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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to  
any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

A DEFINITE step in the direction of the long-promised reconstruction of the Dominion Cabinet has at length been taken. It is impossible to congratulate the Government or its friends on the result. It is we suppose unavoidable under the party system that every movement of this kind must partake more or less of the nature of compromise. By this we mean that it is impossible for the Government which exists by the support and favour of a party, and which has to fight day by day for its life against the determined hostility of another party, to act in such a matter independently and with a single eye to the best interests of the country. When new members are wanted in the Cabinet to act as the constitutional advisers of the Governor-General the thing for the leader to do under any ideal system would be simply to take a survey of the whole field and summon to a place in the national councils the ablest, the most statesmanlike, the most irreproachable men to be found in the whole country. To what extent Premier Abbott has acted on this simple principle, it is not for us to say. He alone knows. Every man is keeper of his own conscience. But every man who has been watching the course of events in Canada since his accession to office can form a pretty good estimate of the opportunities which he has had for following so patriotic a course, or rather of the obstacles which he has had to encounter, not so much from without as from within the party, and of the probabilities that any man in his position, save one of principle so lofty, and courage so extraordinary as are unhappily scarcely to be looked for in the ranks of successful politicians, would be able to pursue so exalted a course. Or, leaving the region of *a priori* speculation and coming down to the question of fact, it is quite possible and legitimate for anyone having a moderate acquaintance with the public men and affairs of the Dominion to judge for himself whether and to what extent the men chosen by Premier Abbott to succeed to the headship of the two important departments of Railways and Canals and of Public Works can be supposed to have been selected in accordance with the requirements of any ideal or lofty standard. We mean no offence to

Messrs. Haggart and Ouimet. It can only be helpful to them to have suggested to their minds at the outset of their respective careers in their new offices how lofty are the requirements of the public service in such positions of trust, and how great is the compliment which has been paid them by the Premier in choosing them above all other available men in Canada—let us be reasonable and say in the ranks of the party—for those positions. If they wish to know the views of the Premier himself in regard to the qualifications needed for public offices they have but to recall some of the sentiments expressed in his speeches in the Senate, shortly after his own accession to his present position—sentiments so lofty that, as the leader-writer on the *Regina Leader* has said, they read like sermons. Far be it from us to predict that the new Ministers will fall below the high expectations of the Canadian public. The fact cannot be disguised that the appointments have caused a good deal of surprise, possibly some disappointment. But it is sometimes an advantage rather than otherwise to one unexpectedly exalted to a difficult position that too much is not expected of him. It gives him a fine opportunity to disappoint public expectation in a most agreeable manner. Of Mr. Ouimet it can only be said that his qualifications for so responsible a position are unknown and unproved, because they have never before been put to the test. He has, therefore, an excellent opportunity to win his official spurs, so to speak. Mr. Haggart has had some experience in a much less difficult office and has acquitted himself fairly well, though he has not been called upon to take the prominent part in the House of Commons which will naturally be expected of him in his new position. His greatest misfortune is that he has not been able to shun the breath of scandal, which, even when unmerited, tends greatly to impair the usefulness of a public man, whose reputation, as well as his moral character, should, if possible, be free from the shadow of suspicion.

A NUMBER of Canadian journals of both political parties have been calling on Mr. Edward Blake to come forward at what they regard as the present crisis in the affairs of the Dominion, and put his strong shoulder to the wheel, if perchance he may be able to raise it out of the mire and replace it on the highway to prosperity. We are by no means lacking in admiration of the great, we may even say the transcendent, abilities of our distinguished fellow-countryman, and, which is of still greater importance in these evil days, of his lofty character and untarnished reputation. But just what Mr. Blake could do or be expected to do by re-entering the political arena just now is not very clear. So far as we can see there would be open to him one of three courses. He could resume his place at the head of the Liberal party; he could attach himself to the Conservative party; or he could become the founder and leader of a third party. The crucial question in either case would be that of fiscal policy. That Mr. Laurier would gladly retire in his favour, and that many of the old Liberals and not a few Conservatives would flock to his standard, should he decide on the first course, is certain. But Mr. Blake could not, after his famous manifesto, fall in with the unrestricted reciprocity to which the Liberal party as a body is now fully committed. Nor is there any reason to believe that even the attraction of his name would suffice to draw the great majority of the party from their faith in that policy as the one and only cure for our commercial ills. The direct result, then, of Mr. Blake's reappearance as the Leader of the Liberal Opposition would be a schism in the ranks of the party, which would effectually dispel all hope of success at the polls at any early day. That it would be morally impossible for Mr. Blake to work cordially with the party now in power, even if he were in full accord with its fiscal policy—which is by no means certain—is abundantly clear from the tenor of his farewell manifesto. No one can read the opinions therein expressed in reference to the character and doings of the leaders of the Conservatives of Canada and retain any doubts on this point. To enter Parliament as an independent representative, or free lance, as has been suggested, would afford a man of his ability an almost unequalled field for the display of his

forensic talents, but just how it would enable him to help the country forward to a safe and prosperous position is not very clear. The position of an independent member and critic would be a useful and honourable one, and we wish there were many such in the House. But the Independent without a majority at his back is simply powerless for the performance of any such Herculean task as that which Mr. Blake is asked to undertake. There remains, therefore, only the formation of a third party, as affording a possible field for the effective display of Mr. Blake's talents and patriotism. This method would differ from the first mentioned only in that by dropping his old party name and adopting one entirely new, the way would be made much easier for members of the Conservative or Government party to cast in their lot with him. We have no doubt whatever that Mr. Blake could quickly surround himself in this way with a choice and powerful body of followers, *provided only* that he were able to announce a new fiscal policy free from the objections which attach to both the National Policy and Unrestricted Reciprocity. But this is a formidable proviso. Where is such a policy to be found? Was it not Mr. Blake's despair of being able to suggest any such scheme which led to his retirement from public life? That despair stands out in every paragraph of the farewell letter. Were Mr. Blake an ardent free-trader, prepared to take the advice given us by some of our English mentors, there might be a chance for him still and a field worthy of his ambition, in forming and leading a Canadian free-trade party. But he has repeatedly shown that he is not a thorough-going free-trader, or at least that he regards free trade as impracticable and impossible for Canada. We are, then, regretfully forced to the conclusion that Mr. Blake's presence in Parliament at the present juncture could do little or nothing to save the country from the stern necessity which now confronts it of making choice between the two specifics which are set before it in the programmes of its two parties.

UNHAPPY Canada! Still another scandal is launched, another investigation demanded. True, in this case as in most of the others which have brought our country into so undesirable a prominence, the accusation is not a new one, but an old one revived. This time the name impeached is that of the Minister of the Interior, the accuser his fellow-representative from the North-West, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. This much may be said at the outset. If Mr. Dewdney is really innocent, as he is said to declare most positively, of the grave offence of having speculated in North-West lands, using the information gained in his official capacity for the personal behoof of himself and his friends, he really should consider himself under an obligation to Mr. Davin for giving him the opportunity to establish his innocence and to remove from the minds of many an impression which is and has been for years most detrimental to his reputation and influence as a public man and a member of the Government. May we not go further and say that as Mr. Davin, or to be more safely accurate, the Editor of the *Regina Leader*, has made the charge in the most unequivocal language, it will be a wonder if Mr. Dewdney can be content to lie under the accusation until the meeting of Parliament, instead of having immediate recourse to the more summary methods which the laws of every civilized country provide for the defence of slandered reputations? One thing is certain. The thing has now gone so far that it is absolutely necessary, for the sake of the country's good name as well as that of the Minister of the Interior personally, that either in Parliament or in the courts the charge be investigated. Nor, as the matter now stands, is this any the less necessary in regard to Mr. Davin himself. Having gone so far he is bound in honour to go farther and make good his charges, or stand confessed a slanderer. With regard to the accuser, another thought forces itself upon the mind. How is it to be reconciled with a sense of public duty that a public man, having knowledge of transactions which proved a member of the Government to be utterly unfit for any position of trust, much less for the office of a Cabinet Minister, should hide this knowledge in his own breast for so long a period and continue to support the Government which contained so unworthy a member? Accepting

the statement in the *Leader* article that although the writer had since 1888 grounds for believing that definite acts of wrong had been done, he had not had until within seven months the demonstrative proofs in his hand, the same question returns with double force in reference to those seven months, which include part of a session of Parliament. It cannot be that public opinion, even in party-ridden Canada, will accept the reasons assigned as satisfactory. These are as follows:—

During Sir John Macdonald's life it could not be done, because he had so committed himself it was impossible to strike where justice pointed without injuring what loyalty to the country regarded as of great importance, and fealty to a chief impelled us to protect—namely, the position and influence and feelings of the great man who was so wise and so beloved and so necessary to the nation.

This is surely a left-handed tribute to the deceased chieftain, as is the following to Mr. Abbott and his Cabinet:—

Towards the close of last session public opinion was so excited over the revelations before the committees that we feared the exposure of even a man of no consequence, who was also a member of the Ministry, might do injury to the Government, and we were assured that immediately on the close of the session the Cabinet would be reorganized.

THE correspondence between Mr. Ewart, of Winnipeg, and Rev. G. M. Grant, which was published in the *Mail* a week or two since, was very interesting by reason of the question at issue and of the great logical acumen displayed by the disputants, to say nothing of the importance of the principle in dispute. It would be out of place for us to enter into the merits of the argument, or even to express an opinion as to the courtesy of the course pursued by Mr. Ewart in the matter. We are glad, however, that Dr. Grant proposes to discuss the general question for the benefit of the public at an early day, and we venture to express the hope that he will not suffer his annoyance at the course pursued by his critic to prevent him from doing so, the more especially as it appears to us that the point at issue is really vital to the validity of the argument so ably presented in his review of Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on "Canada and the Canadian Question." It is, we are well aware, very difficult even to state clearly the point involved without running some risk of being misunderstood. We refer to it only because we are persuaded, as we have indeed often before intimated, that the failure to take the distinction in question clearly into the account leaves a weak link in the chain of many an otherwise strong argument in support of British connection. We trust that our position in reference to the question of political union with the United States is so well understood that we can discuss, or rather define, the point freely. The gist of the question is as we understand it just this: Is the relation of a colony, such as Canada still is, to the Mother Country so completely analogous to that of any (other) integral part of the kingdom or empire to the whole, that we can reason from the one to the other at pleasure? In other words, would the secession of a colony from the parent State, for the sake of commercial or other advantage, be as disloyal and dishonourable an act as the secession of any ancient and integral part of the nation, for a similar reason? Or can it, on the contrary, be argued with any degree of force that it is of the very essence of the colonial relation that it is but temporary and transitional and subject to radical change at any time when the growth and development of the colony shall have become such as to warrant it in assuming the responsibility of shaping its own career? We have often observed that most of those who appeal to the argument from loyalty assume the affirmative. In fact, the doubt or difficulty, if it be such, seems never to have occurred to many of the more ardent denouncers of treason. This is, if we mistake not, more frequently the case with English-Canadian than with English writers. Now, whatever may be the true answer to the question we have put, we are sure that many of those who from time to time write or speak upon the subject would do so much more effectively if they would accustom themselves to bear in mind—for most of them were, we dare say, born on the other side of the Atlantic—that there are two distinct classes of loyal Canadians to be reasoned with, and that the argument which may be most effective with the one class often loses much of its force with the other. The one class is composed of those who were either themselves born and brought up in some part of Great Britain, or have been so trained by native British parents that they can neither feel nor recognize any distinction between Canadian and British loyalty. The other class, which in the nature of

things is becoming relatively larger every year, consists of those who are at one, or two, possibly at several removes from the old land. Nine-tenths of these have never seen the Old Country; they have not been trained to much familiarity with its customs and modes of thinking and feeling, even at second hand. They are, in a word, Canadians, racy of the soil. They are loyal to the core—to Canada. But it is easy to see that their loyalty so far as the Mother Country is concerned is of very different tone and texture from that of the first class. In order to arouse their enthusiasm the argument must have a distinctly *Canadian* tone. It must contemplate the possibility at least of a distinctively Canadian nationality at some day in a future not too far off. We simply point out the fact of the existence of this second large class—a fact which any observer can easily verify—as one that has an important bearing upon the problem of Canada's future, and one that should be borne in mind by those who wish to face all the conditions and shape their arguments in intelligent relation to them.

THE second Royal Commission to investigate the administration of the affairs of the Province of Quebec by the late Government has been appointed and will probably proceed to business without delay. So far as we are aware, no exception can be taken to the *personnel* of the new Commission unless it be the rather serious one that it is composed wholly of men whose political sympathies are, or are supposed to be, on the side of the present Government and against the accused. On the Constitutional side there is the unusual fact that the Commission is called into existence by the advice and on the responsibility of a Cabinet Council, no member of which is a member of the representative branch of the Legislature—at a time in fact when no such branch of the Legislature exists. But while the appointment of the Commission thus still further complicates a political situation which was already complicated to a bewildering degree, we have no doubt that the step is the wisest one it was in the power of the new Administration to take, under the circumstances now existing. It is not perhaps too much to say that the main hope of the Government of obtaining a popular majority at the coming election depends upon the work of this Commission. The list of specifications touching the matters into which it is authorized to enquire is a most formidable one, and if one half the charges made or hinted at against Mr. Mercier and his colleagues can be substantiated, the effect upon the public mind cannot fail to be very great, unless indeed we assume a moral callousness almost incredible on the part of our French compatriots. Nevertheless the mixing up of constitutional with moral questions in almost inextricable confusion is greatly to be regretted. We can conceive that many an honest elector might still be in doubt whether to mark his resentment of the arbitrary and autocratic course pursued by Lieut.-Governor Angers by voting against his new advisers and leaving the unfaithful and dishonest ex-Ministers to be dealt with in due course by the people's representatives, or to show his detestation of boodling by condoning the autocratic action of the Lieut.-Governor. It is very unfortunate, to say the least, that the electors of the Province should have been put in a dilemma in which their votes are liable to be misinterpreted, whether they vote in one way or the other. To compel a free and independent citizen to choose between seeming to be careless in regard to his constitutional liberties on the one hand, or indifferent to gross mal-administration on the other, is surely a deplorable blunder, unless it can be shown to have been an unavoidable necessity. That it was not the latter we have shown in a former article. Admitting that Mr. Angers may have rightly felt it to be morally impossible to act for a moment longer on the advice of a discredited Ministry, it is evident that there was no necessity and no justification of his having recourse to the Parliamentary minority for his new advisers so long as there were still to be found in the ranks of the majority able men and statesmen, such as Mr. Joly, of unblemished reputation.

EVERY true lover of good morals in the Dominion will be glad if an honest and courageous attempt is being made to enforce the laws against the Quebec lotteries. The continued existence of these institutions for robbing the people of the sister Province, and in fact of the whole Dominion, has long been a reproach to all concerned. The law seems explicit enough against the lottery in every form, save that the two unfortunate exceptions—that in

favour of raffles at bazaars held for charitable objects, and that in favour of the distribution of prizes, etc., for the encouragement of art—may leave loopholes for the escape of those who may take advantage of these uncalled for provisions to evade the law. But for some reason not very easy to understand and impossible to defend, the law seems to have been all along a dead letter in Quebec. The reasons that would be assigned by many is that Quebec is French and Catholic. This implies either that the prohibition itself is capricious and not based on any sound principle of political morality, or that the Roman Catholic and the French-Canadian people are held to be amenable to a lower code of morals than that which prevails in English and Protestant Canada. It is inconceivable that either the Roman Catholic prelates and priests, or the French-Canadian people themselves, will admit the latter. It is almost equally inconceivable that either of them could undertake to maintain the former. But whatever the cause, the fact is obvious. The lottery which is proscribed and pretty well stamped out in the other Provinces has continued to flourish in Quebec, to the great loss, financial and moral, of the citizens. Now that an attempt is being made to put an end to them it should not surely be too much to expect that the clergy, the accredited conservators of morals and religion, will heartily support the movement which is so demonstrably for the good of their flocks. The attempt that is being made by certain newspapers to represent the movement as directed against the French race is too absurd to deserve serious refutation. The lottery itself is demonstrably a gambling institution, pure and simple. Gambling has been defined as "that form of stealing in which the person stolen from sustains the relation of assent and complicity." Certainly the lottery not only serves to enable dishonest men to rob the citizens of immense sums of money without giving any equivalent, but it works infinite harm to their morals by pandering to and stimulating that immoral feeling which prompts so many at the present day to wish to get the property of others without giving an equivalent. It is doubtful if there is any passion more demoralizing in its effects and tendencies in modern life than the gambling mania. It is time that every form of gambling was forbidden in every civilized state. This most pernicious form of it known as the lottery is forbidden by the criminal laws of Canada. It is time that those laws were impartially enforced, and we hope their rigid enforcement will soon rid Quebec and the Dominion of the curse of the lottery, in all its forms.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN evidently believes in the persistency of great ideas, and classes his scheme for tunnelling the English Channel in that category. It is far from improbable that the event will prove him right and that future generations of Englishmen, accustomed to rush under instead of over sea to France, in happy disregard of wind and weather and free from dread of the terrible scourge of sea-sickness, will smile at the recollection of the grounds on which the project was for so long a time opposed and hindered. Sir Edward's perennial Bill is to come up at the approaching session, it is said, in a new form. He now proposes to hold out the olive branch to the Government by offering to vest the works in the Lords of the Treasury, and to give them the sole right of determining the expediency of continuing such works, subject to such conditions, restrictions and requirements as they may prescribe. A further proviso of great value and significance to be incorporated in the Bill is that, in the event of such experimental works proving successful, the Channel Tunnel Company may be required within ten years to sell them to the Lords of the Treasury. This is going a long way in the direction of conciliation. It is hardly probable, however, that Sir Edward, with all his sagacity, pluck and pertinacity, will succeed in disarming the opposition of the Government, which has hitherto been fatal to the project. The hereditary dread of a French invasion is as yet too deeply-rooted in the mind of the average Englishman, though to one reflecting on the matter from this safe distance there is something ludicrously absurd in the conception of an army of Frenchmen emerging in England in single file through a hole in the ground and swarming over the land and taking possession of it before a sufficient force could be got together to stop up the burrow, or smoke out its occupants. For our own part we have never seen any good reason to doubt that the day will come in the not very distant future when the people, statesmen and citizens, will laugh at their former fears and push the tunnel through, to the great convenience and advantage of all coming generations.

It is perhaps a little late to discuss the great assembly of rural labourers which took place in Memorial Hall, London, a month ago. But the fact is that not till the fuller reports of the proceedings brought by the mails had come to hand and one had had a little time to think about them was it easy to get a clear conception of the significance of this remarkable gathering. Remarkable, indeed, it was, but in order to take in its full meaning, it is necessary to remember that it took place in England, where the farm labourer has never hitherto been accustomed to consider himself, much less to be considered by others, qualified to hold and express opinions of his own on political questions. Hence the meeting was a revelation not only to leading politicians of both parties, but to the townspeople who have so long been in the habit of thinking for their rural neighbours on all questions of a public character. The first query that suggests itself is whether and to what extent the meeting was what it claimed to be—genuinely representative of the English rural labourer. On this point there seems to have been left no room for doubt. The speakers were, we are told, men who are either employed directly on the land, or in occupations immediately dependent on agricultural pursuits, that is, they were real rural labourers. And not least among the surprises of the occasion was the fact that these men conducted the business of a large convention as creditably as the workers in towns, with all their advantages, are accustomed to do. Those who were surprised at this had no doubt forgotten, as the editor of an influential weekly suggests, how many agencies have been at work during these last years enlarging the mental horizon of the dweller in the country, and fitting him for taking the part that he henceforth means to take in the management of public affairs, so far at least as his own interests are specially concerned. But the main question is, what does Hodge particularly want that he should take so bold and unusual a departure from the old paths in order to make it known? On this point, too, the speakers uttered no uncertain sound. He wants access to the land, either by renting or by purchase, in order that as occupier he may make the most of it for the support of himself and family. Alarm has been created by the tendency of the agriculturists to leave the farms and flock to the cities. Here is one remedy, say the labourers: let us have the land and we will stay at home and till it. "It is notorious," says the *Independent*, "that at present, as a rule, the labourer is discriminated against in the letting of land. Allotment land is often let at from 10s. to 15s., £1 an acre more than land adjoining it, while in most parts it can only be got as a favour, from men who would not tolerate allotments at all if they could help themselves." As to the common assertion that the farm labourers would be no better off with the land in possession than they are now, the best answers seem to have been made by some delegates who have tried both methods and so could testify from experience. Some of these who had risen from the very lowest position as employees, and are now successfully tilling holdings of considerable size, were emphatic on this point. Another innovation insisted on is the parish and district council, in other words, complete local self-government. The rural toilers want to have something to say about the use of parish endowments—charitable, educational, or otherwise. They want parish land for all schools. They want places available for public meetings. And above all—for the convention was unmistakably Non-conformist—they want Disestablishment to free them from the domination of the parson, as they want the land by allotment or purchase to free them from that of the squire. These will now seem to many to be radical demands. A quarter of a century hence they will probably be regarded on all hands as matters of simple justice and fair play, and the wonder will be that they could have been so long withheld.

SERIOUS attempts have been made in at least two or three of the States of the American Union to prevent foreigners from holding real estate. Some years since a man named Scully and certain others, all aliens, purchased extensive tracts of land in several counties in central and northern Illinois, and are said to have treated their tenants with great harshness. The result was that public feeling became aroused to such a pitch that in 1887 an Act of the Legislature was passed making it unlawful for aliens to acquire lands in the State. Why there should be greater danger of rack-renting by absentee landlords in the case of foreigners than in that of American citizens we are not informed. The question of the constitutionality of the

law was recently raised on behalf of some Germans who have fallen heirs to parts of an estate, and the law has been declared *ultra vires* because in conflict with the provisions of a treaty under which citizens of Germany are permitted to hold lands in the United States. A similar law against alien land-holding passed by the Texas Legislature has been declared invalid by both a district court and by the Supreme Court of the State, to which an appeal was taken. This decision was based by both courts on a technicality, but the *Christian Union*, to which we are indebted for the facts, says that the decision against the law was received with much satisfaction throughout the State, and that the injurious character of the legislation has been so completely exposed that its re-enactment is not probable. "If these forecasts should prove correct," says the *Christian Union*, "an interesting chapter in the history of a phase of the proscription of foreigners will be brought to a close." It is impossible not to feel a certain degree of sympathy with the primary object of this narrow legislation, and it may well be questioned whether it would not be wise to set strict limits to the amount of land that may be held by any one man or company in this western hemisphere. But the absurdity of seeking to forbid foreigners from acquiring an interest in the soil ought, one would think, to have been sufficiently apparent without actual experiment. New countries can hardly afford to check the inflow of foreign capital by arbitrary measures of that kind.

SOME disquietude was caused a few days since by the rumour which came from Washington sources to the effect that some new difficulty had arisen to delay proceedings in connection with the Behring Sea arbitration. There is now good reason to hope that either the rumour was unfounded or that the difficulty has been overcome, whatever may have been its nature. There seems, however, to be a good deal of delay in completing the arrangements, and if the fault is on the part of Lord Salisbury, it would not be surprising if the United States authorities should become a little restive since it must be to their interest to have their rights defined before the opening of another fishing season. This is assuming that they may reasonably expect to have certain territorial rights recognized, and to be enabled thereby to mount guard over a certain area more effectively than was done last season under the joint arrangement. Whether they have any good ground to expect such a concession is another question. Be that as it may, every one concerned will feel a sense of relief when it is announced that the arbitrators have been finally chosen and a day fixed for the commencement of their deliberations. That this consummation will soon be reached there seems now every reason to hope. Having gone so far it is incredible that any minor question, such as the choice of arbitrators, could now be permitted to interrupt the negotiations. Whatever the award, the object-lesson set before the world by these two great English-speaking nations sitting down for the second time to have their disputes adjudicated upon by an impartial tribunal will be one of great moral value. It may be hoped that the effect of the example may not in this case be minimized by any apparent injustice in the award. Incidentally one feels constrained to wonder that Sir Baden-Powell should think it consistent with his duty, if that duty is so complex and delicate as he would have the public believe, to talk so much. His course in this respect has been from the first in so marked contrast with the judicious reticence usually observed pending such negotiations that one can but wonder whether the British Government approves such not overwise freedom of utterance under the circumstances.

"FEUILLES VOLANTES POESIES CANADIENNES."

THIS is the title of a charming book of French poems, by Dr. Louis Fréchette, our French-Canadian Laureate, published and beautifully printed by Granger Brothers, Montreal, 1891, and containing twenty-one pieces on divers subjects, all interesting, written in graceful and effective verse, forcibly expressing the author's feelings and views on the matters he deals with; the first being a long and eloquent eulogy of Jean Baptiste de la Salle, a secular priest, founder of the schools for the people in France and of the Order of the Brothers of Christian teaching. De la Salle (a distant relative of Robert de la Salle, who discovered and first explored the Mississippi), was a citizen of Rouen, and for many years the director of a school there; and in remembrance of this his statue, in bronze, by the famous sculptor, Fulgière, was erected in the city, and in the same place with the

statues of Napoleon and Corneille. Our poet's enthusiastic love for his fellow-men, and for those who had loved them, and made their condition happier and better, finds eloquent expression in his eulogium, in which he tells us that De la Salle made humanity better, and that through his efforts four hundred thousand children learned to read and to pray. Fronting the three statues, he saluted those of Napoleon and Corneille standing, but knelt to salute that of De la Salle, whose story and character are beautifully told. The next piece is a charming description of a town and country on the banks of La Creuse, a Breton river, the scenery on which, with the remembrances it calls up and the feelings it excites, moves our poet as poets only are susceptible of being moved; love and admiration for Brittany could find no more vivid expression.

We have next a burst of passionate indignation at the insults offered by the populace to Alphonso XII. of Spain on the occasion of his visit to Paris with an enthusiastic enumeration of the glories of Spanish history and the benefits Spain conferred on the world by her discoveries and the acts of her illustrious sons, and a wail of bitter grief that France, the set and proclaimed lover of liberty, should have so disgraced herself. "Le Pelsevin" (the Pilgrim) is another tribute to the beauty and hospitality of Brittany, whence our Britain derives its name and Canada many of her foremost children. "A Quinze Ans," a sweet little poem, tells the tale of our poet's first and most enduring touch of the tender passion, born of the vision of the sweet face of an English girl at the window of an old country-house, through the foliage that surrounded it, and never seen again, but present to his fancy whenever he passed that spot, to which he was drawn by an irresistible attraction.

Seventeen other poems follow, on many subjects and addressed to divers persons; all characteristically treated, and evincing their author's warm attachment to his country and his friends, deep religious feeling in "La Chapelle de Bethleem," "Noëls," "Première Communion" and "La Masse de Minuit," and kindly home feeling, family affection and playfulness in "Les Rois" (Twelfth Night), "Le jour de l'An," and the address to "Madame F. X. Lemieux," on the birth of her fourteenth child. He tells a touching story in "La poupée" of the arrest and imprisonment of a poor half-starved boy, who had stolen a doll for a New Year's gift to his dying sister, and expresses earnest regret that magistrates should be compelled by duty to pass the harsh sentence of the law on such an offender.

There is no political ill-feeling, no bitterness or race prejudice in the book. In the address to Mathew Arnold at Montreal, we have the expression of a hope that the English poet will sing the beauties of the scenery of our country and the glories of its magnificent future. And if in "Bienvenue," the welcome to our American visitors, we have an intimation that in that far distant time our two countries may have one flag in which the Stars and the Tricolore may both appear, we must remember that few among ourselves suppose that our State will forever remain what it is, and if our poet forgets having told us that Lévis "bowed upon the golden fleurs de lys," and not on the ensign of the revolution, we must remember too that Canada was "deserted at her utmost need" by the white flag of the Bourbons, and that if some of her children forgot their allegiance to our Tricolore, England's "Red, White and Blue," it was for causes of which we have since acknowledged the force, by removing them. Let us follow the hint Burns gives us as to such case, to "suppose a change of place," and think how things would look to us from the opposite standpoint.

Dr. Fréchette has given us a modest volume which should tend to soften the tone of those who say that Canada has no literature, and we thank him for it. We wish more of our readers could read and appreciate his work, and that some at least of our English-speaking rulers could speak French as well as some of our French ones speak English, it would be useful, especially when we come to exercise that treaty-making power some of them are so fond of claiming; for conferences between nations are still often conducted in French, and those who are best versed in the language in which they are so, will always have a great advantage.

We conclude our notice with an English version made for us by a friend of the Epilogue with which our book closes, a sort of brief epitome of a poet's life:—

EPILOGUE.

At twenty years a fretful bard,  
In the sweet and rosy hours of spring  
I wandered in the woods to ease  
My wayward heart,  
And murmuring to the breeze, alas,  
The dear name of some faithless fair,  
I breathed the fragrance of the flowers,  
Musing on her.

In sweet illusions ever still enwrapped,  
My heart by every fancy swayed  
Later to Fame's seducing charms  
Opened the door:  
And Glory the deceiving sprite  
So apt to spread her wings and fly,  
Surprised me often, in her turn,  
Dreaming of her.

But now when I am growing old  
Such lying visions cheat no more,  
And my poor heart, more wisely sad,  
Prompts graver thoughts:  
There is for us another life  
Open to every faithful soul,  
And—hate, alas—upon my knees  
I think of heaven.

## THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

[From the German of Heinrich Heine.]

I.

THE mother stood by the window,  
The son he lay hard by :  
"Wilt thou not rise, dear Wilhelm,  
And see the folk go by ?"

"I am so sick, Oh mother,  
I can neither hear nor see,  
I think of my dead Gretchen,  
And my heart is like to dree."

"Arise, we will go to Kevlaar,  
With Book and rosarie,  
The mother of God will heal thee there,  
And well thy heart shall be."

The church's hymns ascended,  
The church's banners bent ;  
It was at Kôlu upon the Rhine,  
The long procession went.

The mother went with the pilgrims,  
The son with her went he,  
And both sang in the choir  
"Gelobst seist du, Marie !"

II.

The mother of God in Kevlaar  
Was in her best array ;  
She had so much to finish,  
So many to heal that day.

The sick folk then did gather  
And brought their offerings meet,  
And waxen arms they brought her,  
And waxen hands and feet.

And whoever a wax hand offered  
His hand was healed that day,  
And whoever a wax foot brought her,  
Arose and walked away.

To Kevlaar they went on crutches,  
Who now dance on the floor,  
And many now play on the viol  
Who scarce had a finger before.

The mother took a wax light,  
A heart thereof she made ;  
"The mother of God will heal thee now,  
Take that to the Holy Maid."

And sighing he took the wax heart,  
He went to the church with sighs,  
The tears from his eyes were falling,  
The words from his heart did rise :

"Thou who art Highly Blessed,  
Thou Holy Maid," said he,  
"Thou Virgin Queen of Heaven,  
I bring my woe to Thee !"

"I lived with my dear mother,  
At Kôlu upon the Rhine,  
At Kôlu are many hundred  
Chapels and churches fine.

"And near to us lived Gretchen,  
But Gretchen now is dead.  
Marie, I bring thee a wax heart,  
Heal thou my grief," he said.

"Heal thou my sick heart, Marie,  
And early and late to thee,  
From my inmost heart I will pray and sing :  
'Gelobst seist du, Marie !'"

III.

The sick son and the mother  
Slept in the little inn,  
The mother of God came down from Heaven  
And softly glided in.

She bended over the sick boy,  
And then her hand she lay  
Gently upon his weary heart,  
Then smiled and passed away.

The mother saw it in a dream,  
And she yet more had marked,  
But she wakened from her slumber,  
So loudly the watch-dogs barked.

She saw before her lying  
Her son, and he was dead,  
And over his white cheek playing  
The morning's rosy red.

She folded his hands so softly,  
All in a dream was she,  
And to herself she murmured :  
"Gelobst seist du, Marie !"

Toronto.

EMMA C. READ.

THE ETHICAL TEACHING OF ARTHUR  
HUGH CLOUGH.

IN the poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough there is so much that is the expression of the individual character of the poet, that it may perhaps be questioned whether his muse will appeal to a larger circle of readers than a group of men and women who have passed through corresponding stages of mental experience. But that group is continually growing. The type of mind that Clough represents is a common one among us to-day. There are those who are seeking after truth and a higher life, but who are unable to accept certain orthodox religious beliefs in the way required by acquiescent comfortable folk. Again, in large commercial cities, in which the hum of busy life is throbbing, there are always those who have not forgotten "the art of living," and have caught something of the sound of the music of the quieter life. To such Clough's poetry will always appeal. Among Clough's early poems there is one in which he asks the question :—

Are these not, then, to musics unto men ?  
One loud and bold and coarse,  
And overpowering still perforce  
All tone and tune beside ;  
Yet in despite its pride  
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,  
And sounding solely in the sounding head ;  
The other, soft and low,  
Stealing whence we not know,  
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,  
With pauses oft and many a silence strange  
(And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not),  
Revivals too of unexpected change :  
Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,  
Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away :  
Yet turn to others none—  
Turn not, oh turn not thou !  
But listen, listen, listen—if haply be heard it may :  
Listen, listen, listen—is it not sounding now ?

The growth of Clough's character and the environment in which he was placed are simple, and is easily understood when we remember that he was a Rugby boy under Arnold, and at Oxford when the university was agitated by Tractarian Movement.

The one moving principle of his schoolboy life was to spread among the whole boy-community the moral aspirations and ideas which Arnold had impregnated into the minds of so many of his pupils. In the pages of the *Rugby Magazine*, which Clough for some time edited, appeared his earliest work, chiefly poetry—but it is not until he entered upon his university life at Oxford that the poetry which bears the mark of his character and environment and was the result of his spiritual questionings was given to the world in a volume known as "Ambarvalia"; although the influence of Oxford culture, and more particularly of the Oxford Movement is seen in almost all Clough's work.

The movement familiar to all as the Oxford Movement is chiefly valuable as an historic event for its contribution to the world of men of remarkable character. Beneath the storm of theological warfare is hidden the prose of Newman and the poetry of Clough, out of much discord the student of literature finds left for him that which the student of theology does not necessarily retain. This is often so. The greatness of Hooker's magnificent prose is a permanent greatness, whereas the polity of ecclesiastical institutions is a thing of constant change. Thrown into the midst of theological controversy, Clough was for some time filled with the prevailing enthusiasm of the leaders of the movement. He was naturally attracted by the earnestness, self-abandon and refinement of such men as Newman and Ward. He describes himself as being "like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney," and one of Clough's most ardent disciples has added, "he soon came out at the top, and once more breathed the free, calm atmosphere of a reasonable and liberal way of thinking." His early poems bear the marks of that tincture of scepticism which is present in so much of his work, and which in reality is after all the turning away of the healthy buoyant nature from all that was mystical and ascetic. The "Religious Poems" in the collected edition of his poems are distinguished by a deep tone of reverent and thoughtful earnestness. It is the questioning spirit desiring to get at the truth of the great realities of life. In the beautiful poem, "Through a Glass Darkly," we have a characteristic specimen of the bent of Clough's mind :—

What we, when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;  
Ah! did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for loves to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,  
Wise men are bad—and good are fools.  
Facts evil—wishes vain appear,  
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
For this or that, 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To pace the sad conclusion through,  
And say : It doth not yet appear  
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,

What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are, together, here.

It has been truly said of Clough that to none do Tennyson's familiar lines—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds,

so aptly apply. It is impossible to conceive of a more strenuous seeker after truth, and one who, as a thinker, was so thoroughly imbued with the religious spirit. No one can read the poems "Qui Laborat, Orat," "O Thou of Little Faith," etc., and such lines as the following without being impressed by the intrinsically reverent character of Clough's religious temperament :—

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, truth is so :  
That, howso'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

In 1848 Clough resigned his fellowship at Oriel from perhaps over conscientious motives ; but one cannot help admiring his unique honesty, for, from a monetary point of view, he was sacrificing at this time what he could ill afford to lose. After his resignation, it was expected that he would give to the world a theological treatise, an account of his opinions on matters theological, but a work of a very different character saw the light in "The Bothie of Tobu-na-voulich," a long vacation pastoral. It is an account of a reading party in Scotland, and is generally considered Clough's finest poem. Full of joyous and free life, healthy manhood and the breeze of the hills, it contains many wise and noble thoughts, and is replete with the gems of the author's ethical ideas. The reading party comprises the tutor, Adam,

the grave man, nick-named Adam,

and six Oxford undergraduates, Hope, Lindsay, Philip Hewson, Hobbes, Arthur Audley and Airlie. Each character is graphically described, and as we get into the swing of the poem, we seem to know the healthy manhood which they represent. The great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge turn out from time to time two distinct types of men. There is the wealthy undergraduate, idle and dissolute, whose joy is in wine parties, horse racing, betting and similar diversions, and upon whom the advantages of a university education are sadly thrown away ; and that which many would give a great deal to be sharers in is, to such a class, certainly a casting away of pearls. On the other hand, there is another type of university undergraduate, noble examples of high-minded, pure and generous men, full of the healthy joy of living, and the spirit of chivalry ; and it is such that Clough brings before us in "The Bothie." Balliol College, Oxford, has had the honour of sending forth to the world men of this mould. Rugby and Arnold laid the foundation in some instances, and Clough himself is a case in point. Another Balliol man, the late Arnold Toynbee, and his earnest band of disciples, many of whom are now living, are also striking illustrations of the high-water mark of a university character. These are the men who have taken from their Alma Mater of the best she could give them, and have liberally repaid her by a noble devotion and a lasting gratitude. Perhaps one of the chief thoughts we carry away from a reading of "The Bothie of Tobu-na-voulich" is the importance of a natural life as contrasted with an unnatural and artificial existence ; the open life of the fields, the freedom from false manners and the ways of affectation. Thus we find Philip Hewson, the hero of the poem—

Hewson, a radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,

giving vent to his feelings in this manner :—

As for myself and apart from economy wholly, believe me  
Never I properly felt the relation between men and women  
Though to the dancing-master I went perforce for a quarter,  
Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls in abundance,  
Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine, a bevy of beauties—  
Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all the same I shall say it),  
Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between men and women,  
Till in some village fields, in holidays now getting stupid,  
One day sauntering "long and listless" as Tennyson has it,  
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobadiboyhood,  
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,  
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.  
Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the charm of the labour?  
But a new thing was in me; and longing delicious possessed me,  
Longing to take her, and lift her, and put her away from her slaving.  
Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind? hard question!  
But a new thing was in me, I, too, was a youth among maidens:  
Was it the air? who can say! but in part 'twas the charm of the  
labour

Still though a new thing was in me, the poets revealed themselves to me.

And in my dreams, by Miranda, her Ferdinand often I wandered,  
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling, and toying, and cloying,  
Were not so strange as before, so incomprehensible purely ;  
Still as before (and as now), balls, dances, and evening parties,  
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them sing-  
ing,  
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,  
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,  
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon work  
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage),  
Utter removal from work, mother earth, and the objects of living.  
Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join you in snapping—  
What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic inside it?  
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of nose-gays ;  
Better a crust of black bread, than a mountain of paper confections,  
Better a daisy in earth, than a dahlia cut and gathered,  
Better a cowslip with root, than a prize carnation without it.

Such lines as these may be rather startling to an admirer of Shelley or Swinburne : it is indeed the poetry of common sense, and one can readily understand Mr. Robert Buchanan describing Clough as "the sanest singer of

his day and generation." The Homeric simplicity of Clough's hexameters delighted Mr. Matthew Arnold; and perhaps no better specimen of homely vigour could be chosen than in the lines just quoted, but such abound throughout the whole poem. Mr. R. H. Hutton in drawing a comparison between Clough and Goethe has remarked that he has "the same love of homely naturalness of manner, of the wholesome flavour of earth, an even deeper desire to tame or exorcise all romance that is alien to common sense; and the same intellectual disposition to give common sense the casting vote, whenever there seems to be a conflict between it and the thirst of his own nature for something deeper.

To those who have formulated wild theories on the beauty of social equality, the words of Adam, the tutor, to Philip Hewson, might be digested with profit:—

However noble the dream of equality (mark you, Philip),  
 Where equality reigns in all the world of creation  
 Star is not equal star, nor blossom the same as blossom;  
 Herb is not equal to herb any more than planet to planet,  
 There is a glory of daisies, a glory again of carnations;  
 Were the carnation wise, in gay parterre by green house  
 Should it decline to accept the nurture the gardener gives it,  
 Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial summer  
 Simply because the field daisy that grows in the grass plot beside it  
 Cannot for some cause or other develop and be a carnation?  
 Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous neighbour?  
 Up, grow, bloom, and forget me; be beautiful even to proudness,  
 E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies like me.  
 Education and manners, accomplishments and refinements  
 Waltz peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music and dancing  
 All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and precious,  
 We have all something to do, man, woman, alike I own it;  
 We have all something to do, and in my judgment should do it  
 In our station; not thinking about it, but not disregarding;  
 Holding it not for enjoyment but simply because we are in it.

These are one or two pungent truths which Clough reiterates in the poem, and which stick in the memory like the refrain of a song, and have at the same time the mark of the aphorism upon them. Such are—

Grace is given of God, but Knowledge is bought in the market,  
 Knowledge useful for all yet cannot be had for the asking.

Knowledge is needful for man,—needful no less for woman.

For it is beautiful only to do the things we are meant for.

The most prominent note which Clough strikes, that which seems to permeate his whole work, and is ever present in his own character, is the perpetual striving after truthfulness in all things; in action, in manner and in all life; and there is also present what Mr. Hutton calls "a chronic state of introspective criticism on himself." In no poem is this so marked a feature as in "Dipsychus."

Dipsychus (the man of two souls), although the least finished is yet the most forcible of Clough's poems. It is a colloquy between Dipsychus and The Spirit who represents The Power of The World, a Mephistophiles who follows closely the footsteps of so many, always irritating the higher yearnings and desires of the nobler nature. The Spirit that turns our ideals into ridicule and endeavours to prove how valueless and absurd they are in a world where men have to push and blow their own trumpet, and eventually submit to its ways. Dipsychus has at last to listen to the Spirit's mocking words:—

The stern necessity of things  
 On every side our being rings;  
 Our sallying eager actions fall  
 Vainly against that iron wall  
 Where once her finger points the way.  
 The wise thinks only to obey;  
 Take life as she has ordered it,  
 And come what may of it submit,  
 Submit, submit!

The poem opens with the soliloquy of Dipsychus on the "Piazza at Venice," in which he repeats the opening verse of the beautiful poem, "Easter Day," with its sharp agonizing cry, "Christ is Not Risen!"

Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I passed,  
 With fiercer heat than flamed above my head  
 My heart was hot within me; till at last  
 My brain was lightened when my tongue had said  
 Christ is not risen!

This poem of "Dipsychus" is full of passages pregnant with teaching of the noblest order; lessons which are always needful, and none more so than this dominant note of sincerity in action. Thus Dipsychus breaks out:—

To herd with people that one owns no care for;  
 Friend it with strangers that one sees but once;  
 To drain the heart with endless complaisance,  
 To warp the unfinished diction in the lip,  
 And twist one's mouth to counterfeit; enforce  
 Reluctant looks to falsehood; base alloy  
 The ingenuous golden frankness of the past;  
 To calculate and plot, be rough and smooth,  
 Forward and silent, deferential, cool,  
 Not by one's humour which is the safe truth,  
 But on consideration.

In 1849 Clough was in Rome at the time the city was besieged by the French, and while there he wrote his third long poem, the "Amours de Voyage," but it was not published until nine years afterwards, when it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The historic background of the bombardment of Rome by the French is woven into the story of an incipient passion which is given us in the form of a series of letters written by an Englishman, Claude, the hero of the poem, to his friend Eustace, by Georgina Trevellyn to her friend Louisa, and by Mary Trevellyn to her friend, Miss Roper. Clough's humorous satire finds a splendid opportunity for the display of its powers in these epistles. It is amusing to note the varying impressions of Rome and their surroundings upon the respective writers, and also their criticisms upon one another. In the character of Claude, Clough has portrayed an undecided, introspective mind fearing to act, and yet yearning for action; his fleeting passion for Mary Trevellyn sud-

denly dies away, and he goes back to his studies, his books and his meditations, summing up in the following words the conclusions his pursuit of love had brought him to:—

Faith, I think, does pass, and Love; but Knowledge abideth;  
 Let us seek Knowledge, the rest may come and go as it happens.

As the exciting events of fighting and bloodshed are approaching, and action is the order of the day, like a soliloquizing Hamlet he writes to his friend Eustace:—

Dulce it is, and decorum no doubt for the country to fall, to  
 Offer one's blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the Cause; yet  
 Still individual culture is also something, and no man  
 Finds quite distinct the assurance that he of all others is called on  
 Or would be justified even in taking away from the world that  
 Precious creature himself. Nature sent him here to abide here:  
 Else why send it at all? Nature wants him still, it is likely;  
 On the whole, we are meant to look after ourselves; it is certain  
 Each has to eat for himself, digest for himself, and in general  
 Care for his own dear life, and see to his own preservation;  
 Nature's intentions, in most things uncertain, in this are decisive.

Such is the type of character which Clough has described in the epilogue to the poem as

Feeble and restless youths, born to inglorious days.

The vigour of Clough's work seems to carry the reader along and impart a stimulating tonic; his messages so buoyant and honest are particularly attractive to younger men struggling through life with its drawbacks and disappointments, but cheered on by the inspiration of such writers. There is no milk and water sentiment in this poet; we go to Clough for refreshment as we would go to the writings of Carlyle and Emerson. Clough has the power of imparting that genial hopefulness and self-reliance, which he possessed so strongly, to others. The reading of poetry should not tend to make us meditative, gloomy and despairing; it should act as an invigorative, and fortify the mind for useful action. In "A Review of Some Poems, by Alexander Smith and Matthew Arnold," contributed by Clough to the *North American Review* for July, 1853, and reprinted in his "Prose Remains," he has finely pointed out the mission of poetry to humanity, he writes:—

"Is it that to be widely popular, to gain the ear of multitudes, to shake the hearts of men poetry should deal more than at present it usually does, with general wants, ordinary feelings, the obvious rather than the rare facts of human nature? Could it not attempt to convert into beauty and thankfulness, or at least into some form or shape, some feeling at any rate of content—the actual palpable things with which our every-day life is concerned; introduce into business and weary task-work a character and soul of purpose and reality; intimate to us relations which in our unchosen peremptorily appointed posts, in our grievously narrow and limited spheres of action, we still, in and through all, retain to some central celestial past? Could it not console us with a sense of significance, if not of dignity, in that often dirty, or, at least, dingy work, which it is the lot of so many of us to have to do? Might it not divinely condescend to all infinities, be in all points tempted as we are, exclude nothing, least of all guilt and distress, from its wide fraternization; not content itself merely of talking of what may be better elsewhere, but seek also to deal with what is here? We could each one of us, alas! be so much that somehow we find we are not; we have all of us fallen away from so much that we long to call ours. Cannot the divine song in some way indicate to us our unity, though from a great way off, with those happier things; inform us and prove to us, that though we are what we are, we may yet, in some way, even in our abasement, even by and through our daily work, be related to the purer existence."

The collection of poems known as "Mari Magno, or Tales on Board," has led some critics to compare Clough with Chaucer, and the comparison is certainly a very true one. In the style of these poems we are constantly reminded of the "Canterbury Tales," with their graphic descriptions of human life, but how different, indeed, is the picture of humanity in Chaucer's day to that of our own. The narratives told by the passengers on an ocean steamer in the nineteenth century are verily "tales of guilt and distress," in many instances; of human suffering as well as human joy. They could only have been written by one who possessed the tender, compassionate, tolerant nature of the liberal thinker, and the earnestness of the chivalrous soul.

How many types of manhood there are in the present day echoing in their own innermost souls the cry of the character of Edmund in the "Clergyman's First Tale" in "Mari Magno"—

Oh for some friend, or more than friend, austere,  
 To make me know myself, and make me fear!  
 O for some touch, too noble to be kind,  
 To awake to life the mind within the mind!

Clough's scepticism never tempted him to despair; while goodness, truth and beauty lasted on earth he ever struck the note of Hope. In the poem, "Hope Evermore and Believe," Clough, with a joyous and buoyant cry, repeats one of the noblest lessons of human life:—

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,  
 Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.  
 Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hoarding, the  
 having,  
 But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.  
 Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,  
 With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

Clough's body lies "in the little Protestant cemetery outside the walls of Florence, looking towards Fiesole. Tall cypresses wave over the graves, and the beautiful hills keep guard around." Much of his life was truly a struggle, but it is to such we owe the inspiration of Hope, and he has himself written:—

Say not the struggle nought availeth,  
 The labour and the wounds are vain,  
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
 It may be in you smoke concealed  
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves vainly breaking,  
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
 Comes silent, flooding in the main,

And not by eastern windows only,  
 When daylight comes, comes in the light  
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly  
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

Toronto.

CHARLES F. NEWCOMBE.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Bonapartist dynasty never recognized the second marriage of Napoleon's brother, Prince Lucien, and they will thank their stars for that attitude after the exposure of Madame de Rute, in the adulterous-murder trial of Lesbain. Of the four daughters Lucien Bonaparte had by his unrecognized second wife, one married Sir Thomas Wyse, of Waterford, who, in his time, was English ambassador to Greece. Two of his children are well known to-day—Bonaparte-Wyse, the right hand man of M. de Lesseps in the Panama Canal bubble, and "Marie Bonaparte," who graduated as "school-mistress" in the Legion of Honour School, near St. Denis, which is founded for the education of the orphan daughters of military officers and hard-up civil functionaries. Marie Wyse was born in Ireland, and is now approaching sixty. By her three marriages, with M. de Solms, Signor Rattazzi and M. de Rute, she became successively a French, Italian and Spanish subject. As Madame de Rute, her third husband's death leaves her, at present, a Spanish widow.

During the reign of Napoleon III., Madame was forbidden France for utilizing her off-shoot connection with the Bonaparte genealogical tree. When an exile in Italy she styled herself "Princess," but having married the Italian premier, Rattazzi, she considered that a more serviceable name than the "Bonaparte," since she seems to have dropped the latter for Rattazzi. Her headquarters was Paris; she gathered round her a cosmopolitan kind of society—a unity of nations, save perhaps the Russians, that form the specialty of Madame Adam, and who allows no poaching on her domain. Many humorous stories are afloat respecting the social life of Madame de Rute, chiefly of the Madame Scurrion kind, where a good story had often to replace a not forthcoming dish. Madame de Rute is the proprietor and editress of a light monthly, *Matinées Espagnoles*, which hardly touches on Spanish subjects, and is published also in French in Paris.

She had for assistant Mlle. Mortier, a lady of a romantic turn of mind, at present aged thirty-five—the age Balzac adored. She and Madame de Rute became remarkably intimate friends; Mlle. wrote to the public prosecutor that if she quit Madame, the latter vowed to "do" for her, so great was her affection for her. As Mlle. longed to be married, a husband was found for her in Baron Lesbain, one of Napoleon's barons, and a drummer for an insurance office at Lille. He saw his wife but rarely, and then in a back-kitchen manner. Perhaps Madame de Rute allowed no "followers." However, there was an assistant editor, Delbœuf, who made Madame Lesbain his mistress, and the more he whacked her the more she doated on him. She detested her husband, and Madame de Rute hated the two elders, who were spiriting away Susanna. To prevent Madame Lesbain from living with Delbœuf, since she would never reside with her husband, and so continue permanently dominated by de Rute, it was necessary to bring the husband, armed with a revolver, to catch the wife and paramour criminally together, and to "remove" Delbœuf. That plot so diabolically conceived was executed. Before his eyes, in a railway carriage, the husband had the proof of his wife's guilt; he lodged a ball in her face, and two in the paramour's head. For this he has just been tried—and instantly acquitted, at the Augoulèvre assizes. The relations between the two ladies, backed by erratic correspondence, were too abominable to be published. The public prosecutor branded Madame de Rute as "a woman of deplorable manners and terrible hates," but that it was not his province to discover her rôle in the plot to murder Delbœuf. The latter, who carries two bullets in his head, has indicted de Rute for planning to murder him; his counsel claims to possess ample proof. If de Rute continues still to refuge herself in Rubens' palace at Madrid, and a French jury finds her guilty of the crime, she must be handed over to the French authorities. In the meantime her printers have just attached her property for the sum of 17,000 frs. and to be executed immediately, she being a foreigner and declining to enter France to defend either her reputation or her liabilities.

The French press is smothering Sir Charles Dilke in butter for his "beautiful article," insisting on the immediate evacuation of Egypt by the British, the retrieving of the blemished promises of England to clear out, and so allow France to follow her natural destiny on the Nile, to secure the financial prosperity of the Land of Goshen, etc., etc. Mr. Stead would do well to recommend Sir Charles to become candidate for a Gallic constituency, rather than that of the Forest of Dean. It is the firm

belief in France that Sir Charles is still the destined successor of Mr. Gladstone. For his strictures on the recent manœuvres of the French army on the eastern frontier, Sir Charles would do well to avoid Generals Négrier, Fay and Derrécaigaix for reflecting on their talents. In military circles the laugh is merry at the blunder committed by Sir Charles, who found the French bugles neither clear nor ringing, the fact being that he mistook the tricks of the French soldiers making trumpets of their drinking flasks to imitate the bugles.

Professor Moireau has just published a curious volume, based on fresh documents, on the history of the United States and France, from 1792 to 1800. The hatred of Louis XVI. against England was proverbial, so there was not much difficulty in obtaining his consent to aid the Americans in their just fight for independence. The "Caira" and "Yankee Doodle" were played at all the reunions in France; but American sympathy changed when the Terror executed the king and queen. Then when France declared war against England the United States declined to aid France in an "aggressive" war, that not being in the bond. France did not accept this neutral attitude of the States, and placed an embargo on American ships in Bordeaux. Besides, England seized in neutral vessels all provisions destined for France, and seized on board American ships all British seamen. When John Adams succeeded General Washington he wrote that he desired no misunderstanding with France; that if the latter wished to humiliate America, that would provoke no fight; that France might do as she pleased. As a measure of prudence, the States prepared for resistance. In 1798, and in the spring of 1799, France and America were at war—on sea; Decatur, with the sloop *Delaware*, took a French frigate of twenty guns; later, the *Constellation* captured the French frigate *Insurgé* after a battle of ninety minutes. President Adams claimed, amidst general enthusiasm, to have "humiliated the proud flag of France." At present, warfare is happily confined to tariffs.

Dr. Bal, the eminent professor of lunacy at the St. Anne Asylum, has delivered a lecture on the effects of political discussions, in the development of mental disease. He recommends all individuals of weak brain power to avoid politicians and political meetings. It must be a first-cousin of this branch of *non compos* that leads musical composers, poets and novelists to patronize the latest form of *pose* and puff, that of suddenly disappearing; causing sensational newspaper paragraphs to be published, and police researches to be made, not overlooking the services of the Foreign Office to discover the missing, self-assumed celebrity, who in due course makes himself known. Two writers have just been "trying it on" in this respect, but their disappearance failed to set the Seine on fire.

Perhaps it is this mania for posing which constitutes the *he all*, and the *end all*, of the drama "Hedda Gabler," just brought out at the Vaudeville theatre. Ibsen has been heard, seen, weighed in the dramatic balances, and found wanting. Though a conference preceded the representation, though the work had been published since some days in French, the piece was found to be devoid of clearness, and about as incomprehensible as Browning poetry. "Hedda" wanted to "weigh upon a destiny," and selected the drunken Bohemian Egbert for that end, placing a pistol at his head, and enjoining him to "end beautifully." Herostratus also had a crank—that to immortalize himself by setting fire to the temple of Artemis. The closing scene, where Hedda rushes to a piano, strums a lunatic waltz, and, with a Meg Merrilies laugh, shoots herself with a pistol, was all that "caught on." If the drama be a phase of Norwegian society, it surpasses that of Paris in *fin de siècle*. One eminent critic hopes that after Ibsen's sterling trash, Parisians will be cured of imported dramas. Why not subject that article of trade to the new Maximum Customs tariff?

Captain Binger is going to the Gold Coast to fix the frontiers of the French possessions there. In reality, he is intended to replace M. de Brazza. French colonial expansionists are very active in all that relates to their idea—save in the sending out of emigrants, or showing the example by emigrating themselves. Till Frenchmen colonize their colonies the latter can at best be but a costly superfluity, if not a chainball weakness on the mother country. However, there are economists who maintain that the superfluities are the necessities of life. Z.

ONE feature not often touched upon, but really more valuable than all, is the climate. There is no question that it is among the healthiest on this continent. Its summers have more sunshine, clear sky, and cool, pure breezes, without dampness and fogs, than any other part of our country. There are no debilitating effects in its heat, and its atmosphere is free from those disagreeable, nervous effects which higher altitudes engender. A man or woman feels strong and vigorous all through the summer in Manitoba, when people in less favoured localities are depressed or weary and always tired. Its winters are far less rigorous than many suppose. A low temperature, it is well known by those who are acquainted with meteorology, either practical or scientific, does not always denote the coldest weather as it affects man or beast. Given a dry atmosphere and twenty degrees below zero is no more trying upon the body than zero, with damp atmosphere. The fact is, while the summers are delightful, the fall and winter, on the average, are more enjoyable still. It is not claimed that there are not some disagreeable days, but there is a less number of them than in any other section of the North American continent.—*Western World*.

## A PLEA.

FRET not the Poet's soul with rankling sting  
Of critic tongue,  
As, Fancy-led, he roams, and fain would sing,  
Her fields among.

Dost fright yon chorister, in surplice grey,  
With cruel gun,  
When he silvery throats his roundelay  
To greet the Sun.

Kissing the drops, tear-gemmed, on burdened trees  
And silken corn?  
In drowsy antiphon the choir of bees  
Hymns the new morn!

These but her Minstrels glad interpreting  
All Nature's song:  
Nor grander swells the chorale echoing  
Dim aisles along.

The dreamer, scorned, straying in devious ways,  
By thee untrod,  
Rare treasure finds, untold its wealth o'erlays  
The jewelled sod.

To ear attuned the winds whisper their tale,  
Unheard by thee:  
All scents and blooms his ravished sense assail,  
His wide eyes see.

Th' eternal hills that, awful-fronted, rise,  
Betray their speech;  
And circling worlds, thick-starred in Night's arched skies,  
Their message preach.

Hushed voices of the woods and air and seas,  
Or Mammon's mart  
Where men do strive and faint, all deaf to these,  
Speak to his heart.

What wonder if, as waits a sleeping Earth  
The voice of Spring,  
His soul, prophetic, wakes, a Song has birth  
He needs must sing?

O stay thy hand, nor once again, in wrath,  
The prophet stone,  
Who, all uncrowned, mayhap yet climbs the path  
To Song's high throne!

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

## SONNETS TO THE LARK—II.

IN its aerial trip the merry chanter is sometimes fallen upon by a bird of prey, usually a hawk. From the known habits of the falcon tribe one would suppose the smaller bird would be eaten shortly after capture, and as a rule no doubt it is; but there is a poetical exception which is curious, and, as it occurs in a very old sonnet, demands our special attention. In the first of the eleven sonnets by uncertain authors published in "Tottel's Miscellany, 1557," the strange allusion occurs.

The poem bears the usual early index-title of its day, and is in the English or Shakespearian sonnet-form which Surrey introduced, having three independently rhymed quatrains and a closing couplet:—

THE LOVER SHEWETH HIS WOPULL STATE AND PRAYETH PITIE.

Lyke as the lark within the marlians foote  
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:  
So sing I now, seying none other boote,  
My renderyng song, and to your wylly obey.  
Your vertue mountes above my force so hie,  
And with your beantie seased I am so sure:  
That their avails resistance none in me,  
But patiently your pleasure to endure,  
For on your wylly my fancy shall attend;  
My lyfe, my death, I put both in your choyce;  
And rather had this lyfe by you to end,  
Than lyve, by other alwayes to rejoyce.  
And if your crueltie doe thirst my blood:  
Then let it forth, if it may doe you good.

Though this old sonnet is a quaint study throughout, it is especially with the first two lines we are here concerned. The *marlian* is the merlin, a small variety of the falcon, bold enough to attack large birds and bad enough to eat small ones; it is graceful in form and pretty in plumage, having bluish wings and russet body. The connection between the lark and the hawk in mythology rests on the metamorphosis of Scylla, the daughter of Nysus, king of Megara. This monarch possessed a magic lock of golden hair, which had the power of making him invisible; but to please her lover Minos, Scylla cut off the precious lock and so betrayed her parent to his enemies. For this unkindest cut of all Scylla was transformed into a lark and Nysus into a hawk, in which disguise the luckless father constantly pursues his heartless child to punish her for this ancient rape of the lock.

Ronsard refers to the legend thus:—

A grand tort les fable des poëtes  
Vous accusent vous, alouettes,  
D'avoir vostre pere hay  
Jadis jusqu'à l'avoir trahy,  
Coupant de sa teste royale  
La blonde perruque fatale,  
En laquelle un poil il portoit  
En qui toute sa force estoit.

This antique story connected the two birds and accounted

for their unfriendly relations; but in the legend Nysus never captured Scylla. Why the lark should be chirping piteous tunes in the merlin's foot was for a long time a bird riddle to the writer until he lighted on a poem published by Barnabe Googe, in 1563, which gave this curious explanation. He is speaking first of the merlin, or marlian, as he spelled it:—

When Hunger's rage she hath exyled quyte,  
And supped well as falleth for her state,  
The selye Larke, doth take by force of flyght,  
And hies to tree, where as she lodged late,  
And on a trembling Byrde all nighte she stondes,  
To keepe her fecte from force of nyppynge colde.

From this it appears that the merlin, after supper, captured a lark and used it as a hot-water cushion to keep its feet warm on a cold night. What foundation in fact or fancy there may have been to have caused this strange habit of the merlin, even in poetry, has not been discovered as yet. But the poet proceeds to relate a still more remarkable extension of the fable and tells us at daybreak the falcon releases the lark, forbearing to spill its blood on account of services rendered:—

But wayeng well, the servyce she hath done  
To spyll the Blud, her Nature doth detest.

Yet this is not all:—

She lets her go and more, with stedfast eyes,  
Beholds whiche way she takes her mazed flight,  
And in those partes that Daye she never flies  
Least on that Byrde agayne she chauce to lyght.

Lucky Lark! Magnanimous Marlian! This circumstantial story quite puts the small bird that picks the crocodile's teeth, as some old writers aver, out of court. One might forgive the lark if, after a night's experience in the marlian's foot, he did not "leap up to shake the air with glee" the next morning. There is a great deal of lark-lore scattered in poetry. Shakespeare has a line in *Romeo and Juliet*—

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes.

This is a country tale, founded on the facts of the lark having a large dull-looking eye, whilst the toad has a bright clear eye, which seems to be the opposite of what is appropriate. In King Henry VIII., my lord of Surrey, speaking of Cardinal Wolsey, says:—

My lords,  
Can we endure this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell, nobility;—let his grace go forward  
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

The Cardinal's cap was scarlet, and the allusion to daring them like larks with it rested on a custom of catching larks by setting a mirror on a red cloth ground at the top of a stick, and turning it with a piece of string in the sunshine. The brightness of the cloth and the flashing of the mirror enticed the lark to the post where a net was ready to fall over the bird. Skelton refers to the same man in the same way.

The red hat with his lure  
Bringeth all things under cure.

Petrarch, in his sonnet comparing himself to a bird caught in a net, refers, no doubt, to this method of catching larks. His sonnet reads thus:—

Amor fra l'erbe una leggindra rete  
D'oro e di perle tese sott' un ramo  
Dell' arbor sempre verde ch' i' tant' amo,  
Benche' n'abbia ombre più tristo che liete.  
L'osca fu' seme ch'egli sparce e miete,  
Dolce ed acerbo, ch' io pavento e bramo:  
Le note non fur mai, dal di ch' Adamo  
Aperse gli occhi, sì soavi e quete:  
E' chiaro lume che sparir fa' l' Sole  
Folgorava d'intorno: e' l' fune avvolto  
Era alla man ch'avorio e neve avanza.  
Così caldi alla rete, e qui m'han colto  
Gli atti vaghi e' l' angeliche parole  
E' l' piacer e' l' desir e la speranza.

This has been fairly well translated by Major Macgregor as follows:—

Love 'mid the grass beneath a laurel green—  
The plant divine which long my flame has fed,  
Whose shade for me less bright than sad is seen—  
A cunning net of gold and pearls had spread:  
Its bait the seed he sows and reaps, I ween,  
Bitter and sweet, which I desire, yet dread:  
Gentle and soft his call, as ne'er has been  
Since first on Adam's eyes the day was shed;  
And the bright light which disenthrones the sun  
Was flashing round, and in her hand, more fair  
Than snow or ivory, was the master-rope.  
So fell I in the snare; their slave so won  
Her speech angelical and winning air,  
Pleasure, and fond desire, and sanguine hope.

The practice is alluded to in Arthur Warwick's "Spare Minutes," the sixth edition of which was published in 1637: "When I see the Larker's day-net spread out in a faire morning, and himsele whirling his artificial motion, and observe how, by the reflecting lustre of the Sunne on the wheeling instrument, not onely the merry larke, and fearfull pigeon are dazed, and drawn with admiration; but stowter birds of prey, the swift merlin and trowing hobbie, are inticed to stoop, and gazing on the outward forme, lose themselves," etc.

This method of lark-catching was practised in England and France till the middle of this century, and probably is still pursued in certain localities.

The lark makes its nest in grassy meadows or clover or cornfields, and is a prolific breeder. Charles Turner has a very pretty and thoughtful sonnet on

THE LARK'S NEST.

I never hear a lark its matins sing,  
But I bethink me of that orphan nest,  
Where once I saw a little callow thing,  
Erect, with death-cold wings, above the rest,  
As though he lived and pleaded. Light and shade

Swept in and out of his poor open maw,  
While underneath his silent feet I saw  
A short-breathed group of helpless orphans laid.  
The life was ebbing from each infant throat.  
Too young as yet for music's earliest note:  
High up a living lark sang loud and free—  
Keen was the contrast—it was sad to mark  
Those eyes, heaven-charter'd, now earth-bound and dark:  
Beneath a morning sky they could not see.

This is a very vivid picture of a deserted nest. There is a touch of natural sympathy in it that is worth many a windy apostrophe to the lark in general—the particularly poetical hen-bird that wakes the sun and the bumpkin at twilight. This last word is usually associated with night or evening, but old John Lydgate, in his "Destruction of Troy," uses the word in a matutinal sense,

Even at the twilight in the dawning,  
When that the lark of custom 'ginneth sing.

Twilight is "two lights," applicable to morn or eve. In a book of "Poems chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall," published in 1792, is a sonnet by one Emmet:—

TO THE LARK ON DARTMOOR.

Sweet soaring minstrel of the wild, I hear  
The pleasing music of thy tuneful throat,  
As welcome o'er the desert to mine ear,  
As to benighted hinds the matin note.  
I thank thee, warbler, for thy cheering lay,  
But why in such a barren, lonely dell,  
While other scenes the vernal sweets display,  
A wing'd recluse art thou content to dwell?  
O, yet I trace the motives in thy song,  
For freedom now the lofty burthen bears,  
And now a tenderer strain is pour'd along,  
And love is breathed with all its charming cares:  
Thou, though ev'n here sequestered, dost thou prove  
Life's dearest blessings, Liberty and Love.

The lark appears here in the unusual character of a wandering minstrel of love. As a rule he "wakes the coming morn," "calls up the tuneful nations," "bids the villagers rise," "carols to the evening loud," "salutes the gay return of spring," "bears her Maker's praise on high," and performs other special services for the imaginative poets, but seldom figures as a singer of amorous ditties—yet this is probably the true interpretation of his morning flight and pleasant song. His notes are quick, and therefore suggest happiness, hence the expression "as blithe as a lark." The French say "*gai comme pinson*"—as gay as a chaffinch.

Robert Southey, whose opinion of his own poetical accomplishment was not endorsed by many critics of his day, and is certainly not accepted as correct by those of this period, was far more successful in the following sonnet than in many of his longer and more laboured poems. He seems to have written from the heart, which he seldom did, instead of from the head, which he sometimes did, or from the fingers, which he often did. Structurally, the sonnet is a failure, for he commences with a couplet, divides its theme into a sestet followed by an octave; uses assonantal rhymes, comes to a pause in the wrong places, and forms neither quatrains nor tercets—shade of Petrarch! What more could he have done in the way of error. Still, allowing his irregularities, he has left us a simple and tender poem to be termed a sonnet, as he wished it.

TO A LARK.

O thou sweet lark, who in the heaven so high  
Twinkling thy wings dost sing so joyfully,  
I watch thee soaring with a deep delight,  
And when at last I turn mine aching eye  
That lays below thee in the infinite,  
Still in my heart receive thy melody.  
O, thou sweet lark, that I had wings like thee!  
Not for the joy it were in yon blue light  
Upward to mount, and from my heavenly height  
Gaze on the creeping multitude below;  
But that I soon would wing my eager flight  
To that loved home, where Fancy even now  
Hath fled, and Hope looks onward through a tear,  
Counting the weary hours that hold her here!

The mention of the word "mount" suggests a peculiar mistake which probably arose through a printer's error and has been repeated through poetic plagiarism, which in the matter of epithets is very common. Many old poets refer to the lark as "the mounting lark," which is an appropriate description; but in Fenton's poem and some editions of Shakespeare's "Richard II." the bird is mentioned as "the mountain lark." This curious error is preserved in Davenport Adams' "Concordance to the Plays of Shakespeare." There is no such bird as a "mountain" lark; it is a creature of low lands and lofty airs, though curiously enough the so-called "meadow lark" is not a lark at all.

There is only one other sonnet on the lark with which we are familiar and that is good old Barry Cornwall's fine effusion:—

TO THE SKY-LARK.

O earliest singer! O care-charming bird!  
Married to morning, by a sweeter hymn  
Than priest ere chanted from his cloister dim  
At midnight—or veiled virgin's holier word  
At sunrise or the paler evening heard;  
To which of all Heaven's young and lovely Hours,  
Who wreathes soft light in hyacinthine bowers,  
Beautiful spirit, is thy suit preferred?  
Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,  
Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won;  
And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever:  
Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth;  
So may'st thou yet live on from sun to sun,  
Thy joy unchecked, thy sweet song silent never.

I have not seen a sonnet to the skylark by an American author, which is singular, as the bird has been introduced to this continent, whereas Americans have addressed sonnets to the nightingale, which has not yet lived in the country except in a cage. There are minor references to the lark in other Eng-

lish sonnets. Spenser opens his seventy-second in the "Amoretti" thus:—

Oft when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings  
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,  
It down is weighed with thought of earthly things  
And clogged with burden of mortality.

But the lark has never been instanced in poetical analogy to better purpose or with greater effect than in that splendid burst of introspection, where fate reproached is relieved by the memory of love, Shakespeare's twenty-ninth sonnet. In the edition of 1640 it was unwarrantably entitled:—

A DISCONSOLATION.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

In conclusion, perhaps the truest thing ever said of the lark in its relation to poetry is the verse of Shelley's splendid lyric, which will always be the finest tribute offered to it:—

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,

Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Montreal.

SAREPTA.

GLIMPSES AND IMPRESSIONS DURING A STORM.

A HEAVY north-westerly gale with hard and frequent squalls of rain and hail—nimbus clouds surmounted by broken cumulus. Patches of blue, through which the sun glances majestically and breathes out a cone of light upon the boiling sea, whilst the howling pitiless wind cuts the manes of the rushing white horses and dashes their snowy crests into spindrift, which, flying in swift momentary spray, lights up the sombre watery-purple background of the heavily loaded clouds.

The tumbling seas, driven by the furious squalls and lashed by the pattering hail, are white with rage, and toss their foaming, livid, green-flashing and broken summits high in the air, to fall, seething and hissing, into the panting hollows.

The exulting gull, poised motionless for an instant, screams to his mates with joyful note, and, quick as thought, without a movement of his pinions, with canted body, darts like a flash before the gale, and, with graceful curve, floats round upon the wind, to face the blast in ecstasy of glee, and, as the magic instantaneous burst of sunshine darts through the riven towering masses of rolling cumulus, and bathes in a flood of light the raging scene, the bird appears in bold relief, against the heavy backing of the dark horizon, enframed in a brilliant patch of iris.

The ragged-edged scud is hurrying apace, urged by the screaming, screeching furies of the north. The mountainous accumulation of vapour, piled up in dense and rolling masses, is flooded with pure celestial light on the glorious summits of the range, whilst beneath, in the purple grey of unbroken nimbus, the horizon is hidden by the smoking approach of another savage squall of wind, rain, and hail, headed by their giant leader—a towering waterspout. Down comes the shrieking blast, flattening the slopes of the heavily undulating waters, clawing their broken edges into shreds, lashing their frothy backs into eddies of snowy scum, until the demons of the storm, exhausted for a moment, pause for breath, but only to "pour forth their horrible fury" with renewed and fiercer vehement wrath—night comes on, dark and dreary, more threatening than the morn. The sun has long withdrawn his gaze and disappeared behind the dense bank of western clouds, whose noble heights are ablaze with lurid flame and glow.

The moaning wind mourns, mid sobs and bursts of tears, the stealing away of light, and, as darkness spreads a veil over the weird, melancholy waste of waters, the broken northern sky reveals its great constellation, whilst in the east the moon peeps through the fringes of the curtained ceiling, and, as she sweeps the southern sky, Orion moves with measured pace, and over him Aldebaran gazes from amidst the weeping Hyades.

F. A. H.

North Atlantic, Oct. 13, 1891.

HIGH birth is a thing which I never knew anyone to disparage except those who had it not; and I never knew any one to boast of it who had anything else to be proud of.—Bishop Warburton.

IT would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and the private, if men would consider the great truth that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

ENERGY will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—Goethe.

THE RAMBLER.

WITH the lapse—or collapse—of the so-called holiday season comes the longest, and some say dreariest, part of the winter. It is singular to note the different ways in which different people symbolize for themselves the whole year of three hundred and sixty-five days. To the very young, there probably is no symbol whatever. To those a little older, the months appear in a kind of procession mounting skywards in a curved line, at the top end of which is the twelfth month from the actual month of existence. To those older again, there appears but a ring of months, to some a flat ring, to others a round hollow one, and to the very old, no ring or circle or line at all, but just the month itself whichever it happens to be. It would be interesting to know if the months have ever appeared in the minds of men, arranged on top of one another, thus forming a pyramidal figure, on whether the Russians, for example, think of them as occurring backwards. The multiplication of calendars on one's writing or dressing table brings the entire year very distinctly before us. The year begins and we note three more weeks in January, add these to four of February and here we are at the first of March. We intend to pass the month of March out of the city on business, so we run a line through March and continue it through the first week of April. April and May—spring seems already at hand. As we look at the names we seem to see the fresh yellow twigs and hear the open waters running, then a sudden cave-in—only three weeks to the end of schools and terms and hard work generally, for here is the middle of June! Then you waste two weeks or so trying to make up your mind "what to do this summer," until Dominion Day hits you full in the face with a hard, dry, hot kind of knock there is no mistaking; so you pack up and go to Georgian Bay or Gibraltar Point, although it is quite the middle of the month before you really get settled in your tent or boarding-house. And of course by the middle of August you must be back in town, and good gracious—here is the middle of August and next week the schools re-open, and back to work again for everybody, and Christmas is now only two months off, for here we are in October—by the yellow of the chestnut fan—and in a day or two the boys will be futilely celebrating Guy Faux day, and the mincemeat is already made and the winter nuts and apples all laid in—and here is—actually—can you believe it—Christmas Day in the morning!

Well—that's how the year spins by when one has turned—anything over thirty—and when that hollow or flat ring waxes suspiciously smaller and closer year by year. The most touching thing about childhood is the length of its year. From May to May—how long it is—before the crows caw overhead and the first dandelion prinks the green and the filmy clouds sail high over broad bright blue. From December to December—alas—for the old among us—how short, how full of snows and wailing winds, of dull dark dawns and leaden noons!

It has, I think, been noticed that *la grippe* is peculiarly hard upon brain-workers. The cause of this doubtless lies in the fact that it is partly a nervous disease and not one of dirt. It is certainly true that it attacks and carries off more individuals of the professional classes than the cholera did. But may it not be that *la grippe* is no microbe-disease whatever, but simply acute yet still simple, primal, influenza and congestion of the lungs induced in large quantities by the exigencies of modern life? Furnace-air is known to be highly deleterious, yet the growing popularity of furnaces over stoves and fire-places is a feature of the day. I have known a so-called cold to develop rapidly the day after sitting all one evening in a crowded, close, and insufferably hot theatre or concert-hall. Impure air always gives certain persons a congestive headache. The habit of standing over or near a register frequently engenders vicious "colds"—that is to say, various particles of dust, soot and other foreign matter, enter the nose and throat, and so irritate and poison the membranes of those delicate organs. Along with all this, a microbe might still exist, but even without the existing germ, the recurring winter plague of *la grippe* might easily be accounted for. Anyway, it is worth thinking about. I have observed four or five young women, employees in a large hot office, come suddenly out into the open air talking and laughing and with their heads and throats quite unprotected. The fashion of wearing the once ubiquitous "cloud" has entirely gone out, and the girls would be ashamed of being seen muffled up. They are proud, I suppose, of being hardy, and of standing the cold so well, but I take it that they are in momentary danger of some serious evil to the throat or lungs or bronchial tubes. Men are a trifle more rational, for you may observe them, on a cold and windy day, to pull their caps down over their ears, but few women are as careless of good looks while vigilant of health as *Mdme. Christine Nilsson* was on one occasion when I saw her skating with a funny seal cap on—with square ears of fur tied down in place and her throat well wrapped up. Perhaps if we were all *prime donne* and depended on our voices for income, we should be equally careful. *Abi tu, et fac similiter.*

One of the attractions of the Chicago Fair is to be a pyramid of four hundred pianos, connected by electricity and playing all at once, though manipulated by one sole performer. The only dissentient word yet offered, by the



way, upon *Cavalleria Rusticana* has some element of truth in it and comes from an American paper. "It (the opera) is as full of tricks as the monkey on a hand-organ. It is a trick to sing the principal tenor song before the curtain rises; a trick to use the church as a contrast to the passionate scenes before it; a trick to call this singing-pantomime a melodrama; a trick to give the same soft, sweet, sensuous Sicilian song over and over again, as a tenor solo, as a soprano solo, as a duett, as a chorus—now in the major, now in the minor, now as an intermezzo, now as a finale—a trick to pass suddenly from *piano* to *forte*, from *fortissimo* to silence; a trick to add Wagnerian orchestration to tunes that might be whistled."

London society is really altogether too dreadful. Parliament is haggling over the wedding portion, while the poor young bridegroom elect lies on a bed of what may be yet serious sickness. What are termed "revelations" are to be found in almost every cablegram. "Collars and Cuffs" is a soubriquet for the future *Roi d'Anglèterre*. "Teapot" Gordon is hopelessly bankrupt, while the scandals surrounding not alone the merely fashionable, but even the cultured, are increasing every day. There seems no possibility even of these cases being heard *in camera* as they should be. Perhaps the saddest event in London for many months was the death of poor Alfred Cellier, only a few days previous to the production of his "Mountebanks" in connection with Gilbert. He had much talent and experience, but had been for years overshadowed by Solomon and Sullivan. To succeed at last, and then not to realize and enjoy that success, was particularly hard.

Since writing the first part of this column I have met with the following letter addressed to the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It contains something of the same train of thought, and may bring out more curious phases of the kind from my readers: "Sir,—An article in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, by President D. S. Jordan, on 'The Colours of Letters,' assigning colours more or less pronounced to the different letters of the alphabet, reminds me of a childish fancy of my own, of which I have often thought, but to which I had never before attached any significance. The days of the week were as distinctly marked or coloured in my early conception as the objects about me. Sunday was red; Monday a light pink; Tuesday gray, with irregular streaks of a darker hue; Wednesday was green, with interstices of a dull white; Thursday was yellow, but not of deep tone; Friday was pink again, and of deeper tinge than Monday; and Saturday was green. What is there in these names to suggest colours? The associations of the days do not seem to offer any explanation, with possibly one or two exceptions, and, if it be a mere freak of imagination, it would be interesting to know the experience of others touching the same matter. Again, as I think over the names of the months and the seasons now, there is a suggestion of colour in each, but more, I think, the result of association than in the days of the week."

#### A TRIOLET.

My holiday greeting is set  
Like a jewel, twixt hope, and despair,  
There's a scintillant flash of regret,  
Where my holiday greeting is set;  
We love, but we learn to forget,  
We part, and but few of us care;  
My holiday greeting is set,  
Like a jewel, twixt hope and despair.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

#### THE FROST KING.

A FAIRY STORY BY THE BLIND DEAF MUTE, HELEN KELLER.

[NOTE.—About two years ago I called the attention of the readers of THE WEEK to the marvellous results of educational science and art, as applied to the blind and the deaf, in the case of a little girl in the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston. Since then the reports of the Institution describe an intellectual and moral progress in this wonderful child that is, if anything, even more surprising than her achievements up to that time. Some conception of this progress may be formed from a charming little story of hers, which is given in the current number of the *Mentor*, a publication issued by the Alumni Association of the Perkins Institution; and as some interest was taken in my former account of little Helen, your readers may find their interest revived by this story. There are two features of the composition, which seem especially deserving of attention. In the first place, when it is considered that the eye and the ear are the principal channels through which ideas are received by the normal mind, Helen's story seems to reveal a wealth of imagery that is scarcely conceivable in the mind of a child who became totally blind and deaf at an age so early that she has no recollection of ever having seen a colour or heard a sound. The second characteristic of the composition is the wealth of language which the child-author commands, and which would have been surprising at her age, even if she had been in possession of all her faculties, and accustomed to the use of speech from her infancy. For the significance of these facts can be understood only when it is remembered that she was born on the 27th of June, 1880, so that she was but a little over eleven years of age when this story was written. Moreover, her education began as recently as March, 1887, that is, not yet five years ago, and previous to that time she did not even know that there was such an instrument as language by which mind could communicate with mind.—J. CLARK MURRAY.]

KING FROST lives in a beautiful palace, far to the north, in the land of perpetual snow. The palace which is magnificent beyond description was built centuries ago, in the reign of King Glacier. At a little distance from the palace we might easily mistake it for a mountain whose peaks were mounting heavenward to receive the last kiss of the departing day. But on nearer

approach we should discover our error. What we had supposed to be peaks were in reality a thousand glittering spires. Nothing could be more beautiful than the architecture of this ice-palace. The walls are curiously constructed of massive blocks of ice which terminate in cliff-like towers. The entrance to the palace is at the end of an arched recess and it is guarded night and day by twelve soldierly-looking white bears.

But children, you must make King Frost a visit the very first opportunity you have, and see for yourselves this wonderful palace. The old king will welcome you kindly, for he loves children and it is his chief delight to give them pleasure.

You must know that King Frost, like all other kings, has great treasures of gold and precious stones; but as he is a generous old monarch he endeavours to make a right use of his riches. So wherever he goes he does many wonderful works; he builds bridges over every stream, as transparent as glass, but often as strong as iron; he shakes the forest trees until the ripe nuts fall into the laps of laughing children; he puts the flowers to sleep with one touch of his hand; then, lest we should mourn for their bright faces, he paints the leaves with gold and crimson and emerald, and when his task is done the trees are beautiful enough to comfort us for the flight of summer. I will tell you how King Frost happened to think of painting the leaves, for it is a strange story.

One day while King Frost was surveying his vast wealth and thinking what good he could do with it, he suddenly bethought him of his jolly old neighbour, Santa Claus. "I will send my treasures to Santa Claus," said the king to himself, "he is the very man to dispose of them satisfactorily, for he knows where the poor and the unhappy live, and his kind old heart is always full of benevolent plans for their relief." So he called together the merry little fairies of his household, and, showing them the jars and vases containing his treasures, he bade them carry them to the palace of Santa Claus as quickly as they could. The fairies promised obedience, and were off in a twinkling, dragging the heavy jars and vases along after them as well as they could, now and then grumbling a little at having such a hard task, for they were idle fairies and loved to play better than to work. After a while they came to a great forest and, being tired and hungry, they thought they would rest a little and look for nuts before continuing their journey. But thinking their treasure might be stolen from them, they hid the jars among the thick green leaves of the various trees until they were sure that no one could find them. Then they began to wander merrily about searching for nuts, climbing trees, peeping curiously into the empty birds-nests and playing hide and seek from behind the trees. Now these naughty fairies were so busy and so merry over their frolic that they forgot all about their errand and their master's command to go quickly, but soon they found to their dismay why they had been bidden to hasten, for although they had, as they supposed, hidden the treasures carefully, yet the bright eyes of King Sun had spied out the jars among the trees, and as he and King Frost could never agree as to what was the best way of benefiting the world, he was very glad of a good opportunity of playing a joke upon his rather sharp rival. King Sun laughed softly to himself when the delicate jars began to melt and break. At length every jar and vase was cracked or broken and the precious stones they contained were melting too and running in little streams over the trees and bushes of the forest.

Still the idle fairies did not notice what was happening, for they were down on the grass and the wonderful shower of treasure was a long time in reaching them; but at last they plainly heard the tinkling of many drops falling like rain through the forest and sliding from leaf to leaf until they reached the little bushes by their side when to their astonishment they discovered that the rain drops were melted rubies which hardened on the leaves and turned them to crimson and gold in a moment. Then looking around more closely they saw that much of the treasure was already melted, for the oaks and maples were arrayed in gorgeous dresses of gold and crimson and emerald. It was very beautiful, but the disobedient fairies were too frightened to notice the beauty of the trees. They were afraid that King Frost would come and punish them. So they hid themselves among the bushes and waited silently for something to happen. Their fears were well founded, for their long absence had alarmed the king, and he mounted North Wind and went out in search of his tardy couriers. Of course he had not gone far when he noticed the brightness of the leaves, and he quickly guessed the cause when he saw the broken jars from which the treasure was still dropping. At first King Frost was very angry and the fairies trembled and crouched lower in their hiding-places, and I do not know what might have happened to them if just then a party of boys and girls had not entered the wood. When the children saw the trees all aglow with brilliant colours, they clapped their hands and shouted for joy and immediately began to pick great bunches to take home. "The leaves are as lovely as the flowers!" cried they, in their delight. Their pleasure banished the anger from King Frost's heart and the frown from his brow, and he, too, began to admire the painted trees. He said to himself: "My treasures are not wasted if they make little children happy. My idle fairies and my fiery enemy have taught me a new way of doing good." When the fairies heard this they were greatly relieved and came forth from their hiding-places, confessed their fault and asked their master's forgiveness. Ever since that time it has been

King Frost's great delight to paint the leaves with the glowing colours we see in the autumn, and, if they are not covered with gold and precious stones, I cannot imagine what makes them so bright, can you?

#### ART NOTES.

THE Ontario Society of Artists has for some years felt that the annual exhibition, usually held in May, did not give sufficient opportunity to art lovers to see, nor to artists to exhibit, all the good work produced. There has been some complaint made also of late that works that were little more than sketches or studies, and in which there was not much evidence of thought, imagination or composition, have crept in, to the enlarging of the catalogue and the crowding together of the more studied and elaborate pictures. This winter, therefore, it has been determined to hold a "Sketch and Study" exhibition, in which the public may see the raw material, so to speak, from which finished pictures are made, and a very interesting show they will find it. In an exhibition of this kind the public is taken as it were into the artist's confidence, and shown the way in which the first idea of a subject occurred to him, or the first selection of a group of trees, cattle, figures or what not. Here we shall find a sheet of sketch-book leaves, *fliegende blätter*, with pencil drawings of indians and canoes, or dead deer lying on the lakeshore; there pen and ink sketches from the life school, anon sunset effects in water colour, or first washes of trees and mountains. Again studies of flowers, fruit "objects" in oil and water, heads, designs for illustrations, charcoal and crayon; art school work, and in short all the various forms of work pursued in our studios, and under the ubiquitous white umbrella ranging, this latter from the shores of stormy Gaspé to Vancouver and the Pacific. To many this forthcoming exhibition, which opens in the Society gallery, 165 King Street West, on Jan. 23, will be more interesting than the more formal one that follows next spring, the more so because those who know how to see find more merit often in the first rough sketch than in the finished production, and agree with the wise old master who preferred to judge an artist by his sketch book. As a means of education for art collectors, who often so foolishly spend money on pictures only to get rid of them again when they are older and wiser, such an exhibition will be very valuable, enabling them to understand better the charm and merit of work done straight from nature, and to understand who does such work, not only for commercial purposes, but for the love of the work itself. It goes without saying that it will also be better for all classes of art students than many lessons.

IN many respects, the most interesting picture in the exhibition was Mr. J. M. Swan's "The Last Struggle," lent by Knoedler and Company. The subject was a royal Bengal tiger, shot while in the act of climbing into the tree where his mate awaited him. He hangs on by the forepaws to a branch. The drawing of the animal in this difficult position is so good as to suggest that the artist must have studied it, not once, but often. He may have done so from the cats of the Latin Quarter, which he is reported to have raided right and left for subjects, while a student in the French capital. It is said that he became notorious there as a feline vivisector, and that whenever Mimi or Jean lost a kitten, it was sure to be traced to Swan's atelier. The artist is an Englishman of herculean physique, who paints very little and sells all he paints at great prices. This is, I believe, the only example of his work in America.—*The Art Amateur*.

THE Meissonier exhibition in Paris, to be opened on May 1, is to be under the direction of Édouard Détaillé, who was the favourite pupil of the famous Frenchman. I read that Mr. Détaillé recently wrote to the Treasury Department at Washington, asking that American owners of examples of Meissonier who would send them to the exhibition might have them returned without having to pay duty on them again; but that he was politely told that there was no way for our Treasury Department to make such an exception to its rulings. This will make Détaillé furious. He was already greatly incensed against this country, because he could not borrow some of his paintings owned here to show at the great World's Fair at Paris in 1889. A friend took me to his studio last summer, but he told me that I should be expected to assume, for the nonce, the English half of my nationality, because, he explained, "Détaillé hates all Americans, you know, and wouldn't want to talk to you."—*The Art Amateur*.

AMONG the pictures by Mr. Matthews that have been on view at Roberts and Son's gallery of art there is one that deserves more than the passing notice and general terms in which we have already alluded to the collection. Pictures have, or should have, a meaning which can only be revealed by sympathy and careful study. The drawing to which we refer is made from a sketch taken by Mr. Matthews in Roger's Pass in the Selkirks. The carrying of the railway through this pass was one of the greatest triumphs of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Mr. Matthews has chosen for his picture the happy title of the "Conquered Portal." The view is taken from an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the railway track. Standing on an eminence above the snow line the eye is borne across the valley to the snow-covered peaks of the Hermit range beyond. Very skilfully the artist has taken advantage of a passing cloud, thus throwing a deep gloom into the valley, and bringing into prominence the sharp outline of

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the mountainous range. The sentiment is original. We have seen a good many pictures of Rocky Mountain scenery, but we cannot remember one that has enabled us to realize so fully the grandeur and sublimity they possess; or one that puts us more perfectly in touch with the true spirit of the mountains. We shall be disappointed if the poetry of this artistic work fails to find its proper appreciation in this city, and has to follow the path of so many others and find its resting place elsewhere.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE GRAND.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS and Mr. St. Maur, with their Stock Company, have drawn good audiences to witness a very satisfactory performance of "Check and Mate," a play adapted from the French. Were it not for an attack of la grippe, Mrs. Siddons' elocutionary training would have stood her in good need, her articulation being always distinct. A certain self-conscious air pervades and at the same time spoils this clever little lady's acting, nevertheless both she and Mr. St. Maur, did good and very satisfactory work throughout. The support was fairly good. This latter half of the week, Miss Rose Cogan and company are performing "Dorothy's Dilemma," a comedy full of go and mirth, and on Saturday evening in a double bill "Lady Barter" and "Nance Oldfield." Monday, January 18th, Rosabelle Morrison, a daughter of Mr. Lewis Morrison, is to appear at the Grand in the "Danger Signal," a sensational drama, full of attractive elements, that should draw largely.

#### THE ACADEMY.

GEORGE WILSON'S Minstrel Company are giving their unique and refined entertainment during Thursday, Friday and Saturday with matinee, the audiences being no doubt large and enthusiastic. "It was ever thus."

#### THE PAVILION.

THE visit of the brothers Alfred and Heinrich Grünfeld, court musicians to the Emperors of Austria and Germany, proved to be a notable event, early in the New Year's calendar. Alfred's reputation as one of the leading pianists in Europe had preceded him, and throughout his recent tour in America the press has fully endorsed the opinions of his native critics. To say that he possesses the subtle touch of De Pachmann, the power of Von Bülow, and added to these elements a manly grace and bearing in both his playing and his personality, is not going beyond the boundary of a just meed of his musical talents. Schumann's "Traumerei," in which the softest, velvety tones almost imaginable were produced, and yet were made to ring so as to reach the remotest corners of the Pavilion, evidenced Herr Grünfeld's delicacy of technical touch, whereas his powerful execution of the "Lohengrin-Tannhauser" fantasia brought out the orchestral-like tones of the magnificent Knabe Grand. Strongly contrasted *nuances*, distinct phrasing of his various subjects, and some astounding clean-cut skips, gained for this artist the instant favour of the large and discriminating audience. Heinrich Grünfeld as a cellist ranks high in his profession, perfect control and masterly execution, coupled with a precise delicacy of intonation and bowing on the upper strings, are the chief characteristics of his playing, while his tone is not so broad as that produced by Sidney Herbert, who appeared at the recent concert of the Toronto Vocal Society. Mrs. Caldwell's voice is too reedy and lacks the volume necessary to fill so large a hall, and was handicapped by the talent of her associates. In Proch's air and variations she succeeded fairly well, though in this she could take a lesson from many other vocalists heard in this number hitherto in Toronto. Becker's "Spring-tide" suffered from the same vocal disabilities. Mrs. Blight accompanied the songs with her usual ability, while Herr Kaschoska played the cello accompaniments in an artistic and highly accomplished style. Messrs. Gourley, Winter and Leeming deserve the thanks of musical Toronto for providing so delightful a *musical*.

#### TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE members of this Society met on Monday evening last for the first rehearsal for the second concert, to take place after Easter. The members were enthusiastic over the selections made by their conductor, Mr. W. Edgar Buck. Several new members were enrolled. It was announced that all intending members should apply to the conductor on either of the next two following Monday evenings at Association Hall.

PADEREWSKI, the new bright star of the piano world, is to appear in the Pavilion on February 12. We are indebted to Suckling and Sons, at whose store the plan may be consulted, for fathering this enterprise. This famous pianist may be said to have succeeded to the mantle of the great Rubenstein, who has recently retired, at least for the nonce.

LAZINESS waits till the river is dry, and never gets to market. "Try" swims in and makes all the trade.—*John Ploughman.*

No, there is no victory possible for boy or man without humility and magnanimity; and no humility or magnanimity possible without an ideal.—*Thomas Hughes.*

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SIR ANTHONY'S SECRET. By Adeline Sergeant. New York, London and Toronto: John A. Taylor and Company.

The author introduces us to an English baronet who makes a secret marriage. His unhappy wife is too weak to assert her rights, and the intolerable situation continues until her death. Two orphans are left alone in the house, their father is abroad, and they are left to the tender mercies of the servants. The little boy is deformed through the ungovernable brutality of his father, and his sister devotes her life to him. One day a young man finds a sad, delicate little girl weeping in the old picture gallery; a friendship is formed, which years later develops into love. The young man is a distant connection of the house, and, in the end, comes into possession of it together with his beautiful wife. The story is not devoid of incident, and contains the makings of some really dramatic scenes. We should imagine from reading it that the author is capable of far higher work.

WINIFREDE'S JOURNAL OF HER LIFE AT EXETER AND NORWICH in the Days of Bishop Hall. By Emma Marshall. Price \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Rowse; Williamson. 1891.

It is not quite easy to construct the journal of a person living at a period of time remote from our own; but the writer of Winifrede's Journal has done this very well indeed. We doubt if many readers would find the least difference in dialect and tone between the contents of this book and the ordinary writing of the period of the great Rebellion. Now and then, we fancy there is a little too much of "lackaday" and "welladay"; but perhaps this is very much what a girl would have done.

The writer is a very pretty girl, the niece of a tradesman in Exeter, when Hall was Bishop. A favourite with the Bishop's dying daughter, she becomes an intimate in the family at the palace, and gains unconsciously the love of a young man, the son of a country gentleman. His family not unnaturally object to the connection, and this leads to a secret marriage. Her husband is called to fight for the King in the Civil War, and Hall is removed to Norwich, of which See he is speedily deprived by the Puritans. We get a very charming view, and indeed a very true one, of this remarkable man, whose "Contemplations" must always be read and admired, even if many of his other works, like that considerable one on "Episcopacy," live only or chiefly on the shelves of libraries.

Winifrede's husband is dangerously wounded in battle, and other calamities happen to him and to her, but these need not here be specially narrated. The book is a pleasant one to read, and gives a very good view of the times, doing justice and no injustice to cavaliers and roundheads alike. We have also found it edifying.

FAIRY LORE. Adapted from the German, by Carrie Norris Horwitz. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgeman. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

All these stories, without exception, impress us with a deep enchantment for "Fairy Lore." No better story-book could well be placed in the hands of a child, for noble deeds as naturally call forth in true little hearts as well as big ones a responsive throb of nobility, and in these beautiful adaptations from German and Swedish lore Miss Horwitz never fails to strike the divine cord, which reverberates alone to all that is good. Throughout these pages, where fairies, ogres, dwarfs, knights, princesses and shepherd boys all right royally play their parts, truths great and grand are impressed upon the receptive mind. Some of the tales are cast in an Oriental mould. In "Said's Fate" and "The Sheik of Alexandria," the "Arabian Nights" is strongly recalled, and perhaps excelled by well-chosen and pointed morals. "The Little White Church," "The Book of Life," and "The King Who Could Not Sleep," and a few other stories could not well be said to belong to the fairy tale order, yet they, too, as effectively rivet the attention as their compeers in this book, in the reading of which the little ones will, almost unconsciously, be trained to admire and emulate that only which is laudable. Those who are desirous of implanting good in the minds of the young entrusted to their care would do well to procure the aid of "Fairy Lore," with its delicate outline sketches of *personnel* and scenery interspersing the clear type of this strong and neatly-bound volume, which forms a fitting companion to its predecessor, "Swanhilde, and Other Fairy Tales," published about two years ago by the same writer.

THE LAST OF THE GIANT KILLERS; or, Sir Jack of Danly Dale. By the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, D.C.L. Price \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

Canon Atkinson, the well-known author of "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish," first began this new collection of legendary stories, not with a view to publication, but for the amusement of certain children familiar with those parts of Yorkshire from whence are drawn the local myths and folklore forming the foundation of the greater number of these tales. In his interesting, direct style the writer tells us of the marvellous exploits of the hero, Sir Jack, to free his countrymen from the evils of besieging foes. His first daring act is the overthrow of the boy and

girl eating "Giant Grim." And how he conquers the mighty Wolfwald and his ferocious followers, and the "Loathly Worm" and Erne, the church-grim goat, and finally defeats the hunters of the Headless Hart, must be left for young readers to discover. These tales are further interesting from the information mingled with them of local nomenclature, and an instance of an ancient heathen custom of immuring a living human victim within the newly-begun walls of important buildings in order to strengthen them, a survival of this custom is practised by us in the use of coins and wine at the laying of foundation stones. The type of this volume is large and clear, the strong covers of green cloth are embellished with gold lettering, altogether making a very choice and acceptable gift for the youthful library; but we recommend that very young children be debarred from hearing the last two stories, which are rather gruesome for those who are imaginative or nervous.

OXFORD LECTURES, AND OTHER DISCOURSES. By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., M.A., Hon. LL.D. Edin. London: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. Price \$2.50.

The author of these lectures and discourses has obtained distinction in the practice of his profession as well as in the pursuit of those higher branches of legal lore which partake of an historical and philosophical character. In treating the subjects presented in the above volume Sir Frederick Pollock brings to his aid as well the culture of an accomplished scholar as the charm of a choice literary style. The school of philosophical lawyers seek to trace the principles of the English law from their modern development back through the pages of Blackstone, Coke and Littleton to the black-letter learning of Brockton and Glanville. It then proceeds to expound them in the light of contemporary custom and history, and thus to dignify and illumine a study which otherwise would be uninviting and unattractive, save to those to whom it is a means of livelihood. At the hands of such a writer as our author we see the fruits of such a method presented in a manner that will interest and instruct the lay as well as the legal reader. Though there will be found in the various lectures which form the volume here and there matter which is open to argument, and even dissent, yet the treatment is broad and impartial, and the result is by no means unworthy of the great university where the greater part of the lectures were delivered. The contents of the volume are mainly of a legal character or bearing, but there is a departure in some instances. The respective topics treated are as follows: "The Methods of Jurisprudence"; "English Opportunities in Historical and Comparative Jurisprudence"; "The King's Peace"; "Oxford Law Studies"; "The English Manor"; "Sir Henry Maine and His Work"; "Religious Equality"; "A Dialogue Between a Nonconformist Doctor of Divinity and a Student of Politics"; "Home Rule and Imperial Sovereignty"; "Examinations and Education"; "Law Libraries"; "The Library of the Alpine Club," and "The Forms and History of the Sword." An excellent index facilitates reference to what is one of the most scholarly and delightful books of its kind that we have ever read.

THE PERFUME HOLDER: A Persian Love Poem. By Craven Longstroth Betts. New York: Saalfield and Fitch.

There is a curious coincidence in connection with this poem. *Temple Bar* for March, 1889, contains a story entitled "Selim the Unsociable; a Persian Love Story." By way of comparison we shall make a few extracts from the poem and the story. The poem opens:—

Fair Naishapur, two hundred years ago,  
Then fair and prosperous from the Turkish foe.

The story: "One mid-day, a little less than two hundred years ago. . . . It was in that prosperous period when the expulsion of the Turks from the Province of Khorassan was almost an old story."

The narrative is exactly similar in both story and poem; the hero is Selim who is a worker in brass. His noonday occupations are described thus: "One man rose from sitting on his heels, put aside the lantern, . . . and reached down a covered basin of curds and a lump of bread from a shelf," and in the poem:—

One man a poor artificer of brass . . .  
Springs from his cross-legged posture to his feet,  
Puts by the lantern he had shaped that day . . .  
Takes down the bowl of curds and loaf of bread  
That stand upon a shelf above his head.

A snatch of Persian poetry which runs through Selim's head is exactly similar in both versions:—

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,  
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
The wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

In plain words, the poem is the story done into verse, and, as far as we have been able to see, with no acknowledgments to the author, Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy. Even the minutest item is followed, as in the description of the astrologer: "He was one of those men who make one understand how the saying rose that only the Persians should be allowed to wear beards."

This saying rose from those who saw him then,  
That "no men should to wear beards but Persian men."

Passing from the question of plot to that of the workmanship, we may note that the metre chosen is the heroic or Chaucerian, and is well adapted for narrative purposes. It has been well handled, and the result is a well-told story, by

no means lacking in grace and dignity, but perhaps not quite as vigorous as the prose version. The book itself, with its excellent and tasteful paper and binding, is a credit to the publishers, and will make an excellent presentation volume.

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND. By Grant Allen. Boston, Mass.: Benjamin R. Tucker.

This is a novel which faithfully represents certain phases of English society. The story opens with two young men in a London lodging house—one of them is a briefless barrister, the other is an employee of the Board of Trade. This last is a most interesting specimen of the society cad; not the cad of Thackeray, more modern than that; the cad that we may see any day in our neighbour's drawing-rooms or in our own. The barrister, on the other hand, is a quiet English gentleman, unpretentious and sincere: and yet Douglas Harrison and Mr. Basil Maclaine of the Board of Trade are very good friends and live together. The landlady of this particular lodging house is not an ordinary landlady, she is an English lady as well as a beautiful woman. Douglas Harrison recognizes this, understands her, and consequently loves her. Basil Maclaine sees in her only a beautiful woman—can an English lady let lodgings? Of course the irony of fate causes Linda to choose—Basil, who rejects her! Years afterwards when the same Linda appears on the *tapis* as the Duchess of Powysland, Maclaine sees in her the duchess, Harrison merely the woman! The story is told without exaggeration in spite of the sensationalism of the climax. Basil is always *himselt*, always true to his cad's creed; he likes to mix with "the Best People," but he has not the wit to conceal his preference. He differs from the "Crosby" of Trollope in the qualities of the head, but not in those of the heart. The other characters are well drawn, Linda's brother being a very good type of a self-made man, who, because he respects that *self*, is not ashamed of the fact. The Duke is the only character in the book that is not strictly normal; this gentlemanly scion of an old Welsh family has inherited morbid characteristics which contain the germs of insanity; one is not surprised at his suicide—suicide is, so to speak, in the blood. De Boisgoby, in one of his novels, depicts a man slowly killing himself in order to take vengeance upon his guilty wife. Mr. Grant Allen gives us a picture of a man doing the same thing in order that his innocent wife may suffer for his crime. The British Philistine is well depicted in the poem of "Old Affability" the prosperous bankers and the author has showed what is good in such nature, as well as what is painful and grotesque. "The head of the profession," the gentleman burglar is drawn to the life, as also his confederate "Bess," whom he has "moulded" to his own way of thinking. Poor "Bess" is recalled to the lost rights of her womanhood, when, instead of cynicism, she meets with sympathy, when, instead of incentives to evil, she sees a good and pure life. Miss Venables, the heiress, is charming in spite of her *hauteur*. The novelist has seized upon very varied phases of character in a short compass, but in itself that of Basil Maclaine is a masterpiece. The end is happy; the briefless barrister defends Linda when she is being tried for her life, becomes celebrated, and afterwards marries her. "Bess" lives with them, and Mr. Maclaine enjoys the society of "the Best People." *Homunculi quanti sunt!* As a psychologist and sketcher of human character, as a writer at once keen and brilliant, we consider Mr. Grant Allen one of the foremost novelists of his day.

THE *New England Magazine* for January opens with an article on Phillips Brooks, from the pen of Julius H. Ward; the paper is well written and the illustrations are particularly good. "The Master of Raven's Woe," by Arthur L. Salmon, is a weird poem:—

But there in his bitter trials' hour  
He stood with madden'd dead—  
Alone with the ghost of a bygone deed,  
Alone with the risen dead.

Surely the title of this poem is not unsuitable! "Purification," by George Edgar Montgomery, strikes altogether another key; it is, as the name suggests, the cry of a soul which is striving to mount upon its dead self. "Mice at Eavesdropping," by Mr. A. Rodent, is the story of what a mouse heard and saw in an artist's studio; "a studio is a grand place for mice when money is plenty"; yes, but we don't want any such intelligent mice round our rooms—stop with the artists ye mice of much wisdom, at any rate don't come to us even in human guise! "The City of St. Louis," by Professor C. M. Woodward, is an interesting and exhaustive study on this great city; the illustrations are very good. Mr. John W. Chadwick writes an eulogy entitled "George William Curtis" in the spirit of a modern Juvenal. The number is a very fair one and contains more interesting matter than our space will allow us to mention.

THE *Contemporary Review*, December, 1891, contains some lines by Sir Edwin Arnold entitled "The 'No' Dance," in which a young Japanese maiden is depicted as asking for her dress; the sequel shows that she was successful,

And, while we did not speak, for wistfulness,  
Watching the woven paces, wondering,  
To note how foot and tongue kept faultless time  
To dreamy tinkling of the samisens,  
Across her breasts that golden-feathered gown  
Swiftly she drew; spread her smooth arms like wings,  
And passed:—O Yuki San and we alone!  
The "No" dance ended!

The exquisite word-painting lavished by the author of "The Light of Asia" upon India has found its way to Japan. Andrew Lang contributes a paper in this number on "The Mimes of Herondas"; he hints that these fragments have considerably more human interest in them than the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, in which suggestion we feel sure that the English schoolboy will agree with him. George W. E. Russel writes an interesting article on Archbishop Tait, the formidable opponent of ritualism; Mr. Russel ends with the difficult question: "What is the use of Bishops in the House of Lords?" The Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., contributes a paper on the "Memoirs of General Marbot." "Quelle époque et quels hommes!" exclaims Marbot upon one occasion, and we would judge from Mr. Lefevre's paper that he had just cause for his enthusiasm. "French Politics," by Gabriel Monod, completes a very agreeable issue of the *Contemporary*.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

IN an article of our last week's issue entitled "Impressions of Hartford," by Lensar, the author is represented as saying, "Hartford's pride in herself as a literary centre is very justifiable. Nor does she hesitate to comfort herself with all the dignity and hauteur of Bostonette." The word, of course, is *comfort*, and our apologies are due to the author and to—Hartford!

MR. HALL CAINE'S fresh contribution to fiction will bear the title of "St. Bridget's Eve."

FOUR forthcoming books are to have Bernhard, Langtry, Patti and Mary Anderson as authors.

A NEW story which Robert L. Stevenson has sent to England has for its title "The Beach of Palesa."

RIDER HAGGARD has finished a new novel called "Nada, the Lily." It will not be published until after the holidays.

A SERIES of hitherto unpublished essays by John Ruskin will shortly be published. The volume will be called "The Poetry of Architecture."

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc., has completed for serial publication a new novel called "Giovanni and the Other."

ANOTHER new periodical is announced. This will be an English-Arabic monthly, and is to be called the *Eastern and Western Review*. It will be printed partly in English and partly in Arabic.

THE publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* have secured a serial story from the pen of Mr. Stuart Livingston, LL.B., of Hamilton, who has for some time past been a valued contributor to THE WEEK.

CAPTAIN KANE, the heroic commander of the British man-of-war, *Calliope*, at Samoa, in the famous hurricane of three years ago, has been promoted to the office of flag-captain to Admiral the Earl of Clan William.

THE bibliography of Matthew Arnold, which T. B. Smart is compiling, will contain references to three hundred criticisms and reviews of Arnold's writings. It will conclude with an index to every poem in each of the collected volumes.

THERE will be published this month an edition, with a new preface by Mr. William M. Rossetti, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Dante and his Circle" (1100-1300), which will, as of old, include the beautiful translation of the "Vita Nuova."

THERE is on the point of issue yet another demolition of Shakespeare. It is written by Mr. Thomas W. White, and is called "Our English Homer," wherein the theory is advanced that Shakespeare's plays were written by a group of scholarly hirelings.

TWO new series of publications are announced, the first of which, "The Pocket Library of English Literature," will be edited by Mr. George Saintsbury. The other, "The International Library of Fiction," will consist entirely of copyright books, chiefly fiction.

THERE has just been issued a prospectus of what promises to be a valuable work on "Game Birds," written by Mr. J. G. Millais. It will contain, in addition to a frontispiece plate by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., several coloured engravings, woodcuts, and autotypes.

AN international exhibition of the book trade and its allied branches, says the *Publishers' Weekly*, will be held at the Palace of Industry at Antwerp, July to August, 1892. Application may be made to the Netherlands Society for the Promotion of the Book-trade, Amsterdam.

A POSTHUMOUS volume of literary essays by the late James Russell Lowell (to contain, among others, his critical studies of Milton and Thomas Gray) is in a forward state for publication. The volume is being prepared by the author's friend and literary executor, Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, who saved the Czarewicz from a Japanese assassin several months ago, has recently performed another heroic deed. While on board a vessel in the Bay of Piræus during a heavy storm he saw a boat capsize, in which was a sailor bound for his ship. Instantly the Prince sprang overboard, seized the drowning man and swam with him to a point where help was possible.

"THE Flight of a Shadow" is the title of a new novel by Dr. George Macdonald, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Company. Although new to book form, it has

done duty as the Christmas number of the *Sunday Magazine*. A volume of unspoken sermons by Dr. Macdonald is also announced.

MONSIEUR DE LAVELEYE, the Belgian political economist, whose death in his seventieth year is announced from Brussels, was one of the most famous of European publicists during the last thirty years, for there were few issues in that time on which he did not express a decided and often an influential opinion.

A NEW translation of "Don Quixote," in four octavo volumes, is promised by the Harvard Publishing Company, Mass., U.S.A. The edition, which will be issued by subscription, will contain an introduction by the translator, a biography of Cervantes, a bibliography and copious notes, besides numerous photogravure illustrations.

THE proprietors of the *Monetary Times*, on the completion of its twenty-fifth year of publication, have issued a neat and useful souvenir which has been sent to the subscribers and friends of that well-conducted and reliable trade journal. The dozen "Dont's" given will be exceedingly valuable to business men if carefully observed.

THE late Dom Pedro, of Brazil, visited Alessandro Manzoni, the Italian poet, in 1872. After a half hour's conversation His Majesty bade the author farewell and replied to Manzoni's thanks with the words: "It is I who am honoured. Future centuries will still recall Alessandro Manzoni, but the memory of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, will be forgotten in a few years."

M. HENRI RENÉ ALBERT GUY DE MAUPASSANT, the French author, who is seeking at Cannes, France, to recover his health, has attempted to kill himself. Rumours were circulated that he had become insane, but these reports were denied. It was admitted that he was somewhat broken down and was suffering from nervous exhaustion.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce as ready for publication the "Letters of Field-Marshal Count von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers," translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer; "The Queen's Prime Ministers," a sketch of the present Prime Minister, the Marquis of Salisbury, written by H. D. Traill, D.C.L.; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Thomas Hardy's latest story, and by some regarded as his best, and a new edition of William Black's very popular novel, "A Daughter of Heth."

OUR novelists appear to be desirous of securing fame behind the footlights, for Mr. S. Baring Gould's novel, "Court Royal," has been dramatized by Messrs. R. Fenton MacKay and Louis S. Denbrigh. Mr. George Meredith is devoting his abilities to the creation of a comedy; while Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has produced in the provinces a play, "The Showman's Daughter," which, from all accounts, met with a very encouraging reception. To add to the list, Mr. Comyns Carr has arranged with Mr. George Alexander for the production this season of a new comedy, the title of which will be duly announced.

P. BLAKISTON, SON AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, have just ready the new London edition of the late Dr. Carpenter's work, "The Microscope and its Revelations," edited by Professor Dallinger. The London *Athenæum* says: "Special attention has been given to all that appertains to the practical construction and use of the instrument, but the interests of amateurs have not been neglected. The earlier chapters of the book have been entirely rewritten, and the work throughout has been brought up to date. It is no secret that Dr. Dallinger has spent a vast amount of labour on this new edition. Mr. A. W. Bennett and Professor Jeffrey Bell have relieved him as much as possible of the work of revising the chapters on botany and zoology."

THE recent achievement of T. P. O'Connor in producing within one week a comprehensive life of Mr. C. S. Parnell is a noteworthy but by no means unexampled instance of fast literary work. Goldsmith wrote his classic "Vicar of Wakefield" under even greater pressure, for an officer of the law stood at his elbow to expedite matters. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" was the result of a month's work; and other authors, when the frenzy was on, have exhibited remarkable bursts of speed in composition. Horace Greeley, for example, wrote his "Printer" in thirty minutes. It was composed to be read at a Press Club benefit, and Mr. Greeley rose from bed at midnight to write it, after the poet chosen for the occasion had shown himself unequal to the task.

THE Russian correspondent of the *Figaro* sends the following account of how Count Tolstoi passes the winter days. He rises by the light of his lamp at six a.m. from his couch, which is placed in his private room, washes in icy-cold water, and dresses his hair with his five fingers. Next he partakes of breakfast, which consists of tea and bread of different kinds, with cream and cheese of his own make. From 6.30 a.m. he works till noon at sweeping away the snow, making boots, etc. At noon dinner is served, when, besides tea, there is a vegetable soup and some *kwass*, a kind of Russian beer which the Count brews. After dinner he devotes until six in the evening in talking to his disciples, and during two hours of the day he writes, but not longer. At 6 p.m. he partakes of some light supper of vegetables, and immediately afterwards retires to his couch. Just now his main topics of conversation are his strong objection to the use of tobacco and wine, and his daughters, the Countesses Nadegda and Linbow, assist at the interesting conversations. The Count is busy writing a book on "Life," which will shortly appear.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BREAD OR A STONE.

PRISONED we are within these walls of time,  
And through our bars we yearn with hungry eyes,  
For all the angels' freedom of the skies.  
We cannot fly, we cannot even climb,  
We hear their psalms antiphonal sublime,  
Beloved, where our souls must agonize  
In longing, loneliness and sacrifice.  
We ask why are these fetters; what our crime?  
We reach out for the touch of some warm hand,  
Responsive to the clasping of our own,  
Our mutual needs crave human sympathy,  
How few we find who see or understand.  
Instead of bread they give to us a stone,  
Oh! say, my friend, which you will give to me?

—Emma P. Seabury.

SHOOTING AN ALLIGATOR.

THE oars were stopped, resting in the water; the skiff half turned, drifting in the sluggish tide; the long beam of the lantern, with its oval disc of dim light resting far out on the surface, swept slowly around over the waters looking for the two lost lights. Ten minutes or more thus passed, and suddenly the two lost sparks gleamed back in a new direction. A gentle, noiseless push on the port oar headed the skiff toward them again. "Doucement!" whispered Paul. His associate, still more gently, guided the boat to the left till only one light shone from the obscure object in the water. This showed that he had got on its side, as was desired, because a forward shot always glances. Cautiously the silent oarsman again turned his craft to the right. Paul raised his long rifle ready to fire. The disc of the lantern on the water, contracting gradually, grew proportionately more brilliant. As it contracted the solitary light shining back on the water from its centre became larger and brighter, till at last the eye of the great saurian glittered as if he had the "Koh-i-noor" itself in his head. Slowly, silently, nearer the boat moved, till within ten yards of the reptile. The glow of the lantern flashed along the barrel of the rifle for a few seconds; then came the ringing report. The light on the water instantly went out, and the glow of the lantern, now shining in a circle only a few feet in diameter over the place where it disappeared, showed only a few foamy bubbles and little whirlpools. Thirty seconds passed in silence; then an immense dark form bounded from the depths below above the surface of the water, and, rolling over on its back, showed the broad, yellow-white belly of an enormous alligator. The shuddering reptile remained otherwise motionless for a few minutes; then, spasmodically stretching and stiffening its ugly legs and feet, and leaping half its length in the air, fell back again, beating the water with its tail in blows sounding as loud as the report of the weapon which had slain him. "Moi tué li," muttered Paul, in an accent of quiet triumph. His associate, after a few exclamations of more voluble admiration, rolled another cigarette, and quietly turned his boat off in search of other game. In a few hours of this hunting five alligators were shot.—*The Century*.

THE GREAT MISTAKE OF THE ULTRA-REALISTS

THE first great mistake made by the ultra-realists, like Flaubert and Zola, is, as I have said, their ignoring the line of distinction between imaginative art and science. We can find realism enough in books of anatomy, surgery, and medicine. In studying the human figure, we want to see it clothed with its natural integuments. It is well for the artist to study the *écorce* in the dissecting-room, but we do not want the Apollo or the Venus to leave their skins behind them when they go into the gallery for exhibition. Lancelotti's figures show us how the great statues look when divested of their natural covering. It is instructive, but useful chiefly as a means to aid in the true artistic reproduction of nature. When the hospitals are invaded by the novelist, he should learn something from the physician as well as from the patients. Science delineates in monochrome. She never uses high tints and strontian lights to astonish lookers on. Such scenes as Flaubert and Zola describe would be reproduced in their essential characters, but not dressed up in picturesque phrases. That is the first stumbling-block in the way of the reader of such realistic stories as those to which I have referred. There are subjects which must be investigated by scientific men which most educated persons would be glad to know nothing about. When a realistic writer like Zola surprises his reader into a kind of knowledge he never thought of wishing for, he sometimes harms him more than he has any idea of doing. He wants to produce a sensation, and he leaves a permanent disgust not to be got rid of. Who does not remember odious images that can never be washed out from the consciousness which they have stained? A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words, and the images they present cling to his memory and will not loose their hold. One who has had the mischance to soil his mind by reading certain poems of Swift will never cleanse it to its original whiteness. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fibre of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the hue of every idea that passes through the discoloured tissues.—*From Over the Teacups. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE PERSONALITY OF HOBBS.

HOBBS' health was weak in youth, but improved after he was forty. He was over six feet high, and in old age erect for his years. He had good eyes, which shone "as with a bright live coal" under excitement. His black hair caused him to be nicknamed "Crow" at school. He had a short bristling auburn moustache, but shaved what would have been a "venerable beard" to avoid an appearance of philosophical austerity. He took little physic, and preferred an "experienced old woman" to the "most learned but inexperienced physician." He was generally temperate, though he calculated that he had been drunk a hundred times during a life of ninety-two years. His diet was regular; he drank no wine after sixty, and ate chiefly fish. He rose at seven, breakfasted on bread and butter, dined at eleven, and after a pipe slept for half-an-hour, afterwards writing down his morning thoughts. He took regular exercise, playing tennis even at seventy-five, and in the country taking a smart walk, after which he was rubbed by a servant. He is said to have had an illegitimate daughter, for whom he provided. He was affable and courteous, a pleasant companion, though it is recorded that he sometimes lost his temper in arguing with Thomas White or "Albius." A common story of his fear of ghosts is denied in the *Vite Auctarium*. He read not much, but thoroughly, and was fond of saying that if he had read as much as other learned men he would have been as ignorant. He was charitable and very liberal to his relations. His long connection with the Cavendishes is creditable to both, and he appears to have been a faithful friend. He was constitutionally timid, though intellectually audacious, and always on his guard against possible persecution. But the charges of time-serving seem to be disproved. There is a portrait of him by J. M. Wright in the National Portrait Gallery, and two in the possession of the Royal Society. A portrait by Cooper was formerly in the royal collections.—*Dictionary of National Biography*.

COLUMBUS AND MAGELLAN.

A QUESTION of no little interest yet remains for consideration—the question of what rank ought to be assigned to Magellan as a navigator and explorer. In the history of geographical discovery there are two great successes, and two only, so much do they surpass all others—the discovery of America, and the first circumnavigation of the globe. Columbus and Magellan are the only possible competitors for the supremacy. Were the vote of the majority taken, it would without a shadow of doubt be recorded in favour of the former. We can see easily enough that it could not well be otherwise. Fortified by the dangerous possession of a little knowledge, the mass would grant the palm to him who first brought the vast continent of America to the ken of Europeans. It is difficult to free the mind from the influence of the well-known couplet over the grave of Columbus:—

A Castilla y Leon  
Nuevo mundo dio Colon.

But without detracting in any way from the ample honour which is his just due, and unbiassed comparison of his great voyage with that of Magellan leaves the latter navigator with the verdict in his favour on almost every point. If it be claimed for Columbus that he crossed an ocean of vast size whose western half was unknown to the inhabitants of the old world, it is equally incontrovertible that Magellan traversed a far vaster sea, upon whose waters no European ship had ever floated. When Columbus started on his voyage, his work lay immediately before him. Magellan did not arrive at the Pacific until more than a year after he weighed anchor from S. Lucar de Barrameda, for months of which he had undergone great and continued hardships. While the great Genoese made land on the thirty-sixth day after leaving the Canaries, the little armada of Magellan struggled for no less than three months and eighteen days across the unknown waste of the Pacific. Little wonder that they said it was more vast than the imagination of man could conceive! As an explorer then, the merits of Magellan must be ranked as superior to those of the discoverer of the New World. The long foreseen mutiny, the ceaseless tempests and cold of Patagonia, the famine that stared him in the face, failed to daunt him, and he carried out an expedition infinitely more lengthy and difficult in the face of incomparably greater hardships.—*The Life of Ferdinand Magellan. By F. H. H. Gaillardet, M. A., M. D.*

A TALE OF BURMAH RUBIES.

THE London correspondent of a provincial paper has encountered a gentleman, the story of whose life would read like a romance of the Elizabethan adventures in America. Some sixteen years ago, when quite a young man, he left England to seek his fortune. After wanderings in the various and remote Eastern countries he came to Burmah while the "boom" in rubies was on. His ardour was fired, and he determined to see what success he could achieve in that direction, the more so as he came across a native who was willing to show him a district to which tradition had attributed marvellous wealth. Preliminary enquiries did not discredit the story, so the journey was decided upon. Taking with him some forty attendants, the traveller started. The story of the march is a thrilling one, the party traversing the thickest of forests, totally devoid of any track, and seemingly untraced by any previous explorer. For some days the pri-

vations endured were of a harrowing character, and it looked as if the idea would have to be given up, for the natives were rapidly dying off. Notwithstanding this, however, the original plan was adhered to, and, coming to the spot he was in search of, the intrepid adventurer was gratified beyond all bounds to find that his labours had not been in vain, and that rubies were procurable in such quantities that for the rest of his life he would be in possession of an ample fortune. The return march was of a similarly difficult character. The severity of the business can be imagined when it is stated that of the forty men who started only six returned home. The gentleman is now in England, and having, as he says, had "a youth of labour," he looks forward with hopefulness to an "age of ease."

THREE THOUSAND POUNDS FOR THREE LOGS OF MAHOGANY.

WE stumbled across an old volume the other day—"The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," published by Charles Knight in 1829. Part I., treating of "Vegetable Substances: Timber Trees," besides containing much valuable information for sylviculturists and others, is full of interesting facts connected with the discovery and introduction into this country of the various kinds of wood used in commerce. The introduction into notice of mahogany appears to have been slow; the first mention of it was that it was used in the repair of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad in 1597. "Its finely variegated tints were admired; but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected. The first that was brought to England," says the writer, "was about the beginning of last century, a few planks having been sent to Dr. Gibbons, of London, by a brother, who was a West India captain. The doctor was erecting a house in King Street, Covent Garden, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected it as being too hard. The doctor's cabinet-maker, named Wollaston, was employed to make a candle-box of it, and as he was sawing up the plank he also complained of the hardness of the timber. But when the candle-box was finished, it outshone all the doctor's other furniture, and became an object of curiosity and exhibition. The wood was then taken into favour. Dr. Gibbons had a bureau made of it, and the Duchess of Buckingham another; and the despised mahogany now became a prominent article of luxury, and at the same time raised the fortunes of the cabinet-maker by whom it had been at first so little regarded." A single log of mahogany imported at Liverpool some years after weighed nearly seven tons, and was first sold for £378; resold for £525; and would, the account goes on to say, have been worth £1,000 had the dealers been certain of its quality. Speaking of the various uses to which the wood eventually came to be applied, the writer says: "Mahogany is of universal use for furniture, from the common tables of a village inn to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. But the general adoption of this wood renders a nice selection necessary. The extensive manufacture of pianofortes has much increased the demand for mahogany. This musical instrument, as made in England, is superior to that of any other part of Europe, and English pianofortes are largely exported. The beauty of the case forms a point of great importance to the manufacturer. This circumstance adds nothing of course to the intrinsic value of the instrument, but it is of consequence to the maker, in giving an adventitious quality to the article in which he deals. Spanish mahogany is decidedly the most beautiful, but occasionally, yet not very often, the Honduras wood is of singular brilliancy, and it is then eagerly sought for to be employed in the most expensive cabinet work. A short time ago Messrs. Broadwood, who have long been distinguished as makers of pianofortes, gave the enormous sum of three thousand pounds for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood, of which we have seen a specimen, was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish, and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal, and from the many forms of the fibres offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed."—*London P., O., and Music Trades Journal*.

THE JEW.

JUDGING by police reports, there has been less of the deceitfulness, chicanery and fraud that are popularly and often unjustly held to be distinctive of the poorer Jews in the acquisition of this amazing wealth and influence than among an equal number of nominal Christians of similar class. It is certain that the homely virtues of which King Solomon, Franklin and Smiles are the apostles, have been the principal creators of Jewish affluence and power. The prudence which confines expenditure within the limits of income, the diligence which rejoices in improving opportunity, the far-sightedness which deposits money where it will do the most good, and the promise which is held to be as binding as the legal contract, are the chief factors of fortune with them, as with all men. The best proof of the moral standing of the Hebrews is to be found in the relatively low percentage of their number in prisons and reformatories. Only two murderers, it is said, have sprung from their ranks in 250 years. Drunkenness is not a Jewish vice. Neither is anarchism a Jewish insanity. Its subjects disavow and even revile Judaism.—*The Century*.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

To the late Sir George Bissell Airy the Royal Observatory at Greenwich is indebted for the introduction of the altazimuth, the water telescope, the transit circle and the large equatorial, which was erected from his plans in 1859.

LUCERNE is the first Swiss town in which a compressed air plant will be laid down. The actual electric power plant being insufficient, and there being a large demand for small power, it is intended to supply this power on the compressed air system. Fourteen hundred and forty horse-power are needed, whilst 2,000 horse-power are available from the river Reuss.

THE use of coal dust in the locomotives of the Belgium State railroads has been carried on for many years with great success. In many of the engines the grate area is as much as fifty-four square feet, and the bars are closely spaced. The coal is used in a damp condition, only small quantities being introduced at a time, and thin fires are the rule. There is said to be no difficulty in making steam, while there is shown a minimum of wear in the boiler parts.

ONE of the biggest rocks ever moved in the course of railroad construction in this country was recently excavated on the line of the Mexican Southern by Colonel Lamar. The giant boulder was 120 feet in height and measured 1000 cubic meters. Six dynamite cartridges were placed under the rock after the men had excavated as much earth as possible and were fired one after another. At the sixth explosion the big fellow rolled over out of the way.—*Lower Californian*.

THE first news that has reached Europe concerning the new Danish expedition to East Greenland is dated June 29. At that date the *Hekla* was in 71° north latitude, near Jan Mayen, and far from the east coast of Greenland. The condition of the ice this summer has rendered the navigation of the Arctic Seas extremely difficult. The pack extended far to the south, and surrounded Jan Mayen with a circular barrier. The east coast of Greenland was unapproachable, and the *Hekla* was anchored for the time in a bay of the pack. Still Captain Knutsen intended to make for the Greenland coast between 73° and 76° north latitude, the ice, according to the seal-hunters, appearing to be less dense in that quarter.—*Science*.

# “German Syrup”

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-

An Episcopal schee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without

hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.



Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

IN cold weather never wear a woollen stocking inside a thin, tight shoe. To do it is to invite frozen feet. The wool grows damp and clammy with insensible perspiration, the shoe pinches the blood vessels into sluggish torpor. Betwixt them you have a frozen foot almost before you know it. Much better put a thin silk, lisle thread or cotton stocking next to the foot, and draw the woollen one on outside the shoe. With arctics over the stockings you can defy Jack Frost, if you are shod like Cinderella herself.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

MEDUSALINE, a new composition designed as a substitute for brick and building stone, has been adopted for the sidewalks and driveways in the Exposition grounds. The Committee on Grounds and Buildings granted the contract to the Medusaline Manufacturing Company of Chicago for the construction of 450,000 square feet of such sidewalks and driveways. The price is 6½ cents per square foot. The concrete composition to be used by the contractors is said to be as hard as perfect stone, and it is now thought probable that it will be used instead of staff for the exterior ornamentation of the Fine Arts Palace, and several other buildings.

YEAST has been tried at the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, as a remedy in typhoid fever by Drs. Embling Lempriere and Barclay Thomson. In the report Dr. Thomson says: "Thirty-seven cases have been treated. Ten were severe, the temperature reaching or exceeding 104 degrees; eight moderately severe, temperature reaching or exceeding 103 degrees; eleven were mild, although the temperature reached 103 degrees; eight were very mild, the temperature never being above 102 degrees. In all recovery took place without any relapse. When commencing the use of the yeast it occurred to me that if the theory that relapses are due to reinfection from the intestine is correct, then there should be none under the use of the yeast, as all the bacilli would be destroyed in the intestinal tube. This is so far borne out, for there was not a relapse in the thirty-seven cases under yeast; while in the 107 cases otherwise treated in the hospital there were sixteen relapses."

AT the Académie de Médecine M. Chauveau read a long paper on the relations existing between small-pox and vaccine as regards the transformation of the virus (*Medical Press*, Nov. 4). He said that the idea that vaccine was only a transformation of small-pox continued to obtain a large number of partisans. He, on the contrary, believed that the virus in both cases proceeded from the same origin. It was true the absolute proof was not yet established, but that they were distinct affections he did not doubt. Attempts were made by a Lyons committee to transform human small-pox into vaccine by inoculating cows, but the virus remained the same as to its nature even after several cultivations, consequently it must be accepted that the simple passage of pox virus in the organism of the cow or horse is entirely incapable of changing this virus into vaccine. Vaccine never produced small-pox in man, nor did human small-pox ever become vaccine when inoculated into animals. Vaccine is not, consequently, an attenuated small-pox.

THERE are not many remains of the ancient Mexican featherwork which excited the surprise of the Spanish conquerors of the New World. The most famous surviving specimen is the standard, described by Hochstetter, which is now in the Vienna Ethnographical Museum. Another specimen has lately been discovered by Mrs. Zelia Nuttall in the Schloss Ambras, near Innsbruck, says *Nature*, Nov. 10. It is mentioned in an inventory, drawn up in 1596, of the treasures of the castle. This very valuable relic is the decorative part of a round shield, made of interlaced reeds, and consists of feather-mosaics representing a monster, the contours of which are fastened by strips of gold. Formerly the shield was adorned with costly quetzal feathers, only small fragments of which survive. *Globus*, which has an interesting note on the subject, speaks of similar old Mexican shields in the Stuttgart Museum, and refers to a statement of Stoll to the effect that beautiful feather ornaments are still made by the Indians of Guatemala.

THE party which, under the direction of Chief Putnam of the department of Ethnology, of the Exposition, has been making excavations of the mounds in Ohio for three months or more, met with rare success on November 14 near Chillicothe, in making one of the richest finds of the century in the way of prehistoric remains. While at work on a mound 500 feet long, 200 feet wide and 28 feet high, the excavators found near the centre of the mound, at a depth of 14 feet, the massive skeleton of a man incased in copper armour. The head was covered by an oval-shaped copper cap; the jaws had copper mouldings; the arms were dressed in copper, while copper plates covered the chest and stomach, and on each side of the head, on protruding sticks, were wooden antlers ornamented with copper. The mouth was stuffed with genuine pearls of immense size, but much decayed. Around the neck was a necklace of bears' teeth, set with pearls. At the side of this skeleton was a female skeleton, the two being supposed to be those of man and wife. It is estimated that the bodies were buried fully 600 years ago.

THOMPSON (*Lancet*, Oct. 24, 1891) has recorded the case of a blacksmith, who was struck in the left eye by a fragment of flying steel. Both eyes soon displayed evidences of irritation, with considerable impairment of vision in the left. Ophthalmoscopic examination of the injured eye revealed the presence of a foreign body in the retina, together with slight exudation and hemorrhage, and a number of fine, opaque striae in the vitreous body. The patient being etherized, the original wound was reopened and the curved pole of an electro-magnet was introduced and passed through the vitreous in a direction corresponding to that apparently traversed by the foreign body. The second application was followed by the appearance of the bit of steel "in tow" of the magnet. The small bead of vitreous that presented was snipped off, the eye was antiseptically irrigated and a compress was applied. In the course of a short time the manifestations of irritation subsided, and vision became improved, though a slight patch of opacity remained upon the retina, and the field of vision was correspondingly limited.

THE best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy, like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE export of wooden houses, framed and ready for erection, forms a considerable industry in Sweden. Twenty complete cottages were recently shipped to Brazil.

YOU CAN RELY upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a positive remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates every impurity and at the same time tones and vitalizes the whole system.

CONSTIPATION, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequaled as a dinner pill.

### DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

EVERYBODY needs, after the exhaustion of the day, a stimulant that is nourishing as well as warming. Neither tea nor coffee is so well suited for this purpose as Cocoa or Chocolate. That prepared by Walter Baker & Co., has the highest reputation of any in the market. For more than one hundred years this establishment has made all its preparations absolutely pure, using no patent processes, alkalies, or dyes.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I certify that MINARD'S LINIMENT cured my daughter of a severe and what appeared to be a fatal attack of diphtheria after all other remedies had failed, and recommend it to all who may be afflicted with that terrible disease.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.  
French Village, Jan., 1883.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

# Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

## The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon cures

## Indigestion,

restores harmony to the system, gives strength to mind, nerves, and body, while it also purifies the blood and removes all trace of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, etc.

## Fast Eating

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

## Severe Pain After Meals

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Travelling salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

## PERFECT DIGESTION

INSURED.

## ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI.

Office of Dr. E. Guernsey, 528 Fifth Ave., New York, October 22, 1891.

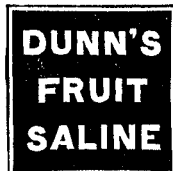
Physiology teaches that a certain amount of saliva secreted by the salivary glands of the mouth, and mixing with the food before or after it passes into the stomach, is essential to digestion. The chewing of your Tutti-Frutti Gum before or after a meal, especially when combined with so valuable a digestive as "Adams' Pepsin," not only increases the flow of saliva but adds so materially to its strength as to insure a perfect digestion at the same time correcting any odor of the breath which may be present.

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Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners in 5c. Packages, or for box of assorted samples which will be sent by mail, postage paid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

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DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.