

THE WEEK

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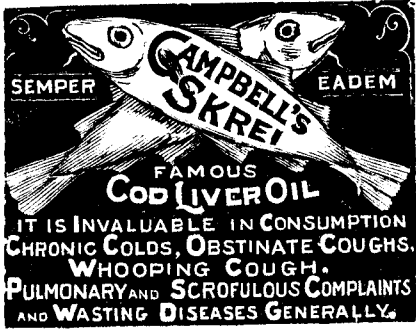
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Possession is eleven points of the law, and they say there are but twelve.

The Ivanhoe tunnel, now nearly completed, from Rusk, near Leadville, to Ivanhoe, Colo., will be the third in length in the United States, being surpassed only by the Hoosac tunnel and by the Boulder tunnel, in Montana. It is 9,400 feet long, and owing to the great altitude—10,800 feet—doors will be placed at each end to exclude snow, and the tunnel for several hundred feet from either entrance is to be heated by steam. Work was begun in August, 1890.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

The Municipal Council of Paris has offered prizes for the best essays on smoke-abatement and the purification of water.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,
18th August, 1894.

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Yours truly,

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Late of U. S. Engineer Service, and formerly of the Marine Department, Canada. To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria st., Toronto.

Photography over 100 miles or more of distance is literally a new thing under the sun, yet they are doing it. From the hill at Poland last week Photographer Seaver, at Newtown, Mass., an expert with the camera, obtained a fine view of Mount Washington. The lens used was an imported novelty bought by the Rickers for this express purpose. It is a telescope lens, and will take a recognizable picture of a person on the hotel veranda at a distance of half a mile. The view of Mount Washington was perfect.—*Lewiston Journal*.

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REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1894

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

The persistence of the Aqueduct Company in striving to acquire in some way or other, and for some project or other, the right to the use of the city's streets is simply amazing. Again and again have we supposed the question to be at length settled and dismissed, only to hear of its reappearance in some new type, or at least with some new change of emphasis, in the reading. We have not hitherto touched on the matter because we have always supposed that each latest rebuff would be the last. Indeed, the marvel has been and is why the promoters of the scheme, if pressing it in good faith, should desire to keep it and themselves wrapt in perpetual mystery, instead of frankly revealing their identity, establishing their ability to make the large

outlay required, and making known their reasons for believing in the feasibility of their projects. The last shape which the matter has assumed, that of a proposal to supply the city with water from Lake Simcoe, is the farthest of all from any possibility of acceptance. As we have pointed out on former occasions, the weight of argument and evidence seem so preponderatingly against any gravitation scheme, as compared with the plan of drawing from the excellent and inexhaustible reservoir at our doors, that the wonder is that the former should continue to find supporters. But apart from all considerations of locality or method, if there is any one point upon which there is practical unanimity amongst all disinterested citizens, it surely is that the business of supplying the city with water shall be retained in the hands of the corporation, and neither farmed out nor contracted out to any individual or company whatever. Present indications are that the city is much more likely to enlarge than to contract the sphere of its own direct action in such matters.

We are not disposed to attach too much importance to the newspaper accounts of the overflowing enthusiasm with which Mr. Laurier is said to have been received at every place visited during his recent tour, as indicative of a great change in the party allegiance of the majority in Western Canada. Before basing any political predictions upon that fact, we should like to have before us similar accounts of the reception accorded to Sir John Thompson, or Mr. Foster, in the course of a similar visit. The presence of one of the great political leaders of the Dominion is not an every-day occurrence in the great West. When to the fact of such presence is added the inspiration of silver-tongued oratory, the enthusiasm can be counted on with tolerable certainty. But if any one inference can be drawn with safety from the indications given in the newspaper reports, it is that there is, all over the prairies, a very strong revulsion against the protective system, and that the majority of the people are in downright earnest in demanding still further tariff reductions. Revenue tariff as the beginning of a free-trade policy was everywhere the theme of Mr. Laurier's eloquence, and was everywhere received with acclaim. Coupled with this was his approval of reciprocity, if attainable, with the United States, with whose commercial fortunes those of the people of our prairie are so closely identified. Having had some opportunities for observation in both Manitoba and in the

Territories, the writer has always deemed the steadfastness of both in sending so uniformly supporters of the Government to Ottawa one of the most striking instances of loyalty to party at the expense of personal interests which it has been his hap to see anywhere. To what extent the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, on the one hand, and the fine presence and charming oratory of Mr. Laurier, on the other, may have affected that loyalty remains to be seen. The Government will, at any rate, be wise to consider seriously what more can be done to meet the peculiarities of the situation in the West.

It is to be regretted that the British Government, in their anxiety to turn to advantage the lucid interval during which the conscience of the American people became so active that their legislators were forced to respect the rights and property of foreign authors and publishers, so far as to consent to a rather one-sided International copyright agreement, should have, apparently, forgotten the peculiar position in which Canada is placed in regard to the matter, and, seemingly, have quite ignored her views and interests. Mr. Dalby, "Honorary Secretary of the British Copyright Association," in a letter recently published in the *London Times*, even goes so far as to say that "the United States Government made the consent of Canada that American copyright should run in that Dominion a leading condition of their conceding it to the British nation." Mr. Dalby must, in this statement, have gone beyond his knowledge. As Mr. R. T. Lancefield, Librarian of the Public Library of Hamilton, says in his rejoinder, also published in the *Times*, the British Government could not bind Canada in such a way without her own knowledge and consent. The passing of the Canadian Copyright Act, and the way in which the British Government is being pressed to permit that Act to go into operation, are sufficient proof that no such consent was ever given in the name of Canada. So far as we are aware, no attempt is being made by American publishers to exercise the right for which they are said to have thus stipulated. The day has long since passed when the British Government would attempt to act for Canada in such a matter, especially since the B.N.A. Act expressly gives Canada the right to legislate on copyright. And yet it must be confessed that the refusal of the British Government to permit the Canadian Copyright Act to become law has to a considerable extent the effect of

refusing her the right thus secured to her by the constitution. It is to be hoped that the Canadian Government will not cease to insist upon Canada's constitutional rights in the matter.

The Listowel horror, culminating last week in the full confession of the criminal, has brought out in strong relief the law-abiding character of Canadian citizens—a characteristic which has its basis in confidence in the efficacy of our judicial system. It is, we suppose, almost literally impossible to conceive of a more atrocious crime than the murder in question. No feature adapted not only to stir up the deepest horror and detestation, but to fan righteous indignation into a frenzied thirst for vengeance, such as cannot brook the slow movements of criminal justice, was wanting in this case. Such was the depth of this feeling actually aroused that there seemed at one time some reason to fear that the more hot-headed might take the case into their own hands the moment they could be tolerably sure of the murderer, or, in fact, even sooner. Yet, when the occasion arose, and the doer of the fiendish deed stood self-confessed and almost redhanded before them, the multitude calmly suffered the law to take its course, and no hand was raised to take speedy vengeance. Comparing this with what we know would almost surely have happened in a similar case in many States of the neighbouring Union, one is curious to understand the cause or causes of the difference. One of the principal of these causes is beyond question, as above intimated, the confidence Canadians have in the faithful execution of the law in Canada. There was, too, in this case, no tinge of the race hatred which has to do with much, though by no means with all, of the barbarous lynchings perpetrated in the United States. May it not be, too, that with our people, owing to the absence of intermixture of foreign blood of lower quality, there is more of the true Anglo-Saxon generosity of spirit, which makes it appear a shameful and cowardly thing for a crowd to attack a single defenceless culprit, and do him to death—a thousand enraged men, like a pack of wolves, hunting down one poor, cowering creature.

Be the cause what it may, we have reason to be proud of the self-restraint and love of fair-play manifested by our fellow-citizens in the neighbourhood which was the scene of this unspeakably horrible crime. The poor wretch may safely be left in the hands of the law. But the circumstances of the case are such that preventive or deterrent action should by no means cease with the infliction of the penalty decreed against the perpetrator of this one inhuman deed. The case has made startlingly clear what was well enough known before, that the presence of evil-looking tramps in all parts of the country is a

constant menace to the persons and property of the peaceable and kindly-disposed citizens. In the towns and cities the local by-laws, enforced by efficient police, may be a sufficient safeguard. But it is far otherwise in sparsely-settled country districts. It is surely time that some stringent measures were taken to abate this grievous nuisance and danger. Why should able-bodied beggars be permitted to infest the highways and byways, to be a source of terror to honest and industrious citizens? Probably there is hardly a day passes in some of the districts more exposed to this infliction, in which lonely women, whose men folk are necessarily out of hearing in the fields, are not put in terror, if not in jeopardy, by vagabonds of the class in question. We hope we should not be among the last to protest against indiscriminately harsh treatment of those who may in some cases be mere unfortunates, out of employment and "down in their luck." But the fact that there may be many such just entering upon the path which leads almost surely, not only to utter worthlessness, but to theft and robbery, if not to even worse crimes, makes it all the more desirable that measures should be taken to put a stop to all such peripatetic mendicancy, by apprehending every such man the moment he sets foot in the neighbourhood, giving him an opportunity to work if he is willing to work, and compelling him either to do some work provided, or to leave the place at once, if he proves unwilling to do honest labour. Will not some of our legislators take the matter up, and provide for more stringent vagrant laws, or more stringent enforcement of those we have?

It would, perhaps, be unfair to quote the old adage, "He who excuses, accuses," in reference to Lord Rosebery's recent speech, touching the foreign transactions and relations of his Cabinet. He could hardly have refrained from noticing in some way the mutterings of some of the papers favourable to his own party, even had he felt strong enough to disregard the more outspoken criticism of those representative journals which are either openly hostile, or are occupying a position of "armed neutrality." Then, again, a certain measure of frankness is to be expected from the leader of a democratic and radical administration. Nevertheless, it is pretty clear that the Premier's explanations have not explained to the satisfaction of the more jealously disposed of his unfriendly critics. Whatever force there may be, on the one hand, in his assumption that no British Cabinet could have refused or delayed to take action on China's intimation of a desire for peace and readiness to make sacrifices in order to obtain it, it remains still open to question whether the wisest government would, before acting, not have taken time to study the situation, to ponder carefully the chances of success and failure, taking into account the probability that a people like

the Japanese, flushed with victory and full of confidence in their own prowess, would accept any terms which were not *greatly* more advantageous than those which would have been accepted at the beginning of the war. There is, again, Lord Rosebery's failure to say a word with reference to the real cause of the hasty summoning of the Cabinet. All these things have conspired to prevent his explanations from being so fully and favourably accepted as might have been expected under other conditions.

Public interest in New York is divided between the triangular battle which is being waged for the Governorship, and the unsavoury facts which are being steadily and relentlessly laid bare by the Lexow Committee. In regard to both, the indications are hopeful. The very fact that there is a division in the Democratic camp is a healthful sign, seeing that the plane of cleavage follows distinctly moral lines. The nomination of a Democratic antagonist to Hill, even though, as is not unlikely, it should be the means of letting in the Republican candidate, will achieve a moral victory, inasmuch as it will show that there is a large body of Democrats who prefer party defeat with honour to party victory through corruption. In any event, the defeat of Tammany is thought to be almost assured, an event which would be in itself a great triumph for political morality. While this contest is going on in the political arena, an even more important struggle is being waged day by day before the Lexow Committee of Investigation. The relentless probing of Mr. Goff, who conducts the prosecution, has revealed, and is every day revealing, a mass of municipal corruption, which "smells to heaven," but there is reason to hope that the purifying and healing processes will follow. The methods of the city police, as revealed, are astounding, almost incredible. Their extortion and the terrorism, which was the weapon used, ramify in every direction. A witness who let his store for \$50 for a polling place was obliged to give \$15 of the \$50 to the police in order to have his store selected. That is just one sample of a thousand. The investigation is likely, it is said, to be continued throughout 1895. The glory of being the means of uncovering this terrible state of affairs belongs almost wholly to a single clergyman, Dr. Parkhurst, whose unflinching courage and marvellous tenacity of purpose were the compelling forces which brought about the investigation.

The fall of Caprivi is the political excitement of the moment in Germany; we might say, in Europe. The causes which have led to it will probably be better understood presently, but the suddenness of the change has taken the quidnuncs by surprise. For onlookers of other than German nationality the event has two important aspects. It is interesting as a new revela-

tion of the character of the Emperor, whose influence on the politics and peace of Europe is so great, and who has thereby shown that he is not yet very well understood. Whether the change is the outcome of mere restless fickleness, of a nervous dread of Socialism, or of some deeper purpose which will be hereafter revealed, are questions in which not only Germany but all Europe is interested. That it is more or less closely connected with the difference of opinion between Gen. Von Caprivi and Count zu Eulenburg in regard to the best mode of dealing with Socialism seems tolerably certain. This fact suggests the other interesting subject. That uneasiness in political, and especially in imperial circles, should be caused by the spread of socialistic ideas is but natural. But that any country which has even the semblance of constitutional liberty will make the mistake of attempting to suppress by arbitrary measures a movement which is propagated only by constitutional agitation is hardly supposable. Nor does there seem to be any good ground for expecting from the aged successor to the Chancellorship, Prince von Hohenlohe, any very vigorous aggressive policy, in respect to this or other matters. Apart from his age he seems to be regarded on all hands as, what Bismarck has styled him, a safe man. So both Socialists and politicians may again breathe freely.

It is by no means improbable that the news of the death of the Czar of Russia may be announced before these words reach the eye of the reader. What changes that death may bring to his own country, to Europe, and to the world, the future alone can reveal. Just now the people of other countries are moved to sympathy in view of the combination of ills which are visiting the Imperial household. Not only is the head of the household, and of the nation, himself at death's door, but his wife is believed to be completely prostrated, the eldest daughter is seriously affected with some nervous ailment, and the Grand Duke George, the Czar's favourite son, is said to be in the last stages of consumption. Just now the praises of the dying emperor as an amiable monarch and the preserver of the peace of Europe are being sounded abroad. What will be the character of the man who shall succeed him is the all-absorbing question—a question which no one seems able to answer with any degree of confidence, though it is not unlikely that not only the fate of Russia, but the peace of Europe, may be involved in the answer. Should his successor, as some think possible, enter upon a career of internal reform, by granting even a minimum of constitutional liberty to the people, the liberalizing principle, once fairly set in operation, may effect the peaceful transformation of the whole Empire into a constitutionally governed country, with the happiest effect upon all Europe. Should he prove to be of a differ-

ent type, more disposed to chastise his people with scorpions than his father with whips, the revolution, which has been so long smouldering, would probably not be long in breaking forth. For good or for ill, it is long since the people of Europe had their eyes fixed with so much anxiety and misgiving upon the deathbed of a single individual.

UPPER HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

It is a somewhat significant coincidence that in at least three Anglo-Saxon countries the question of the reforming or abolishing of the Upper Houses of Parliament is at present under discussion. In Great Britain, the Premier, himself a member of the hereditary House, has just thrown down the gauntlet to the Lords, on behalf of the Government and the Commons. The Upper Chamber, as at present constituted, is, he declared, a mockery and an invitation to revolution. His Government will, therefore, at the approaching session, submit to the Commons a resolution affirming that the House of Commons is unmistakably the dominant partner in the present partnership. This very indefinite statement may mean little or much, and will need to be put in much plainer terms in the proposed resolution, if it is to have any practical effect. The fact, if the forecast of his speech proves to be such, that even Lord Salisbury does not meet the affirmation of the Government with a square denial, but himself advocates such a reform as will introduce an elective element into the House of Peers, may be accepted as a pretty sure indication that some change of the constitution, curtailing the veto powers, or the veto inclinations, of that chamber, may be expected at an early day.

In the United States, where the Upper House or Senate has always played a much more prominent part in legislation than the corresponding chamber in either Great Britain or Canada, the events of the last session of Congress have aroused a storm of criticism and denunciation which may yet shake the institution to its foundations. Very radical modifications of its structure and functions are being seriously discussed. The fact that the Senate is elected by the representatives of the people in the State legislatures puts it, however, on quite a different footing from that of the other second Chambers named. Its history will supply valuable material for those among us who advocate that method, to a greater or less extent, for the reform of the Canadian Senate.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that in the United States the Senate seems to have wielded, from the first, and perhaps growingly in later years, a much more powerful influence, positively, in affairs of legislation, than the upper houses of either Great Britain or Canada. This may be partly due to the constitutional powers accorded to it, but it is probably the result, in a large

degree, of the mode of election of its members, one important result of which is a constant change of its *personnel*, and a constant infusion of able and ambitious men. Be that as it may, it is pretty evident that a powerful reaction has set in against the present mode of election of its members by the State Legislatures, and in favour of direct election by the people. Twice already have resolutions been passed in the House of Representatives favoring popular election. But there, as elsewhere, the natural difficulty presents itself—the difficulty of inducing the body that needs reforming to vote for its own reformation. Naturally, too, the greater the need of reformation, the smaller is the possibility of inducing the body to aid in the work.

The important question of constitutional change in the constitution of the Upper House in England, as in Canada—a question which is likely to have special prominence in the former, and possibly in both countries, during the next few years—divides itself into two parts and hence is pretty sure to divide the advocates of reform into two parties. The alternative propositions are modification and obliteration. A part of Lord Rosebery's sympathetic audience, the other day, refused assent to his view regarding the necessity for a second chamber of some kind. The logic of his position must have been difficult. The strength of the argument against the House of Lords is drawn from its non-representative and consequently irresponsible character. We do not yet know on what lines Lord Rosebery constructed his argument in favour of a second legislative chamber of some kind, but it is pretty sure that the basis of the argument must have been the alleged need of imposing some check upon rash legislation. The only rash legislation which would be likely to threaten the well-being or stability of the State would be legislation in accord with the popular sentiment of the day. Now, it is evident that the only body which could be relied on to apply the brakes, in such a case, must be a body independent of the popular favour. Just in proportion as the element of responsibility to the people is introduced into the constitution of the checking body, just in that proportion will it be unfitted for its purpose. The principle which Lord Salisbury is supposed to favour would seem to be, for that reason, unworkable. Unless the elective element were made the preponderating one, the old complaint would still hold good. Make it preponderant, and the irresponsible element, hereditary or otherwise, would be useless because powerless. Let the two be made to counterbalance, and the result would probably be either a chronic dead-lock, or a perpetual struggle which must eventually lead to the obliteration of one or other of the conflicting elements. The only third plan of which we can conceive would be

that of an electoral body representative not of the whole electorate of the nation, but only of certain classes of them. But it is precisely against this "class" influence in legislation that the people are in arms. The path of peace and conciliation can scarcely lead that way.

It is, then, pretty clear that the Mother Country is on the eve of a constitutional struggle which, as Lord Rosebery intimated, may involve issues almost as grave as those which convulsed the nation in the days of Charles I. or James II. The question has not yet reached so active a stage in Canada, but with a change in Government, such as is possible in the near future, it may soon do so. Of course the Canadian Senate, while grounded on the Constitution, is not so rooted in the history and institutions of the country as to make it in any way comparable to the House of Lords in England. In regard to the manner in which its members become such, as the appointees of a party Government, its constitution is perhaps worse than that of either Great Britain or the United States. In case of a strong movement against it, the alternatives of remodelling or abolition would be as keenly debated here as they are likely to be in the Old Country, and the difficulty of finding any half-way resting-place, or any satisfactory method of creating a really independent and efficient second chamber, would be no less great, while the fact that the Senate is regarded as, in some way, a safeguard of the rights of the smaller Provinces, and was so intended, or at least so popularly understood at the time of Confederation, will render its abolition very difficult, if not utterly impracticable, unless some efficient substitute can be devised.

MONTREAL LETTER.

The Federal Government has instituted criminal proceedings against contractor St. Louis, of Curran Bridge fame, on the charge of fraudulently obtaining from the Queen the sum of \$144,874. The result of the trial will be waited for with much interest.

The police investigation is progressing slowly, a great deal of valuable time being taken up by the wrangling among counsel. Detective Cullen was the chief witness last week, and he was closely examined on all points pertaining to the workings of the department. He brought out one startling fact, that if a man is robbed, assaulted or murdered in Montreal nothing will be done unless some one complains. This is a pretty state of affairs and it is no wonder that many criminals escape punishment for their crimes.

The leading event in the matter of sport the past week was the McGill College annual games. The weather was fine, the crowd large and fashionable, and everything passed off beautifully. Special interest was centered in the result of contest for the

faculty trophy, which is a handsome cup presented by the Graduate's Society, to be held for one year by the students of the faculty making the largest aggregate score. This was carried off by the medical men.

The Montreal foot ball team is carrying everything before it. Last Saturday it won the match with McGill, and the Saturday previous the one with the Britannias. The coming match with Ottawa College is looked forward to with much interest as the men of the Capital are strong men and likely to give the Montreal men a hard tussel.

A very interesting and important legal case was that of the Hochelega Bank vs. Shallow, an action for \$50,000 damages for libel, tried before Judge Archibald last week. This action arose out of the Central Bank failure, and the plaintiffs alleged that an article published in the defendant's paper, *Moniteur du Commerce*, was libelous, inasmuch as it charged them with having accepted bills of the Central Bank to the amount of \$5,000 knowing that these bills were without value, and that it had in bad faith hastened to pass them on the public in the Province of Quebec. The jury found that the bank had acted without discernment, but not in a spirit of greed. The article complained of was not libellous, and accusations and insinuations contained therein were not false to the defendant's knowledge when the said article was published. A criminal action was taken against Mr. Shallow in connection with the same article at the time of publication, but he was acquitted by the jury.

One hundred and fifty British blue jackets and marines arrived here last Saturday, by the Allan Line S.S. *Numidian en route* to the Pacific Coast to join the North Pacific fleet, now at Esquimalt, B.C. The band played "God Save the Queen," and three hearty cheers were given by the crowd of citizens that waited on the wharf. The man-o-war's-men answered the salute from the decks of the noble ship, and then set to work putting their baggage into shape and transferring it to the waggons. Headed by the band, and Colonel Stevenson, the party was conducted to the Windsor station, where they embarked on board the regular military train. Within three hours after landing the sailors were spinning over the railway track, at a rapid rate, on their way across the continent, proving the importance of this route as a military highway to the Pacific stations. The sailors were mostly from Plymouth, and the majority of them are drafted for H.M.S. *Pheasant*. Fifty of the party are mere boys fresh from the training ships.

The wheels of justice are considerably clogged as far as this city is concerned, and they move not except under conditions which make it almost impossible for the citizen of small means to obtain redress for wrongs done him. Should he be assaulted on the street he cannot procure a warrant for the arrest of his assailant without first depositing four dollars with the court to defray expenses. If he has no money he gets no justice. Should the citizen who has suffered the wrong pay the money and his assailant is found guilty, then it will be returned to him; but should the wrongdoer be acquitted, even by some technicality, then the money is forfeited for the benefit of the crown. Then again, supposing a robbery has taken place and the robber has skipped to Toronto, for instance, and the citizen who has lost the property goes to the police

court and asks that the case be pursued, he is mildly requested to hand over seventy-five dollars for expenses. If the money is not forthcoming, nothing will be done. Thus criminals often escape prosecution, and, knowing how much they are favoured, they become bolder in their depredations. Thus the law protects the criminal rather than the good citizen. Such a state of affairs is almost incredible. About a year ago a thief robbed a lady on Sherbrooke street of a large sum of money. The rogue was discovered in England and most of the money found in his possession. In order to bring the fellow back to Canada, the lady had first to deposit a cheque for \$500 in the hands of the court to pay the expenses of the high constable to England and return. This paying for warrants is a most absurd and outrageous custom. The Quebec Government, it is said, adopted this system in order to raise the revenue to pay off the debts with which the Province is burdened. The reason assigned by the Government was simply that unnecessary warrants should not be granted, but this rule is nothing more or less than a premium on crime. If a thief can only get out of Montreal he feels pretty secure, for there are not many citizens who care to risk any money on the strength of bringing him back. The system is unworthy of the age, and it would be well for society if it were done away with. The sooner the better.

A. J. F.

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CANADIAN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

The next poet to claim our attention is Alexander McLachlan. Born in Scotland in 1820, he came to Canada, in 1840 and is still with us, residing at Amaranth, Ontario. His works are as follows:

- 1846—The Spirit of Love, and other poems, pp. 36. (*lacking in Morgan*).
- 1856—Poems, pp. 192. (*Title wrongly given in Morgan*).
- 1858—Lyrics, pp. 151.
- 1861—The Emigrant, and other poems.
- 1874—Poems and Songs, pp. 223.

On the title page of the first work are found two selections, one from Wordsworth, the other from Shelley, which show us who were his masters. But were these selections not there we would still be in no doubt, for the whole poem *The Spirit of Love* could only be written by a disciple of the great lover of nature and of the apostle of love who rebelled so strongly against the rule of society. The poem has beautiful passages, which reveal to us a true worshipper of nature. For instance:

Earth with love is overflowing;
Beauty on each blade is glowing;
The meanest thing beneath our feet
Bears something for affection meet.
Young Zephyr bounding from her caves
To wanton 'mongst the forest leaves;
The playful streamlet in a voice
Giving utterance to its joys;
The flowers that glad the solitude;
The minstrel voices of the wood
In humble eloquence express
Affection born of loveliness.

"Follow nature" is his advice, for he loves nature in all its moods, and has found the joy of its calming, beneficent influence. The poem is, however, very loosely constructed, the lines limp in very many

instances, rhymes are ill sounding, in fact, all the faults of a firstling work are to be found in it. The poem makes half of the small pamphlet. *The Old Priest's Tale* takes up some nine pages. The rest of the work is made up of short poems, concluding with an *Address to Science*. Although this first work will not rank high, yet as the first step in the growth of the poet it is very interesting, revealing as it does the liberal-hearted man, the lover of nature and the devotee of science. In the next work, a more pretentious volume, poems in the Scotch dialect makes up nearly half of the bulk. The poet has made progress in technique, but retains his love of science and of man in lowly station. Listen to this, taken from the poem entitled "Worth":

I care not for country, I care not for creed :
We're all sons of Adam, the best poor indeed.
I care not for station ; I want but to know
If thy heart can with pity and love overflow.
With country and kindred I've nothing to do
If thou hast a heart that is honest and true.
Then come to my bosom, whate'er be thy creed,
For thou art my friend and my brother indeed.

I ask not to know if thy dwelling is great ;
But is justice thy factor, whate'er thy estate ?
The halls may be splendid in which you
reside ;
But does Peace, Truth and Mercy within them
abide !
* * * * *
For, if thou'rt not good, thou'rt worse than a
blank.

The sentiment expressed in this whole poem and in many others reflects the influence of Burns, and has probably caused our author to be dubbed "The Canadian Burns." The sight of a Scotch thistle growing in his adopted country called up a vision of Scottish immortals from Burns, "the great minstrel," to "canny auld Christopher" (Prof. Wilson). Though true to his adopted land, "Auld Scotia" still claimed his affection, and he was a regular contributor to Scottish journals. He obtained a prize given by the *Glasgow Workman* for a Scotch national poem, entitled "The Halls of Holyrood."

O let me sit, as evening falls
In sad and solemn mood,
Among the now deserted halls
Of ancient Holyrood ;
And think how human power and pride
Must sink into decay,
Or, like the bubbles on the tide,
Pass, pass away.

No more the joyous crowd resorts
To see the archers good
Draw bow within the ringing courts
Of merry Holyrood
Ah, where's that high and haughty race
That here so long held sway,
And where the phantoms they would chase ?
Passed, passed away.

After asking where the revelling Monks and Friars grey are, where the plaided chieftains, and where "that ill-fated Queen," the poet closes with the following stanza :

Though mould'ring are the minstrel's bones,
Their thoughts have time withstood—
They live in snatches of old songs
Of ancient Holyrood.
For thrones and dynasties depart
And diadems decay,
But these old gushings of the heart
Pass not away.

The italics of the last lines are mine. This beautiful poem is found in "Lyrics." Another of that collection, which has been

very highly praised, and deservedly so, is "Old Hannah." The Genius of Canada recalls the days of slavery.

When the Genius of Canada came
From over the Western wave,
'Neath southern skies
She heard the cries
Of every weeping slave.

"I'll seek the northern woods," she cried,
"Though bleak the skies may be,
The maple dells
Where freedom dwells
Have a special charm for me.

'For moral worth and manhood there
Have found a favouring clime.
I'll rear a race
To shed a grace
On the mighty page of time.

* * * * *
"And these," she says, "are the hearts we
mould

In the land of lake and pine,
Where the Shamrock blows,
And the English Rose
And the Scottish Thistle twine."

This volume of lyrics gave McLachlan a sure place among our Canadian poets of high rank. Indeed, his merit was recognized far beyond our own borders.

McLachlan is a lover of nature, as I have already said. Of his affection and his ability to express that feeling in words, many examples are found in the "Poems and Songs," which also includes poems that had already seen the light in other editions. The poem "May" gives evidence of the observing lover. "The Song of the Sun" is full of nature-worship, and every reader will recognize the faithfulness of the picture in "October":

Not in russet, sad and sober,
Com'st thou here, beloved October,
As in Europe old ;
Not with aspect wan and hoary,
But arrayed in robes of glory.
Purple, green and gold.

* * * * *

See how the great old forest vies
With all the glories of the skies,
In streaks without a name ;
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,
And temples lit with crimson fires,
And palaces of flame !
And domes on domes that gleam afar,
Through many a gold and crimson bar,
With azure overhead ;
While forts, with towers on towers arise,
As if they meant to scale the skies,
With banner bloody red.

* * * * *

O ! what are all ambition's gains ?
What matters it who rules or reigns
While I am standing here !
Gleams of unutterable things,
The work of the great King of kings !
God of the full crown'd year !
October ! thou'rt a marvellous sight,
And with a rapture of delight,
' We hail thy gorgeous pinion ;
To elevate our hearts thou'rt here,
To bind us with a tie more dear,
To our beloved Dominion !

I am very sorry that space will not permit me to quote all this grand poem. "Indian Summer" is another faithful, beautiful picture.

Our poet is a thoroughbred Democrat, and perhaps no poem reflects this better than "Young Canada, or Jack's as Good as His Master." Here, too, we find the reason why Mr. McLachlan has become so thoroughly Canadian. No patriot, born and bred in the land, can boast of a larger love or a more loyal heart than he, and in this respect he is a worthy compeer and contemporary of Charles Sangster.

I should like to emphasize the strength of the religious nature in this gifted poet. Few poems on the Divine Being rise to a greater height than does his entitled "God." Let every reader of THE WEEK study it earnestly and thoroughly, and no one will dispute the noble treatment of the subject. "Old Hannah" is another poem, reflecting, too, deeply religious feelings.

I doubt whether any Italian poet ever gave utterance to a more inspiring patriotic hymn than did McLachlan in "Garibaldi."

O, sons of Italy, awake,
Your hearths and altars are at stake,
Arise, arise, for freedom's sake.
And strike with Garibaldi.

* * * * *
The land wherein the laurel waves
Was never meant to nourish slaves ;
Then onward to your bloody graves
Or live with Garibaldi.

I must, however, not pass over the Scotch pieces. Every son of Scotia knows, and only such can rightly appreciate, the merit of such poems as "Hallow'e'en," "Scotland," "The Long Heided Laddie," "When George the Fourth Was King," or "We're a' John Tamson's Bairns." I have already quoted from the prize poem, "The Halls of Holyrood."

To sum up briefly. In McLachlan Canada has a son, adopted it is true, who, while he has retained his love for Scotland, has a true Canadian heart, and whose songs of her woods, her homes and her privileges are worthy of being, and will be, remembered as she grows in greatness, in wealth and prosperity. Every lover of his country will join me in the hope that his life in declining years may be rich in blessings, and peaceful and restful as the pines he celebrates in song.

L. E. HORNING.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

"Summer is dead ;"—it was the wind that spake,
In the bronze mantle of the sombre pine—
"The sumach bush unfurls a scarlet sign ;
The sere rush signals it in stream and lake ;
Soundeth a requiem in gilded brake,
Where mateless birds a lonely fate repine ;
The sky is veiled in tears : each gray confine
Bespeaks the shrunken branch the leaves forsake.

"I laugh with ruddy Autumn in the morn ;
I sound his praises in the golden light ;
But when high noon has passed and raven night
Comes rushing down, I wail with those forlorn,
The dying leaves, the lone flowers, pale and torn,
The multitudes confronting death or flight."

KEPPELL STRANGE.

A SEASIDE COMEDY.

A stranger visiting Montreal, and happening to stroll in the vicinity of the foot of the mountain, cannot help but notice a fine old stone mansion of rather rambling architecture. It retains little of the original structure, new additions having been added in accordance with the rather varying tastes of each successive owner. At the time of which we write, the year 1890, a Mrs. Eldridge Fenwick, a lady well known in fashionable circles, and possessing some means, occupied the house, which is situate on Dorchester Street.

During the summer months of this year, Mrs. Fenwick had proposed a pet scheme to her charmed circle of acquaintances,

namely, to spend the following winter in Naples, where the hospitable old lady intended to take a villa for the winter, the party accompanying her to occupy the same establishment. All preliminaries had already been arranged, and on the day on which our story opens, a gathering of the fortunate few took place at her residence as a sort of leave-taking to Montreal, and its pleasant environs, for a season.

Mr. Richard Dolby and two others were up stairs dressing for dinner, and had been engaged in an animated discussion with regard to the coming trip, when just then the dinner bell rang, and Dick hastily completing his toilet descended to the piazza, where he found the others awaiting him and where the glorious sunshine was striking warmth and life into an otherwise chilly day.

Herbert Avis was there, and his aunt (who was fearfully and wonderfully gotten up in a costume of half a century ago) and one or two others. Introductions followed, and as every one else seemed to be provided for Dick, with resignation, politely offered his arm to Avis' middle-aged aunt, or Avis' aunt of the middle ages, he could hardly decide which, as he surveyed her corkscrew curls and stiff, black silk dress that, aided and abetted by wire hoops of prodigious size, made her unapproachable from any direction to a distance of at least three feet. The sight brought vividly to his mind a picture he had once seen by Hogarth, in which was depicted a lady of the times arrayed in just such a dress with the slight addition of a balcony running all around the skirt, in which sported the younger members of the family, while their maternal relative did her shopping.

Dinner passed off as dinners usually do. Herbert Avis, the *rara avis*, as his friends called him, was at his best, both as regards originality of sentiment and a certain eccentricity, all his own, that gave to him a charm that was irresistible. Dick was immensely taken with him and surprised himself at the rapidity with which they struck up a mutual acquaintanceship, which, later on, ripened into a warm and lasting friendship.

When dinner was over the ladies retired to the music-room, Mrs. Varley, Mr. Avis' aunt, being impatient to see a newly acquired portrait of Wagner, which a pupil at Leipsic had sent to Helena a short time before. Mrs. Varley persisted in saying "Wagner" in spite of Herr. Lucasberg's gentle hint that "When in Rome we should do and speak as the Romans do, and when in England or Canada should Anglicize all foreign proper names." Herr. Somebody-else had told her differently, and, as Herr. Somebody-else had been her own teacher a great many years before when Wagner was a struggling young musician, his opinion was law to her.

In the meantime the gentlemen dallied over the wine and cigars, quite oblivious and wholly indifferent as to Wagner or his portrait.

"And so, Dolby, you say Dion is going too. How jolly! That makes ten that I am sure of, and perhaps there will be as many more," remarked Herbert Avis as he tilted back his chair and blew a wreath of fragrant smoke into the air with evident satisfaction and enjoyment.

"Oh, I expect we shall have a very pleasant time," said Dick. "By the way, did you know that Captain Terryberry was going to Naples too? Of course you know him?"

"Captain Terryberry!" ejaculated Mr.

Bertie, sitting bolt upright, with a surprised smile. "You don't mean to tell me that the Terryberry is going?"

"Mrs. Eldridge informed me so herself only yesterday," replied Dick.

"Good Lord," cried Mr. Bertie, irreverently, "I'm in for it then."

"How is that?" chorused his listeners.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Bert, "I'll tell you a little story," and helping himself to a fresh *partega* and settling himself comfortably in an easy chair, his example being speedily followed by the rest, he began:

Three years ago, I was staying with my aunt, Lord bless her, at a watering place near Halifax, Trankety Beach; you all know it. It was not much of a watering-place then, but my aunt was not exactly herself, for which, at the time, I was devoutly thankful, as, when she is all there, she leads me a devil of a dance, and she had chosen Trankety as a place to recuperate for a winter's pleasure-hunting.

Well, in spite of the undesirableness of the place, I managed to put in a pretty good time.

There were several other parties besides our own, and, as in all such cases, we soon struck up a mutual acquaintanceship.

There was a Mabel Vernon, a sweet girl, and as nice as she is sweet, who was with our party. Mabel was lively, good-tempered, witty, and very desirable to every one in general and Captain Terryberry in particular. Yes! Captain T. was there too, although the Lord only knows what brought him there—Old Nick probably, or a wild desire to escape his London creditors for a season, the said creditors never imagining for a moment that their man would hide his light under such a bushel as Trankety Beach, but there he was, and there he stayed until—but I am anticipating.

The Terryberry fell wildly in love with Mabel. He always falls wildly in love with every pretty face he sees, especially when there is a chance of annexing a pretty round sum of the "needful" into the bargain, as was the case in this instance.

A friend of mine, whom you all probably know, Ned Swinton, dear old boy.

"Yes! Yes! I should say so," chorused the others.

Well, Ned was engaged to Mabel at that time. They are now married, and will be with us in Naples. He instructed me before he went to Ottawa, where he was engaged on some important law case, to keep such fellows as Purvis Terryberry at a distance, as he could not be there himself, and I endeavoured to act on his instructions with discretion.

We had not been at Trankety a week before I noticed that Terryberry was pressing his attentions most assiduously on my pretty and accomplished charge, and that moreover these said attentions were anything but agreeable to Mabel.

I could have told him that the girl was engaged to some other man, and that man my friend, whom I would not see insulted; but I chose to go about it in a different manner with more chance of some fun.

One day I was strolling down the road to the beach, and passed Terryberry, who was returning to the hotel. He looked a trifle paler than usual—his normal colour is a duckity-mud. With a nod I passed him, and thought no more about it until, reaching the beach, I came suddenly around a huge boulder to where Mabel sat on a

rocky seat, crying, while a book she had been reading lay on the sand, the leaves fluttering wildly in the breeze.

I was always Mabel's confidant in most things, and at once asked her what was up.

"What was it Mabel! Tell me. Don't cry now." (If there is anything that makes me weak in the knees gentleman, it is to see a woman in tears, said Bert, *sotto voce*.)

Well, she told me that Captain Terryberry had been bothering the life out of her, and finally had sauntered up to her that morning on the sands, and, after a few commonplace remarks about the weather, the book she was reading, and the ball for that evening on board the *Canada*, a man-of-war in the harbour, he suddenly approached the subject nearest his heart. He told her that he loved her dearly, and in spite of her assurance that her heart and hand were already the property of someone else—she did not say who—he protested that no other man's love could ever equal his, and that it was impossible that she could love any other man while he was around—he's not conceited a little bit, you know. At last she burst into tears. He cooled down a little, and with a tragic tone, thrown into an otherwise harsh voice, implored her to think it over, and he would wait for her answer until evening at the ball. With a profound salaam he left her.

"Mabel, do not say a word of this to anyone; and I will promise to get rid of the Captain effectually."

"Oh! you can't Bert. He is an awful man—so terribly in earnest. He frightened me dreadfully. Please telegraph to Ned to come to me."

"No! No! little girl that would never do at all. It would put Ned out considerably to come here when he has so much on his hands, at any rate wait till to-morrow." (I hoped from the bottom of my heart that Ned would mind his own business, and not by any chance hear of this until he came down in August, for I saw the material for no end of a lark ahead of me and avowed that Ned should not come if I could help it.)

"Wait until to-morrow, Mabel. Do you know," I said, unable to suppress a grin, "I don't think I would go to the ball to-night if I were you."

"Why?" she asked, looking up wonderingly into my face, with the tears still in her eyes. "I am all right now. My eyes will be quite natural again before the ball."

"You do not look well, and would be better at home," I said, while my idiotic grin, instead of reassuring her, only seemed to give her the impression that Captain Terryberry, Herbert Avis, and all the rest of the people had lost their senses, judging by the sidelong glances of doubt she cast at me.

"Really Mr. Avis, I cannot imagine what you are laughing at."

"Laughing? Why I am not laughing, I assure you." I know my face belied my words, for it was a moral impossibility to suppress the unholy joy I felt at being able to get even with the Captain, for I was no more in love with him than Mabel was, so, stretching myself on the white sand at her feet, I said:

"No, please do not go to the ball to-night, and be sure to say so at dinner to-night so that Captain Terryberry can hear you; but do not hint to a soul that I am not going." And thereupon I detailed to her a little scheme of mine.

Mabel demurred at first, as any woman will at a plan that is not of her own fabrication; but at last she gave in and, with a pleasant smile, promised to obey me to the letter.

That evening Mabel signified her intention of not attending the ball, on the plea of a violent headache. Everyone expressed their sympathy and regrets, but I noticed that Captain Terryberry's were but weakly put forth, and that the gallant Purvis was metaphorically shaking hands with himself that such was the case.

"He is not going either," I thought, as I watched his face with a grim smile and an inward chuckle of delight. There will be three of us away from the ball."

So far, so good. That very morning I had received a letter from a friend, the contents of which suggested the little scheme *re* the Captain.

It seems that, three months before (I had not heard of it until then), Terryberry had been concerned in an *affaire d'honneur* in Brussels over a game of cards. One, Eugene Lemaitre was his antagonists. It was a toss-up which was the worst shot, and I am positive that the Terryberry would close both eyes when he pulled the trigger, possibly aim at the ethereal canopy overhead, and, if someone would only throw a stone and hit him anywhere, he would drop in a dead swoon and imagine himself nigh unto death. Terryberry shot young Lemaitre through the right shoulder. It was a terrible *accident*. Lemaitre had been until lately in a precarious condition, owing to the wound breaking out afresh, but, as I said before, I had that very morning received a letter from a friend, detailing the whole business, and ending with the news: "Lemaitre is now considered out of danger. By the way, do you know where Terryberry has hidden himself?"

Of course, I did not inform my friend where he was, and that night everyone went to the ball except Mabel and the Captain, who at the last moment discovered a telegram calling him to Montreal on important business. I thought to myself, as I listened to this excuse, that I would be willing to wager a cool hundred that the Captain would take that train to Montreal, and also that he had not the slightest intention of taking it at the present time.

All but these two started for the ball—even myself, as far as the water's edge, where, discovering that I had forgotten my handkerchief, and telling the others not to wait, I would go over in the next boat, I made my way back to the hotel, by an unfrequented path, and searched out the hostler, an Irishman of intelligence, who, by the judicious use of a little current coin of the realm, promised to obey my instructions to the letter.

I sent him to a hair shop in the town. To whom the dealer sold his wares the Lord only knows. It may have been to the sirens of the mighty deep. At all events, I told Old Makins to procure me a wig—gray preferred—and also a pair of spectacles.

We were in Makin's cosy room over the stables, and with his aid I invested myself in a pair of old pantaloons, and without removing my dress coat put on an immense great-coat, and with a few artistic touches before a piece of broken mirror, which served as the hostler's hand-glass, affixed the wig, and adjusted the spectacles to my liking, and, with an old slouch hat pulled well down over my eyes, stood before my assistant for his approval.

"Be th' powers! Mither Avis. Sure an' yer not Mither Avis now at all, at all. Faith an' th' loikeness that ye be to Tim McClusky, th'ould bay pilot—God rist his sowl!—cannot be bate fur bein' twins."

I felt highly flattered. Dabbling in private theatricals now stood me in good stead. Smiling through the heavy gray beard, I gave him my final instructions:

"Remember, Tom, I'm a detective from Scotland Yard. When I give the word you are to knock at the drawing-room door, and cautiously whisper to Captain Terryberry that Inspector Bird is below, and that, in drinking a little more than was good for him, he had let drop a few sentences that caused you to seek out the Captain and warn him. The Captain had shot a man; the man had died from his wounds; acting upon a telegram the English authorities had sent a detective to hunt up the murderer, etc."

Tom slowly winked one eye expressively and followed me across the courtyard to the hotel. I told him to wait for me on the piazza while I proceeded to reconnoiter the parlor windows, which were open, the lace curtains being drawn. The night was warm, but very dark. I could stand there unobserved and see and hear those within, being myself unseen.

There, sure enough, sat Mabel in an easy chair drawn up to the table, on which stood a large reading-lamp, the light of which was shaded from her eyes by the intervention of a vase of flowers—her poor head, you know. In spite of her face being thrown into the shade, I thought I detected a smile of anticipation lingering in her eyes and around the corners of her pretty mouth.

"Mabel," I called softly. She started, and getting up quickly, came to the window and drew back the curtains. "How is your head, dear?"

"Oh, Bert, you naughty man!" she replied, with a soft laugh. "If he does not come soon, I do not believe my headache will last. It is becoming well very rapidly, and will be entirely gone in a few minutes."

"A few minutes will do, I think," said I. "Ah! There he is now."

There was a knock at the door. Mabel flew back to her chair, and in a weak voice said:

"Come in."

The door opened, and Captain Terryberry looked in, but started back with well-feigned surprise.

"Pardon me, Miss Vernon, I was unaware you were here. I will not intrude," with a feigned retreat.

"Not at all, Captain Terryberry. This is a public room, I believe, to guests."

He appeared to be much encouraged by her voice. A half smile of satisfaction lighted up his sallow features for an instance, and entering the room he walked aimlessly toward the window at which I was stationed. I hurriedly made my escape through the conservatory door on my right, not without barking my shins severely, by tumbling noisily over a century plant in a tub near the doorway, which would, at any other time, have called up anything but Queen's English, but now only seemed to add a savour of spice to the business in hand. Hearing voices in the direction of the window, I hastened to again occupy my coign of advantage, at the same time whispering to Tom Makins, who had been standing motionless against one of the posts of the piazza, to make his entrance

into the parlour in about fifteen minutes.

"I thought you were going up to Montreal, Captain Terryberry," said Mabel, as she bathed her head with a handkerchief steeped in cologne, without looking up.

"That was my intention, Miss Vernon," he said, as he sat down on the other side of the table. "But I have changed my mind."

"Can your very important business wait, then? It cannot be as important as you at first imagined?"

"No—that is—Mabel! that telegram was all a pretext to give me an opportunity of seeing you again. I am very sorry that you have such a severe headache. (He tried to look as though he was). That opportunity I now take advantage of. Allow me to say again what I said before—what I said this morning, Mabel!"

"Captain Terryberry!" Her voice was soft and tender. No wonder the Captain looked surprised as well as gratified, while "success at last" was written all over his features. My heart sank within me. She will give the whole snap away if she talks like that, I thought with a groan. "Captain Terryberry, I will give you my answer to-morrow morning. I have given it much thought to-day (as indeed she had) until my head aches so that I cannot collect my thoughts sufficiently to thank you (Oh, what a fib; I could feel myself blush as I watched the ingenuous look on her face)—that is, to express to you how happy I will be to speak to you to-morrow morning on a subject—Did some one knock?"

The Captain looked as though he would like to knock the some one down, whoever it was, interrupting such a moment of unutterable bliss.

Tom Makins, in answer to a sharp "come in," turned the handle of the door, and, inserting his Hiberian visage into the room, said, in an impressive voice that sounded sepulchral in the stillness, and almost cost me my position, as a Scotland Yard detective, while his goggle eyes wandered all over the apartment like a bailiff taking mental stock of the furniture—he looked everywhere, except where the two were sitting. (Makins had evidently been expending some of his bribe in fire-water already).

"Is Captain Purvis Terryberry of the 65th Regiment here?" and his eyes at length rested on the object of his search.

"God save ye, sur, but may I make so bowld as to spake wid yer honor a bit?"

"No! Shut the door, I'm busy."

"So I see, sor," remarked Tom, with an audible chuckle, but without complying with the request. "It be very urgent, sor, and I'll save yer honor's grace if I kin. A detective from England—pistols and coffee fer four—man shot in Brussels—fatally—fer he's dead. Come, here, sor, QUICK, before it ur too late."

The Captain jumped hastily off his chair, and, forgetting to excuse himself to his adored, made a bee-line for the door. The said adored appeared to be suffering in the throes of strangulation, judging from certain gurgling sounds which came from that direction, while she seemed to be making violent efforts to swallow her handkerchief. Was she laughing? I am not prepared to say, but lean to that opinion.

Makins approached the Captain, and, possessing himself of a button on his dress coat, gently led him into the hall, and closed the door, while I fled to the coffee-room, three doors down the piazza, and seated myself at one of the tables, and called loudly:

"Dalrymple! Bring me another brandy and soda. Have you found my man yet? I'll go and hunt for him myself if he doesn't turn up pretty soon. My orders are 'dead or alive.' It'll be dead if I have to leave this table to find him."

"I tell you, Inspector Bird, there is no one of that name staying here." (This in a loud and angry voice).

"What's in a name, I'd like to know?" said I, rising to my feet. "Any other name'll do just as well—Brown, Jones or Robinson. They have as many names as a jack-rabbit, these outlaws of an outraged community."

Now, Dalrymple was the proprietor of the hotel, and was coached beforehand as to his part in this little comedy. He was not overfond of the Captain, himself, for his want of promptitude in settling his board bills, and promised to do anything in his power to get rid of him. Poor Terryberry, we were making it hot for him.

Directly opposite me was a large mirror, and, happening to glance that way, hearing steps at the coffee-room door, I beheld the blanched face of the subject of our remarks. Such a picture of conflicting emotions did his countenance present, fear being visibly predominant, that I could have then and there burst out laughing; but the affair must be gone through with now. The fellow had rendered himself so obnoxious, and had altogether made such an ass of himself, that I was determined to effectually get rid of him. You will now understand the surprise I showed, Dolby, when you informed me that the Captain was to be with our party next winter in Naples.

"Ha! ha! What next?" laughed Dick.

Well, seeing him in the mirror, I turned suddenly around. A scurrying along the piazza told me that he was off, and springing to the door, with a whoop like a wild Indian, I discharged a blank cartridge or two. At the first shot the Captain dropped his valise, his only encumbrance, and sped like a deer into the darkness, followed by a hooting mob, attaches of the hotel, guests who happened to be at home, and idlers of every description, while the dogs in the stable yard strained at their chains and barked with fury. Makins a little overdid his instructions, for without my knowledge he stationed himself at a spot near a terrace of four steps, where he shrewdly guessed Terryberry would pass, as it was a short cut to the highway. Sure enough, the Captain came flying over geranium beds, rose bushes and exotics in a wild desire to reach the south gate. I had purposely led the mob to that at the north, to give him a chance to make good his escape. As he reached the top of the terrace, Makins rose up from behind a syringa tree, and discharged a shotgun over the fugitive's head. Said fugitive, with a yell of supreme terror, tripped over a shrub and rolled to the bottom of the terrace; but, instantly regaining his feet, he sped off through the gate and disappeared in the darkness, hastened no doubt by the boom of a gun from H.M.S. *Canada*, the officers of which good ship, evidently at a loss to know the meaning of the shots, had fired a gun as a signal of help, and at once manned a boat for the shore.

I had returned to the hotel, followed by the crowd, who were nothing loath to drink my health in huge schooners of good home-brewed, and Makins lost no time in joining them. I had induced them to return on the assurance that my assistants would grab

the criminal before he made his escape. I then fled to my room, finished my ball toilet, and at once repaired to the drawing-room, where Mabel awaited me, enveloped in shawls, and weak with laughing.

Preceded by Makins, we passed out of the hotel, through the crowd on the piazza, who never for a moment imagined that I and the Scotland Yard detective were one and the same person. Indeed, they treated me with the utmost indifference, while "Inspector Bird" was in every mouth.

We descended to the quay, and were rowed through the silent waters of the bay to the *Canada* passing the man-o'-war's boat on the way. A word from me to the lieutenant in command induced them to return with us to the ship, from which came sounds of the band and joyous laughter. The officers had evidently assured their guests that nothing was wrong—merely a signal from the shore.

Fifteen minutes later, my arm was encircling Mabel's slender waist in a delightful waltz, while the strains of "Love's Dreamland," added to the surroundings, soon banished Captain Purvis Terryberry from our thoughts. Ah, gentlemen, there is my aunt's voice. Let us rejoice the ladies."

And amid a shout of laughter, caused by Dolby saying: "Captain Terryberry, Herbert Avis and Mrs. Mabel Swinton. Oh! what a meeting that will be"—they entered the drawing-room.

T. HERBERT CHESNUT.

NEW YORK LETTER.

There are a great many things about this city which are interesting to know, but which are not to be found in any guide book. This is a pity, since the main object of a guide book should be to awaken interest. Many of these matters, however, were not until recently within the knowledge of the public, and they would probably have remained hidden had it not been for the prying disposition of a gentleman who lives up the river, by name, Lexow. He had, it seems, heard vague rumours of irregularities in the high places of the city, notably the police department, and, considering that the virtuous tax-payer was not reaping the full benefit of his contribution to the public purse, he caused a committee of the State Senate to be appointed, with himself at the head, to peer and prod round and rake over the affairs of the police department of New York, and learn whether or not there might be any truth in the rumours.

When the committee was first appointed the police commissioners and the superintendent of police, the inspectors, the captains, the sergeants, the ward men and the roundsmen, and the patrolmen, with one accord, sniffed contemptuously, and said: "Let these hayseeds come up and investigate and we will show them a thing or two." This was last winter. Nowadays one has only to come up behind a policeman and say, "Lexow," and it will seem that that policeman has suddenly bethought him of matters requiring his immediate attention at some other place, and if one had business with the police, one would have to go elsewhere to transact it.

The next edition of guide book to the city of New York, if the same, should purport to contain correct information; should state that it has been abundantly proved that vice in its grossest forms has been for years under the immediate protection of the

police, who, in consideration of refraining from enforcing the laws against the perpetrators of crimes, receive from them large sums of money for their own private uses; also that the "green-goods" business, or traffic in counterfeit paper money, flourishes in this city by reason of the indulgence of these same police, who refrain from interfering with its promoters on payment of large tributes. The chief supporter and stay of the green-goods men, a man who formerly kept one of the most notorious saloons in the city, is now one of the police justices of New York, and only a day or two ago was incapacitated from performing his official duties by the result of a personal encounter with his successor in the saloon business.

A police sergeant, who wishes to be promoted to a captaincy, must pay someone (as yet unlocated and undefined) from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars for his step; inferior officers must also pay in proportion.

It is anticipated that it will be proved, before the "hayseed" committee adjourn, that the destination of these sums of money is the band of political leaders of Tammany Hall, who have risen, by reason of their abilities as "practical politicians" from their callings as car-drivers, railroad navvies, etc., to be nabobs of the city. Merchants and steamship companies also pay money to the police, and receive in return permission to obstruct the sidewalks with packing cases, etc.

Persons who have news stands or soda-water stands on the streets must pay the policeman a large percentage of their earnings, or be hounded out of business, and in several cases poor women, who barely maintained themselves and children by the pitiful profits of an apple-stand, and who have been unable to comply with the demands of the police for money, have had their children torn from them and placed in an institution on the representation of the police that they were not being properly cared for.

It is believed that before many weeks have gone by, the responsibility for all these atrocities will have been traced to the high officials in the public departments of the city who, there is no doubt, are the real offenders, and who have made their large fortunes out of the tribute levied for the protection of crime and vice.

There is every facility now-a-days for the emancipated woman to indulge her fancy for gambling in stocks, if she is so disposed. Some thoughtful bankers and brokers of Wall street, who know how tiresome and inconvenient it is for ladies to go down town when they want to do a little business in stocks or wheat, have fitted up uptown offices, right in the heart of the retail shopping district, where ladies can drop in and rest and chat and read the papers. There is a room specially set apart for them, a comfortable, cosy room, with a turkish carpet on the floor, comfortable reclining chairs and inviting lounges, and an attentive lady clerk who is always ready to explain and expatiate upon the attractiveness of the various kinds of securities, and to decipher the hieroglyphics that are rolled off by the tickers, to initiate them into the mysteries of "puts" and "calls" and "spreads" and "straddles," and to persuade them that by going "long" of this stock, and "short" of that, it is impossible for them not to make money—later on to make intelligible to them just how it was they happened to "hit" the market the wrong way.

It is, really, somewhat surprising, knowing the usual feminine inaptitude for business, how large a number of ladies are to be found in these offices. Many of them make a practice of daily visiting their stock broker to take a "flyer" on the market, and the broker finds them, as a rule, most astute in their intentions, and most persistent in their operations.

There are a great many attractions at our theatres just now. The fun-lovers have Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper to play to them in their own inimitable ways, the former in "The Devil's Deputy," the latter in "Dr. Syntax;" both comedians are New York favorites, and their respective theatres are always crowded.

The young woman who is talked about most in the theatrical world at the present moment is Miss Olga Nethersole, a young English actress, who is playing at Palmer's theatre. She labours under the disadvantage of having been extravagantly praised before her advent, her admirers discounting her triumph by injudicious comparisons with Bernhardt, Duse and Hading. She may, some day, be a greater actress than any of these, but that does not alter the fact that so far, owing to the inordinate encomiums of those who call themselves her friends, she has been a disappointment to the theatre-going public of New York. Her play, "The Transgressor," by Mr. A. W. Gattie, is not calculated to show her at her best, and she is badly supported. With the exception of Mr. E. M. Holland, those who act with her make a poor attempt at interpreting what is at best an unreal and disappointing play. Perhaps this is scarcely to be wondered at. Miss Nethersole is a beautiful woman, and there can be no doubt as to her great possibilities as an artist; that, as yet, they are but possibilities is due only to the fact, a pleasant one surely, of her youth.

Mr. Richard Mansfield is this week closing his present engagement at the Herald Square Theatre. His first play this season was "Arms and the Man," which, owing to the fact that it was beyond the average intelligence of his audience, was not a success. Since its withdrawal he has been playing in the old roles, and delighting us, as he always does, with his fine conception of the parts, and his finished acting. Until one has seen Mr. Mansfield, one could scarcely believe that it would be possible for one man to act perfectly the parts of Arthur Dimmesdale, the erring hero of the "Scarlet Letter," Beau Brummel, the polished and fastidious gentleman, whose name has become a proverb for elegant manners and courtliness; and the fantastic and hideous anomaly, Dr. Jekell and Mr. Hyde. I have seen him in those three plays, all within forty-eight hours, and have had ample opportunity for criticism; and I frankly confess that I have yet to see more finished work. As artist, his accuracy of detail, power of feeling and expression, and faithfulness to nature are absolutely satisfying. I consider his "Beau Brummel" as the most artistic piece of work on the American stage to-day.

Crane, after satisfying himself and the public that he can faithfully represent Shakespeare, has forsaken his character of Falstaff, and returned to the modern comedy as the hero of "The Pacific Mail," a farcical play re-arranged by Paul M. Potter from Tom Taylor's "Overland Route." Mr. Crane is a prime favorite, and though "The Pacific Mail" is vastly inferior to "The Senator" and "The American Minister," the Star Theatre will always be full.

The chief merit of this play is that Mr. Crane is to it what the hero of the ballad of the "Nancy Bell" was to his ship; and of Crane we cannot have too much.

SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY.

October 24th, 1894.

HALLOWE'EN

What touches now, the fairness of the hill
With this red stain?
What cruel fingers pinch the aster's frill
Along the lane?
What alien browns and yellows seem to flow
The landscape o'er!
Which first was usual green, surprising so,
The em'rald floor!
What makes the apples blush on their own tree,
This later day?
And thriftless maples, waste so "yellowly,"
Their last delay.
Long, wedge-shaped flights of birds thro' amber
plains
Winnow the air.
High calls the wild goose! distantly the cranes
All southward fare:
The sparkling spirit of the joyous trees
In June's hey day,
Has merged into a sweet serenity
Of milder ray:
Around the house, on these "sad-footed eves"
Of mellow days,
I hear the clamour, small, of wind-worn leaves,
Along the ways:
They hurry on, until, in hollowed nest
Or dingle bed,
They sleep, like us, within earth's mother
breast.
Unnumbered.

Pictou, Oct., 1894.

C. M. HOLMES.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

The term "servant" is not necessarily a degrading title. For centuries the Pope has styled himself "the servant of the servants of God" (*servus servorum Dei*.) It was the habit of the officers employed by the great corporation that conquered and governed Hindustan to call themselves "East India Company's servants." The army and navy are the "sister services," and the officers of each generally speak of their profession as "the service." "Sergeant" is derived from "servicus" (serving), and "serjeants-at-law" outrank other barristers in England. Yet there is an unpleasant idea of inferiority adhering to the name "servant," from its connection with the words "serf" and "servile," and, perhaps, to some degree, from the fact that a domestic servant among the Romans was usually a slave, the same term (*servus*) was used for both. If "house-aids," "adjutants," "adjuvants," "assistants," or some other name with no odor of servility could be successfully substituted for "servants," self-respecting poor men and women, educated in the common schools, would be more likely to view domestic service as a fairly pleasant, easy and honorable calling. If "help" has not met with universal favour as a substitute for "servant," this is probably due to its having originated in the United States at a cruder period of their civilization and to its being a misapplied term. "Helper" or "home-helper" might have proved more successful. But of course an improvement in their status would be more encouraging to domestics than an improvement in their name, and I wish success to the movements for their emancipation from the paternal control of their employers, and for making them as complete masters and mistresses of their leisure hours as other workers are.

Not long ago there was a discussion in the English papers on the best method of riding clubs of gentlemen, who, without giving actionable offence, have proved themselves undesirable members. It has been found in some clubs that one or two exacting and censorious members rendered it impossible to keep efficient and self-respecting servants. A member who capriciously blackballs candidates and induces others to join him may seriously affect the prosperity of a club. A vile but constant whist-player, one who takes the longest possible time to plan the worst possible play, may cause the whist-room to be deserted. A pool-player, infinitely superior to all of his fellow members, may haunt the billiard room and always selfishly exercise his right of entering any pool that may be formed, and, by rendering the game too expensive, may deprive a number of members of their favourite recreation. A gentlemanlike crank may nauseate his fellow members by perpetually airing his favourite grievance or descanting, in season and out of season, upon his favourite fad.

To enable a club to rid itself of such objectionable, though not disreputable, members, *Truth* suggested that every member should be subjected to a new ballot every three, four or five years. But this would involve a great deal of trouble and anxiety to the members, and I should recommend in preference the holding of an ostracism once every year or every second year. Every gentleman present at the meeting should be furnished with a blank voting paper, on which he should be entitled to write the names of any member or members whose resignation he might deem expedient, in the interests of the club. Any member or members named in a prescribed number of the voting papers (equalling at least a quarter or perhaps a third of the total members of the club) should be notified of the result of the ostracism and requested by the committee to resign. The request might be made on a printed form, reciting some of the reasons which may render an honourable man's resignation desirable, and stating that no insinuation had been made against the ostracised member's character as a gentleman. Should anybody so ostracised fail to resign within the appointed period, the club laws would, of course, provide for dropping his name from the list of members.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

PARIS LETTER.

It is a fact that every time England in her foreign policy plays a bold game, shows that she is resolute in a certain line of conduct, and means to look after her own interests that she scores. Nothing strikes the mind like action. It compels the wind-baggers to take stock of relative strength, to recall past actions of friends and foes, to estimate holding-out forces, and unexpected combinations. Action is a kind of martial law which sweeps away words, words, words. The decision of Britain to increase her navy and army to the requisite figures, exacted by the occasion in the far East, has compelled guns to be counted and war material to be examined. Not exactly the number sent, either of ships or men, produces the effect, but the conviction that the reserves they represent are inexhaustible. It was two British frigates

stationed at Constantinople that pulled up the victorious Russians at San Stephano. It was the consciousness of England's specially-built fleet of gun boats that caused the Czar to close the Crimean war. If Russia—whether or not building on to French support—decides to adopt an aggressive policy in the far East, to secure exceptional advantages at the cost of the weakness of one of the belligerents, she will have to take the consequences. She thought she could pluck the last feather of Turkey after the Balkan war, till England said she must hold her "hands off." It does not follow that what she obtains can be preserved despite England. The latter somewhat resembles Major Bagstock, "Old Joe's tough; tough is J. B., and devilish sly!" The Japs have not many campaign meteorological days of grace at their service, so they must hurry up to finish the first action in the drama. The Chinese can recover their nerves by preparing levies in the winter. Pekin may be taken, but it can be restored. Berlin, Vienna, Rome, all were captured in their day, and yet they still exist. China must shake off half a dozen of her old Adams—she has a weakness for ancestors; tuck up their pig tails, strip for fighting, and show herself worthy of civilized peoples—in killings.

Of all the opening incidents in the Sino-Jap conflict, the despatch of the single Italian war ship is the most significant. The French treat the move with silence. It is a Sardinian contingent for any possible Tchernaya. China will not be the worse for being whipped into progress, but do not take her antediluvianism too widely. We must bear in mind before Japan was resuscitated, her natives at Jeddo, Kagosima, and Simonosaki, had to submit to the reformatory effects of bombardment by western powers, and before their great reformation they were guilty of outrages, massacres, and assassinations. They murdered Richardson, Baldwin and Bird, and Sir H. Parkes had some awkward half-hours. Give the Celestials time to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Among three hundred millions there may be found ten good men and true—the redemption price of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The French conclude the elbow of the Niger is the serious difficulty between France and England. Not a bit of it. If England be firm with France and remain equitable, she will never have any misunderstanding with Monsieur. It is England's diplomatically coddling him, that creates all the mischief. The French know very well what length they can go with England, and also the consequences if she is forced to join the triple alliance. That she has a working, naval understanding with Italy, is accepted as gospel. What wheels within wheels! Despite the reiterated assurances of the powers having amicable relations between them, not a Russian squadron will visit Malta, or Trieste, or Venice, and the French give a wide berth to these places also. Squadrons that never meet can never fraternize. In the meantime the French admit that they have their hands full on the Niger, by the entry on the grabbing scene of Captain Lugard, the conqueror of Uganda, and by the Germans advancing into the hinterland of the Tongo. Then there is Colonel Colville to be reckoned with. If Lord Dufferin can see his way out of these diplomatic labyrinths, he should be presented with a complimentary eye-glass plus the strawberry leaves.

That new institution to bring grist to Paris trade—the autumnal Grand Prix of 100,000 francs, voted by the Municipal Council, had only one draw-back last Sunday—it was won by the best horse, which, on this occasion, turned out to be the "Best Man," and the property of a son of *Perfide Albion*. This was a damper on the fun. With all the philosophies the French colleges profess, they do no inculcate the sweet uses of adversity. Hang up philosophy, if it cannot make a Juliet. The Gauls did not cheer the winner. The weather was fine and the race good, and "Best Man" won his 4,000 guineas by a length. There were more ladies on the grand stand than gentlemen, which enabled toilettes to be better seen on the show Sunday. The chief materials were velvet, colors black and ruby, with furs and fur trimmings. Hats were a mere "pouff," or broad brim, with black ostrich feathers and the season's flowers. It was the first "sportive" visit of M. Casimir-Perier and his lady, since his elevation to the Presidency; he was received by the President of the Jockey Club with a complimentary speech, and made a neat reply. Then he enjoyed the race, as if a Collegian out for the day. The extreme politicians will keep nagging at and belittling him; they forget that in the eyes of outsiders it is France they lessen. The President is rich and wishes to worthily represent France regardless of expense. He intended to drive to the race course in gala style, and with livery accompaniments of much beauty; the depreciative press at once denounced him as aiming at the purple, so there were no outsiders or stalwart Jeames, with calves that would give fits of envy to a Belgravian mother. M. Grevy imitated M. Thiers by pocketing, not expending, his official income. M. Carnot loyally laid out the last farthing, severely and unenthusiastically. And when M. Casimir-Perier desires to lead more brilliantly, for the sake of depressed trade, he is denounced as wanting to cross the Rubicon. Truly, he has a hard card to play; but he will play it all the same.

As the Commission of the Budget has commenced its sittings, to have the financial work cut and dry when the deputies meet on the 23rd, that present greatest of spectres—the proposed Income Tax scheme—continues to make the hair of many bristle up. It is proposed to take the base of rent, as the measure of income, for the Opposition centres in one point, the horror of having to disclose, Day of Judgment like, the total, and from all sources, amount of your revenue. Rent can be no standard, because there are thousands of persons with enormous incomes, who only rent a bed-room, so escape all taxation; and live at clubs, or pass their time in office, restaurants and cafés. Damos has made up his mind that the Income Tax must be accepted; that will enable a legion of petty taxes, Octroi's included, to be abolished, so that the workman can look forward at last to a free breakfast and dinner table. Of course, the law once voted, whenever more money will be required it will be levied on income. Naturally the wealthy do not like this.

The cafés concerts, or, if you will, the Music Halls, are in full swing; they make enormous receipts while the legitimate drama declines. One Music Hall has adopted the alternative system, that of working co-operatively, with a regular theatre, at a reduced scale of prices of admission. It is the high price that keeps

the public away from the theatres. The Music Halls fall back upon *tableaux vivants*; these are but copies of well-known paintings as fittingly staged as can be. But they only serve to recall the memory of the original picture. The other subjects, where the figures are clad, do not convey the same pleasurable impression, and the accompanying songs and music, are not always in harmony with the groups. You can however admire the efforts of the figures to remain motionless half a minute.

Unless he has a name, an artist at a theatre receives very slender remuneration, and must work like a slave four hours daily at rehearsals, and from 7 o'clock till midnight waiting turn in the green room. In the case of a café concert the artists are handsomely paid; they have only to practice their two or three songs, keep their throats elastic, and then their own time at the Music Hall is not longer than an hour. Since Yvette Guilbert has been to London she has changed her style of acting and singing; from statue-like immobility she has become active. Her hair is all puffed up; her arms and their black gloves, instead of hanging by her side, take part in the expression of the song; her features even more; animation has succeeded inertness. One would say she has become dramatic. She has a new song, the *Soularde*, or drunken woman, that in its horrid truthfulness, gives you a crepineness. In a most amusing song she parodies very wittily the female singers of the London Music Halls. It is exceedingly humorous and clever. Of course she does not, as in the case of London, at the conclusion of every second verse, spin off into a frantic, dervish, St. Vitus's gig; she replaces all that violence by a sarcastic jest, and a slight movement. The contrast is very amusing for Anglo-Saxons.

The government clerks are excited, though ordinarily a very pacific race. The authorities have ruled that they must relinquish politics in the sense of publicly writing, or speaking at meetings, either in condemnation, or approbation of the acts of the Executive or Legislature. They cannot renounce that verbosity after office hours, when they are free to indulge their mania, but on condition that they send in their resignation first. Indeed, many say, that the acts for which they now are condemned to a trappist silence, represented the only serious part of their work and energy.

M. Malo, the eminent military writer, states that only one-half of the soldiers down on the lists of fighting men in the armies of Europe, could take the field at once, and these would have to be concentrated at various centres. He does not appear to be very clear what would be done with the other moiety—the reserves. His investigation shows that the German organization is that most up to date. Indeed, it is the general opinion that Emperor William knows very well what to do with his active army and the reserves.

A controversy is taking place—war is in the air—as to soldiers being vegetarians. All great commanders were distinguished trenchermen, and none are claimed vegetarians. Napoleon was not voracious, and his meals chiefly consisted of mutton cutlets, legs of mutton and string beans. He never drank pure wine, always added water. It is affirmed that most financiers are either temperance men or vegetarians. Baron de Rothschild is said to be both.

INFLUENCE: ITS MODES OF TRANSMISSION.

This word is used in physiology to designate the action in living bodies of one organ on another. In ordinary parlance it signifies the power exercised by one being over another. Thus a man may have influence over or be obeyed by his fellow creatures from his rank, his eloquence, his power and fortune; or because he is beloved and respected. There are different kinds of influence, as that of the heavenly bodies which shed their light upon the earth, or fluids that act like attraction upon living beings; also the influence of the magnetic, electric and galvanic fluids upon different bodies, whether animate or inanimate.

The subject offers a rich and vast harvest to research and discussion upon the nature and agency, real or supposed, of all these influences, their mode of impression and transmission, and the manner of using them. But in this age, as few persons believe in ghosts and goblins, we must examine into the nature of things, certain or established by experience, respecting the influence of individual over individual, principally the human species.

Man possesses a sensibility almost altogether exterior, which causes him to live, in a great degree, outside of himself and to contract a numerous acquaintance. Our minds, attached to so many different objects on the earth, as by so many cables, are affected and pulled about in every way. While yet in the world, we die in part, when those perish who are dear to us. Rendings of the heart, regrets in losing all in whom we lived; carrying to the tomb a portion of the sentiment of those who love us; all show that we possess community of life.

All the weak and feeble attach themselves to those who are strong. The more a child is troublesome to its mother, the more she throws her soul into it; the more she feels for it. Maternal love overflows more in proportion to the delicacy and feebleness of the child that warms itself in her lap and bosom. Woman has received a superabundance of man's soul to pour it again into the heart of her child. Children are thus the charming tie of human bondage between man and wife, and woman is the intermediary knot that collects the ends together.

Let us examine more closely how minds and bodies are united by mutual influences. The vital element distributed among the nerves, whatever it may be, flows equally among all the organs which are in an analogous condition. It is thus that arthritic and rheumatic pains pass from one member to another in the twinkling of an eye. When the members are in equal tension, or affinity, they experience in community the same pains and pleasures. Similar individuals, in equal circumstances of age, sex and condition should necessarily unite, since the animating principle can be transmitted from one to the other, as heat is distributed throughout all parts of the body.

The more these characteristic qualities are found to be equal, the more they are voluntarily sought after; hence it comes that things that resemble one another, unite. We love but little in others that we do not find in ourselves; they seem to be our own flesh and blood. From this primitive connection of our soul and body, brothers who have been separated and unknown to each other for a long time have a mutual feeling when they meet, and seem

to guess each others thoughts. Lambs discover without mistake, in the midst of a numerous flock, the sheep that gave them milk, guided by the influence of consanguinity or similitude of form. Twins have been known to resemble each other so much as to be mistaken for one another, who could not live apart, nor differ in their will; they lived in unity and died together. There is established between two married persons who have lived long together, such close union and perfect vital equilibrium, that they feel inseparable; disease or death of one carries the other with it. There is, so to speak, only one *I* in two beings. What stronger proof can we require of the reality of sympathetic influences?

If their existed between such individuals a simple imitation only, without the transmission of vital influence from one to the other, these assimilated bodies would resemble clocks that strike the same hour at the same instant, but there would be no union between them; none of them would influence his neighbor. It can be shown, on the contrary, that there exists a sort of transfusion of the sensitive principle among living bodies. Without speaking of noxious contagions that propagate themselves by the touch, such as small-pox, itch, venereal infection and different skin diseases, how many others are communicated by miasma, as typhoid fever, pestilence, and all epidemics!

Exhalation of the sensitive principle being stronger in summer, and in warm countries, all nervous communications among individuals are then very contagious; diseases propagate so rapidly that we are obliged to isolate them. This extreme dissipation of the nervous powers makes all the other faculties languorous, and motion loose and effeminate. On the contrary, moderate cold restrains this loss, renders us less inflammable and less impressionable. Epidemics and nervous affections, instead of spreading, are mitigated, concentrated, confined and healed, as if by a cold bath, an astringent or a tonic. Heat and warmth produce vital expansion and facilitate the transmission of influences. Soul is never attracted but by soul. We cannot unite ourselves to the social ethics of a being unless he is warm and enthusiastic, opens himself to us and returns love for love. Without this, there is the insensibility of a dead body, whose coldness repels and congeals us.

There is no more striking example of this mutual incorporation of souls than in a well disciplined army marching to combat with firm and equal step, animated by the spirit of its General. As iron rubbed by the loadstone becomes magnetic and transmits this property in return, so habitual frequentation causes an intimacy that warms us up and moves us reciprocally even to enthusiasm. One single soul may breathe over a whole multitude, when its emotion passes from one to another, as in an electric chain, every link receives and transmits the igneous fluid. Even a stranger feels himself irresistibly transported without other cause than this animating power. When a demoniac issues from a cabal of enthusiasts inflamed by a domineering fanaticism, he scatters his ideas about him, like a Leyden jar charged with electricity, impressing its concussion upon every one that touches it; the demon that inspires him gives him no rest until he upsets his surcharge upon those who are in turn transported with it.

Exalted patriotism; that love of the

public good so imperious among the ancient republics, attributed to each people a tutelary genius for their inspiration. Citizens united as brothers against a common enemy, as the Maccabees among the Jews and the Spartans at Thermopylæ. The Athenians and Romans, in their greatest dangers, rose to deeds of unheard of valor; it seemed as if a god had poured upon them a prodigious ardor, such as was promised to the Hebrews: *et effundum spiritum meum super omnem carnem*. One could believe that each individual lived only for the republic, since he aspired to the honour of sacrificing himself for her. Do we not observe the same among bees and other social insects, and has not nature bestowed upon them a communal rather than a solitary life for the accomplishment of their ends?

Men are held together by intellectual as well as material bonds. Animals yield to physical impulsion only—we are more susceptible of moral contact and union. It is our species that composes the vast bodies of the human race of, which each nation is a diverse member; holding to the same radix of life; living in their fellow creatures as they live in us; no human occurrence being indifferent to us:—*Homo sum nihil humani a me alienum puto*.

Is there an invisible and transmissible vital fluid that operates on individuals? Every one recognizes the influence of carresses, and surely the hand of a friend produces a different impression than the hand of a stranger. In society, the strong exercise an influence over the weak. When reaction equals action, everything remains the same; men endowed with energetic minds, eminent and expansive faculties, can dominate over their fellow-men, and over beasts. Simple and credulous people, old people of both sexes, are prompt to submit to the yoke of the strong, the courageous and the valiant; weak minds are struck with fear, respect, astonishment and admiration at the sight of a potent genius. The mere impression of a look may fascinate a child, or wither its tender susceptibilities. The presence, the touch or the words of a man, distinguished by his moral character, or the sublimity of his intellect, have a singular influence over inferior minds by transfusion of his superior genius.

We love what warms and amplifies our being. An orator or an actor communicates no emotion to his audience if his soul is not grand or strong enough to move himself; but he who possesses rapture and enthusiasm, attracts, penetrates and charms us by a magic power. So Mahomet, sallying forth after fifteen year's retirement, breathed into the breasts of his followers the impetuous fanaticism with which his burning brain had been impregnated.

After the preliminary statement it is not difficult to explain what is called animal magnetism. The medicine of incantation and touch existed for a long time before Mesmer and his successors. Numbers of distinguished persons from the remotest ages practiced the laying on of hands to heal diseases through some peculiar influence. What is this pretended, active and transmissible fluid which is neither mineral magnetism, nor electricity, nor galvanism, properly so called, nor caloric, all fluids whose effects can be submitted to rigorous proofs? The most reasonable and intelligible advocates of hypnotism agree that it does not act upon all individuals. Only one in ten, perhaps, is sensible to its influence. The conditions precedent on the part

of the operator are said to be; a will in sympathy with its advantages; a firm belief in its power; and an entire confidence in its use. In short, for the moment, forget all knowledge of physics and metaphysics; remove from your mind all objections that present themselves; think only of doing good to the sick person. Faith, of which so much is said, is not in itself essential; it is only necessary to the magnetiser as a motive that determines him to use the faculty with which he is naturally endowed, and whose existence is independent of his opinion. Imagine, in short, that it is in your power to take the disease with your hand and throw it on one side. Do not magnetise in presence of the curious, but only before those who take an interest in the patient before whom there is no constraint.

But we ask of every impartial mind if this magnetic influence depended on an existing material fluid, would it not act independently of faith, of this necessary belief and this entire confidence? It would act upon intelligent men in the city as well as upon uneducated people in the village, whom it is easy to persuade that people desire to heal them. The presence of curious persons would not hinder the action of mineral magnetism, nor of electricity. But, it is said, animal magnetism depends upon a moral fluid through which its influence is exercised, and which may be designated, *imagination*. Far, therefore, from denying its power, we concede to the magnetisers even more than they themselves believe they are able to obtain from it.

Now, here is the whole marvel of this grand mystery. Horace has said, if you wish me to weep you must weep first; if you are full of confidence, you will make me confident. Imitation is the principle of action. How often do we not submit, in society, to this involuntary yoke? You yawn, and immediately I yawn. When instruments are tuned in unison the vibration of a single chord makes ours resound in the same tone. In like manner spasmodic movements of men we know and esteem impress similar images on our brain, which distribute vital motions in our body in conformable order. A smiling countenance induces us to smile. Those who yield most promptly to the influence are women and children, whose delicate fibres, weak and irritable tissues, render them submissive to imitation. Hence, the all powerful empire of a superior over an inferior mind. Such are the causes which propagate modes, opinions and heresies. Imitation makes a crowd of followers before the conviction of reason can carry away one proselyte.

Regis ad exemplar totus componitur orbis.

Why does a man of a firm, moderate, or calm disposition not receive the magnetic power or other influence of a fluid, if such really exists? Because, they say, he will not place himself in unison; he resists the efficacious grace, he is a hardened sinner, a crusty old soul, like rusty iron, that is no longer attracted by the loadstone. Nevertheless, many individuals subject themselves with the best grace in the world to hypnotism, who desire to feel its magic influence. Vain desire! they cannot even go to sleep; heaven refuses its affection to that degree; behold them rejected from the number of the predestined and elect! Mesmer opened the portals of the soul by music's charms and ravishing harmonious sounds. An ancient sage has, in fact, affirmed that sensibility to melody is a sure sign of a reprobate.

If it is permitted to doubt the influence

of the stars over the earth, no one will dispute that of the sun which ripens our fruits and harvests, browns the busy farmer in his fields, and the creole under his revolving rays. Who does not recognize the epoch of the day? To the dawn of morning, the warbling of birds, the opening of flowers, evening succeeds—a less animated scene; birds retiring and concealing themselves in the groves; plants, half withered, exhaling the sweetest perfumes, and others closing their leaves. Thus the great central star projects life and strength around the globe; his absence plunges nature into dejection and repose. This powerful motor brings all species of created things into play, at the time and hour fixed for their proper organizations, stimulates their songs of joy and hymns of love; opens and shuts, by turns, the hearts of flowers; balances the elements; arranges their diverse oscillations and new harmonies. In short, from the revolution of time which destroys and consumes us unceasingly, arises the continual necessity of repairing our strength, and the renewal of the universe by an eternal succession of beings which engender, increase and die.

A. KIRKWOOD.

STYLE.

A lively young great-grand-uncle met a man on the road in the very old coaching days, and tried him often all the way down from Liverpool, without moving a wrinkle of his wooden face; but, at last, as they were nearing Highgate, this dull man in the corner asked the wit (whose name was Miller), after all these long hours of his coruscation, whether he "couldn't say something clever about bend-leather."

Style is one of those familiar abstractions about which many men have said many clever things. Malleable as bend-leather, 'tis as unseizable as the Platonic idea of genius. And to posit genius is to imply style, although one needn't go all the way with Buffon, who said "the style is the man's self." 'Twould be as close to say the style of dress is the man; and, indeed, Goethe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, had a utopian reformatory for the juvenile upper classes, where each young hopeful chose his own "things," in order that he might disclose his temperament in his favourite colours, and his character by the cut of his jib.

The style is the brain would be nearer the mark; and Schopenhauer, dealing with Kant, remarked that "style is the physiognomy—the face—of the mind." But put it more naturally, and answer the question: Can you tell a man's mind by his speech? The great majority of human beings (especially of women) talk no end better than they write. Writing and spelling and grammar arise like spectres at sight of pen and paper, and send their wits to the right-about. And style and grammar are two different things. Great writers are almost all incorrect: they innovate; and no rigid grammarian ever knew how to write, any more than a man in orthopaedic irons can jump a six foot wall. Your academical stylite, your square-toed Dr. Syntax, constructs his phrases by some prosodical tractate, like a funeral oration, without one particle of hardihood, or a quip of phrase, or a snort of revolt against conformity: never a kick over the traces for him, old "quiet to ride or drive." Still, simplicity and a week-day style are the reader's true bread-and-butter. We never tire of cut-and-come-again. Voltaire's *Romans* are a classic example; and he hit off

the trick of it, in his *Blanc et Noir*, as writing simply, without forcing the wit at every turn, and without phrase-making. "So much the better," rejoins Rustem, "that's how I like Tales"; and that was how Voltaire told his; and Swift. And Swift, they will keep on saying, took very private lessons in style from John Eachard's works; and indeed that last Rev. D.D. reckoned "amongst the first things that seem to be useless, high-tossing and swaggering, either mountingly eloquent or profoundly learned." When the words are too big for the meaning, the result is bombast; and many there be that lay it on thick and threefold in this *style a panache*, some of whom want, like Lamartine, always to sit on the ceiling, while some other merely vapours like a crow in the gutter, until one wishes his tongue in a cleft stick.

On the Scylla side of this Charybdis are the droning common-councilman's common-places, with a small number of facts swamped amid emphatic and insignificant phrases. Nor can the coach-painter's pumice-stone be tolerated; the monotonous level of the deal board is as fatiguing as the most meretriciously ornate bombast; and a certain occasional exaggeration in the expression, but not in the thought, is essential to gratefulness of style. But away with the essential oils and the curling-tongs—the calamistered style, as that able and familiar innovator, Diderot, called it.

If polished diction won't do it, then the vulgar speech must, and without hesitation, when it's more intelligible. Let the paper copy the mouth, even when irregular and intrepid, provided each clause makes its hit. And, fish alive! if what must be must, then Billingsgate any day before Wardour Street—though that need not go so far as to make the result "a white field and a black crop," as a Finnish *devinette* has it. Remember Polonius, and "be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar."

Oportet et hæreses esse, even among Corinthians; and such a heretic will think rather of his work in hand than of any amount of Zeitgeist; humour shall away him more than official repute; with a free stage, mettle, and what of vivid fancy he may find in pocket, he shall defray his way, *malgre* all the rules and all the authorities on all their stilts. He will sink that obsolete old M.C.—the *arbiter elegantiarum*—and pick out a "bad taste," even, that can charm, that shall live. And directness is ever the great thing. Instead of pedantry or unction, try rather an Iron Duke's soldierly sentences and the push of pike; boot-and-saddle's the call:

"The Perse owt off Northumberlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he
That he wold hunte in the mountaynes
Of Chyviat within dayes thre;
In the maugre of doughte Dogles,
And all that ever with him be."

The genius that made that start was none of the squint-minded fellows; he rode straight at his fence; no slovenly dike-smowler he.

In fine it might not be a bad definition of the one-legged kind—as all these must be—that Style is Harmony; a close and simple concord between the ideas and the words, added to an actual harmony in the choice, rhythm, and cadence of the words, phrases, sentences, and whole passages. And the warp and woof of this, hidden by the mellow design and finish of the surface, would be—let us put it in this way, as stiffly as the timbers of a loom:—(1) Matter; (2) order and clarity; (3) brevity, simplicity, directness; (4) life and attraction (ornament); (5) abstinence, which ap-

plies to 3 and 4; (6) conscience, which applies to all.

As to abstinence, of which famous modern examples are the late Mr. John Bright's speeches, Voltaire was happy in "Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire"; but it takes a good snip to excel in the art of cutting out. And as to conscience, though it should be an easy one, and no coward-maker, the great writer that lacks it will not hold a second generation.

—J. O'N. in the *Speaker*.

ONE LIGHT.

This earth shall vanish and shall leave no trace
Save wandering star-dust through the halls of
space;
Man's naked soul shall meet Truth face to face.
Yet, while we wear these veils of doubt and
dream,
And know not things that are from things that
seem
And struggle in black waters of time's stream,
There gleams beyond one light that shall not
fail,
One star whose least reflection shall not pale,
One love that strengthens when our spirits
quail.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

A VETERAN OF 1812.*

Among the names of those who have done good service to Canada in her hour of need that of James Fitzgibbon deserves honourable mention. The storm and stress of early days, in our now peaceful land, made the need of brave, strong men to bear it imperative—men of rugged frame, dauntless courage and indomitable will. "Stony Creek," "Lundy Lane" and "Queenston Heights" bear witness to the type of men who then stood for Canada. Of such as those was Fitzgibbon. Born in 1780 in that green island which has contributed so largely to British renown; the son of an Irish freeholder, whose ruined stone house, and paved courtyard may still be seen on the south bank of the Shannon; the young Irish lad began life in stirring times. At the age of seventeen he carried the pike, and wore the sword and sash of a yeomanry sergeant. In 1799 Fitzgibbon was draughted into the 49th regiment as a regular sergeant, and soon had his first taste of war in the short campaign against the French in Holland, where his regiment, under the gallant Colonel (afterwards Sir Isaac) Brock, rendered a good account of itself at Egmont-op-Zee. Taken captive in that battle he had a taste of life in a French prison. In April, 1801, the young soldier was doing duty on board the *Monarch*, in the engagement at Copenhagen. While on service with the fleet he had many opportunities of seeing Nelson, who, he says, "appeared the most mild and gentle being, and it was delightful to me to hear the way the sailors spoke of him." The 49th was ultimately sent to Quebec and Fitzgibbon's soldierly qualities—his industry, integrity and intelligence—secured for him rapid promotion, and in 1806 "Colonel Brock obtained an ensign's commission for his 'favorite sergeant-major.'" The character of Colonel Brock may, in a measure, be gathered from the following paragraph: "Fitzgibbon always said he owed everything to Colonel Brock. He lent him books, had

him with him at every opportunity, encouraged him in the effort to improve and educate himself, not only in every branch of his profession, but in all that was either of worth or likely to be of practical use to him as a gentleman, or in any position he was ever likely to fill, at home or in the colony." The following anecdote reveals another phase of his Colonel's character: "Upon one occasion, at Quebec, in 1805, Colonel Brock asked the (then) Sergeant-Major why he had not done something he had ordered. Fitzgibbon replied that he had found it impossible to do it. 'By the Lord Harry, sir, do not tell me it is impossible,' cried the colonel; 'nothing should be impossible to a soldier. The word *impossible* should not be found in a soldier's dictionary.'" A supplementary anecdote forcibly illustrates the lasting impression made by such a teacher: "Two years afterwards, in October, 1807, when Fitzgibbon was an ensign, Colonel Brock ordered him to take a fatigue party to the bateau guard, and bring round to the lower town twenty bateaux, in which to embark troops suddenly for Montreal, fears being entertained that Americans were about to invade the Province in consequence of the affair between the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake*. On reaching the bateaux the party discovered that the tide had left them, and about two hundred yards of deep, tenacious mud intervened between them and the water. It appeared to Fitzgibbon impossible to drag the large, heavy flat-boats through such mud, and he had given the word, 'To the right face' when it occurred to him that, in answer to such a report, the colonel would ask, 'Did you try it, sir?' He therefore gave the word 'Front,' and said to his men, 'I think it impossible for us to put the bateaux afloat, but you know it will not do to tell the colonel so, unless we try it. Let us try, there are the boats. I am sure if it is possible for men to put them afloat, you will do it; go at them.' In half an hour the boats were in the water. The troops were thus enabled to embarked a day earlier than if the order had not been carried out." It was by such teaching that Brock inspired the men with whom he saved Canada for the Empire. We can but refer to the affair at "Beaver Dam" where Fitzgibbon, having been first warned by the intrepid Laura Secord, by bold and daring strategy—even when his Indian allies were retreating—succeeded with 47 men in capturing a force of about 550 American soldiers. Throughout this campaign Fitzgibbon distinguished himself as a daring and skilful soldier, and many interesting anecdotes are told of moving events of those stirring times. The "Beaver Dam" affair won for Fitzgibbon a captaincy. In the campaign of 1814 he held a commission in that fine Canadian corps, the Glengarry Fencibles, and at that time formed his most romantic marriage. In 1816, as assistant Adjutant-General of Militia in Upper Canada, the subject of our biography occupied a house in the old Fort at Toronto. 1837 saw the rebellion and its suppression by men commanded by Fitzgibbon. This was an important event in his career and is given with sufficient detail. The conduct of Sir Francis Head, as described even at this time, cannot fail to prove exasperating and contrasts most unfavourably with that of the strong and capable soldier whom he thwarted and afterwards misrepresented. Heaven preserve the empire from such disastrous incapables, of whom, alas! we have

had too many. The details of Fitzgibbon's later life are interesting and touching, and the reader cannot but follow them with unflagging attention—till the brave old "knight of Windsor" drew his last breath on the 10th of December, 1863, and was laid at rest in the catacombs of St. George. The story of his eventful life is well and brightly told. This is another book that should be in every Canadian library, whether public or private.

THE SYRIAN CHURCH IN INDIA.*

A handsomely bound octavo volume of 388 well-printed pages and seven illustrations contains the varied and valuable information which the Rev. Mr. Rae has collected relative to the Syrian Christians of Malabar. At present these Christians are 400,000 in number, and their story is as interesting as that of the numerically much smaller community of white and black Jews inhabiting the same region. Prior to the publication of this book, the ordinary student of ecclesiastical history contented himself with what was recorded concerning these two peoples or classes in the *Christian Researches in Asia* of Dr. Claudius Buchanan. Now, however, while it cannot be said that much fresh light has been shed on the origin of the Syrian Christians of Malabar by Mr. Rae's exhaustive examination of their record, the student is furnished with all the available material for the story of their Church down to the present day. This work has been carefully and conscientiously performed, with many side lights of oriental history and ecclesiastical antiquity pleasingly thrown in, and the whole clothed in language that is often graceful and at times poetical.

The native Christians of Malabar use the Peshito version of the Scriptures, one of the very earliest translations from the originals, so far at least as the New Testament is concerned, and this, of course, came from Syria, where churches had been founded shortly before the commencement of St. Paul's missionary labours. Malabar Christian tradition, and the statements of certain fathers of the church, combine to ascribe the foundation of Indian Christianity to the Apostles St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, and the latter source of information makes a Hebrew version of St. Matthew's gospel play a part in the evangelization of the East. Although the conquests of Alexander the Great, the annals of the Greek kingdom of Bactria, and the narratives of travellers had made the name of India known, that name in the early Christian centuries was applied with great carelessness to denote remote regions in the east or in the south. Abyssinia, Southern Arabia, the shores of the Persian Gulf, Parthia, and other provinces of the Persian Empire, were indiscriminately called India. To say, then, that Pantænus, of Alexandria, in the second century, went on a mission to India, and that John of Great India subscribed the decrees of the œcumenical council of Nice in 325, is not enough to establish the existence of a church in any part of Hindustan, inasmuch as Frumentius, the apostle of Abyssinia, and Theophilus of Diu who laboured in Arabia, both as late as the fourth century are represented as Indian

* The Syrian Church in India. By George Milne Rae, M.A., Fellow of the University of Madras, late Professor in the Madras Christian College, Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

* A Veteran of 1812. The life of James Fitzgibbon, by Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.

missionaries. No sure authority for the appearance of an Indian church on the scene of history is found before the time of the historian merchant-traveller, Cosmos-Indicopleustes, who, in 522, discovered a fully organized Christian community where it still exists on the Malabar coast. It is the opinion of Mr. Rae, and it seems a reasonable one, that this church came into existence with the rise of commercial navigation in Persia, in which country the Nestorian faith chiefly flourished, and thus not many years before Cosmos made his journey into the East.

The author proceeds with the history of his subject which he divides into three periods, the Nestorian, the Roman and the Jacobite. The Nestorian and Jacobite or Monophysite sects were founded in the fifth century by Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, and by Eutyches, an Egyptian Monk. Nestorius, who, at the present day, would simply have been called a Protestant opponent of mariolatry in his repudiation of the term *theotokos*, or mother of God, as applied to the Virgin Mary, was charged with the heresy that divides Christ into two persons; and Eutyches, in his zeal on the opposite side, denied our Saviour the two natures of the one divine personality. Though thus doctrinally opposed, their followers were equally Syrians. The great schismatical missionary church of the East was the Nestorian, which filled Persia and overflowed into India, Tartary and China, while the Jacobites remained in the Syrian seats, which they still occupy in part. The historian period in Malabar extended from the foundation of the church there, early in the sixth century, to the year 1560 when the Portuguese, having taken possession of the coast, established the inquisition at Goa, and inaugurated the Roman period. This reign of terror lasted till 1653, when the Syrians rebelled against the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Jesuits; but, their time of apostolical succession having been broken by martyrdom and apostacy, they in their widowhood applied to the once hated Jacobites of Syria, and, in 1665, Gregorius, called the Metropolitan of Jerusalem, came into their midst and organized the modern Syrian church of Malabar. What that church is in doctrine and in practice, in its relations with the churches of Rome and of England, and in its internal dissensions, those who wish to know and who have the good fortune to read Mr. Rae's impartial and exhaustive monograph will learn.

ART NOTES.

The neglect of American statesmen by American painters and sculptors, *The Art Amateur* (October) points out, is no more marked than the contempt shown by the former for the latter, quoting in illustration the reply of John Adam's to Binon's first request for permission to make a bust of him: "The age of sculpture and painting has not yet arrived in this country, and I hope it will be long before it does so. I would not give a sixpence for a picture by Raphael or a statue by Phidias."

It is understood that the Emperor William is the inspiration of the opposition to the Heine monument, which it is proposed to erect at Mayence. The opposition is based on three facts: first, Heine was a Jew; secondly, he hated Germany; and thirdly, he loved France. This is the sequel of the foregoing: "Mr. Louis Windmüller has asked permission of the Park Com-

missioners to erect near the Mall in Central Park, New York, the statue, or rather the fountain-monument in honor of Heinrich Heine, which was designed for Düsseldorf, Heine's birthplace, but never erected there, owing to the opposition of the Catholics and anti-Semites."

"The true purpose of a painter," George Inness once remarked to a friend, "is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a scene has made on him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This emotion may be one of love, of pity, of veneration, of hate, of pleasure, or of pain; but it must be a single emotion, if the work has unity. . . . Its real greatness consists in the quality and force of this emotion." The *Art Amateur*, from which this quotation is taken, tells us that Inness once declared that no one who did not believe in the Bible could be a landscape painter. On another occasion he said: "The whole effort and aim of the true artist is to eschew whatever is individual, whatever is the result of his own evil nature, of his own carnal lusts, and to acknowledge nothing but the inspiration that comes from truth and goodness, or the divine principle within him, nothing but the one personality, or God, who is the centre of man, and the source of all noble inspiration. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hill-side, clouds—all things that we see—will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth."

G. F. Genung writes of "The Nude in Art" in *The New World* of which this is a selection: "It is because of its suggestion of an ideal, unearthly world, that the employment of the nude in art has its justification and its necessity. The nude, when elevated by idealization, presents pure being or action without the hindering accidents of earthly reality; it transports the mind of the observer back to some golden age, or forward to some heavenly world, where personality is unembarrassed by convention, where character and intention stand out clear and undisguised. 'In an age of commonplace realism like the present,' says Mr. Hamerton, 'it is well for the public mind that it should be occasionally invited to enter an ideal world where human life and human labor are presented in abstract forms.' But we find that, as soon as the higher, inner truth of the spirit begins to press for expression the purely imitative arts begin to be embarrassed. . . .

. . . Just in proportion as these likenesses are pleasing with ruddy warmth in themselves, they are incapacitated for serving as symbols. The mind refuses to enter the ideal world to which they point; it stops with the symbol, and inflames itself with the emotions which the model's anachronistic freedom, coupled with its pulsing vitality, has aroused. It is flesh and blood attempting to enter into the Kingdom of God, and like the hypocrites, it neither goes in itself, nor suffers them that are entering to go in."

A correspondent of the *Colonies and India* has the following interesting note: "It is long, indeed, since I referred to Miss Margaret Thomas, the well-known Australian sculptor, artist and authoress. I now learn that this lady's two year's tour in the south-east of Europe—visiting Athens, Palermo, Syracuse, Pompeii, etc.—has

borne much valuable fruit in the shape of a more than well-filled portfolio, containing a great number of varied, and, in all cases, most interesting sketches. When recently I had the pleasure of inspecting them, the dull and gloomy atmosphere of an early autumnal day greatly accentuated their glowing Italian colouring, which was rendered all the more vivid by force of contrast. While showing these clear, pleasant, and life-like descriptions of the many scenes depicted on the canvas, Miss Thomas informed me of an interesting fact in connection with the colours of the Pompeian frescoes, now, alas! fast fading away. It seems that Professor Kelsey, of the University of Michigan, U.S.A., was very desirous of possessing a reproduction of all the colours therein made use of, and Miss Thomas reproduced them accordingly for him on small blocks of wood. It had been thought that there might be about thirty or forty, but when the time came to note and actually count the various shades and tints employed it appeared that there were over one hundred! In several cases, too, Miss Thomas had to try many combinations before she could arrive at the right one. Professor Kelsey was, I understand, also much pleased with a sonnet on Pompeii, which Miss Thomas has written, and which he, it seems, read aloud to his pupils in the class-room.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, the well-known and elegant violinist, has again under her instruction some twenty-five or thirty young ladies, who are rehearsing several musical works of value with a view of giving a concert, perhaps in January. Many of these young ladies have good ability and play with considerable technical facility, and are bound to give a good account of themselves under their enthusiastic and talented leader. One industrious and ambitious young lady plays the double bass and draws from its huge strings a good, true tone. For a young girl to play this unweildy instrument is certainly something of a novelty. We will announce the date of the concert later on.

Mr. Frank W. Deane, the pianist, has composed a song entitled "Faithful Sir John." The words are written by M. P. Card, and the song dedicated to "All Loyal Canadians." The music is not difficult, is thoroughly singable, and, if sung with spirit, should be effective. Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer are the publishers.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club, under the direction of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, is busily at work preparing for their first concert, which will be given in January next. The club is composed of especially good voices, and we may confidently look forward to hearing better singing than on the occasion of their last concert, commendable as it was then.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's second organ recital of the present (3rd) series takes place on Saturday afternoon next, at 4 o'clock, in All Saints Church. The programme is again most interesting and varied, the principal numbers being Bach's Trio Sonata in C minor, Guilman's Funeral March, and hymn of Seraphs, Meyerbeer's Schiller March (arranged by Best), S. S. Wesley's Choral Song and Fugue in C, and Horatio W. Parker's Melody and Intermezzo, op. 20. Mr. Walter H. Robin-

son, the tenor, will sing a recit. and Aria from Hadyn's Creation, and Henry Leslie's beautiful song, "Come Unto Him."

Mr. and Mrs. H. Klingenföeld will give a violin and song recital in St. George's Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 6th. We have seen a copy of the programme, and it contains several numbers of artistic merit and interest, which cannot but give much genuine pleasure. Mr. Klingenföeld is so good a violinist, and Mrs. Klingenföeld so good a singer, that we have no doubt a crowded house will greet them on this, their first public appearance together here. Miss Hattie Mockridge will be the accompanist.

Miss Millie Evison, a young pianiste, and pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, will give a recital in St. George's Hall on the 14th Nov. Miss Lena D. Adamson, violiniste, will assist.

Arthur Friedheim, the eminent pianist, gave a piano recital in Montreal last evening (Nov. 1st). He will play one recital in Toronto, in January next, and, as this will be his last appearance here before he leaves America for Europe, a crowded house, composed of his many admirers, will assuredly greet him. Friedheim will this season travel all over the United States, in recitals, he having been booked already for over one hundred.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th Nov., Melba, the great Australian prima donna soprano, will be heard here for the first time in the Massey Music Hall. A fine orchestra, under the baton of Sig. Bevgiani, will accompany her, and play, besides, several selections. Several other famous artists will assist, among whom may be mentioned Mme. Scalchi, the great contralto. Mme. Melba chose her stage name from the city of Melbourne, in Australia, and is regarded everywhere as one of the greatest and most beautiful singers of this generation. A crowded house will doubtless greet her.

LIBRARY TABLE.

A SURBURBAN PASTORAL AND OTHER TALES. By Henry A. Beers. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1894.

This prettily bound and printed little volume of 265 pages contains eight stories of Professor Henry A. Beers; some, if not all of them, we think we have seen in periodical form. We cannot say we fancy these tales—written though they be with a certain show of culture, and with undoubted knowledge of character, circumstance and scene. We may be too fastidious, or we may lack taste for this special kind of story. We trust that some, may many, readers may atone by appreciation of them for our deficiency in that regard.

THE LAST OF THE PROPHETS. By Rev. J. Feather. Price \$2.00. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

This little book is an excellent addition to the most useful series of Hand-Books for Bible Classes which have been in course of publication for several years. The writer remarks with truth that the history and work of St. John the Baptist have been too much neglected—as was not unnatural in the presence of a Greater and the Greatest. Still this work was eminently worth doing, and is here well done. Beginning with "Home Life" the author follows the life of the great Forerunner from the beginning of his ministry in the desert and preparation for Christ to the time of his martyrdom. It is a study full of interest and instruction.

POEMS NEW AND OLD. By W. R. Thayer. Price \$1.00. Boston: Houghton & Mifflin.

It is one of the hardest things to be just and fair to poetry. And perhaps the best way is to give it a chance, and let it find its life or death from the future. There is a great deal that is sweet and melodious in this volume. Sometimes there are halting lines; but perhaps they were meant to halt. Sometimes there are imperfect rhymes; but rhyming is not quite easy in English. Undoubtedly there is insight; here and there is power. Take the longest poem in the volume, "Halid," as an example. Halid and his friend, Hassan, married lovely brides and all seemed bright and fair. But Hassan suddenly died; and Halid's life was overcast, and he raved at the world and human life, hating life and fearing death. Then he prayed to God that he might never die; and an angel appeared, showed the scroll of his fate and burnt it, granting him immortality. For a time all was well; but soon he discovered his error. His wife died; his children and grandchildren grew tired of his presence, and drove him forth; so that he discovers that death is a friend whom he can never meet:

O, you who livè with Death at your back may cherish your life!
There is balm, there is balm, for your pain,
and peace at last for your strife!
Despair should not master the heart of a mortal permitted to die—
This grief hath a bourne, he may laugh at the threats of disaster, but I
And my pang's are eternal.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sydney Lee. Vol. 39. Morehead—Myles. Price \$3.75. New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Again with praiseworthy punctuality the new volume of this great work appears. The first name that strikes us is that of J. D. Morell, who did something to make German philosophy known to English readers forty or fifty years ago, a work perhaps too highly estimated at the time, and too little thought of now. A quite astonishing quantity of Morgans follow, some of them of real note. We looked under the first occurrence of the name; and we find only "Heretic [see Pelagius]," which is quite right. Passing over Morices, Morices, and others, we come to Morison and Morrison. Among the former are several divines of eminence, and chief among them the founder of the Evangelical Union, but best known to most of us by two excellent commentaries on St. Matthew and St. Mark. We ought, perhaps, also to refer to Sir Richard Morison (d. 1536), ambassador, and to Robert Morison (1620-1683), botanist.

Contrary to expectation, the Morrisons are less numerous. Between them come Morlands—George, the painter, conspicuous among them; Morleys, with an eminent Bishop of Winchester, and Henry Morley, who died this very year, and here becomes to us a sign of the diligence with which this dictionary is brought up to date. Mr. Morley was not a great man or a great scholar, but he did good work for the cause of English literature in many ways, and this is recognized in the present article. Samuel Morley, "politician," is another name quite worthy of commemoration. He is chiefly remembered by many in connection with Mr. Bradlaw whom he inadvertently supported and then disavowed. A good many names of eminence appear under Morris—the chief, perhaps, the Welsh poet. We must not pass by Morrill, to whose friendship for Walter Scott we probably owe the poem of Rokeby. Several Mortimers of distinction are chronicled, the best known, although far from the greatest, of whom is Roger Mortimer, the "gentle Mortimer" of the time of Edward II. Passing over Mortons, Moxleys and others, we pause for a moment at the Mozleys, two of whom had a distinguished place in the Tractarian movement: James, who partly broke off from the leaders when they refused to recognize the legitimate place of Calvinists in the church,

but who never ceased to sympathize with the movement. He died Professor of Divinity at Oxford. The other was his brother Thomas, who was, for many years, the writer of most of the religious and theological articles in the *Times*, and who has left us a most interesting, if not wholly trustworthy, series of reminiscences of the Oxford of his time.

But we have gone beyond what we intended. Motherwell is here worthy of remembrance, if only for "Jeanie Morrison." Motteux should be remembered for his translations and also for original work. Henry Moule, divine and inventor, is worthy of the mention he obtains. He was the father of the present distinguished head of Ridley College. To us Canadians there is interest in the brief, but good article, on Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, "a learned theologian, an elegant scholar, and powerful preacher."

A great number of Mowbrays are here, some of them considerable makers of English history; and the name of Moxon, the publisher, brings back many illustrious names of authors whose works were sent forth from his house. Not far from him comes another name of equal fame, Mudie, the founder of the library. Among the Munros we have an interesting account of the eminent Latin scholar, also of General Sir Thomas Munro. Sir Roderick Murchison has six columns, which he deserves. The Mures are duly, if briefly, commemorated; so are the Murphies and Murrays. Sir David Murray, is rightly honoured, and Lord George Murray, the Jacobite, is treated excellently and at length; so is James Murray, "Governor of Quebec." Not the least among the Murrays is the great John, founder of the *Quarterly Review*; nor must Lindley Murray, the grammarian, be forgotten. But their name is legion. There are no names of the first rank in this volume; yet it is by no means lacking in interest, and it comes up to the established standard of accuracy and high literary workmanship.

PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine and the *Quiver* for November are both excellent in their way. We are always glad to get these welcome periodicals and never read them without both pleasure and profit.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for November is notable, in that it includes the Marquis of Salisbury's now celebrated inaugural address as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science on "Unsolved Problems in Science." An acute and learned effort it is, and it proves the noble lord to be a fast holder of a sublime belief in "one Everlasting Creator and Ruler." This capital number is brim full of articles of scientific interest by able specialists.

Lady Lindsay tells the story of Dora's Defiance in November *Lippincott*. Frederick M. Bird writes on *Magazine Literature*, and how not to write it. "Without true realism and genuine romance—actuality and ideals—says Mr. Bird, good work was never done, nor did any writer ever rise to be an author." Isabel F. Hapgood describes "Bargaining in Russia." Edgar Fawcett has a paper on "Old New York Restaurants," and other articles complete the number.

The last number of *Littell's Living Age* has the following list of enjoyable reading matter: "St. Theresa," from the London *Quarterly Review*; "An Afternoon Call," from *Temple Bar*; "A Recent Visit to Harrar," from *Blackwood*; "The Unconscious Humorist," from *Macmillan's*; "Madam Charles Reybaud," from *Temple Bar*; "Contempt of Court," from *Leisure Hour*; "Haunts of Ancient Peace," from *Spectator*; and "The Jackson-Harnesworth Polar Expedition," from *Public Opinion*. A truly attractive list, not to refer to the poetical extracts.

Thomas A. Janvier makes his paper on the Sea-Robbers of New York, with which *Harper's* for November begins, most readable. Julian Ralph tells graphically the story of the

Line Man's Wedding. Edwin Lord Weeks' "A Printer's Impressions of Rajpootana" reads like a roam through a picture gallery. Sportsmen will enjoy following Charles D. Lanier "On the Trail of the Wild Turkey," and many a reader will regret the conclusion of Mr. Warner's clever story, "The Golden House." Poulteney Bigelow has a spirited description of "The Cossack as Cowboy, Soldier and Citizen." This is a brilliant number of *Harper's*.

"Marco," one of Queen Victoria's favorite dogs, is most beautifully engraved in frontispiece for the November *St. Nicholas*. Marco is indeed a beauty and well worth the honour. Mr. E. S. Brooks begins the spirited story, "A Boy of the First Empire." Brander Matthews writes a sketch of William Cullen Bryant, and who could do it better? This number has many other attractive articles. Howard Pyle continues to tell of "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," W. T. Hornady of "The Seals of our Shores," and Palmer Cox of "The Brownies through the Union." This is but a tite of what our young readers may expect.

It is not to be wondered at that the study of Napoleon should receive such large space in periodical literature as well as in historical and biographical works. One of the most masterful and brilliant of men, his life will always court investigation and exposition. Professor William M. Sloane, of Princeton, after some twenty-five years special study of the subject, has begun, in the November *Century*, a most full and comprehensive sketch of Napoleon's life. F. Marion Crawford begins a bright, new novel of Italy in this number, entitled "Casa Braccio." Mrs. Burton Harrison concludes her serial story, "A Bachelor Maid." Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer has a charming paper on "The Churches of Provence," beautifully illustrated by Pennell. Among other contributors may be mentioned, Mr. Noah Books, Jacob A. Riis, Dr. Washington Gladden, Edith Thomas and John Vance Cheney.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Kleiser has opened his star course with a clever impersonation of characters from David Copperfield.

The publication of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of "Ballads" has been postponed, it is said, until next year.

A volume of stories of medical life by Conan Doyle is announced in England with the title, "Round the Red Lamp."

The sequel to Marion Crawford's "Katharine Lauderdale," has the title "The Ralstons." Ten editions have already been printed of "Katharine Lauderdale."

Dr. George Macdonald has recently completed the manuscript of a new story entitled "Lilith," which is written somewhat in the style of his "Phantastes."

George du Maurier, the author of "Trilby," is 60 years old, well preserved and athletic. He is described "a striking illustration of amiability and ideality, blended with satire and realism."

Thomas Hardy's new novel is nearly finished, and its opening chapters will appear in one of the December magazines. The twenty-sixth edition of "Tess"—each addition numbering a thousand copies—is announced.

Dr. A. R. Elliott, of Chicago, son of Mr. A. Elliott, of Belleville, has been appointed a professor in the post-graduate medical school of Chicago, a school for doctors to take special courses after graduation, and one of the largest in the United States.

The death of the late Mr. Honore Mercier has removed one of the most notable figures from the arena of Canadian politics. A man of mark, who had great influence with his fellow countrymen, Mr. Mercier's death will be widely regretted.

The London *Sketch* prints this notice in a recent issue:—"To authors and others: It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to the *Sketch* as the editor has a supply sufficient to last well into the twentieth century."

Mr. Gladstone, says the London *Literary World*, has agreed to write the General Introduction to "The People's Pictorial Bible History," which will embrace a new and complete treatment of Bible history in the light of recent investigations. It will be issued next spring by a Chicago publishing house.

The author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, has written a new romantic story which will be issued very shortly, by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. This, his latest work, is entitled "The Indiscretion of the Duchess, being a Story concerning Two Ladies, a Nobleman and a Necklace."

The Hon. Senator Gowan has munificently contributed \$450 towards the chair of political science, founded at Queen's University, Kingston, in memory of the late Sir John Macdonald. The warm personal regard entertained by the deceased statesman for the able jurist imparts to the gift a more than ordinary interest.

Shakespeare's "Macbeth" was the subject of a lecture of unusual insight and literary ability, delivered by Rev. H. H. Woude, at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday evening last. The power of analysis, mastery of interpretation, and skill in illustration were most marked. Mr. Woude is no ordinary lecturer. We hope to hear from him again.

This story is attributed to Emerson: On being asked by a friend what he lectured for, he replied: "F-a-m-e." "What do you mean by that?" inquired the other. "Fifty and my expenses."—*Literary World*. It was the late Rev. Dr. E. H. Chaplin who made this witty reply and not Emerson. It was in the ante-bellum days when fifty dollars and expenses was the regular price with all first class lecturers, with the exception of Beecher, who demanded one hundred dollars.

Sir John Lubbock, whose book on the Pleasures of Life obtained a few years ago such wide popularity, has ready a new work, to be published immediately by Macmillan & Co. This time it is the Use of Life on which the author dwells; and while, like its predecessor, the little book puts forth no claim to a profound philosophy or science of life, it, too, is pervaded by the spirit of wholesomeness and cheerfulness and content that rendered *Pleasures of Life* a comfort and a help to thousands.

One of the Paris papers has recently been presenting its readers with a sketch of George Meredith, in which it says: "He works from ten to six every day, in a little cottage of two rooms quite detached from his house at Dorking, with which it is in telephonic communication. The characters Mr. Meredith has evolved from his brain are so real to him that he laughs and cries when he refers to them. With Renée, in 'Beau-

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champ's Career,' he says he is still in love. Mr. Meredith hates the sound of bells, and thinks that the brain can only produce its best work in a dim light. Of death, he says he has no dread, it is but the other side of the door."

Professor Henry Montgomery has been appointed to the chair of biology and geology at Trinity University, Toronto. Professor Montgomery is an enthusiast in his own departments; and in teaching, writing and field work has already made his mark in the scientific world. We are glad to see the enterprise by which a Canadian university has brought home a ripe Canadian scholar who has won distinction and experience abroad. For some time the learned Professor was acting President of the University of North Dakota, and has in this and other scholastic positions acquitted himself most creditably. We have already referred to the admirable series of papers, now appearing in the *Archæologist*, from Professor Montgomery's pen. The appointment is in our opinion one of the best that could have been made.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Adele M. Fielde: A Corner of Cathay. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. \$3.00.
- Seldon L. Whitecomb, A.M.: Chronological Outline of American Literature. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. \$1.25.
- T. M. Clark: Architect, Owner and Builder Before the Law. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. \$2.00.
- Diana Clifford Kimber: Text Book of Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. \$2.50.
- William Winter: Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. \$2.25.
- Stinson Jarvis: The Ascent of Life. Boston: The Arena Pub. Company.
- George Hodges: The Heresy of Cain. New York: Thos. Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House.
- Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort: Grizzly's Little Pard. New York: Thos. Whittaker.

Richard Watson Gilder : Five Books of Song.
New York : The Century Co.

Mary Maple Dodge : The Land of Pluck.
New York : The Century Company.
\$1.50.

S. Weir Mitchell : When all the Woods are
Green. New York : The Century Com-
pany. \$1.50.

Palmer Cox : The Brownies Around The
World. New York : The Century Com-
pany. \$1.50.

James Seth M.A. : A Study of Ethical Prin-
ciples. London : Blackwood & Son,
37 Paternoster Row.

Thos. Gaskell Allen, Jr., and Wm. Lewis Sach-
tleben : Across Asia on a Bicycle. New
York : The Century Co. \$1.50.

George Wharton Edwards : P'tit Matinic.
New York : The Century Co. \$1.25.

Albert Leffingwell : Rambles Through Japan
Without a Guide. New York : The
Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AUTUMN.

Through scarlet arches and dusk corridors
She moves, faint perfumes at her queenly feet,
And plaintive voices calling at her side.
Her grandeur blanches, passes. Autumn, she
With colours of the cloud, the rose, the bird,
Woven in her leaves, sweet-flushed as Love
herself,

She too shall fade away ; and where she was
Shall be low fluttering pulses, vanishings,
And solemn shadow, weight of frost and rain.
Already do the trees, those giant flowers,
The blossoms of the gods, from their bright
tops,

Begin to slided the splendour and look down,
In silent wonder on the wealth they wore,
Gleaming below. The maple that doth wake
His own glad sunshine, make his own fair day,
Begins to darken ; wailing haunts the wind,
Strange wailing from the lowlands ; on the hill
Slow spreads the fatal gray. Yea, Autumn, all
Of loveliness, for whom strong Beauty wrought
Till she could do no more—she too must go.

She passes ; and to listening hearts she sings,
She and her maids, their tresses backward
blown,

Shining under the wind :—

These colours, memories are they,
The past this beauty wore :
These splendours wore the charm of May,
They all were in the summer's golden store.

They dwelt, they shone, and passed away :

All, all have been before ;
'Tis but the glamour of the day,
The glory of the day, that is no more.

—John Vance Cheney, in *The Dial*

TO PREVENT SICKNESS.

A correspondent writes : " If people
would wash out their mouths twice or three
times a day with an antiseptic solution
there would not be nearly so much sickness.
In the last ten years I have never had a
cold, sore throat or fever, and I ascribe this
immunity solely to the fact that I follow
this plan rigidly. There are any number
of proprietary antiseptics that are excellent
for this purpose, but many more simple
agents that are as good or better. One of
the best of the latter is carbolic acid. A
very weak solution of this gargled and held
in the mouth two or three times a day will
work wonders. Immediately after using
one will find that the mouth feels cleaner.
I believe that a great majority of the com-
mon throat and lung troubles come from
the lodgement of disease microbes within
the mucus membranes of the mouth. The
free use of antiseptics will kill these
germs."

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

" By Higher Biblical Criticism is meant
a critical inquiry into the *Divine* author-
ity of Sacred Scripture, which depends on
its inspiration ; into its *ecclesiastical* auth-
ority, which depends on its Canoncity ; and
into its *human* authority, which results from
the Genuinity, Integrity, and Credibility of
the sacred books. It is the business of the
higher critic to analyze the documents with
which he has to deal, to determine their
value, relative age, and general credibility.
If such is the meaning of the word, surely
no valid objection can be made against this
science itself, but only against the *manner*
in which it is sometimes cultivated.
For thus understood, the exercise
of criticism is not only allowable, but
even desirable. The best way to
know what a thing is, is to learn how it
came about, how it came into existence.
There is no reason why a Christian should
be afraid of the most searching inquiry into
the human authorship, date of composition,
and meaning of the several books of Sacred
Scripture, provided, of course, that the
critic is not misled by false principles in
his researches."—*The Rev. Charles P.
Grannan, in The American Catholic Quar-
terly.*

A CELEBRATED FRENCHMAN.

John Simon, the celebrated French
statesman and author, though now in his
eightieth year, still maintains a remarkable
literary activity. He has recently publish-
ed, in collaboration with his son, a book on
Woman in the Twentieth Century, and is
now at work upon studies on Reybaud and
Michel Chevalier and upon his Memoirs of
Other People, chapters of which appear at
intervals ; he also contributes occasional
articles to *Le Temps*.

He has found time in the intervals of
his public and professional duties to make
many valuable additions to French litera-
ture. At the age of twenty-five he became
a professor at the Sorbonne ; at thirty-seven
he entered the Constituent Assembly ; at
forty-nine he was elected a legislator ; at
fifty-six, after the establishment of the
third republic, he was appointed minister of
education, religion and fine arts ; and a few
years later was made a life senator and a
member of the French Academy. He is
now the Director of the Medical School in
Paris, erected according to the will of M.
Thiers, who named him its director at a
salary of \$6,000, for the purpose of educa-
ting four or five young men in social and
political economy and international law.

Personally, M. Simons is one of the
simplest and kindest of men. It was he
who first directed the genius of Sardou to
the stage. When Sardou was a struggling,
half-starved writer in Paris, he offered some
MSS. to M. Simon for publication. When
M. Simon discovered that the youth had
talent, he said to him : " You can never
earn a livelihood by writing for the news-
papers. Try to write for the theater."

The life of M. Simon is very unpreten-
tious. In winter he lives in modest quar-
ters in Paris—"my garret," he calls them
—and in summer he occupies a little house
in the country, where he is surrounded by
plants and flowers and trees. It is said
that he quite dreads taking up his residence
in the magnificent building built for the
new school.

In spite of his scholarly tastes, he is
fond of outdoor life, is a famous walker,
and is the president of several clubs devoted

to rowing and other forms of physical exer-
cise. Perhaps if his interests were not so
varied as they are he might have won even
greater distinction. President Grevy once
said of him : " What a pity ! Simon might
have been the greatest statesman of his age,
but a lack of executive ability has made
him only a wonderful philosopher."—*Boston
Home Journal.*

ANECDOTES OF LORD ELDON.

In a recent issue of the *Brief* there are
some capital stories of Lord Chancellor Eldon.
He was nothing, the writer says, if
not deliberate ; and by the way, it was Ro-
milly who said of him that the tardy justice
of the Chancellor was better than the swift
injustice of his Deputy, Vice-Chancellor
Leach. But it was Lord Eldon and another
Vice-Chancellor (the first of them) Sir
Thomas Plumer, who (rivals in the snail's
pace) were referred to in the following epi-
gram :

To cause delay in Lincoln's Inn,
Two different methods tend :
His Lordship's judgments ne'er begin,
His Honour's never end.

Later on Sir John Leach's swift injustice
was compared with Eldon's prolixity in the
following lines :

In Equity's high court there are
Two sad extremes 'tis clear :
Excessive slowness strikes us there,
Excessive quickness here.
Their source twixt good and evil brings
A difficulty nice,
The first from *Eldon's* virtue springs,
The latter from his *Vice*.

Those whose criticisms were expressed in
prose described Lord Eldon's court as one
of *oyer sans terminer* and Leach's as one of
terminer sans oyer. But the versifier was
not exhausted, and produced the following
a propos of Leach :

A Judge sat on a judgment seat,
A goodly judge was he ;
He said unto the Registrar,
" Now call a cause to me,"
" There is no cause," said Registrar,
And laughed aloud with glee ;
" A cunning Leach hath despatched them all ;
I can call no cause to thee."

Lord Eldon, it is well known, was at-
tacked in the House of Lords for using the
Great Seal while the King was insane.
Whether this attack was just or not, there
can be no doubt that on one occasion he
lost the seal *pro tem.*, under ludicrous cir-
cumstances. The *Clavis Regni* had always
been an anxious care with the Chancellors.
To counterfeit is high treason ; to lose it is
a serious matter. Once upon a time it was
thrown into the Thames (so that William of
Orange should not get hold of it) and net-
ted by a fisherman. Some of the keepers,
it is said, used to take it to bed with them.
Lord Eldon, at any rate, used to keep it in
his bed-room. One morning early a fire
broke out at his house at Elcombe. The
Chancellor was in violent trepidation about
the Great Seal. Seized with a happy thought
he rushed into the garden with the majestic
emblem and buried it in a flower border.
But it is said that what between his alarm
for the safety of the Seal, his anxiety con-
cerning Lady Eldon and his admiration for
the vestal (house) maids, who, hastily arou-
sed, assisted in scant attire to extinguish the
fire, he clean forgot where *Clavis Regni* was
hidden. Everybody was set to work to dig
for it, and at length the priceless treasure
was discovered.—*Private Bill in the Pro-
vince.*

THE SUBJECT OF WASTING.

SOME OF ITS PHASES AND HOW THEY ARE CURED.

The Wasting of a Consumptive and the Wasting of Babies and Children.—Scrofula, Anæmia and other forms of Illness discussed.—Coughs and Colds Reveal a Weakened Condition.

In the obituary notices of the late Prof. Hermann von Helmholtz, the German scientist, were references to one of his earlier works "On the Consumption of Tissue During Muscular Action." In this work Prof. Helmholtz set the theory forth as an established fact that wherever there is muscular action there is also a wasting, or rather a consumption, of tissue.

The body is constantly changing. There is wasting going on all the time. Food is designed to counteract this wasting, and if the organs of the body are in a healthy state food does its work in nourishment. But the digestive and vital organs get out of tune every once in a while, so that an extra nourishment, one that is concentrated and easy of assimilation, is needed in order to keep up a normal condition of health.

If this extra nourishment is not taken the wasting which goes on incessantly soon impairs health. One of the first signs of a weakened, poorly-nourished body is taking cold easily. Colds are such common things that people are very apt to neglect them. They do not know that the cold reveals a weakened condition, but after taking cold several times they find it harder work to recover the semblance of health again.

The common way to cure a cold or a cough is to take some household specific, or when a person feels run down in health he thinks he needs a tonic or stimulant.

The truth is, however, ordinary specifics and tonics, or stimulants for coughs and colds, afford only temporary relief. They are merely superficial means of relieving the local trouble, but they do not give the nourishment necessary to strengthen the system and overcome the wasting tendencies.

It is because Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy tissue, enriches the blood, and gives vital strength that physicians give it such unqualified endorsement. Scott's Emulsion is quick to relieve inflammation of Throat and Lungs, and its power to cure the most stubborn cough is unquestioned. But this is only part of its work. Scott's Emulsion makes the system able to ward off disease and other ailments.

This subject of wasting is almost inexhaustible. Scrofula results in a wasting of the vital elements of the blood, and Anæmia is simply no blood at all. Consumption is probably the worst form of wasting. In all of the early stages of this disease Scott's Emulsion will effect a cure. It requires time to recover after a patient is once into Consumption but there are numerous cases where Scott's Emulsion has cured persons who had got so far that they raised quantities of blood.

The wasting tendencies of babies and children are known to too many unhappy parents. There does not in thousands of instances seem to be any cause for their growing thin, but as a matter of fact their food does not nourish them and the babies and children do not thrive. The babies are weak, and children seem to grow only one way.

Now it costs only 50 cents to try Scott's Emulsion, and you will find that it will do more for your baby or your child than all the rest of the nourishment taken. Scott's Emulsion makes babies fat and children robust and healthy. It takes away the thin, haggard look in the pinched faces of so many children.

Another one of the many uses of Scott's Emulsion is the way it helps mothers who are nursing babies. It gives them strength and makes their milk rich with the principles of food all babies need.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret mixture. Its formula is furnished to physicians and has been endorsed by physicians for twenty years. It has a record unequalled by any other preparation in the world. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents and one dollar. Pamphlet mailed by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, on application.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Halifax Chronicle: Mr. Laurier's eminently successful campaign in Manitoba and the North-west has been followed by the pilgrimage of several influential Conservative delegations to Ottawa. Evidently it is desired to impress upon the Premier that "something must be done" to counteract the effect of Mr. Laurier's aggressive campaign.

Montreal Gazette: At the Winnipeg banquet on Thursday night Mr. Laurier spoke in enthusiastic terms of the West. If Manitoba, he said, was a revelation, British Columbia was a surprise. There's nothing like knowing this country of ours to make a man proud of it. If more Liberals would travel over it as Mr. Laurier has done, there would be less abuse of it in Liberal papers.

Ottawa Free Press: The mission of Messrs. Fleming and Mercer to Hawaii, with reference to the proposed cable, seems to have been partially successful. The question of a landing place does not seem, however, to be settled, though the indications are that the Imperial authorities are about to stir themselves up a little in the matter. Previous surveys have shown that while Necker's island is a convenient spot for the cable to land there are other islands which can be utilized without adding greatly to the cost or difficulties of the undertaking.

Quebec Chronicle: The majority of the of the great American railroad lines have been in the hands of receivers, while no Canadian road has been subjected to that indignity. On the contrary, our lines have done fairly well. The Grand Trunk, under the immediate management here of Mr. J. L. Seargent, the General Manager, has kept its end up despite all obstacles. To do this required a mind and a business tact of more than ordinary calibre. . . . He is one of the ablest railroad men living, and the Grand Trunk under his management has not suffered. Despite the hard times he has managed his road with skill and tact, and practised economy whenever it could be practised without detriment to the prestige of the road. Instead of hostile criticism, he deserves only words of praise.

Victoria Colonist: The Government of nearly every country in the world is the result of development and growth. That of Japan is, as far as we know, the only exception. The Japanese have adopted a system of Government ready made. They were in love with the civilization of the West. They imitated everything Western that could be imitated, and although they are by no means a democratic people they imitated the parliamentary institutions of Western countries. They did not establish a republic, neither did they reproduce the British form of constitutional government. They seem to be attempting to unite absolute monarchy with parliamentary institutions. The result is pretty much what might have been expected. The two elements so diverse refuse to mix, and a struggle is going on in Japan which bears a distant resemblance to the contest that convulsed Great Britain in the time of the Stuarts.

What is known as a surgical diet is worth trying once in a while for the comfort of the stomach and the complexion. It in-



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in women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores your strength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again. It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

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Mr. W. A. REID, Jefferson street, Schenectady, N. Y., 22nd July, '94, writes:

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The production of iron-ore in the United States in 1893 was 11,587,629 gross tons against 16,296,666 tons in 1892, a decrease of 4,709,037 tons. The shipments of iron-ore from the Lake Superior mines in 1893 amounted to 6,060,492 tons, against 9,069,556 tons in 1892, a decrease of 3,009,064 tons. Our imports of iron-ore in 1893 amounted to 526,951 gross tons, against 806,585 tons in 1892. The imports in 1893 were the smallest since 1885.

Popular Astronomy for September contains a full-sized plate of the Arago Gold Medal which was conferred last December by the French Academy of Sciences upon Prof. E. E. Barnard and Prof. Asaph Hall—on the former for the discovery of Jupiter's fifth satellite—on the latter for that of the two moons of Mars. The medal, which was founded in 1881, has been awarded but once before—to the astronomer Leverrier for his discovery of the planet Neptune.

A new barometer showing minute variations of pressure has been invented by Mr. C. O. Bartrum, of London. About its middle the tube is expanded into a bulb, in which the upper surface of the mercury is. On the mercury rests a column of some light liquid. It is plain that a rise of mercury in the bulb will cause a much greater rise of the light fluid in the narrower upper tube the amount depending on the sectional area of the bulb as compared with that of the upper tube. Small changes of pressure can therefore be read with ease, and the maker claims accuracy to 1-200th of an inch.

Recent experiments for determining the effect of massage upon the blood show that it increases the number of red blood corpuscles enormously, and also the hemoglobin, though to a less extent. In some cases there was an even greater increase in the white blood corpuscles. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell suggests that the increase is due to the bringing into the general circulation of corpuscles which have been previously accumulated in the smaller vessels of the larger viscera. Dr. Reynolds suggests that the increase may be only relative, and due to the withdrawal of a portion of the fluid elements of the blood into the tissues. The effects of massage seem to be identical with those of cold bathing and exercise.

Henri Moissan, the French chemist, has made some new and interesting researches respecting the metal chromium. By availing himself of the intense heat produced by the electrical current, he succeeded in preparing cast chrome in a very small quantity which may be fairly represented by the formula CCr. When treated with lime or the double oxid of calcium and chrome, the metal produced under these conditions is more infusible than platinum, and takes a very fine polish. It is not attacked by atmospheric agents, not to any great extents by acids, and resists the action of aqua-regia and of alkalis in fusion. This preparation of chrome leads to some very important results in connection with the alloys of the metal. Alloyed either with aluminum or copper, it possesses some remarkable qualities. When pure copper, for instance, is alloyed with 0.5 of chrome it becomes endowed with a double power of resistance, is susceptible of a high polish and undergoes less change when exposed to atmospheric influences than when pure.

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The highest officers in our army in India, says *The British Medical Journal*, continue to bear unmistakable testimony to the marked influence for good which the work of the Army Temperance Association has had upon the health and conduct of our soldiers. General Sir H. Collet has stated that in an army of abstainers there would be one-hundred part of the present crime, and one-tenth part of the present sickness. General Sir G. S. White has said that if he wanted men on whom he could depend, who would most readily turn out in an emergency, and who could be entrusted to perform any duty, he would go straight to the rooms of the Army Temperance Association. The admissions into army hospitals in India last year were, of total abstainers, 5 per cent; and of non-abstainers, 10.4 per cent. Minor offenses were only 1.5 per cent, among the abstainers, against 6.7 per cent, among the non-abstainers. There was but one court-martial on one out of every 1.224 water-drinkers while there was one out of every 19 of the others. Mental and bodily health both benefit by abstinence.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Such excellent authority as *London Engineering* has recently declared that "the United States magazine rifle possesses all the requisites now universally admitted to be necessary to a perfect magazine gun."

In England there are 114 widows to every 54 widowers. In Italy the relative numbers (per 1,000 women and 1,000 men) are 136 and 60; in France, 139 and 73; in Germany, 130.5 and 50; in Austria, 121 and 44.

After sailing thousands of miles over the Atlantic ocean, up the St. Lawrence and through the lakes to Chicago, without a mishap, the Viking ship was sunk in the river at Chicago during a heavy storm. The famous vessel was one of the most notable exhibits at the World's Fair.

The Rev. Samuel F. Smith, of Newton Center, Mass., author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is now 85 years old and in excellent health. He is a graduate of Harvard, class of 1829, and reads fifteen different languages. Mr. and Mrs. Smith celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage September 9th.

A diamond weighing not less than 971 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats, and said to be the largest in the world, has been found in the Jagersfontein mines, Cape Colony, by Inspector Jorgansen. It was brought, well guarded, to the Cape of Good Hope, and put aboard a warship to be brought to London and deposited in the Bank of England.

The Army Temperance Society of the British army in India has grown from 13,000 members in 1890 to over 22,000 members to-day. Out of 1,100 regimental courts-martial for 1893, only 39 sat to try members of the Temperance Association, and of 2,680 courts-martial of all classes for that year, only 73 concerned temperance men.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF PROMPT PAYMENT.

Under the usual contracts it has been the custom of life insurance companies to defer payment of claims under their policies for 60 or 90 days, thus withholding from the beneficiaries or heirs the immediate protection which in very many cases is so essential.

Since the introduction by the North American Life Assurance Company, of Toronto, Ontario, of the immediate payment of death claims upon satisfactory proofs being furnished, most of the regular life companies have adopted the "prompt payment" motto of the North American.

The following is but one of the many thankful acknowledgments received from the beneficiaries of deceased policy-holders:

Chatham, N.B., 8th October, 1894.

Hugh S. Wright, Esq., District Manager North American Life Assurance Co., Woodstock, N.B.:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to express my thanks for the prompt manner in which you have completed the claim papers for policy No. 14,261, on the life of my late son, Fred. J. W. Staples, who died on the 23rd ult.

My thanks are also due to your company for sending me a check in full settlement of claim the same day the papers reached Toronto.

The North American is evidently bound to maintain its record for prompt settlement of death claims, this being the second in this town which has received similar treatment within the past two weeks.

Yours respectfully,

REBECCA J. STAPLES.

The British Museum has an ancient weight, a unique object, in the shape of a bit of green diorite, about four inches high, carved in Mesopotamia in the year 605 B.C. It has a long inscription in Assyrian, which sets forth that it was made in time of Nebuchadnezzar II. and is the exact copy of the legal weight. It is somewhat conical, with a flat bottom.

At the race for the captaincy of the Brighton Ladies' Swimming Club which took place off the Chain Pier over a course of nearly 500 yards, and in a rather heavy sea. Four members participated, Miss E. Styer (holder) and Miss Samuel making a plucky fight for the honour. The former, however, proved equal to all emergencies, and won the captaincy for the third successive year in 11 min., 2 sec.—*London Lady.*

A SIMCOE COUNTY MIRACLE.

THE STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF MRS. ROBINSON, OF MIDHURST.

Eleven Years Sickness.—Her case Pronounced Positively Incurable.—She Was Given Up to Die by Two Doctors.—Now a Picture of Good Health and Strength.

From the *Burrie Examiner.*

Near the village of Midhurst, about six miles from Barrie, stands the smithy of Mr. John Robinson, while within sound of the anvil is his home, where in the midst of a large and leafy orchard dwell the smith and his family. Mr. Robinson is a type of the proverbial blacksmith, with "the muscles of his brawny arms as strong as iron bands." But with Mrs. Robinson it has been different. The wife and mother has for a long time been a victim to acute and painful dropsy of the kidneys. Shortly after the birth of her youngest child (now about 13 years), Mrs. Robinson began to take fainting spells, accompanied by violent headaches. This continued through the years that have elapsed, during which time she had obtained the best medical advice available. For about a year she was in constant terror of going insane. Her dull heavy headache, beating pain in the back, and weak swollen legs and body made her case something fearful. To a representative of the *Examiner* Mrs. Robinson said: "It is some five or six years since I took worse, and since then we have spent hundreds of dollars in medicine and for medical advice. The symptoms of my case were heavy headaches, pain in the back and kidneys and swollen legs. I rapidly grew worse, and last July was given up by two doctors to die, and all my friends and neighbors tell me that they never expected to see me out again. I could not raise myself up, could not dress myself, and had to be assisted in every thing. Now I am well and strong, and can put out a big washing without any over exertion. I have also suffered from diarrhoea for a number of years, and when I spoke of it to my doctor he said if it were stopped worse results would follow. At the urgent request of my son, who was then living in Manitoba, and personally knew of wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give this remedy a trial. Since using the Pink Pills, I have been completely cured and have felt none but beneficial effects. Only the week before I commenced taking the Pink Pills I was told by a physician that he could not cure me, and that I would likely get worse when spring came. He analyzed my blood and said it was in a fearful state and that my disease was dropsy of the kidneys, which positively could not be cured. This was about the middle of last January. After the third box of pills my back-ache left me and it has not since returned. I have taken thirteen or fourteen boxes in all and owe my recovery to this wonderful medicine. I can't praise Pink Pills too much, whatever I say of them," said Mrs. Robinson.

"I recommend them to everybody. I can't speak too highly of them. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to let others, who are suffering as I was, know all about them."

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Mrs. Flimsey : Oh, John, Professor Twaddle says I am full of magnetism. Mr. F. : And yet you can never draw a needle when I want a button sewed on.

Barber : Will you have bay rum, lavender water, witch hazel or cologne on your face ? Customer : Do you scharch enny dings extra ? "No." "Den gif me all of ten."

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden with a soulful longing; "save a good one for me, wont you?"

Mrs. McSwatters : My dear, a tramp came here to-day and stole some of my freshly made biscuits. McSwatters (getting his revolver) : Where is he and I'll put him out of his agony.

Reporter : Did you say your daughter's wedding dress was trimmed with duchess lace ? Mrs. McFudd : Not by a long shot ! It was trimmed wid the foinest quality of Irish point. There wasn't wan Dutch article in her whole thruesaw.

Drawing teacher : Now, this is a symmetrical figure. Can anyone tell me what symmetry is ? Ah, there is a little boy with his hand up ! What is symmetry, little boy ? Jimmy Scanlon : Plaze, sorr, it do be a place phwere they buries dead people !

"You don't seem to think that was a very good story I just told you," he said, in a disappointed tone. "Oh, yes, indeed I do," replied the Boston girl, reassuringly; "but I was just trying to think when that was probably translated from the Greek."

Lady lecturer on Woman's Rights (waxing warm) : Where would man be if it had not been for women ? (After a pause, and looking around the hall) : I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman ? Voice from the gallery : In Paradise, ma'am.

"This man Jones, is one of the luckiest fellows I know of. You heard of his arm being blown off last week in that explosion ?" "Yes, but there is nothing very lucky about that." "It was his right arm, you know." "Well, what if it was his right arm !" "Why, he is left-handed."

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers, trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank gootness, von is tead !" said the Dutchman.

A miller had his neighbour arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," said he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

The minister of a country parish in Perthshire, whose eyes were always rivited on his manuscript during his sermon, went one day in a great hurry to the station, and asked the waggish porter when the first train for Edinburgh started. Jamie slowly produced a dirty and torn time-table from his pocket and made believe to scrutinize it "Dear me, Jamie, can't you tell me without referring to the paper ?" "Deed, no, sir ! The fac' o' the matter is, there's no mony o' us can dae anything without the paper noo-a-days."

At a juvenile party lately, during the dancing, a tall boy in an Eton jacket, about fourteen, was standing partnerless against the wall, so a gentleman went and inquired if he could introduce him to someone. The answer being in the affirmative, the gentleman proposed a slim, handsome girl about sixteen, thinking he was conferring a good deal of honour on the young gentleman. But he had reckoned without his host (or rather his guest), for the boy, who evidently knew his own

mind, promptly declined, saying, in a most confidential whisper : No, thank you, sir. Please, I like them fat !

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Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

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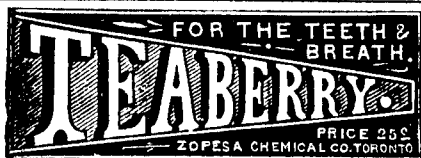


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