not Creole, but (generations back) Huguenot, Xavier. It has long ago lost its French pronunciation, and is known throughout the South as *Seveer*. Dr. Sevier was not a Creole." Many will no doubt remember that this (Seveer) was the pronunciation given by the author himself when he read in conjunction with Mark Twain at the Pavilion in this city some years ago.

MR. E. H. WALKER, for many years Statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, has joined the editorial staff of *Bradstreet's*, the well-known commercial and financial newspaper published in New York, to which he will give his exclusive services. Mr. Walker is perhaps the best-informed man in the country on the statistics of grain, flour, provisions, live stock, and kindred lines. He is the author of the only complete records of this kind in the country, and the inventor of the "visible" grain supply statement. With his aid, in addition to the original work in that direction which *Bradstreet's* has done and has projected, that journal must become indispensable to all interested in those subjects.

I HAVE been struck, says a correspondent of the *Critic*, in reading the life of Dickens, with an incident that impressed me very much. It was near the close of his busy life, when one morning he received a letter from a correspondent in Liverpool, describing himself as a self-raised man, attributing his prosperous career to what Dickens' writing had taught him at its outset of the wisdom of kindness and sympathy for others; and asking pardon for the liberty he took in hoping that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgment of what had not only cheered and stimulated him through all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of it. The letter enclosed £500. Dickens was greatly touched by this; and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, that he certainly would have taken it if he had not been, though not a man of fortune, a prosperous man himself; but that the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him, that if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial of it in another form, he would gladly receive it. The memorial soon came: a richly worked basket of silver.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE AND COMPANY, London, will issue for the forthcoming holiday season new and fully illustrated (many coloured) presentation editions of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Uniform with their choicely illustrated editions of *Masterman Ready* and *Settlers in Canada* they will issue *Captain Marryatt's Poor Jack*. Thomas Keyworth, author of *The Naresboro' Victory*, *Granny's Boy*, and other stories, has written a new one called *A Long Delay*. A cheap edition of that ever popular book of travel in the Holy Land and Egypt, *The Crescent and the Cross*, by Eliot Warburton, is now ready. In nursery literature they will publish a new coloured book of rhymes, *Young England's Nursery Rhymes*, illustrated by Constance Halsewood, with one hundred charming illustrations in colours, after original water-colours; also a very clever toy-book in Japanese style, *Jappie Chappie, and how he Loved a Dollie*, illustrated in colours and with many quaint and humorous vignette pictures. *A Man who would Like to Marry* is a series of twelve humorous and clever sketches, by Harry Parkes. *A Modern Hoyle, or How to Play Chess, Draughts, Dominoes, Backgammon, and Card Games*, will be published, edited by Professor Hoffman, and uniform with their new *Modern Etiquette*. The new volume in Warne's Continental Library will be a translation of *Harlette*, by the Countess of . . . , author of *Wanda*.

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ROYAL (Absolutely Pure).....	[REDACTED]
GRANT'S (Alum Powder) *.....	[REDACTED]
RUMFORD'S, when fresh.....	[REDACTED]
HANFORD'S, when fresh.....	[REDACTED]
REDHEAD'S.....	[REDACTED]
CHARM (Alum Powder) *.....	[REDACTED]
AMAZON (Alum Powder) *.....	[REDACTED]
CLEVELAND'S (short wt. 4oz.).....	[REDACTED]
PIONEER (San Francisco).....	[REDACTED]
CZAR.....	[REDACTED]
DR. PRICE'S.....	[REDACTED]
SNOW FLAKE (Groff's).....	[REDACTED]
LEWIS'.....	[REDACTED]
PEARL (Andrews & Co.).....	[REDACTED]
HECKER'S.....	[REDACTED]
GILLET'S.....	[REDACTED]
ANDREWS & CO. "Regal" *.....	[REDACTED]
Milwaukee, (Contains Alum.)	
BULK (Powder sold loose).....	[REDACTED]
BUMFORD'S, when not fresh.....	[REDACTED]

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"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. H. A. Mott, Ph.D."

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"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

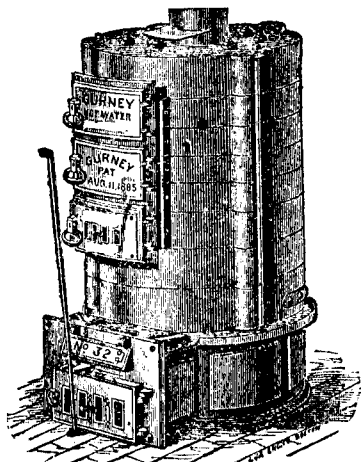
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NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

\* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

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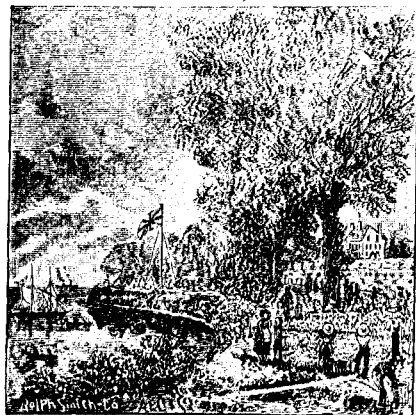
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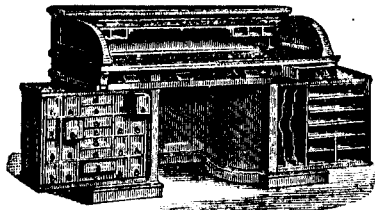
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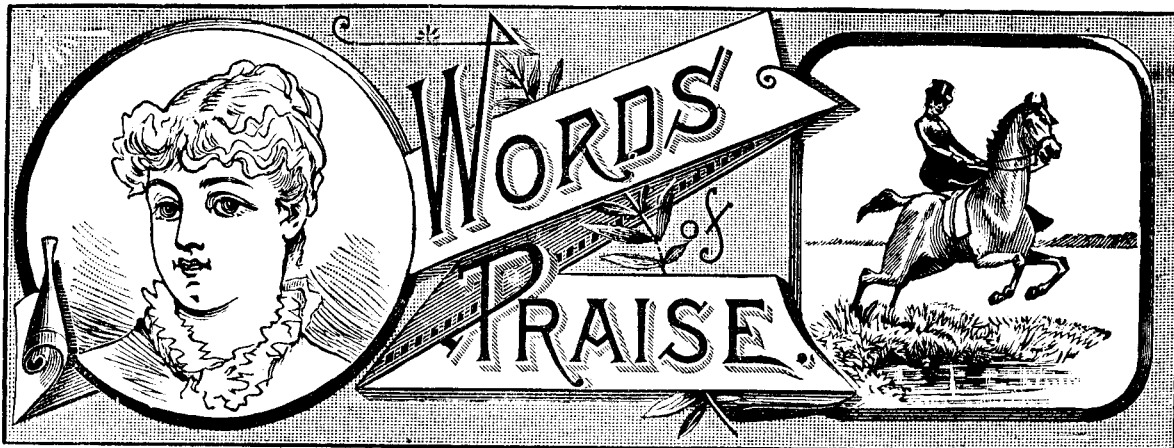
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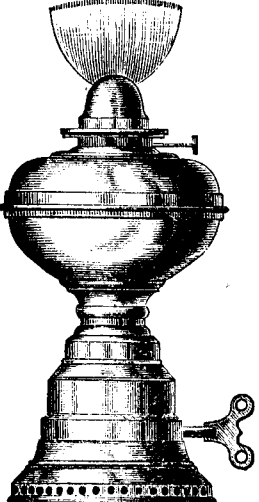
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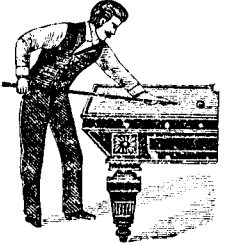
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