# THE WEEK:

*A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.*

Sixth Year.
Vol. VI. No. 45.

*TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1889.*

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No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, *Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.*

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### *CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.*



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

PRINCIPAL CAVEN'S recent address before the Alumni Association of Knox College may be regarded, we suppose, as being, in part at least, the answer of one of the most highly respected and influential leaders of the "Equal Rights" movement to the arguments brought forward by the Hon. Mr. Laurier in his Pavilion speech. Principal Caven's deductions from the premise from which he sets out seem to us sound and unanswerable. We do not see how any reasonable man can doubt that a measure which should give $400,000 or any other sum of money from public funds to a religious body in Canada as an endowment would be a measure "not to be approved of by the people of this country," or that in a mixed community like ours "you have an end to peace and harmony if you are to bestow public money on the denominations." That has been understood to be the settled policy of Ontario at least, ever since the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. It is a policy that was strongly re-affirmed in Ontario soon after the passage of the British North America Act gave her the complete control, which she had not before had, of her own local policy and resources. It is undoubtedly approved, not only as a policy but as a principle, by the great majority of the people of the Province, and by none more heartily than by most of the religious bodies themselves. We do not suppose the same can be said of Quebec, so far as the principle is concerned. The fact that the majority of her people belong to a denomination which enjoys many of the privileges of a State Church, and which approves of the support of that particular church by the State, is irreconcileable with the belief that the majority hold any such view, as a matter of principle or right. But as a matter of policy Quebec no doubt clearly recognizes the wisdom and necessity of adhering to the rule laid down by Principal Caven. It is inconceivable that the Protestant Churches of Quebec could for a moment acquiesce in any Act of the Legislature involving the appropriation of public funds for purposes of religious endowment. It is equally inconceivable that the Catholic majority could fail to see how utterly and dangerously impolitic it would be to attempt to make any such disposition of the Provincial funds, foreseeing, as they must, that any such measure would be bitterly opposed by the minority, would put an end to all peace and harmony, and would, in the end, imperil the existence of the Catholic Church as the privileged body it now is. So far, we have no doubt, Mr. Laurier and the whole one hundred and eighty-eight members of Parliament who voted against Col. O'Brien's resolution would be in complete agreement with Principal Caven. Where then is the flaw in Principal Caven's argument? "In the faulty minor premise," Mr. Laurier would no doubt reply. "That premise assumes that the $400,000 in question is given as an endowment, and the conclusion rests wholly on that assumption, whereas the Act makes it clear that it is given for no such purpose, but in settlement of a claim, which, rightly or wrongly, is to some extent recognized." We do not now express any opinion upon the justice of that claim or the wisdom of recognizing it. We only point out that, as a matter of logic, it seems to us the argument, to be convincing, should be directed against the Act as it is on its face and in its ostensible purport. By the simple process of assuming that the intention of an Act is something quite different from that declared in the Act itself, one could demonstrate the iniquity of any bill ever passed by any Legislature.

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WE have said that it is inconceivable that the Protestant Churches of Quebec could acquiesce in any Act of the Legislature which they regarded as involving the principle of a denominational subsidy or endowment. The recent action of the Montreal Presbytery, representing the Presbyterian Church of the Province, strongly confirms this view. It cannot be denied that the setting apart of $60,000 for the use of Protestants in their educational work was a most illogical procedure on the part of the framers of the Jesuits' Estates Act, and that the acquiescence of the Protestant minority in the Legislature was both inconsistent and impolitic. Either the moral claim of which the award of the $400,000 was ostensibly a recognition was founded in justice or it was not. If it was, in the opinion of the minority, so founded, the award should have been cheerfully agreed to without any consideration or equivalent. If it was not it should have been resisted to the last. As the matter stands nothing can free the Protestants who voted for the Act from the imputation of having accepted, on the behalf of the constituencies they represent, a pecuniary consideration for consenting to an act of justice. The only ground, so far as we are able to see, on which their action could be defended, would be that they regarded the giving of the $400,000, not as a business settlement of a moral claim, but as Principal Caven regards it, as the endowment of a religious body. On this assumption the $60,000 for Protestants takes the shape of a concurrent endowment. But this alternative lays the Protestant legislators under the imputation of having legislated on false pretences, and this horn of the dilemma could hardly be less painful to men sensitive on points of honour than the other. The same remarks would apply to the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction were they to be regarded as in any real sense the representatives of the Protestants of the Province. To what extent the plea that they are merely the servants of the Government may excuse their conditional acceptance of the grant we need not stay to determine. What we wish to point out is that the reasoning of Principal MacVicar in his speech before the Presbytery is irresistible, and the action of the Presbytery in protesting against the acceptance of the $60,000, the only consistent action, if the Presbyterians of Quebec wish to repudiate the policy of the endowment of denominations by the Province. Says Principal MacVicar, "The only claim of the Jesuits is an alleged moral claim. That claim has not been and cannot be alleged on behalf of the Protestants of this Province. The Jesuits contend that they were robbed by the King of England and have a moral claim for compensation. If the Protestants could allege any share in the original estates, they would then have some show of reason in sharing in the compensation. On what grounds, in the name of common sense, can Protestants base a claim? It is simply hush money." The language is strong, but we do not see how any one can deny that the argument is sound and the conclusion logical.

WHATEVER room there may be for difference of opinion as to the abstract desirability of making a faculty of medicine "part and parcel of the educational system of the country," or as to the abstract propriety of committing the State to the work of purely professional training of any kind, there can be none whatever, we should suppose, in regard to the great importance of making the study of mental diseases a part of every course of medical instruction. The fact incidentally brought out in Dr. Daniel Clark's address at the recent Convocation of Toronto University, that that institution was the first on the continent to put this branch of medicine upon its curriculum, and that but a few others have as yet done so, will be, we dare say, as astonishing to the general public, as it must be, in one of its aspects, gratifying to the friends of the Provincial University. The other facts of which Dr. Clark reminds us, viz., that there are in the Dominion no less than 9000 persons afflicted with diseases of this class, and that physicians are constantly being called upon to give certificates condemning individuals to the asylum, or determining their competency to perform such acts as the disposal of property, set in a very striking light the necessity that the members of a profession upon which rests such responsibilities should have the best facilities for the thorough study of the causes and symptoms of insanity. Dr. Clark might, no doubt, have gone much further. Mental diseases are simply, we suppose, brain diseases, in so far, at least, as they come within the range of medical treatment. When we consider to how large an extent the prevailing ailments have their origin, or their outcome, whichever it may be, in affections of the nervous system, it is difficult to see how any course of medical study can be at all complete, which is not largely occupied with the functions and disorders of the nerve centres of which the brain is chief. Insanity in its various forms is, we assume, from the physiological point of view, but one of the various manifestations of these disorders, and is certainly not the least worthy of special attention, and clinical as well as class-room investigation. The faculty of medicine of the University is to be congratulated, not only in having made this branch of medical study compulsory on its students, but on having secured for its chair of instruction a professor so well qualified in every respect as Dr. Clark.

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IN his interesting address at the recent Convocation of the University over which he presides, Sir Daniel Wilson referred, with characteristic felicity of speech, on the one hand to the various improvements in the institution which recent windfalls have enabled its authorities to make, and on the other to the need of additional contributions on a very liberal scale, if the University is to keep pace with its wealthy competitors on the other side of the line, and with the ever-growing requirements of modern scientific research. The President informed the public of the fact, of which many were probably not previously aware, that the recent extension of the buildings for scientific purposes has involved the destruction of the College gymnasium. He also suggested that "no act could more gracefully mark the sympathy of the large body of graduates, and their loyalty to their *alma mater*, than the gift of a gymnasium for the healthful recreation of their successors in the old halls." It is to be hoped that the *alumni* of the University, amongst whom are many possessed of ample means, will not fail to act promptly upon the hint so neatly given. Sir Daniel's references to the munificent benefactions that have within the last year been bestowed upon so many of the universities of Great Britain and the United States, and to the great need of similar liberality here, suggests a variety of thoughts and queries. Among the latter is the question why an institution which stands so high in the estimation of its own graduates and of the public generally, should have hitherto failed to attract to itself the liberal gifts of wealthy friends of higher education. May it not be possible that the President's own address suggests this explanation? It is worthy of note that the magnificent endowments of other institutions to which he refers are in the main, if not exclusively, the gifts of private benefactors. The very fact that the projectors and managers of universities find themselves now obliged to compute their wants

in millions, instead of as formerly in tens or hundreds of thousands, combined with the other fact that the spread of democratic ideas in free countries is bringing to the front questions formerly unheard of, touching the propriety of devoting the funds of the many to uses directly beneficial only to the few, is fast putting it out of the power of Governments and Legislatures to meet the wants of institutions of learning with adequate endowments from public sources. It will be observed that Sir Daniel Wilson appeals on the one hand to the Government and on the other to private munificence, and his mind seems—we say it with the sincerest respect—to vacillate between the two. May it not be feared that the case is one in which the homely adage of the two stools may apply? So long as there is a lingering expectation or hope that the Government may step in to supply all needs, the sense of obligation rests lightly upon private individuals. Why should they devote their resources for the benefit of an institution which is under the fostering care of this wealthy Province? Can it be doubted that if it were once for all clearly understood that the future of the institution is in the hands of its friends; that its possibilities of expansion are conditional by their liberality and by that alone, those friends would prove worthy of the trust, and that liberality be found equal to all demands made upon it? It is clear that voluntaryism in higher education as a principle is rapidly gaining ground in the Mother Country, and may be considered as well-nigh established in America.

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THE unopposed return of Hon. D. McLean, the newly-appointed Minister, by the constituency of Dennis, Manitoba, seems to indicate that the proposed abolition of the dual language and Separate School systems meets the approval of both parties in the Province. The election of a member of the Government to replace one who resigned on that issue, may, we should suppose, be regarded as a fair test of the feelings of the people of the constituency in question, at least, in regard to the radical reforms about to be inaugurated. It will be a happy circumstance, and will augur well for the future of the Province, should this interpretation of the failure of the Opposition to set up a candidate in Dennis prove correct. The influence of the practical unanimity of the people's representatives, should such be secured, in regard to these particular questions, could hardly be without great effect in determining the course of the Dominion Government and Parliament. Should the policy of the Manitoba Administration be sustained by a comparatively small majority, room would be given for strong opposition and, possibly, disallowance at Ottawa, on the ground that the majority in the Legislature might not represent the majority of the people, or that so important a change in the constitution should not be made at the demand of a bare majority. On the other hand the Dominion authorities would hesitate to set themselves in opposition to the demand of the whole people of the Province. We have never been able to see any sufficient reason why the settlers in Manitoba and the North-West should continue to divide on the old party lines, and it would undoubtedly have been better for their country had they from the first refused to do so. Their recent vigorous and united action, which secured their release from the pressure of an intolerable railway monopoly, and the apparent unanimity of the great majority in regard to the questions at present before them, seem to indicate that they have now reached a point at which they are resolved to bury dead issues and act with reference to those which are living and present.

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ONE of the gravest obstacles in the way of the consolidation of the Canadian Confederation has been from the first, and must always continue to be in lesser degree, the great distances by which the extremities are separated from the centre and from each other. Whatever tends to diminish the time and expense of interprovincial travel and traffic tends directly to weld the separated Provinces more firmly together. Hence it is, so far as we can see, good news that the Grand Trunk Railway proposes to construct a new air line from Edmundson, *via* Moncton to St. John and Halifax. Connecting by means of the Temiscouata road with the Intercolonial at Riviere du Loup, the projected road will open up to the Atlantic Provinces a new route which, it is said, will be nearly or quite as short as that recently opened by the Canadian Pacific through Maine, and will have the great advantage of being wholly within Canadian territory. It has long been evident that owing to the unfortunate route which, for military reasons, was chosen for the Intercolonial, the large part of that road which skirts the Lower St. Lawrence and the northern coast of New Brunswick will eventually be useless, save for local purposes. The route now proposed for the Grand Trunk is that which was originally projected for the Intercolonial, but was afterwards, for the reason above mentioned, abandoned in favour of the roundabout North Shore route. The Grand Trunk management is probably safe in assuming that no serious difficulty will be had in securing the charter from Government, inasmuch as the line will, when completed, afford a healthful competition with the Canadian Pacific, and stimulate that intercourse between Ontario and Quebec and the Maritime Provinces which it is so desirable to foster. It will also by passing through New Brunswick give railway facilities to a new region, presumably of considerable commercial capacity.

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THE formal opening of the Ontario Law School at Osgoode Hall, on Monday, was marked by the brevity and directness of the addresses and other proceedings. The Hon. Edward Blake set the example in his short introductory speech, and it was followed not only by Messrs. Martin and Moss, who followed him, but even by President Reeve in his inaugural address. Opinions may differ as to the propriety of giving powers to any body of lawyers, or indeed to the members of any profession, to make attendance at a prescribed course of lectures compulsory upon others wishing to enter the profession. That is, however, but a part of the larger question of the propriety of constituting by law the members of any profession a close corporation—a question which may some day come to the front for discussion. But there can be no doubt as to the great advantage to be derived by law students from a regular course of instruction by gentlemen learned in the law and otherwise qualified to be teachers. In the absence of any powers of compulsion there can be little doubt that a few years of trial would so demonstrate the superiority of the students trained in such a school, over those relying merely upon office practice for the preparation that close, systematic study alone can give, that compulsion would be no longer necessary. Be that as it may the law students of Ontario are to be congratulated on the facilities now offered them for the study of the most profound and difficult of all the learned professions, under the direction of a staff of distinguished and able professors.

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THE strange tragedy that took place in Hamilton a week or two since affords matter for a good deal of thinking on subjects connected with our civil government and police methods. No one would care to reflect too severely upon the conduct of the constable who, in attempting to carry out orders which should not have been given without further investigation, and, probably, in a moment of unreasoning excitement, took the life of a demented stranger, who on his part was probably conscious of no wrong-doing, and thought he was defending his money or his life in his own room. Perhaps the most important practical question is that which suggests itself concerning the proper place and use of the pistol, if it has any. The part played by the revolver in the daily tragedies of modern life is appalling. It is obviously the instrument of more murders and suicides than are perpetrated by all other agencies combined. There can be no doubt that the very possession of such a weapon in the pocket or within reach of the hand is often a direct and powerful stimulus to crime. It appeals constantly to the imagination already made morbid, perhaps, by the reading of sensational novels. In many cases the young man who carries one delights to conjure up some situation in which he may be called upon to use it in his own defence, or in that of his friends. When the moment of excitement comes, the impulse to translate into action the scenes which have been enacted again and again in the chambers of a diseased imagination becomes irresistible. The moral effect is clearly worse than that of the old custom, happily obsolete in modern civil life, of wearing swords. That the latter custom while it existed was responsible for myriads of maimings and murders is beyond question. But the sword was worn openly and for its effective use demanded a brave heart and a steady hand. The modern revolver is worn stealthily. One never knows whether the person next him carries one or not. Its use requires little skill or nerve, and is often the act of a coward. The question whether policemen should be entrusted with a weapon so dangerous and demoralizing is one upon which opinions may differ. But there is no room for two opinions as to whether every rough and rowdy, and every boy who aspires to be such, to say nothing of lunatics, should have it in his power to carry such a weapon. Of course the Blake Act forbids it in Canada. But how ineffective is the prohibition every day's police-court record informs us; the very persons who should above all others be prevented are the parties who are sure to be provided with the weapon. The incident referred to at the commencement of this paragraph shows how easy it was for even a demented man to provide himself with one. It is clear that no law forbidding the carrying of revolvers can be enforced so long as their sale is unrestricted. Is it not time that the sale of this murderous implement should be subjected to some such restrictions as those which are enforced in regard to deadly poisons? We commend the question to the consideration of our law-makers.

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CANON FARRAR'S project for the founding of a new monastic order within the borders of the English Church does not seem to be meeting with great favour. It would be strange if it were otherwise. We have not seen from Canon Farrar's own hand a description of the nature and duties of the proposed order, as they have taken shape in his mind, and in the absence of such authoritative statement random criticism would be somewhat unsafe. The impression at first conveyed was that he contemplated a seclusion and consecration which should be entered upon for a limited number of years, and be terminable at any time by the will of the individual. Such a society would certainly be free from many of the strongest objections which lie against the monastic order, as commonly constituted, but it would no less certainly lack the strength and efficiency of such an order. On the other hand, the plan which has been outlined and published, pursuant to Canon Farrar's suggestions, though not in his name, lacks none of the rigid features which give to the monastic orders in connection with the Catholic Church their potency as a part of the machinery of a great organization, and at the same time their objectionableness as depriving the members of the order of that freedom of will and choice, and that power of self direction, which are the essential qualities of Christian manhood and womanhood. It is scarcely conceivable that the Church of England in this year of grace can be induced to take a step so retrogressive, and so contrary to the teachings and tendencies of New Testament Christianity, as would be the founding of a monastic order on the plan outlined by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe, of Southampton, with its threefold rule of obedience, celibacy, and poverty. Take the first requirement alone. What could be more out of harmony with that idea of personal liberty and responsibility, upon which Paul and other apostles were so fond of dwelling, than the vow of unquestioning submission to authority? It may, indeed, be doubted whether a body of men constituting a church have any more moral right to accept the surrender of a fellow-being to a state of voluntary slavery—for it is nothing less—for religious purposes, than any commercial society or individual would have to accept a similar surrender for mercenary purposes. Nor could the act of the individual, in taking upon him such a vow, or of the church in accepting it, be morally justified on any other ground than that of the infallibility of the latter. Ultramontanism occupies the only position from which monasticism is logically defensible.

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THE simultaneous admission of four new States, the other day, was an event of no small importance in the history of the American Union. The occasion strikingly illustrates the marvellous speed at which the great Republic has been increasing in population and resources during the last ten years. That increase has made it now possible to admit at one movement, into the Union proper, considerably more than one million of citizens, occupying areas which contain in the aggregate not less than 366,000 square miles. Politically the incoming of these new states brings considerable strength to the Republican party, and will probably give it a safe working majority in both Houses of Congress. The election in Montana attracted considerable attention from the fact that the Australian or Canadian system of ballotting was adopted, this being, we believe, the first instance of its use in the Republic. Reports are somewhat contradictory as to the working of the system. One statement alleges that, owing to the length of time occupied by illiterate voters in marking their ballots, many citizens were unable to vote. The weight of testimony seems, however, to show that the method proved on the whole eminently satisfactory, falsifying the predictions of its opponents. Any difficulty that may have arisen in respect to time was due, no doubt, to the inordinate length of the list of candidates for office. It is not unlikely that the admission of these states may have some effect in modifying the fiscal policy of the American Government.

They are all in the far west. Their industries are largely farming and stock-raising. They have no great manufacturing interests to protect. These considerations, as well as their situation in relation to Canada, will almost surely incline them to favour tariff reduction generally, and the reciprocity movement which seems to be making considerable headway in the Republic, in particular. Several innovations have been made in the constitutions adopted by the new States, one, for instance, having incorporated a prohibition clause and another a clause forbidding the formation of combinations to fix the price or limit the production of any commodity. The outcome of these experiments in constitution-making will be watched with a good deal of interest by the older States, which are now struggling with the evils it is sought thus summarily to dispose of.

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AS was confidently anticipated, and in fact rendered sure by the result of the first ballot, the second balloting in France on Sunday last has resulted in giving the Government a strong working majority. Though the prediction that this will mark, practically, the end of opposition to the Republic is probably quite too sanguine, the victory can hardly fail to have the effect of securing for it a period of comparative rest. Such a period, if utilized by the Government with a moderate amount of discretion, cannot fail to improve greatly the prospects of making the present form of Government permanent. Certainly if one is safe in predicting any sequence of causes and conditions in that country, it may be said that Boulangism has now received its *coup de grace*. The fact that so powerful a journal as *Figaro*, hitherto so uncompromising in its opposition, should have frankly accepted the situation, and declared that France has chosen the Republic as its form of Government, is one whose significance cannot be gainsaid, or easily overestimated. What effect a period of domestic quiet in France will have upon European politics and its relation to them, remains to be seen. Its attitude during the coming months will be a matter of intense interest to all concerned. The present state of equilibrium, dependent, as it is, upon the distribution and movements of so many forces, either of which is liable at any moment to disturb the whole adjustment, will be rendered still more uncertain by the change which sets France once more free to play her part in the plotting and counterplotting. If, as is generally believed, Russia is really the quarter from which the breach of the peace is likely to come, if it comes at all, France may be said to have control of the situation, for Russia will never be so insane as to rush single-handed to an encounter with the overwhelming strength of the triple, possibly quadruple, alliance, and France seems now to be her only possible ally.

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CHINA is just now voluntarily undertaking an enterprise which bids fair to have a more important influence upon her destiny than did the compulsory opening of her ports to British commerce nearly half a century ago. After years of hesitation and agitation a decree has at last been issued by the Emperor authorizing the construction of a railroad from Pekin to Hankow, a distance of about 700 miles. Hankow is on the Yang-tse-Kiang, some hundreds of miles from its mouth. The avowed motive of this concession, so contrary to the ordinary course of Chinese conservatism, is warlike rather than commercial. The road is to be constructed as a part of the great military system which the empire is now busily engaged in developing and perfecting. Nevertheless, it is hardly probable that when the road is constructed and equipped its operations can be confined to military purposes. The beginning of railroad building into the interior of a country like China is like the letting out of water from a great reservoir. The end, it may with some confidence be predicted, will be, sooner or later, and probably not very far off at latest, the opening up of that vast country to foreign travel and commerce. Whether with almost revolutionary suddenness, as in the case of Japan, or by slow degrees, as in that of China, the great nations of the East are being aroused from the torpor of centuries, and emulating the activity and turmoil of Western life. It is not unlikely that the next decade may prove to be a turning-point in Chinese history. The possible results to civilization and commerce of the opening up by railroads of a country which contains within its own borders a fourth or a third of the total population of the world, furnishes room and material for unlimited conjecture. Nor, amongst other possibilities to be taken into the account, can those of war and conquest be overlooked. There are already some predictions and perhaps some indications that the new military policy of the empire may bring it into conflict with western nations. A recent writer on Asiatic affairs goes so far as to hint that the nineteenth century may yet, before its close, see the Chinese Empire divided between Russia and Great Britain, the former taking the northern the latter the southern moiety. The improbability of such an event arises, it must be confessed, not from the strength or prowess of the Chinese themselves or from the lack of aggressiveness on the part of Russia, but solely from the peaceful tendencies of the British people of this generation.

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IN the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* Agnes Repplier devotes nine or ten pages to a lively denunciation of the ethical element in modern fiction. Her condemnation rests not simply upon "goody-goody" books of the kind supposed to be adapted for Sunday-schools, nor even upon novels written for the exposure of some crying abuse, or the advancement of some great reform, such as a "Bleak House" or an "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Tried by her criterion, such creations as those of George Eliot and Charles Reade fall equally short of the true ideal of a work of art. Her theory is very simple. "It is not the office of a novelist to show us how to behave ourselves; it is not the business of fiction to teach us anything. . . . . His (the novelist's) task is simply to give us pleasure, and his duty is to give it within the not very Puritanical lines prescribed by our modern notions of decency." Consistently enough she is no less severe upon those literary critics—and unfortunately for her peace of mind they are in the majority—who persist in regarding it as a part of their professional duty to look at works of fiction from the ethical point of view. In fact, the word "ethics," used in connection with a novel, seems sufficient to throw Agnes Repplier into a literary rage. She tells us that she once counted "the obnoxious word" six times repeated in the opening paragraph of one review of George Eliot's writings, and could, in consequence, proceed no further with it. Most thoughtful readers will probably at once put the theory advanced in this semi-brilliant yet shallow critique into that large class of half-truths which are so much more plausible and mischievous than any unadulterated error can possibly be. Regarding the novel as a work of art, pure and simple—though we see no good reason why fiction should be monopolized for artistic purposes when it is so well adapted for other uses as well—we may at once concede that it is not consistent with that purpose to teach ethical theories, or any other kind of theories. Grant that its one aim is to be true to nature; to paint human life, or some particular phase of it, as it exists. Does it follow that it will be, or can be, without ethical tinge and import? Far from it. The moral element is the fundamental, the formative, the transcendent element in character and conduct. A novelist who studies human nature, if he goes a hair's breadth below the surface, can no more depict his characters without making their moral features prominent than he can give us dialogue without thought, or conduct without motive. That is a shallow view, we venture to affirm, of George Eliot which attributes the presence of the ethical characteristics, which are so marked in her creations, to a distinct purpose on her part to teach some great moral lesson. That quality of her writing is quite compatible with a purely artistic purpose. The constant activity of low or lofty motive, the interplay of impulses derived from consciences more or less sensitive, or from peculiar phases of religious faith, are ever present in the people of her imagination because they are ever present in such of the men and women of every-day life as have enough of character to give them any claim to reproduction in the writings of a thinker like George Eliot. The main difference between the artistic work of such a writer and that of one after Agnes Repplier's own heart, will, we opine, be simply the reflex of the difference in the mental and moral natures of the two writers. A great novel destitute of all ethical colouring would be for all its more thoughtful readers about as attractive as the play of the "Prince of Denmark" with the Hamlet left out.

## *WALLACE'S DARWINISM.**

PARENTS of naughty boys may take comfort from the fact that Charles Darwin, like Clive, belonged to this much abused class. He was naughty as a child and lazy as a boy. After seven years' study or rather idleness at Shrewsbury School, he left little wiser than when he entered, and was placed in charge of Dr. Brother, with the view of studying medicine. He could not, however, from some constitutional timidity, endure the sight of blood. There was then no promise of his future devotion to science.

At Cambridge he led a dissipated life. He was one of a fast set, more given to gambling than to study. He was either fond of music or affected to be, and used to pay the choir boys to sing in his rooms. This seems rather remarkable, as he had a defective ear and could not detect a dissonance or hum a tune correctly.

When he had once settled down to the actual work of life, he followed the course of investigation he had chosen, with much steady application, and so much to the exclusion of all other thought, that those functions of the brain which discern the æsthetic and spiritual phases of the universe became seriously impaired by disuse. He took cognizance of nothing but hard facts. The consequence was that the beauty of tropical forests, which delighted his youth, had no charm for his old age. He was looking for something else.

Mark Twain tells an amusing story against himself in connection with Darwin's infirmity. He says that a friend, returned from England, told him he had paid a visit to the great scientist. He received him kindly, showed him his library and dissecting room, and, pointing to a table on which stood a lamp and an open book, said, "You must be careful not to disturb that. That book is the 'Innocents Abroad.' I keep it open on the table, and always read myself to sleep at night, and read myself awake in the morning." Mark was much flattered by this tribute to his humour, and, when Darwin's Biography was published, procured a copy to see what might be said about himself. He searched it through in vain. The only possible allusion to himself was the statement that, in his later years, Darwin suffered from atrophy of the brain, and could not read any decent literature.

Our first dip into Darwinism was about twenty-five years ago, in the pages of the *Cornhill*. The writer of the article imagined himself in the Zoological Gardens, before the monkey house, and in a very easy and pleasant reverie, initiated us into the principle of Evolution. His own conclusion was that, while the theory might not be absolutely true, it was at least entitled to respectful consideration. Since then it has received every kind of consideration, respectful and otherwise. No theory ever presented to the world has been more ridiculed. None has won its way more rapidly into favour. Now it is the fashion. It is applied to everything. Fashionable however as it is, it remains only a probable theory. It comes under the Scotch verdict, "not proven." It may, indeed, never be proved, or, after infinite research, may be found only a step towards a brighter and nobler truth. Darwin, after the labour of a lifetime, leaves it unproved. Wallace, his ardent disciple, adds much to the store of facts accumulated by his master, but is obliged to confess that the theory is still only a probable one.

We are generally apt to regard scientific works as dull. The volume before us is one of the most interesting we ever read. The author has a charming style. His facts are well marshalled, and his statements clear. There is an absence of all dogmatism, and he seems perfectly fair to those who differ from him.

Those who wish to see what Darwinism really is should lose no time in possessing themselves of this latest contribution to the great scientific problem. If they read two or three chapters, we are much mistaken if they do not continue the perusal of so entertaining a work, even to the exclusion of lighter literature.

Mr. Wallace first insists upon a right definition of "species," as absolutely necessary to a clear understanding of the doctrine of evolution, and adopts that of the celebrated botanist, De Candolle, as most satisfactory. De Candolle says that "a species is a collection of all the individuals which resemble each other more than they resemble anything else, which can by mutual fecundation produce fertile individuals, and which reproduce themselves by generation in such a manner that we may from analogy suppose them all to have sprung from one single individual." Starting with this definition he next gives us a formal statement of the Darwinian theory: "The theory of natural selection rests on two main classes of facts, which apply to all organized beings without exception. The first is the power of rapid multiplication in a geometrical progression; the second is that the offspring always vary slightly from the parents, though generally closely resembling them."

Owing to the multiplication of plants and animals in a geometrical ratio there takes place a fierce struggle for existence. This is a necessity; for it stands to reason that the greater number of those that are born, year by year, must die premature deaths. Suppose, for instance, a partridge had a brood of twelve this year, that they all lived, that half of them were hens, and each brought forth a brood of twelve next year, and so on for a few years, what would be the result? Any schoolboy who has worked out the old problem of the blacksmith who was to be paid for shoeing a horse, a cent for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, etc., can form a pretty good estimate of the consequences of such rapid multiplication. In a few years the forests would be swarming with partridges, and, in a few years more, there would not be continents to contain them. It is the same for other animals and plants. But, as a matter of fact, there is no perceptible increase. We have no reason to suppose that the number now is greater than it was a thousand years ago. There is an awful destruction going on that ordinary observers are quite unconscious of. It is only the materialist who has made the subject a special study, who can reveal the fulness of the truth declared so long ago by an inspired

* "Darwinism: an exposition of the theory of natural selection, with some of its applications." By Alfred Russel Wallace, LL.D., F.L.S. London and New York: MacMillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

apostle, that "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." In fact, so shocked have some been by the mystery, of which the revelation they have cast aside offers the only solution, that they have been driven to utterances of despair.

Mr. Winwood Reade, in his "Martyrdom of Man," says:—"Pain, grief, disease and death, are these the inventions of a loving God? That no animal shall rise to excellence except by being fatal to the life of others, is this the law of a kind Creator? It is useless to say that pain has its benevolence, that massacre has its mercy. Why is it so ordained that bad should be the raw material of good? Pain is not the less pain because it is useful; murder is not the less murder because it is conducive to development. There is blood upon the hand still, and all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten it." Professor Huxley speaks in a strain equally pessimistic, and concludes that, "since thousands of times in a minute, were our ears sharp enough, we should hear sighs and groans of pain like those heard by Dante at the gate of hell, the world cannot be governed by what we call benevolence."

Well, in this fierce struggle for existence only a few survive; and those that survive are the ones that were, for some reason or other, the best fitted to contend with their adversaries. In the case of animals those that could get food where others starved, or that were fleetest of foot or wing, or possessed most cunning, or greatest strength, lived, while the rest came to a violent or untimely end.

Thus far Darwinism is all plain sailing. No one disputes the rapid multiplication of the individuals of a species, or the struggle for existence that is going on day by day.

It is the next step which presents the difficulty. Why are some more fitted to survive than others? According to Darwin it is a mere matter of chance. The offspring vary, and are constantly varying, in one direction and another, from the parents. They vary also not in one organ only, but in all. Some are lighter in colour; some darker. Some have longer or shorter feet; some have a longer beak or sharper talons. Well, this variation enables some to survive while others perish, in any given environment. Those that survive breed, and transmit the characteristics which secured their survival, in a more marked degree, to some of their offspring. Those that inherit these characteristics transmit them to the next generation in a still more marked degree, till, finally, a new species grows out of the old one. In other words, Nature does exactly what man does by artificial selection. A botanist observes, some fine morning, a "sport" in his geranium. That is a branch or shoot with markings quite distinct from the parent. He cuts it off and roots it, and propagates from it by cuttings. If it tries to sport back to its original kind, he destroys the sports. In the course of time its markings have become fixed. It is a new species or variety, and he throws it on the market, as a novelty, under the attractive name of Madam Pollux or Thunder Cloud. He may do the same thing from seed. Or a pigeon fancier observes that two of his young pigeons have peculiar plumage on their necks. He separates them from the rest, breeds from them, separates again the young that have the same characteristics, in perhaps a more marked degree, until he has inaugurated a new species of "ruffs." Thus all fancy varieties of pigeons have been produced from the common slate-coloured parent stock. It is the same way with dogs. The bull dog and the grey-hound, the Willoughby pug and the Skye terrier came all from the wild dog.

Now, Nature does according to her own methods what man does according to his. The way in which Nature is supposed, according to the Darwinian theory, to accomplish her work is most interesting; and is best explained by one or two of the illustrations with which Mr. Wallace's book abounds.

In the island of Madeira are found insects, in many respects resembling those on the mainland, but they have either lost their wings altogether or have them so short as to be useless for flight. This is supposed to have come about in the following way. The first insects which reached the island were the same as those on the mainland. But the fertile portion of the island lies on the coast, which, like most oceanic islands, is subject to gales. Year by year, those members of the species which had long wings and ventured from the land were swept out to sea and lost. Only the short winged ones remained. They propagated their kind. Any of their offspring that had sufficient length of wing to fly shared the fate of their kindred, while only those who were too weak to fly survived. Thus the wings of succeeding generations grew smaller and smaller, until a new species was, by the process of natural selection, developed.

Another excellent illustration is furnished by the European grouse. In England this bird remains brown or red all the year, but in northern Europe it turns white in winter. The supposition is that, during the glacial period, the English grouse became white also in the winter. The colour was useful to it, and helped it to escape the observation of its foes. When the climate of the British Isles became mild, and there was no snow to signify, white became a disadvantage to the species. Against the red heather the bird was a good mark for its enemies and easily destroyed. The whitest birds, therefore, would perish. Those individuals that varied so far from the parents as to be less white than their brothers and sisters, survived. They in turn bred, and some of their offspring turned even less white in winter than their parents. They survived; their brothers and sisters were killed. Thus in course of generations was developed a species of grouse that, with the sound common sense that has always distinguished the inhabitants of the "tight little island," despised continental fashions in dress. They wisely concluded that they would wear the same colours all the year round.

These illustrations are, we imagine, quite sufficient to explain what is meant by "Natural Selection."

This very plausible and interesting theory has been met by naturalists with a host of objections, and one of the commendable features of Mr. Wallace's work is his apparent fair, candid and careful statement of conflicting views and difficulties. To these objections he has given reasonable if not altogether satisfactory answers. We cannot attempt, however, in this short article, which is intended to be little more than a notice of the book, to enter into this part of the subject. We would only again warmly commend the work itself to all who wish to keep pace with the intellectual movements of their age. The facts in natural history accumulated by Charles Darwin and his disciples are intensely interesting, whether we accept the conclusions which have been drawn from them or not.

And now, having grasped the meaning of natural selection, it will not be difficult to explain how Darwin uses it to account for the origin of man. According to him, each species was not formed by a distinct act of creation. One was evolved from the other, the higher from the lower, by a process of variation and natural selection. In the same way the *species* grew into *genera*. Starting, therefore, from the lowest known form of organic life, which he calls protoplasm, there has been a slow but constant evolution upwards. This has acted through untold ages, until it reached the anthropoid ape, and from the anthropoid ape grew into man.

One fine morning (date not given) the promising son of an anthropoid ape, somewhere on the borders of the table-land of Asia, found he varied from his dear mother to such an extent that he could stand upright. It so happened that as his big toe developed and enabled him to brace himself in an upright posture, there took place a corresponding development in the brain. He was more intelligent than his brothers, and, perceiving that he was a superior ape, at once gave himself airs. He determined that it would not do for him to associate with such low people any longer, even if they were relations. Next day he cut them. One of his big brothers, who, if he couldn't stand upright (not having big toe enough) was stronger (more after the build of Sullivan), resented the insult and gave him a good sound drubbing, with a thick piece of bamboo cane.

He deserted, therefore, all his relations who evidently were not able to appreciate his society. He left them clinging to the limbs of the forest and pelting each other with cocoanuts, and marched off to the plain country, which his intelligence enabled him to see was a more suitable place to dwell. Here he erected a sort of mud hut—half dwelling, half fort—and made a rude hatchet with a flint stone. When his relations attacked him, by means of his improved armament he sent them off howling to the woods again. They were afraid of him after this and thought it better to leave him alone.

This primitive man felt lonely, and, one day, meeting the daughter of a respectable anthropoid ape, whose big toe and brain had developed in a similar way to his own, and who was taking a quiet walk, with a palm leaf for a sunshade, he was much impressed. Having ascertained that she was not so nearly related to him as to be on the table of prohibited degrees, he proposed and was accepted. As no missionaries had yet reached the country, they were married according to the Scotch rite. The wedding, of course, was a very quiet affair, and did not even get a notice in *Saturday Night*, for as the relations on either side did not belong to their set, they could not possibly be invited. There were no presents, except a handsome necklet of shells given by the groom, such as are now sometimes found in the mounds of the Stone Period.

Thus protoplasm became man, and from this primitive man and his fair bride the process of evolution went on, still moving upward, to Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, La Place, and the host of intellectual beings that distinguish the present brilliant age.

Now, in the foregoing we have introduced the element of humour for the sake of throwing life into a rather dry subject, but the statement is substantially correct. In all essential particulars we have simply followed the account of the matter as given by Mr. Wallace. As far as the evolution of man's physical organization is concerned, Wallace and Darwin are agreed. But Darwin does not stop here. He accounts for the conscience and mind of man in the same way. His conscience grew out of his social life. Those actions which were beneficial to the community or tribe naturally were approved. Thus they went into the category of right actions. Those that were injurious to the community came in for reprobation, and became classed as wrong. Every selfish act would be injurious to the rest, would be condemned by general sentiment, and would naturally be avoided by everyone who wished to be well thought of.

Darwin, moreover, is a perfect materialist. Not only is he unconscious of a personal intelligence directing the operations of nature, but he is unconscious of spirit apart from matter. A blind chemical force evolved protoplasm to that condition when it manifested its first cell tissue, and became the basis of all animal life. A blind force propelled it onward and upward. Chance only determined the variation in the individuals of a species; and chance again, under the name of environment, decided which should survive and which should perish. After all these ages of development there is nothing to look forward to but a time when the sun shall lose his heat, and all animal life be destroyed. No wonder this is called the Gospel of Despair!

Surely it is a hard creed! You might as well tell us that the wonderful and complicated machinery in a modern cloth mill, which we can trace back type after type, or invention after invention, to the spinning jenny, was evolved from it by a blind force, that the engine clashed on, and there grew out this marvellously intricate mechanism without the presence of a guiding and directing mind. Scientists, who are unable to accept the miraculous element in the Gospel history, seem to have no difficulty about accepting theories that demand, not the exercise of a reasonable faith, but that of an almost superstitious credulity.

And here Mr. Wallace comes in with his own modification of Darwinism. The disciple differs from the master in a very important particular. While accepting Darwin's view of the physical nature of man, he declares that his moral and spiritual nature could not have been evolved from matter or by natural selection. He recognizes a spiritual as well as a material universe, and seems to suppose that, from time to time, there has been an infusion of spiritual life into matter, for he says:—

"There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action.

"The first stage is the change from inorganic to organic, when the earliest vegetable cell, or the living protoplasm out of which it arose, first appeared. It is often imputed to a mere increase of complexity of chemical compounds; but increase of complexity with consequent instability, even if we admit that it may have produced protoplasm as a chemical compound, could certainly not have produced *living* protoplasm—protoplasm which has the power of growth and of reproduction, and of that continuous process of development which has resulted in the marvellous variety and complex organization of the whole vegetable kingdom. . . .

"The next stage is still more marvellous, still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces. It is the introduction of sensation or consciousness, constituting the fundamental distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdom. . . .

"The third stage is, as we have seen, the existence in man of his most characteristic and noblest faculties, those which raise him furthest above the brutes and open up possibilities of almost indefinite advancement. These faculties could not possibly have been developed by means of the same laws which have determined the progressive development of the organic world in general, and also of man's physical organism.

"Those who admit my interpretation of the evidence now adduced will be able to accept the spiritual nature of man as not in any way inconsistent with the theory of evolution, but as dependent on those fundamental laws and causes which furnish the very materials for evolution to work with. They will also be relieved from the crushing mental burden imposed upon those who—maintaining that we, in common with the rest of nature, are but products of the blind eternal forces of the universe, and believing also that the time must come when the sun will lose his heat and all life on the earth necessarily cease—have to contemplate a not very far distant future in which all this glorious earth, which for untold millions of years has been slowly developing forms of life and beauty, to culminate at last in man, shall be as if it had never existed; who are compelled to suppose that all the slow growths of our race struggling towards a higher life, all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil and misery and undeserved suffering of the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts towards justice, all the aspirations for virtue, and the well-being of humanity, shall absolutely vanish, and 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind.'

"As contrasted with this hopeless and soul-deadening belief, we, who accept the existence of a spiritual world, can look upon the universe as a grand consistent whole, adapted in all its parts to the development of spiritual beings, capable of indefinite life and perfectibility. . . .

"Beings thus trained and strengthened by their surroundings, and possessing latent faculties capable of such noble development, are surely destined for a higher and more permanent existence; and we may confidently believe with our greatest living poet,

> "That life is not as idle ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom,
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
> And battered with the shocks of doom
> To shape and use."

This certainly is a step upwards. It is an evolution from the low materialistic creed of Darwin to something nearer the beauty and dignity of the Christian faith, and leads us to hope for still better things to come. Perhaps the next disciple and interpreter of Darwin will see a step further than a spiritual universe and spiritual force infused into the life of man, at different epochs of his existence. He may be able to see that there are facts just as real as material phenomena, which can be accounted for in no other way than by the existence of a personal God, all-powerful and ever present, directing and controlling the material and spiritual world; and that there are other facts in the life of man, during the last eighteen centuries, which cannot be explained, except by the truth of Bethlehem and Calvary, Easter and Pentecost.

K. L. Jones.

## *LONDON LETTER.*

NOTES BY THE WAY: WITHIN SOUND OF THE SEA

I REMEMBER a pathetic picture by Faed—that delightful painter, full of excellent, old-fashioned qualities—exhibited in the Academy, and called, I fancy, "The Exile." It is only the portrait of an old Scotchman, who, resting awhile on a foreign shore, gazes across the water, his hands clasped on his stick, a wistful longing in his troubled eyes. Yet in that common-place, grey-plaided figure there was a story clearer to be read than the histories of kings and queens and Parliament-men crowding Faed's little piece about. The Scotchman in his simple attitude of resignation, his furrowed face worn with the grief of losing old friends and Home, those things which alone make this life bearable, seemed as if he silenced the garish canvasses crying out for admiration, silenced them though the sorrowful lips spoke no word, and the dim eyes, fixed on the horizon, were unconscious of the looker-on. And just such another picture I saw this afternoon (confirming my opinion of Faed's entire truthfulness) in the person of an old sailor, who, with his back to the harbour, sat on the quay looking, looking into the narrow streets of Poole with an expression it is impossible to translate into words, so full was it of sorrow and longing. I think the sun had tempted him out on to the broad, picturesque walk, edged with warehouses on the one hand, and great ships from Norway and Canada, from Hull and London, on the other, and I think some little thing had happened that reminded him of far-off days—a swift, maybe, had perched for a moment on the dial of that pillared house opposite just as a small bird had done on some memorable occasion in his life, or the crew in the rigging behind had sung a verse of that very "shanty" with which he and his mates were wont long years ago to cheer their spirits on the sea. Whatever it may have been, the town, the quay and the rippling water had faded from his side, and in the attitude of the exile brooding by the ocean the sailor sat this afternoon, gazing across the gulf of Time at the hearth of his childhood, at the fireside by which once watched his wife. . . It was an effort to recall himself from that other world, and he answered a greeting from the highroad in the half-unconscious fashion in which one speaks when roused from dreaming. Then, the spell being broken, his expression altered, and I saw I should not disturb him if I spoke, so I asked some trivial question; he answered, and then we fell to talking, he and I.

He wandered back to the time, sixty years ago, when he was prenticed, and told me of the first boat in which he sailed, and how it took four months to reach Newfoundland. He told me of the busy days when near two hundred vessels set out from Poole for Labrador, leaving in the spring, returning in the fall; days when the owners of the ships lived in fine red-brick houses about town ("ah, there WERE gentlemen then"), and the great warehouses were packed with oil and skins and produce from outlandish ports. He minds one year when they reached Labrador too late—got there the 10th November and remained ice-bound till the following August; how dear clothes were, and how they tried to palm off feathers and shells upon you instead of your change. The life was rough and hard, but he liked it a deal better than shoemaking, which was his father's occupation. "He were sexton thirty-five years," said my friend, nodding at the Tower, which jutted above the uneven roofs. "I was christened there in 1816, but I never was much of a church-goer. My wife was a Methodist, and so I went with her."

He shifted his position a little as he spoke of his wife, and he turned his steady sailor's eyes from me to look down the cobbled street again, up which, no doubt, he had often watched her run breathless to meet him as his boat touched the quay after a long voyage. He was silent a moment, and his hands moved restlessly. Then he told me how good she had been. There were ten children, and his wages, averaging from £1 to £4 a month, were not sufficient, so she had to work. And she did work, mind you. No grumbling, and the best of tempers always. Boys and girls all out in the world now, keeping themselves, and he is contented and hearty, considering his age; but he has lost HER, and that's bitter bad, sure enough.

*Amavimus, amamus, amabimus*—you remember these words on Charles Kingsley's grave in Eversley churchyard? The unlettered Poole sailor, ignorant of books ("ah, les livres; ils nous débordent, ils nous étouffent, nous périssons par les livres"), ignorant of that which we term Cultivation, has learnt what is best worth knowing, and has, like Andersen's Little Mermaid, gained the right to an immortal soul, a possession which above all others cannot be stolen and must be paid for. *Amavimus, amamus, amabimus*—that sentence contains the Law and the Prophets.

There was a stir about the quay, and a vessel laden with timber from the Baltic came steaming with a harsh, whistling cry up to the wharf. Swedish sailors on board the *Oscarsham* at our back called to each other in their guttural tongue. The quaint road, girdling the harbour, full of surprises, and interesting as the most interesting of books, remained unexplored while I listened to the kind voice, and noted how the strong old face would break into a smile in spite of his good breeding as I showed my landlubberly ignorance on some question of rigging or of build. The Swedish sailors' tones acted as a sort of chorus. The whistle from the timber ship hardly made me turn my head. I heard how the Newfoundland trade has left the place, owing to a sand-bar across the harbour, which lately had formed and prevented boats over a certain tonnage from entering—and what a pity it was, and how much the loss of the trade, which had mainly gone to Scotland, had altered Poole. He showed me the posts to which the scales used to be attached when certain goods, on which duty is no longer paid, were weighed in front of the Excise Office, and pointed out a queer old stone building called the Town Cellars, once undoubtedly a church, and gave me exact directions how best to find a fragment of the Thirteenth Century wall that fortified the place in former times. But better than anything else, it was pleasant to hear of his journeys by sea to London with cargoes of clay and grain and oil-cake, and what he thought of the city as his boat lay alongside the wharf just Below Bridge; and best of all were the glimpses of that home of his about which he is always thinking. Views of the Houses of Parliament and St Paul's, Labrador scenery and Dorsetshire moors perpetually melted like magic-lantern slides into commonplace cottage interiors, over which he would linger long and affectionately.

*Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus*, my brother. A king on his throne can have no happier, tenderer memories when he comes to three-score years and ten than has this poor sailor. There will dawn the day when the remembrance of ambition and worldly hopes fulfilled avails nothing, when pictures, books, diplomas, ribbons and stars, gold and precious stones will be all thrust away. Then Love must sit by one's side and repeat the well-remembered stories and sing the dear songs, rocking us to sleep the while; for without her pitying presence Heaven help the poor dying sinner.

So, moralizing, I left my old friend to continue his dreaming undisturbed in the sunshine on the quay, as I went my way on a search after a certain portrait of Charles the Second mentioned by Murray. At last I found, stooping over his desk, a keen-faced, brisk man, who told me that long ago the picture had been taken from over his office mantelpiece in the old Town House and was now in the Guild Hall. The desk, set against a long, narrow window, darkened by a pillared verandah, was full of papers, and the busy hand was tinting as I stumbled by chance into the quiet little room. Nevertheless there was a quarter of an hour at my disposal, during which time I could see, if I pleased, a tinder box, with its flint and steel, mightily out of fashion and useless indeed, and I could listen to an account of a lawsuit brought many years ago by the town-clerk against the corporation. The town-clerk was awarded heavy damages, but his opponents being poor all their possessions had to be given up to him. The mayor's chain, the maces, the very clock from the Guild Hall (do you remember the allusion to that clock in Mr. Gosse's account of his Poole school days?), all these things became the triumphant clerk's and were sold. For years His Honor had to do without his decoration, but lately a new one had been subscribed for, my informant giving one of the fifty-four links (which cost him a matter of seven pounds, fifteen shillings) as his family had provided a mayor more than once in bye-gone years. And not only that, but he is the descendant of the founder of the Wadham College, Oxford, and could bear the same arms if he chose; and not only that, but to his mother's people belonged I. B. Blandford, Bishop of Oxford, *tempe* Charles II., and a cousin has one of the bishop's silver dinner bells marked with his name, and some of his property was in the family till the other day. He has ships of his own, and is cheery and prosperous. Has been thirty-five years in Poole and has never been a week out of it. Had I noticed the *County of Durham* down by the wharf? She was going up light to Newcastle to load coal for the Baltic. She had brought timber, and her freight was worth nearly £900. It has cost £11 to lighten her and get her over the bar. A pity about the Newfoundland trade? Not a bit of it. A stupid, old-fashioned lot those merchants, never altering from year to year, no improvements, no go. There was still plenty of trade with smaller vessels; he has four, and makes enough for the wife and children, he was thankful to say.

Outside, the sailor still stood, looking up the harbour for the return of the ships from Labrador, or bending his tranquil gaze to where among the hills he could see Corfe Castle and Upton (the latter belonging to the Ticbbornes; some of the villagers recognized the Claimant, it is said), and the old landmarks that never change. Inside, I listened to talk of progress, of commerce, of pride, of possession. What is best? To have finished your work and to be ready to take the wages you have earned, and to go hence, or to be still toiling on in the heat and burden of the day?

WALTER POWELL.

## *MONTREAL LETTER.*

THE example set by our City Surveyor in going abroad to examine other, and let us suppose better, systems of municipal engineering has had the effect of a New York autumn fashion. Every body wants to get the trip, if not the information, and to secure the infectious bonus, if not the improvements. The Assistant Surveyor took his flight, and the two swallows bid fair to make a winter as well as a summer of it. Upon the understanding that "it would not happen every year," the Chief of the Fire Brigade went next. If the chairman of the committee had said, "on the understanding that it must happen every year," we should have regarded the proposal less as a jaunt for the chief and more as a duty for us. He went to Baltimore to attend a Firemen's Convention, and an unexpected balance in the hands of the Fire Committee was disposed of by paying his expenses. But our worthy chief turned the wrong side of his spectacles out when he was abroad. After an exhaustive examination of the systems and appliances in operation in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington, at the special request of the Fire Committee of the council and of the city underwriters, he returned without stumbling upon a single improvement upon our own equipment. If an exception could be made to such a sweeping statement, it could only be in favour of the water towers, and he intends to recommend the purchase of one for Montreal, even if it should cost $3,500. These are said to perform the work of three steam engines. The Chief kept on his spectacles when he compared the speed of the responses to fire alarms, and was proud to return in the belief that while in New York two horses could be hitched to a steamer in nine seconds, *we* can hitch nine horses to four steamers in the same space of time. Chemical engines are not much used in the great cities of our rival neighbour, and when they are in requisition they are small and light. The engines used are entirely of American manufacture, but the Chief hardly does credit to the inventive intellect of America when he explains this on the grounds of tariff protection. Here the Chief thinks our horses have the advantage; there, the men and their quarters. Every man has a sliding-pole from his bed to his post on the engine.

The city Boiler Inspector was the next to follow. His destination was Chicago, to be present at a meeting of the Boiler Inspectors' Association of the United States and Canada. From this gathering the fact was elicited that in nine months 138 men were killed, 1,100 wounded, and $2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed by explosions arising from inefficient or non-inspection. Then departed the Building Inspector, who was sent to Boston and New York with special reference to a proposed by-law for the protection of elevators. Though difficult to form comparisons of systems and appliances where population and business widely differ, Mr. Lacroix (they are all French, our civic officials, a fact which ought to have a deeper significance than one of race or creed), pronounces candidly that we are below the mark. During his educational journey, the array of inspectors, sub-inspectors, clerks, and wards, took away his official breath. In elevators, ropes are examined twice a year, and renewed as often as every three months if necessary, and a certificate of soundness is demanded. Here we dispense with the certificate, the soundness, the change of rope, and the inspection. Our ropes are renewed after a few men are killed, but a rope which contents itself with the death of *one* man is not worth troubling about. We spend annually $2,000, where Boston spends $65,000, and New York $100,000. It is easy to add that Mr. Lacroix will recommend an inspection and an inspector for our elevators, and that the council will adopt the recommendation. What will be more difficult to add will be the good it will bring us. Only an additional blue-coat with blue buttons, a heavy moustache, and a fragrant cigar.

The Athletic Club House on the western slope of the mountain has the credit of introducing to Montreal a novelty which threatens to put a new freshness into the well-beaten track of popular entertainments. A company of 150 young people, boys and girls, known as Captain Clarke's Cadets from Guelph, were invited to perform in the Victoria Skating Rink, the only building we possess which is capable of the spasmodic elasticity necessary to convert on short notice accommodation for one thousand into abundance for five. The young people made a sensation by arriving in Pullman cars, in which they resided during their visit, marching to the rink in full regimentals—the boys in Higland dress, and the girls in a semi-military, semi-picturesque costume—and by charming old and young with their graceful, precise, pleasing, and unique performance. They had the compliment of having the National Standard (if we have one) hoisted on the City Hall in their honour, and of being publicly received by His Worship, the Mayor.

For some weeks arrangements have been under way to receive with befitting hospitality a complimentary visit from the Connecticut National Guards. An official request that their arms be passed the customs free was granted in Ottawa, but unfortunately the gentlemen did not arrive on the date of the request, and the permission was understood, though not interpreted, to be restricted to that day. Much getting up and down stairs of military boots was necessary to save our hospitable honour; and at length red-tapeism gave way. We keep always on hand a cut and ready stock of municipal toys and sweets, which are doled out with periodic regularity in shape of parades of fire brigades, steeple chases in a coach and pair, drives with games of marbles on the mountain top, etc. Our civic master of ceremonies is not paid for originality, and our public guests must take our taffy or go without. The good natured pretence of satisfaction exhibited by the Connecticut Guards was a courtesy which would not have been lost on us were we not consumed by a greed of foreign praise.

Our colleges are all at work again for the winter, each with promise of marked success. The Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Science and Law in McGill University opened with the customary ceremonies. In the Congregational Theological Hall the formal opening was graced by an eloquent and impressive discourse from the Rev. Dr. Mackennal, a delegate from the Congregational Church in England, and Mr. George Hague, who presided, had much pleasure in intimating that the college had grown beyond all expectation, and was now getting too small. Mr. Hague is not usually given to humour. The Wesleyan and Presbyterian Theological Halls each opens with more

students than formerly, and an addition to the staff of the former has been made by the appointment of Dr. Antliffe as Professor of Apologetics and Hebrew. In the Diocesan College Principal Henderson made the gratifying announcement that in eleven years they had gathered around them property to the value of $46,000, including an endowment of $17,000, and a library of two thousand volumes. He intimated his intention to organize a French department for evangelistic work, and suggested a variety of channels for liberality—annual subscriptions, bequests, prizes, scholarships, furniture and so on.

The public and official ceremonies of all our colleges, which ought to be looked forward to with something of mysterious awe, and with associations of dignity and intellect, are rapidly degenerating into periodic parades of financial incapacity.

Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen, having founded, in connection with the Royal College of Music in London, a Montreal Scholarship, which entitles the holder to two years' instruction and expenses, the Misses Walker and Moylan have been reaping the benefit of this generous provision. At a concert on the 1st inst., the two young ladies appeared before their old friends in Montreal, who came in unusually large and patriotic numbers to enjoy the growth and development of voices under such distinguished training. A delightful surprise was their reward. Miss Walker returns to England for another year, and Miss Moylan has already appropriated a studio and is open for engagements. The young ladies are both pupils of Mons. G. Conture, so well known as the conductor of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Conture gave a reception in honour of his two successful pupils, when they charmed a select but critical audience.

The Royal Victoria Hospital, a Queen's Jubilee Gift from our two generous Knights, is slow in bringing its gracious intentions within realization of an expectant public. Dissatisfaction about the site, difficulties in the way of harmonious co-operation with our existing hospital, and, perhaps, a not unnatural dash of unconcealed rivalry between the two Boards of Governors, have not yet been overcome. A special committee, whose duty has extended over a long period, has confessed itself incapable of coping with the situation. At a large meeting of the General Hospital Board on the 3rd instant, the members were divided mainly into two opinions: that with the existing difficulties the question of amalgamation be meantime left open for further and future action, and that it is not expedient that the said amalgamation take place. The chairman explained that a fusion of the two hospitals could be formed only on the following conditions: (1) That the main work be carried on in the General Hospital buildings in their present situation, and that these buildings should be extended; (2) that all the governors of the General Hospital should be governors of the proposed hospital, and that along with such governors as may afterwards be appointed, they should have the whole control of the united funds, properties, and management; (3) that the charter of the united hospitals should be somewhat similar to that of the present General Hospital, so as to make the united hospital, as the General Hospital now is, a popular institution; and (4) that if the amalgamation is to be effected at all, it must be so at once, as the greater the delay the greater the difficulty. As there seemed no immediate prospect of such conditions being accepted by the Royal Victoria, a resolution in favour of closing negotiations was carried by 31 to 25.

Ville Marie.

## *YEA, OR NAY?*

Low the sun slopes to the west;
In his heart is high unrest.

Rarest rose-tints flood the air;
Notes he but her golden hair.

Rose and amber glow the skies;
Truest blue are his love's eyes.

Vanished quite the god of day;
Will she say him yea? or nay?

Yearns the lover, hoping yet,
Margaret, fair Margaret!

Will she say him yea? or nay?
Will she say him yea?

Emily McManus.

## *A FEW WORDS MORE ABOUT MR. HOWELLS.*

Apropos of the discussion in recent numbers of The Week as to the merits of Mr. Howells, it might be observed that a similar discussion has for some time exercised our literary neighbours across the border, a noticeable feature thereof being the flood of criticism poured upon the so-called realistic school of fiction. What is meant by the term "realistic" is palpably not clear to some of the lusty critics from the South and West, but it is assumed, whether justly or not, that the tendency of realism in fiction is to describe only the bare and commonplace in life, to quench romance and draw most sparingly on sentiment.

The heads of the movement in America are understood to be Mr. Howells and Mr. James, and though the methods and subjects of these two writers are far from identical, they are both classed as realists, and are supposed to stand shoulder to shoulder in bearing the brunt of the attack.

Mr. James, possibly deeming discretion the better part of valour, has preserved a dignified silence; for though, it is true, he not long ago took occasion to refer to certain "purblind criticism," his reference was to art-criticism only, and he does not take up the cudgel in his own defence. Figuratively speaking, if so rude a figure can be applied to so fine a method, Mr. Howells has taken up the cudgels. From his authoritative position in the "Study" of *Harper's Magazine* he defends and undertakes to explain Realism. That he does so with tact, good temper and admirable literary skill no one will care to deny. Still, in the *Forum* for November last, a clever writer has pointed out inconsistencies in the logic of Mr. Howells' theory of criticism, and has shown that, in the province of criticism at least, the popular novelist can hardly be said to have arrived at first principles.

Whatever be Mr. Howells' shortcomings as a critic in his proper field—the field which he has chosen for his main work—he needs no teacher. What he undertakes to do as a novelist, he does with faithfulness and finish. Than he there is no more conscientious, no more successful writer. And when I speak of his success, I use the word in its best sense—I mean as an artist. Mr. Howells is consummately artistic. This feeling for finish, if I may so express it, this delight in perfection of form is, perhaps, the most characteristic thing about him. And the reader is throughout sensible of this thoroughness and shares the author's satisfaction. When one reads a perfect description, if it is only of a sea-shell, one naturally exclaims, "How good that is!" "Now that couldn't be done better!" and in reading Howells we are constantly making these little outcries. How fine, for example, in the opening chapter of "A Modern Instance" is the description of the village, with the gossips peering through their windows, when the sleigh with Bartley Hubbard and Marcia Gaylord passes down its one street, and what could be better than the touches, delicate, but all-sufficient, in that delightful story, "Dr. Breen's Practice." Of pictorial description Howells is a master. He has an artist's eye for form and colour, and a poet's power for rendering them. When he attempts to describe these things he is at his best, and no one can do better.

But, having said all this, when, after reading the last line of the last page, one has closed a book of Mr. Howells; when we have paid our meed of praise—"What dainty touches!" "How artistic, how perfect!" "No one can be cleverer than Howells," we say; but, after all, what remains? There is something this clever novelist has failed to do. We have laughed a little, or at least we have smiled; we have been interested, at times even a trifle anxious, but he has only touched the surface of our souls. Our spirits have not been quickened; we have not been swept by the storm of passion, nor stung to a divine frenzy of aspiration. Mr. Howells might indeed retort that we do not need the passion and can get along without the frenzy, but there are varieties of passion, and some of them we are better for having. All high enthusiasm and strong feelings, in their incipiency at least, have a certain sublimation. There certainly is passion and aspiration in life; it is the best of life—the "more life" that the poet cries for—and we demand that the novelist shall give us of it. We get the commonplace every day and all around us. He should realize for us in some sort the human beings we wish to see—we wish to be. He should lead us a step upward by the strength and beauty of his creations.

Now, it is here, it seems to me, that Mr. Howells fails. The greatest writers always have this moral power to stir the soul, and writers such as George Eliot, and Thackeray in a lesser degree, who had not reduced their art to such technical perfection as Mr. Howells, have been great by reason of it. Tolstoi, whom Mr. Howells cannot sufficiently admire, has it beyond any novel-writer, and Charles Egbert Craddock, unequal as she is in other respects, has imparted to her stories a rare charm by virtue of this quality.

Perhaps it would be unjust to Mr. Howells to say that he lacks the creative faculty, for his characters certainly have life, but there does seem something wanting in this respect. His characters are not so much creations, not so much *new-births*, as perfect representations. He has held the mirror up to nature, and may doubtless say that this is all that can reasonably be asked of him. But representation, I submit, is not the sole function of the novelist. Here, as everywhere else in nature, the law of selection should have scope and the novelist should choose the best subjects to reflect in his mirror. Everything does not require to be reflected or perpetuated. And is not the creative artist something more than a mirror? May not his mind be compared to an alembic, which having received the various impressions of visible nature, transforms and new-creates them, giving them back still true to nature in their harmonious proportions? Mr. Howells is marvellously faithful in his reproduction of that portion of society which passes before him; as a copyist of manners he is unrivalled, but we carry away the impression that his characters are not important enough. They lack moral depth. We do not ask that all of them should be fine persons, but it would be a great satisfaction if some of them were. In no character has Howells been more successful than in that of Bartley Hubbard, and Hubbard is a man almost entirely without moral sensibility. Of course Mr. Howells is quite aware of this, and has a very full appreciation of moral beauty, yet the fact remains that it is in such characters as Bartley Hubbard and Charles Bellingham that he comes nearest to perfection. Silas Lapham and Squire Gaylord are two of his stronger characters, that is, they are more important, have intenser natures, than the others, but though they command our sympathy we cannot yield them admiration and respect. We should not care very much to know either of them. Perhaps, after all, the hero cannot be spared from fiction. A novelist should occasionally introduce us to good company. We should like at least one or two fine persons in a book. Representation is not the only purpose of art; one of its purposes is the creation of beautiful and admirable types.

But for what Mr. Howells has given us we have reason to be thankful. The high place he occupies to day in American fiction he has fairly won. His faculty is still abundantly productive, and he may still improve upon what he has done. He is ever on the side of virtue and true manliness, and his sympathy is far-reaching. It is to be remembered also that in literary criticism, as in almost everything else, the last word always remains to be said.

J. H. Brown.

## *PARIS LETTER.*

Never did elections pass over so quietly, after the terrible Jericho trumpet blowings and Goliath challenges. The dynamite has exploded in pure loss. All the Chinese warfare—China before her age of telegraphs and railways understood—the China of tom-toms and of yawning-mouthed dragons—seems to have been limited to the bill-stickers and all the journals, save a few respectable exceptions. The native shrewdness of the French was crocodile-hide proof to all the electoral cayenne pepper and hot ginger with which it was plastered. M. Brisson was the only Government man elected right off at Paris, and as usual for his old ward. The reason is good to record. Like M. Tirard, his name has never been associated with anything questionable; there is nothing shady in his financial life; he has always remained politically clean and respectable. His life, looks and manners, are of Republican, of Spartan severity. He resides in a small department, on a fifth story, in the Rue Mazagran, a very modest by-street. His wife looks after the house; he is not rich, and yet he adopted the orphans of a fellow-deputy—M. Albert Joly. It is comforting to see the large heart of universal suffrage not oblivious of these claims.

The defeat of Jules Ferry surprised many, and gratified not a few. He was beaten on his native heath, too, and by a Monarchist; proof that local worthiness in a candidate can command the support of political opponents. However, he is too able a man to be left long out in the cold, and as his friends are in power, he cannot be kept remaining long. Clemenceau's is the most remarkable fall. He was at one time the idol of Montmartre at Paris; to escape being smashed, he, in 1885, sought a seat at Dragnignan, 620 miles from the metropolis, near the Mediterranean, from his old constituents. He has to undergo a second ballot; the chances are that he will be returned, but he may not be just the same. In any case he will be a chief without soldiers; but as he is a terrible speaker during a debate involving the life of a ministry, he could still influence many *hésitants*. Clemenceau owes his decline to applying logic to politics, and treating legislation as mathematical formulas. He relied on lobbying to sustain his leadership instead of keeping constantly before the public.

There were 360 candidates for the 47 legislative seats in Paris; 250 of these have now disappeared; as forgotten already as last year's snow, while they are occupied paying their little bills for having a shy at glory. Among the gross total, 19 candidates scored from one to twenty votes, and nine candidates a single vote each. On Sunday I left Paris early to *dejeuner* with a friend, buried sixty miles deep in the provinces, to see how the rurals voted, and he returned with me to town to witness how Parisians pass the evening of general election day. In the small village where I rested — of 6,000 inhabitants, the voting took place at the mayoralty. The village elector came to the urn clean shaved and in Sunday clothes, walking as grave and as staid as if at a first-class funeral. After discharging their civic duty they came forth again, head down, and with solemn gait, looking neither to right nor left, as if they had committed a culpable deed, instead of having performed the most salutary and manly of public duties. The French take their voting as Froissart said of the English and their amusements—sadly. It was a *sursum corda* on arriving at the Boulevards to hear 20,000 citizens chanting a Boulanger *refrain*, and three policemen threatening to take them all into custody for indulging in prohibited ministrelsy. The night was for fun; not for cracking heads—but jokes. Before leaving the village alluded to, I overheard two of the sovereign people in the rôle of senior wranglers: "You voted for X—that drinks wine as yourself—like a sponge." Retort courteous: "I did; he is a school-fellow; but if we were like you, bathing our stomachs in spring water, France would be more desolated than by the phylloxera." Then they exchanged pinches of snuff.

The Exhibition is getting ready its grave-clothes. Naturally this is the appropriate moment to visit all that suggests the *in memoriam*. The Annamites are as busy as sailors in their pagodas; never did their Brobdignag dragons' mouths look more yawning; they seem to become wider and fiercer, as the close of the show narrows in. The *bronzes* must be engaged at extra work, whether of the *Te Deum*, or *De Profundis* parallel, is a mystery to all save themselves and the *Pousse-Pousse* shaft boys. Not long ago I dropped on an old Annam employed with his own orchestra of a whistle and a chirrup, carving and inlaying a very significant strong box; it was his coffin.

For a moment I was taken back, till I remembered how Sara Bernhardt never travels without her coffin, which is sumptuously wadded and ornamented with lace. It appears that in Annam a coffin is the most treasured present a pupil can make to his schoolmaster, or a grandchild to his grandparents, or godfathers or godmothers. Then the whole duty of the man ever after is to decorate the article of mortuary furniture, and inscribe thereon lines of poetry, happy thoughts, or elegant extracts, perhaps from his favourite authors. It is a strange domestic utensil, or piece of furniture for an Annamite drawing-room; as it often is employed as a cupboard, and a sofa for visitors.

Not far from the Annam section, on the water side—close to the police cabin with "Succour to the Drowned" painted on the outside—is the tombstone or sepulchral section for moderns. There are headstones, sarcophagi, altar-tombs, models of vaults, all as attractive as marble and stone-cutters' taste can effect, to suit contemporary needs, and variety of purse. Perhaps you think the spot deserted? Quite the contrary; there is a brisk demand for illustrated catalogues and lowest prices; one exhibitor of granitic last *et ceteras*, has received several commands. *Requiescat in pace.*

In the archives section of the Exhibition is shown an order of the day in Gambetta's handwriting, nominating M. Carnot—now President, to his first public function—that of Prefect of Havre.

Base ingratitude; at the Congress of Alienists held at the Trocadero, a doctor read a paper in which he stated that 32 per cent of the people of Paris were lunatics. Z.

## *LIFE'S DITHYRAMB.*

Harp of the soul, thy magic strings
I sweep with fingers tipped with fire;
Thrilling thy chords a music rings
Sweet as the voice of Æolian lyre—
Timbre of Orphean witchery,
Soul of seraphic symphony!

Time, it is but the pulse of life,
Life, it is but the soul of song;
Pain is the sad, discordant strife
Of jarring notes, of right and wrong:
Pleasure, a rythmic rhapsody,
Love, an harmonious ecstacy.

Peace to thy passions, O my soul!
Listen to Nature's pulses beat:
Ripples of mystic music roll
Through ev'ry atom 'neath thy feet—
The voiceless music of the stars
Untimed by measured beats and bars.

Each star a note of purest tone
Breathes on the ether sea of space:
Throughout immensity, alone
It wanders on, nor leaves a trace—
But deathless as eternity
Its sad and soulless threnody.

How sweet the murm'ring of the rills
Up-springing in the human soul—
They sing of far-off hidden hills
Whence parting streams of music roll—
Ah, could the heart forget its sadness,
Then were all its music gladness!

The heart of man is but a lyre
And passion plays upon the strings;
Once touched and it can never tire—
The heart that feels, forever sings.
What varied voices have these rills,
Yet 'tis a single breath that thrills!

*Brantford, Ont.* Ruyter S. Sherman.

## *THE MONTREAL SEMINARIES.*

THERE are few cities in the world where the spirit of modern progress is more active than in Montreal. As a centre of population and commercial activity it takes rank as the first among the cities of Canada; while its prospect of further growth is all but assured, not only on account of its geographical position, but from the trading intuitions of its people. The city is unique in its site and in its landscape surroundings—extending as it does from the mountain's slope to the water's edge, and spreading east and west like a broad irregular crescent of red and gray along the base of the mountain's southern aspect. The scene on a clear summer's day is one not to be forgotten; and those who have ever beheld it can hardly wonder that Jacques Cartier regarded the locality as one of the best he had seen in the country for a permanent settlement, though to his eye there was little to be seen from the summit of the mountain but the forest lands near and beyond the river he was the first to navigate. Though since fostered by the commerce of the St. Lawrence into the dimensions of a large and growing mart, wherein awakes the daily recurring din of an industry that prospers, the place has lost nothing of the picturesque that made the intrepid navigator's heart leap for joy—nay, has no doubt gained in beauty as a striking panorama that one never tires of in a holiday walk up the mountain side. Seen from Mountain Park—at first in glimpses from the avenue and through the maple groves, and at last as a whole from the highest prospect point — the streets running north and south extend from the rural-like mansion retreats of the wealthy, past the terraced dwellings of the industrious bread-winners, down to the very heart of warehouse dust and turmoil; while those extending east and west, until they become a straggling fringe of houses in the distance, mark, as in the diagram of an oral lesson, in lines running parallel with the river's breast-work, the gradations of labour from the factory to the warehouse, from the humblest abode to the home of comfort and ease. The routine of buildings, as seen from above is that of any city built upon the level; yet the domes and towers and numerous spires break in upon the panoramic regularity and add to the interest of the picture to the holiday rambler who is familiar with the streets below. But it is not in the view of the city proper that there is more than ordinary attractiveness. The city itself is but the foreground to a wider prospect. The river with its forests of masts and its seaport bustle on the one side, and its villages and rural retreats on the other, with its islets above, where the rapids rush and roar, and St. Helen's below, where the current is swift and strong, with the canal-locks near, and the great iron bridge beyond, is but the seeming of a silver gray ribbon that runs through the broad and fertile plain of which Mount Royal is the outlook. Away in the distance, where Belleisle, and one or two other mound-like crust upheavals form a resting point for the eye, while it finds its limits in the dim outline of the highlands of Vermont, and nearer at hand, where woodlands and meadows and rich cornfields run for miles behind St. Lambert, Longueuil, and Caughnawaga, there is to be seen repeated the picture of St. Charles's Plain where

> The covering hamlets dotted o'er the glebe
> Bright emblems of Acadian peace and joy,
> Bespeak themselves the havens of a rest
> That hovers, like an angel, in the air.

With such an extensive picture to admire amid the rural sweetness of the mountain side, is it any wonder that the citizens of Montreal take a pride in the city, which with its many semblances of the *rus in urbe* within its borders, is in itself a veritable *urbs in ruri*.

And of the many palace-like edifices which tower above the architectural routine of the nearer panorama as seen from Mount Royal, there are perhaps not any, around which there centres more interest than the two educational institutions which have seemingly sought refuge within the shadows of the mountain, away from the rush of commerce which echoes on the slope below. The story of the College of Montreal precedes that of McGill College, though it is from the annals of these two institutions, the one with the other, that there is to be traced the history of the origin of the city and its progress after; for while the record of the one takes us back to the time when Maisonneuve leaped ashore on the site of Notre Dame Street to found a city, so the tale of the early struggles of the other takes us back to the time when men were turning away from the rougher intermittent life of the colonist to the more permanent experiences of the citizen who takes a pride in the city where fortune has smiled on him, and seeks to adorn it with the wealth he has acquired but which is theirs in common.

In the educational enterprise of the Sulpicians of Montreal, there is to be seen something of Laval's after-project in Quebec. As there were the two seminaries in Quebec, so were there two in Montreal—*Le Grand Seminaire* for the education of the priesthood, and *Le Petit Seminaire* for the classical training of the sons of the more wealthy colonists, or for youths destined for a professional life. The Sulpicians who settled in Montreal were an offshoot from a society of priests in France, which had been founded in 1642 by Jean Jacques Olier, the young curè of the church of St. Sulpice in Paris. Seized with the activity of the followers of Loyola, he had not only founded a seminary of priests in his own parish, but was successful in establishing branches of it in some of the provincial towns. He did not live, however, to witness the maturity of all his plans, though he was able before he died to arrange for the extension of his mission across the Atlantic, and to bestow upon Montreal the benefit of his enthusiasm and foresight.

Maisonneuve arrived in Canada in 1642, the year in which the society of St. Sulpice was founded. He came as the pioneer of the "Fifty Associates." His mission was twofold,—to establish a trading station nearer the fur-trade than Quebec, and to entice, as far as possible, the aborigines into the fold of the church. The site of the station had been agreed upon,—a site which had been favourably spoken of ever since Cartier's return from the last of his voyages; while in furtherance of the second object of the enterprise there accompanied the new governor as far as Montreal, Mademoiselle Mance, and Madame de la Peltrie—names familiar in the long list of devout women whose courage and religious zeal have left a golden page in the history of Canada.

But Maisonneuve soon found it necessary to seek further alliance in the interests of religion and education. The first fifteen years of Montreal was a rough experience of gain without progress—gain to the traders, but little of permanency in the way of living; and at last Maisonneuve was obliged to approach the curè of St. Sulpice to come to his assistance. By this time the congregation de Notre Dame, for the instruction of girls had been established as well as the Hotel-Dieu. But more than this was required. What the Jesuits were in Quebec, the St. Sulpicians might become in Montreal; and letters patent were issued giving the latter a grant of the whole island on which Montreal was situated. The gift was eagerly accepted by Olier, and in 1657 a company of his followers—three in number—sailed for New France, to take possession of the property. These were Gabriel de Quelus, Gabriel Souard and Dominique Galinèe—the first of their order to exercise feudal lordship over what has since become the prosperous centre of a great confederation.

From such an origin has sprung the wealthy corporation which has out of its increasing revenues built several churches, two colleges, and a number of elementary schools. The first of the colleges was, as has been said, organized exclusively for the training of priests and missionaries. The second, or *Le Petit Seminaire*, was the first classical school established in Montreal. It was opened under the name of St. Raphael's College in 1773, and had its classrooms in a building previously the property of Governor Vaudreuil, which stood in what is now known as Jacques Cartier square. Six years before this there had been a school opened in the presbytery of Longue Pointe under the auspices of the curè of the parish, but was closed when the Sulpicians obtained possession by purchase of a more suitable building for school purposes from the governor, and placed the curè of Longue Pointe in charge of it. The school had a very successful career. But thirty years afterwards the building in which it was conducted was destroyed by fire, and temporary quarters were provided for the pupils in *Le Grand Seminaire* until a new edifice had been erected. The new building was opened in 1806. It was situated on William Street, and from the date of its opening was known as the college of Montreal. For nearly half a century the institution remained in this part of the city until its removal to the more commodious premises, built for it within the precincts of *Le Grand Seminaire* situated at the south-east side of the mountain. The amalgamated institution has long been considered to be one of the largest and most complete of its kind in Canada. No expense has been spared in equipping it with all the modern appliances for school work. It is the largest of all the educational organizations in the province of Quebec for the higher education of the French-speaking section of the community, and a long list of the most distinguished of the public men of the country have had their names as students inscribed on its books.

But, as has been said, the enterprise of the Sulpicians, likewise extended to the organization and support of elementary schools. The first of these schools were probably held in or near the college building. Francis de Belmont is said to have been the first master to open a school under their auspices. This was in 1664. Jean Jacques Talbot was another of the early schoolmasters of the city, among whom may be named De la Faye, Ramuyer, Remi, and Girard. All these had schools under the supervision of the Seminary authorities. Indeed before the arrival of the Christian Brothers, the Sulpicians opened primary schools in all the city districts and even in the suburbs. There was a school in the Bonsecours Church, another in the Church of the Recollets, as well as a large graded school opposite the seminary building itself. There were also schools opened at St. Henri, Côte des Neiges and Cote de la Visitation. The school opposite the Seminary had its origin in 1686, when an association was organized by some of the citizens for the providing of elementary instruction for boys. The school was a simple wooden structure at first, but in a few years the seminary having come into possession of it, took the structure down and erected a stone building on its site, for the accommodation of two schools. This building stood until 1858, when it was displaced by a large new parish lecture-hall. Of the two schools conducted in it one was called *la grande école*, perhaps from the more advanced character of the work. Its first master was Jean Martineau, who, after a labour of thirty years, was succeeded by Hugh Paisley. These schools were free. In 1796, there was another school established on St. Lawrence Street under the same auspices, and having for its head-master Father Lucet, who for nearly fifty years was perhaps the best known schoolmaster among French-speaking boys in Montreal. As has been said of him, he was more severe than learned, and more pious than enlightened, though he seemed to understand perfectly well the requirements of the times and the locality. In 1789, the attendance at these schools conducted at the expense of the seminary numbered more than three hundred children. Indeed the Sulpicians inaugurated a system which could not well escape the attention of the Dorchester commission and probably the supervision they exercised so successfully over their elementary schools had something to do, as an example, with the outlined prerogatives of the Royal Institution, to whose organization attention must now be turned, leading, as it did, to the taking over of many of the elementary schools in the townships and elsewhere in the province for purposes of supervision, and the immediate oversight of McGill College in its earlier days.

J. M. Harper.

## *AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM THE ROCKIES.—V.*

BEFORE leaving Vancouver and its brilliant prospects, it would be well to mention the new impetus given to that already thriving place by the discovery of coal under the land south of False Creek. It was known to be in existence at some depth, but now it has been actually reached at a depth of one thousand feet, and has already caused an appreciable rise in the value of land in the vicinity. A friend tells me he has an offer for eighty acres of three times the amount he gave for them in consequence of this discovery.

Turning like a good Mussulman towards the East, and commencing the long return journey to Toronto, a distance of nearly three thousand miles, one is tempted to moralize

on the pomps and vanities, etc., when we see how like these communities of men are to individuals, and we are reminded of the old saying that every society of men is a man, for as every individual man is inclined to magnify his capacity and his possibilities, so each of these communities sees a wonderful future opening up before it. One hears how, if only such a railway were built, such a harbour deepened, or a few locks constructed, astonishing results would follow and the small place of to-day become a great metropolis; then it follows as a matter of course that that mysterious power, the Government, should do these several things without delay or they should be voted out and a more liberal Government voted in. As the ladies say, "How like a man!" the fact being that the *auri sacra fames* actuates the compound man much as it does the individual. These sage reflections are caused by the current talk at all the small places along the line of railway, each of which looms up before the mental vision (as pictured by the inhabitants) just about to become the metropolis of the plains or the mountains or the province or the world.

Not that many of them have not good and substantial reasons for their hope and expectation. Such is the case with Revelstoke, at which place I stopped on my return journey to secure studies of the rushing Illecillewaet where it foams and roars through a rocky canyon some three miles from Revelstoke, and to try and pourtray Mt. Begbie lifting his glaciers above the flying clouds, while the sun shone over the broad valley of the Columbia now in the gorgeous colouring of the last of September.

This pushing little place with the historical, manorial, Walter Scott and Harrison Ainsworth kind of name, with its three hundred or so inhabitants (modestly enlarged to fifteen hundred by an enthusiastic admirer and inhabitant) is on the high road to fame and fortune, as well as to Kootenay, Cariboo and Alaska. Situated on the navigable portion of the Columbia, it has access to the Kootenay and Cariboo mining districts, to the East and West by the C.P.R., and it hopes, in that grand and illimitable future which is the field of hope to embryo cities, to be on the great Alaska Railway. Already the busy hum of a shingle mill is heard and a large smelter is in course of erection, while the *Kootenay Star*, a weekly paper, conducted with ability by Mr. H. McCutcheon, is printed and published here. It was from this gentleman I learned of the projected great Alaska Railway which starting from a point on the north Pacific and running up the Columbia and Kootenay valleys, and crossing the C.P.R. at Revelstoke, is to connect with the Asiatic line now building at Behring Sea and thus to terminate at Paris in France Senator Stanford of California has been to Revelstoke and then and there dropped the prediction that this line of which he is the promoter will be built within twenty-five years. The idea seems to be that the United States Government will assist to the amount of fifty thousand a mile, which makes an estimated total of sixty million dollars. This, says Mr. McCutcheon, is not likely to be the case until a league of perpetual peace is established between the great English-speaking races, so perhaps after all, twenty-five years is a low estimate. In the meantime Revelstoke is looking forward to being an important town situated at the crossing of the railways, on the Columbia River, at the opening of the Kootenay and Cariboo mining districts, possessed already of a smelter and shingle-mill, a post-office that opens for business between 9 to 10 in the morning and a wonderful structure that is at once Town Hall, Church, Sunday-school and School-house. What wonder if expectation rises high and things begin to boom!

From an artistic point of view, too, Revelstoke stands well, situated on the bank of the Columbia River, looked down upon by Mts. Begbie and Twin Butte, close to the pretty lakes in Eagle Pass and the lower canyon of the Illecillewaet with its perpendicular cliffs and thundering waterfalls. It has other claims beside mining on the attention of the travelling public, and if it were a little nearer to anywhere would probably become a favourite summer resort and be over-run with tourists, summer boarders, *et hoc genus omne*, which is the height of the ambition of most small country places.

After sketching Mt. Begbie and the canyon, I proceeded to Donald and explored the mountain region to the north to some extent, finding from the heights a splendid view of the distant Selkirks to the west. Donald, I found, had passed the period of frivolous and giddy youth when it was rather proud than otherwise of the title of *Little Hell*, and it is now entering on the serious stage of its existence. Three well-built and well-attended churches now attest the change, and although a good number of people have left the place so that the population is now about five hundred instead of seven hundred, it is very probable that it is just that portion of the population that the town can do very well without, and those who remain are they who are in earnest and will build up the place. It is well situated, the summer climate is pleasant, and vegetables of all kinds grow and flourish, but in winter the snow is sometimes six or seven feet deep on the level which seriously impedes locomotion; the people, however, think but little of this, as they told me that farther west in Rogers' Pass it is sometimes nearer to fifty feet deep, so by comparison they have an easy time of it.

On resuming my journey I was much pleased to find the veteran and renowned landscape painter Albert Bierstadt on the car. Although nearly twenty years had passed since I last saw him, I found him as enthusiastic and energetic in the pursuit of art as ever, and as genial and delightful to converse with, so that I parted from him at Laggan with regret.

He had been sketching at the glacier, and expressed himself as delighted with the scenery, saying that it compared very favourably with the Swiss mountains, being wilder and more fresh from the hand of nature, as in Switzerland every available piece of land in the mountains is cultivated, while chalêts are perpetually intruding themselves among the wildest scenes.

Passing Calgary, where the first snow-storm of the season was just over, after covering the ground for a week, I came once more through the prairie region, and in due time reached Port Arthur, where the good ship *Alberta* was waiting to take me and other wandering Torontonians back to our home. By the way, wherever I go I always find some Toronto faces. They seem to be ubiquitous, and I fancy, that like myself, the more places they see and visit, the more highly they esteem the flourishing Queen City on the lake, and the more glad they are to return to it. It is an admirable trait in a man's character, this loyalty to his home, and I feel a deep admiration for a man I met out west who told me that he had been right through to Banff, Vancouver and San Francisco, and had seen all there was to see, and it had only made him more contented with his home, and he was going back satisfied that there was no place that could at all compare with Sarnia!

After my long and arduous journey, my camping-out and struggling, sometimes I confess ineffectually, with the mysteries of the *cuisine* on the banks of the rapid Bow, my mountain-climbing and weary wanderings through a tangled forest, the quiet voyage across Lake Superior and Georgian Bay in the well-appointed *Alberta*, with the social chat at meal times, the volunteered and very enjoyable singing in the evenings, the elaborate *ménu*, and the delights of rest and having nothing to do, all this was such an agreeable contrast that even the presence of the Rev. Mr. Enderton by some means escaped from Frank Stockton's tale of Mrs. Aleshire, and there *in propria persona* could not alloy. This gentleman had come on to the train at or near Brandon, and I came across him bitterly complaining that the Railway Company had not provided a towel for him.

In conclusion I am satisfied that in the country I have traversed there are boundless possibilities and opportunities without number for men of enterprise to carve for themselves fortunes out of the wilderness; the enormous tracts of level grass lands waiting for the plough; thousands of acres of fine timber all through the mountain district; numberless mines of coal, iron, lead, copper, silver and gold; and rising towns calling for tradesmen of all descriptions. These are a cause of congratulation on the one hand, but on the other, the greedy speculator holding back the land or mine from use till he shall have his pound of flesh, the discontented immigrants returning in disgust to their own lands or fleeing south to the United States, and the lazy thriftless Indian loafing about, except when destroying the few remaining animals of the chase, cause pain and sorrow to the mind.

But, on the whole, a country of wonderful capabilities is lying comparatively useless, soon, let us hope, to be the home of hundreds and thousands of happy and contented human beings now living the lives of serfs in the old countries of Europe. May it not be long before they learn to appreciate the blessings in store for them!

T. Mower Martin.

## *SONNETS.*

### REGRET.

Could I have known the measure of the days
By that just will allotted to us here—
How brief the journey gladdened by thy cheer,
By tender dalliance and fond delays—
How had I bid my sun of love with rays
More sweet to fall about thee! how been near
More oft to softly chide the falling tear
And soothe misgiving with a lover's praise!
How tremulously o'er thy steps had I
As thine own angel hovered, had I thought
Thou could'st so swiftly vanish from the way!
But ah! I had not dreamed that *thou* could'st die;
That this so soon must be my lonely lot,
Without thy needful presence night and day!

### ASPIRATION.

I lift my heart to that blest altitude
Where thou dost move on nobler errands bent,
Fainting no more 'neath that calm firmament
O'er which th' eternal light doth sweetly brood;
For, as thy Lord, thou still wert doing good,
Thy human span in precious deed was spent;
And there are hearts to mourn thee, ill-content
They can but weep thy lost beatitude:
Yet stoop once more, O sacred soul, to mine
So blissful wedded! Brood o'er my low path,
So dusky, tearful, ease this painful lack!
Shall the dread night shrink where thy light may shine?
The mirkest mid-hour no vain terror hath
When thy celestial beauty brightens back.

Arthur John Lockhart.

## *EDUCATION IN ANCIENT EGYPT.*

THE first state to recognize the necessity of education was ancient Egypt. The period referred to here is from B. C. 4000 to the time of Christ; but it is only of about fifteen hundred years of this period—B. C. 2530-1000 that we know the educational conditions. But education here was not popular education. The ancient Egyptians had no care of the populace; they educated only their officials. The government consisted of the departments of state, treasury, and justice. Each of these departments had its own schools, in which young men were trained for the work of the department; but it is only of the treasury schools that we know anything, and of these we do not know any details. Beside these department schools of the general government, there was a number of department schools in the various nomes into which Egypt was divided.* These schools did not purpose to give their pupils a liberal education, but merely to train up competent officials, and in this they succeeded admirably. The efficiency of the various departments is traceable, to a great extent, to the excellent training their officials received in these schools.

It is a significant fact that all boys, rich and poor, of lofty or humble birth, were received into these schools. In the earliest times, boys born on the same day with the prince royal were educated together with him; but in later times this custom was stopped, possibly because the prince royal attended the same department schools as those of humbler parentage. No distinction of castes existed, and no discrimination was made, either by the teachers or the government, between scribes (*i. e.*, students or officials) of lofty birth and those of humbler antecedents. It is true that in ancient Egypt, as everywhere else, influence went a great way after a young man had entered the actual service of the government; but it is equally true that specially efficient officials of lowly birth advanced step by step to the highest offices in the gift of the government. All, the rich as well as the poor, advanced step by step from the lower offices to the higher, the prince royal being compelled to go through the same course of training and to advance through the same offices as the labourer's son, though, of course, his progress was more rapid, and in the end he attained to higher offices than his humbler companions, there being certain offices open to him alone. But, with this single exception, the poor man's son could by efficiency accomplish the same results as the rich man's and the prince's son. The only test was efficiency, and this test was applied most rigidly and in a thoroughly democratic manner, giving all an equal chance.

It was, furthermore, left entirely to the option of a young man or his parents what occupation he should fit himself for. If the father was a treasury official, a priest, or an officer, it did not necessarily follow that the son should also be a treasury official, a priest, or an officer; nor yet, if the father was a merchant, mechanic, or farmer, did it necessarily follow that the son should also be a merchant, mechanic, or farmer. In some families we find several members in the government service; while others, having no titles, were private citizens engaged in civic pursuits. As a further confirmation of this fact, we have a didactic poem, written by a certain Daauf, in which he advises his son Pepy to become a scribe—*i. e.*, a government official. In this exceedingly interesting poem he sketches the misery of all that are not in the service. His sketches are of course prejudiced, as he seeks to influence his son to enter the government service; but, nevertheless, the poem plainly shows the choice of occupation was left to the young man. The poem closes with a couplet that was often quoted in later writings:

> Lo, there is no class that is not governed;
> Only the scribe; he is a governor!

The Egyptians were *stern utilitarians*, and thus they esteemed learning, not for its own sake, but merely for the *practical* advantages it conferred upon its happy possessor. They were not intellectualists and idealists, like the ancient Greeks, nor yet were they seekers after truth, like our modern scholars. They were practical men, and sought to attain learning for practical ends. They devoted themselves to their studies in order to fit themselves for the government service. They argued much in the line of Daauf's old poem. The burden of all they have written on the subject is always the same: The scribe alone is free; he need do no manual labour, but leads a pleasant and agreeable life; the government provides for him. And, then, to think of all the honours he may attain to! The diligent scribe is sure to rise, and may even gain princely rank. But to attain this he must be diligent. "Work, work, study, study, grind, grind," is also a continuous burden of this class of writings.

Boys intended for the government service entered the school at a very early age. The course of instruction was very simple. The first care of the teacher was to initiate the young scribe into the mysteries of the art of writing. After he had mastered the first difficulties, he was given older texts to copy. These texts were moral treatises, older poems, fairy tales, religious and mythical writings, and letters. It is to this fact that we owe the preservation of the greater part of the literary remains of ancient Egypt. When one of these school-boys died, the copies he had written, that could be of no earthly use to any one else, were buried with him. From these old books that he copied he learned to form his own style; he learned the grammar and syntax of his beautiful language; he became acquainted with its vast stock of moral precepts, religious and mythical traditions, and with the unnumbered poems and tales that undoubtedly abounded, and of which the

*Egypt was not always what it appears in historic times, a political whole; on the contrary, we have abundant proof that it was for a long while divided into two nations, the north and south countries, which were by Mena, about B. C. 4000, united under one sceptre, much as Sweden and Norway are to-day. Each of these two countries, again, was a composite product, the resultant of the union of various small districts which we are accustomed to call *nomes*. These nomes retained all through antiquity a certain autonomy, having their own governments modelled after the general government, and their hereditary rulers.

merest fragments have come down to us. Two classes of writings were preferred for this purpose, moral precepts and letters. It was considered absolutely indispensable to inculcate on the minds of the pupils vast numbers of moral precepts. Letter-writing was considered a high and difficult art, and the pupils needed very special preparation in it. Often these copies took the form of correspondence between master and pupil, the letters being sometimes copied from older ones, sometimes invented for the purpose by the teacher. The pupil wrote three pages a day, and the teacher examined his copy with great care, often writing for him the correct form of the letters on the margin, and sometimes expressing his approbation by writing under the copy the word *nofer*—good. The boys wrote only on one side of the papyrus, often using the other side for rough notes, for first draughts of letters, for practising more difficult forms of writing; or they drew all sorts of pictures on it, as their fancy dictated.

School was out at noon, but the boy was not then free. He had to assist in the department work all the afternoon, thus learning his duties practically, and being of real use to the government while still a school-boy. The teachers were older officials of the same department, under whose care and instruction the boys were placed, and the same teacher conducted the entire education of a young man, teaching him the first rudiments of writing, initiating him into the practical work of the department, and, even after the young man had become an official himself, remaining his counsellor and friend.

Discipline was very strictly maintained. The pupils, who seem to have been entirely under the care of the department, were not allowed to sleep long. Corporal punishment stood in great renown, and the fundamental principle of Egyptian pedagogics was, "The boy has a back; if you beat him on this he will hear." But whipping was not the severest punishment. Specially refractory pupils were bound to the block, and we hear of a youth who suffered this punishment for three months until he was subdued. This strictness is based on a rather curious theory. The argument is: All animals—horses, lions, dogs, hawks—can be tamed, and a certain animal from Ethiopia can be taught to speak and sing; why can not a young scribe be tamed in like manner? But since men and animals are not exactly one and the same thing, the teachers also used "moral suasion," as we would say. The pupil is constantly pursued with moral precepts, and good advice. He is continually admonished to be diligent and obedient, lest he be beaten, for "a boy's ears are situated on his back."

Another principle of Egyptian pedagogics was that the pupils should be but scantily fed. Three rolls and two mugs of beer must suffice for a day, and these the boy's mother brings him every day, and she certainly never forgot to add some slight gift for the teacher. When in the times of the new empire (1530 to B. C. 1000 ) Egypt became a military nation, she needed trained officers to lead her troops. These officers were looked upon as officials, as scribes, and their official title was "army-scribes." They were educated in a special school attached to one of the departments, which one we do not know, nor do we know what special course of training they went through.

These schools were maintained by the government for its own purposes; but there was also a large number of theological schools connected with the various temples, and each temple trained up its priests in its own peculiar doctrines. These temple schools seem to have held in ancient Egypt much the same position that the various theological seminaries hold here. There are cases on record showing that young men first graduated from one of the department schools before entering the temple school, and this may have been the regular course.

The ancient Egyptians were acquainted with the sciences of medicine, astronomy, and mathematics, and were good practical engineers and miners. Medicine was, of course, in a very crude and primitive state, though the "Papyrus Ebers" shows some knowledge of anatomy and pathology. Astronomy had been somewhat further advanced. The ancient Egytians had discovered the zodiac, grouped the stars in constellations, and had devised a means, although crude, of determining the position of the various stars in the heavens; but they seem not to have distinguished the stars from the planets. Their mathematical knowledge was extremely crude and primitive. They could add and subtract, but multiplication and division were very cumbersome, owing to the fact that they could multiply only by 2, and that division resolved itself into the problem of finding by what number the divisor must be multiplied in order to produce the dividend. Of fractions they only knew those whose numerator is 1, except the fraction $\frac{2}{3}$. Geometry and mensuration were also practised. In their surveys they based their operations on the right-angled triangle.

Of these sciences, medicine and astronomy were probably taught in the temple schools—certainly the former, for all physicians were priests. Engineering and mining were, in all probability, taught practically. Where or how mathematics was taught we do not know. It is, however, a curious fact that while we possess no other Egyptian text-books, we do possess text-books of medicine and mathematics. The great medical "Papyrus Ebers" is a collection of diagnoses and prescriptions calculated to assist the general practitioner as well as to instruct the student. A mathematical text-book has been published by Eisenlohr.

Such is as complete a sketch as can be given of Egyptian education. It is to be borne in mind that it was under control of the government, that it was thoroughly democratic, that its fundamental principle was utility, and its purpose to train scribes, priests, physicians, and officers for the state service, not to form scholars. It is significant in this connection that no mention is made of the education of girls. In the times of the new empire (B. C. 1530 and after) we met with workingmen who are able to read and write, and no doubt the merchants, mechanics, and farmers that composed the wealthy middle class were educated. It may be supposed that the government taught its master-workmen to read and write, two accomplishments they needed to properly fulfil their functions; but where and how the merchants, mechanics, and farmers, if they were educated, got their education, we can not even conjecture. The state certainly did not educate them, since it could in its estimate derive no benefit from them, and the idea of popular education never occurred to the state.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—I.

*To the Editor of* THE WEEK:

SIR,—In THE WEEK for July 26, there is an article on this subject, by M. A., who has evidently thoughtfully considered the question. There are several points which, owing to limited space, he has not referred to, and one or two which I believe have never been noticed before, and which I venture to observe upon.

The French Revolution (including the wars arising therefrom, and other clear consequences affecting the civilized world at the present time) is so great a question, that to do justice to the subject would require a volume and the pens of many writers, each an authority in his own domain. I only venture to notice a very few points.

It is always stated as a fact admitting of no doubt, that the Revolution was certain to have happened, and that even so late as three or four years beforehand nothing could have prevented it. This is a great error. It is like saying that any great calamity arising from a variety of causes, but mainly owing to man's incapacity and carelessness, was, nevertheless, certain to have happened, notwithstanding the presence of a man armed with all needful powers to prevent it. But how if instead of looking on with folded arms he had exerted such preventive powers? Take the case of the Johnstown disaster in Pennsylvania. We might just as well say that the embankment was bound to burst, and that 4,000 lives were certain to have been lost. The main causes of this disaster were:—

1. The faulty embankment which, judged by the English standard, was defective in construction, and should have been higher and proportionately stronger. If ten feet higher, it would have meant a vastly increased escape of water over the by-wash, besides an additional storage of over nineteen millions of cubic yards of water. Practically the water would never have risen to the top. Once flowing over the top of an earthen embankment, the latter was certain to be washed away. In England railway bridges are built to bear six times their estimated breaking weight. So with such reservoirs the embankments should greatly exceed the storage due to all possible rainfalls.

2. Many years ago the embankment had been pierced with several very large pipes to allow of the flow of water into canals. These had been closed, and no provision made to open them if required. Had they been found adequate in the hour of need the disaster would not have occurred.

3. The by-wash should have been wider. If ten feet wider, then long before the water reached the top of the embankment there would have been an escape of 30,000 cubic feet per minute. The disaster would then have been impossible.

4. Another cause outside of human carelessness or negligence was this—there had been a fall of rain in that region, unequalled during this century. But constructors of public works should always allow for unlikely adverse contingencies.

5. A too late and inefficient endeavour was made to save the dam. Somewhat late on the morning of the disaster, and a few hours before it burst, and when the water was within a few inches of the top, Colonel Unger set some men to dig a trench three feet wide, three feet deep, and twenty feet long, to carry off the surplus water. When it was finished they all thought the valley was saved; but the trench was found to be too small. Had they started three hours earlier and dug three trenches instead of one, the embankment, with all its faults, would have stood.

Here we see that almost as late as the twelfth hour a very little more energy and common sense would have prevented a dreadful catastrophe. Of course under any circumstances the floods below would have been terrible, but not the hundredth part of the lives lost would have been sacrificed, and but a small proportion of the pecuniary loss. So it was with the French Revolution.

Napoleon, a thoroughly practical ruling man, put the whole case in a nutshell. Bourienne relates that during the Consulate an ex-priest, in Napoleon's presence, called Louis XVI. a tyrant. Napoleon replied, "He was not a tyrant; had he been one you would now be saying mass, and I should be a sub-lieutenant of artillery."

Consider Bonaparte's scornful anger when he witnessed the attack upon the Tuileries on the 10th of August, where the faithful Swiss guards, forbidden to defend themselves or the king, were delivered over to be murdered. Had they been allowed by the king to act, or had their commander possessed sufficient moral courage (greatly lacking in the Celtic races) to disobey suicidal orders, the organized criminals, in Bonaparte's firm belief, would have been totally routed with great loss, and then the orderly part of the population (the vast majority) finding at last that they could really depend upon some one, would have rallied to the side of order, and matters would have gradually returned to a normal condition.

All that the king had got to do was to govern, not to look on with folded arms and to suffer outrage and crime to grow from the seeding to the harvest. So far as the reforms desired by the king in the pre-revolutionary era, time was on his side, but he had not sufficient energy to forcibly carry them out against obstacles, many of them caused by so-called reformers.

The king would not rule firmly himself, nor let any one else firmly rule. He would not steer the ship himself, or suffer another to steer. Hence it drifted on to the rocks. Kind-hearted, just, anxious to benefit his subjects, yet very deficient in firmness, he was, without exception, the most incapable ruler in Europe for a great crisis. The Revolution was impossible with any European ruler but Louis XVI.

Take the average case of an eighteenth century despotic European monarch, one who cared nothing for his subjects. His revenue is deficient and his minister reports that this trouble can be got rid of by ordering certain classes then exempt to pay their share of taxation. The ruler cares nothing for the people or for the justice of the case, but much for his own comfort and ease of mind, and decrees the required taxation; and if any body of lawyers like the Parliament of Paris obstruct, he silences them; and the exchequer is replenished. It was the deficits that caused the States General to be convoked. Is it possible to conceive greater imbecility in a ruler who virtually said, "I and my ministers who have had experience don't know what to do, and we call upon you who have had no experience, and who know nothing of the difficulties of government, to instruct us what to do. We call upon the blind to lead the half-blind." For no proper programme was made, all was left to chance with an excitable race, without any previous training.

Given a sailing-ship, half seaworthy, seeking to make a port which is beset with rocks and shoals, some of the crew mutinous, and the captain unable to command the ship or crew, nor any of his officers either, should we be astonished if the ship were lost? It would be a a miracle if it were saved.

One little heeded cause of the Revolution was that pointed out by Lecky, namely, the conduct of the Parliament of Paris—a non-elective body composed of lawyers. They latterly claimed the right that no new tax could be imposed without their consent. During the reign of Louis XV. they had been banished from Paris, and thus rendered impotent for obstruction. When Louis XVI. came to the throne he, from the kindness of his heart, recalled them, and they acted like the Irish Parnellites in the British House of Commons—obstructed useful measures. The king, who had a feeble will, in his fitful and weak endeavours to extend taxation to those previously exempt, was defeated by these patriotic obstructionists, the majority of whom lost their lives in the Reign of Terror which they had unwittingly helped to bring about.

If the king, like an average ruler, had had sufficient firmness to decree the abolition of exemptions from taxation, notwithstanding the Parliament of Paris, or any other body, and to carry it out, there would have been no revolution. Of course other large reforms were urgently needed. One after another these sorely needed reforms would have been made—as it was there had been many such. In a very few years, with so kind-hearted and well-intentioned a king, France would have been ruled by a limited monarchy somewhat similar to that of England, for at that time there was a great desire to imitate English institutions.

Edmund Burke, quoting from Neckar, shews that the annual deficit just before the revolution was only £2,200,000 (about one-fourth of what it now is under the Third Republic), and that the population of France was a little under 25,000,000, therefore the deficit was only about forty-two cents per head.

One of the revolutionary legends is that France was wantonly attacked by other nations, and fought only in self-defence. The king strongly opposed the declaration of war against the Emperor of Germany—the first war, as also did Robespierre. Space does not allow of evidence proving that France was the aggressor, but the following fact will suffice for all fair-minded people on this side of the Atlantic:

After the French Republic had wantonly declared war against England and Holland, the French rulers applied to the United States for assistance. Washington submitted all the facts to three of his Cabinet ministers with this question, "Is the war in which France is engaged an offensive or a defensive war?" All three replied, "It is an offensive war." And Washington was also of the same opinion.

Some of the consequences of the French Revolution I take to be, politically, stormy instead of fair weather, the seeking of real reforms and sham reforms by violence and crime instead of by moral methods. About the year 1789 there was a general improvement in mildness, and a widely-spread idea among the ruling classes of various countries as to the advisability of needed reforms. The revolution and its attendant excesses produced a reaction in the minds of

men, and retarded reforms of all sorts for more than a generation.

Louis XVI. was a peaceable, unambitious man, and allied by marriage to the then German Emperor. His family also were unambitious. Had there been a healthy political growth we should now see Louis XX. on the French throne. and we should have had comparatively very few European wars, and those not so destructive. It is needless to say that the present excessive European armaments would have no existence.

Pitt was a free trader. We certainly should have had free trade in England at least fifty years earlier than it happened, and almost every one of our great reforms would have taken place a generation earlier In 1789 the English national debt was about £250,000,000 and in the absence of great wars it is unlikely that it would have exceeded that sum at the present time. Of course, the war of 1812 with the United States would never have happened.

Napoleon III. was a born conspirator, and his restless plotting and his stealthy attacks compelled other nations to largely increase their armaments. His seizure of despotic power in December, 1851, caused England to reorganize her militia. His sudden war against Austria in 1859 led to the formation of the volunteers. His excessive increase of the French navy forced England also to increase her naval forces—and so it was with other nations. The huge European armaments of the present day clearly result from the French Revolution, for without that, on his own shewing, there would have been no Napoleon I. and certainly no Napoleon III.

*Toronto.* FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

## *TRUE TALE.*

*(Concluded from last issue.)*

IN due time, Horace received no less than *thirty-four* answers to his "ad." Some were vague, and he could almost see the perplexity in the faces of those of the cloth to whom the idea was new, if not monstrous. Meanwhile Horace, who by this time was living in comfortable rooms in Bayswater (east side) went quietly but determinedly about his novel scheme. In one of the many beautiful roads out by Campden Hill, he espied one day a Ladies' School, or rather Academy—a large, rambling old building set squarely in a tumble-down old garden, and flanked by a gymnasium—for sale. He looked up the agents and went down to Fetter Lane one fine morning in May. Messrs. Smithson and Jenkinson received hi n affably, Horace was so pleasant. He referred to the Campden Hill Seminary.

"I wish to know the price," he said.

"Precisely," said Mr. Smithson. The price was named. Horace thought it small, but did not divulge.

"It is quite a property," remarked Mr. Smithson. "Quite a little bit of property. Grounds go with it; tennis-court, gymnasium, chapel and all."

"There is a chapel then!" said Horace.

"Oh! yes, and nicely finished. The Misses Featherstonehaugh were highly ritualistic. The place is a bargain."

Horace thought he could not do better. "It is very cheap," he hazarded. "I—hope—you never know—these old places—I trust it isn't *haunted.*"

Mr. Smithson smiled.

"No," he said. "It isn't haunted. But—excuse me—I will ring for the document—there is a curious condition attaching to the purchase of the place and mentioned in the will."

The document was brought. Horace, not allowed to look over the lawyer's shoulder, waited eagerly to hear it read. Mr. Smithson only read a portion however.

"This condition is—these two ladies were intensely ritualistic—that a theatre, or concert-room, shop, private dwelling, park, play-ground, cemetery—any secular building may be erected where 'Norfolk House' now stands, but no—"

"Church!" gasped Horace.

"Not so fast. No Evangelical or Dissenting place of worship. Whereas, it would be the dearest wish of these two ladies—deceased and amiable—that a church, conducted after the most approved Ritualistic manner though strictly Church of England, might eventually replace Norfolk House. And—in fact—a considerable sum of money stands, by this curious will, in trust for the person or persons should they ever exist, who would desire such a consummation."

Horace, delighted beyond measure at this preternatural ending to his dream, announced his intention of buying the place and converting it into a church.

"Ritualistic, of course," he said with a smile.

The bargain was made, and Horace pocketed the sum in trust. With that and his godmother's lucky legacy, he did not so much as feel the purchase of the Campden Hill property. He engaged workmen, architects and gardeners. The gymnasium became the church, small, but daintily and reverently appointed. The chapel, flanking the other side of the house, became the Sunday school. The house itself he refurnished and remodelled, and it included a refectory, a rectory and quarters for himself. The garden changed to velvety lawn and blooming bushes. In short, by September 1st, Horace had his church, his house, his Sunday school—everything but his rector. Oh—and his congregation. He made appointments with a good many clerical gentlemen and answered more letters, but it was not until well into the second week in September that the right man arrived. He proved to be a splendid specimen of Oxford learning, English manhood and muscular Christianity. Maurice and Kingsley were his models. He also admired Haweis and Stopford Brooke. He met Horace in town.

"I don't like the look of your advertisement," he said. "Frankly, it reads so irreverently. But I'm not starched, you know, and quite willing to believe you are in earnest. However, the curious thing about it is that I have had three curacies and a chaplainship, but everywhere I go I seem to clash with the organist." His tone was so candid, his laugh so charming that Horace stretched out his hand and grasped his.

"I think—if you are willing to join in my scheme—you need not clash with me." The Rev. Marcus Freer assented. Horace made his plans known. The splendid young Oxonian agreed to them.

Six months afterward, "St. Hilda's, Campden Hill," was the most fashionable, the most earnest, the most enlightened and distinguished parish in the north of London. And it exists to-day as sweetly as when it was inaugurated. The parson does what he likes with his own share of the service, and the sermons, I believe, are models of careful preparation and masterly eloquence. The organist does precisely as he likes with his share of the service, chooses all his own music and makes every arrangement he wishes to without consulting his colleague. Each trusts each—perfectly. Both are gentlemen, and both know their own business best. Side by side, Horace Brunell and the Rev. Marcus Freer are working out a noble scheme for the amelioration of church choirs. And the ghosts of the two Misses Featherstonhaugh are, assuredly, pleased than otherwise at the beautiful ritual and dignified service that prevails where Norfolk House once stood.

## *ART NOTES.*

HALF of the proceeds of the sale of Millet's "Angelus" have been given to the artist's widow. This generous gift amounts to over fifty thousand dollars.

THE Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of New York receives pictures from Oct. 28th to 30th, inclusive. It opens for visitors Nov. 18th and closes Dec. 14th.

CANADIAN artists are returning to their studios in Toronto. Already J. W. L. Forster, Mower Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Reed are at work. M. Matthews returns this week, and the season of 1889-90 is expected to be a busy one in art circles.

THE Anglo-Australian Society of Artists have held their first exhibition at Sydney. Over forty-four thousand people visited this exhibition during the first three weeks it was opened. The Society purchased Jacomb Hood's "Triumph of Spring," "A Hampshire Waste" by H. Wilkinson, and a water colour, by J. M. Bromley, called "Bettws-y-coed."

THE English artists are dissatisfied with the distribution of honours at the great Paris Exhibition. In the first place, the number of medals awarded was so greatly in excess of the number given at the Exhibition of 1878 as to reduce the value of this form of honourable distinction. Then only two medals of honour for painting were awarded to English artists, viz., Alma Tadema and Henry Moore; two for sculpture were given to Sir F. Leighton and A. Gilbert; and one for etching to Seymour Haden. In addition, eleven medals of the first class, eleven of the second, and ten of the third class were awarded to English artists. A French painter, Dagnan-Bouveret was awarded the chief honour of the Exhibition for his picture "Bretonnes au Pardon," 217 of the jury of awards voting for it.

THE Ontario Society of Artists resumed its monthly meetings on the 8th of this month. The many friends of the Society will be glad to know that its affairs are now in good order again, and it is in a fair way to inaugurate a season of prosperity, both in the Art Union and the exhibitions, that will place Canadian art in its true position. It is reported that an Etching Club is to be started in connection with the above Society. There is no doubt that this would be a success if the difficulties connected with printing from the copper could be overcome. The old Society of Canadian Etchers, that held such a successful exhibition in the King Street Art Rooms some few years ago, seems to have been conquered by this difficulty as it was found too tedious and expensive to send the plates to New York to be proved, to say nothing of the twenty per cent. duty to be paid on all proofs entering Canada. Possibly Mortimer Mempes' advice in the August *Art Magazine* to artists to print their own etchings will be followed by the new club. TEMPLAR.

## *MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.*

MR. H. B. FARNIE, the dramatic author, died suddenly quite recently in Paris, after a considerable period of ill-health. His name will be remembered chiefly in connection with the comic opera, of which he was a skilful adapter from the French; but in early life he was associated with journalism in Scotland, which profession he took up after a short University career at St. Andrews and Cambridge. It was as a journalist that he came to London, his first engagement there being the editorship of a musical weekly called the *Orchestra.* This brought him into contact with musicians, and a song of his, "The Last Stirrup Cup," being set to music by Signor Arditi and sung by Mr. Santley, became highly popular. The success of this casual attempt at song writing determined his theatrical career. The *Orchestra* being published by Messrs. Cramer and Company, that firm engaged Mr. Farnie to prepare English librettos for various foreign operas, amongst others Gounod's *Reine de Saba.* He also collaborated with Balfe in an operetta called *The Sleeping Queen,* which had a long run, and his pen was in constant demand for verses on all subjects. He did not yet, however, abandon journalism, being appointed editor. first of a paper published in London under the title of the *Paris Times,* and afterwards of a theatrical organ, *Sock and Buskin,* neither of which had a long life. The popularity of some musical burlesques of his produced at the Strand Theatre about twenty years ago, finally determined Mr. Farnie to write exclusively for the stage. His original work in this direction was not very striking, and has long since been forgotten, but he developed an extraordinary knack of adapting French comic opera. Although not creative, this work requires somewhat uncommon gifts of versification and of dramatic instinct, and for many years, indeed, one might say until his death, Mr. Farnie was without a rival in this walk. Some of the operas that passed through his hands were very considerably altered and improved, notably *Rip Van Winkle, Nell Gwynne,* and *Paul Jones.* All of them were very felicitously Anglicized, and the list was a long one, comprising *La Mascotte, Olivette* and *Les Cloches de Corneville.* His dialogue was no mere translation, though it reproduced as a rule the spirit of the original with much of its piquancy of form. Equally valuable with his rhyming and dramatic gifts was his capacity for stage management, to which, no doubt, the success of his adaptations was largely due. The last piece produced under his direction was *Paul Jones.* Mr. Farnie, who was of Scotch parentage, claimed to be connected with the family of Lord Brougham, and was christened after the famous Whig Chancellor.

THE many friends and pupils of the late lamented Dr. Maas, of Boston, scattered throughout the Dominion, will be glad of the following short memoir taken from the *Musical Herald:*—

It is with a profound regret and sense of loss that we announce the death of Dr. Louis Maas. He went to Europe in July, at the close of the M. T. N. A. in Philadelphia, and visited Switzerland in company with Mr. Mahr and Emil Steinbach. In the middle of August he was taken ill during a visit to Paris, and after six days, which brought him no relief, he returned in the escort of friends to Boston, where, at his home in Jamaica Plain, he died September 17th. His disease was peritonitis, aggravated by the formation of an abscess, an operation upon which immediately preceded his death.

He was born June 21, 1852, in Wiesbaden, in which place his father, Theodore Maas, was the principal music teacher. Belonging to a musical family, it is natural to infer that in early youth he should manifest musical proclivities. Such, indeed was the case; and, when but six years of age, he began to play little pieces, and was receiving such instruction as his father, a judicious educator, deemed appropriate. When he was still a young child, his father emigrated to England, and settled in London, where he still resides. Notwithstanding the positive indications of superior musical abilities, his father was reluctant to have him make that his profession, and accordingly placed him in the schools. His literary talent may be inferred from the fact that, when but fifteen, he graduated at King's College with high class honours. During all this time he was making good progress in the study of music, and with such promise of pre-eminence that his father finally withdrew his opposition, his decision being largely influenced by the opinion of Joachim Raff, a life-long friend of both the elder and the younger Maas; and the young man was accordingly sent back to Germany in 1867, and entered as a student in the Royal Conservatory at Leipzic, where he was a pupil, until he graduated, of Carl Reinecke and Dr. Papperitz. The renowned pianist and composer, Moscheles, was also greatly interested in his career, and his friendship terminated only with his death in 1870. In the spring of 1868, his first overture was performed at the annual conservatory concert in Gewandhaus Hall, and his second overture was performed on a similar occasion the following year. In April, 1872, he produced his first symphony, a work which made so favourable an impression that it was performed by the Gewandhaus orchestra under the bâton of the composer.

In this city he received honours equal to those conferred upon him in Leipzig. While here, he played by invitation at one of the court concerts, and was much complimented for his artistic rendering of Chopin's E minor concerto. During the latter year, he played in the principal cities of Germany; and, in 1875, he accepted a unanimous call of the directory to a vacant professorship in the Leipzig Conservatory, which he entered as a student only eight years previously. Here he remained five years, in which time he had over three hundred students under his instruction, two hundred of whom were Americans. In 1880, he resigned, to accept a lucrative concert engagement in this country, the fulfilment of which was prevented by a dangerous illness, from which his recovery was the work of months. Large inducements were offered him to return to Leipzig. Joachim Raff, director of the conservatory at Frankfort, also offered him a first professorship in that institution; but he decided to settle in Boston, where he has conferred the ripe experience acquired in Leipzig and elsewhere upon the New England Conservatory. As pianist, composer and director of the Philharmonic concerts, he was at once accorded the high rank to which his professional attainments and social qualities entitled him.

## *OUR LIBRARY TABLE.*

The *pièce de resistance* in October's *Century* is without doubt the paper entitled "Molière and Shakspere" by the famous actor, Constant Coquelin, of the Comèdie Française, who, it may be remarked in passing, is the same great artist and finished gentleman and scholar that played last winter to empty houses in this city. That "Shakspere teaches us to think and Molière teaches us to live" is the final word of M. Coquelin, with regard to the inherent qualities of both dramatists. The article is cleverly written and valuable, as it shows one standpoint from which to judge of our greatest poet, but it may well be questioned whether the mere attempt at parallelism is not a mistake in the beginning—in this way, that, whereas Molière does not, cannot, in the whole range of his writings include a Shakspere, it may be said, following in the steps of the truest critics that ever lived, that Shakspere includes not only a Molière but a Racine and Corneille as well. It may be that the most appreciative of Frenchmen is at fault when he attempts to compare the versatile actor of the French stage with the clumsy Adam or sombre Ghost of the "Globe." Even to compare the two highly-gifted minds as humourists strikes us as difficult. Delightful as "M. Jourdain" undoubtedly is, powerful as the situations in the "Misanthrope," the "Physician in Spite of Himself" are, and scathing as the satirical bent of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" is throughout its amusing little side-light of fashionable society, just as keen a wit, as sly a humour, as close an observation and as brilliant powers of burlesque and parody abound in Shakspere's comedies—aye, and in his tragedies too. M. Coquelin affirms that it is "because Molière was a greater actor than Shakspere, that he was a more sure and more complete observer, although in a narrower sphere." We are inclined to argue just in the opposite direction. It is because Shakspere was so pre-eminently a man of original mind, of profound thought, of concentrated literary aim that he had neither the ambition nor the leisure to make a great actor. At the same time, to the English mind, Molière never seems, to use M. Coquelin's quaint phrase, only a "belated twin" of Shakspere, he is himself richly gifted and varied in his gifts, intensely true in perception, and terse, vigorous in execution —in a word, he is Molière. Is not this enough without endeavouring to prove that he is also—Shakspere? He is indeed, in true dramatic force and vigour, second only to the illustrious William.

A capital photograph by Sarony of M. Coquelin in his most entertaining character, that of "Mascarille" in "Les Precieuses Ridicules" accompanies this most interesting article. The initial paper on East Siberian silver mines is of course from the pen of George Kennan. Maurice Thompson apologises for offering, contrary to all his *dicta*, a dialect story, "Ben and Judas." Two articles on the subject of manual training indicate the importance of this popular craze, "Base-ball." "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Democratic Ideal in Education" are the remaining papers, while a charming piece of writing will be found in some reminiscences of the late Maria Mitchell, accompanied by a portrait. The fiction is respectable, but hardly anything more, and there is a fine poem "To a Dog's Memory" by Louise Imogen Guiney.

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Henry the Seventh. By James Gairdner. "Twelve English Statesmen." London: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This excellent sketch of a great and gifted king of England deserves wide reading and a cordial welcome by all lovers of history. It may appear, perhaps, that the series, while excellent in itself, is distinguished rather by general dissertations on topics of the time than by any very acute and original analysis of character and motive—analysis piercing enough to justify the complete delineation of Henry, Earl of Richmond, as one of the leading statesmen England has produced. But we are grateful for the appreciation which includes a king among a host of commoners. It is not very often that a crowned head can enter the ranks of thought and action and take equal place with his inferiors in birth, but we have only to read Bacon's history of the great Prince, Henry the Seventh of England, courteous, reliant, cautious, cool, accomplished and shrewd, to bear willing testimony to his virtues and charms of manner. According to J. W. Gairdner, there is little ground for supposing him to have been either arrogant or surly, though possessed of a stateliness of mien fully capable of developing into frigidity when the occasion seemed to demand it. That he was somewhat tyrannical, specially in later years, after the death of his wife, may be excused on the ground that the king was, above all things, a politician, and one in whom ideas of duty and order easily predominated over any views in which sentiment seemed supreme.

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The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and Other Tales. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

We think it will be conceded, after reading these four short stories, that the fame, won years ago by this master of brilliant and pathetic fiction—a romancist and realist in one—has little to fear from the ripening—not weakening —of age. The "Heritage of Dedlow Marsh," which appeared, if we mistake not, originally in the *Graphic*, is as true to life, and at the same time as much intensified by the rich imagination of a prose-poet as any of the author's earlier works. Bret Harte has no dearer friends than the English reading public, which saw, some years ago now, his power and originality. It was Charles Dickens who supplied his manner—a fact that the great novelist noted himself with eagerness and delight—the matter was wholly and thoroughly his own. Time has gone on, and brought no American writer to surpass him in character-painting, in knowledge of the wild and savage in nature, and in the fine and eloquent diction with which he describes a scene, landscape or interior, while, as for his dialect, it is now common property. Like Tennyson's "Weed," the Bret Harte style has had so many imitations that people are prone to forget who was the originator.

All four stories reflect, more or less successfully, the scenery and characters of California and Western America, but the "Heritage of Dedlow Marsh" is perhaps the most interesting, and the one which can boast of a well-defined plot or scheme of action, no small achievement in a "short story." The volume is in the excellent taste uniformly exhibited by this well-known firm.

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Characters and Episodes of the Great Rebellion. Selected from the State biography of Edward, Earl of Clarendon; and edited, with short notes, by the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, M.A., Dean of Salisbury. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The issue of this specially attractive volume confers a boon on busy men with reading tastes. Admirable as are Clarendon's portraitures of the men and his descriptions of the striking events in the most picturesque period of English history, there are many who cannot command the time and the leisure to plod through the massive volumes in their original shape. In this volume the leading actors in the struggles that preceded and followed the Commonwealth are briefly yet graphically sketched by a man of keen insight and praiseworthy fairness. He was, according to modern estimates, a man of moderate views; but in his own time he was accounted as lacking in zeal, and therefore not entirely to the liking of the Royalist party to which he was most sincerely attached. He died in exile. The historical sketches are all of them very interesting, though he had no overweening ideas of the dignity of history. In consequence there are occasional touches a more severe and sedate historian would have refrained from adding to a portrait or sketch, which render them all the more life-like and natural. The selections have been made with admirable judgment, and the notes appended by the editor greatly enhance the value of a work which will be highly prized by all who know how to relish a good book.

## *LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.*

The two youngest daughters of the Prince of Wales are contributors to magazines.

Lord Tennyson asserts that his forthcoming volume of poems will be his last contribution to literature.

We reprint from the *Popular Science Monthly* in this issue an interesting paper by an authority on education.

James Russell Lowell is mentioned for the new lectureship on poetry at Johns Hopkins University the coming year.

"A collection of the Letters of Dickens, 1813-1870," compiled from already published materials, is the title of a book which will be issued by the Scribners in uniform style with the 16mo. edition of recently-published Thackeray letters.

The entire two first editions of cloth and paper of Robt. Louis Stevenson's novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," were exhausted several days before publication. Second editions of each were immediately printed by the Scribners.

The success of Marshall P. Wilder's book, "The People I have Smiled With," Cassell and Company, has surprised no one more than that amiable little fellow, its author. He knew that he had a great many good friends, who would buy and read it, but he did not know that they were to be counted by the thousands.

One of the most interesting as well as one of the most important announcements of fall publications is that of a volume of "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches," by Chauncey M. Depew, which Cassell and Company, Limited, have in preparation. There is no more pleasantly familiar name in this country than that of Mr. Depew, and it is by his speeches that he is best known.

The welcome announcement is made by the Scribners of a new book by "Ik Marvel," shortly to be issued. It has the title of "English Lands, Letters, and Kings." England's most gifted and brilliant heroes in literature and monarchy, from Celt to Tudor, are made to live again in the pages—the places and haunts they made famous, the towns, castles, and taverns associated with their names.

The *National Magazine* is the name of a new literary venture of Chicago, which begins with the October number. It is published under the auspices of the new "National University," which opens October 1st, of which it is the organ. The first number will contain articles on literary, educational and scientific subjects, and a prospectus of the University which has extensive non-resident courses, teaching many subjects by mail. Published at 182 Clark Street.

An "historic pageant" similar to the one given in honour of Mrs. Howe at Newport, on Aug. 13, was given in the Opera House at Hartford on Tuesday, in honour of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The plan of the testimonial embraced a series of tableaux picturing the chief events in our national history. It opened with "Columbus at the Court of Queen Isabella"—a reproduction of the familiar painting. During the "Reception of Martha Washington," a company of ladies and gentlemen danced a minuet. The "The Landing of the Pilgrims," "Hiding of the Charter," "Battle of Bunker Hill," "Execution of Nathan Hale," and "Boston Tea Party" were presented by detachments from the Governor's Foot Guard and the Putnam Phalanx.

Eliza Cook, the English poet, died on Wednesday at Wimbledon, where she had lived in seclusion for many years. She was the daughter of a London merchant and was born in 1818. She began writing for the newspapers and magazines at an early age. Her first volume of poetry was published when she was twenty, under the title of "Melaia, and other Poems." A later volume was called "Diamond Dust." In 1849 she began the publication of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, a weekly, which became immensely popular. "New Echoes" was published in 1864, and since then her collected poems have been issued repeatedly. She was, indeed, among the most widely read of modern English authors. For twenty-five years she has been in the enjoyment of a Civil List pension of £100.

The rivalry between syndicates in pursuit of attractive literature and prominent names enables editors to present their readers with bright and interesting special articles from the most unexpected quarter. Determined, apparently, not to be outdone by other enterprising purveyors of newspaper literature, the Tillotson Syndicate now announce that early in the new year they will publish a series of signed illustrated interviews with distinguished personages, including Lord Wolseley, Lord Chas. Beresford ("Fighting Charlie"), Sir Morell Mackenzie, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir John Millais, Canon Farrar, Cardinal Manning, Rev. Charles Spurgeon, W. E. Gladstone, Holman Hunt, Henry Irving, and Henry Labouchere. Still more august personages are to be approached in due course.

Macmillan and Co.'s announcements include *General Literature:* A new volume of poems by Lord Tennyson; a new volume of essays by Prof. Huxley; "The Elements of Politics," by Prof. Henry Sidgwick; "Problems of Greater Britain," by Sir Charles Dilke; "Wild Beasts and their Ways in Asia, Africa, America, from 1845-1888," by Sir Samuel W. Baker, with illustrations; "On Style: with Other Studies in Literature," by Walter Pater; "Royal Edinburgh: her Saints, Kings, and Scholars," by Mrs. Oliphant, with illustrations by George Reid; "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmanship," by Mr. Joseph Pennell, with photogravures and other illustrations; "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," by W. Holman Hunt, with illustrations; "Cults and Monuments of Ancient Athens," by Miss Jane Harrison and Mrs. A. W. Verral, with numerous illustrations; "A History of the Later Roman Empire from Arcadius to Irene, A.D. 395-800," by John B. Bury; "The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," by Prof. Charles H. Moore, with illustrations; "Eminent Women of Our Times," by Mrs. Fawcett; "Letters of Keats," edited by Sidney Colvin; "The Cradle of the Aryans," by G. H. Rendall; "The Makers of Modern Italy: Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi," by J. A. R. Marriott.

## *READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.*

### OLD AND YOUNG.

I.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold:
Who hire for self and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould,
For them their youth itself is old.

II.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung:
For them old age itself is young.

—*C. P. Cranch, in Magazine of Poetry.*

### MODERN VIEWS OF CONSUMPTION.

The civilized world, medical and lay, is rather apathetic about consumption. It has gotten rid of the plague, and nearly rid of typhus epidemics; leprosy has been driven out of England, and small-pox has been made manageable. But one death in seven from all causes is still due to *tuberculosis pulmonum*, and some part of the remainder is due to other tuberculous diseases. If we feared these diseases as they merit, as we do the cholera or yellow fever, we would in time suffer less from their ravages. But we have strangely grown used to them, and view them with a sort of fatalistic indifference, broken now and then by a ripple of interest awakened by the discovery of some new fetish —a wash-bottle, or an air-tight box, or some ingenious device, the impotent offspring of mechanical skill and ignorance of pathology.—*International Journal.*

### AFFAIRS IN EAST AFRICA.

The most favourable view that can be taken of the results of Stanley's expedition is that something has been done at the closing stage to promote the ends of civilization. As an organized process of rescue it was a signal failure; but as a diplomatic expedient for extending the influence of the British East Africa Company in the interior it may have accomplished some useful purpose. That company is rapidly acquiring a great African Empire. To its original concessions has recently been added the occupation of a coast-line 700 miles in length from the Umla to the port of Warsheikh. Stanley's chief patron, Sir William Mackinnon, is the president of the company, and his financial investment for the relief of Emin will prove a remunerative one if the explorer by diplomatic negotiations has contrived to enlarge the jurisdiction of the directors, and to open trade routes inland to the borders of Emin's province. This would be a distinct gain for African civilization, and it is to be hoped that Stanley has succeeded in promoting the material interests of the company. Otherwise, his costly expedition has been a miscalculated failure from beginning to end. Emin, when found, was not in need of re-enforcements and relief, and the shattered column that emerged on the shores of the Albert Nyanza from the uninhabitable wilderness was not in a position to help him. The rescuers themselves were in the worst possible plight, and have only been enabled to return to the coast by Emin's hearty co-operation and organized aid.—*New York Tribune.*

### A SONG OF THREE BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

God three beautiful things hath made,
  Birds and women and flowers,
To charm the roving eye, and spread
  Sweet magic o'er the hours;
    And whoso loves not all the three,
    Let him live with his loveless self alone,
    Like a crab in a shell, or a toad in a stone,
      Far away from me!

Flowers are beautiful when the brae
  Is purpled o'er with blossom,
And all the buds that crown the spray
  Their fragrant stores unbosom;
    And who loves not this one of the three, etc.

Birds are beautiful when they keep
  High concert in the spring,
Or wheel their mazes o'er the deep
  With gently sloping wing;
    And who loves not this second of three, etc.

Women are beautiful when they wear
  All summer in their smiles,
And sweetly lighten while they share
  The workman's weary toils;
    And who loves not this best of the three, etc.

God three beautiful things hath made,
  To feed discerning eyes,
With outflow of his glory shed
  O'er earth and sea and skies;
    And whoso loves not all the three,
    Let him live with his loveless self alone,
    Like a crab in a shell, or a toad in a stone,
      Far away from me!

—*J. Stuart Blackie in Cassell's Magazine.*

### DANGERS OF RIDICULE.

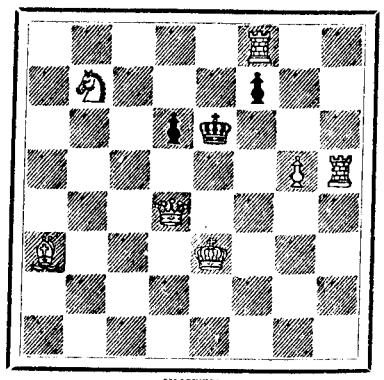
As a weapon of theological controversy, ridicule is not so common, yet it is evidently coming into wider use. The religious journalist is not unknown who puts on motley and flings about his merry jests at all who chance to differ with him; in the rough horse-play in which he delights, dragging sacred things promiscuously about. He keeps his readers so on the grin that when he essays, at rare intervals, a serious word, they think that it is the best joke of all, and laugh the heartier at the wit which must be there though they cannot see it. The theological professor is not so isolated as he was who throws his classes into roars of laughter as he depicts the delicious absurdities of theories opposed to his own. In the alembic of his ridicule the substance of other men's systems dissolve and disappear at once to the credulous eyes of his students, and it is not till they stumble upon some man applying the same dissolvent to his system, or run upon some mighty jester who splits his sides over all theology that they see how dangerous the method is. There is certainly no harm in a good laugh, and truly it is not forbidden to a jester to speak the truth. Yet the laugh must have the right ring to it. Socrates laughed, and Voltaire laughed, as Thomas Erskine remarked; yet, as he said, what a difference in the laugh of the two! And the man who laughs all the time will not know what to do when the hour for weeping comes. The laughing philosopher is a very shallow philosopher or else a very shallow laugher. An awful gravity which comes from a man taking himself too seriously is a thing which irresistibly invites a tweaking of the nose; but a ridicule which beats and splashes on all sides and at all times, fixing its pasquinades nightly on the statues of our national heroes, smirking in the presence of names and thoughts that ought to be shrouded in sacred reverence, is one of the things that no right soul can abide.—*Christian Union Evangelical).*

## *CHESS.*

### PROBLEM No. 399.

By B. S. Lloyd, New York.

BLACK.



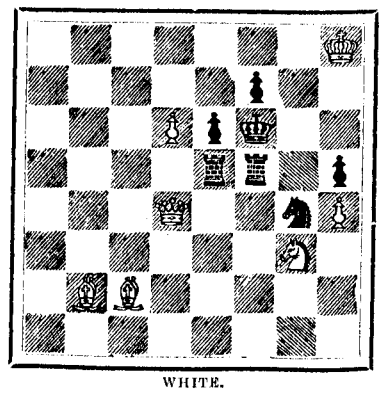
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### PROBLEM No. 400.

By Fritz Peipers, San Francisco.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 393.

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1. Q—K 5 | Kt—B 7 |
| 2. R—B 8 + | K moves |
| 3. Q—K R 5 mate | |
| If 1. | K—R 2 |
| 2. Q—K R 5 + | 1. K moves |
| 3. R—B 8 mate. | |

No. 394.

P—K 8 becoming a Bishop.

### GAME PLAYED IN THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

Between Mr. J. W. Collins, Barrister, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. W. H. Cross, T.C.A. of the Toronto Chess Club.

Ruy Lopez.

| J. W. Collins. White. | W. H. Cross. Black. | J. W. Collins. White. | W. H. Cross. Black. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. P—K 4 | P—K 4 | 26. Q—B 1 | Q—K 2 |
| 2. Kt—K B 3 | Kt—Q B 3 | 27. K—Kt 2 | Q—K R 5 |
| 3. B—Kt 5 | P—Q R 3 | 28. R—K 3 | K—K 2 |
| 4. B—Q R 4 | Kt—K B 3 | 29. P—K 6 | Kt—K B 3 (*c*) |
| 5. Castles | Kt x P | 30. Q—K B 4 | Q R—Q B 1 |
| 6. P—Q 4 | P—Q Kt 4 | 31. P—B 4 | Q P x P |
| 7. B—Kt 3 | P—Q 4 | 32. P x P | K R—Q 1 (*d*) |
| 8. P x P | B—K 3 | 33. B—Q 3 | P—B 4 |
| 9. P—B 3 | B—Q B 4 | 34. R—Q 5 (*e*) | Kt x R |
| 10. Q K—Q 2 | Castles | 35. Q—B 7 + | K—Q 3 |
| 11. Q—K 2 | Kt x Kt | 36. P x Kt | Q—Kt 4 |
| 12. B x Kt | Kt—Q R 4 (*a*) | 37. P—K 7 (*f*) | Q x R |
| 13. B—B 2 | Kt—Q B 5 | 38. Q—B 6 + | K x Q P (*g*) |
| 14. B—Kt 5 | B—K 2 | 39. P x R + (Q's) | R x Q |
| 15. B x B | Q x B | 40. Q x R | K—K 4 (*h*) |
| 16. P—Q Kt 3 | Kt—Kt 3 | 41. B—K Kt 6 | Q—K B 6 + |
| 17. Q—K 3 | Kt—Q 2 | 42. K—K Kt 1 | Q—K B 3 |
| 18. Kt—Kt 5 | P—K R 3 | 43. Q—K 8 + | K—B 5 |
| 19. Kt x B | Q x Kt | 44. B—B 2 | Q—Q 5 + |
| 20. P—K B 4 | P—K B 4 | 45. K—R 1 | K—B 6 |
| 21. P—K Kt 4 (*b*) | P x P | 46. Q—K 1 | P—Q B 5 |
| 22. Q—Q 3 | K—B 2 | 47. B—Q 1 + | K—B 5 |
| 23. Q R—K 1 | P—K Kt 3 | 48. Q—Kt 3 + | K Kt 4 |
| 24. P—B 5 | P x P | 49. Q—K 1 | drawn. |
| 25. R x P + | K—K 1 | | |

NOTES BY MR. CROSS.

(*a*) The usual defence is R—K 1. The move in the text has the doubtful merit of being a novelty.

(*b*) Quite sound. The sacrifice was needed in order to carry on the attack with vigour.

(*c*) The advantageous position now obtained for this Knight enables Black to withstand the very strong attack.

(*d*) The first move of a counter attack.

(*e*) White loses the exchange, but compels Black to again assume a defensive attitude.

(*f*) *Coup de massue.*

(*g*) An attempt to save the second Rook would lead to a draw.

(*h*) Offering the exchange.

Robert H. Lamborn has placed in the hands of Morris K. Jesup, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, the sum of $200, to be paid in three prizes of $150, $30 and $20, for the three best essays on the destruction of mosquitoes and flies by other insects. It is suggested that the dragon fly is an active, voracious, and harmless "mosquito hawk," and that it might, if artificially multiplied, diminish the numbers of the smaller insects. A practical plan is called for in the breeding of the dragon fly or other such destroyer in large numbers, and its use in the lava, pupa or perfect state, for the destruction of mosquitoes and flies in houses, cities and neighbourhoods.—*Public Opinion.*