

THE WEEK:

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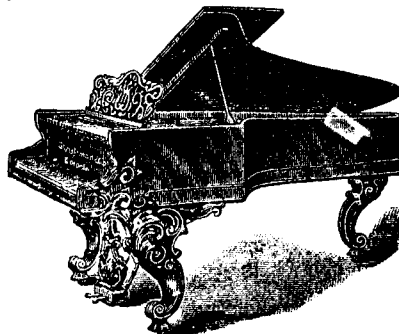
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND MEDICAL EDUCATION.

It is interesting to observe that the University of Toronto is about to engage in a movement somewhat similar to that which is at present taking place at Oxford and Cambridge. In those ancient universities, and especially in the former, the study of medicine had almost become extinct. It is true degrees were still conferred after examination, but the medical training had to be acquired elsewhere, for the teaching staff in both institutions was entirely inadequate to furnish a complete course of instruction. Of the two, Cambridge, with Addenbrooke's hospital and its staff formed of University teachers, was decidedly in the better position to undertake medical instruction, but within the last year or two Oxford has seen some important changes in the same direction. This revival of medical education in the English Universities is undoubtedly due to the great influence exercised in Cambridge by Professor Michael Foster, the distinguished Physiologist, and to the late Professor F. M. Balfour, whose labours in Embryology made his name famous and attracted an earnest band of students to his school, before his too early death deprived the University of one of its foremost investigators. The influence of these men altered the feeling in the University with regard to the Natural Sciences, and students were led to proceed to an Honour Degree in Arts by devoting themselves to the philosophy of these sciences. So in Oxford the appointment of Burdon Sanderson as physiologist, and of Moseley as successor to Rolleston, has been productive of similar results; and thus the way has been prepared in both institutions for an increased interest in medical education.

With an established hospital, little was required in Cambridge but the appointment of men to look after the peculiarly medical sciences such as Pathology; and the association of distinguished investigators like Roy and MacAlister with the University has fortified its position in this way, so that Cambridge is now able to give most thorough and complete training in all the preliminary, as well as the purely medical sciences. Of course it cannot compete with London in facilities for the practical branches of the profession, but its training is, in so far, a necessary complement to the kind of training given at most of the London Hospital Schools, as the latter have been too prone to neglect the scientific aspect of medical education; indeed, research in the medical sciences, according to a recent writer, is prosecuted more successfully in a host of petty towns in Germany than it is in the British metropolis.

So much neglected was medicine at the English Universities that it had become the custom with English practitioners either to dispense with a University Degree altogether, or to proceed to a Scottish University to secure one, a custom which has largely contributed to the growth and development of the Northern Universities. Since its inauguration the University of London has had a constantly increasing number of applicants for degrees, who have, however, on account of the severity of the examinations, been inclined to look upon her rather as a *dura mater* than as an *alma mater*. The system of the University of London, in fact, which only imposes a test of examination, without providing the training, is

found to be unsatisfactory, and has originated an agitation to convert the University into a teaching as well as an examining body.

It is in this direction that recent legislation modifies the plan of the University of Toronto, originally modelled after the London system, which has been found to have the same disadvantages here as there. The disadvantage has not been felt so much in the Arts Faculty, on account of the intimate relationship of the University with University College; but it has been felt, especially of recent years, in the Medical Faculty, and it is on this account that it has been determined that the University shall in future control the training as well as impose the examinations for the degrees in medicine.

With this end in view, it is proposed to add a complete staff of teachers to the scientific staff of the University, so that a thorough course of instruction in practical as well as in scientific medicine may be given. Overtures have been made to the existing medical schools, with the result that while Trinity Medical School remains an independent corporation, the Toronto Medical School suspends its charter, and the greater part of its teachers are to be transferred to the Medical Faculty of the University, with new duties assigned to them by the Senate, which, furthermore, will distribute the receipts from students in such a way as to make the Medical Faculty self-supporting, and develop the facilities for teaching. It is understood that appointments and re-appointments to the staff are only to be for terms of five years, an arrangement which, it is thought, will tend to keep the teaching abreast of University requirements.

In this way medical education, instead of being left entirely in the hands of irresponsible corporations, will be brought within the national system of education, and thus be more in harmony with the aims of the Provincial University.

We trust that, as in the English Universities, this change may give a stimulus to scientific medical education, and to scientific research throughout the Province; while the admirable hospital facilities of Toronto will continue to afford a thorough grounding in all the branches of practical medicine.

UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

We have frequently insisted upon the importance of the efforts which have been made to bring about the federation of the various Universities and Colleges of Ontario; and, whilst we rejoice that so much has been done, we must confess our fear of a not improbable failure of the scheme as a whole. The Baptists, instead of uniting with the University of Toronto, have obtained a charter for a University of their own. Trinity College, after appearing to regard the new scheme favourably, has discovered that the cost of making the change is too great. The Corporation cannot afford to sacrifice their present buildings, and there is no probability of their being purchased for any other purpose. Still further, it becomes increasingly doubtful whether Victoria College will be able to make the change. Little more than half the needed amount has been raised or promised, and every one knows how difficult it is to raise the last thousand or twenty thousand dollars. The original opponents of the measure are getting sanguine in the expectation that, as far as Victoria University is concerned, no change will be made.

In the meantime, Mr. Ross has carried his scheme through the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, although it would appear that Mr. Mowat's Ministry cannot make up their minds to ask the country for money enough to fill up all the professorships which are provided for in the Act. On one important consequence of the lack of means it is necessary to say a few words. In order to obtain room for lecture halls within the building, it is proposed to destroy the students' rooms, and so necessarily the system of residence in the College. This is a very serious change, and should be thoroughly considered before it is carried into effect. It is quite true that the residential system has been given up at most of the German Universities, in the University of France, at all the Scottish Universities, and at a good many of the American Universities and Colleges; but we imagine that this has been done as a matter of necessity rather than of choice, and it is generally felt by those who have had experience of both methods that there are advantages connected with residence within the walls of the College which non-residents do not share.

One of the great benefits of University life arises from the discipline

and culture gained by students from association with their fellows. Apart from this, men might almost as well conduct their studies by themselves, or with occasional help from a tutor. Indeed, it is most likely that a good deal more reading would be done in this manner than in the other. But reading is not the only thing which men at college have to do; and the mere getting hold of the contents of books, or even of the knowledge which they are intended to impart, is by no means the whole of education. The benefit derived from moving in a thoughtful and educated society is incalculable; and many a man who has gone to the University rough and uncultivated has returned from it with the sentiments and the manners of a "gentleman." But certainly these effects have been more commonly attained by residence within the College; and the difference between the undergraduates who had rooms in the College and those who lived outside its walls has often been remarked in the old Universities of England. It has, too, been observed that the *esprit de corps* is generally far stronger among residents than among out-students, and this is on every ground what we might expect.

Now, we do not say that these considerations are final and conclusive. There may be something to be said on the other side; but we have not yet heard it. There may be an absolute necessity for utilising the residential portion of University College for the purposes; and if so, there is nothing more to be said. It would be well, however, to ascertain the working of the different systems in other places before making the change. Some years ago a very important alteration was made in the system of the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In former times no one could matriculate at the University without entering at some College. In order to meet the needs of less opulent students, a class of men "unattached" to any college was formed, and these were allowed to matriculate in the University without being members of a College. We have heard that a considerable number of men took advantage of this permission when it was first given, but that the numbers of late have greatly fallen off, the discovery having been made that the distinctive advantages of Oxford and Cambridge could not be got in this manner. If this be so, the fact is instructive. Of course, it may be said that the distinctive advantages of Oxford and Cambridge are not those which are aimed at in the University of Toronto. If so, of course the argument is inapplicable. But all the same, the matter should be well considered. There must have seemed good reasons for encouraging residence when the College was first established. Were those reasons good or insufficient? And if they were once sufficient, have circumstances so altered that they are so no longer? Certainly Mr. Ross and his colleagues should carefully consider these questions before they make the change.

There is one point which should be noted with reference to the carrying out of the Federation scheme. If Victoria and Trinity should be unable to come in from insufficiency of funds, why should not a grant be made to them by the Province? It is utterly impossible, we are told, that any public money should be given for religious purposes. But this would not be given for any such purpose, but for the secular education of the country. The supporters of these Universities pay taxes, and they do a part of the education of the country. In strict equality they are entitled to a share of the money which they are required to pay. The principle is admitted in the Separate Schools. If any further condition should seem to be required, it might be met by a conscience clause applicable to non-resident students, so that these colleges should admit students to the privileges of the education which they supply without requiring them to be examined in their own doctrinal standards.

SCENES IN HAWAII.

THE actual ceremonies of the coronation of King Kalakua and Queen Kapiolani were not short, but I think every one was greatly interested in watching the proceedings, particularly as no one of the spectators knew what was coming next. Suddenly the band struck up the Hawaiian national anthem, "Hawaii Pono," a very stately march and most melodious, and we knew that the royal procession must be coming. The procession was headed by the marshal of the kingdom, with gold staff of office. After him came the chamberlain, in gorgeous attire, and then a page, bearing on a crimson and gold cushion the two crowns, which were high structures of gold and jewels, with crimson velvet adornments. Other officers of the household followed, and then came His Majesty, wearing a very handsome German uniform in white and blue colourings. Ribbons and different orders crossed his broad chest; he wore no covering on his head.

A little behind the King came Queen Kapiolani, in a superb dress of white silk or satin, and court train of crimson velvet, most magnificently embroidered in gold, the pattern being taro leaves, the national emblem. Her Majesty's coiffure was very high, and a veil depended from the comb, which seemed to add also to the height. The train was borne by several ladies-in-waiting, all costumed alike in white satin petticoats and bodices

and trains of black velvet, a most harmonious combination of colour altogether.

Almost immediately behind them walked Princess Kaililani (or Victoria), a pretty little lady of seven years old, and heir-apparent to the kingdom, attired in bright blue, with her dark curls tied by a ribbon of the same hue, and carrying some flowers in her hands. Kaililani was the daughter of the Princess Like-Like, a sister of the King, who died a few months ago (His Majesty's eldest sister, Lilliokilani, having no family, the little Kaililani is in the direct succession to the throne).

The other members of the royal family followed in their order of rank, the mother and aunt of the little princess being really most superbly dressed, one in a satin of crushed strawberry colour, covered with glittering embroidery of every hue, and Princess Lydia (who is at this time with Queen Kapiolani in England) in a Parisian costume of white satin, with the front of the dress made into little puffs, each puff being held by a small gold bird. Amidst all this moving mass of colour the pure white surplice of the Rev. Mr. Mackintosh, rector of the cathedral, who had dwelt many years in the islands, seemed by its familiar simplicity to give dignity to the whole bright scene.

The procession filed along the platform and passed into the pavilion, the ladies-in-waiting and some of the household retiring to the veranda; the band ceased, and the familiar tones of the rector rose on the soft air, reading first in English, and then in Hawaiian, the service, which was neatly printed in a small pamphlet form, and given to all who chose to read.

During the service, certain ancient customs seemed to be observed, such as presenting the King with a sceptre, placing a ring on his hand, throwing the beautiful feather robe over his shoulders, and waving of the royal kahilis. Finally, after several prayers had been said and a hymn sung, the audience again rose, and the King, also standing, placed the crown on his own august head. Another prayer, with a response from His Majesty, and then he turned to place the other crown on the head of his consort; but—alas for royal dignity!—the Queen's coiffure was high and elaborate, and apparently no thought had been given to the crown. The audience watched with intense interest, while hairpins, comb, and veil were being removed. In vain! the crown would not fit, and in desperation, and apparently in no very good temper, the King made a final effort, and literally crammed the insignia of royalty down on Her Majesty's temples. Another prayer and response, the blessing pronounced by the rector, and again were heard the strains of "Hawaii Pono" (Hawaii for Ever), and the King took up the sceptre, and with the crown on his head, and the feather robe hanging from his shoulders, His Majesty led the way from the pavilion into the palace—kahilis waving—band playing—cheers rending the air. Pacing majestically along, the crown just a little on one side of the royal head, the scene of the funny King and Queen of "Alice in Wonderland" came irresistibly to my mind as I watched the burly form of Kalakua I. marching along, his black, curly hair making the pose of the rich gold circlet even more remarkable. One would not have been astonished to have heard the counterpart of the order, "Off with his (or her) head," issuing from the royal lips. I think, though, that it was the Queen who was the blood-thirsty one in "Alice," and certainly none could connect such an order with the kindly countenance of Kapiolani, who walked behind her royal spouse, beaming good nature and happiness on all near her.

Unfortunately, the King, having realised his ambition of being crowned, thought it was only proper he should have a court, and also a new table of precedence; and, as for fifteen years certain people had enjoyed a distinct rank, they naturally looked upon such as an individual right; and when these new rules were inaugurated, the result can easily be imagined to be dissatisfaction and grumbling in all quarters.

We were also present at the unveiling of the statue of the great chief, Kammeameha I., which ceremony took place in front of the Legislative Hall, a large building also containing the Courts of Justice and a museum of Hawaiian curiosities. This statue was of immense height, mounted on a huge pedestal, the figure of bronze, with the malo and the royal feather cloak thrown back from the shoulders. This, and the headdress, an exact copy of those worn by the Hawaiian chiefs when going forth to battle, were made of a brilliant gold colour, heightening the effect greatly. The headdress, strange to say, was always of the high Roman or Greek helmet shape, but instead of being made of metal, was formed of the tiny gold feathers, massed in a similar way to that of the cloak, and forming a most beautiful and impressive appearance. The right hand was extended, holding the long spear, so heavy that none but the great Kammeameha himself could throw it.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

LITERARY PLAGIARISM.

ACCORDING to a recent biographer of Byron, originality can be expected from nobody except a lunatic, a hermit, or a sensational novelist. This hasty remark is calculated to prejudice novelists, lunatics, and hermits. People will inevitably turn to these members of society (if we can speak thus of hermits and lunatics), and ask them for originality, and fail to get it, and express disappointment. For all lunatics are like other lunatics, and, no more than sane men, can they do anything original. As for hermits, one hermit is the very image of his brother solitary. There remain sensational novelists to bear the brunt of the world's demand for the absolutely unheard of, and, naturally, they cannot supply the article. So mankind falls on them, and calls them plagiarists. It is enough to make some novelists turn lunatics, and others turn hermits.

"Of all forms of theft," says Voltaire indulgently, "plagiarism is the least dangerous to society!" It may be added, that, of all forms of con-

solation, to shout "plagiarism" is the most comforting to authors who have failed, or amateurs who have never had the pluck to try. For this reason, probably, a new play seldom succeeds but some unlucky amateur produces his battered old MS., and declares that the fortunate author has stolen from *him*, who hath Fortune for his foe. Indeed, without this resource it is not known how unaccepted theatrical writers would endure their lot in life. But if stealing is so ready a way to triumph, then humanity may congratulate itself on the wide prevalence of moral sentiments. So very few people greatly succeed (and scarce any one who does not is called a thief) that even if all successful persons are proved robbers, there must be a lofty standard of honesty in literature. On the other hand it is a melancholy fact that the very greatest men of all—Shakespeare, Molière, Virgil (that furtive Mantuan), Pausanias, Theocritus, and Lord Tennyson—are all liable to the charge of theft, as that charge is understood by the *advocatus Diaboli*. It is a little odd, not only that our greatest is so small, but that our smallest—the persons who bark at the chariot of every passing triumph—are so great. *They* have never stolen, or nothing worth stealing, or nothing that any one would buy. But Dante: why, the whole idea of a visit to Hell, and a record of it, was a stock topic in early mediæval literature. But Bunyan: every library possesses, or may possess, half a dozen earlier Progresses by earlier Pilgrims. But Virgil: when he is not pilfering from Homer or Theocritus (who notoriously robbed Sophon) he has his hand in the pocket of Apollonius Rhodius. No doubt Bavius and Mævius mentioned these truths in their own literary circle. No doubt they did not gloss over the matter, but frankly remarked that the "Æneid" was a *pastiche*, a string of plagiarisms, a success due to Court influence, and the mutual admiration of Horace, Varro, and some other notorious characters. Yet the "Æneid" remains a rather unusual piece of work.

Some one, probably Gibbon, has remarked about some crime or other, that it is "difficult to commit, and almost impossible to prove." The reverse is the truth about plagiarism. That crime is easy to prove, and almost impossible to commit. The facility of proof is caused by the readiness of men to take any accusation of this sort for granted, and by the very natural lack of popular reflection about the laws that govern literary composition. Any two passages or situations, or ideas, that resemble each other, or are declared to resemble each other when they do not, are, to the mind of the unliterary person, a sufficient basis for a charge of plagiarism. These circumstances account for the ease with which plagiarism is proved. Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to commit. For he who is charged with plagiarism is almost invariably guilty of a literary success. Now, even the poorest and most temporary literary success (say that of a shilling novel) rests on the production of a *new thing*. The book that really wins the world, even for a week, from its taxes, and politics, and wars and rumours of war, must be in some way striking and novel. The newness may lie in force of fancy, or in charm of style, or in both; or in mere craftsman's skill, or in high spirits, or in some unusual moral sympathy and insight, or in various combinations of these things. In all such cases, and always, it is what is *new*, it is the whole impact of the book as one thing, that enables it to make its way to the coveted front. Now, what is stolen cannot be new; it can be nothing but the commonplaces of situation, and incident, and idea—each of them as old as fiction in one shape or other. Not the matter, but the casting of the matter; not the stuff, but the form given to the stuff, makes the novel, the novelty, and the success. Now, nobody can steal the form; nobody, as in the old story (or nobody except a piratical publisher), can "steal the brooms ready-made." The success or failure lies not in the materials, but in the making of the brooms, and no dullard can make anything, even if he steals all his materials. On the other hand, genius, or even considerable talent, can make a great deal, if it chooses, even out of stolen material—if any of the material of literature can be properly said to be stolen, and is not rather the possession of whoever likes to pick it up.

There are, unluckily, plenty of men and women who take credit, among their relations and friends, for the authorship of anonymous books which have been successful. They are "claimants," like the Tichborne pretender, rather than successful plagiarists. The case of George Eliot and "Adam Bede" is well-known. There was a person named Liggins who gave himself out for the author, and even reaped some social if not pecuniary benefit.

Mr. Liggins did not succeed in the long run, nor does literary history, perhaps, contain a single example of the triumph of a literary Perkin Warbeck. Only in very unusual and fantastic circumstances could he hope to keep the goods he stole ready-made. In the last novel on this situation, the pretender had every reason to believe that the true author of the MS. was drowned at sea. Unlucky and ill-advised pretender! The sea invariably gives up her dead—in novels. Short of such an unexpected accident as the sea's not giving up her dead, how is the true plagiarist to feel comfortable with his stolen goods? Almost his only chance, and that a bad one, would be by way of translation from some little-known language. Not long ago a story or novel by a modern author was published in a periodical. Presently the editor got a letter from a correspondent, offering to furnish "the sequel of your little tale from the Basque," or whatever the original language may have been. Yes, it is very difficult to find a language safe to steal from. Let me confess that, in a volume of tales written by way of holiday tasks, I once conveyed a passage from the Zulu. There could not have been a more bare-faced theft, and no doubt, in the present inflamed condition of the moral sense, somebody would have denounced me, had the tale been successful. But as long as you do not excite the pretty passion of envy, you may drive the Zulu cows unnoticed. There were only about three lines in the passage after all. The coolness of plagiarism has occasionally been displayed on a larger scale, as when a

novelist boldly took a whole battle scene out of Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War." He was found out, but he did not seem to care much. Probably this particularly daring theft was a mere piece of mischief—a kind of practical joke. What other explanation can be given of Mr. Disraeli's raid on M. Thiers, and the speech about General Saint-Cyr? Of course, Mr. Disraeli could have made a better speech for himself. Thefts of this kind, like certain literary forgeries, are prompted by the tricky spirit of Puck. But the joke is not in good taste, and is dangerous to play, because the majority of mankind will fail to see the fun of it, and will think the thief a thief in sober earnest. Only a humorous race would have made a God of Hermes, who stole cattle from the day his mother cradled him.

From these and similar cases, the difficulty, the all but impossibility, of successful plagiarism becomes manifest. If you merely use old ideas (and there are no new ideas), and so produce a fresh combination, a fresh whole, you are not a plagiarist at all. If you boldly annex the novel ready-made, either by way of translation, or publication of a manuscript not your own, you are instantly found out, and probably never get back your reputation. It appears that Mr. Charles Reade, in the "Wandering Heir," "bodily appropriated" twenty or thirty lines of a little-known poem of Dean Swift's, descriptive of fashionable life in Dublin. Mr. Reade appears to have used this poem in such a way as to make the public think it was his own composition. If he did, he acted, to say the least, with very great rashness. He reckoned without the unsuccessful novelist and the unsuccessful novelist's family. Of course he was "denounced as a plagiarist by two anonymous writers, who afterwards turned out to be a not very successful novelist and his wife." These "lynx-eyed detectives" do, pretty often, "turn out to be" unsuccessful novelists and their kinsmen. Mr. Reade then uttered loud cries of wrath, and spoke of "masked batteries manned by anonymuncula, pseudo-nymuncula and skunkula."*

All ideas are old; all situations have been invented and tried, or almost all. Probably a man of genius might make a good story even out of a selected assortment of the very oldest devices in romance. Miss Thackeray made capital stories out of the fairy tales that are older than Rameses II., and were even published by a scribe of that monarch's. Give Mr. Besant or Mr. Stevenson two lovers, and insist that, in telling these lovers' tale, the following incidents shall occur:

A Sprained Ankle.

An Attack by a Bull.

A Proposal in a Conservatory, watched by a Jealous Rival.

A Lost Will.

An Intercepted Correspondence.

Even out of these incidents it is probable that either of the authors mentioned could produce a novel that would soothe pain and charm exile. Nor would they be accused of plagiarism, because the ideas are, even by the most ignorant or envious, recognised as part of the common stock-in-trade.

Now, it is a fact that almost every notion and situation is as much part of the common stock-in-trade as those old friends. The "Odyssey," for example, might be shown to contain almost all the material of the romance that is accepted as outside of ordinary experience. For instance, in "She" we find a wondrous woman, who holds a man in her hollow caves (note the *caves*, there are caves in Homer), and offers him the gift of immortality. Obviously this is the position of Odysseus and Calypso. Rousseau remarked that the whole plot of the "Odyssey" would have been ruined by a letter from Odysseus to Penelope. Rousseau had not studied Wolf; but had letters been commonly written in Homer's time, the poet would have bribed one of Penelope's women to intercept them. Homer did not use that incident, because he did not need it; but all his incidents were of primeval antiquity, even in his own time; he plagiarised them from popular stories; he stole the Cyclops almost ready-made.†

A few instances may be given from personal experience. A novelist once visited the writer in high spirits. Certain events of a most extraordinary nature had just occurred to him, events which would appear incredible if I ventured to narrate them. My visitor meant to make them the subject of a story, which he sketched. "But you *can't*," I said; "that's the plot of 'Ferdinand's Folly,'" and I named a book which had just arrived *sub luminis oras*. He had not heard of "Ferdinand's Folly," but he went away sad, for he was a young man that had been robbed of a great opportunity. But he was presently consoled by receiving a letter from another author, a gentleman of repute in more than one branch of literature. "I have just read your 'Daisy's Dream,'" said this author, "and I find that there is a scene in it which is also in my unpublished work, 'Psamathœ.'" He then described the scene, which certainly did appear of glaring originality—if anything could be original. "Nobody will believe two people could have invented this; and what am I to do?" said the second unfortunate author; and, indeed, I do not know what he did, or whether "Psamathœ" was punished by an early doom for her unconscious plagiarism. The study of the diffusion of popular tales seems to show that there is no incident which may not be invented over and over again—in Siberia or Samoa. These coincidences will also occur in civilised literature; but some examples are so astonishing that the small fry of moralists are certain to shout "Stop thief." On the whole, an author thus anticipated had better stop before they shout, but it was the merest accident that gave pause to the two novelists of these anecdotes. Alas! unconscious of their doom, the little victims might have published.

Thus it appears that, though plagiarism is hardly a possible offence, it is more discreet not to use situations which have either made one very definite impression on the world of readers, or which have been very recently brought out. For example: it is distinctly daring to make a

* "How Charles Reade Worked;" *St. James's Gazette*, May 3, 1887.
† Gerland: "Alt-Griechische Märchen in der Odyssee."

priest confess his unsuspected sin in a sermon. The notion is public property; but every one is reminded of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Thus the situation is a thing to avoid; as certain measures—that of "In Memoriam" for example—are to be avoided in poetry. The metre is everybody's property, but it at once recalls the poem wherein the noblest use was made of it. Again, double personality is a theme open to all the world: Gautier and Poe and Eugène Sue all used it; but it is wiser to leave it alone while people have a vivid memory of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It is not inconceivable that an author might use the old notion as brilliantly and with as much freshness as Mr. Stevenson has done; it is certain that if he tries, he will be howled at by the moral mob. A novelist may keep these precautions in his mind; but if, though he writes good books, he is not a bookish man, he will be constantly and unwittingly offending people who do not write good books, although they are bookish. Thus it lately happened to me to see an illustration of an unpublished work, in which a wounded and dying warrior was using his last force to break, with singular consequences, the weapon that had been his lifelong companion. I knew (being bookish) the incident was perfectly familiar to me, but I could not remember where I had met it before. It haunted me like the names which you try to recover from faithless memory, and one day it flashed on me that this incident was, at least, eight hundred years old. But I leave (not its source, for the novelist who is no bookman had probably never tasted of that literary fountain), but the place of its early appearance, to be remembered or discovered by any one who is curious enough to consult his memory or his library. But here another question arises: let it be granted that the novelist first found the situation where I found it, and is there any reason in the world why he should not make what is a thoroughly original use of it? The imagination or invention needed for this particular adaptation was at least as vivid and romantic as the original conception, which, again, might occur and may have occurred separately to minds in Japan and in Peru.

Though it appears from various anecdotes that people who bring charges of plagiarism are not invariably of a delicate morality, yet a review of the whole topic cannot but console the moralist. Mr. Matthew Arnold assigns to morality but a poor seven-eighths in the composition of human life. But we see that morality has far more interest and importance than this estimate allows. A masterpiece of mere art in poetry or fiction might be published (I wish it were probable) without exciting one hundredth part of the interest provoked by the charge of stealing half a page. Thus we learn that Art is of no importance at all in comparison with Conduct. A good new book is murmured about at a few dinner parties. A wicked new action—say the purloining, real or alleged, of twenty lines—is thundered about from the house-top and flashed along all the network of electric wires from London to San Francisco. While men have this overpowering interest in morals, who can despair of humanity?—*Abridgement—Andrew Lang, in the Contemporary.*

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

ON Sunday, July 8 (20), the Czar received me after mass. This was contrary to etiquette, since the Emperor as a rule gave private audiences only to ambassadors and envoys. Prince Albert being there, an exception was made, to which I am indebted for one of the most interesting hours of my life. The master of the ceremonies had conducted me to the room, and remained standing at the door, doubtful whether to attend at this unaccustomed audience or not. Without saying a word, the Czar answered the official's mute inquiry by pointing energetically to the door. We remained alone, and I found myself for the first time face to face with the mightiest and most dreaded monarch of the world. In spite of his fifty-six years, the classical Greek features and giant figure of Nicholas I. still showed the strength of youth. Phidias could have chiselled a Zeus or a god of war from this model. He wore the undress uniform of a regiment of the Guard, a blue, double-breasted military tunic. I observed the head, now almost bald, and noticed a low and comparatively narrow forehead, with which the masculine nose formed one and the same line. The occiput, where phrenologists look for strength of will, seemed unusually developed, and the small head appeared to rest on a neck worthy of the Farnese Hercules.

There was something knightly, nay imposing, in the whole aspect of the man, and I now understood how the colossus who stood before me should have been able to quell with a mere movement of his hand the revolution that threatened him at the outbreak of the cholera. Wrapt in his cloak, he had gone alone on that day among the thousands who were shouting loudly in the Isaac's Square, accusing the Government of having poisoned the wells; he had then dropped his cloak, and commanded the multitude, with a wave of his hand, to cast themselves upon their knees. Not a man dared to remain standing. Then the Emperor exclaimed with a voice of thunder: "You wretches! It is not the wells that are poisoned, but you, who have poisoned yourselves with your sins. Now, pray God to forgive you, and to take the plague from us." A "Hurrah! long live our Lord and Father!" that sprang at once from a thousand throats, was the answer of the rebellious multitude, and the insurrection was quelled, as by magic, without the help of a single policeman. That great moment was present to my mind as I looked the Emperor in the eyes. They seemed to me somewhat unsettled, those eyes; and a nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth appeared to betoken pain and uneasiness.

After the Emperor Nicholas had spoken to me with winning amiability about Prince Albert, and the pleasure his visit was giving him, he appeared to forget entirely that he had a young diplomatist before him, whom he had never seen, and about whom he could scarcely have heard anything.

Familiarly, as though he were addressing an old acquaintance, he spoke to me of his recently ended journey. He had been to Berlin, to Dresden, to Vienna; he had seen the Empress Maria Anna at Prague, he had stopped also at Weimar and Darmstadt, as well as Stuttgart, where he paid a visit to his daughter. Wherever he went his eagle eye had seen everything in a few days, and he spoke with an unequalled absence of reserve of what he had noticed on this tour of inspection. The worst he had to say was of Berlin. He grew quite warm when complaining of the weakness of his brother-in-law.

On my endeavouring to quiet these unlooked-for ebullitions with the somewhat commonplace remark that nevertheless the King had the best intentions and the most amiable qualities, the Czar thundered out: "Tant pis pour ses qualités aimables! Quant à ses bonnes intentions, je vous dis, moi, qu'il ne sait jamais ce qu'il veut. Ce n'est pas un roi cela; il nous gâte le métier. Sachez-le donc"—here he stamped with his foot—"le sol sous mes pieds est miné comme sous les vôtres. Nous sommes tous solidaires. Nous avons tous un ennemi commun—la révolution. Si on continue à la cajoler comme on le fait à Berlin, l'incendie deviendra bientôt général. Ici je ne crains rien pour le moment. Tant que je vivrai on ne bougera pas. Car moi, je suis soldat; Monsieur mon beau-frère ne l'a jamais été.—Tel que vous me voyez," he continued in a calmer tone, and with all the charm of his well-modulated voice, "tel que vous me voyez, j'ai trente-huit ans de service, car j'ai fait mes premières armes en 1813. Oui, je suis soldat. C'est mon métier à moi. L'autre métier que la Providence m'a imposé"—these words he spoke very slowly, and almost in a whisper—"je le fais, parce qu'il faut bien le faire et qu'il n'y a personne pour m'en délivrer. Mais ce n'est pas mon métier."

There was something tragic in this confession. One felt how heavily those cares of government were weighing upon him, which now for seven-and-twenty years, well nigh a whole generation, he had had to support alone. His keen eye had become quite dulled, and his look had become unsteady. Taking my leave, with best wishes from the Emperor, I left the sunny but almost dismal apartment.—*Count Vitzthum: St. Petersburg and London in the Years 1852-64.*

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

LANFREY in his "History of Napoleon," does not hesitate to strike the Emperor blows in comparison with which those of Messrs. de Sybel and Taine are but flea bites. Lanfrey viewed the march of the French troops across the plains of Tuscany as an ambush and an iniquity. The momentary occupation of Leghorn in 1796 by the French has never been examined with precision, yet the English colony there was mercilessly devastated by Napoleon, who had just commenced to reap his Italian laurels, having been, at twenty-seven years of age given by Barras the command-in-chief of the army of Italy—40,000 men, wanting in everything,—plus his Joséphine de Beauharnais, already on the threshold of declining years. M. Pellet describes the sack of the English merchants at Leghorn by the rapacity of General Bonaparte, and in defiance of all the usages and all the rules of honourable war.

The English were not absolutely unprepared for the surprise, and so got off as much of their goods as possible. On the morning of 27th June, 1796, Murat's advanced cavalry was admitted into the city as "friends," to help the Grand Duke to repress the alleged "insolence of the English." Admitted, the last of the British ships, some forty in number, lifted anchor and set sail. Only a war ship of seventy-four guns, of Nelson's squadron, was at hand, to reply to the cannons of the forts. In the evening Bonaparte arrived; he addressed the citizens that he was "come to deliver them from English slavery;" he promised protection for all. No one responded. The Governor of the city arrived, but being treated as an impertinent by the General, remained leaning on his cane, as solid as a rock and as cool as ice. Gradually more troops entered the city during the night; all were ragged, and took clothes where they could obtain them. The generals had to cut their meat on the tables with their swords.

Next day Napoleon harangued the public against the English; "those proud islanders who have found at last their Scipio to tame them." He ordered seals to be put on all the English merchants' offices. The resident Jews made common cause with the French. Those of the inhabitants who could fled; those who could not burned tapers to the Madonna for protection. The English having been expelled, such of their merchandise as could be had was sold by public auction, and fetched 12,000,000 francs. The property of Neapolitan traders was, by a wilful error, also seized as British, and realised 10,000,000 francs. They were "promised," it would seem, the proceeds, but got nothing more solid in the way of payment.

WHAT has become of the Charlotte of "Werther," of Goethe's Charlotte? M. Speidel establishes that she was not at all an imaginary person, but a handsome creature of flesh and bone, and known as "Charlotte Buff." Goethe fell in love with her when she was *fiancée* to her "Albert" of the romance, who was simply a secretary of an embassy, and named Kestner. Charlotte and Albert had a son and daughter, who emigrated to the village of Thau, near Mulhouse, and so to Alsace. The son founded there a chemical factory, and his sister kept house for him. He realised the type of his romance-father, Albert, as his sister embodied the traits of her poetised mother, Charlotte. His habits of order and economy were extreme, his observance of the laws of courtesy proverbial, and under a roughish exterior beat the warmest of hearts, while remaining intensely German in habits and ideas.

His son married the daughter of General Rigault, a hero of the First Empire. She was Parisienne from head to foot, had a political Salon in

Thaun, where centralised the liberalism of the region. Her husband, now a rich manufacturer, glorified the revolution of 1848, and was thus designated in advance for exile, after the 1851 *coup d'état*. To defy the Second Empire, he gave one of his daughters in marriage to Colonel Charras. In the 1870-71 invasion he was at his post as a patriot and politician. His youngest daughter is to-day Madame Floquet, the handsome wife of the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Thus the granddaughter of Goethe is the leading lady in the republican and anti-German world of France.

THE Comte d'Herisson's "Cabinet Noir," is full of interesting souvenirs and anecdotes, based upon the official reports, diary, and intercepted letters at the post-office, by Baron Mounier, the Director-General of Police. The character of Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon, is fully exposed. It is clearly shown that the Emperor when he signed the treaty of peace with Austria, never stipulated for the hand of the Archduchess. That bright idea originated with an *attaché*, and was at once taken up by Napoleon. She was named Regent of France during the years 1812-14. Her nullity was notorious, and she was rarely consulted about anything. She kept the Austrian court duly informed, however, of all the plans of the French Government—as did Marie Antoinette in her day, and to love the Comte de Niepperg, the majordomo imposed on her by her father—was the aim of her life.

When the Empire collapsed, she displayed not the slightest regret, neither for her crown, her husband, nor her son—the King of Rome. The death of the latter left her as indifferent as did the exile of the former. She passed her time merrily reigning over Parma; went every night to the theatre, and expended three million francs annually in travelling. She found a new lover in M. de Bombelles. When she left France in 1814 for good, she brought away with her immense quantities of artistic furniture and historic papers, *plus* the crown jewels—now being sold by public auction. But all this baggage was taken from her at Lyons.

It is the custom when erecting statues to celebrities, to represent the honoured, generally when in his seared and yellow leaf-days. Of course the harvest of fame only ripens with age. However, when a man is sufficiently notorious to have several statues, it is a pleasing variety to secure at least one representing him in his salad days. This innovation has just been applied to Voltaire. M. Lambert is the proprietor of the Ferney chateau, Voltaire's life-decline residence, on the confines of Switzerland, and which he left to come to Paris to die. He was obliged to keep away from the capital, as his opinions were not of the odour of sanctity at the court, and he ran the risk of being thrown a second time into the Bastille. M. Lambert is also a fair sculptor, a pupil of poor Franceschi's. He has brought out a statue in bronze, after Remarquant's portrait of Voltaire, when he was thirty years of age.

The statue represents Voltaire about twenty-five years old—not the wrinkled and wizen visage of Houdin, but upright; laughing features; in sumptuous court costume, the closed right hand on hip, and in the left, an open copy of the "Henriade." On the front of the stela are two medallions representing Voltaire when a young man, reading one of his poems to Ninon de l'Enclos, and the other, when he was old, distributing succour to the passing poor—for whom he ever kept a free, open table. On the back of the stela are two masks personifying Satire and Poetry, beneath which in scroll work is the epigraph—"If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FARMING IN PENNSYLVANIA AND ONTARIO.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:—

SIR,—In THE WEEK for June 30 (page 500), there is a quotation from the United States official statistics with regard to farming in Pennsylvania, stating that the average value of the farms in that State is nearly \$50 per acre, "and that they yield a product worth \$131 for each person engaged, either as farmer or labourer." There is evidently no deduction for seed in this estimate—it is gross produce that is meant.

We cannot compare Ontario, as a whole, with its numerous half-cleared farms, with Pennsylvania, a populous and very old settled State; but taking the groups of old-settled counties nearest Toronto, we shall compare favourably.

It appears from the report of the Bureau of Industries for Ontario for 1885 (published in 1886), that for the group of nine counties nearest Toronto, the average value of farm land, including the farm buildings, amounted to \$59.20 per acre. And for the group of seven counties, comprising Middlesex and Waterloo, the average was \$55.76.

From careful calculations, based upon official statistics, in the London *Economist* for Dec. 4, 1886, it appears that the gross product of the *rented* farms in the whole of Ontario averaged \$585 for each person engaged as farmer or labourer. This was on the assumption that on every one of our hundred-acre *rented* farms, there was employed by the farmer one agricultural labourer all the year round, which is in excess of the real fact.

Summary:—Value of land and farm buildings per acre: Pennsylvania, nearly \$50; the nine counties nearest Toronto, \$59.20; the Middlesex group of seven counties, \$55.76. Gross value of produce raised by those engaged in agriculture per head: Pennsylvania, \$431; on *rented* Ontario farms as a whole, \$585.

So that it is clear that at present the Ontarian farmers are better off in most cases than the United States farmers. Pennsylvania agricultural prosperity is far above the average of the other States of the Union.

Yours, FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

SUNDAY CARS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:—

Considerable feeling is manifesting itself in certain quarters over the proposal to allow the Street Railway Co. to run their cars on Sunday. Chief and foremost comes the cry of "Sabbath desecration." What is Sabbath desecration? Can the labour and disturbance attendant on the carrying out of any plan which will tend to increase the happiness and better the condition of the lower strata of society be fairly reckoned among those things which would undermine and destroy the sanctity and blessing of our Sabbath? As has often been said, "The Sabbath was made for man;" and no course of Sabbath activity which will result in the lessening of human misery and the alleviation of human suffering can be reasonably considered disobedient to the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," or inimical to the best interests of religion.

Now, might not the opening up of a line of Sunday cars to High Park and other suburban points be the means of bringing health and happiness to hundreds of miserable homes in the city of Toronto? It is all very well for people of wealth, surrounded by every comfort and luxury money can bring, who when it suits their convenience can leave their city mansions for the seaside or lakeside cottage—it is all very well for these to cry out, against any innovation of this kind. But think of the boon to many families living from hand to mouth in crowded unhealthy tenements, year in, year out, if they could spend one day in seven during the hot summer months wandering over the breezy heights of our beautiful High Park, or exploring the many other localities of a similar nature which lie within easy reach of the street car routes of the city. As things are now, it is simply impossible for poor people in the centre of the city to reach these places; but put on Sunday cars and a family of six or eight will be able to spend a day of "pure delight" on forty or fifty cents.

Again, if these spots were made thus easily accessible, it is feared the pleasures of wood and field might prove a temptation too strong for the religious resistance of many of the Sunday morning congregations, and the church services would languish. Admitting for the moment that this result would follow—it strikes us that perhaps some of these same congregations might worship their Maker with a reverence as true and a devotion as warm, drinking in the pure, sweet air of the hillside and hearkening to the song of the birds, as listening in ill-ventilated, stuffy churches to the somniferous eloquence of many of our city preachers. But our belief is that the class reached in this way would be largely the non-church-going class—those who can scarcely be got to take an interest in anything; who lounge around their homes all day Sunday, sweltering in the heat, and breathing in too many instances the foul and pestilential atmosphere of their neighbourhood. And might not valuable instruction, religious and social, by this means be imparted to hundreds who would not otherwise receive it? The early portion of the day spent in their own way, by two or three o'clock they would be ready for something else, and attractive open-air services might be arranged, with plenty of cheerful music, interspersed with short, bright speeches. If some such plan as this were followed, why should it not be productive of much good in various ways?

Then there is the "thin edge of the wedge" argument. If, it is said, the street cars run and the trains run, we shall have all the taverns open to accommodate the travellers, and plying their trade of liquor-selling, and the shops will follow, and we shall soon be as bad as Chicago and other cities in the States.

Perhaps the quiet of the day would be somewhat broken, and visitors from other lands might be less impressed by Toronto's well-kept Sabbath, but it is sometimes possible to have more of appearance in such matters than of reality, and perhaps we should be none the worse for a little less of the appearance, if by the loss we might gain a little of the reality.

We are told, too, it would be inhuman to work the men and horses seven days in the week. No one proposes to do this; there is an ample sufficiency of extra men in the employ of the Company who would be only too glad to take the Sunday cars, and the supply of horses is almost unlimited. The *Globe* thinks the result would be that the peaceful quiet of the suburban communities, where the police protection is meagre, would be rudely broken by the drunken orgies of city roughs who would flock thither in crowds for that purpose. We do not hear of frequent occurrences of this sort on public holidays when liquor is sold at almost every corner, and why should such things be on Sundays when no liquor is to be had—at least openly? Of course we can have no freedom whatever without the corresponding danger of its abuse. Even our sacred liberty of free speech, for which the *Globe* is such a stickler, at times generates into ribald license. And in this instance there would doubtless be some who would take advantage of their increased opportunities and enlarged freedom to make themselves bigger nuisances than ever; but is this comparatively minor drawback to outweigh the vastly greater gain that would accrue to society as a whole? "Oh," they answer, "you are at perfect liberty now to go anywhere you please. We don't wish to hinder you. What we object to is the establishment under the sanction of the law of increased facilities to aid the evil-minded of the community in carrying out their wicked designs." "Very good," we say, "but in this case your refusal to allow those who are willing to do so to provide these facilities virtually takes away that liberty you say is ours to go where we please. Practically we are prohibited from taking our wives and children to such places as have been named. We cannot walk, we cannot afford to hire conveyances; and, as a consequence, we must stay at home. Allow us to make use of the cheap means of transit the Street Railway Co. will gladly furnish, and we shall then rejoice in the actual liberty to go where we please—within certain bounds and restrictions."

D.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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It is the misfortune of this country to be occupied by races that for centuries in the history of the Old World have been not only aliens, but antagonists. It is the deeper misfortune of this country to have this alienism and antagonism perpetuated by the Act which is the basis of her government. So long as while nominally governing the French we are really subject to them and to their Church, we cannot prophesy that any jot or tittle of this ill-will will abate. We have always understood that the millennial prediction of the lion and the lamb lying down at peace together is only realisable in the unideal present, with the lamb inside the lion. Certainly, the lion bound and helpless, and the lamb insolently dictating his conduct to him, is not a spectacle that suggests relations of amity; and this is the Canadian situation. Dislike French domination as we may, however, there is little reason for the contempt with which comment upon our fellow-colonists is very generally pointed, and which is usually drawn from a vast and varied ignorance of their past, and the vital part it has in our present. People whose antipathy to the Canadian Gaul is of the disdainful sort will be somewhat enlightened by the gem of half-a-dozen pamphlets published by the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, "The French Element in the Canadian North-west," by the Rev. Lewis Drummond. This gentleman's enthusiasm is not wholly Gallic, as his social sympathies are three parts foreign to the French; his appreciation of their history in the North-west, though strong, is moderate. In the manner of a gentleman of fine culture and wide information, he sketches the struggles of the French pioneers and their priesthood, and traces the paramount claim of these people to be called before all others Canadians. The paper will have a value as well as an interest for all into whose hands it may fall.

WITH a view to ascertain the opinion of the lumber trade on the question of Commercial Union, a representative of the *Canadian Lumberman* has, during the past month, had interviews with a number of prominent lumbermen in Ontario. From the list of names given, of wholesale merchants in Toronto and Hamilton, the opinion obtained, as far as these cities are concerned at any rate, may be taken as fairly representative. They were practically unanimous in favour of Commercial Union, expressing themselves of opinion that from a lumberman's standpoint such a treaty would be of incalculable advantage to the trade in general. Their reasons may be briefly stated as—because the production in this country is much larger than the home market requires; they therefore turn to the nearest contiguous market, the Eastern States; but the import duty of \$2 per thousand on manufactured lumber imposed by the States, comes out of the pocket of the Canadian manufacturers, for the reason that Canadian shippers are compelled to lay down their lumber on the other side as cheap as the same class article can be obtained at Tonawanda or any other point; and if all duties were swept away it is but reasonable to expect that the opening up to Canada of a much larger and more profitable market would at once enhance the value of timber lands, and would induce capitalists from both sides of the line to make heavy investments. All this is doubtless very true; and in like manner—though this is by no means so clear—the removal of the customs barrier might, on the whole, benefit the farmer. He might at first get a better price for his horses and barley; but, on the other hand, this gain would very likely soon be balanced by losses elsewhere. However, what more is required to give both lumberman and farmer all the advantages they expect than such limited reciprocity as was secured under the Treaty of 1854? That treaty permitted the free interchange between the two countries of the products of the forest, the farm, the fisheries, and the mine; and the lumber trade, at any rate, it is admitted, was never so prosperous as during its existence. It was terminated, however, by the Americans in pursuance of their present policy of crowding and intimidation, whose intent is clearly expressed in the demand that the Canadian fisheries shall be thrown open to Americans, while the American markets are closed to Canadian fishermen; in the Retaliation Bill, probably the most impudently immoral measure that ever passed even the American Congress; and, finally, in the cool request that we shall throw open our markets to the desperate needs

of the congested American manufactories, and so destroy the greater number of our own industries, as the price of a bargain that, without any such surrender, would be, at least, as much in favour of one party as the other.

We do not understand how, in the face of the veto of the superior power in the Dominion, Manitoba can build any railway that would compete with the C. P. R. system, unless the Manitobans are prepared to construct, equip, and operate the road with their own money. Capitalists will hardly invest in bonds which are virtually declared illegal, and therefore no security, by the supreme Government. But supposing the Province should go on with the work as proposed, in spite of the disallowance, and complete it, do the Manitobans imagine that Eastern Canada, which has borne the bulk of the cost of constructing the C. P. R., can with equanimity see the Lake Superior section and the Eastern division of that railway rendered useless in respect of the traffic of the North-west, by the diversion of that traffic from Canadian ports to American? We hope Manitoba and the North-west will be favoured with good crops this season, for we believe that the bad crops of the past three years are largely responsible for the present discontent and the outcry against Monopoly. Perhaps another railroad to the boundary line might improve the prospects of holders of land in Manitoba; they might be able to sell out under the impulse; but merely to help them is not an adequate reason why the millions invested in the Lake Superior and Eastern sections of the C. P. R. should be imperilled. To help the agricultural interest, and so end this agitation against monopoly, as far as that interest at any rate is concerned, nothing is needed, we are assured, but a few good seasons that shall offset the bad ones that have lately arrested the progress of Manitoba.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator*, writing of the Bodyke Evictions, draws attention to the cruel wrong perpetrated by the Land League in stepping in between the landlord and tenant, and, by illegal and criminal intimidation, depriving the tenant of the right of free sale, thus robbing him, in some cases at least, of an amount equal, perhaps, to many years' purchase of his holding. While it is plainly the duty of the Government to protect the right of the landlord to his just rent, it is as plainly the duty of the Government also to defend the tenant from illegal interference with the free sale of his tenant right. Is it right, it is asked, to obtain a year's rent for the landlord by a process which, so long as the Land League is allowed to over-ride the law of the land, means to the tenant a confiscation of a tenant-right of, perhaps, in value many times the amount? The Land League ought to be compelled to withdraw its illegal interference with the free sale of tenant-right; and there ought also to be in the Land Bill now before Parliament, some direct provision allowing the courts, in cases where eviction would mean unjust confiscation of the tenant-right, to exercise a just discretion, dealing with the case somewhat in the way suggested by the bankruptcy clauses of the Bill; at all events, during a period of delay till the fair value of the tenant-right could be obtained. The law having recognised the tenant-right as a thing of legal right and substantial value, ought to do its best to protect it. So long as custom throws the making of improvements and the building of houses upon the tenant, and so long as the tenant is regarded, even by the Act of 1881, as the person on whom falls the obligation of making sanitary, and even of building fresh cottages when needful for his labourers, some means must be found when, through misfortune or poverty, the time comes for a final settlement with the landlord that there shall be at least no confiscation of that property which, under the customs and laws of his country, he has been induced or obliged to create. In the Bodyke case, the poverty of the tenants, it is admitted, has been caused by the payment in past years of exorbitant rents, before the judicial rents were fixed; but even the judicial rents cannot be sustained in the face of the fall in prices since they were fixed. Judicial rents must be just, and if they have been fixed for fifteen years at a rate which already, after the lapse of only six, has proved too high, a revision ought to be made. Public opinion, neither in England nor Ireland, will support the eviction of tenants whose rents are manifestly unjust.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech supporting his motion against the third reading of the Crimes Bill displayed large-heartedness, and warm and highly creditable sympathy for the Irish poor; but he apparently will not see that the question at issue is whether the Queen's Government or the National League is to rule Ireland. The Bill is certainly, as he says, the Conservative alternative to Home Rule; the constituencies were appealed to by him on the subject, and they rejected his proposal of Home Rule; and what else could those then entrusted with power do but propose a policy different from his, if they were to fulfil the mandate given by the country?

Mr. Gladstone complains that whereas the old Coercion Bill was aimed at crime only, this new one, passing beyond crime, is aimed at societies; and afterwards he adds, referring to the boycotting clauses, that it is the exclusive dealing of the poor against the strong at which the Bill aims. Is this quite correct or consistent? Admitting that the Bill is aimed at the National League, which we suppose is meant as chief among the "societies" mentioned, is "the weak and poor" a correct description of that pernicious power which has supplanted the Queen's Government, and with which the landlords—"the rich and powerful," we suppose—and the poor sub-tenants of the League farmers are, unaided, in truth utterly unable to cope? It is the really poor—both landlords and tenants—that will be sustained against the tyranny of this powerful League by the operation of the Crimes Bill.

THE perversity of the Irish Party and their Radical allies in Parliament has thrown a chance into the lap of the Lords such as the gods have not of late often accorded them. Owing to the unconscionable waste of time in the Commons over the first few clauses of the Crimes Bill, many clauses of very great importance had not been discussed, either on the second reading or in committee, when Closure was applied. Important parts of the Bill have, in fact, not been discussed at all by the Commons, the Irish representatives, being more concerned for the safety of the Parnellites than for the welfare of the Irish people, effectually preventing discussion by their obstructive tactics. But the Lords have now an unique opportunity to show the useful part their branch of Parliament may fulfil in constitutional government, by discussing these neglected clauses with particular care and fulness, making any amendments that justice to the Irish people and consideration for their unfortunate condition may demand.

THE unexpected defeat of the Liberal Unionist candidate by a Gladstonian in the Spaulding division of South Lancashire, is a wholesome reminder that the London clubs and London society are not the whole of England; that there is a large constituency of voters throughout the country for whose views we must look elsewhere than in the London *Times*. The electors of Spaulding are largely of the newly enfranchised class of farm labourers, and it is probable the vote of this part of the majority means only that a grievance is felt against their own landlords, and that in returning the Gladstonite candidate they supposed they might be paving the way to a redress of their own grievances, rather than of the Irish. Or it may be due to the sulky abstention from voting of the Tory farmers, who are said to be disappointed that the Tory Government has not put a duty on corn. And it may be that the passage of so stringent a Crimes Bill for Ireland is not altogether agreeable to these rustic Liberals. To judge from the results of the two subsequent elections at North Paddington and Coventry, in the former of which places the Unionist majority has been reduced by 493 votes, while at Coventry the Gladstonians have gained 433 votes, the last mentioned theory looks most probable; and if that be the case it behoves the Liberal Unionists to watch well that in butressing the Union they do not overdo the work, and so unexpectedly let in the enemy.

It is somewhat difficult to make out from the telegrams the true purport of Mr. John Morley's speech at Manchester. One account says he asserted, as if by authority, that Mr. Gladstone had promised at Swansea that the Irish members should remain at Westminster after the establishment of a Parliament at Dublin; and then we are told that he himself withdrew his opposition to the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster, which means that he now assents to their exclusion. But in fact he always insisted very strongly on their exclusion instead of opposing it. The withdrawal of his opposition to the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster could not, at any rate, be regarded as opening a road to a compromise, whatever his concession of the right to the Imperial Parliament to veto Irish parliamentary decisions might do. The Unionists consider it essential to keep the Irish members at Westminster, and if it be true that Mr. Gladstone has now explicitly agreed to this, which, however, we must beg leave to doubt, the concession would probably satisfy a great many Liberals who have refused to follow him in this particular. But the difficulty is that Mr. Gladstone's declarations are so ambiguous that they generally require a Morley to interpret them; which, though useful, perhaps, as not committing the oracle too strictly to any specific course, is for that very reason not calculated to inspire confidence. And it is evident that the one great obstacle now to a reconciliation between the Liberal-Unionists and the Gladstonians, is such a lack of confidence in Mr. Gladstone as would, seemingly, even if he consented to drop Home Rule altogether, prevent his being again entrusted with the leadership."

It is not at all likely that the election of Prince Ferdinand to the Bulgarian throne will be approved by Russia. The Prince is an officer in the Austrian service, a Roman Catholic, and not a Slav,—all which must make him distasteful to the Czar. The Czar is, moreover, determined to close the Bulgarian question in his own way; and the election of Prince Ferdinand will therefore be approved only if it will help the plan. So that the election probably by no means ends the crisis.

THE brilliant success achieved by two ladies, the one in the Classical Tripos, and the other in the Modern Language Tripos, at Cambridge, who alone have passed in the first division of the first classes of the year, none of the young men having achieved that distinction in the same examination, has not been purchased, it is gratifying to learn, at the expense of the young ladies' health. This is a point that ought to be watched with the utmost care. It is not the acquisition of learning, but overwork, that has to be guarded against in the education of women; and if their nerves are to be shattered as men's often are by injudicious cramming, incessant mental feeding without digestion, the Universities will have, sooner or later, to be closed to them again. Happily, however, there is no sign of this in the present case; but it is a danger that is sure to arise when competition grows more general.

IN face of the apparently universal ignorance of the art of patching and mending which prevails in Ireland, Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey, in his *Chez Paddy*, a book from which we have lately given some extracts, goes so far as to express regret that morality in Ireland does not permit people who are unable to mend their clothes, to dispense with them altogether—at least, in the summer. Street-arabs who now need both hands to keep their clothes from tumbling off, would be free to employ them in some other manner more remunerative to themselves and less distressing to the beholder. As he puts it, it was only by a miracle of good nature that the sleeve of his car-driver's coat held on to the body of that garment.

THE creation of industries in Ireland, M. de Mandat-Grancey pronounces as foredoomed to failure, for the following reason:—I am convinced, he says, that we are destined to see in the near future a great many industries displaced which deal with material neither produced nor consumed on the spot; in other words, the only industries possible in Ireland, which produces no raw materials, and will always have a small consuming power. Holding, as he does, that the root of the evil is in the fact of Ireland's being more thickly populated in proportion to its resources than any other country in Europe, he looks forward to an extension of emigration as the sole effective remedy available.

THE *Spectator*, commenting on Lord R. Churchill's speech on maladministration in the Army and Navy Departments, says: "Lord Randolph is doing good service in bringing forward this matter; but he will find, we fear, that until the Irish Question is out of the way, the English people will not attend. They never do attend to more than one question at once." This is a weighty truth applicable to other than the English people; it is the reason, for instance, why a rational remedy for intemperance—the removal of the cause that produces intemperance—is so utterly neglected by American Prohibitionists in the absorbing but vain effort to cure a moral illness by the application of a legal nostrum.

"CONCERNING the Queen's Jubilee," says the New York *Truth*, "the Pittsburg *Bulletin*, a very bright and well-edited journal, has the following: 'On this side the restless Atlantic, where the continuance in office of the nation's head is a brief four years—or a rare continuance to twice that period—the idea of a half century of ruling by one human being comes with considerable force. That that ruler is a woman invests the subject with additional interest for the gallant young nation whose territory stretches from ocean to ocean. No heartier shouts ascended along the line of Queen Victoria's route on the 21st of June than those issuing from the throats of Americans. Whether in the person of a queen or a charwoman, your true American recognises woman's work, and Victoria's admirers in the land of the Stars and Stripes include almost every intelligent man in Uncle Sam's dominion.' It would possibly cost a New York daily newspaper about a third of its circulation to publish so hearty and altogether sincere a paragraph as the above." To which it is satisfactory to be able to add that according to the same authority the circulation of the New York *Sun*, which lately distinguished itself by an exceptionally brutal threat against Canada for daring to defend her fisheries from spoliation, has lately

fallen from well over 100,000 to not much over 80,000; not, however, in consequence of its frequent attacks of Anglophobia, but of its recently subordinating its traditional Democratic principles to the personal dislike felt by its conductor toward Mr. Cleveland.

A PREVARICATION.

Why do I love thee?
Ask the bee that sips

Nectar divine from out the willing flower,
Why it abideth upon those open lips—
Wherefore it wingeth around that elfin bower—
And when thou dost this sunny secret know,
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?
Ask the meadow green

Why it doth love the flower that blooms above it,
Whose sweet perfume or rainbow-tinted sheen
O'erspread their charm above the fields that love it;
And when thou dost this tender secret know,
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?
Ask the bird that sings

Of smiling skies and valleys rose-embowered,
Why from his heart his happy carol springs—
Why on the air its melody is showered;
And when thou dost this joyous secret know,
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?
Ask the artist crowned

With fairest thought, his rare ideal growing,
Wherefore he stands upon enchanted ground,
Why his proud eye with rapture-light is glowing—
And when thou dost this subtle secret know,
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?
Ask of him who hears

Sound-woven poetry of strains Elysian;
Why heart and soul do melt with unshed tears,
Swayed by the magic of the rapt musician—
And when thou dost this wondrous secret know,
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?
Ask the burdened heart,

Weighted with sin, forlorn and, anguish-riven,
Why, as the tears from out the eyelids start,
Peace comes in gazing on the star-pure heaven—
And when thou dost this holy secret know,
No longer marvel that I love thee so,

THOMAS FRANKLIN WATSON.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SNOBBERY.

Not the smallest item in the total debt of gratitude owed by Canadians to the Toronto *Mail*, is the persistence with which that admirable journal endeavours to illumine the blackness of darkness that surrounds its average reader's conception of his origin. Week after week the editorial mind bends to this herculean task, re-inspired by every issue of the scientific monthlies, re-consecrated by every unsympathetic manifestation in the shape of a protesting letter from a literal interpreter of Genesis. Nothing daunts its devotion to Mr. Darwin—one might be forgiven the inference, from the zeal with which it propagates the evolutionary doctrine that protoplasm is the end instead of the beginning of all things. It is not perhaps taking the reader too far back in the history of events to remind him of the *Mail's* editorial of last Saturday upon this subject. Doubtless there have been several editorials since then of similar tendency and equal value, but it is the particular utterance under the head of "Evolution and Democracy" that he is begged to call to mind. The principles there set forth seem to shed such a full, though indirect, irradiation upon that disagreeable abstraction known as snobbery, that no apology is necessary in introducing them in connection with the subject.

True, the writer sets out to show merely that the teachings of evolution forbid the possibility of the world's ills being legislated out of existence by any scheme of authorised plunder and equalised distribution. Nature growing and thriving in gigantic paradox upon herself; the fittest surviving everywhere, only at the expense of the less fit; men coming into this world

intellectually and morally as well as physically moribund by the conditions under which they come to compete with other men unhandicapped except by our common mortality; the evolutionist and the *Mail* cannot see the consistency of attempting to arbitrate destiny, or any chance of permanence for the result of such arbitration. As it was in the beginning so shall it be over again, they argue, and in the beginning it was war. This reasoning of course leaves out of the question that spark of divine intelligence in man which has led him in the growth of civilisation to subdue his instincts to law, with an eye upon not only his own ultimate benefit but that of his fellow-men. It reasons from the conduct of the cave-men, and the world's barbarians, very properly tracing the cannibal propensity to the nineteenth century gentleman who wears a silk hat, endows an orphan asylum, and operates in Toronto Street. But ignoring the fact that instinct is a diminishing force wherever it is subjected to the higher influences of civilisation, it may be held that since we have conquered the desire to prey upon the flesh of our fellow man, we may also hope to conquer the desire to prey upon his pocket, upon the strength of his arms, upon the ingenuity of his fingers. The very fact that this argument has been put forth among us not only by the quarry of civilisation but by those who have certain advantages to gain in pursuing it, seems to prove that this is possible. If there be ten righteous—nay, if there be but one, and such an one as John Ruskin or William Morris, it may not be oversanguine to suppose that the millenium of a fair chance for everybody who honestly desires it is a reasonable possibility.

We did not, however, turn up the file of the *Mail* for the purpose of disputing the conclusions of "Evolution and Democracy;" but by its assistance, at its face value, to elucidate, if possible, the snob's philosophy. For there is no doubt that he has a philosophy, unconscious though he may be of it, and little as the general public may suspect its existence in him. A law, harmonious with that of the spheres, dictates the measure of deference in his bow; the varying geniality of his smile was adjusted to circumstances long ago; the whole course of his apparently eccentric conduct is beautifully responsive to the principle that has regulated his being since he was a troglodyte. Socially, as well as physically, only the fittest survive, and in the modern drawing-room, as well as in the very "Early English" cave apartments, nature is "red in tooth and claw" in the struggle of decision. Look into the control the evolutionary principle has upon humanity, even as typified by the people you know, and you will see how naturally the snob's attitude toward the body of his fellow-men is an offensive one. He is engaged in their social extirpation, not ostensibly, of course. As the *Mail* says, the process is "sometimes thickly veiled," but extirpating them none the less actively and thoroughly in obedience to the law which "made him man and is essential to his future ascent." Natural selection of his associates having been made, his instinctive policy is war upon the non-select. His weapons are harder to describe and more subtly wielded than those of any other class of this world's belligerents; but he uses them so constantly, offensively and defensively, that to be found unarmed is to expose himself to social extinction at a moment's notice.

It will readily be seen from this that snobbery is really the all important force that makes for the future of our civilisation. Without its active operation society would be one vast dull level of mediocrity on which the butcher and the Lord High Chancellor might find an equal footing, and aim would be lost to endeavour because there would be no hills to climb. But providentially this state of things has been rendered impossible by the implanting, several aeons ago, of the murderous instinct in the protoplasmic breast.

As it is we must recognise that the snobbish principle is universal. Doubtless the scavenger is to some being of a lower social order than himself, a snob, although only historic specialists may claim to know. It takes years of patient toil and investigation to penetrate the incrustations of the social ideas of a scavenger. The experience of all well informed people will testify, however, that above this grade snobbery is rampant in every class, to the Royal Snob herself—long life to Her Majesty, and to the noble principle she so abundantly illustrates!

The vaneer of general agreeableness has been so largely adopted, however, out of deference to the humanitarian spirit of the age, to cover this natural hostility, that the snob who neglects to adopt it becomes immediately conspicuous. People say of him vindictively, "He is a Snob," forgetting that we are all under the same remote, original protoplasmic condemnation. They treat him as if he were afflicted with some unpleasant physical malady of which the symptoms are disagreeably obvious. He may be, of course, but as the *Mail* very justly leads us to infer, the disease is not sporadic and remarkable, but the common inheritance of mankind.

A SNOB.

NOTES FROM THE ROCKIES.

To have accomplished a journey of over two thousand miles in safety is no small matter of congratulation, especially when one's accident insurance policy is on the eve of expiry. Having travelled over the C. P. R. "from Ontario to the Pacific," and back, less than a year ago, I feel qualified to speak of the changes that twelve months have made in certain localities familiar to me.

On the present occasion I made a new departure from my former route, and visited a spot I had previously passed over, viz., Cochrane, twenty-four miles west of Calgary, where I spent three days with Mr. T. B. Cochrane (the English manager of the Calgary Lumber Company) and his wife. The Company's extensive steam saw-mill is doing so large a business that they are about to lay down fifteen miles of steel rails to connect it with the timber limit, and replace the wooden tramway now in use, which does not enable the supply to meet the demand for lumber from Calgary and elsewhere. In the immediate neighbourhood of Cochrane Station is the ranche of Senator Cochrane, probably the best known in the Dominion of Canada. He has in this district a fine sheep range, principally of Merino stock, which are profitable both for meat and wool; they have done remarkably well during the past year, and increased to the number of some twenty thousand (the original flock being ten thousand), and stood the winter admirably, their loss being only two per cent. They are more expensive to handle than cattle, requiring a staff of men and dogs, but are considered more remunerative and satisfactory in the end. On the Cochrane ranche they were distributed during the cold weather in bands over the range, each guarded by a shepherd and dogs, provided with shelter sheds, and fed during severe frosts. The country in the summer season seems naturally adapted to sheep raising, stretching away as it does in a succession of rolling foothills, often dotted with large white boulders from which it is difficult to distinguish the grazing sheep, to the snowclad summit of the Rockies, lying like sentinels on the horizon. Indeed, there is much suggestive of English downs in the prospect, especially if, turning one's back to the mountains, the eye travels eastward where the immensity of the Dominion is restricted by rising ground to the narrower characteristics of a British landscape. Were a distant glimpse of the sea thrown in, the illusion would be complete. It would require some imagination however to transmute the turbid waters of the Bow River into the sweep of the Atlantic's surge. A fine stream runs through the Cochrane ranche, from which I succeeded in extracting seven fine trout as a short afternoon's sport, making the bag of the party, who were less fortunate in their attempts. Five o'clock tea on the veranda of the Senator's comfortable log house, with a most enjoyable view to feast our eyes upon, was not the least pleasurable feature of one bright June day.

As the through train arrives at Cochrane station very inconveniently at midnight, and we were quite a party bound west for the mountains, the officials of the road responded most civilly to a telegram by stopping the express at the mill, close to the house, where we stepped on board, congratulating ourselves on avoiding a somewhat perilous drive after dark to the station two miles and a half distant. Our night's rest was not a little disturbed, unfortunately, by rumours of broken bridges and transfers at unearthly morning hours; but we were considerably allowed repose until seven o'clock, when Canmore, sixty miles east of the summit of the Rockies, was reached; two miles beyond this inaptly named station we came upon a damaged bridge over the Bow River, which had suffered severely from an encounter with a drive of logs floated down from a timber limit near Banff. Passengers and luggage were conveyed across it on flat cars, and a subsequent journey of two miles over another similarly injured bridge undertaken. The morning was bright and fine, and the scenery can be enjoyed better from these flat cars, or a hand car, than from any other vehicle except perhaps a cowcatcher. I must confess I was sorry when the connecting train appeared in sight, though, doubtless, a prolonged journey by this mode of conveyance would affect even the strongest back accustomed to the supports of civilisation. One of the improvements I noticed is the new hotel built by the C. P. R. at Field; it is more properly a dining hall, but at the same time possesses first-class sleeping accommodation, having seventeen excellent bedrooms; the meals served are even better than those on the dining cars, and the attendance is very good indeed. The new building is well situated on the banks of the Kicking Horse River, and the wide verandas which encircle it on three sides command lovely vistas of mountain scenery.

Donald I find remarkably progressive; a very neat and pretty English church nestled in a grove of pine trees meets the eye as the train steams into the station, and marks the religious tendencies of Quality Hill; a Presbyterian edifice is about to be erected not far from its Episcopal sister; the town proper has been surveyed and rejoices in various streets and avenues coloured by local names; accommodation is increasing, a large addition to the Selkirk House last year, a very humble hostelry, being almost completed, marking the increased demand for board and lodging; and all the tent structures have disappeared, giving place in many cases to more ambitious shops and stores. A Government grant has lately been made for the erection of a school and the salary of a teacher, which educational requirements will soon be adequately supplied. The mosquitoes, I regret to say, have, if possible, multiplied with the population, and in quality are of a very superior order. Towards evening a thick veil of smoke may be observed hanging over the town, caused by the numerous smudges made by the tortured inhabitants, which somewhat alleviate this Egyptian plague. No one is able to account for the prevalence of these insects, as the soil is dry and sandy; there is no marsh in the neighbourhood, indeed, no water at all except the rushing Columbia River, and the valley is well cleared; yet

they abound on all sides and will continue to do so until the middle or end of August. They make out-of-door life a struggle, and all country expeditions or explorations an impossibility. Having arrived a month earlier than last year, I find the vegetation much more abundant than it was then; the ground is literally carpeted with wild strawberries, spreading their scarlet fruit in rich profusion, and with low bushes of wild roses—a mass of delicate pink bloom. The banks of the Columbia River too are brilliant near my house with beds of orange lilies beautifully marked and coloured.

Mining is at last beginning to attract the attention of capitalists throughout the mountain section of the C. P. R. The galena mines of the Coffman Company, in the Kicking Horse Pass, one hundred and fifty miles west of Calgary, have been bonded for a large sum to an English company, which is taking steps to develop them. The Spillumacheen quartz mines on the Columbia River are also being opened up. At Ille-cille-waet, sixty miles west of Donald, smelting works have been erected, and large bodies of ore are being worked and milled by a company, of which Mr. G. B. Wright, a well-known citizen of Victoria, is the managing director. A busy town has already sprung up at this place. In the big bend of the Columbia, sixty miles from Revelstoke, a number of men are employed in gold placer-mining, it is believed with considerable success.

The steamer *Duchess* has been refitted for the season's work, and is making regular weekly trips, leaving Golden City every Thursday for the Columbia Lakes. She is doing a large passenger and freight business consequent upon the opening up of the Kootenay country by the establishment of navigation upon the Columbia River. The Government of British Columbia have granted a sum of \$17,000 for the building of roads and bridges in the Kootenay district during the present year—a measure largely due to the exertions of Colonel James Baker, of Cranbrooke, M.P.P. for Kootenay. E. S.

RECENT MISCELLANY.

ONE of the most substantial boons which has yet been placed within the grasp of the literary public is undoubtedly Irving's "Life of Washington," which is now published at his usual remarkably cheap rates, by John Alden, the copyright having expired in April, 1887. Mr. Alden issues the work in four volumes, the first of which is already on the bookseller's shelves. It is a large 12mo. volume, well printed, and of a decidedly attractive library appearance. The book is mechanically much the best specimen of the Alden publications that we have seen. Of its intrinsic merit it is unnecessary to speak. No American author is more thoroughly enjoyed by Canadians than Irving, and a popular edition of his fascinating record of the great American General's career will be greatly appreciated here.

MR. GEOFFREY QUARLES has taken a great deal of trouble to convince the world that "The Poets and Poetry of America," a satire by "Lavante," published in Philadelphia in 1847, was the product of that many-sided genius, Edgar Allan Poe. Unfortunately for Mr. Quarles' argument, he reprints the satire. The argument alone would convince the most sceptical that Poe was Lavante, but accompanied by Lavante's literary effort it is not so effectual. It is difficult indeed to reconcile these lame, ineffectively spiteful pentameters with the trenchant bitterness that characterised Poe's satirical writing. Unjust, vindictive, malicious, Poe often was, but never feebly so. His philippics always had an intellectual value when they lacked all other. We are bound to say, however, that, apart from this intrinsic objection, Mr. Quarles makes out a very good case in a very delightful fashion. Poe certainly did hate Griswold and most of the poets of Griswold's laudation very heartily, and it is Griswold's book that inspires "Lavante's" laboured irony. Circumstances in his life about the time "Lavante" fulminated in print do make it possible, if not probable, that he and the author of "The Raven" were identical. And, most important, we know Poe to have been exactly the kind of person to stoop to precisely this sort of proceeding. We cannot help thinking, however, whether he has made his point or not, and in spite of the clever way in which he has attempted it, that Mr. Quarles has rendered the public a very slight service indeed in the effort. If Poe wrote it, it is the poorest thing he ever did, and belongs to that vast bulk of matter turned out by all literary men which they would prefer to have forgotten, and which we would prefer to forget. And if the Southern poet did not write it, we are uselessly put, in contemplating the material from which Mr. Quarles' argument is drawn, to the pain of knowing more thoroughly than we ever knew before, what a poor creature the genius of Poe was set in.

"Unto Katharine Coman
Truer knight is no man,
Than he of daring act,
Who thus upon her table,
Would lay this thing of Fable,
Or maybe thing of Fact!"

is the whimsical dedication of a volume in the dainty livery of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston, "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" a correspondence in "two entanglements," edited by Mr. Justin Windsor. We rejoice to note that in the beginning Mr. Justin Windsor takes so obvious a way of relieving himself of any serious responsibility touching the identities about which he has constructed so charming and ingenious a story, and the public at the same time of the equally serious obligation of taking this little volume as a dead-in-earnest contribution to our knowledge of Stratford's immortal. In these days, when it is so popular and profitable a literary amusement to rob old bones of their graveclothes, one hesitates perceptibly before the most attractive bit of binding and printing that has an interrogation mark in its title. Mr. Justin Windsor, however, having thus

delicately hinted that after reading his little book we may continue to believe Shakespeare was Shakespeare, and still preserve our self-respect, proceeds to unravel his pair of "entanglements" in a fashion that no Shakespearian will fail to find intoxicating. The dis severed halves of an old portrait, the very earliest and mustiest of the quartos of an Elizabethan library, an antiquated "find," a number of coincidences, and the varying fortunes of English and American branches of the Shapleigh family, are all tapestried with no common skill into a web, the design of which centres about the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, and the German death-mask, believed by some people to be also that of the poet. The book is from end to end the most delightful reading, but leaves one puzzled to know just what its author wants us to believe. There is, of course, a great deal more Shapleigh than Shakespeare about it; and if Mr. Justin Windsor's circumstantial account of the Shapleigh ancestor be true it bears with it an easy refutation of Page's theory that the German mask was Shakespeare's, which it evidently aims to do. From the closing words of Mr. Justin Windsor's chief correspondent, however,—“in fact, as I read it, Shakespeare was and was not Shapleigh,” one is disposed to consider the whole matter an agreeable hoax, by which its author took the pleasure of imagining himself deceived. (Toronto: Williamson & Co.)

"HOW TO TRAVEL," is a little book written by that famous ubiquitous person Col. Thomas Knox, and published just at the time when it is calculated to do the most good, to both publishers and public. It is rather closely printed, but so neat and compact as to be carried about easily for reference if the traveller has not had time to prime himself before starting, and invests in it at the last moment. In a chapter entitled "Special Advice to Ladies," Col. Knox has invoked the assistance of one of them, and "Legal Rights of Travellers" is the work of a lawyer. The rest of the book is the work of Col. Knox himself, and its value may be guessed from the fact that he took the trouble to make it completely reliable by going outside his own vast fund of knowledge and experience for help. It embraces travelling conditions of all sorts, oriental, occidental, continental; and has a wise word for those who would undertake any. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.)

THIS is the day of clever sensations in fiction, and Frank Barrett's "Great Hesper," (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is by no means the least thrilling of them. Mr. Barrett lacks, like most of his class, almost all virtues of literary style except that of pungency, and crisp, straightforward statement of his imaginary situations. This is quite sufficient to enchain our attention to his really clever plot, in which, however, we regret the forced introduction of the Mexican half-breed girl, "Lola." Bret Harte has made Lolas forever impossible to any lesser genius than his own. The "Nyctalopes" is quite a "find" in sensational literature; but we hope freaks of nature will not be developed largely in the immediate future as a consequence of "The Great Hesper." They are tempting novelties, but will pall upon the public palate in a very short time.

LATER MAGAZINES.

THE *New Princeton Review* is published just half as often as it ought to be. Six times a year does not satisfy the eager readers of this valuable periodical, which is doing more than any other to bring American magazine-writing up to the English level. The current number opens with a delightful paper from the editor of the *Century*, reconciling realists and idealists, by showing that their methods enter equally into the construction of all literary masterpieces. Next to that in interest comes a graphic description of the horrors of war, "Sevastopol in May," by Count Tolstoi, translated by J. F. Hapgood. With a master-hand Tolstoi sketches three or four military characters of leading sorts in action at Sevastopol, and wonders in closing which of them shall be called his hero. He decides for none of them, but for the principle involved.

"The hero of my tales, whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty, and who has always been, is, and always will be most beautiful is—the truth."

THE *Century's* contents are unusually varied this month—no less than two dozen writers being represented. In addition to "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and "Bric-a-brac," "The Hundredth Man" pursues his remarkable fortunes with the profoundest satisfaction to himself, and doubtless to everybody else to whom the author of his being does not seem to be repeating himself. Professor Boyesen has a gem of pathos in "Crooked John," and H. S. Edwards a sparkling sketch, "Sister Todhunter's Heart." An article on "Christian Science" and "Mind Cure," by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, will go far to unsettle the faith of converts to their novel dogmas. The poetry of the number is weak, however, in spite of Miss Thomas and a fragment by Sidney Lanier.

THE *Magazine of American History* grows monthly a more valuable stimulus to the student of this continent's past. Canadians will find the chief attractions of this number to be its opening article, "Henry Laurens in the London Tower," by Mrs. Lamb, and "Journalism among the Cherokee Indians," by George J. Forster. As usual, it is admirably illustrated.

THE *Forum* is as varied as usual this month, but its average is not quite up to the mark it has made for itself. Professor W. T. Harris ventilates "Henry George's Mistake about Land" in a way that the most valid Socialist will be compelled to treat with respect. David A. Poe writes an interesting article upon "The Position of Canada," which will please his American readers, whatever may be thought of it here. Grant Allan

seeks in an optimistic manner the "Object of Life," and finds it in "the greatest total happiness of all, consistent with the equal individual happiness of each separately," which seems to us a wordy elaboration of a very ancient theory. Father J. O. S. Huntingdon writes earnestly of "Tene ment House Morality," and the most important article of all is "Dangers of Unrestricted Emigration" by Hjalmer H. Boyeson.

THE *English Illustrated* has a very pretty frontispiece in "Chatter" engraved from a drawing by Herbert Gandy. Its strong feature is the opening three chapters of "Marzio's Crucifix," a new serial by Marion Crawford, which promises extremely well.

A GAY little number is the present *Pansy*. From cover to cover the summer life of the children is in it; and the stories, pictures, and poems all have something to do for the little folk beyond their mere amusement.

ARTIST AND ACTOR.

FRENCH lady artists are well represented this year at the Paris Salon; their skill in drawing and painting is superior to that of Englishwomen, with very few exceptions. It is also pleasant to observe that they avoid the horrors, crudities, and nudities of numbers of their brother artists of the ultra realistic school. Among the best known names which figure on the walls this season are those of Mdle. Louise Abbema, Mdle. Anna Klumpke, Mdle. Marie Robiquet, Mme. Espinet, Mme. Elodie, La Villette, and the initials E. S. Together they represent a fair epitome of portraiture, domestic *genre*, landscape, and still life.

There are 108 pictures by American artists in the Salon, the largest number ever exhibited there; but the contributions are pronounced in merit unequal to those of recent years, the artists and critics of Paris finding only three or four worthy of notice.

The great deficiency in the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House is pronounced by a competent authority to be the want of really fine landscape painting. English artists, it is said, have no constitutional ability to produce landscapes; though that their nationality is not to blame is apparent from the walls of the National Gallery, and the study of a few private collections. Nevertheless the fact remains that during the last twenty years English painters have been losing their hold upon this beautiful art, till it has become, as in nearly all this year's pictures in the Academy, trivial and meaningless. The art they are throwing away is the only kind of painting, broadly speaking, in which England has greatly excelled, and in which her national character finds its true vent. There is little reason to suppose she will ever have a great school of figure painting, or one which is specially characteristic; but beyond all the continental nations she has opportunities for producing landscape painters.

There is nothing much in the heart of Englishmen which responds to "The Jealousy of Simathra" or the "Trial of Marianne," to "Venetian Flower Girls" or "Hindoo Ceremonies," but all appreciate the common scenes and sights of ordinary English life, as depicted in Mr. Hook's "Tickling Trout" in the present exhibition. Mr. Alfred Hunt has also a work of poetical feeling which he entitles "Our Interests on the Dangerous Edge of Things," a view of the village of Robin Hood's Bay, the sea, and the coast beyond. One of the most satisfactory pictures of the realistic kind is by a new painter, Mr. R. W. Allan, "The Haven Under the Hill," a composition of river and fishing boats, a little town and a range of hills beyond. Mr. Henry Moore's "Morning After the Gale," with fishing boats dashing out to the open sea, is a charming seascape. Mr. Moore, be it noted, is one of the two brothers concerning whom, for so many years, the Royal Academy was challenged by the Press to give any reason for his non-election; and now that the sea painter has at last been admitted to the Academy ranks, his brother, the figure painter (Mr. Albert Moore), before he attains the allotted age of men, may, perhaps, also be made an Associate.

THERE was on view in London during the month of June a very large and remarkable plastic and painted representation combined, of Jerusalem and Calvary, the various groups, amounting to no less than fifteen figures, being modelled from the much-talked-of Oberammergau Passion Plays. The work is the joint production of the brothers Zeiller, the sculptors, and the Munich court painters, Messrs. Quaglio and Son. It has attracted universal attention abroad. The landscape, which was painted by the Messrs. Quaglio, represents Jerusalem and most of the chief places of interest around the city, as history records them at the time of the Crucifixion. In the centre of the composition is the Saviour on the cross, and beneath Him stands the penitent Magdalene. On either hand are the thieves, about to be raised on their crosses, and around are St. John, Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary Salome, and others. The whole design is carried out with due regard to scenic effect, and is a remarkable and interesting work of its class.

THE *New York World* says the Metropolitan Museum of Art should be open on Sunday. Every picture on its walls is a means of popular education. The productions of eminent painters are worth a great deal to the moral health of the city. A good picture is sometimes better than a sermon.

If good Americans go to Paris when they die, rich ones go before their time comes, and among them the picture buyer. It is strange that the New York Cæsus invariably finds his way to the French metropolis, rather than the English, in search of art; yet we are driven to recognise the fact when a great collection such as that of Mr. A. T. Stewart goes under the hammer and is found to be without a single illustration of the works of Leighton or Watts, of Millais or Tadema, of Orchardson or Fildes, of Poynter or Burne-Jones.

THE art collection of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, is valued at over \$1,000,000.

THE English papers report Mr. Irving's performance of "Werner," given at the Lyceum in June, as one of exceptional interest, every one being anxious to see how the great actor would render the hero of Goethe's gloomy tragedy. The crowded audience which filled the theatre left it thoroughly satisfied with the painstaking work of its gifted lessee, but at the same time equally convinced that the drama in question would never be included in Mr. Irving's repertoire. Great credit is due to Mr. Frank Marshall for his clever elucidation of the morbid story, and the increased interest which he created in certain of its characters. It cannot for a moment be pretended, however, that the impersonation of "Werner" is one well suited to Mr. Irving's style, though his rendering left nothing to be desired, and could only excite the admiration of those who expected a less powerful study. To begin with, the tone of the character is pitched in too low a key; it is all sadness and sorrow and woe, and is consequently extremely monotonous, and thus gives no scope for those charming little touches and marvellous transitions of moods of which Mr. Irving is so perfect a master. "Josephine," a very shadowy part, became in Miss Ellen Terry's hands the incarnation of sweetness and womanliness.

On Tuesday, June 21, Mr. Irving threw open the Lyceum to the poor children of London, to whom he gave a rare jubilee treat. Instead of the "Merchant of Venice" he played "Jingle," and an act of "Much Ado About Nothing," while Mr. Toole appeared in "Domestic Economy." This programme was most attractive to the little ones, who were regaled with refreshments and presented with souvenir copies of the shilling Shakespeare.

"THE RED LAMP" at the Comedy is now preceded by an exceedingly touching and well-written one-act play by Mr. W. Sapte, a young author who is slowly but surely making good progress. He has produced a very simple but pathetic little story call "The Step Sister," which makes a well-contrasted *lever du rideau* to Mr. Tristram's powerful drama.

OWING to the continued popularity of "Monte Christo" at the Gaiety, the first performance of "Faustine de Bressier," in which Mrs. James Brown Potter is to appear, was postponed until the end of June. Mr. Forbes Robertson is to lend his able assistance to the piece. E. S.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A WILD ROSE.

THE first wild rose in wayside hedge
This year I wandering see,
I pluck, and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first felt thy gaze,
We were knee-deep in June;
The nights were only dreamier days,
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple, and apart,
And from that hour thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And ever now when June doth grace
Fresh copse or weathered bole
With roses, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
Where, bending down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear,
Bid her come swift and soon.
O, would that She were always here,
It then were always June.

—Alfred Austin, in *The Spectator*.

CIRCUMSPECTION for one moment will reveal to any thoughtful mind the justice of the accusation that the condition of the Drama and the stage during the last generation has gone from bad to worse. The productions of the dramatist and composer of music have been trivial, and little above the entertainments offered by a booth at a fair or a music hall. Buffoonery has replaced Comedy, and scenic display has displaced Tragedy. It is not pretended that "Faust" is performed; it is painted and grouped. Goethe is laid out in state, and we admire the robes in which the corpse is clothed. We are admitted to admire the parade, and to assure ourselves that the poet is very dead indeed.—*Dion Boucicault, in North American Review*.

THE only justifying ground for a prohibitory law, if found at all, must be found in the principles, not of morality, but of political economy, or, to use a wider phrase, in the requirements of public policy. The scope of public policy is wide. It considers what is necessary or desirable for the community at large, what best subserves the interests of the State, what

will provide for its revenues, develop its resources, and protect it from various dangers. Here is the ground of power to tax for support of the State and for public improvements; to establish common schools; to levy duties on imports; to declare quarantine; to kill diseased cattle; to regulate the sale of dangerous articles, such as gunpowder and poisons. Indeed, public policy, the right of the State, may go so far in its demands as to "take the body" of the citizen, enlisting him for war, or even drafting him by force, if he himself is unwilling to fight his country's battles.—*Sanford H. Cobb, in New Princeton Review*.

"AND some women have been gifted with great minds." M. Feuillet looked a little alarmed. "You admired the great English novelist, George Eliot?" "More than I can say. She led a model life. I regret infinitely that I cannot approach her closer on account of the barrier interposed by translations. Few of my generation read English; and though I spent eight days in London, where I had gone to see the Emperor, I assure you I was not seen to advantage. It fully sufficed me, however, to come to a very important conclusion in my estimate of Charles Dickens. Until then I had fancied his characters overdrawn—had, in fact, believed them to be caricatures; but I soon saw that he had not given them more than their proper intensity. A greater novelist will never live. The English character is much more sharply defined than the French. As a people, our differences are less accentuated; it is hard to find boldly-outlined characters. In England the range is much richer. In spite of what they say, the Englishman, upheld by his national pride, unmask with more freedom than the Frenchman, who is continually in dread of ridicule. When I crossed the Channel, I journeyed with people whom I took to be persons of distinction; yet no commercial traveller could exercise less restraint in making himself comfortable. I do not say they pulled off their boots; but the Turkish caps and the wraps they produced out of their travelling bags, no Frenchman would have donned in public. . . . Thackeray had qualities of style which prove once more that in every language there are certain keys common to the few masters. Thackeray well translated does not lose; I am confident the original cannot be finer. Of him may be said what I have thought in reading Macaulay, that his writings would teach one the French language. Prescott, the American historian, possesses that gift: he is the twin brother of Augustin Thierry."—*Interview with Octave Feuillet, in the Critic*.

THE collection for the Women's Jubilee Offering has been attended with great success in Ireland, the women of the poorer class of Roman Catholics, which is usually regarded as wholly Nationalist, responding with an alacrity and genuine delight which would astonish some persons in this country. One woman with a young family and a husband earning only eleven shillings a week insisted on giving a shilling, though she was assured that a penny would be amply sufficient. "So I'll have the majority of being sent up to the Queen," exclaimed another woman, on learning that the names of all the contributors would be placed before Her Majesty. "I haven't got a penny, black or white, to-day," said another, "but I must have it on Monday, for she's worthy of it." "I'm glad to tell ye, ma'am, I've got another sixpence for our gracious Queen," said a woman who had already contributed a like amount herself. "I remember well the day she was crowned," said another, "and every one was delighted, and she's a good woman." "I give it with the greatest of pleasure," said one of rather a better class, a coachman's wife, "for she's a good woman, and we all look up to her. And wouldn't she be terribly annoyed if she knew the dreadful times we're subjected to in Ireland?" "Well, there's a penny," said another woman, with a mixture of humour and simplicity, "and I'm sorry to hear she's in such need; but sure that'll help to pay her passage to Ireland." And if the Queen were to visit that country even now she would probably meet with a reception which would astonish everyone.—*A Correspondent of the London Times*.

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- CHURCH REVIEW. July. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- BOOK CHAT. June. New York: Brentano's, 5 Union Square.
- FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE. August. New York: 53-7 Park Place.
- OVERLAND MONTHLY. July. San Francisco: 415 Montgomery Street.

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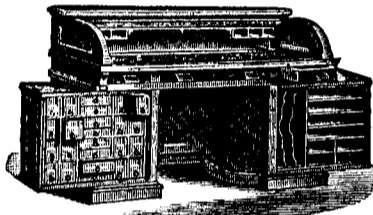
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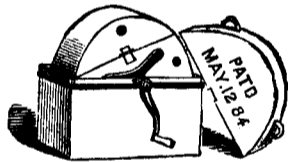
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Illustrated. Gen. Arthur F. Devereaux.
Manuscript Sources of American History.

Justin Winsor.

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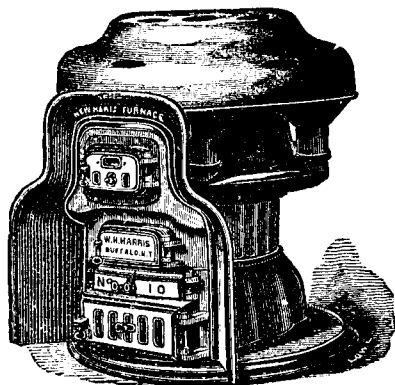
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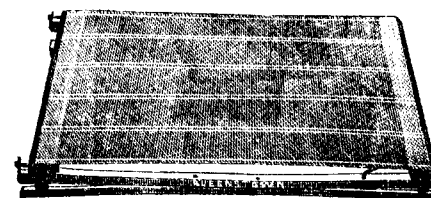
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