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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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

WE have inadvertently delayed too long in calling the attention of our readers in the City to the noble work that is being done by the "Children's Aid Society." The special aspect of this work which just now demands attention and merits liberal encouragement is that carried on by means of the "Fresh Air Fund." The object of this fund, which is now a branch of the work of the Society, is, as our readers are all no doubt aware, to provide free summer excursions for poor children, to whom, but for this admirable charity, a breath of country air, a run on country soil, and a view of country scenery, would be unattainable delights. Ten cents is, if we remember correctly, the average cost of providing one of these excursions for one child. Consequently, if any one of our readers has not already the pleasant consciousness of having been the means of contributing in this way to the health and happiness of some of the poor waifs, he is hereby reminded that for one dollar he may make himself the benefactor to that extent of no less than ten. From a circular appeal just issued, we learn that already this season seventeen excursions have been had, in which about five thousand poor persons, most of them young children, have had an outing with free lunches, etc. The funds are now exhausted, but we are sure the kind-hearted people of Toronto will not let so good a work be hindered for want of a thousand dollars. With regard to the larger work in which this Society is engaged the whole year, it may well be doubted whether there is any charity wiser or more truly beneficent and patriotic. In fact, it must be evident to everyone who seriously considers the subject that the main hope of effecting any marked and radical improvement in the social and moral condition of the degraded and vicious classes in the cities, is in getting hold of the children, rescuing them from their degrading surroundings and training them for good citizenship. That is, as we understand it, exactly the work in which this Society is engaged and for which it exists. It is, therefore, a work in which every good citizen should delight to have a hand.

THE death of Sir Daniel Wilson leaves a large vacancy in the ranks of Ontario's foremost educationists, but a still larger blank, and one which it will be still harder to fill, in the ranks of Canada's distinguished literary and scientific workers. The story of his life will, no doubt, be adequately told elsewhere. Here it must suffice simply to note the sad fact that the honoured President of the Provincial University, the talented author of a number of valuable literary and scientific works, and the large-hearted and genial philanthropist, whose face was once so familiar at gatherings for benevolent and philanthropic purposes, has gone from our midst to return no more. While it is much to be able to say of the departed that he possessed some of the attributes of greatness, it is even more pleasing to know that he was characterized in still larger measure by many of the nobler qualities which we recognize as goodness. In the intellectual sphere, Sir Daniel's highest achievements were undoubtedly made in the domain which enlisted his interest and enthusiasm to a greater degree than any other, that of Archaeology. This seems to have been his first love, for his earliest works, such as "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," as well as those later and more valuable, *e. g.*, "The Archaeology and Pre-historic Annals of Scotland," "Pre-historic Man," etc., deal with this class of themes. All these, and especially the two last named, are works of acknowledged scientific value, entitling their author to a place in the front ranks of students of the dim records of the buried past. But Sir Daniel was known also as a diligent student of history and English literature. His well-known "Caliban, or the Missing Link," while valuable as a Shakespearian study, also marks his fondness for scientific investigation and speculation. His numerous papers, especially in earlier days, in leading English magazines; his weightier contributions to the transactions of learned societies in the Mother Country and in Canada; his articles in the earlier and later editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica, as well as his more ephemeral public lectures and addresses, all attest the fact that he was a man of fine literary taste and master of a graceful and often eloquent style. But Sir Daniel was a man of action as well as a student of science and literature. The manner in which, in spite of the growing infirmities of age, he responded to the sudden call made upon his energies by the catastrophe which laid the University in ashes, has placed the students and friends of the University under obligations which should not soon be forgotten. To him probably more than to any other man is due the speedy restoration of the building and the remarkable success of the effort to restore the library and museum. But his best and most enduring memorial will no doubt be the tender and loving impressions left upon the hearts of those who knew him most intimately in the home in which he was beloved, the social circles in which he moved, and the Christian church in which he was a devoted member and a humble worshipper.

THE fatalities from drowning in the Bay and other waters in the vicinity of Toronto, always abnormally numerous, have this season been appalling. Scarcely a day passes which does not bring its record of deaths by drowning. Those who have lived in other cities where there is, in proportion to population, much more of boating and bathing than in the not very inviting waters of our Bay, assure us that they have never known elsewhere anything like a proportionate number of deaths by drowning. What is the cause of this sorrowful distinction which our city is gaining? What steps are being taken to ascertain and to remove or counteract that cause? Is the bottom in the places where the young are tempted to wade uneven and treacherous? Then it surely is the duty of the civic authorities to ascertain the fact and to take proper precautions, by means either of prohibitions or danger signals, or of guards and life-saving appliances, to save the lives of heedless children and incautious adults. Are the boats which are kept for hire unsuitable and dangerous for the classes of persons, often those who know little or nothing of boating, who chiefly employ them? Such a state of the case would point to the need of inspection, and of laws and regulations to fix a proper responsibility upon those who let out boats for hire. May we venture to suggest

that it might be well for the City Fathers to appoint a committee of suitable experts to investigate and report, saying what precautions, if any, can be taken to prevent the loss of so many lives in Toronto waters. The experiment could do no harm, beyond the trifling expense involved, and might result in much good. It would at least suggest that the civic authorities are not indifferent in the matter and are anxious to do all in their power to save the lives of their fellow-citizens and of visitors.

AT the moment when these lines are being written, the announcement which has appeared in some of the journals supposed to be in the confidence of the Government, to the effect that it has been decided to settle the canals difficulty by doing away with the discrimination which is its immediate cause and imposing a uniform rate of twenty cents per ton upon all traffic passing through the Welland Canal, irrespective of destination, is unconfirmed. Assuming, however, as we think we may safely do, that the rumour correctly foreshadows the prospective action of the Ottawa Government, we congratulate the country upon the fact. The only better course possible under the circumstances would be the abolition of the toll altogether, or if the revenues could not afford the loss—which must, however, be insignificant, as but a small part of the traffic seems to have paid the toll without rebate—its reduction by a large percentage. But either course is better than a war of retaliation, which, while it could probably be made to inflict heavier damage upon the commerce of our neighbours than upon our own, could not fail to result in serious injury to ourselves. Were it a question of yielding under menace a clear Canadian right, there would hardly be room for question whether it would not be better for us to suffer the direst loss which the injustice of the United States could inflict, rather than to make an abject surrender to foreign dictation. But, as our readers well know, we have never been able so to regard the Canadian practice. In fact, we believe we have been almost alone among Canadian journals in arguing that the discrimination which has caused the present trouble was really an evasion of the spirit of the Treaty. This is now as good as admitted by some of the ablest and fairest of the journals supporting the Government, in admitting that the tax which the President of the United States is authorized to impose upon Canadian commerce at the Sault Canal is a tax precisely the same in kind, and adapted to operate in precisely the same way, as the policy which it has been devised to meet. That is to say, the Ottawa Government has been applying a rule whose application by the other party to the bargain would be ruinous to Canadian Canal commerce. What need of further argument? It is impossible to congratulate an administration which thus takes up positions from which it is liable to be forced at any moment to recede. The process is humiliating to Canadian national spirit.

IT is objected, with apparent force, that the withdrawal of the rebate for the remainder of the season will work serious harm to Canadian shippers who have made their calculations and contracts for the season on the faith of the Government's virtual promise to continue the rebate. That is a matter of detail with which the Government can hardly refuse to deal in some way, so as to prevent loss to traders through its fault. A more serious question touching the future is that arising out of the failure of the United States to keep faith with Canada in regard to the use of the New York canals. It has been common to hear the virtual closing of these canals to Canadian commerce, contrary to the terms of the Treaty, urged in justification of the policy of discrimination which is now about to be given up under pressure from Washington. The justification fails because, in the first place, two wrongs can never result in the right, and, in the second place, if the canal tolls discrimination was made as a measure of retaliation, the fact should have been distinctly declared in order that it might be understood and have an opportunity to produce its intended effect at Washington. But so far from that being done, elaborate arguments were from time to time framed and put forth to prove that the discrimination in question was not in violation of the obligations of the Treaty. Now, if the Dominion Government wisely does

away with the objectionable discrimination, it will by no means follow that it will be bound to submit quietly to any failure on the part of the United States to observe its obligations. On the contrary, when we shall have put ourselves in the position of scrupulously observing our own obligations, in the letter and in the spirit, then, and not till then, shall we occupy a coign of vantage from which we can urgently and persistently call upon our neighbours to do the same. We have before commented on the conspicuous absence, so far as appears, both from the minutes of Council made for the information of the British Government and from the unsatisfactory reports of the interviews between our own and American Ministers, at Washington, of any evidence of serious remonstrance or complaint in regard to the alleged breach of faith in the matter of the Erie and other New York canals. When our American neighbours have, or think they have, a grievance, they do not cease to press persistently for its removal. Why should not our own and the British Governments do the same thing in the case in question? What do the Ottawa Ministers propose to do in the matter? Let them take the public into their confidence and they will have its support in all right and dignified measures for the assertion of Canadian rights. If they have seriously remonstrated through the proper diplomatic channels, what is the answer and the position of the Washington authorities?

"EVERYBODY concedes," said the New York correspondent of the London *Daily News*, writing at the time of the Homestead outbreak, "that Mr. Carnegie and his associates must be given possession of their property and protected in their right to operate it with non-union workmen at reduced wages, if they insist upon exercising this right; but there is a widespread feeling of sympathy with the men when they say that this is not the kind of 'triumphant democracy' they were promised when they were asked to vote for the high tariff on the ground that it would assure them the highest prosperity." There is a species of contradiction underlying this statement of the case that is worth thinking about and trying to analyze. The same conflict between the notion of right and the feeling of right, if we may so express it, is revealed in much of what has been said and written in connection with this affair. Nearly all the more reputable journals, secular and religious, have agreed in declaring that the rights of property must be held sacred, and that in order to this end, the Carnegie Company must be protected in its resolve to lock out the striking workmen and supply their places with cheaper men, if they insist on their right to do so. And yet many of these same journals have expressed sympathy with the strikers, and would evidently be gratified to see them succeed by peaceful and lawful methods in keeping out the non-union men and carrying their point with the company. Now what is the meaning of this? The idea of justice and the instinct of justice are evidently at variance. Can both be right? If not, which is the safer guide? Or, since that is rather too large a question for these columns, let us content ourselves with seeking some explanation of this dissension in "the little state of man." Is it the outcome of any speculative doubts concerning the right of property in the abstract? Surely it cannot be that the aphorism of the communist, "Property is Robbery," is laying hold of the staid and law-abiding public. No. The law of property is the safeguard of civilization and progress, and those who express sympathy with the Homestead strikers in their cause, though not in their methods, would be the last to doubt it. They would be the first to see, too, that to deny the right of property, or to fail to protect every citizen in the exercise of that right, would be to strike as fatal a blow at the workman as at the capitalist, for both have property rights, and the little belongings of the one are quite as dear to him and quite as essential to his well-being as the great possessions of the other. Evidently we must look further for the explanation of the seeming anomaly.

"PROPERTY" in its ordinary as well as in its etymological sense means that which is one's own peculiar and exclusive possession. But what makes any particular article of value the peculiar and exclusive possession of one or more individuals? In other words, what creates or constitutes property? We mean, of course, not simply legally, because laws may vary indefinitely, but morally, rightfully? This is the question which underlies, if we mistake not, the whole controversy. Let us suppose a

case. Suppose, for argument's sake, that it were possible to show that two-thirds of the whole income derived by the Carnegie Company from the Homestead works, after making liberal allowance for interest on capital invested, remuneration for the time and brains devoted to the business, etc., are the product of the labour employed and that, under the scale of wages hitherto paid, but one-third of this sum is actually distributed among the labourers in the form of wages, the other third going to swell the enormous income of the millionaire members of the Company, in addition to the returns which are rightfully theirs in view of the capital invested and the time and thought given to the business. Suppose, further, that at the end of a given period the one-third thus appropriated by the Company from the products of labour, over and above their just proportion, amounts to one million of dollars, and that this million of dollars has been invested in the works in the shape of new and improved machinery, how would this affect the moral aspects of the right of property question? Let it be assumed that the same workmen have been continuously employed during this period. Can the Company justly, of its own will or caprice, cut down the scale of wages, giving the employees the option of accepting the reduction or leaving their employment? If this would be a violation of moral right, or the first principles of justice, ought it to have the sanction of the laws? Can a thing which is unjust and morally wrong be legally justifiable? These questions indicate, as we understand the matter, the grounds on which the more intelligent and upright of the champions of labour base their agitation and defend the use of all lawful means to thwart the action of the employers in such cases. Whatever force there may be in the considerations suggested, they of course afford no justification of illegality or violence. But, taken in connection with the fact that with an unlimited franchise and a constantly improved organization the labouring masses are likely to become the dominant force in legislation, they pretty clearly foreshadow an important if not a radical change in the laws relating to and defining the right of property. Wisely or unwisely, rightly or wrongly, nothing is much more certain than that the old policy of *laissez faire*, which left the whole question of wages to be settled by the law of demand and supply, that is by an unequal contest between the purse of the capitalist and the necessities of the labourer, is doomed. By what system of co-operation, or arbitration, or confiscation, it is to be succeeded, depends very largely upon the foresight and statesmanship of those who may happen to be at the head of the State during the period of transition. The one thing that is clear is that those who are clinging fondly to the old notions of political economy, crying out that the legal rights of property must be respected, according to the old definitions, and taking it for granted that if Mr. Frick and other managers, in the interests of their companies, choose to scout all questions of abstract moral right and to insist on their pound of flesh according to the laws, laws which the representatives of labour declare have always hitherto been made by representatives of capital who naturally saw but one side of the case, there is nothing to be done but to let them have their way—the one thing that is clear is that those who thus reason fail to see the real seriousness of the situation and are reckoning without their host.

THE London *Spectator* had, a few weeks since, an article in which a glowing picture was drawn of the career upon which the United States would enter should the free trade principles of the Democratic party prevail at the approaching Presidential election. The possibilities of commercial expansion, as conceived by the London journalist, are astounding, yet it would not, perhaps, be easy to show in what respects they are overdrawn. Take, for instance, the effect that such a policy would have upon agriculture, the greatest of American industries, and the one which is probably in a more languishing condition at present than any other. It is beyond controversy that, as the *Spectator* says, the fact that English ships now cross the ocean to fetch American corn in ballast must be an immense restriction upon trade. "Let them go full and return full, and American farmers will find the demand for their corn very greatly increased." "But," the American protectionist will say, "this means that the British ships will come across full of manufactured cottons and woollens to compete with our own manufactures and lessen or destroy them." By no means, the free-trader replies in effect. The British products will, of course, displace some of the American, for the manufacture of which, from clima-

tic or other causes, Great Britain has peculiar advantages. But, on the other hand, think of the immense expansion which will follow when American industry and ingenuity are set free to enter into competition with Europe in the great markets of the world and especially in the East, in India and China. Can any one doubt that "as soon as she can enter those markets on terms of equality, she will begin to beat all rivals," and that the "hegemony that the United Kingdom has hitherto enjoyed in matters of trade" will be threatened and soon overthrown? "We shall never," says the *Spectator*, "be able to compete with a free-trade America, and in fifty years, or perhaps sooner, we shall be, compared with our offspring, an inactive volcano of commerce." But is not that a sinister consummation for a loyal Englishman to predict, not to say desire? Not at all, seeing that it would mean only relative, not absolute decadence on the part of British industry and commerce. Britain's traffic with the United States would be enormously increased with mutual profit. If and in so far as the vast natural resources of the latter would render it impossible to keep pace with her in the path of progress, there could be no cause for jealousy, for the Mother Land could not fail to share largely in the prosperity of her republican daughter, and her own position, at the end of a given period, would be positively more advanced and prosperous than it could have been but for the still greater progress and prosperity of the latter.

THE leading article in the New York *Independent* of the 4th inst. is a somewhat remarkable one by the Hon. Thomas L. James, ex-Postmaster General of the United States, giving seven reasons why the Republican party should remain in power. There may be many good and sufficient reasons why our neighbours should retain the Republican party in power, and it is quite possible that some of those advanced by Mr. James are cogent and valid. But if this writer's statements of fact in regard to other matters are based upon no better information than the following, his countrymen will do well to take them with more than the proverbial grain of salt. "Her (he is speaking of England) leading statesmen now admit, after a trial of the free-trade policy, that it is a failure and predict that before long England will have to protect its labourers against the lower wages paid in France and Germany." Such a statement, viewed in the light of recent events in England, surely betokens a poverty of information, or a reckless intrepidity in assertion, not often found in the deliberate utterances of prominent public men in any country. A general principle laid down by Mr. James, in another part of his article, as the corner stone of an argument drawn from the reciprocity attachment to the McKinley tariff, is also worth quoting as a plain statement of the fallacious premise upon which very much of the logic of protectionism rests. He says: "I do not believe that nations any more than individuals can afford to do something for nothing. If we allow sugar from Cuba to come into this country free, we have a right to insist, and should insist, on Cuba opening her ports for the products which are peculiar to the United States." Here we have in a nutshell the singular protectionist postulate that to permit our merchants or those of other countries to bring us something which they have to sell and which we have to buy, is to give something to those countries. We do not suppose that any one would buy an article at any time if he did not find it to his advantage to do so. Why should he be deprived of this advantage because the country of the person from whom he purchases is too short-sighted to permit its subject to reap for himself a similar advantage, by buying in turn what he needs? Of course the first buyer would reap a double advantage could he sell as well as buy freely, but shrewd business men do not usually refuse one advantage because they cannot have two.

ONE of the peculiarities of the new political situation in England is that with the narrow majority which is all that is possible for Mr. Gladstone's administration, provided there is no miscarriage in his programme for assuming the reins of office, the Irish Home Rulers are not the only section which holds the balance of power, and so the means of enforcing its will upon the Government, which will exist on its sufferance. We see no reason to suspect the slightest inclination on the part of Mr. Gladstone to palter with his pledges in regard to the Home Rule Bill, but if there were, it is evident, as Mr. O'Brien boastfully pointed out the other day, that the Irish have it in their power to take speedy revenge for any breach of faith, or undue dilatoriness. Nor is there any reason to

suppose that they would hesitate to use that power upon occasion. But there are other parts of the United Kingdom which have waited almost as long and much more patiently for reforms which are to them of far greater present moment than the redressing of Ireland's real or imaginary wrongs. Take the case of Wales for instance. The existence of the Welsh Church establishment for the behoof of a small minority of the population is as glaring an injustice as was that of the Irish Church which was disestablished so many years ago. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the Welsh people are quite as much in earnest as were the Irish, in demanding the removal of the incubus so unfairly kept upon their shoulders. Of the thirty-four members from Wales, thirty-one are now, it seems, Liberals and strenuous advocates of disestablishment. Disestablishment was, so far as we can perceive, just as definite an issue in Wales as Home Rule in Ireland. The Welsh members will no doubt be reasonable and give the new Government a fair chance to get the Irish question out of the way. But what then? They have, as we have said, waited long; their patience has been severely tried, and they are now in downright earnest. A much smaller number than thirty-one of compact votes, would turn the scale. Hence Wales, too, is now, if it chooses, master of the situation.

#### SIR DANIEL WILSON.

BY the death of Sir Daniel Wilson, University College has lost an able, learned and devoted president, the University of Toronto a never-tiring and fearless supporter, and the world of letters one whose unique position none can fill. For he dies covered with honours, both literary and academical,—known to the world as an eminent archaeologist and *litterateur*, and to Canada as one foremost in the guidance, for many years, of our higher education.

From the standpoint of the knowledge of the world in general, the story of Sir Daniel's life can be told in a few words, and has been told a thousand times. His birth, in Edinburgh—his ever-loved city—in 1816; his early struggle in London; the publication of the "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," in 1847; of "The Archaeology and Pre-historical Annals of Scotland," in 1851; his acceptance of the chair of History and English Literature in University College, in 1853; the appearance of his "Pre-Historic Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World," in 1862; of his Shakespearian study, "Caliban, or the Missing Link," in 1869; of his volume of poems, "Spring Wild Flowers," in 1873; of his "Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh," in 1885; of his work on "Anthropology," in 1885; of "William Nelson: a Memoir," in 1890; and of his recent work on "The Right Hand: Left-Handedness," and his articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and his study of "Chatterton"; these events make up to the general public the literary career of a man who, judged by such accomplishments alone, did that which entitled him to a most honoured place in the literature of this century. But, apart from all this, Canadians will long love and honour his memory as that of a single-minded and enthusiastic educationist, teacher and philanthropist, in the fullest sense which those terms can imply.

When Sir Daniel came, nearly forty years ago, to University College, he threw in his destinies with an institution insignificant indeed in comparison to that into which, during his time, it has grown. He, more astutely and more energetically than any other, has watched that growth, and guided its direction, defended his adopted University and College from attacks from without, and fostered their development within, until he is now able to leave to others the completion of a work already crowned with a marvellous success. It has been to him, for many years, a deep gratification to see the University by whose life he lived grow, step by step, into the complex and magnificent educational system, with the growth of which his name cannot be disassociated for all time; and his last words and thoughts were of unfinished works, the completion of which he himself still hoped to oversee.

Why is it that every graduate and undergraduate of University College and the University of Toronto has always identified the figure and personality of Sir Daniel Wilson with those institutions? Because he himself lived and had his being therein. If ever there lived a man whose work and surroundings were his life, this was the man. The rooms and corridors of the old College were his home; the hundreds of students who came and went—as

shadows to others, often—were his friends and associates; and their interests and their successes were his. Endeared as to him was every college association, every college memory, he in turn endeared himself to all who came in contact with him by the consciousness that, so long as he was there, of college life he was a part. His oft-repeated statement that he loved every stone in the College building was no exaggeration; and the mental and physical prostration which followed upon the calamitous fire two years ago was such as, to other minds, death of a dear one could alone have caused. It is a sad fact that the shock then caused, and the untiring efforts to repair the lost, have caused a death which, without such disturbances, need not yet have come. But what a gratification it must have been to know that even in so short a time zeal and activity had done so much to restore that in the building up of which so much time, enthusiasm and energy were spent, and in which was felt so deep a pride!

None can know the intense enthusiasm, the constant zeal, the untiring energy which so pre-eminently characterized Sir Daniel in all his duties as teacher and administrator, but those who have had association with him, or seen and felt his influence. Only those who have known him as President of College, as an active trustee of fluctuating funds, as a faithful Senator of his University, as an enthusiastic, erudite, and brilliant lecturer in subjects too many for any man to control, can in any degree appreciate his devotion to his work, and his singlemindedness in the performance of it.

But a professor's life is not all lived within the classroom and the College wall. Nor is the student's life confined to these. And this Sir Daniel knew; and in all that concerned the student's life he had an interest deep and constant. In sports he, himself an athlete, was always present; life in college residence—with its jars, and its fights, and its roughnesses, and its severe training for after life—was to him the greatest educationist; and many a prize-man has been told, on many a commencement day, that the reading of books, to the extent of weariness of the flesh, is not what a college is meant to encourage. And few of Sir Daniel's students of the past quarter of a century have not met him in his own home, where his gentlemanly courtesy, his shrewd humour, his love for art and literature, and his close familiarity with both, have made him at once a host, a preceptor, and a friend. As a friend, many a graduate will long continue to remember him with reason and in sincerity.

The honour of knighthood, richly deserved, added nothing to his dignity. A few days after the bestowal of that honour, the writer, in introducing Sir Daniel as chairman of a College meeting, introduced him as "Doctor," in rude forgetfulness omitting his newly-won title, and to an after explanation received the reply that he was only too glad to think that his old students remembered him, as he had been known for years, as plain "Doctor Wilson." This was eminently characteristic of the man—desirous always, not so much that the world should sound his praises in the streets, as that he should be known as one who was loved and remembered by those with whom and for whom he toiled.

WILLIAM CREELMAN.

#### FORCE AND ENERGY—II.

IN my former paper in THE WEEK I affirmed, according to Grant Allen's theory, that the powers which divided between them the empire of the universe are two—Force and Energy—but I confined my attention then principally to the question of Energy, which Grant Allen had defined as "separative power," and which, as such, prevents bodies from aggregating and initiates separative motions. In my present paper, however, I wish to draw attention chiefly to the other powers of nature, such as the force of gravitation, of cohesion, and of chemical and electrical affinity—force binding together, and energy separating, and, so, dividing the world between them. But on this latter, the rule of force, there have been, of late years especially, some doubts and, indeed, denials expressed by a particular school of physicists, and as the truth of Grant Allen's theory rests on this as on a sure foundation, I shall proceed to examine its grounds, for, as one very able opponent expresses it, if this—the force of gravitation, or the attraction of matter for matter—can be established, it would be very hard to prove Mr. Allen wrong in his great theory so closely and elaborately worked out. And, surely, how the kosmos is held together from falling to pieces on the one hand, and how it is kept in ceaseless activity on the other, ought to be to inquisitive thinking beings a question worthy of deep consideration. Now what we maintain in this paper is this, that gravitation is a real force—that every mote that dances in a sunbeam is bound by the same force as the mass of the earth. The energy of air currents may carry it upwards beyond the

range of visibility, yet is it tethered to the earth and the universe by omnipotent law, and can never be separated from the total of things, so as to travel capriciously through the void. The particles of iron in a cannon-ball are not more securely held in the adamant grip of force than is the most insignificant particle in remotest space. None wanders lawlessly of its own sweet will. For of nature it may be truly said, to it "no high, no low, no great, no small; it fills, it bounds, extends and equals all," and in the great vortex of things every particle is included—nothing is left outside. Matter being a *continuum*, nothing is separable, nothing alone, nothing unrelated. Every thing is bound to all things and all to every thing. In brief, the universe is one—immersed in the one ever present ether, bound by the same invisible ligaments of force.

It was on the basis of this law of universal gravitation, as laid down by the immortal Newton, that "every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle by a force directly as its mass and inversely as the square of its distance," that he performed the greatest feat ever conceived by the mind of man. Since his time (and he, too, stumbled here, as you will see in the sequel) for over two hundred years some of the subtlest and strongest thinkers in Europe have been beating their brains to get at the cause of gravitation, but always to be baffled, and to-day one of the ablest of them acknowledges that "the progress made towards the solution of this problem since the time of Newton has been almost imperceptible;" and again, the illustrious Clerk Maxwell, after detailing many hypotheses on the subject, adds, "we are forced to conclude that the explanation of the cause of gravitation is not to be found in any of these hypotheses;" and again, says he, "there is a great deal of dynamics here, but we can hardly say that there is even the beginning of a dynamical theory of the method by which bodies gravitate towards each other." But they gravitate towards each other because they are parts of each other—parts of a rounded whole bound each to each and to all—because impalpable threads of subtle elastic force arise on every side from all this wonderful protean, thaumaturgic matter of the universe, binding the one in the all and the all in one—an integer for ever—yet allowing full play to all the energies of the kosmos; for the universe is full, too, of the omnipresent energy of motion. And how is this never-ceasing motion to be accounted for? What is there behind it to cause it? Can we give any better account of it than this, that it is—that, like gravitation, it is a primal fact, that first facts are first facts, and that there is nothing before the first? Why not regard gravitation as one of the profoundest minds in Europe regards it, as "a property of universal matter"? And what loads of difficulty roll away from the subject by including force among the factors of the universe?

This, then, is the very core of the matter. For though some modern critics ridicule the very idea of such a thing as "the pull of gravity," yet such an able mathematician as Sir Robert Ball builds everything on "the magnitude of this pull, which is being exerted by the sun" on the earth, comparing it to a "rope" tethered to it, and avers that "every body in the whole universe attracts every other body." Helmholtz, too, standing as he does to-day in the very front rank as mathematician and physicist and great and sober thinker, when writing of the vast distances of the stars, says, "but, notwithstanding these enormous distances of the star-masses, there is an invisible tie between them which connects them together . . . this is the force of gravitation by which all heavy masses attract each other . . . the force which causes a body to fall to the ground is none other than that which continually compels the moon to accompany the earth in its path around the sun," and he adds, "you thus see in gravitation we have discovered a property common to all matter," and again says he, "this universal property of all matter is shared by the most distant celestial bodies." We see, then, how a man of vast knowledge, penetration and insight, working himself every day in the very laboratory of nature itself, and constantly associated with the ripest scientists of the world, is persuaded that the universe is one and is bound together by dynamic ties of force. Yet this is the very pith of the question in controversy, which, if conceded, the rest of the argument against Grant Allen's theory comes to very little indeed, and force and energy, as so lucidly explained by him, are the two kingdoms which divide between them the physical universe. And if this we see in every falling stone, and can test it as a fact every calmest hour, are we obliged to reject it because we are unable to see in the rear of it all a compelling cause? But if the universe is one whole, undivided and indivisible, from which no part can be separated, to which no portion is unrelated, but is, indeed, essential to it, and if gravity is, so, of the *esse* of things, are we to reject it because we can not see the *de esse* of it? But can we tell why fluorine rushes with such a violence of attraction into combination with almost any body in nature, hardly any vessel being able to hold it on account of the fierceness of the attractive force by which it seizes on the elements of almost all of them. Yet who can explain the why of this? All that we can say about it is this, that it belongs to the underlying nature of things that it is so. Of course, when a stone falls to the ground, or the tides rise towards the moon, or the moon keeps falling to the earth, the fall has a cause, but that cause lies hidden in the "vis gravitatis" of each attractive force. They all belong to the undivided whole, which feels to its centre every pulse-beat of every particle of



the great *integer*; as, by way of illustration, to quote the poet's words,

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,  
Feels in each thread and lives along the line;

whilst of gravity it may be said, too, that it "extends through all extent; spreads *undivided*, operates *unspent*." "Kepler," writes Proctor, "possessed some very sound notions of the nature of gravity. . . In his famous work de *Stellâ Martis*, he distinctly states that gravity is a corporeal affection reciprocal between two bodies of the same kind, which tends, like the action of the magnet, to bring them together, so that when the earth attracts a stone, the stone at the same time attracts the earth." And Clerk Maxwell's theory, as interpreted by Professor Chrystal, is to this effect, that "possibly magneto-electrical effects are due to the existence of matter, of ordinary matter," and it has been proved mathematically by Gauss, and it was held long before him by Gilbert, and after him by the famous Halley, that the whole earth acted as an enormous magnet. Becquerel, too, maintained that all matter is magnetic. Airy also showed that "terrestrial magnetism is not produced in any important degree by magnetic forces *external* to the earth."

Does matter attract matter? If we try by means of a crane to lift a hundred weight of iron to the height of a hundred feet, how unwilling, as we pull the rope, does the iron feel to be torn from the ground. As we pull and pull, the weight seems to pull against us, exactly as if some one on the ground was, with another rope attached to the same weight, pulling against us; and if at length, by the energy of our muscles lifted to the desired height, how taut the rope is, as if the weight strained it in its effort to get it back to where it was before it had been so forcibly lifted. Then, if we cut the rope which held it aloft, how speedily it flies again to the earth. Such is the pull of gravity (Tyndall). For though the gravity of a particle of matter is not the million-million-millionth part of the force of the chemical affinity of an affine particle, yet, when all the particles are combined that make the vast quantity of the mass of the earth, the force of the gravitation of the whole is enormous. Still, it is denied—indeed, what is not denied by some or other of the sceptic scientific class?—that matter does attract matter. But does not lime attract carbonic acid, or sulphuric acid copper? But why multiply instances? and are not these so tenaciously held in the compound that only by a most potent energy can they be separated—a double illustration of Grant Allen's theory—force combining and energy separating, the separated atoms having a very high energy, which they did not possess in their neutral form in combination. But it may be replied that this is chemical attraction. True. But do names alter things? Call it what you will, it is yet the attraction of matter for matter, and many million times more powerful than the force of the gravitation. Can we supply the cause of this affinity: and if not, why dispute gravitation because we cannot supply it? Why not take both as foundation facts with nothing behind them? As Professor Chrystal asks, "Where is the electromotive force which drives the electric current situated?" And he replies: "Unfortunately the answers, both experimental and theoretical, that have at different times been given, are not so concordant as could be desired." But the oneness of nature is absolute; everything—atom and world—is included in the undivided whole. In fact, the universe is a unit indivisible.

But what is this strange, many-sided thing, so patent yet so evasive, called matter? Matter! Why, everyone knows what matter is; but, when we come to close quarters, no one seems to know it really, so innumerable are the sides and shapes and transformations which it presents. Boscovich thought of it as so many points of force. Newton spoke of it as "brute," inert matter. So, between all force and no force we have come to a strange pass. But Grant Allen's theory (*i. e.*, one-half of it) is this, that force is an inherent property of all matter, and that the smallest part of it is held to the whole as an integral part of it. But, though a stone falls to the ground, and the moon is kept every moment from falling on it by the energy of its motion, it is objected that, according to this, the masses of matter will of themselves "have created energy, and yet, while creating it, will have lost nothing that they originally had possessed, because they will, after the operation is over, be as competent as ever to exert the force of attraction." But, if gravity be an ever-present, inherent force, it can no more be lost or diminished than can matter itself. The law of the conservation of energy is, in this respect, true equally; for the quantity of the energy of the universe is as surely a constant quantity as is the quantity of force; but, unlike force, which is always and in all circumstances always resident in and never separable from any particle of the matter of the indissoluble whole, energy may, on the contrary, move from point to point, from matter to matter, and from matter to the ether (as in the case of iron cooling), so that, while one substance may be the loser of it, another will be by so much the gainer; and hence nothing is ever lost to the whole universe. As Prof. Tait says, "do what we will, we cannot alter the mass or quantity of a portion of matter. We may change its form, dimensions, state of aggregation . . . but the quantity remains unchanged . . . and, if we receive this as evidence of the objective reality of matter," we must, by parity of reasoning, "consider energy as the other objective reality in the physical universe."

I now come to another point of warm debate. Prof. Tait, Balfour Stewart, and other able physicists very pro-

perly divide the energies of the universe into *two* classes—the potential and the kinetic, or energy ready to act (*in posse*) and energy in act (*in esse*). But some scientists not holding the doctrine of the persistence of force, while persuaded of the truth of the dogma of the conservation of energy, and trying to explain the kosmos by energy alone, seem to me to boggle fearfully. Thus, potential energy, they tell us, is *in its nature kinetic, i. e.*, is the equivalent of motion. Again, they tell us that a stone lifted from the earth, by the energy of human muscles, or steam, or any other energy, on to, say, a high overhanging ledge of rock, is in a state of potential energy, though neither the eye nor the hand nor any other test can discern any motion, molar or molecular, in it that was not in it when it rested on the ground; but if energy be the equivalent of motion—the kosmos being divided by *them* into "*matter and motion*"—is not this a paradox? The lifted stone is in a state of palpable inertia, and has no motion whatever. How, then, on their premises, not on ours, can this be explained? Can it be at the same moment energetic and inert? Let this be a *test-question*. Prof. Chrystal confesses that he cannot tell "how potential energy can exist in a body all whose powers are *at rest*." This is indeed frank. Prof. Tait, too, admits that it is "impossible to conceive a truly dormant state of energy whose magnitude should in any way depend on the unit of time; yet potential energy, like kinetic, depends in some unexplained or rather *unimagined* way upon motion . . . and the conclusion, which appears inevitable, is that, whatever matter may be, the other reality in the physical universe, energy, which is never found unassociated with matter, depends in all its widely varied forms upon *motion of matter* . . . but the question, in its generality, is of the most obscure . . . the most profoundly difficult . . . in the whole range of physics." Does it not seem a doleful conclusion—this potential paradox of *motion where no motion is*? But, on the hypothesis of the force of gravitation, the whole difficulty vanishes, and order reigns throughout. Thus, when the stone falls off its high ledge of rock, its potential energy (*energy in posse*), due to its separation from the lower earth, becomes kinetic, and when it strikes the ground its *molar* kinetic energy is not lost, but is only changed into *molecular* kinetic energy (the vibration of its several particles). Its physical aggregative longing (so to speak) is satisfied. Its potential energy of separation was *due to the energy that lifted it there*, and, in its fall, that energy, through its molar motion, was translated into molecular motion when it struck the ground, and there is no obscurity or mystery in the matter at all. But this must not be lost sight of, that *motion is energy, no matter what its cause*, and that, after all, the energy of the motion of a falling stone is only an *incident* of its position, and that whether it remained where it was or fell, the force of gravitation was always persistently acting on it, and that the motion-energy created by its fall, molar and molecular, was the exact equivalence of exchange, in units of energy, of the energy previously expended in lifting it there. The waves of the sea are lifted in mid-ocean to a ridge by the attractive force of the moon, and, were it not for the counter attractive force of the gravitation of the earth, would flood the moon itself. The late astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy, wrote that, "an eye at a great distance capable of observing the swells of the tide-waves might see one huge longitudinal ridge extending from the mouth of the Amazon to the sea beyond Iceland, making high water at one time from Cape Verd to the North Cape," and all this effected by the attraction of one great mass of matter upon another. But the earth's attractive force pulls down the wave to it again, as soon as it has reached its highest point. And Sir Robert Ball tells us that "a philosopher of the present day who had never seen the sea could still predict the necessity of tides, as a consequence of the law of universal gravitation"—a result owing to the relation "between the moon and the tides."

In a leading article in *Nature* we read that "the unimaginable vehemence of *heat* in the sun is balanced by an unimaginable urgency of *pressure* . . . here gravity and molecular motion—the *two universal antagonists*—carry on a conflict intensified far beyond the control of laws derived from terrestrial observation; and, again, "local excesses of temperature lead to what we may call *revolts against gravity*." And what is all this but a most emphatic affirmation of the truth, in the two aspects of it, of Grant Allen's theory. Again we are told in *Nature* (a leading article, too) that "some explain gravity as a push, not a pull." Central forces are replaced by the preponderant external impacts of mundane and ultramundane particles. Such theories *write their own sentence*. They include their own condemnation; for, as M. Isenrake points out, "the very form of the fundamental equation implies a contradiction of the law, that gravity varies with the *mass*." Again writes Nicola Tesla, "the forces or molecules keep up a ceaseless bombardment, but these being in every direction neutralize each other"; and it must not be lost sight of that action and reaction are equal and opposite. Writing on gravitation, says Taylor, "its direction is in a right line between the *centres* of the attracting masses . . . it is incapable of *exhaustion* . . . every body attracting every other in proportion to its *mass*," while Laplace tells us that in every part of the universe its action is "instantaneous," and, says Prof. Fitzgerald, "the instantaneous propagation of gravity" need not be "an essential difficulty." Oliver Lodge, too, says: "conceivably gravitation is transmitted by such longitudinal impulses or thrusts, and in that case it is nearly if not quite instan-

taneous." Like water in the ocean, matter is one and inseparable. A hole made in it with the finger closes up immediately. And Prof. Lodge, trying his hand at accounting for gravitation (which he by no means denies) says, "conduction does not go on except in the presence of ordinary matter, and is connected with *bound ether*; perhaps, matter *only strains the ether to it* . . . in this form gravitation may be held to be partially explained; for two bodies" (the earth, say, and the moon)—"two bodies, straining at the ether, will in this way tend to *pull themselves together* . . . We have learned from light and electricity that some such action between matter and ether actually occurs." And the same author speaking of "ether-vortices and atoms," indestructibly composed each of whirling ether, says, they have, "apparently, all the properties of atoms except gravitation," adding "but *this fundamental property of matter* cannot be left to be explained by an artificial battery of ultramundane corpuscles (La Sage's). We cannot go back to mere impact of hard bodies after having allowed ourselves a *continuous medium*. Vortex atoms must be shown to gravitate, but then," says he, "remember how *small* a force gravitation is . . . two pound-masses of lead *attract* one another, though they seem not to do so, yet is it the aggregate attraction of trillions upon trillions of atoms, the slightest effect of each *upon the other* being sufficient to account for gravitation." I quote this to show that the author of one of the latest works on electricity and the ether (Oliver Lodge), a fierce opponent of Grant Allen's book, only confirms—and on the most vital point, too—what he has written.

Prof. Lodge's book is a helpful one. I judge he is a careful and good experimenter, and himself above the ordinary intellectual standard. But, when a man of his calibre comes to speak of the giants of our race, he ought to show a becoming reverence. What, indeed, he says of Grant Allen, in the swell and storm of his indignation, matters little; but that he should seek to belittle such a power in the universe as Herbert Spencer—a man in whose ample brain a hundred Oliver Lodges might find room and to spare—is only to be accounted for on his own overestimate of his powers, stimulated by the mutual admiration of little coteries of specialists—very needful in their way—who collect little and even important facts, and sometimes group them into small generalizations; but here is one who binds the universe in one grand one. Yet, if in anything this man, whose pre-eminence *prægravat artes infra se positas*, seems to make a slip, with what a crowing they fall upon him. The little slip delights them. But,

Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, man is not a fly,  
What were the end, were finer optics given,  
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven.

"Why, man, he doth bestride our narrow world like a colossus, and we petty men," etc. But to return. Grant Allen has given us what is so all-important, whether in physics or chemistry, or whatever it be, a *theory* of the dynamics of the universe, which meets, I think, every requirement, so far as theory is concerned, of science; and as the author of a leading article in *Nature* says, when speaking of chemistry, what "we need is a true theory to guide us, for the fact is, that as chemistry is taught too frequently to-day, *the facts obscure the view of the principles*. We pile up the deckload when we ought to jettison half the cargo. What we want is a stricter subordination of facts to *principles*." We need, in truth, a pilot-thought to steer us through the fog, where here and there some headlands only are visible. Many have done much in this direction. But there was need of a complete theory to light up the whole. Grant Allen, however, speaks of his attempt as simply "tentative." It is for the best unprejudiced judges to say if it is or is not thorough.

J. A. ALLEN.

### QUESTIONING.

SHOULD joy be cup-bearer to hearts that bleed?  
And minstrel-chief to souls that walk in gloom?  
Or may one, stumbling 'neath the weight of doom,  
Pipe entertainment on a broken reed?

Rest from the striving. Let some happier throat  
Swell with the music thy parched soul hath heard;  
While in the thicket lonely a sad bird,  
Droop-winged, shall list afar its own high note.

J. H. BROWN.

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### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAP. XIII.

Walk to the P. O.—Harding's Portrait—The Encampment Besieged—Wilkinson Wounded—Serlizer and Other Prisoners—No Underground Passage Found—Bangs and Guard Remain—The Constable's New Prisoners—Wilkinson a Hero—The Constable and Maguffin—Cards.

THERE was no room for twenty persons in two waggons, and three to the post-office. As those three were the young ladies of the house, all the warriors offered to surrender their seats to them. They refused to accept any surrender, preferring to walk, whereupon Messrs. Errol, Wilkinson and Coristine thought an after-dinner walk the

height of luxury. Mr. Bangs saw he was not wanted as a fellow pedestrian, and mounted his horse instead of having him trot behind a waggon. The vehicles, or at least one of them, received instructions to wait at the post-office for the three members of squad No. 1. The walk was strictly proper, Mr. Errol taking Miss Carmichael, the dominie Miss Halbert, and the lawyer Miss Du Plessis. "What a goose you are, Mr. Wilkinson," said his fair companion. "What a goose you are to leave Cecile, whose footsteps you fairly worship, and to come and walk with a girl for whose society you don't care a penny."

"I should care more for Miss Halbert's society if she did not say such unjustifiable things."

"Cecile," called the young lady, "I want to change escorts with you; I like pleasant society."

The dominie felt as if a big school-girl had declined to receive a reprimand from the principal, and coloured with vexation, but Miss Du Plessis calmly turned and said: "If Mr. Wilkinson is tired of you already, Fanny, I suppose I must send Mr. Coristine to comfort you," whereat Mr. Errol and his companion exchanged a smile.

"Did the villain shoot Wordsworth at you, Miss Halbert, or was it Hans Breitmann in the original, or a Spanish *cantinella*, or some such rubbish? If I was Miss Du Plessis I'd wear a signboard over my ears, 'No poetical rubbish shot here;' perhaps that might fix him."

"Cecile is sentimental: she dotes on poetry."

"Pardon me for saying I don't believe it. I offered to recite my original poem on the Grinstun man to her, and she didn't seem to want to hear it."

"How ungrateful and unsympathetic! You will favour me with it, will you not?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world. You know it's awful halderdash, but here goes."

The original poem was recited with appropriate gestures, intended to imitate the walk of the hero of the piece and his various features. The people in front turned their heads to look at the performance and take in the words. Not to laugh was almost an impossibility, but the dominie succeeded in doing the impossible, and frowned heavily. He felt that his unworthy friend was bringing disgrace upon the causes of poetry and pedestrianism. When her laughter subsided, Miss Halbert said: "There is one thing I want to ask you seriously, Mr. Coristine." "Name it," he answered, "even to the half of my fortune." "It is to look after papa, and see that he does not expose himself too much to danger. I asked Mr. Perrowne too, but he is with the horsemen, you know." This last was said with a peculiarly arch smile, which convinced the lawyer that Perrowne was in deeper than was generally suspected. The first thought that followed in Coristine's mind was what awful cheek he had been guilty of in following Perrowne's precedent in drop the handkerchief. He managed, however, to assure the lady that he would do his best to watch over the safety of her father and Squire Carruthers, the latter words being spoken loud enough for Miss Carmichael to hear. When the post-office was reached Mr. Bangs dismounted, was ready to receive the ladies; and the three escorts, shaking hands warmly with each of their fair companions, entered the remaining waggon and drove away, the butts of their firearms rattling on the floor, and the suspended bludgeons playfully flogging their shoulders.

It was ghastly work propping up the dead murderer's shoulders in the shell, and placing a rest for his head. The jaw had been tied up, but the eyes would not close; yet, staring though the face was, it was not a repulsive one. The ordinary observer could not read what Bangs saw there, greed and hypocrisy, envy, treachery, murder. While Miss Du Plessis went on calmly sketching, the other girls turned their heads away. No one cared to break the stillness by a word. The detective went out and secured the services of Styles to accompany the ladies home, and remain at Bridesdale till the armed band returned. Then he went over to the shell in which the body of his brother detective lay, and, nobody looking at him, allowed himself the luxury of a few tears, a silent tribute to the man he honoured. When the sketch was completed, he warmly thanked the artist, and told her that he never would have dreamt of proposing such a task, but for his desire to do justice to his dead friend, whom an informer named Flower had greatly injured in the department. The department had faith in his cleverness all along, but suspicions had been cast upon his honesty, which embittered his days, along with troubles that were then only known to himself.

Bangs was not a detective, but a man of warm, brotherly heart, as he told the tale of the outwardly always cheerful, but inwardly sore-hearted, Nash, cut off in the midst of his years and usefulness. Then old Styles appeared, and, with a salute, the detective mounted and rode away to join the forces in front, while the ladies journeyed homeward. Mr. Bangs soliloquized as he rode rapidly on. "Boys read detective stories, and think our life an enviable one. They dote on the schemes, the plots and counterplots, the risks, the triumphs, and look beyond to fame and reward, but they know nothing of the miserable envies and jealousies, the suspicions, the checks and counterchecks, and the demnable policy of the department, encouraging these irresponsible informers, dem 'em, to break up all legitimate business and merder honest men. O Nesh, my pore dead friend, yo're avenged in a wey, bet who's going to avenge yore pore sister, and even this devil of a Flower or Herding, whose death lies at the door of that greater devil of a Rawdon?"

The expedition was waiting for him at Richards', the colonel in command. The scow had departed in charge of the captain, who had orders to do nothing to the barrier till he heard a signal shot; then he was to respond with the unmistakable blunderbuss, and batter down the obstruction. Squire Walker, Mr. Perrowne, and Maguffin had patrolled, without meeting even a passing team or wayfarer; but the colonel judged it best to get off the road without delay. Accordingly the waggons were left in Richards' shed, and the infantry doubled forward after the colonel and Bangs. When the rocky ascent was reached, over which the fugitives of the night before had clambered, a halt was called, and the colonel gave Dr. Halbert instructions. Just where the rock rose out of the swamp, Sergeant Terry's squad entered, and easily wheeled round large trunks of trees resting on stone pivots, revealing a good waggon-track, the masked road. This the cavalry occupied, looking to the priming of their pistols, and bringing their clubs into handy positions. The Squire's squad scaled the height near the road, and Mr. Terry's took ground farther to the right. The doctor led the way in front of and between the two sections. The cavalry moved slowly, keeping pace with the climbers. Soon the crest was reached, and the main body began to descend gradually, when the dominie slipped and his piece went off, the trigger having caught in his red window cord, startling the echoes. Then came the diffusive boom and crackle of the blunderbuss, and the doctor, inwardly anathematizing Wilkinson, hurried his men on. They heard axes at work, as if trees were being felled; it was the Captain and the Richards at the barrier. No enemy appeared on the rocks, but pistol shots warned them that there was collision on the road, and the doctor called the second squad to wheel towards it. The dominie, on the left of the first, saw what was going on below. Revolvers were emptied and clubs brought into requisition. He could not load his old muzzle-loading piece to save his life, but he knew single stick. Two men were tackling the brave old colonel, while a third lay wounded at his horse's feet. The dominie sped down to the road like a chamois, and threw himself upon the man on the colonel's right, the dissipated farmer. He heard a shot, felt a sharp pain in his left arm, but with his right hit the holder of the pistol a skull cracker over the head, then fainted and fell to the ground. His luckless muzzle-loader was never found. The colonel had floored his antagonist on the left, and turned to behold the dominie's pale face. Leaving the command to the doctor, he dismounted and put a little old Bourbon out of a pocket flask into his lips, and then proceeded to bandage the wound. Wilkinson had saved his life; he was a hero, a grand, cultivated, sympathetic, chivalrous man, whom the colonel loved as his own son. When he came to, were not the very first words he uttered enquiries for Colonel Morton's own safety? Maguffin, having felled his man, held his master's horse.

Squire Walker, Mr. Perrowne, and Bangs galloped on, the latter eager to seize Rawdon. They and the infantry squads came almost simultaneously upon the select encampment, which was simply a large stone-mason's yard, full of grindstones in every state of preparation, and bordered by half-a-dozen frame buildings, one of which, more pretentious than the others, was evidently the dwelling-place of the head of the concern. Two simple-looking men in mason's aprons stood in the doorway of another, having retired thither when they heard the sound of firing. This was evidently the boarding-house of the workmen, and an object of interest to Ben Toner, who, with his friends Sullivan and Timotheus, pushed past the two stonecutters, immediately thereafter arrested by Sergeant Terry, and invaded the structure. Soon Ben reappeared upon the scene, accompanied by a young woman whose proportions were little, if at all, short of his own, and calling aloud to all the company, as if he had accomplished the main object of the expedition, "It's all raight, boys, I've got Serlizer!" Behind the happy pair came an old woman, gray, wrinkled, and with features that bore unmistakable traces of sorrow and suffering. "Hev they ben good to you, Serlizer?" asked Mr. Toner, after he had in the most public and unblushing manner saluted his long lost sweetheart. The large woman raised her bared arms from the elbow significantly, and replied, with a trace of her father's gruffness, "I didn't arst 'em; 'sides I allers had old Marm Flowers to keep 'em off." The expedition was demoralized. The colonel and his servant were with the dominie on the road. Ben, with Timotheus and Sullivan, was rejoicing in Serlizer; while Mr. Hislop and Rufus were guarding the captured stone-cutters. Sylvanus, not to be outdone by his companions of the second squad, attached himself, partly as a protector, partly as a prisoner's guard, to Mrs. Flower, the keeper of the boarding-house. Sergeant Terry, without a command, followed what remained of the first squad in its search for Rawdon. The first person he came upon, in his way down to the water, was Monsieur Lajeunesse, who could run no farther, and, perspiring at every pore, sat upon a log, mopping his face with a handkerchief.

"A such coorse 'ave I not med, Meestare Terry, sinsa zat I vas a too ptee garsong." Mr. Terry understood, owing to large experience of foreigners, and could not permit the opportunity of making a philological remark to pass, "D'ye know, Mishter Lashness, that Frinch an' the rale ould Oirish is as loike as two pays? Now, there's garsan is as Oirish a worrud for a young bhoy as ye'll find in Connaught. But juty is juty, moy dare sorr, so, as they say in the army, 'Fag a bealach,' lave the way." The sergeant's next discovery was the doctor, borne in the arms of the lawyer and the dismounted parson. He had

sprained his ankle in the rapid descent to which his zeal had impelled him, and had thus been compelled to leave the Squire in command. Mr. Hill had been left behind on the left of the encampment with the horses of the three dismounted cavaliers, Squire Walker, Mr. Perrowne, and the detective, so that Sergeant Carruthers, now acting colonel, had with him a mere corporal's guard, consisting of Messrs. Errol and Bigglethorpe.

The junction of the land forces with those operating on the water was effected in good order, the latter being intact under command of the captain, but the former exhibiting, by their terribly reduced numbers, the dreadful fatality of war. Squire Walker and Mr. Bangs alone represented the cavalry; Carruthers and his corporal's guard, the first squad, and the veteran all alone, the second squad of the infantry. Even this remnant had its deserter, for, during the conversation between the Squire and the Captain, private Bigglethorpe stole away, and when next seen was standing far out upon a dead hemlock that had fallen into the lake, fishing with great contentment, and a measure of success, for bass. The numbers of the force were soon augmented by the appearance of the doctor and his bearers. The disabled physician was accommodated with a seat on the bottom of the scow, two of the Richards boys being displaced in his favour. The Captain reported a prize in the shape of a handsome varnished skiff, which he found drawn up on some skids or rollers at the foot of a great mass of rock, that seemed as if cut all about in regular form, in readiness for quarrying. The finding of the boat just opposite it, the worn appearance of the ground, the absence of moss or any other growth on the severed edges of the square mass of limestone, led the detective to ask if there was any report of a subterraneous passage in connection with this mysterious region. The doctor, whom his former guide had taken by water, and insisted on blindfolding at a certain point, was sure that he had walked some distance on rock, and, although the lamp-lit room, in which he had seen his patients, was lined with wood, and had blinds on apparent windows, he doubted much that it was built in the open air. Then, Coristine remembered how the dissipated farmer had coupled Rawdon's geology with trap rock, as well as with galena, quartz and beryl. Knives were produced and thrust into the seams at the top and on the two sides, as far as the blades would go, but along the bottom there was no horizontal incision answering to that above; it was perpendicular towards the earth, and of no great depth.

It was decided, in the meanwhile, to leave the Captain with Richards senior, his youngest son, and Mr. Bigglethorpe, who declined to leave his sport, as a guard on the skiff and the adjoining mysterious stone. The rest of the party returned to the encampment, to consult with the colonel and learn the reason of his absence. Pierre Lajeunesse was found where Mr. Terry had left him, and gladly accepted an arm up the hill. Arrived at the stone-yard, the Squire and Coristine learnt with concern of the dominie's wound, but were rejoiced to find it was nothing more serious, and that his was the only casualty, besides the doctor's. Squire Walker and Mr. Bangs accompanied the colonel, whom Coristine relieved in attendance upon the dominie, and Maguffin, to look for the felled accomplices of Rawdon, but, of the four who certainly were knocked insensible by the clubs, not one was to be found, nor was there any sign that the pistols of the cavalry had taken effect on the other three. The whole seven had escaped. Meanwhile Rawdon's house and all the other buildings had been searched by Carruthers, without a single incriminating thing, save a half empty keg of peculiar white spirits, being brought to light. The stables contained many horses; and strong waggons, such as those seen by the pedestrians at the Beaver River, were in the sheds. The stone-cutters and the women professed to know nothing, and, save in the case of the woman called Flower, Bangs was of opinion that they spoke the truth. All the men could tell was that Rawdon paid them good wages, so that they were able to live without work all winter; that six other men worked for him elsewhere and came to the boarding-house for their meals, but did not sleep there; that one of them had got hurt in the back, and was away in the hospital, and that two teamsters had left shortly before the intruders arrived, along with the remaining five. They had also seen Rawdon ride in that morning, but did not know where he had gone. Did they know of any underground vaults or trap doors, or any buildings apart from those in the encampment? No, they had seen none; but, three years ago, before they returned to work in the spring, there must have been quarrymen about, for enormous quantities of stone were lying ready for them, which they had not taken out. Mrs. Flower declined to answer any questions, but did not scruple to ask if the Squire and others had seen anything of a man called Harding. When she learned the man's fate, as she sat in a low chair, she rocked it to and fro and groaned, but shed no tear nor uttered an articulate syllable.

Bangs would not give up the search, nor would he leave the place. There was food enough in the boarding-house, and he would remain, even if he had to stay alone. Squire Walker had to be home for an engagement early in the morning; the two clergymen had to prepare for Wednesday evening's duty, and had pastoral work before them; the colonel could not leave the man who had saved his life. The doctor and the dominie were incapacitated; Ben Toner was worse than useless over Serlizer; Pierre dreaded his beloved Angélique's ire if he remained away over night; and Sullivan's folks might be kinder anxious



about him. Messrs. Hill and Hislop also thought they had better be going. Thus the army melted away. Everybody insisted on the Squire going home, and getting a good night's rest. When, with difficulty, persuaded to do so, he offered to leave Timotheus as his substitute, if that worthy were willing. Timotheus consented, whereupon Sylvanus and Rufus volunteered, it being understood that Ben Toner and Maguffin would do their work about the kitchen and stables, while Serlizer helped the Bridesdale maids. Two other volunteers were Mr. Terry and the lawyer; and two of the Richards offered to watch with Mr. Bigglethorpe on the lake shore. Thereupon, the three members of that gallant family withdrew to the lake, and, while one boarded the scow and helped his father and younger brother, under the Captain's directions, to paddle home, the others hailed the fisherman and asked if he was going to remain. "I'm here for the night, boys," replied the man of the rod. "I'll turn up that skiff against the wind and dew, light a fire by the water, and, early in the morning, have the loveliest bass fishing I've had for many a day. Oh yes, I'm here. D'ye see my gun lying about anywhere?" Mr. Bigglethorpe's gun was found, and deposited in the skiff. While this was going on below, Ben Toner harnessed up a team, hitched them to a waggon, for which he found seats by depriving other waggons of their boxes, and prepared to take the wounded dominie, his affectionate friend, the colonel, with Serlizer and the woman Flower, to Bridesdale. The last named person insisted upon going at once to see the dead body of Harding. The two stone-cutters also asked to be allowed to accompany the two props of the encampment boarding house. Mr. Hill rode the colonel's horse, and the Squire, that of the detective. Along the once masked, but now unmasked, road, the procession of waggon, horsemen, and footmen, passed, waving a farewell to the allies of Mr. Bangs who held the fort. It should be added that Sylvanus accompanied them as far as the Richards' place, to obtain the Captain's permission for his volunteering, and to bring the borrowed waggon back.

At Richards' the waggons were brought out. One was devoted to the two injured men, the dominie and the doctor, with their attendants, the colonel and the Captain, and Barney Sullivan as driver. The other was driven by Ben, with Serlizer beside him. It also contained the woman Flower, Mr. Errol, Mr. Lajeunesse, and Mr. Hislop. The cavalry, consisting of Squire Walker in command, Mr. Perrowne, Carruthers, Hill, and Maguffin, trotted forward, and the infantry and prisoners, comprising Tom Rigby, who turned up at the Lake Settlement, and the two masons, followed in the rear. The constable was angry; he had lost his prisoners of the morning. Having arrived at Mr. Newberry's hospitable house, and being asked to take some refreshments, which, esteeming the objects of his care to be simple souls, he had no hesitation in doing, he was amazed, on his return to the waggon, to find his captives gone. At once he started in pursuit, but, up to the time of his arrival at the Lake Settlement, he had seen no trace of the fugitives. Accordingly, the corporal made the present life of the two stone cutters a burden. He searched them for concealed weapons, and confiscated the innocent pocket knives with which they shred their plug tobacco; he forbade them to smoke; and, finally, tied the left hand of the one to the right of the other to prevent their running away, of which they disclaimed any intention. The cavalry came first to the gate of Bridesdale, and reported the casualties, Perrowne proudly relating that he and Coristine, who was "now end of a good fellow," had carried the doctor to the scow, which he called "the bowt." Ben Toner's waggon came next, having dropped Mrs. Flower at the post office, where, a little later, the constable landed his prisoners. Her companion Serlizer sought the kitchen with Ben, while Mr. Errol joined his brother divine; but Messrs. Hislop and Lajeunesse, with Mr. Hill, waited only for Sylvanus' appearance to take their homeward journey. At last the ambulance waggon drove slowly up, and tender hands lifted out the disabled and the wounded. Miss Halbert and Miss Carmichael relieved the Captain of his patient, who managed to hop cheerfully into the house, with an arm on each of their shoulders. The Squire and the colonel helped the dominie along, and up to a special single room which was to be his hospital, and which Mrs. and Miss Du Plessis and Mrs. Carruthers were prepared to enter as nurses, so soon as his bearers had put him to bed. Then the doctor came up with his instruments, cut off the colonel's improvised bandage and the shirt sleeve, bathed the wound, found and extracted the bullet, and tied all up tight. The meek dominie bore it all with patience, and apologized to his surgeon for giving him so much trouble while he himself was suffering. The three ladies brought the wounded hero all manner of good things that sick people are supposed to like or to be allowed to eat and drink, and Wilkinson was in a *dolce far niente* elysium. Little Marjorie, having knocked timidly at the door, came in with some square gaudily-covered books under her arm, and asked if Mr. Wilks would like her to read to him. She offered the victim his choice of "Puss in Boots," "Mother Goose," and "Nursery Rhymes"; but Miss Du Plessis, who, at the sufferer's request, was looking up in Wordsworth that cheerful theme, *The Churchyard* in "The Excursion," interposed, saying, some other day, when Mr. Wilkinson had grown stronger, he might perhaps be able to make a selection from her juvenile library. Marjorie told her cousin that she was sure, if it had been her Eugene who was sick, he would have liked her to stay and read to him. She had

told Eugene to marry Cecile, but she would never do so any more; she would give him all to cousin Marjorie.

The three squires sat in council, and agreed to dismiss the nominal captives on condition of their promising to appear when wanted as witnesses. This Serlizer at once agreed to. Mr. Walker rode to the post office and exacted the promise from Mrs. Flower and the masons, thus depriving the constable of his prey. He was compelled to untie their hands, and restore the confiscated pocket knives. The masons were invited to supper at Bridesdale, as was the woman; but the men proposed to go on to the River, as they had money to pay their way; and Mrs. Flower, who would not leave Harding's body, was given in charge to the post mistress. The supper tables in hall and kitchen were very different from those of the previous night. In the latter, Ben Toner, the constable, and Maguffin had each a lady to talk to. Their superiors missed the company of the lawyer, the detective, and Mr. Bigglethorpe, to say nothing of Mr. Terry. The doctor was stretched out upon a sofa in the office, where his daughter waited on him, assisted by Perrowne, who had to carry the other articles of food while she preceded him with the tea. Miss Du Plessis, similarly helped by the colonel, attended to the wants of the dominie. Consequently, the steady members of the supper circle were the three matrons and Miss Carmichael, with Squires Walker and Carruthers, Mr. Errol, and the Captain. All agreed that Wilkinson had done a very fine thing, and Mrs. Du Plessis was warm in his praise. "The only men that stuck to me," said the Squire, "were Mr. Errol and Bigglethorpe, and even Bigglethorpe went off fishing as soon as he came to the water, so that I may say Mr. Errol was my only faithful adherent." The ladies all looked with much approbation on the blushing minister, and Mrs. Carmichael showed her approval by immediately refilling his cup. Squire Walker whispered in his ear: "Fine woman, Mr. Errol, fine woman, that Mrs. Carmichael! Is she a widow, sir?" Mr. Errol did not like this whispering at table, especially on such a subject, but he replied affirmatively in as brief a way as possible, and went on with his repast. The Captain said that his mill was clean run out of gear with all these starboard and port watches and tacks to every point of the compass; and, when conversation lagged, Carruthers fairly nodded over his plate. Nevertheless, after supper, the occupants of the kitchen were called in and prayers were held, in which Mr. Errol offered petitions for the bereaved, the suffering, and the criminal, and committed the watchers at the post of danger and duty to the care of their Heavenly Father, to all of which Mr. Perrowne responded with a hearty Amen. Then, the parsons insisted on going home to their boarding houses, and Squire Walker mounted his horse for home. Anxiously, Mrs. Carruthers asked her husband if he anticipated danger where her father was, and Miss Carmichael asked the Captain the same question, without mentioning anyone, but having Coristine in view. Both endeavoured to reassure the minds of the half tearful women, after which they carried the doctor upstairs, and all went to bed. Fearing that the idiot boy might repeat his double attempt to fire the verandah, Mr. Perrowne had told Muggins to lie there and watch it, and there the faithful dog lay the whole night through, to the satisfaction of the inmates of Bridesdale, although happily nothing happened to test his quality as a watch dog.

In the kitchen, Mr. Maguffin considered himself, next to Tryphena and Tryphosa, the representative of the family, as the deputy of Timotheus and the servant of the colonel. Ben Toner was his ally in war, but had no local standing, and the pensioner was simply an intruder. Yet, with cool effrontery, the corporal sat in the place of honour beside Tryphena, and regaled her with narratives of warfare, to which she had listened many times already. Ben and Serlizer were still full of one another's society. He had comforted her heart, if it needed any comforting, over the condition of her father, whom he and Timotheus had treated so cavalierly, and urged her not to go home any more, but to come and help the old woman. With a bad example before her at home, and very far from improving ones at the Select Encampment, Serlizer was yet, though not too cultivated, an honest steady girl, and was pleased to learn that Ben had really turned over a new leaf. She gave her sweetheart to understand that she had kept her own money, not being such a fool as to let the old man get his hands on it, and that it was safe in the bundle she had brought from the boarding-house, whereupon Ben said she had better put that bundle away in a safe place, for you couldn't tell what kind of characters might be about. Mr. Maguffin heard these words, and, taking them to himself, waxed indignant.

"Ef yoh'se diloodin' ter this pressum comperny, Mistah Tonah, I wants ter say I takes the sponsability ob these young ladies on my shouldahs, sah, the shouldahs ob Mortimah Magrudah Maguffin, sah, Foh what remains ob the masline paht ob it, I ain't no call foh ter spress myself. It kin speak foh itsef."

The corporal glowered, and smote the table with his fist.

"Pardon my indignation, Miss Hill! This creature, with no military or other standing that I know of, calls me, a retired non-commissioned officer of the British army, *it*. In India, where I served, I called such things *chakar* and *banda*, the very dust beneath my feet, Miss Tryphena; and it was as much as their life was worth to call me less than *sahib*. And, now that I have retired on a pension, with my medals and clasps, and am an officer of the law, a black man, a *kali*, presumes to *it* me. I have known a *kali chakar* killed, yes killed, for less. 'Corporal,' said

the commanding officer to me, 'Corporal Rigby,' said he, many a time, 'order one of your men to call up that black dog of mine!' I assure you he did, Miss Hill."

"I doan' take no erbusse ner nigger-talk in this yere house, where I'm takin' Timothis' place, an' where my bawss is mighty high ercount, no, not fom consterbles nor no nuther white tresh. I didn't go foh ter call Mistah Rigby *it*, Miss Tryphosa, I swan ter grashus I didn't. I spressed the pinion as all the comperny as isn't ladies is it, and so it is it."

"Ef you go a ittin' of me Maguffin," struck in Ben, "I'm buzz-sawed and shingled ef I don't hit you back fer what you're ma-guvin us." Then he opened up his mouth and laughed, and Serlizer laughed, and the Hill girls. Even Maguffin displayed his ivories, and remarked: "Mistah Tonah, foh a gennelman what ain't trabbled none, yoh'se mighty smaht."

"Oh, Serlizer," said Ben, "we don't go traavellin' much; we ain't like the rollin' stones as don't gaythyer no mawss."

"When the cunnel and mo was ridin' ter Tronter, laast Sat'day," continued Mr. Maguffin, "the cunnel he begun egpashuatin' on the things he see. 'That there mawss,' says he, 'at Hogg's Holler, minds me ob two coloured men was habin' a counterbessy on they bawsses. Says one of the gennelmen, 'My bawss,' (the cunnel says massa, but that's a name I doan' take to) 'my bawss says he ain't like yoh bawss, trabellin' around all the time and gatherin' no mawss.' 'No,' said the other coloured gennelman, 'but my bawss gathers what yoh bawss want mighty bad, and that's a heap ob polish.'"

"For polish," remarked Constable Rigby, turning to Tryphena, "for polish, Miss Hill, commend me to an English army officer."

"My bawss," said Maguffin, "is an officer and a gennelman, and yoh cayn't beat him foh polish nohow."

"There are no officers and no soldiers in America," replied the pensioner.

"Oh, Mr. Rigby," interrupted Tryphosa; "I remember reading in my history that the American soldiers beat the British army many times in the Revolutionary War."

"Flin-flam, Miss Tryphosa Hill, garbled reports! The British army never has been beaten, never can be beaten. I belonged to the British army, Miss Hill, I beg pardon, Miss Tryphosa, and know what I assert from experience."

"Lass stop this jaw and have a game o' keerds," suggested Serlizer.

Ben seconded his lady love's proposal, and thought a game of euchre would pass away the time. The constable said euchre was no game. There was only one game at cards, and that was whist. The man or woman who could not play whist was uneducated. Sarah Eliza professed a preference for High, Low, Jack, and the Game; any saphead could play that. She wasn't a saphead herself, but there might be some about. Maguffin regretted that in the Baktis pussuasion cards were not allowed; and the Hill girls had distinctly promised their mother to play no games of chance. As, however, none of the parties owned a pack of cards, nor knew where to find one, further controversy on the subject was useless. Tryphosa, looking intelligent, left the room, and speedily returned with a little cardboard box in her hand, labelled Countries, Cities, Mountains, and Rivers, with which Timotheus had once presented her. She said it was an improving game, and that all could play it. The shuffling and dealing, of course, presented an almost unavoidable chance element, but, apart from that, the game was a matter of science, of geographical knowledge. Now the Hill girls were educated, as Mr. Rigby said; and he, having travelled far as a soldier, was not deficient in geographical lore; but what about the other three?

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss Newcome, "at them there keerds, I guess we jist are sapheads. Ain't that so, Ben?"

Ben said "I guains"; and Mr. Maguffin added: "joggrify, entermology, swinetax, and paucity was taught me, but I done clar forgit how they run, it's so long sence."

It was, therefore, agreed to play a triangular game, the pair having the most books to be winners, and have the right to shuffle and deal for the following trial of skill. The contending pairs were the pensioner and Serlizer, Ben and Tryphosa, Maguffin and Tryphena; partners were allowed to help each other. While the British Islands, Turkey, Russia, and India were being played, Rigby and Miss Newcome were triumphant, but when it came to any other part of the world, especially to America, with the exception of Canada, where Serlizer scored her one victory, that pair was helpless. Maguffin acquired a book by his own unaided wisdom, that of the Southern United States; otherwise Tryphena inspired him. Ben had an unavailing contest with Miss Newcome over Canada, and saw her make up the book and slam it on the table with mingled feelings of pride in her, and mortification for his own want of success. But, as he said, Tryphosa was "a daisy and parlyzed the hull gang." Laurel after laurel she took from the brow of the travelled pensioner; she swooped down upon Tryphena and Maguffin, and robbed them of books wholesale, till Mr. Toner remarked that she had "quayte a libery"; in her hands the strapping Serlizer was helpless as a child. Magnanimously, she allowed Ben to shuffle and Serlizer to cut, then Ben again to deal.

The second game was more exciting. Mr. Maguffin, naturally quick and possessing a memory cultivated by closely following the prelections of his coloured Baptist religious instructors, rapidly seized the hitherto unknown combinations, and astonished Tryphena with his bold independence of action. The constable's mind worked more

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conservatively, as became his rank and profession, and Serlizer was worse than useless to him, but, by chance, they had magnificent hands. He piled up India in quick marching time, as he hummed "The British Grenadiers," and accompanied it with a drum beat of his right foot on the floor. Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, Indus, Ganges, and Godavery, Himalayas, Ghauts, and Vindhya, lay captured at his right hand. Ben won Ireland from him, but he annexed England, Scotland, and Turkey. Once more Serlizer took Canada, and, owing to Mr. Toner's imperfect shuffling, laid complete books of Egypt, Australia, and Brazil upon the table. The stars fought against Tryphena and Tryphosa, and, in spite of Mr. Maguffin's gallant struggle against fate, the pensioner took the honours. Then Miss Newcome favoured him with a friendly kick under the table, accompanied by the elegant expression: "Bully for you, old man!" Next, the victorious damsel shuffled, allowed Tryphena to cut, and dealt out the cards for the third game. This time the deal was fair, and Mr. Rigby, glancing over his partner's capacious hand, beheld there no prospect of continued good fortune. Tryphena was on her mettle as a geographer, and Maguffin had stowed away in his all-embracing memory the names of half the globe's prominent features in city, river, and mountain. He wrested half India and all Russia from the pensioner, captured the whole of the United States, Canada, Mexico, and various states of South America. Almost the entire continent of Europe succumbed to Tryphena. Tryphosa fought doggedly, and encouraged Ben to continue the unequal contest, but the constable and Serlizer yielded up card after card with the muteness of despair. Mr. Maguffin was transported with joy, when his partner counted up their united books, amounting to more than those of both the other pairs put together.

"I've larned moah joggrify this heah bressid night nor I'd git in six mums or schoolin'. Hit makes me feel kind er smaht all ober, but not smaht enough foh ter ekal you, Miss Tryphena, ner yoh pah. Ain't he jest a smaht man, foolin' me on Typernosties and Gasternickle, words I nevah knowed afoah, yah! yah! yah!"

A new game was in progress, when a tap came to the inside door, and, immediately thereafter, a figure in a dressing gown appeared, partly thrust into the half-opened entrance. "Do you know Tryphena," said a pretty voice, "that it is very late, long past midnight, and you two girls have to be up by six o'clock at the latest? Take Sarah with you, and go to bed. Toner, you know Timotheus' room, and had better get some rest, which I am sure you need." As the four parties addressed somewhat sheepishly departed, Mrs. Carmichael turned to the remaining card-players, who were standing, corporal Rigby at military attention, and said, with a somewhat tremulous accent: "There's a large fire out in the Lake Settlement direction, but I cannot bear to awaken Mr. Carruthers or the other two gentlemen, for he is very tired, and they are much older and require rest also. Perhaps, Maguffin, you will be kind enough to saddle a horse quietly, and find out where it is and see that my father and Mr. Coristine are safe."

"I've ony too pleased ter obey yoh commandemens, marm, wif percision an' dispatches," answered the coloured gentleman, hastening stablewards.

"As constable, ma'am, if I may be allowed to speak," said Corporal Rigby, saluting for the second time, "as constable, it is my duty to be present at all township fires, for the purpose of keeping order and directing operations. I shall, therefore, with your permission, ma'am, respectfully take my leave."

"It is a long way, constable, and you and I are not so young as we once were—"

"Pardon an old soldier's interruption, ma'am, but you are as young as ever you were, the youngest married lady I know."

"Thank you, corporal! What I meant to say was that you had better get Maguffin to saddle a horse for you, as the distance is great."

"You are very good, ma'am, but I never served in the cavalry. I belonged to Her Majesty's Foot Guards, ma'am, and could not possibly insult the memory of my old comrades lying in Crimean graves, by putting the legs, that a merciful Providence furnished me to march with, across the back of a horse. Had I even served in the Artillery or in the Engineers, I might have been able to comply with your kind request. Being what I have been, I must proceed without delay to the seat of the conflagration. I have the honour, ma'am, of saluting you. Good night!"

So Maguffin quietly escaped from the stables, and rode rapidly towards the fire, which shed its lurid light far over the clouded sky; and the pensioner trudged after him on foot, with his official baton under his arm, to make that conflagration acquainted with the law.

(To be continued.)

THE Austrian State railroads introduced their low zone tariff in June, 1890, and a greatly reduced freight tariff last year. The report for 1891 shows a gain of 1½ per cent. in gross earnings over those of 1890, but a decrease of 13½ per cent. in net earnings. The larger part of the increase in gross earnings was from passenger traffic, and the increase in freight earnings was trifling; but a decrease of \$1,600,000 had been estimated as the result of the decrease of freight rates in this the first year of their working. The net earnings were equal to 2.39 per cent. on the cost of the State railroads.—*New York Railroad Gazette.*

ON Sunday last I "interviewed" the several alleged cholera suburbs. I never encountered populous districts so clean, inhabitants more merry, or air more pure. On two occasions I experienced an un-eau-de-Cologne puff from the sewers, but not more than can be met with any day in Paris, or other large city, after a long spell of drought. Besides, scientists tell us, the atmosphere in the sewers of Paris is not toxic, and the sewer-labourers are as renowned for their longevity as grave-diggers, who, like annuitants, never die. The only suggestion of yellow flag was that tint of the tram-cars at Aubervilliers; in the plain of St. Owen, peopled by ragmen and anarchists, the wooden shanties, in the midst of their small gardens cropped with potatoes, salads, tomatoes, string beans, cabbages, etc., in full bloom, suggested that from the contentment of the occupiers, the Arcadian age had been attained—that of each man dwelling under his own vine and fig tree.

I conversed with several of the local inland revenue officers between Aubervilliers and Genuévilliers, the firesides of cholera-morbus, respecting the plague; they knew nothing about it, but viewed the affair as a sort of reasonable practical joke; the mad-dog question occupied them more. I took a run through the vast abattoirs; no signs of malady among the slaughtermen or their camp followers, save that the weather being hot, they drank more "milk" and coffee, very little wine and less stimulants. The new Pantin cemetery received many funerals—all of the poorer classes, to judge by the respectable but humble hearses. The hand biers for infants were numerous. I promenaded through the open air rag fair, where the chiffonniers vend, after sorting, their best night finds; close by is the market for the lower category of second-hand clothing, articles all displayed on the ground in most admired disorder. Purchasers were numerous, and no disinfectants resorted to. To this impunity from contagion, as well as the like exemptions from the second-hand clothing sold in the "Temple"—not called after Solomon's, though the home of the old clo' battlions-market; the public auction mart for bedding and left off wearing-apparel in the Rue Druot, and the hydraulic lift at Marly that sends the concentrated Seine sewage water from thence to Versailles, the latter being the healthiest city in France; how diseases are not propagated from these unpurified dépôts is, as Lord Dundreary would say, "what no fellow can understand."

Talking over this subject with some French medical friends, they avowed that the Seine water piped to the inhabitants is the promoting cause of malignant cholera, baptize the scourge as may be. And if the suburbs persist to refuse the daily street detritus of Paris to be shot down in their neighborhood, then a serious endemic must ensue. There is no reason why that detritus ought not to be transported by barges to the provincial waste lands. It is officially contradicted that the immense quantities of dead barbel, a fish peculiar to the Seine, floating down the river, is due to the insalubrity of the water. The pipes distributing the Seine water are reported to be foul, but how cleanse them? The Grand Hotel has a special cellar fitted up with 50 of the *bougie* filters, where all the water of the establishment, 2,300 gallons, is daily filtered. The hand-cleansing of these filters was very troublesome, but now an ingenious machine has been invented that brushes and cleans the filters with ease and efficiency.

The "guillotine" is the dominant actuality; the Minister of Beaux-Arts has ordered from a sculptor the bust of Dr. Guillotine, who did not invent, but gave his name to the "national razor." That bust will be placed in the Art Gallery of Versailles reserved "*A toutes les gloires de la France!*" When will be similarly honoured the inventor of the cord and the drop, the garotte, and kindred facilities for expediting the shuffling off of the mortal coil? Why should a nation leave to a Tussaud the monopoly of Chamber of Horrors? Dr. Guillotine was a physician and a philanthropist; the machine he eulogized is the associated invention of Dr. Louis and a German, Schmidt, a mechanic. The principle of the instrument, which in France dates from 1792, had been utilized long before in Italy, and even Auld Reekie claims that window-sash plan of decapitation as she does the cutty stool of repentance. Caligula instructed his executioners to so "strike that the victim would feel death." The misfortune of Guillotine was, that in a fit of enthusiasm, after witnessing the rapidity into which a head was chopped off, he recommended the convention to adopt that mode of executing criminals; the operation was accomplished "in the twinkling of an eye and without pain." The Parisians seized upon that phrase, and worked it up in epigrams and songs, and called the machine after the doctor. That baptism broke the good man's heart; the thought of going down to posterity with the machine associated with his name was too much for him. It is a popular error to conclude that he was executed by his own invention during the Reign of Terror. Strange that he never applied for leave to change his name. When a family in France is disgraced by the infamous criminality of one of its members, their first care is to obtain a legal permission to adopt an unbranded name.

Deibler, the executioner, has had the honour of a cartoon sketch, by Gilbert Martin, who in a way does Leech and Teniel duty for France. He represents Deibler on the occasion of his 220th execution, walking with the

celebrated coffin basket under his arm, into which the trunks of the guillotined are rolled, with the figures "220" inscribed on the side, in blood-red letters. Of course Deibler will be supplied with a copy of Dr. Guillotine's bust, as the doctor will now more than ever be regarded as the patron saint of the machine. The cartoon possesses this originality: it is the only living likeness of the headsman existing outside the records of the Government, where every civil servant has his photo archived with his nomination documents. The likeness is a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Wilson, son-in-law of the late President Grèvy, and whose enemies take advantage of the pictorial windfall. M. Deibler has now only one child, his son, aged 26, who is his second assistant, and who is as gay and sociable as his father is silent and retiring. Deibler's wife suffers from the cranky notion that plots exist to take away her good man's life; hence she keeps no servant, so avoids his food being poisoned; answers the door, that her husband is out, for all enquirers. She accompanies him every Sunday to church, and also when he takes his constitutional, or when he goes to the Home Office to receive his monthly salary of 400 frs. His first assistant is the only visitor he receives, who may be said to have his chair placed every day at the dinner table. During the residence of a condemned in the cell, Deibler can obtain a peep at the occupant, and thus study his character. On the eve of an execution the four aids meet at Deibler's residence, and, after supper, proceed about two o'clock in the morning to make the preparations for the execution.

Several French writers went over to England and Ireland to witness the elections; they congratulate France that the rough electoral manners they saw were unknown to her; but forgot to add that France does not enjoy the untrammelled liberty of public meetings. The visitors cared very little about the programmes of the several parties, save from the standpoints of the evacuation of Egypt and abstention from protecting Tangiers. But as neither Gladstonians nor Salisburyites occupied themselves with these questions, nor expressed their readiness to adopt the French rather than the British view of such interests, the verdict of the visitors is: "A plague o' both your houses."

The fête of the fourteenth of July still further illustrated that in proportion as the Republic strikes its roots more profoundly in the country, the less necessity for indulging in enthusiasm over its development. The fourteenth is simply becoming a big holiday for the working classes and third-class country cousin excursionists. The very young stratum of the population, of course, delight in a free fun day; being gratuitous it is popular; the local mayorities instituted "municipal cotillions," when the pupils of the schools, chained on each side of the longest street, Cornucopia, rewarding their merriment accordingly. It was not only a tri colour, but a Russian flag day; Rouyet de Lisle and Glinka were the heroes; the Marseillaise and the Russian hymn were tempered with "*Tarara-boom-dira!*" The fireworks might have been better. The military parade in the Bois was a success and a relished pleasure. Private illuminations may be said to have become extinguished, and decorating windows with flags is certainly on the decline; neither will die out, however, so long as public houses exist—establishments which keep alive the street dancings and dray-cart orchestras. The free-thinkers objected to the Montmartre Cathedral of the Sacré Cœur illuminating, and above all displaying an electric light fiery cross. The objection to the latter in point of art was, it was too insignificant for the building, or rather the milieu. Politically republicans ought to rejoice at the whole compliment, as the sacred edifice receives no subsidy like the city churches to defray the cost of gas jets. It was a fitting P. S. to the Pope's adherence to republicanism, and must have given fits to many an old dowager in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Madame Adam in her *Nouvelle Revue* states that in her life she had two originalities: she never wore crinoline and never believed in Bismarck. For the first, I cannot vouch; respecting the second, she is right, and may thank her stars she never visited Vaterland when the Prince was monarch of all he surveyed; he vowed to lock her up for life for her attacks on the imperial family. Z.

THE CRITIC.

A PART from Mrs. E. M. Hall's recently published work, "The Child and His Book"—which, by the way, has already reached a second edition, a proof, if any were necessary, of the need and popularity of a pronouncement on the subject—it is difficult to recall any serious or important endeavour to form an opinion upon the best existing reading matter for children. Books on the mind of the child (like Preyer's), books on the education of the child (like Froebel's, and Pestalozzi's, and the Baroness Marenholz von Bülow's, and Rousseau's, and Richter's) abound; indeed the eminent authority, Mr. G. Stanley Hall, in collaboration with Mr. J. M. Mansfield, has issued a very elaborate and very useful "Bibliography of Education." But bibliographies are skeletons, and in the whole of Mr. Hall's long "Index of Subjects" there is no hint of an excursus on the subject of what amongst adults is called "general reading." Curiously enough also, in Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's ambitious and voluminous second edition of "The Best Books," there is no section devoted to this topic. And even Mr. Acland, despite his active interest



in educational matters, is content in his smaller but excellent "Choice of Books" to dismiss the choice of books for children to a bare enumeration of a few well-known authors.

And yet it is a subject important enough in all conscience. Mr. Ruskin in his "Sesame and Lilies" could not too strongly urge its importance. Yet if he had sacrificed a little wealth of language to some practical hints on what books to put into the hands of growing and curious minds, his lecture might have been enhanced in value. Not only does he give no such hints, but he goes so far as to say that a girl (he is speaking of and to girls) may be turned loose into a library to browse as she chooses, for that she will instinctively know and avoid noxious weeds. To many this will seem hardly a counsel of perfection. Perhaps in such a library as that possessed by a Slade Professor of Fine Art such a freedom might be beneficial; but with the ordinary circulating library is it? Especially when in the ordinary circulating library no such thing as browsing is possible, the young seeker for knowledge has to content herself with catalogues more skeleton-like even than bibliographies.

It may be useful to some heads of families and also to such conductors of Sunday-school and other juvenile collections of books who may happen to be readers of THE WEEK, to put down here a few brief hints as a guide to the choice of books and authors of acknowledged merit and purity of tone for children of, say, from twelve to sixteen years of age. Of authors of fiction, then, which we may set down without hesitation are such as "Hesba Stretton,"\* Louisa Alcott, R. M. Ballantyne, Rev. A. J. Church, Mrs. Gatty, G. A. Henty, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss C. M. Yonge, "A.L.O.E.," Jacob Abbott, H. C., W. H. D., W. T. Adams, W. L. Alden, Grace Aguilar, Anne Bowman, and many others. Amongst writers of travels and adventures of which most children are intensely fond, might be mentioned Sir Samuel Baker, Du Chaillu, John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"), and Lady Brassey. In fairy tales there are Grimm and Hans Andersen and more recently Andrew Lang's collection. Mr. Jacobs also might be added. In science, Charles Kingsley, Arabella B. Buckley, Richard A. Proctor, "The Romance of Science," Grant Allen. In pure literature Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," and Charles Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." In natural history Buckland and J. G. Wood. In astronomy, Miss Agnes Giberne, also the present Royal Astronomer of Ireland, Sir Robert Ball, and, of course, Richard A. Proctor. In ornithology, the lady who calls herself "Olive Thorne Miller." In history of course we have Dickens' "Child's History of England"; but from other sources history may be learned also—from Scott's novels, for example; from Macaulay's Lays too. In poetry the recently published "Lyra Heroica" has been highly praised. Amongst authors scarce needing mention are Mrs. Burnet, Mrs. Carey Brock, "Lewis Carroll," Miss Charlesworth, J. Fennimore Cooper, Thomas Hughes, Kingston, Captain Marryat, Miss Martineau, Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, some of R. L. Stevenson, Commander Cameron, Miss Strickland, Miss A. S. Swan, G. M. Fenn, "Uncle Remus," M. F. Farquharson, Miss Sewell, Dr. James Macaulay. Of magazines there is a plethora to choose from of excellent tone and replete with good and interesting matter. The "varieties" page of the *Leisure Hour* is a favourite one with many boys of active mind. Children are often fond, too, of dipping into books the greater part of the contents of which is altogether beyond them; and it is a good habit to foster, for such book is often re-read in after years with increased gusto. For this purpose a good encyclopædia is admirable—by preference perhaps Chambers' latest edition. And amongst advanced books might perhaps be mentioned, as a sort of *miscellanea*, Macaulay's "Essays," Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," Johnson's "Rasselas," Herschell's "Familiar Lectures," Tyndall's "Forms of Water," and the classical English novelists.

These of course are a mere drop in the ocean of juvenile literature which is now yearly being poured from the presses, but they will form a nucleus of a library which can be added to according as the tastes of the youthful readers dictate.

NOBODY, they say, is a hero to his valet. Of course; for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I dare say, has great respect for some person of his own stamp.—Goethe.

\* "Hesba Stretton's" works are so numerous that it may be valuable to append here a full list of them. The following is, if not accurate, not far from being so:—

Alone in London—The Collier Boy—The Crew of the *Dolphin*—Hester Morley's Promise—Jessica's First Prayer—Reuben Kent at School—The King's Servants—Little Meg's Children—The Lord's Purse-Bearers—A Man of His Word—Night and Day—Apple Tree Court—The Worth of a Baby—Pilgrim Street: a Story of Manchester Life—Sheer Off—The Young Apprentice—Not Forsaken—Nellie, the Clockmaker's Daughter—David Lloyd's Last Will—Her Only Son—The Sweet Story of Old—The Cloves of Burcot—Paul's Courtship—Fern's Hollow—Max Kromer—Lost Gip—Cassy—Brought Home—Two Christmas Stories—No Work, No Bread—Friends Till Death, etc.—The Wonderful Life—Michael Lorio's Cross, etc.—Old Transom—The Storm of Life—Enoch Roden's Training—No Place Like Home—Under the Old Roof—An Acrobat's Girlhood—The Children of Cloverly—A Miserable Christmas and a Happy New Year—Sam Franklin's Savings Bank—Carola—Cobwebs and Cables—The Day of Rest—In Prison and Out; or, Facts on a Thread of Fiction—Nelly's Dark Days—A Thorny Path—Through a Needle's Eye—Bede's Charity—The Doctor's Dilemma (and, with Mrs. Ruth Lamb) A Ray of Sunlight, etc.—also various pieces in *All the Year Round*, one of the most notable, perhaps, being "The Travelling Post Office" in Dickens' "Mugby Junction," in the Christmas number for 1866.

## IN MEMORIAM.

OBIT., MAY XVIII., MDCCCLXXXII.

SINCE that bright hour in hallowed youth  
Ere yet my second self had died,  
And through life's morn in linkèd truth  
We seemed to walk with single aim.

Since—of one mind, one heart, one blood,  
One name—my nobler counterpart,  
Was drawn with haste to promised good,  
And all my light of life grew dim.

On earth there has not dawned for me,  
Of human worth a goodlier form,  
Than this bright friend now ceased to be,  
Than this true soul in Liberty.

Nor love of books, nor art, nor song,  
Nor love of mighty thoughts of men,  
Nor love of right, nor hate of wrong,  
Nor mutual bonds of great and good.

But that which truly holds them all—  
His broadly, grandly human heart,  
Did draw us, spite of great and small,  
And bound us to the bitter end.

With yearnings for the Prairie West,  
And proud unrest for martial fame,  
At length he sailed the river's breast  
But fell upon its farther brink.

Mid fringes of the virgin trees  
And gleamings of a shining mere,  
And music of the murmuring bees  
At length he waits the blessed dawn.

BYRON R. NICHOLSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FRESH AIR FUND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Many of our kind-hearted citizens have already shown their interest in the above branch of the "Children's Aid Society," by sending in contributions in aid of the work; but it is quite possible that there are many more who will willingly aid when the claims of the work have been brought specially to their notice. The Society is already deeply indebted to the press of the city, and the obligation is increased by making it the medium of this appeal. The "Fresh Air Fund" branch requires help, and it is believed that the fact has only to be made known when the necessary funds will be at once sent in. Already there have been seventeen excursions in which 5,000 persons, chiefly young children, have had the benefit of the outing. Two lunches have been served to each person at each outing and plenty of milk given to the little ones. It is estimated that the total cost for the season will be \$1,800, of which \$750 has been received, leaving over \$1,000 still required for this season's work. It has not been necessary in the past to send out collectors, and it is not the desire of the Society to do so, as it is felt this is a benevolent work which commends itself to the sympathy of every one. The public are reminded that but for the extreme kindness of the steam-boat owners, managers and captains the cost would be greatly increased. The people in the city and country in sympathy with the Fresh Air Fund work are now appealed to for the one thousand dollars required for the work this season, and are asked to send their contributions without delay to the Secretary, at 82 Church Street, who would very much prefer that they be sent by registered rather than by ordinary mail or by hand.

J. K. MACDONALD,

J. STUART COLEMAN,

President.

Secretary,

Toronto, Aug. 6, 1892.

## THE HISTORY OF CANADA.\*

THE importance of this work, and in particular of the fifth volume, the first of a new series in which the author proposes to treat of "Canada Under British Rule," from the Peace of Paris (1763) to the Union of the two Provinces in 1841, demands a longer notice than that which has already been given to it in THE WEEK.

The period of twelve years that this volume deals with is so brief that careless readers may fancy that too much space has been given to it. But those will think differently who desire to study the development of the forces that led to the schism of the English-speaking race as well as the germs of those forces that determined the position of Canada then and that have continued to determine it ever since, down to the present day. Dr. Kingsford has earned the gratitude of such students and of all historical investigators for his painstaking, thorough and conscientious treatment of this critical period of our history, for the firmness with which he handles his materials and the excellence of his summaries. While never hesitating

\* "The History of Canada," by William Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Vol. V. (1763-1775.) Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison, 1892.

to state his conclusions on any point, he enables every intelligent reader to form his own opinion, by giving him original documents or authorities. May the author be spared to complete the great work to which he has already given so many laborious years and the whole of his matured strength! He informs us that he hopes to complete this second series concerning Canada under British rule, in three additional volumes, to appear annually during the three following years, but it is manifest that, in order to do this, the public must show a more generous appreciation of his labours than the list of subscribers yet shows. Such a work requires the devotion of a lifetime. It is no mere abstract nor a mere succession of glowing pictures of stirring events that Dr. Kingsford aims at presenting. If it were the first, schoolboys would probably have to buy in order to cram it; and if the second, it would take rank with novels, and secure thereby a sufficient circulation to make it pay. A complete and connected account of the birth and evolution of Canada, worthy of being called a history, is a different matter. It takes time to appreciate anything considerable, and in a new country almost every one is in a hurry. We are disposed to buy only what makes little demand on our time and our purse, and everywhere the general attention is arrested by the sensational rather than by the solid. However, in spite of all those considerations, for which due allowance must be made, the hitherto somewhat limited sale of this great work is not creditable to us as a people. The only comfort in the premises is that the sale is on an up grade. Probably by the time that the author can receive no personal benefit from popular appreciation, justice will be done him.

We should study the history of the past for our guidance in the present. History is indeed that revelation which, as Carlyle says, no one in or out of Bedlam can question. Most of all should the lover of his country, anxious that the good ship should steer a steady course, know all that can be known of the views of those who built and freighted her. To change the figure, a nation is an organization, and every break in the continuity of its life is injurious. In vain have been the thoughts, the wisdom and the sacrifices of our fathers, so far as we are concerned, unless we take the trouble to understand the principles on which they acted. Especially when clouds overhang our future is there the greater need to look to the past for light. If we do so, we shall find that, notwithstanding differences in circumstances, the identity of principles may easily be discerned.

Up to 1763 British troops had fought for generations side by side with the hardy militia of the colonies. Where only the militia were engaged, as at Louisburg, the British navy did its share of the work in its usual fashion. The final result was that, practically speaking, this continent became English and not French. Without attempting the invidious task of deciding whether the regulars or the militia contributed most to the final settlement of the long contest, or whether the greater credit should be given to the Mother Country or the colonies, let us admit that, as a matter of fact, the credit of the victory was due to both, that the one was dependent on the other, and that France for a long time was a match for both. Had France only permitted the Huguenots to settle in Canada and in Louisiana, the result might have been different. The one great superiority that her opponents always had was the preponderance in population of the thirteen colonies over Canada. The Abbé Casgrain points out in his excellent work, "Montcalm and Levis," just published, that "New France, whose territory extended from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, contained hardly 80,000 people, while the English colonies, hemmed in between the Atlantic and the mountains which served them as bulwarks, had a population of 1,200,000 souls."

The Abbé frankly admits that so far as Louisiana was concerned, the French Government was to blame for this disproportion. "That Government committed a grave error, when it refused to listen to the request as just as it was pacific, that the Huguenots might be allowed to establish themselves in the uninhabited wilderness of Louisiana. They asked no other privilege than that of freely practising their religion beneath the shadow of the French flag. Pontchartrain, to whom this request of the Huguenots had been referred (1699), made this incredible reply: 'The king has not driven the Protestants from France to allow them to form themselves into a republic in the New World.' Had it not been for this unfortunate policy the French Protestants, instead of going to enrich hostile countries by transporting themselves there with their families and fortunes, would have emigrated in large numbers to Louisiana, where they would have formed, in a short time, a flourishing colony; and in proportion as religious antagonism disappeared, they would again have attached themselves to France, the country of their forefathers; and, at the instant of the supreme crisis, when France and England were struggling for mastery in America, they would probably have been in a condition to make a powerful diversion, which might have completely changed the issue of the conflict."

Surely if it was safe to allow religious toleration in Louisiana, much more might it have been allowed in Canada. Previous to the revolution of the Edict of Nantes the Huguenots had always been true Frenchmen, and no charge of treason should be brought against them as a body, because they had often been obliged to combine for mutual protection. If a horrible policy demanded their expulsion

from France, what a contribution they would have been to the strength of Canada! There was room and to spare for them all. Up to 1763 the island of Montreal, on the south of the St. Lawrence Laprairie, was the limit of settlement, while "there was not a solitary French-Canadian established in what constitutes the present Province of Ontario." The land was waiting to be possessed. Forts had been built to maintain a passage from the great lakes to the Ohio, but what was the use of the great river and the magnificent country between it and the Father of Waters without farmers to till the fertile soil and be the true bulwark of the country? There were a few trading posts, but there was not a single colonist. The real reason why the Huguenots were forbidden to enter Canada was not the one hinted at by the Abbé Casgrain, but that which was brutally avowed when they were forbidden to emigrate to Louisiana. We cannot, indeed, throw stones at France; for in what country at the time was the principle of religious toleration understood, or at any rate acted on? Besides, France lost Canada and the New World in consequence. That surely was punishment enough. Boasting, on our part, is, in the circumstances, insolent as well as pharisaical and ungenerous.

The fates then decided that America was to belong to the English-speaking race. Everything looked settled, but things will not stay settled. In a very few years the thirteen colonies were counting the Mother Country their bitterest enemy, and sending a Macedonian cry to France for help. Rightly, Dr. Kingsford attempts to examine the influences which contributed to the American revolution, for, as he says, "much of the history of the northern part of the United States cannot be dis severed from that of Canada."

The popular notion is that the one question at issue between the two colonies and the Mother Country was the claim made by the British Parliament to tax the colonies, and of course the sympathy of free men everywhere goes with the cry of "No taxation without representation." But there were other questions that contributed to the friction that ended in civil war, where the sympathy of generous minds must be with the Mother Country. One of these was the imperial policy with regard to the Indians. This policy was extremely unpopular with the colonists, who generally took the position afterwards taken by the Supreme Court of the United States with regard to the negro, that an Indian had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. Feuds arising from this attitude had led to wars again and again, and the British Government, that was expected to pay the bill when war arose, naturally felt the responsibility more than politicians who thought only of their own immediate interests. On the conclusion of the treaty of Paris, "The lords of trade informed Johnson that the determination had been formed to permit no grant of land within the fixed bounds of the Indian territory, under pretence of purchase or any pretext whatever, and that a proclamation would be issued on the subject. . . . The Albany politicians contended that the management of the Indian lands should rest with the Province, with agents dispersed throughout the country. The proclamation was consequently received with extreme disfavour and was represented as an interference on the part of the Imperial Government with Provincial rights. . . . But, with the men in positions of responsibility, it became evident that the mischievous pretension to obtain Indian lands at any cost must be checked. Thus, the protection of the Indian from aggression being the keynote of the proclamation, it resolutely dealt with the emergency. Governors were forbidden to grant warrants of survey beyond their respective governments; and no private man could purchase land from the Indians. It was from the Government only that Indian lands, with a legal title, could be obtained, the Government first having secured by treaty a legal transfer of the tract on terms satisfactory to the tribe ceding it" (p. 140). Dr. Kingsford rightly says that the principle then laid down has always been acted on in the Queen's dominion. Lord Dufferin, in his masterly speech in Victoria in 1876, having to refer to the Indian question in British Columbia, which was not in a satisfactory state at the time, pointed out that Britain and Canada had always acted on this fundamental principle: "No government, whether provincial or central, has failed to acknowledge that the original title to the land existed in the Indian tribes and communities that hunted or wandered over them. Before we touch an acre we make a treaty with the chiefs representing the bands we are dealing with, and having agreed upon and paid the stipulated price, oftentimes arrived at after a great deal of haggling and difficulty, we enter into possession, but not until then do we consider that we are entitled to deal with an acre. The result has been that in Canada our Indians are contented, well-affected to the white man, and amenable to the laws and government."

There can be no doubt that one of the reasons why colonists in the eighteenth century entertained unfriendly feelings towards the Mother Country was because she protected the Indians. "It had been the custom of the land jobbers, on learning the situation of a desirable tract of land, to obtain by the aid of some presents to Indians, well primed with liquor, their signature to a deed, and the first thing known of its existence was when it was acted upon." To put a stop to all that kind of devil's work was the duty of the Sovereign power.

Another reason may be mentioned, one too that has a still closer bearing on Canadian history and characteristics

as well as on the politics of to-day and our probable destiny. I refer to provisions of the Quebec Act of 1774, the propriety of which has been so often disputed—in particular, that which established French civil law and custom and that which established the Roman Catholic Church, by authorizing the *dîme*, or the payment to the priests by Roman Catholics in the agricultural districts of one twenty-sixth of the produce. A third cause of offence was the failure to give a legislature to the people of the Province. But almost every impartial person must acknowledge now that the only legislature that could have been constituted there would have been a sheer mockery of a popular body. The population consisted of four hundred Protestants and eighty thousand French-speaking Roman Catholics, yet the former actually clamoured for a House from which the latter should be excluded, and the colonies to the South protested in the strongest language that, by denying to the people such a House, the British Government "designed to separate Canada from the rest of America, and to increase the number of Roman Catholic emigrants, who would be instruments to reduce the ancient Protestant colonies to the state of slavery!" It is difficult to refrain from echoing the well-known cry: "O, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" While nothing is now said regarding this third cause of offence, there is still much difference of opinion regarding the other two causes. High authorities can be cited on opposite sides, but though probably the bulk of English and American authority was and perhaps is opposed to the policy of the Quebec Act in both particulars, I am obliged to take a different view, and to agree with Dr. Kingsford that the Act as a whole was politically expedient, and that "No principle of law or justice suggested any other settlement of this difficult question that had to be faced—namely, how best to secure the rights and the well-being of the French-Canadian people. As to the acceptance of the ancient civil law and custom of Quebec in its entirety, who will pretend that the English code, which is little better than a jumble of precedents, should be taken as a model, or even if it were admittedly superior that it should have been imposed on a people who had been accustomed to a different code? It is objected that the unification of Canada has been prevented by the establishment of different laws in different Provinces, but it is forgotten that Scotland kept her laws and law courts when uniting with England and that the union has been not less but more successful on that account. Again, as to the tithes, if such a term can be applied to one twenty-sixth of the farm produce, Dr. Kingsford hits the nail on the head when he points out that "the obligation was purely conventional," and that if anyone is desirous of escaping from it, the road is as wide and the door as open for him as it is for any Protestant who fancies that he cannot afford to pay his pew-rent or other church dues. He is free to join a cheaper church or to do without church altogether. "Any policy refusing recognition of the clergy would have been regarded by the new subjects as a grievous wrong. The Act was generally framed to meet what was looked upon as their natural and legitimate desire, and was so represented by all deputed to examine into the matter" (p. 239). "The reply to any criticism directed against the Quebec Act lies in the query, What else could have been done? From the date when it was passed, being the period when the unfortunate Boston ports Act was carried through Parliament, it has been to some extent the custom (notably so with United States writers) to adduce the influence of the disturbances, which at that date had reached their climax in the old Provinces, as the main cause of the recognition of the ancient civil law of Canada and the tolerance granted to the religion inherited by the people; as if the emergency had been viewed from the imperial standing point only. But I can discover no admissible ground for the acceptance of this belief. The Act itself was the product of many years of enquiry and investigation; it is manifest throughout that the first intellect available was directed to the consideration of the problem, and the result attained was based upon the desire only of making good government in Canada possible, and of creating a loyal and satisfied population, with due respect to those imperial considerations which it was not possible to disregard" (p. 237). I am quite convinced that the evolution of modern society will bring about everywhere the separation of Church and State, though by no means convinced that that will be the last word on the subject; but we must be content to wait for the evolution in every country. Just as there is certain to be disestablishment in Scotland when the majority of the Scottish people has distinctly signified that so it wills, and not till then; just as the Liberation Society must wait patiently for a similar evolution in England, so must Canadian volunteers be content to wait till Quebec itself speaks the decisive word. Our neighbours, in 1812, tried to compel all Canadians to become politically "free," and everyone knows with what result. Attempts from without to force ecclesiastical freedom on a people are not likely to be more successful. Dr. Goldwin Smith tells the world that the result of Britain's dealings with Quebec is "that Quebec at the present day, though kindly enough in its feelings towards Great Britain, is not a British colony, but a little French nation." Be it so. An opposite treatment was tried for a long time with Ireland, and with what result? That there was a little Irish nation, without kindly feelings towards Great Britain.

GEO. M. GRANT.

LET me die facing the enemy.—*Bayard.*

DR. ABBOTT AND THE LATER THEOLOGY.\*

THE majority of theologians have long got over the panic which the Darwinian theory occasioned when first announced. Those whose lashes are neither speculative nor scientific are satisfied that the essentials of Christianity are untouched by it. Others seek to reconcile the doctrine of Evolution with the ordinary statement of Christian truth, whilst a third class, more fully alive to the far-reaching extent of the principle of development, concede its truth, and claim it as an handmaiden of theology, whose office is to enable us to gain a deeper insight into the ways of the Almighty, to remove perplexing difficulties, and to illustrate some of the profounder doctrines of Christianity. As for example that of vicarious suffering. Dr. Abbott belongs to this last class, and, in the work before us, offers the most thoroughgoing and lucid exposition of its standpoint that has yet appeared. It is not such an epoch-marking book as "Lux Mundi." It contains no such brilliant philosophic analysis of faith, as Canon Scott Holland gave us in the first essay of that work, nor any such careful and learned statement of the present position of the theistic argument as the late lamented Aubrey Moore furnishes. It is narrower in its range and more popular in its treatment of the questions at issue, but it gains much from unity of authorship, as the title of the lectures alone shows—Evolution and Religion—The Evolution of the Bible—The Evolution of Theology—The Evolution of the Church—and so on. Dr. Abbott in effect takes his stand upon our Lord's words: "Now wine must be put into new bottles." "We are living," he says, "in a time of religious ferment. What shall we do? Attempt to keep the new wine in the old bottles? . . . No! put the new wine into new bottles that both may be preserved." He finds three main schools of modern Christendom—one which defends both the faith of the fathers, and the forms in which it found expression—another which rejects both the forms and the faith—and a third which holds fast to the faith but endeavours to restate it in the terms of modern philosophic thought. To this third school, whose watchword seems to be "Progressive Orthodoxy" and who write of "The New Theology," Dr. Abbott of course belongs. Evolution he holds to be a demonstrated theory. It is a "continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces." Religion is "the life of God in the soul of man"—and this life of God in humanity, he proposes to show, is "one of continuous progressive change according to certain divine laws, and by means of forces, or a force resident in humanity;" in other words—there has been an evolution of religion. An examination of the Bible and of the history of Christendom shows what a strong position this is. The history of Israel is that of a nation to whom God gradually revealed Himself as men were able to bear it. There is a clearly discernible development in both the theology and the morality of the Jews in the Old Testament, but the Old Testament falls far short of the new in both, although Christianity is the flower of Judaism. Indeed it was the enunciation of this truth by our Lord which stirred up the opposition of the Jews. To tamper with the law or its fencings—the oral traditions of the Rabbis—was clear proof of heresy, if not of blasphemy. In the Sermon on the Mount, in the parables of the new patch on the old garment, and of the new wine in old bottles; in his reply to ten fiery apostles who appealed to the precedent of Elijah, as affording reason why fire should be invoked from heaven upon some inhospitable Samaritans, and in other passages of the Gospels; in the oft-quoted opening words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the famous saying of St. Paul that the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, we have sufficient proof that the Bible cannot be adduced as an opponent but rather a supporter of the principle of development. When we turn to the history of theology we find the same patent fact. Dr. Abbott shows that the three types of thought in the ancient world, each brought their contribution to the interpretation of Christianity. The mysticism of the Oriental, who seeks to gain a spiritual illumination by intuition transcending the ordinary powers of the understanding, the speculative bent of the Greek, and his dialectic method, and the practical mind of the Roman, all brought something to that Christianity which conquered them. This flexible character of Christianity is not its reproach but its glory—for it is after all only its form, not its essential character, which changes. And each successive age, moreover, brings some permanent contribution to the great edifice of theology, so that, as Dr. Abbott excellently says: "The theology of the future ought to retain all of the truth which was successively contributed by Oriental, by Greek, and by Roman thought; for in the evolution of Christian theology, each of these three phases of thought made a valuable addition to the religious life of Christendom—an addition which we cannot afford to despise and cast away." There are some statements in this work which many will hesitate to accept, and others which can hardly fail to give offence. But this is the case with most books that direct men's thoughts into new paths. We do not hold that Dr. Abbott's work is the last word by many, on this great topic. But it is an eminently useful book for those who feel that some re-statement of the dogmas of Christianity, in terms of modern science and philosophy, is imperatively needed. It is lucid, interesting and abounds in suggestive ideas

\*"The Evolution of Christianity," by Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston and New York. 1892. Price, \$1.25.



and apt illustrations. It is finally an honest book, and we are altogether agreed with the author that "there is danger in scepticism, but there is greater danger in shams; in making-believe believe, in trying to think something which is not really thinkable, or at least not really thought; in shutting our ears and our hearts to the truth which is knocking for admission. The Master never condemned honest doubt, but shams of all sorts were odious to Him. He who was the Truth could not endure a lie.

### ART NOTES.

We have under our eyes, and held up to our admiration, the products of the two great schools of the past, the Greek and the Italian Renaissance, which all thoughtful students of art recognize as beyond modern rivalries; these with the contemporary Japanese, in which, with an antipodal difference of motive and temperament, the fundamental system is the same, and the success due to the same processes of thought and work as those of the Greek and Italian schools. These processes are absolutely antagonistic to those of the modern schools without exception, the difference between the latter being rather one of processes and handiwork than in conception of the purposes of art. The English school is, with very few but most notable exceptions, only an aggregation of more or less clever amateurs; the German is a mistaken philosophical worship of the mass of matter we call the world, and humanity, without a trace of imagination or spirituality; the French, of the moment, while technically at the head of modern art, is but the apotheosis of brush-work and the speculum of the surface of things, as devoid of vitality, as cold and sterile, as the surface of the moon; and ours, so far as it goes, seems to be based on the French, and so predestined to superficiality, if not to power. The steady degradation of art, almost without distinction of form, with only rare and isolated recurrences of the true spirit, from the sixteenth century to the day we live in, demands an explanation which shall indicate the remedy, if the study of art is to be healthily revived. As an evolutionary problem, it is one of the most interesting, and not the least important, in the history of culture. Its solution is indicated more or less clearly by the analogies of every branch of the history of thought, and is shown with absolute precision in the philosophy of the arts taken collectively, in their individual history in which the law of evolution is shown, and, if we would study it, in the development of the individual artist; it is visible in music, in poetry, in the dance, in sculpture and in painting—sister arts where true arts, and as such subject to the same laws, and in fact only various forms of the same passion, that of expressing our emotions in rhythmic forms, of manifesting in communicable and sympathetic modes and ideal types the absolute and individual self. If the arts, born of one motive, appear in diverse guise, it is because each of our faculties demands a distinct appeal, and, for the satisfaction of its peculiar emotion, a distinct language. In each and all the artist is a creator, borrowing the language of nature only when it serves his purpose; but he is in no wise her check or mirror—that is the mission of the scientist. Poetry and music have their motives and methods so rooted in our spiritual natures that they can be degraded only by sensuality; but even then the art may keep its fineness, because, after all, the most intense sensuality has its roots in the spiritual nature, and it is only in its escape from the divine order and precedence that its vice lies. The dance we may consider a dependence of music; and these are immortal, in no peril of extinction. It is only to sculpture and painting that death can come; that form of death that keeps a body and loses the soul. Materialism is the deadly enemy of all the arts; but music and poetry cannot be materialized; they are born in human emotion, and will only die with it. Painting and sculpture are materialized by slavery to the facts of nature. They draw their language, the prime elements of their creation, from a visible world, so full in its vocabulary that the artist cannot escape from the suggestion of its terms, if he would be understood. Colour is, and in its highest expressions can only be, subjective, to be treated like music, orchestrally; but the element of form is necessarily dependent on nature for the intelligibility of its terms and types, the artist having only the faculty of exalting and refining her forms into what we recognize as the ideal. The essential condition of all the arts of design becoming true art is in their being expression, not imitation; that their statements and imagery shall be evolved from the mind of the artist, not copied from natural models, be creation, not repetition; and in the degree that this condition is fulfilled does the work become more or less purely a work of art. The idealist gets his materials from nature; but he recasts them in expression; the realist, who is no artist, repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist.—*W. J. Stillman, in the Atlantic Monthly for August.*

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

With the performance of "Götterdämmerung," given in London, on Wednesday, July 13, the German opera subscribers received their last instalment of the series so far as the Wagnerian music-dramas were concerned, leaving for the following week only the promised representa-

tion of "Fidelio," which was anticipated at Drury Lane last month on the occasion of Frau Klafsky's debut. This great artist was, of course, the Brünnhilde of the final section of the tetralogy, and here her wonderful gifts were exhibited, if possible, in a brighter light than in the earlier scenes in which the fair Valkyrie appears. With her rare capacity for expressing deep emotion, Frau Klafsky combines an exquisite feeling for contrast, and it was interesting in the extreme to note the varied shades of tone-colour employed by the singer in each successive situation of the drama. At the outset we had the loving and tender Brünnhilde, bidding farewell to her glorious warrior; next, the affectionate sister welcoming the visit of Waltrante, listening with awe to the recital of the troubles in Walhalla, yet turning hard as stone when asked to part with the precious ring confided to her by Siegfried; then, a moment after, the maddened woman chased like a hunted animal by her own husband in the guise of Gunther. These are the different phases of the first act alone, and much more remains to come—the scenes where Brünnhilde, brought captive to the home of the Gibichungs, challenges Siegfried with the perfidy of which he has unwittingly been guilty; where she allows herself to be gradually drawn into Hagen's conspiracy to murder him; and finally, that grand closing scene where, finding her hero brought home dead, and learning of the dastardly trick by which he had been deprived of memory, the courageous woman utters her dying panegyric, and then, mounting her steed, plunges into the burning pyre, and allows herself to be consumed amid the same flames that are burning her husband's corpse. Unfortunately, this last episode, during which, furthermore, Hagen throws himself into the Rhine, and the waters of the river are supposed to rise and overwhelm the entire scene, while Walhalla and the gods are being destroyed by fire in the background, was by no means effectively realized upon the stage of Covent Garden, and the failure, doubtless, provoked our friend, the Rev. Mr. Haws, to institute more comparisons of a damaging nature between London in 1892 and Bayrouth in 1876. At the same time the art of Frau Klafsky compensated for a great deal, and when the curtain fell at midnight, after a performance that lasted five hours, the audience gave vent to its delight in a series of enthusiastic calls for the singers, the conductor and the manager. From what has been said, it will be seen that Brünnhilde is even more *en vidence* in this drama than the heroic Siegfried himself. We need scarcely say, however, that Herr Alvary invested the character with the utmost measure of importance and interest, besides suggesting with infinite skill the distinction between the manly warrior and the half-savage boy of the preceding drama. He was particularly fine in the third act, where Siegfried holds his colloquy with the Rhine maidens, and tells the vassals the story of his life just before falling a victim to Hagen's cowardly spear-stroke. The wily son of Alberich had an over-ponderous representative in Herr Wiegand, who emphasized the gloomy side of the character without suggesting either its subtlety or viciousness. Herr Knapp made an efficient Gunther, and Fräulein Bettaque imported all the necessary grace and charm to the rôle of Gutrun. Another admirable impersonation was the Waltrante of Fräulein Heink; this artist sang superbly in the scene with Brünnhilde, which, by the way, was omitted at Her Majesty's in 1882. The weird song of the Rhine daughters, albeit executed under slight difficulties, owing to a lack of swimming space, was delightfully rendered by Fräulein Traubman, Ralph and Froehlich. The orchestra, under Herr Mahler's inspiring guidance, was once more equal to all requirements, and furnished a worthy climax to the succession of triumphs won by it in "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Three nights later the German troupe again occupied Covent Garden, giving before a brilliant and crowded audience one of the best performances of "Tannhäuser" ever given in this country. We reckon as of little account such blemishes as the chorus of pilgrims being occasionally sung flat, or a trifling roughness on the part of the orchestra in the overture and the march. These are things that one can easily hear well performed; but, on the other hand, it is rare indeed to find such perfection of ensemble or such a reverent interpretation of the letter as well as the spirit of Wagner's early work as the Hamburg artists gave us withal. The opera was performed in its entirety, without so much as a single "cut," and yet to the master's admirers, who were naturally present in force, it cannot have seemed unduly long, since they were content to stay until Saturday night had passed into Sunday morning in order to hear the last note. Herr Alvary made a wonderfully picturesque and impulsive Tannhäuser, and sang his music admirably, although not so well suited by it as by the more declamatory style of the "Nibelungen" or "Tristan." Herr Reichmann was excellent as Wolfram, a part played by him at this house during the German season of 1884. Fräulein Bettaque did full justice to the somewhat ungrateful rôle of Venus, and Fräulein Heink gave evidence of a true artistic spirit by undertaking the small part of the shepherd. The gem of the representation, however, was unquestionably the Elizabeth of Frau Klafsky, a creation of remarkable beauty, and replete with womanly tenderness, devotion and charm. The soul of the artist was, as usual, thoroughly in her work, and whether in the jubilant greeting "Dich theure Halle," in the poignant anguish of the appeal to the assembled knights, or in the pure, calm resignation of the prayer, her expression of the musical and dramatic situation was absolutely faultless.—*Ill. News of the World.*

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT IN THE PROVINCE OF NORTH CAROLINA. By Stephen Beauregard Weeks, Ph D. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

The title of this booklet is significant of its purpose, and we can only observe that Dr. Weeks has handled his subject in a calm and judicial spirit. Objecting to the glowing pictures of Mr. Bancroft, he has accepted his present position owing to "the irresistible logic of facts."

OVER THE SEA: A Summer Trip to Britain. By J. E. Wetherell. Strathroy: Evans. 1890.

The contents of this volume, originally printed in the *Strathroy Age*, have already been favourably noticed in our columns. We can only add that the printing and binding of this dainty little volume are in themselves an eminent source of attraction, which will not fail to gratify those to whom we have already cordially recommended "Over the Sea."

THE OTHER BOND. By Dora Russell. New York: John A. Taylor and Company.

Given for a prologue a father who absconds to avoid the punishment of theft, and a son of fifteen of the sensible, teutonic type, who begins life anew as a clerk in some large iron works, it is not surprising that, after an interval of twenty years, chapter I. shows us the *quondam* clerk transformed into an M. P. with some thousands of pounds to his credit, while the father is, naturally enough, placed comfortably *hors de combat*. All this is very smooth and very pleasant, but hardly exciting. The hero of the book is very sensible, but a little heavy; he is in love with one girl and marries another, who holds him in bondage seemingly before and after marriage, and who dies in a lunatic asylum. Then John Forbes, now John Forbes Stuart, marries the girl of his heart, who is by this time a stately widow, while he himself is a "Cabinet Minister—a man talked of and popular." The subordinate characters are not very attractive, and curiously enough, as modern novels go, it is the heroine, Annie Gage, who commands whatever interest there is in the story.

RURAL LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By Arthur E. Smith. New York: John B. Alden.

Speaking of poetry, a very modern ancient observed:—

*Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.*

But, luckily for the magazines, public opinion of to-day has reversed the sentence and many volumes of poems are published which take the safe middle course for one or two editions or even more. Mr. Arthur E. Smith commences his volume with a simple little poem—one of the best in the volume—entitled "The Three Requests." "Reuben and Flora" is suggestive of Locksley Hall, only however in its metre. In legends like "The Lost Hunter" Mr. Smith is at his best:—

I know where the Morning laughs at the Night  
By the noisy waterfall,  
And the eagle drops from his dizzy height  
To his nest on the mountain wall!

In such poems as these Mr. Smith possesses a force and genuine feeling which he fails to express in his more ambitious work, although in "Immortality" he shows the germs of what may really develop into poetic power. In conclusion, we would observe that we believe this young author capable of stronger and more vigorous work than he has shown us in the neatly bound volume entitled "Rural Legends."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES in Convocation Hall, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. Session 1892. Price, 25 cents.

This little volume contains ten addresses, the first four of which will attract most attention, being devoted to a statement and consideration of the much-talked of Higher Criticism and its various relations to the older views of the Bible and its interpretation. The first place is given to Dr. Briggs, of Union Seminary fame, who treats of the Bible and other books, *e.g.*, the Sacred Books of the East, and Christian literature, and points out the supremacy of the Bible. "The Bible is the crown of the Christian Church; it is like the royal crown of England, formed of precious stones gathered from many lands and cut by the skilful hands of artists of many countries and times, and yet combined in a masterpiece of beauty and perfection."

Principal Grant luminously and sympathetically expounds the results of the Higher Criticism, and very reasonably defends his action in saying that "the question is now removed from the closets of scholars, or books that only the learned read, to popular magazines and even to daily newspapers." He points out the danger attendant upon a too rigid adherence to the older views, and pleads for at least a suspension of judgment until a fair examination of the new views has been given, seeing they have gained such a wide-spread support not only in Germany, but in England and America. We re-echo his evident desire that a large-hearted and charitable spirit shall preside over all discussions of these questions. Of the six remaining addresses two are by outsiders, viz: Dr. Murray, of McGill, who discourses on Christian and Unchristian Agnosticism; and Dr. Hume, of Toronto University, who utters a stirring appeal for deep thinking on the truths of Christianity resulting in entire sacrifice of self to Christ and devotion to all that is good, true and holy.



**THE RIGHT HAND: LEFT-HANDEDNESS.** By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Price, 4s. 6d. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

This volume belongs to Macmillan's Nature series, and is devoted to a subject of much interest. It is a familiar fact that most persons are right handed, that a small proportion are left-handed, and that a few are both-handed; but the subject, as far as we know, has not previously been treated with the fulness and precision which the present volume displays. Sir Daniel begins by pointing out the significance of the hand as an agent and not a mere recipient; and, although he shows that some of the old distinctions between man and the lower animals must be given up, nevertheless, he says, man still stands apart as the tool maker, the tool-user, the manipulator.

The second chapter deals with the Educated Hand, the third with the Willing Hand, the fourth with Palaeolithic Dexterity, that is, with the evidence of Right-handedness in stone. In the fourth chapter the author treats of the Dishonoured Hand. All his investigations lead up to this conclusion that "all evidence appears to conflict with the idea that the preferential employment of one hand can be accounted for by a mere general compliance with prevailing custom. Everywhere, in all ages, and in the most diverse conditions of civilized and savage life, the predominant usage is the same." Of course there are many exceptions to this rule; "but the further research is carried, it becomes the more apparent that these are exceptional deviations from the normal usage of humanity."

A very interesting chapter is the tenth, on the Source to which the preferential use of the right hand is to be attributed. He says it cannot find its origin merely in custom. Carlyle and others had suggested that the use of the left hand in covering the heart with the shield had made it necessary that the right hand should wield the sword. But Sir Daniel does not regard such an explanation as adequate. The bias in which this predominant law of dexterity originates, he says, must be traceable to some speciality of organic structure; and this thesis is illustrated at considerable length and supported by recognized authorities. This is a very interesting part of the book, but we can only draw attention to it as deserving attention and study, without making any attempt to summarize its contents.

The last chapter is on Hand and Brain. Our readers are probably aware that the hemispheres of the brain are connected with the nerves of the body on sides opposite to themselves. Thus the right hand and the nervous system which acts in it are derived from the left lobe of the brain. Sir Daniel mentions a case of left-handedness in which the right hemisphere of the brain was found to be of abnormal size. He remarks that experiments have not yet proceeded far enough to justify definite conclusions on the subject; but he expects further investigations to confirm the influence derivable from facts of this kind.

**THE SONG OF THE SWORD AND OTHER VERSES.** By W. E. Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

In noticing "Views and Reviews," and later on the compilation *Lyra Heroica*, by Mr. Henley, we remarked the vigour of his thought, the power of his pen and the freshness, freedom and manliness which characterized his work. The dainty little volume before us neither abates our enjoyment of Mr. Henley's literary efforts nor calls for adverse criticism from our pen. It is true that a stern conservative taste would cavil at the curious form which sometimes pleases the author's poetic fancy, or the use of quaint and archaic words and phrases. Pedantry and grotesqueness are ineffective and fatuous of themselves—but strong and virile thought, vivid imagination, refined taste and poetic fervour often win their way by a sure though rugged pathway which would abash and discomfit those who plod quite cheerfully along a *via media*. Let it not be supposed that the poet whose work we are considering is innocent of the rhythmic law. We are persuaded that he is its master, but chooses to play in his own way upon an instrument on which he is a skilled performer. The volume contains "The Song of the Sword," "London Voluntaries," and "Rhymes and Rhythms." Of the opening poem our readers may form an estimate from this extract:—

Hard and bleak, keen and cruel,  
Short-bitted, long shafted,  
I froze into steel:  
And the blood of my elder,  
His hand on the hafts of me,  
Sprang like a wave  
In the wind, as the sense  
Of his strength grew to ecstasy,  
Glowed like a coal  
At the throat of the furnace,  
As he knew me and named me,  
The War Thug, the comrade,  
Father of honour,  
And giver of kingship,  
The fame-smith, the songmaster,  
Bringer of women,  
On fire at his hands,  
For the pride of fulfilment,  
Priest (saith the Lord)  
Of his marriage with victory.

Ho! then, the trumpet,  
Handmaid of heroes,  
Calling the peers  
To the place of espousal!  
Ho! then, the splendour,  
And sheen of my ministry,  
Clothing the earth  
With a livery of lightnings.  
Ho! then, the music  
Of battles in onset

And ruining armours,  
And God's gift returning  
In fury to God,  
Glittering and keen  
As the song of the winter stars,  
Ho! then, the sound  
Of my voice, the implacable  
Angel of Destiny,  
I am the sword.

This masterful poem, appropriately dedicated to Rudyard Kipling, "London Voluntaries," is brimful of imaginative beauty,

What miracle is happening in the air,  
Charging the very texture of the gray  
With something luminous and rare?  
The night goes out like an ill-parcelled fire,  
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.  
The extinguisher that fain would strut for spire  
On the formal little church is not yet green  
Across the water: but the house-tops nigher,  
The corner-lines, the chimneys—look how clean,  
How new, how naked! See the batch of boats  
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung beam!  
And those are barges that were goblin floats,  
Rock, bag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!  
And in the piles the water frolics clear,  
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,  
And we—we can behold that could but hear  
The ancient River singing as he goes  
New mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.

Of the strong, varied and beautiful stanzas which are to be found in "Rhymes and Rhythms," and the noble song "England, My England," we shall but commend to our readers, convinced that they shall find in them as much delight as they have yielded to us.

THE *Manitoba* for July contains "The Brandon Experimental Farm," which is continued by "Dixie;" Helen Forest Graves writes an interesting story entitled "Summer Boarders." The editor contributes an able paper entitled "Winnipeg's Growth." The July number is a very fair one.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS commences the August *St. Nicholas* with "Midshipman: The Cat." Brander Mathews continues his lively tale "Tom Paulding." W. A. Rogers writes a "children's story" of the American type, entitled "A Quiet Beach." Lieut. R. H. Fletcher continues "Two Girls and a Boy." Captain Charles Wm. Kennedy contributes a highly original production entitled "How Ships talk to Each Other." "The Early Owl," ending with "There's no such thing as the early worm," will be read with delight by sleepy children.

THE *Magazine of Art* for August has for its frontispiece an interesting study entitled "The Old Spinnet." M. Phipps Jackson contributes "Current Art: The New Gallery," which contains numerous illustrations including Adrian Stoke's "Roman Campagna: Early Spring," and G. J. Wats' "Sic Transit." Tristram Ellis supplies an able and well-illustrated paper entitled "Corfu." The number also contains an engraving of Guido Reni's famous picture "The Youthful Christ Embracing St. John"; the critique on Guido Reni is well worth reading.

"THE HISTORIC TEA-PARTY OF EDINGTON, 1774" is the name of the opening paper of the August *Magazine of American History*. "It is the object of this paper," says Dr. Richard Dillard, "to bring into light an exceptionally interesting and patriotic incident in North Carolina, hitherto but casually noticed by one State historian." "Muscutin," from the pen of Hon. Irving B. Richman, is most interesting and readable. Emanuel Spencer writes on "The Successful Novel of 1836." The August number is on the whole a fair issue.

THE *Quiver* for August opens with "My Experiences as a Sunday-School Teacher: I.—My First Day with the Library," by a veteran. "Life-Songs" is a pretty little poem from the pen of M. C. Gillington. "Frank's Folly" is the name of a complete story from the pen of Evelyn Everett Green. "Consider the Lilies," by the very Rev. the Dean of Armagh, appears in this number, being a sermon preached at the re-opening of a village church. "Myrtle's Hero" is the name of an interesting story by the author of "Tune St Elwyn's." The August number contains much that is profitable and interesting reading.

W. S. CAINE, M.P., continues his "India; its Temples, its Palaces, and its People" in the August number of the *Methodist Magazine*. "The Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn" is the title of a contribution from Bishop Warren. The editor commences "The Land of the Pharaohs" in this number. Archdeacon F. W. Farrar writes a sympathetic paper entitled "Lord Shaftesbury: His Work among the London Poor." "His," says the Archdeacon, "was an all-embracing charity." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps continues "Fourteen to One" in this issue. "The Last Year of Zenaide L.," by Marion Isabel Gibson, is a pathetic story of a Parisien *malade*.

"WHAT Ireland wants now is peace and the reign of law," says the Duke of Argyll, in his contribution to the August *North American Review*, entitled "English Elections and Home Rule," a paper that we venture to recommend to some of those Liberals whose soi-disant liberality is not confined by the Atlantic. "The Shudder in Literature," by Jules Claretie, is a most readable paper. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll pronounces an eulogy upon no less a person than "Thomas Paine." "The Pope at Home" is the name of an interesting sketch by Giovanni Amadi. Altogether the August number of this review contains matter of interest and what to some at least is of far more importance, variety.

"ARIEL: IN MEMORY OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY," by Edmund Clarence Stedman, occupies the first place in the

August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here is a verse, the second, of real beauty:—

Has Death a wont to stay the soul no less?  
And art thou still what Shelley was erwhile,—  
A feeling born of music's restlessness—  
A child's swift smile  
Between its sobs—a wandering mist that rose  
At dawn—a cloud that hung  
The Egean hills among;  
Thy voice, a wind—harp's strain in some enchanted close.

Edward Everett follows with "A New England Boyhood." William Elliot Griffith contributes a paper entitled "Townsend Harris, First American Minister of Japan." "Don Orsino" is continued in this number, as also is Vida D. Scudder's critique on "The Prometheus Unbound." William Cranston Lawton contributes a scholarly article on "The Persians of Aeschylus."

EDWARD DICEY, C.B., commences the July number of the *Nineteenth Century* with a paper entitled "The Choice of England." "But I admit," says the writer, "I am so far a cynic that I have considerable sympathy with the French saying that the only thing in mundane affairs in which one can rely with any certainty is the permanency of *la bêtise humaine*." This at all events was not contradicted by the results of the recent elections. Edward Dellile contributes a paper on "The American Newspaper Press." "The United States," says Mr. Dellile, "are unlike England and France in this respect (besides a good many others), that they cannot be said to have a metropolitan newspaper press." "Trinity College, Dublin" is the subject of an able paper from the versatile pen of Professor Mahaffy. His Grace the Duke of St. Albans contributes a readable paper on "Jamaica Resurgens." Adalet writes an interesting article on "Turkish Marriages Viewed from a Harem." The July number contains more interesting matter than space will permit us to mention.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, relieved from the editorial cares of the "Dictionary of National Biography," is engaged on a "History of Unitarianism."

WHEREAS Goldsmith received just £60 for the copyright of his "Vicar of Wakefield," Messrs. Sotheby have just sold a single copy of the first edition for £96.

THE Chinese novel "A Swallow's Wing" brought its author, Mr. Charles Hannan, prominently before the public. His collaboration with Mr. Wilson Barrett in "Our Pleasant Sins," a play which is to be produced by the latter, probably in a few weeks, will, it is hoped, prove even more markedly and more lastingly successful.

THE *Literary World* says: Society continues to retaliate on the Carlyles, after their death, for their exclusiveness during their lifetime. Miss Geraldine Dewsbury's correspondence with Jane Welsh Carlyle—edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland—was written for the most part from her home at Greenheys (where De Quincey was born), and where Mrs. Carlyle paid her a holiday visit once a year. The interest of the correspondence centres in the fact that Miss Dewsbury was the friend and confidante of Mrs. Carlyle for a number of years.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has taken to a "Bar Lock," and Mr. R. Louis Stevenson, even in far away Samoa, typewrites his "copy;" but Mr. Thomas Hardy has not yet succumbed to this destroyer of authors' MS. He writes his novels with his own hand in copying ink, so that he is enabled to take a copy. But as the typewriter affords special facilities for taking one or more copies in fac-simile without any extra trouble, Mr. Hardy also will, no doubt, soon be lost to the autograph MS. hunter.

M. GUERNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, Procureur-Général of France, famous for his prominence in connection with the trial of the anarchist Ravachol, and with the case of General Boulanger a few years ago, is the author of the new novel "The Woodman," which has been translated into English by Mrs. John Simpson, and will soon be published by Harper and Brothers. The story has been exceedingly popular in France, having gone to several editions within a few weeks after publication. M. de Beaurepaire's pen name is Jules de Glouvet.

LAST year alone, according to the London *Daily News*, the British and Foreign Blind Association embossed 8,500 books in English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and other languages, for the use of blind readers. About 250 seeing volunteers are, we are informed, engaged in writing out the first copies of books in Braille for this Association, and seventy paid blind writers are employed in making copies. Besides these, the Association continues to publish its two magazines for the blind: *Progress*, started by the late Dr. T. R. Armitage in 1881, and *Playtime*, a magazine in uncontracted Braille for children, which made its first appearance last summer.

AH, if the rich were as rich as the poor fancy riches!  
—Emerson.

A GENTLEMAN makes no noise; a lady is serene.—Emerson.

HEAVEN never defaults. The wicked are sure of their wages, sooner or later.—Chapin.

SWEET tastes have sour closes; and he repents on thorns that sleeps in beds of roses.—Quarles.

## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

PROFESSOR HOUSTON points out five features in the progress of electricity which appear to him as quite possible, namely: electricity produced direct from coal, the steam-engine entirely replaced by the electric motor, aerial navigation effected, production of light without heat, and the application of electricity to the curing of diseases and the prolongation of life.

SWEDISH iron, which is soft, yet strong and ductile, is almost free from phosphorus and sulphur. It is held to be practically inexhaustible, though taken out at the rate of about a million of tons a year. It is found all through the country, though mined chiefly in central Sweden, in the Dannemora district. Several of the heights as truly deserve to be called iron mountains as those in Missouri, and there is one in Gellivare, in Swedish Lapland, beyond the Arctic Circle, where the ore occurs in four gigantic strata, that would supply nearly all the iron that the country would require in a century.—*Minerals*.

DIFFERENCES in races, says *Science*, are not confined to matters of anatomy and physiology, but show themselves to a marked degree in special liability to, or immunity from, certain classes of diseased conditions. This has attracted the attention of the medical profession from time to time, but only recently, since the discriminating traits of races have been more closely studied, has it received proper attention. The study of the causes of social immunity from disease has a very practical side. When we find, for instance, that the Japanese are not liable to scarlet-fever, and the negroes are equally exempt from yellow-fever, if we could ascertain what condition it is that confers upon them this exemption, we might be able to take a long step in the direction of personal and general prophylaxis.

ODDITIES ABOUT THE RIVER NILE.—The Nile has a fall of but six inches to the thousand miles! The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from twenty-four to twenty-six feet above low water mark, and flowing through the "Valley of Egypt" in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last thousand years there has been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned. After the waters recede each year the exhalations from the mud are simply intolerable to all except natives. This mud deposit adds about eight inches to the soil every century, and throws a muddy embankment from twelve to sixteen feet into the sea every year. This being the case it is plain that the mouth of the river is thousands of feet further north now than it was in the time of the Ptolemies, and it is only a question of time when the sediment will make a dam entirely across the Mediterranean Sea.

MACHINERY IN SHOEMAKING.—The chief tools of the shoemaker then consisted of his hammer, his awl, his lapstone, his knives, and his harness for "setting-up" his boots or shoes. The essentials of a shoe are the upper, the sole, the counter of heel stiffening, and the heel. These parts are again subdivided into the "vamp" for covering the front of the foot, the large and the small quarters for encircling the ankles, the button-piece, etc. The work of the shoemaker is to prepare and close these various parts of the upper and the linings together, to bring them into the desired shape, to fasten them to the sole which has been previously cut, to attach the heel, and then to give the various parts the desired finish and style. These processes indicate the lines along which machinery had to be applied. All the operations have been subdivided to the minutest detail, and in the performance of all of them, machines—more or less satisfactory in their workings—have been devised. The parts of the uppers are now sewed together by machinery, and they are pegged, sewed, or screwed to the sole by machinery. Instead of the lapstone and the hammer for condensing the leather are now swiftly revolving rollers, and instead of the patterns for cutting out the soles are dies or sole-shaped knives set in machines.—*From Manufacture of Boots and Shoes, by George A. Rich, in the Popular Science Monthly for August.*

THERE are no family names in Madagascar, and almost every personal name has some distinct meaning, being, with few exceptions, the names of things—birds, plants, inanimate objects—or names describing colour, quality, etc., or words denoting actions of various kinds, so that the names of the chiefs most always contain some word in common use by the people. In such a case, however, the ordinary word by which such a thing or action has hitherto been known must be changed for another, which takes its place in daily speech.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, in an address delivered before the London Medical Society, expressed his conviction that the tendencies towards forcing "higher education" on women are unfortunate, unnatural, and pregnant with evil. There are, he claimed, differences in the sexes—real and deeply founded in structure—which cannot safely be ignored in education. He alleged that the female brain is lighter than that of the male; that the specific gravity of parts of the female brain is less than that of corresponding parts of the male brain; and that the blood supply, which, in the male, is directed chiefly to the volitional and intellectual processes is, in the female, more directed to the portions of the system concerned in the discharge of sensory functions. In the *Scottish Review* Dr. J. Beddoe brings together some facts and suggestions concerning the influence of conjugal selection on the complexion and the colour of the eyes and hair. It is certain that blond, long-headed men once played a great role in history, for it was they who colonized Galatia and brought home the treasures of Greece and Italy to Toulouse; who overthrew the Roman Empire in the West, and won England from the Britons. It is equally certain that this physical type was once much more dominant and widely distributed than it is now, and that it is tending to die out. This is especially true of that pronounced form of blonds which is distinguished by red hair. Red-haired persons do not now constitute the majority in any known tribe or nation; but Dr. Beddoe sets forth grounds for thinking that red hair was once much more prevalent. It must have occurred, for instance, among the Brahmans, since they were forbidden by the laws of Manu to marry red-haired women. There is no doubt that blonds and red-haired persons are still encountered about the Hindu-kush, among the tribes from whom the Brahmans are supposed to have been emigrants. But obedience to the law mentioned would in the course of time annihilate the tendency to their reproduction. Mere prejudice operating through conjugal selection would have the same effect. In Germany red hair and the complexion that accompanies it seem to have been unpopular from very remote times, although they were characteristic of the nobles and freemen who were of true Germanic blood. If the classical writers can be trusted, the Germans were once as preponderantly red haired as we know from an examination of their skulls that they were long headed. At present, however, red hair is not common among them, and when found it does not resemble the brilliant red encountered in the Highlands of Scotland.—*N. Y. Sun*.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it the best medicine in the market, as it does all it is recommended to do.

Canaan Forks, N. B. DANIEL KIERSTEAD.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT.

AN UNUSUAL DEATH-RATE.—At this season of the year there are always many deaths, particularly among children, from Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, etc., but this season the cases seem to be unusually frequent and fatal, and every one ought to know that a sure and speedy cure can easily be obtained by taking a teaspoonful of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in sweetened water (hot water is the best), every half hour until relieved. This remedy has never been known to fail. Full directions are with each bottle. It is kept by every respectable druggist. New Big bottle old popular 25c. price.



Mr. R. J. Brundage

## No Wonder

People speak well of HOOD'S. "For a long time I was troubled with weak stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not felt so well all over for years. My food seldom troubles me now. My sister also took Hood's Sarsaparilla with very pleasing results. I don't wonder people speak well of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Don't see how they can help it." R. J. BRUNDAGE, Norwalk, Ct.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

THE Clarendon press will publish a second volume of Professor Weismann's work on "Heredity and Kindred Biological Problems." It contains four essays, of which only the shortest has previously appeared in an English form (in the columns of *Nature*). The first essay deals with degeneration, and clearly shows by abundant illustrations that it has resulted from *panmixia*, or the cessation of natural selection. The second is an attempt to explain the development of the art of music, and to show that the hereditary transmission of the results of practice is quite unnecessary in order to account for its rise. The third contains a reply to certain objections urged by Professor Vines. It will be useful in giving clearer expression to the ideas on the death of multicellular beings and the immortality of the unicellular. The fourth and last essay is by far the longest and most important. It deals with the essential significance of sexual reproduction and conjugation, etc., as inferred from the results of the most recent researches. Professor Weismann's older views on these subjects, especially concerning the polar bodies, have been modified and in part abandoned. The immortality of unicellular beings and the question of the transmission of acquired characters by them are also discussed in detail with reference to recent observations.

DECREASING FAMILIES.—The decrease in the size of families is a subject which causes some alarm. Taking the United States as a whole, it is found by the census figures that in 1850 the average family consisted of 5.55 persons. There has been a gradual decrease, it being in 1860 5.28, in 1870 5.09, in 1880 5.04, and in 1890 4.94. Looking at the different geographical divisions, it is found that this rule holds true except in the Western division, where the average size of the family has risen from 4.18 in 1850 to 4.88 in 1890, the increase having been steady through the intermediate decades. This result would have been expected, of course, on account of the settlement of the West in the last few years, the population having increased rapidly and being more and more brought to the family basis instead of that of single individuals or young families settling in Western Territories. The small average size of the family in Oklahoma, now a territory just opened for settlement, shows the influence of new settlements upon the size of the family. In Oklahoma the size of the family will increase until population becomes fairly dense, when it will follow the rule of older communities and decrease. When population becomes more or less urban in character the maximum is reached, and after that a constantly receding average will probably be shown at each succeeding census.—*From Lessons from the Census, by Carroll D. Wright, in the Popular Science Monthly for August.*

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

OLD ORCHARD STILL THE RENDEZVOUS OF TORONTO'S JOVIAL HOLIDAY MAKERS.—Old Orchard Beach still holds its own amongst the many attractive watering places of the Maine Coast, and as a holiday resort a Torontonian could not select a more delightful spot. To this must be added the abundant choice of routes—each one a holiday in itself—by which the Coast may be reached. It must be distinctly understood that the most picturesque portion of the rail journey will be missed unless a daylight view is obtained of the White Mountains, and as the Canadian Pacific Railway have catered specially to meet this want, we can recommend their route as being the one to select if they wish to view tit-bits of the White Mountain scenery. Through cars are run; leave Toronto 9 o'clock p.m. every Tuesday and Friday for the Beach.

AN interesting discovery has been made in a deep railway cutting at Andresy, near Paris, France, where the workmen ran upon a huge Merovingian cemetery of the sixteenth century. As many as six hundred tombs have already been uncovered, yielding a hitherto unheard of mass of carved sarcophagi, knives, spears, vases, ornaments, and pottery of unique shapes and styles of decoration. It is recalled now that the tiny hamlet of Andresy, in the generation succeeding the introduction of Christianity, was an important missionary centre.

It is what Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does that tells the story of its merit and has given it the largest sale of any medicine.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL research is rapidly dispelling the erroneous notions that the early civilizations of the Mediterranean were derived from Asia or Egypt, and that previous to the mythical advent of Cadmus, or the founding of Carthage and Rome, the coasts of this great sea were peopled by savages. In fact, one of the most brilliant periods of commerce and culture on the Mediterranean was about 1500 B.C. At that date there were several centres on the European shore of high civilization, wholly independent and occidental in their ideals and technique; on the southern shore, the Hamitic Libyans and Mauritanians had by spontaneous development reached a degree of culture quite up to that of the Egyptians.—*Science*.

WHAT STRONGER PROOF is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of marvellous cures it has effected after all other remedies had failed? Truly, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power unknown to other medicines.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

# "German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

**A Germ Disease.** The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well. ●

Minard's Liniment is the Best.