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

THE new volume of THE WEEK, which will begin with the
next number, will appear in a somewhat changed form.
The number of pages will be increased from sixteen to
twenty-four, the size of page being smaller, with a nar-
rower column. This form has been adopted by a
number of prominent weekly journals and has been
found more compact and convenient than the larger
sheet and wider column. The change has been often
urged by contributors and subscribers, and we trust it
will prove generally acceptable to our readers.

TORONTO is to be congratulated on the fact that the
Council has at last agreed on a policy for the removal
of the great danger to health which exists in the present
condition of Ashbridge's Bay. The plan recommended by
Engineer Keating and approved by the Council commends
itself to the good sense of the citizens, and we cannot doubt
that they will heartily vote approval of some means for pro-
viding the necessary funds. The scheme seems to have
the double merit of being neither too ambitious nor too
parsimonious. To have asked the citizens to vote a very
large sum of money for the carrying out of a grand scheme
of reclamation, in the present depressed state of business,
would have been to invite deserved defeat. On the other
hand, to palter with the nuisance by adopting some doubt-
ful, temporary expedient would no doubt have been very
poor economy, if not an absolute waste of money. So far
as inexpert common-sense can judge, the plan proposed, of
opening a clear and permanent channel through the whole
length of the marsh, through which the purifying waters
may freely flow, will not only have the sanitary effect
which is the crying necessity of the present moment, but
will constitute a necessary first step to any large filling-in
process which may be decided upon in future, when return-
ing prosperity shall have created a demand for more room.
For the present the city has enough of the filling-in busi-
ness on its hands in the Esplanade improvements. Even
these bid fair to cause the fishes, if any can survive in the
turbid waters of Toronto Bay, to begin to feel their
domains contracted, as did those of Horatian days, by the

encroachment of the moles built out into the waters. It is
wise for a time to set a limit to our City's too ambitious
designs. A strong and perfectly legitimate argument in
favour of carrying out the engineer's scheme without delay
is that it will afford useful employment to a large number
of labourers during the winter season.

MR. EDWARD BLAKE once told his followers, in the
course of a speech in Parliament, that he wished no
man to vote for his policy unless convinced that he was
right. His great opponent, the late Sir John Macdonald,
is said, on the other hand, to have sometimes declared that
he would not give a fig for the supporter who voted for him
only when convinced that he was right. Whether the latter
tradition is true, or the invention of an enemy, the two state-
ments serve to point a political moral—if those two words
are not wholly incongruous—which was illustrated in an
interesting manner in the recent debates of the "Young
Conservatives" of this city. It is, to our thinking, an
omen for good to Canada that a large majority of the young
Conservatives of the city have affirmed so unmistakably
that their party loyalty is rather of the type approved by
Mr. Blake than its opposite. We believe that it augurs
well, not only for the future of the country, but for that of
the party. Blind subservency to a few party
leaders, even though those leaders may hold the
reins of office and be the virtual rulers of the country,
is a very poor compliment to the men and a very
doubtful service to the party, while it is rank dis-
loyalty to the conscience of the individual and to the best
interests of Canada. There can be no doubt that in the
long run one supporter who acts from intelligent conviction
is worth more than half-a-dozen who follow blindly
whithersoever the party chiefs may lead them. It is evi-
dent that the young men of the city are bound not only to
do their own thinking but to maintain their right to free
expression of the results of it. This is the only attitude
worthy of those whose future is bound up with that of
their country, and any one of whom may cherish a reasonable
ambition to play an influential part one day in shaping its
destinies. We have seen no better augury for the redemp-
tion and purification of Canadian politics, than the inde-
pendent and manly stand taken by the "Young Conserva-
tives" of Toronto.

THE city of Toronto cannot be complimented on its dig-
nity, when its officers are employed in cutting down
the trolley poles erected by the street-car Company which
it has chartered. The act referred to seems to us to be
one which nothing short of a pressing and absolute neces-
sity could justify. It is not yet clear that it had that
justification. We are disposed to insist, as far as needful,
on curbing the presumption of monopolistic corporations,
but when such corporations exist by virtue of a city
charter and work under clearly defined conditions, it does
seem that there should be some better means of keeping
them up to the mark than the employment of brute force.
The whole question in this case, so far as we are able to
see, turns on the veracity of the representatives of the
Company. If it be true, as they assert most positively,
that they are absolutely unable to procure better poles in
time for use the coming winter, then the question was
simply whether it would be better to permit the temporary
use of defective material, or deprive many of the citizens
of the convenience of an electric service during the coming
winter. If the rashness of the City Engineer, acting as
we must suppose with the approval of the Mayor and
Council, shall have the effect of depriving those citizens of
such convenience, their brave and determined attitude
will scarcely bring those responsible for it much gratitude
or glory from the parts of the city affected. Of course, if
the Engineer or Council were unable to obtain from the
Company any binding engagement to have the objection-
able poles replaced by better ones at the earliest oppor-
tunity, their heroic measure may have better justification,
though even then it might be a fair question whether the
cutting down should not have been postponed until spring.
Let us hope that the quarrel may be speedily settled by
the court, and that some more dignified means may be

found for keeping the Company up to the mark in the
future.

WHERE are we? In what century are we living?
What kind of country do we inhabit? Such ques-
tions as these must have forced themselves upon the minds
of many a Canadian when he read the other day in the
papers that Archbishop Fabre had formally forbidden the
Roman Catholic citizens of the Province of Quebec to read,
buy, sell, or have anything to do with, two public journals
published in that Province which he designated by name;
and that he had enforced the prohibition by declaring that
those who should disregard it should be deprived of the
sacraments of the Church, with all the miseries in this life
and in the life to come which such deprivation might
entail. Two main questions are raised by this ecclesiastical
denunciation. First, Does it involve a violation of the
civil rights of the owners and publishers of said papers,
whose property in them the ban is intended to destroy?
Second, Would a legal decision, supposing that such could
be obtained, compelling the Archbishop to withdraw the
prohibition, be an interference with the freedom of worship
of the church which he represents and in whose name he
acts? The answer to the first question turns, it is evident,
upon the import of the threatened refusal of the sacraments.
No one would think of denying that a minister or eccle-
siastic is quite within his rights in denouncing, even by
name, any publication which he may deem to be pernicious
to the morals of those who are under his spiritual over-
sight, and advising or warning them against reading such
publications. The essential peculiarity of this case is such
as could not exist in connection with any other denomina-
tion save the Roman Catholic, because no other in this
land claims to exercise a jurisdiction affecting the destiny
of its adherents in the world to come. It is perhaps con-
ceivable that in some other churches a power of excom-
munication might be used in such a way as to raise a
question of civil rights, but even in such a case the issue
involved, relating simply to church standing or member-
ship, would be insignificant in comparison with the penalty
threatened in the present instance. It is quite immaterial
whether the deprivation of the sacraments really carries
with it all the terrible consequences suggested or not. The
vital point is that touching the nature and effect of the
threatened punishment as a *motive*, and its motive-
power depends entirely upon the belief of those
upon whom it is brought to bear. Assuming,
as is no doubt the fact in the case of the great
majority of those to whom the Archbishop's prohibi-
tion was addressed, the reality of the belief in the efficacy
of the threatened punishment in both worlds, it is evident
that the weapon is one of terrible effect, and that, if it
may be legitimately used, it places the property and means
of livelihood of the individual citizen completely within
the power of the ecclesiastical authorities wielding it. This
is equivalent to making them the virtual rulers of that
part of the State which comes within their ecclesiastical
domain, a consequence which reduces the claim to an
absurdity, in a free, self-governing country. That the laws
of Canada do not recognize such a stretch of ecclesiastical
authority as permissible has been made clear in the
decision of the courts that the dread of such spiritual
penalties may not be invoked as a political influence. The
principle involved is essentially the same in the case of the
journals. Hence the wonder is that the aggrieved
publishers do not seek relief in the courts.

TOUCHING the other phase of the question, it has been
claimed that to deny the right of the Archbishop to
wield the weapons of the church against the offending
journals and all who continue to patronize them, would be
to deprive Roman Catholics of their natural and treaty
right to the free exercise of their religion. But it surely
is involved in the idea of religious liberty as well as in
that of civil liberty, that it must respect the rights of
others. The most enthusiastic advocate of freedom of
worship would not claim that it should carry with it the
right to deprive any citizen forcibly or fraudulently of his
property or personal liberty, or to commit any act against
his person or property which would be deemed a crime in

the case of any other citizen. It has, on former occasions, been argued with ability by a well-known writer, that the Government and the courts were wrong in making or determining it to be unlawful for the Roman Catholic clergy to make use of the fear of other-world penalties in order to compel their parishioners to vote as they wished. The weapons thus used were, after all, it was urged, in substance, purely spiritual weapons and consequently should not come within the cognizance of Parliament or the civil power. There is a plausibility and verisimilitude about such an application of a broad principle upon which all are agreed, which makes one hesitate to controvert it. But its refutation is clearly contained, it seems to us, in the *reductio ad absurdum* above used. Granted that interference of the civil authority in such a case is a violation of religious liberty, and it follows that, in a country in which the balance of power is held by the adherents of the church in question, the ecclesiastical authorities may speedily become the real rulers of the State, and may proceed to exact any special privileges and immunities they may choose to claim. The conclusion of the whole matter is that while the grand principle of religious liberty implies for every individual citizen absolute freedom of faith and worship, it also, and for that very reason, implies that these liberties must, in the case of religious societies, be limited by the condition that the right of organization and worship be so used as not to interfere with either the civil or the religious rights of any individual citizen. If this general solution of the somewhat perplexing problem which is just now up for discussion be accepted, the application to the particular case in hand, and to any other which may arise, becomes comparatively easy.

THE discussion raised by the proposal to hand over the Intercolonial Railway to the Canadian Pacific Company, as one of the considerations in return for the establishment of a fast Atlantic steamship service by way of a Canadian port, has, if we do not misread it, made two points pretty clear. The first is that public opinion in Canada is not yet prepared to consent to the bestowment of the Intercolonial upon any private corporation so as to make it virtually or absolutely the property of such corporation. The second is that, in particular, the Canadian people will not be easily persuaded that it would be wise that so costly an addition should be made to the enormous bonuses already bestowed from the public chest upon the Canadian Pacific Company. The simple fact is that if the Intercolonial can be made profitable under private management there is no sufficient reason why it may not be made at least to pay expenses as the property of the Dominion. We have only to suppose, as is by no means improbable, that within a few years after receiving so handsome a donation the Company in question would be found paying handsome yearly dividends from the road, to see how clearly the Government and people would stand convicted of incapacity and folly in having given away so valuable a property. The *Globe*, whose position in regard to this matter is hard to understand, reminds us that able Ministers, under both Liberal and Conservative administrations, have failed to make the accounts of the road balance, by hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly. But the failure in both cases is easily accounted for by the simple fact that the road has been run on political, not commercial, principles. Had the management been put into the hands of a competent, non-political manager, and he been told to run it on commercial principles, the result might have been very different. It is not, however, to be hastily assumed that the best use to which the road can be put as the property of the Dominion is to make it a paying concern in the commercial sense. Of course the enormous deficits of late years must be stopped or very materially reduced, but those deficits are so clearly due, in a large measure, to the bad policy above indicated that there can be no reasonable doubt of the possibility of reducing them, even under Government management, to very much smaller dimensions. But it must not be forgotten that the road was originally built, not for the purpose of earning a dividend, but as a condition and bond of confederation, without which the Maritime Provinces would have absolutely refused to consider the question of union. True, it may be that its necessity or usefulness for the purpose contemplated may not now exist to the same degree as at first, but it is still a question whether it would not even now be more profitable for the Confederation, from the national, as distinct from the simply commercial, point of view, that the road should

continue to be the property of the Dominion and be run at a considerable annual loss, than that it should be made a profitable piece of property by a huge corporation, ready to exact the last farthing that the traffic will bear.

BE that as it may, the objection from the other point of view indicated should be insuperable. One has but to glance at the map of Canada and note how the population is strung along in a belt of at the most but a few hundred miles in width, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and how the Canadian Pacific, with the ownership of the Intercolonial, would run through this whole belt, with tentacles extended north and south wherever there is any considerable widening of the area of settlement, and to suppose its two ends connected by highly subsidized steamship lines, with Europe and Asia, to get some conception of how overpowering the influence of this giant corporation would become. If it be said that it is only the through travel which would result from such an arrangement which could enable the Company to make the line pay, and that the benefit should therefore accrue to the company, the answer is that the Dominion which has poured out its millions so freely for the construction of the present transcontinental road, and which is to supply the very liberal subsidies, would have a right to some small share of the profits. No injustice would be done to the Company, which would still have the lion's share of the pecuniary returns. Of course, it would be necessary that the Company managing the steamboats should have every necessary facility in the shape of running powers over the road. But this could surely be provided for on favourable terms, without either alienating the national property, or giving the Canadian Pacific any undue advantage over other railways. We hope it is not necessary to add that this view is not the outcome of any feelings but those of friendliness towards the Company whose energy and enterprise have already been of great service to the country, and whose admirable foresight and management have won the admiration of Canadians of all classes and parties. But railway companies, like other private corporations, are run on selfish principles, and it would be unreasonable to expect that any such company, having it in its power to further its own interests through the exercise of political influence or commercial pressure, would hesitate to do so. Those who can remember the part that has been sometimes played in the past in Canada by railway companies, which did not possess half the resources and means of influence which the Canadian Pacific already controls, would, we feel sure, elect to make haste more slowly in securing the desired fast Atlantic service, were that necessary, rather than run the risk of having both its political and its commercial interests at some future day too completely in the power of one mighty corporation.

A TRANSIENT revival of interest in the work of the Caron Commission has been caused by the publication of Mr. Edgar's reply to a communication received from J. S. Archibald, Esq., Q.C., and F. J. Bisailon, Esq., Q.C., inviting him to aid them in the further investigation before the Royal Commission, of the charges against Sir Adolphe Caron. In their letter the learned counsel labour to convince Mr. Edgar that he did wrong in refusing to appear before the Commission to prosecute the charges made by Minister Bowell. They maintain that, so far from the charges as laid by Mr. Bowell being designed to narrow the scope of the Enquiry, they actually afford a wider scope for investigation than his own charges, as originally formulated in the House. Their arguments fail, however, to convince Mr. Edgar, who re-affirms his opinion that "some very important charges were wholly omitted, while others were garbled beyond recognition." The fact that no answer was before made by the counsel to Mr. Edgar's reply to their previous communication, which reply was dated September 13, and that, while in that letter he expressed doubts as to the admissibility of certain evidence which he would wish to adduce, under the Bowell charges, he received no intimation that that such evidence would be admitted until every one of the witnesses he had named had been examined and dismissed, afforded Mr. Edgar an opportunity of which he was not slow to avail himself to cast suspicion upon the frankness of their long silence upon this point. The upshot of the matter is that he repeats his refusal to take part in the investigation, for the reasons given in his first communication. From the closing sentences of Mr.

Edgar's letter it may be inferred that he intends, on the submission of the report of the Commission to Parliament, to renew his demand for a "full, fair, and open enquiry," relying on "an aroused and indignant public opinion," as the result of the partial disclosures made before the Commission, to insist that these disclosures shall be "probed to the bottom." [The reply of Messrs. Archibald and Bisailon appeared too late for notice this week.]

IT is gratifying to learn that the recent conference between representatives of Newfoundland and members of the Canadian Government was harmonious and bids fair to lead to a friendly adjustment of the trade and fisheries questions in dispute between the two countries. This is as it should be. The Governments of both countries are much better employed in thus amicably discussing and settling such difficulties than in vexing each other with tariff wars or appeals to the Imperial authorities. The pity is that they should not have done their consulting first and their quarrelling afterwards. As to the still more important question of political union, which is understood to be in the background, the delegates of course had no power to deal with it in any authoritative way. It is, nevertheless, very likely that it was talked about in an informal way. Rumour has it that the question is to be submitted by plebiscite to the people of Newfoundland. This would be an eminently sensible way to deal with it, so far as the island is concerned, at the proper time, and under proper conditions. But the submission of such a question to popular vote involves the prior necessity that there be definite proposals to submit. It would be useless to ask any intelligent people to vote "yea" or "nay" upon the mere general question whether they were willing to enter the Canadian Confederation or not. The practical matter of terms and conditions would at once suggest itself, since many who might be willing and glad to unite on certain terms might be equally ready to object to do so under other conditions. Then, again, it would be equally necessary to know beforehand that the terms proposed were such as would be acceptable to the Dominion, otherwise the plebiscite might be a waste of time. As the Colony of Newfoundland is unquestionably poor, the finding of a mutually satisfactory pecuniary basis may be a matter of no little difficulty. But a matter of still greater moment is the French Shore difficulty, and it may well be questioned whether it would not be very unwise for Canada to consent to the union on any terms until some definite and permanent settlement of that question has been reached by the British and French Governments.

MR. McNEILL, M.P. for North Bruce, is lecturing in England in favour of preferential trade between Canada and the Mother Country. It may be assumed that his addresses are all similar in substance to that delivered a few weeks ago before the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce. This speech was an able and courageous one. We cannot but admire the skill with which he made the most of a weak case. We say "weak" advisedly, for surely the Canadian who goes before an assembly of the business men of England and seeks to convince them that it is not enough that the Mother Country should give Canada free admission to her markets, while her own products are met in return on the Canadian threshold with a high tariff, but that she should go further and purchase some more or less slight reduction of this tariff by taxing the food of her own people whenever it comes, as the greater part of it must come for many years at least, from foreign countries, must feel that he has anything but an easy task before him. What, then, are the inducements with which Mr. McNeill hopes to persuade the people of England to abandon the cherished fiscal policy under which her foreign commerce, exclusive of bullion and specie, increased from 665 to more than 3,700 millions of dollars in less than half-a-century, betokening an increase of wealth and prosperity which probably was never paralleled in the history of any nation, certainly never in that of any nation in which the conditions were anything like equal? These inducements—and we may be sure that our enthusiastic representative made the most of them—are, the hope of compelling a reduction in foreign tariffs, the courageous assumption that the price of breadstuffs would not be thereby increased to the British consumer, the more rapid building up and development of the great colonial empire, and the averting of the danger that Canada may be led to cast in her lot with the United States by reason of the "terrible strain" to which her loyalty is being subjected

by the free admission of the products of other nations as well as her own to the British markets. What reasonable hope can there be that such inducements can ever prevail with our fellow-countrymen in Great Britain? But we are told that the protectionist idea is making progress there. No doubt it is finding favour with certain classes, the only classes who could hope to be profited by the taxation of food—those, namely, who are interested in its production and sale. No doubt the land-owners and land-tillers of the Mother Country find themselves hard-pressed by the competition of the vast and fertile territories beyond the sea. Their case is a hard one, but it is in the last degree unlikely that the fiscal policy of England will ever again be shaped to suit the wishes of the thousands of producers at the expense of the hundreds of thousands of consumers. It is, moreover, to be noted that the proposed change could benefit these interested producers only on the condition of a rise in the price of food, the very thing that the Canadian advocate of the change feels it necessary to argue will not take place. We yield to none in the sincerity of our desire to see a great enlargement of trade between Canada and Great Britain. May we not hope that the sojourn of so many of the Ministers and Members of our Parliament in England this season may have the effect of opening their eyes to see that the one simple and sure method of effecting this most desirable end is within our power; that Canada has only to reduce the barrier which she has herself erected against such trade-expansion, not only with England but with all the world, in order to give such an impulse to Canadian foreign trade as can be imparted no other way.

ONE of the noteworthy signs of the time in the United States is the frankness with which the Republican leaders, many of them at least, acknowledge that their cherished policy was the cause of their defeat, and accept the situation. President Harrison himself admits that the McKinley tariff brought around his party's downfall. Mr. Chauncey Depew said at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in New York, that the voice of the American people has pronounced in stentorian tones its condemnation of the trade policy followed for the last thirty years in the Republic, and that it now demanded and would not be denied a fair trial of the substitute offered by the Democratic party. He went even further and declared that if that substitute should prove successful in producing the favourable effects predicted for it, he would be one of the first to confess his former errors and crown President Cleveland as the benefactor of his country. Such incidents as these are important as showing that the triumph of the Democrats is recognized on all hands as the victory of freer trade, or revenue-tariff principles, and that the victorious party leaders will not only be able but will be compelled to put the policy which has carried them into office into practice as rapidly as circumstances will permit. More significant than all is Mr. Cleveland's own declaration that the struggle has only just begun. The outside world may therefore safely hail the entrance of the new President into the White House as the beginning of a new era in the history of the great Republic. We in Canada may do so, not only for the sake of whatever advantage we may hope to derive from a gradual reduction of the American tariff, but by reason of the moral effect which the adoption of a more liberal trade policy is likely to have upon the general tone and temper of our neighbour. We have strong faith in the moral power of right ideas. There is a kind of contagiousness in them. The tendency of the short-sighted selfishness which prompts a nation to put up the bars against other nations is to produce a crabbedness which is sure to show itself in other international matters. On the other hand, when two peoples trade freely and largely with each other the very closeness of their business intercourse makes it the more difficult for them to quarrel about other things. Neighbourliness in trade promotes friendliness and courtesy in national as in individual life.

BEFORE these words are printed the German Reichstag will have assembled in what will almost surely be an exciting, and may prove to be a memorable, session. The opening speech of the Emperor is awaited with a good deal of interest, as it will probably have an important bearing upon subsequent developments. Some time has elapsed, however, since Emperor William has made one of his strongly self-assertive speeches, and it seems not unlikely that years and experience are bringing him a

wisdom which was wanting in some of his earlier utterances. In the present uncertain state of parties it is not easy to determine the probabilities in regard to the fate of the Army Bill. As that fate depends largely upon the attitude of the Centrists, and as this party is supposed to have ends of its own to promote, it need create no surprise should it not persist in the opposition with which for a time it has threatened the measure. There is some reason to doubt whether Bismarck's attacks upon the Bill and the Government may not tend to defeat their own object by reason of their excessive violence. In view of the evident utter inability of the ex-Chancellor to control himself, it becomes increasingly a mystery how he could have for so long a time been virtual ruler of the Empire and arbiter of the destinies of Europe. His ferocity of disposition and tenacity of purpose may have had not a little to do with securing and maintaining that wonderful pre-eminence which he maintained so long and so boldly. These qualities were reinforced by the unscrupulousness in the use of means which he is even now at no pains to conceal or deny. Possibly, too, advancing years and a native irritability stimulated by disappointment and the sense of injury over which he seems to be continually brooding, have had their effect in producing his present unhappy state of mind. Be all that as it may, it seems tolerably clear that the man whose hostility would at one time have been more to be dreaded by the Government than that of a host of minor opponents, has brought his influence down to such a level that some even insinuate that his fiery opposition may be a help rather than an obstacle to the Government leaders. Under any form of Government, and especially under the German form, the chances are usually on the side of those in power, and it is very likely that the present instance may prove no exception.

PROFESSOR CLARK'S LECTURES ON TENNYSON—VI.

THE DRAMAS.

SO far, in reviewing the works of our great poet we have, for the most part, followed the order of their production. In the case of the "Idylls," however, it was necessary, in studying the collection as finally arranged by the author, to depart from this order. So in regard to the dramas, although a good many shorter poems were put forth between the publication of the various plays, it will be better to postpone the consideration of these and take the dramas altogether in order.

It cannot, in this generation, be otherwise than difficult to form a judgment on the dramatic work of Tennyson. For those to whom Tennyson had been the most illuminating of teachers it was not easy to come dispassionately to the consideration of any new work of his. On the other hand, there are always critics ready to challenge an author's right to break new ground. Unfortunately, genius never arises without having its footsteps dogged by envy and jealousy, and Tennyson was never without a certain number of detractors who were ready to point out any seeming failures of his.

It is certainly not to be wondered at that the great poet who had written lyrics equal to the best which had ever appeared in any language, and had produced an epic fit to be placed in the same class with the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Divine Comedy," and "Paradise Lost," should attempt the drama. He had stood beside Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Milton. Might he not stand beside Shakespeare, Æschylus, and Sophocles? His admiration for Shakespeare breaks out in his writings. Could he range himself with him?

The attempt was a work of immense difficulty in many ways. In the first place, the state of the modern stage was to be considered. Was there a chance of a great dramatist succeeding upon it? For example, how many of Shakespeare's plays are still presented? And what changes are they subjected to before they are thought fit for presentation? and how much of their popularity is owing to the accessories of scenery and the like? Tennyson seems to have come to see this. He wrote "Queen Mary," a five-act play, with no fewer than forty-four characters. It had to be cut down and was then only a moderate success. "Harold" was much shorter. In "Becket" he returned to the size of "Queen Mary," but, in his dedication to Lord Selborne, he admitted that it was "not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our present theatre."

It has been thought by some that the genius of Tennyson was not essentially dramatic, or that, at any rate, it was too late in life for him to take to the drama with any hope of success; and it does seem as though there was a lack of action in some of his plays. Yet this is not quite the case with all of them. Perhaps we must allow posterity to decide this question. It cannot, however, be forgotten that, in one respect, Tennyson had not the advantages of Shakespeare as a writer for the stage. Shakespeare was the manager of a theatre, whilst Tennyson had been almost a recluse.

In the general design of his plays Tennyson selected the type presented in the "Histories" of Shakespeare, rather than that of the Tragedies. This may account for the complaint that the plays do not work up to a climax, although this could hardly be said of "Becket." To a certain extent, we may say, Tennyson intended to complete the Shakespearian cycle of histories. This had begun with Richard II. and had ended with Henry VIII., taking up the great period of the conflict of the Houses of York and Lancaster and the beginning of the Reformation. Tennyson completed the series at both ends. In "Harold" he showed the laying of the foundations for the building up of our modern composite England—composite in race and in language. In "Becket" he showed the struggle between the State and the Church which never terminated until the papal power was disowned—even if it be now terminated; and in "Queen Mary" he carried on the conflict until the accomplishment of the Reformation by the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

In one respect we may perhaps say that Tennyson worked under more difficult conditions than those which his circumstances imposed upon Shakespeare. The latter drew his stories from the chronicles, and addressed an audience which had more regard for literature and art than for the absolute accuracy of the narrative. Tennyson, on the contrary, lived and wrote in an age when history had become a science, and bound himself to historical accuracy.

The plays of Tennyson, like those of Shakespeare, may be studied in one or two ways. We may take them in the historical order, or in the order of publication. Some day, perhaps, the former way will be preferred. For us who have read them as they were written, it will be more natural to take them in that order. We shall therefore notice them, as follows: "Queen Mary," "Harold," "The Falcon," "The Cup," "The Promise of May," "Becket," and "The Foresters"—although to some of these only a very few words can be given.

"Queen Mary" appeared in 1875, and in the following year was presented, in a reduced form, at the Lyceum Theatre in London, Miss Kate Bateman playing Queen Mary, and Mr. Irving playing Philip II. Mr. Irving is said still to be of opinion that, if curtailed, it would make a "magnificent domestic drama." It cannot be denied that the characters are drawn with truth and power and are sustained with a remarkable consistency. If it is true that the play is pervaded by a certain monotony, this is partially attributable to the character of the principal person of the drama, and it must be acknowledged that some of the situations are very striking. The characters, too, are real and living characters. Philip, the narrow bigot, the cold-blooded sensualist, Mary, sharing her devotion between Philip and the Church, Gardiner, the fierce, cruel fanatic, yet trimmer withal; Cranmer, the same as he appeared in "Henry VIII."—gentle, weak, heroic. We cannot wonder if George Eliot should say that Tennyson ran Shakespeare very close.

Mary is represented as a woman whose sympathies are essentially Spanish. The memory of the injuries inflicted upon Queen Catharine still rankle in her heart. She can hardly think with patience of her father or her brother. Her sister, as the daughter of her mother's supplanter, Queen Anne Boleyn, is peculiarly offensive to her.

My good mother came (God rest her soul)
Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings. (Act I., Scene 5.)

Her passion for Philip was overpowering. Yet she is afraid that he may remember her eleven years in advance of him.

But will he care for that?
No, by the holy virgin, being noble,
But love me only.

There are few scenes in the play more touching than those in which the Queen's devotion and idolatry are put in contrast with the coldness of her husband, who, after finding that there was little chance of her giving him a son, was in haste to leave her. Moreover, Philip's one thought was to strengthen Spain, and in order to this, to get the English people to proclaim war on France, which they were not at all inclined to do. The Spanish ambassador, Simon Renard, suggested that the King might gratify the Queen by remaining another day with her.

Philip:
Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

Mary:
A day may save a heart from breaking, too.

Philip:
Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

Renard:
Your Grace's business will not suffer, sire,
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

Philip:
Then one day more to please her majesty.

Mary:
The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
O! if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!

Philip:
By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your majesty.
Simon, is supper ready? (Act III., Scene 6.)

One of the most touching scenes is that between Mary and her cousin, Reginald Pole, whom she had made Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Poor cousin," she says,
"Have I not been the fast friend of your life
Since mine began, and it was thought we two
Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other
As man and wife."

Pole :

Ah, cousin, I remember
How I would dandle you upon my knee
At lisping age. I watched you dancing once
With your huge father; he looked the Great Harry,
You but his cockboat; prettily you did it,
And innocently. No—we were not made
One flesh in happiness, no happiness here;
But now we are made one flesh in misery;
Our bridesmaids are not lovely—Disappointment,
Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
Labour-in-vain. (Act V. Scene 2.)

Lady Jane Grey does not appear in the drama; but there are some very striking lines relating to her execution.

Bayenhall :

Seventeen—and knew eight languages,—in music
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him,
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor outwoman'd—
Seventeen—a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud.
When the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,
Said "You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly;" then all wept but she,
Who changed not colour when she saw the block,
But ask'd him child-like: "Will you take it off
Before I lay me down?" "No, madam," he said
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling—"Where is it?
Where is it?"—You must fancy that which followed,
If you have heart to do it! (Act III., Scene 1.)

Some of the scenes relating to Cranmer are of singular beauty and power; but they are too long for quotation here. We can give only one brief reference to the change which came over him when he knew that his fate was sealed, and he knew how grievously he had betrayed the truth. When Howard says he would not like to hear "another recantation of Cranmer at the stake," Paget replies:

You'll not hear that.
He passed out smiling, and he walked upright;
His eye was like a soldier's whom the general
He looks to and he leans on as his God,
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidden him
Charge one against a thousand, and the man
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.

Two years after the publication of "Queen Mary," in 1877, appeared the drama of "Harold," also in five acts, but a good deal shorter than "Queen Mary." It is perhaps the least important of the three great plays, although the portraits of William and Harold are finely drawn. It is indeed a marvellous representation of a distant age, setting before us the two greatest men of the period. It is doubtful whether William could have gained his end but for the divisions in Earl Godwin's family. As it was the English fought tremendously at Hastings, and it was only by feigning fight that the Normans were able to break their ranks. King William seemed to think they owed the victory to the Papal blessing.

But that Holy Peter fought for us
And that the false Northumbrian held aloof
And save for that chance arrow which the Saints
Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?
Three horses bad I slain beneath me; twice
I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,
And that was from my boyhood, never yet—
No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men
Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
Of English. Every man about his king
Fell where he stood. They loved him; and pray God
My Normans may but move as true with me
To the door of death.

In 1879, "The Falcon," founded upon a story from Boccaccio was produced at St. James's theatre, London, by Mrs. Kendal and, although slight, secured an immediate success. The same may be said of "The Cup," a somewhat more ambitious effort, which was placed upon the stage of the Lyceum in 1881, by Mr. Irving, himself and Miss Terry taking the principal parts. These two plays bade fair to establish Mr. Tennyson's reputation as an acceptable writer for the stage—the one question which was still in doubt—when these hopes were dashed by the performance of a new play, "The Promise of May," at the Globe theatre in 1882. The artistic merits of this drama were not inconsiderable. Several of the characters were well drawn, much of the dialogue was excellent; but the polemical purpose was too apparent. It was a stage denunciation of positivism and agnosticism, and besides, several of the situations, one in particular, bordered upon the ridiculous. The play was not published until 1886, when, apparently with alterations, it appeared in the volume, "Locksley Hall and other poems." "The Cup" and the "Falcon" were published in one volume in 1884.

In the same year (1884) appeared the great drama of "Becket." It is in many respects a very wonderful production, and contests with "Queen Mary" the first place among the dramas. It is scrupulously faithful to history, although the legend of Fair Rosamond is "worked up," and its literary qualities are of the highest. Mr. J. R. Green declared that "all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II. and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's 'Becket.'" Mr. G. H. Lewes declared, "The play is instinct with dramatic life. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that, whatever the critics of to-day may think or say, the critics of to-morrow will unanimously declare Alfred Tennyson to be a great dramatic genius."

The principal characters are, first, Henry II., one of the greatest of the Plantagenets, great as a ruler, a legislator, a soldier; but, like other members of his family, violent, profane, vindictive, and liable to be carried away by furious passions. Next comes Becket (or perhaps Becket should come first), the King's Chancellor, friend, servant—ready to help his master against the Church, but, on being made Archbishop, awaking to a sense of his duties to the spirituality. A man lofty, sincere and self-sacrificing, but harsh, proud, impatient and impetuous. After him must be placed the sweetest figure in the group, Rosamond Clifford, apparently thinking herself the King's wife. The various scenes in which she appears are all, in different ways, beautiful, and her introduction at the murder of Becket is very skilful. Last of all comes Eleanor of Aquitaine, formerly wife of Louis VII. of France, divorced by him and married by Henry II. (eleven years younger than herself) for the sake of her great possessions in the south of France.

The play is not merely accurate in its delineation of persons and characters, but it gives a trustworthy representation of the struggle between Church and State in that period. Both sides were probably quite sincere. Both sides had a good deal to say for themselves. The controversy is hardly ended yet.

Among the most striking scenes we may note that in which Becket is wrestling with his doubts and fears in deciding to accept the Archbishopric; the appearance of Henry II. at the Council of Northampton, and his great speech to the barons; the scenes in Rosamond's bower, and the murder of Archbishop Thomas. Even in Shakespeare we hardly find more splendid passages than those in which the Archbishop and the King respectively set forth their conception of their duty.

Here is part of the first:—

Becket :

Am I the man? That rang
Within my head last night, and when I slept
Methought I stood in Canterbury Minster,
And spake to the Lord God, and said: "O Lord,
I have been a lover of wines and delicate meats,
And secular splendours, and a favourer
Of players, and a courtier, and a feeder
Of dogs and hawks, and apes, and lions, and lynxes.
Am I the man?" And the Lord answered me:
"Thou art the man, and all the more the man."
And then I asked again: "O Lord my God,
Henry the King hath been my friend, my brother,
And mine uplifter in this world, and chosen me
For this Thy great Archbishopric, believing
That I should go against the Church with him,
And I shall go against him with the Church,
And I have said no word of this to him:
Am I the man?" And the Lord answer'd me:
"Thou art the man, and all the more the man."

Certainly not less striking is the speech of the King at the Council of Northampton. The scene at the murder of the Archbishop is also managed with extraordinary skill and power.

The last of Lord Tennyson's plays, "The Foresters," published about the beginning of this year, and at the same time produced on the stage at New York, is in some respects the most remarkable. It can no more be compared with the historical plays than "As You Like It" could be compared with "Richard III." or "Henry V.," yet it does to a certain extent take its place in the historical series, since it gives us no small insight into the time of Richard II., and the most charming picture of woodland life in Robin Hood and his merry men. It is a most charming play, and, as the production of a man over eighty, is simply a prodigy. It is as fresh and breezy as the work of a boy. It is impossible to believe that, if it were properly put upon the stage, it should be unsuccessful. It is not necessary to give an outline of its slight plot. We must content ourselves with two quotations. The first shall be one of the exquisite songs:—

There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts.
Such hearts of oak as they be.

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be.

Chorus : And these will strike for England,
And man and maid be free
To foil and spoil the tyrant
Beneath the greenwood tree.

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives
So fair and chaste as they be.

There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be,
There are no maids like English maids
So beautiful as they be.

Chorus : And these shall wed with freemen,
And all their sons be free,
To sing the songs of England
Beneath the greenwood tree.

The other passage is from the closing scene:—

Robin Hood :

Our forest games are ended, our free life
And we must hence to the King's court. I trust
We shall return to the wood. Meanwhile farewell
Old friends, old patriarch oaks. A thousand winters
Will strip you bare as death, a thousand summers
Robe you life-green again. You seem, as it were,
Immortal and are mortal. How few Junos
Will heat our pulses quicker! How few frosts
Will chill the hearts that beat for Robin Hood!

WASHINGTON LETTER.

IT is hard to write with a steady pulse of the late election. One must go back to 1860, the year before the Civil War, to find its peer in importance or dignity. Then, as now, the masses took by the throat a monster of greed, selfishness and immorality, and strangled it in the midst of its pride and fancied security.

Little more than two years ago, I saw at the Capitol men of mark and character turned from the doors of committee rooms without the hearing they had come to Washington to beg on the clauses or provisions of the McKinley Bill that threatened established interests with ruin. Compelled to run the gauntlet of arrogant committeemen, politicians who had engineered the "trade" by which tariff legislation was to be exchanged for the huge corruption fund subscribed in the last days of the Presidential campaign of 1888, and the delegates of the combines and great manufacturing industries, for whose benefit the tariff schedules were framed, these suitors for justice did not always escape actual insult. I said to a member of the tariff committee whom I knew to be a man of integrity, though fanatical to the point of wishing for a wall of fire along the Atlantic seaboard: "You are sowing a crop of dragons' teeth, the harvesting of which will be a sad day for your party when the harvest time comes." He replied, confidently: "You are wrong, my dear fellow; we are sowing the seeds of the greatest prosperity that ever this country will have seen."

It is the irony of fate that the name of Representative (now Governor) McKinley should forever be attached to the greatest piece of legislative corruption that the annals of our national history afford. He was the chairman of the tariff committee, but besides the circumstance that his administrative duties gave him little time or opportunity for attention to the details of the two bills wherein the bargain made in 1888 was consummated, he was too honest and fair a man to be trusted with the history or purposes of the enactments which, fused together in the popular mind, bear his name. Few men had a smaller acquaintance with the McKinley bills than chairman McKinley at the time that they went on the statute book. He probably learned more about the distinctively McKinley Bill—the one fixing the classifications and rates of duty—at a famous interview that Secretary Blaine held with him and some other members of the committee, one night at a hotel, than he knew before or has acquired since.

It is the moral aspects of the late election that are the most worth dwelling upon. The returns make it certain that the Democrats were largely helped to their victory by the votes of Republicans and Independents—the latter that ever-growing class which is the pledge of safety to our democratic institutions. Many of these cast their ballots under a pressure from their own feelings (including the promptings of supposed self-interest), and from without, that make their conduct little less than heroic. The debasing consequences of such an alliance as existed until the other day between the leaders of a political party and a group of commercial monopolists were plainly exhibited during the late canvass. Apparently without a thought of the barbarous spectacle they were making of themselves and their country, Republican speakers and editors gloated over the misery they conceived or affected to believe the McKinley Bill had inflicted upon the wage workers of Europe. The late President Garfield once said in debate "We legislate for the United States," but if the occasion had required it he would have added: "If our measures work injury to others we are sorry for it." Not so the Republican statesman of 1892, whose cherished argument has been: The McKinley Bill must be good for us because it is so bad for others. This is the old fallacy of the "balance of trade," reproduced and brutalized. No wonder that the States had entered upon a course of locally protective legislation till arrested by nullifying decisions from the Supreme Court.

Two things look surprising now in the face of the late election. One, that practical politicians should have believed it possible to establish and maintain, against manhood suffrage, a system under which a political party was to be kept in power by a corruption fund supplied from the gains of a sale of the public interests to comparatively a handful of capitalists. The plan broke down at the first attempt to work it. The capitalists trusted one to the other to do the heavy financing, and the purchasable vote would not have been large enough had there been more wine and less water in the Republican "barrel." The second surprise is that the Republican statesmen who have a character to lose should almost universally have made themselves accessories to the trafficking of colleagues that have had none for years.

On strictly personal grounds, nothing is gained by the exchange of President Harrison for ex-President Cleveland in the executive chair. The former is the abler man of the two, and in other respects is fully the peer of his successful rival. But the personal merits of the candidates did not count in the result.

Mr. Blaine is the only Republican statesman not buried under the avalanche. The immediate future of the party is in his hands, but he will lead it from behind the scenes, owing to incurable infirmities of age and health.

Washington, Nov. 14, 1892.

THE LONDON CHARTERHOUSE.

THE foundation of the Charterhouse (corrupted from Fr. *Chartreux*, a Carthusian convent) dates from a period towards the close of the 14th century and is due to the gallant Sir Walter de Mauny, who distinguished himself in many of the sanguinary conflicts of the reign of Edward III. Its site (of thirteen acres) was originally procured by Sir Walter, who caused it to be consecrated, as a place of sepulture for the thousands who died during the great plague of 1349 which swept across the European continent: and it is related that no less than 50,000 persons were there interred. Towards the end of his life, with the assistance of Michael de Northburgh, Bishop of London, this philanthropic knight obtained the royal licence to found on this spot a convent of monks of the Carthusian order. The charter of foundation still remains, in good preservation, among the records of the Charterhouse, after the lapse of more than five centuries. By reason of the unspotted lives of the inmates of the Charterhouse, which obtained for them many privileges and exemptions, this priory continued to flourish for upwards of two and a-half centuries to the reign of Henry VIII. The Charterhouse then shared the untoward fate of the other monasteries in spite of its creditable record; its members were forced to acknowledge the king's supremacy in 1534, and three years afterwards to abandon their title to property on the establishment. Some years later the king made a grant of the Charterhouse to one of his courtiers, Sir Edward (afterwards Lord) North, whose son sold it in 1565 to the Duke of Norfolk for £2,500. It remained in the possession of the Duke's family and was used as their London residence until 1611, when it was purchased by Mr. Thomas Sutton, a rich merchant, who endowed it as an hospital and seminary which it has since continued to be.

Mr. Sutton appears to have been a considerable person in his day, and the following particulars of his life, for which we are indebted to a most entertaining work by a Carthusian monk, writing in 1808, will, we are sure, be interesting. We first hear of him in connection with the Earl of Warwick, whose private secretary he became in 1565, through whose influence he obtained the remunerative office of Master General of the Ordnance in the North for life. Shortly afterwards, obtaining a lease of the Manor of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle, he opened and developed their coal mines, and amassed so great wealth that it was said of him when he went to settle in London, in 1580, that he brought a "purse fuller than Queen Elizabeth's Exchequer." He embarked his capital in extensive mercantile undertakings, became chief contractor for victualling the navy and foreign garrisons, and was in every respect one of the first merchants of the age. Retiring from mercantile business in 1590, being then sixty years old, he employed his capital in lending on security and in farming his extensive estates. After the accession of James I., Sir John Harrington, who was in the habit of borrowing money from Mr. Sutton, endeavoured to persuade him, as he had no children, to make the Duke of York (afterwards Charles I.) his heir, and to receive in return a peerage; "but," the historian naively says, "the merchant had too solid an understanding to yield to these solicitations, and determined to appropriate his fortune to charitable purposes." For the Charterhouse property Mr. Sutton paid the Duke of Norfolk £13,000, and dying on the 12th December in the same year, he left the bulk of his immense fortune to that establishment. The sum bequeathed was in excess of £100,000, though by reason of the covetousness and greed of the Crown, it seemed at one time more than doubtful that the testator's intentions were to be fulfilled. The magnitude of the bequest attracted Sir Francis Bacon who, in a long letter addressed to his sovereign, argued against allowing so large a sum to become the possession of an untried institution. "If, however, the will is found to be sound, and its terms unmistakable," says Sir Francis, "I would recommend that instead of one large hospital, several small hospitals in different situations; instead of a school lectureship, and instead of maintaining a preacher in London, I suggest that the funds be allotted to the support of preachers in retired parts where the knowledge of the Protestant religion has not yet penetrated." The will, however, was so clear and complete that the Crown did not deem it expedient to intermeddle further than to make the executors purchase the confirmation by a handsome donation to the treasury, which consisted of £10,000 paid out of the estate into the Exchequer for the purpose of repairing the bridge of Berwick-on-Tweed.

The establishment of the Charterhouse comprises a master and sixteen governors, including the former, a preacher, a principal schoolmaster, a second schoolmaster, a physician, a solicitor, a receiver, an auditor, a chapel-clerk, a house-steward, a surgeon, an organist, a steward of the court and a surveyor. The school consists of forty boys, nominated by the governors in turn. They are fed, clothed and educated at the sole expense of the charity; may be admitted at any age between ten and fifteen, but may not remain longer than eight years. Twenty-nine exhibitions, of £40 a year each, are provided at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge for Charterhouse boys who are found of sufficient ability to go to the university. The pensioners are eighty, concerning whom Mr. Sutton's intention was that they "should be taken out of those who were gentlemen by descent and in poverty; soldiers who had borne arms by sea or land; merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck, or servants in household to the King

or Queen." These limitations were received in 1642, and the "poor, aged, maimed, needy, and impotent in general" were declared fit objects for the charity. No pensioner can be admitted under the age of fifty, "unless maimed in war either by sea or land," in which case he may be elected ten years younger. No one is received who owns £200, or has an income per year of £24. Each pensioner has a room to himself and £14 a year in addition to his board. The Charterhouse school is now situated at Godalming, in Surrey, though the other department remains on the original site, near the top of Aldersgate Street.

Among the famous who received their education at the Charterhouse were the essayists, Addison and Steele, John Wesley and Thackeray. F. E. J. LLOYD.

REMENIYI.

EVENING'S grey glimmer, here and there a star;
Darkness divine descending soft as dew;
Orphean murmurings from seas whose blue
Unites with skies down-bending, dim and far.
A whisper of the tide within the bar;
Rifts of clear crimson flushing night's dun haze;
Dawn ushering in some glorious day of days,
Remembered, memory-crowned as some days are.
Exquisite harmonies caught from nature's lyre;
Music of birds, of torrents rushing free;
Eternal freedom, strong-voiced, thrilled with fire,
Nervous, resistless as the flowing sea;
Your magic bow, all this and more to me
Inimitably sang, Remeniyi.

JESSIE K. LAWSON.

THE CRITIC.

I WAS dipping once again the other day into one of those delightful collections of sixteenth and seventeenth century lyrics made by Mr. A. H. Bullen; into that excellent one, namely, culled from the dramatists of the Elizabethan age, and prefaced by the "frequently imitated but never equalled"

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.

And there was something marvellously refreshing in them. True, they were culled from great poets, from Shakespeare, and from Jonson, and from Beaumont and Fletcher, from Nashe, from Peele, and from many another who to us to-day is a mere name, and as such these lyrics are, of course, unexcelled if not unrivalled in English. Yet even so, I thought I detected in them a something that the world has lost or all but lost, a freshness, a limpidity, an artlessness of thought and diction that to-day is all too rare: the stream of poetry has broadened but has become muddier as it flowed. Mr. Bullen speaks of their "natural magic," and the phrase is aptly chosen; naturalness is their distinguishing characteristic: in Lyly (strangely enough, for do we not always associate Lyly with the "Euphuës?"), in Peele, in Nashe, in Shakespeare, in the earlier writers of the age this characteristic is especially marked, their lyrics seem due to spontaneous and artless simplicity, yet a simplicity in which poetry is inherent. Upon any page almost examples may be found. Here is one from Shakespeare:—

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Who even attempts this strain now? Or this, which is from Lyly?—

O cruel love, on thee I lay
My curse which shall strike blind the day;
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jailors shall be hopes and fears,
Thy prison mates groans, sighs and tears,
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes.

Or this, which is from Nashe?—

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit.

There are no tricks here, no efforts at something startling, something profound, something clever.

But this was in the hey-day of poetry. The lyric is the language of youth; it flourished when English poetry was in its childhood. It flourished once again, too, in the person of England's "eternal child," when the world at all events believed herself to have renewed her youth in the French revolution. Yet between the timbre of Shelley's lyrics and Lyly's there is a difference—and naturally: three centuries separate them. Yes, the Elizabethan age was the age of song. "Alas," says Dr. Weir Mitchell in his last book, "we have lost the art of song. The gayety and self-abandonment of its Elizabethan notes are dead for us. All the pretty silliness of it—its careless folly and its gay music—rings with the life of that splendid day." It is difficult to imagine spontaneous songsters in the highly educated, highly analytical, highly critical nineteenth century. Song is not only the language of youth, it is the language of the fields: it is Corydon who sings; the drawing-room song is an antinomy—at least it bears the same relation to the true song that the masque does to the true drama. Art as it grows seems to lose the delightful un-self-consciousness and *insouciance* of its early

days, its jocundity, its pastoral freedom of language, its bucolic largeness of thought, untrammelled by civilization and convention. Now and then, however, there comes a Burns, or a Moore, or a William Blake, or a William Watson, or a Monkhouse, or a William Barnes, and we get lyrics again, of a different timbre certainly, and often of a different pitch, but still lyrics. Nor must we forget Swinburne, nor Walt Whitman. Tennyson's songs, too, rise in all our memories. But Tennyson's songs are of a different key, an exquisitely modulated minor key compared with the bolder music of Elizabethan lays. In a classification of lyrics an interesting species truly would be our late Laureate's.

It would be as rational as pertinent a question to ask whether we might not look for new songs from new peoples. We hardly expect lyrics from Paris; but what of the prairies, the free, the jubilant west? In time, no doubt, these shall answer for themselves, but not even Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller combined can say they have answered to the full that demand of Mr. Swinburne—

Send but a song oversea for us.

And yet there is not so much to bewail in this thought that the age of song is past, as Dr. Mitchell seems to imply. Everything moves, even art—differentiates perhaps, in deference to the age, one should say. Apelles's art was mere representation; that of the latest school may, I suppose, be called impressionism. The *Æschylean* drama was already waning in the days of Euripides; and even in the short period which separates us from the days of Bulwer Lytton the stage has developed some wonderful things. We do something else beside singing now, and yet we can enjoy the songs of long ago. That is the privilege of age: it does not gambol, but the gambols of its grand-children please it. That they do please it is evident from the number of collections of the lyrics of bygone days that have lately appeared and are still appearing. Mr. Bullen himself has brought out some half-dozen; Mr. Saintsbury has given us the lyrics of the Restoration; and we may add Mr. Morley's "Bundle of Ballads," Mr. Andrew Lang's "Blue Poetry Book," Mr. Henley's "Lyra Heroica," and Mr. William Watson's "Lyric Love."

QUACKS.

JOHNSON'S definition of a quack—"a boastful pretender to an art he does not understand"—is, to our way of thinking, though suggestive of imposture, altogether too mild a term. Supposed to be an abbreviated form of "quacksalver," which is derived from the Dutch *kwakzalver*—from *kwab*, a wen, and *zalver*, an ointment—it has now come to mean an adept in the art of gullibility. He who is bold enough to assert that he has an infallible remedy for the cure of every disease "incidental to humanity" is sure to have a following of believers, among whom will be found men of ability and position, and hardly an advertisement can be read without our coming across testimonials from, next to the fair sex, ministers of religion, who are always the first to support any new form of charlatanism. This remark is not intended as a slur on the sacred ministry, but is simply a fact derived from a careful analysis of the advertising columns of the public press. Human credulity is too strong to resist the positive and unblushing assertions of the quack.

The arguments in favour of the different forms of quackery are always the same. There are always some in whom, whilst assaying the efficacies of these new cure-alls on diseased bodies, nature effects a cure; then it is that the grateful patient feels it a duty to humanity at large to declare publicly that he, or she, "having taken every kind of medicine, and consulted the most eminent physicians on his (or her) malady, was induced to give . . . a trial, etc.," and thus "quackery is immortal." Many too, labouring under the delusion that they are suffering from some dire malady, being dissatisfied in each case with the harmless treatment of physicians, perhaps a little too frank and outspoken in their diagnosis, are suddenly led away by the positive assurance of some quack until they themselves believe they have at last found a certain remedy, and, of course, tell the same old story. With such faith, bread-pills with a wonderful name would serve equally as well. Testimonials from this class are always the quack's highest recommendation, for the supposed malady is invariably spoken of as "deemed incurable," accompanied with a melancholy retrospect of the despair into which the patient had fallen, and finally concluding with the magical effect produced by the very first bottle.

In the ruder ages, disease was attributed to the influence of evil spirits, hence arose a class of specialists—the priests—who, by their greater knowledge, induced others to believe that they were able to cope with the unseen, supplying charms and potions, and making use of enchantments, to prevent, as well as cure, disease. The ancient Egyptians worshipped Serapis as a medical divinity, attributing physical malady to the anger of the gods. Thus the priests, having a monopoly of medical practice, divulging their knowledge only under the most terrible vows of secrecy, concealed their imposition from the vulgar, and acquired great power and wealth. Among the Israelites, the priests relied wholly on religious methods of cure. In Greece, the direct descendants of *Æsculapius* cured disease by mysterious ceremonies, offerings, fastings, and so forth. In Rome, the priests in time of plague, endeavoured to combat it by feasting the gods, or driving the nails into

the right wall of the temple of Jupiter. The progress of medicine was violently opposed by the early Christians who held that the power of curing disease had been transmitted from Christ and His apostles to their bishops and elders; and hence they healed the sick by prayer, laying on of hands, and anointing with oil. For some centuries the monks monopolized all the medical practice and quackery, making a fat living by selling, for large sums of money, remnants of ancient martyrs, waters of the holy wells, portions of the true cross, etc., as a protection against sickness, witchcraft, evil spirits, and other ills, praying to St. Anthony for inflammation, St. Valentine for epilepsy, St. Clara for sore eyes, St. Apollonia for toothache, and so on. In Willcock's "Laws of the Medical Profession," we have the following approved remedy for epilepsy: After the patient has repeated the Lord's prayer with the mouth wide open to prevent the first attack, the sacro-physical directions run thus: "When the patient and his parents have fasted three days, let them conduct him to a church. If he be of a proper age, and in his right senses, let him confess. Then let him hear mass on Friday, during the fast of *quatuor temporum*, and also on Saturday. On Sunday let a good and religious priest read over his head in church the Gospel which is read in September in the time of vintage after the feast of the Holy Cross. After this, let the same priest write the same Gospel devoutly; and let the patient wear it about his neck, and he shall be cured. The gospel is, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

It was not till after the Reformation, when the powers of the priesthood were broken up, that medicine made any progress towards the truth, and that the knowledge of disease was acquired by accurate observation and the study of the human frame. The most remarkable form of quackery, which was exercised for nearly seven centuries, was the professed cure of scrofula by the royal touch, practised first by Edward the Confessor, who transmitted the gift to all his successors, by virtue, not of their kingship, but their sanctity. Queen Anne was the last to exercise this "divine right" of quackery in England; to whom was brought, by his mother, the celebrated Dr. Johnson on the recommendation of a distinguished Lichfield physician, Sir John Floyer. The patients, after being examined by the King's surgeons, were given tickets to admit them to the royal presence. After the patient had knelt down and was touched by his Majesty, the clerk of the closet handed the King a gold coin attached to a white ribbon, others read the prayers and ceremonies specially appointed for the purpose. William III., however, ridiculed the "divine right," and only employed the touch on one occasion and then in mockery when he said to the patient: "May God give you better health and more sense."

In the time of Cromwell, Valentine Greatraikes, an Irish gentleman of good family, not only undertook to cure the King's evil by stroking, but treated epilepsy, asthma, convulsions, deafness, etc., by the same method. The latter diseases being all due to nervous derangement, benefit was often obtained through effect produced on the imagination, and Greatraikes' fame spread far and near. On the more hysterical of the fair sex, who formed his chief admirers, he is alleged to have wrought marvellous cures; but he ultimately died in obscurity.

In the sixteenth century flourished the "monarch of physicians," Paracelsus, who generally styled himself Philipus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, who was for some time professor of Basle, in Switzerland. He denied the utility of knowing the cause or mode of origin of disease, styled all preceding authorities as empirics, asserted that the hair on his head knew more than all the writers from Galen to Avicenna, publicly burned their books, and invented a nostrum called "Azoth," which he vaunted as the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life. His assurance was so great that he declared he had the power of making man immortal, though after performing to his credit many wonderful cures by the aid of opium, antimony and mercury, and, after holding up to contempt the humoral pathology of the ancients, he died at the age of forty-eight.

In this and the succeeding century a remarkable example of credulity and gullibility of the public was evinced in the "weapon ointment" and "sympathetic powder cures," the ointment being applied, not to the wound, but to the weapon which caused it, while the wounded man's garments were immersed in a solution of the powder, consisting merely of blue vitriol "prepared with mysterious ceremonies." In Dryden's version of Shakespeare's "Tempest," he makes Ariel say, referring to Hippolite's wound:—

Anoint the sword which pierced him with this weapon-salve.

In the eighteenth century the number of quacks and quackeries was so enormous that it is impossible to refer to a tenth part of them. There was Joanna Stevens, who claimed to have discovered a remedy for dissolving stone, the wonderful secret remedy consisting chiefly of powdered snail and egg shells; she was supported by David Hartley, the philosopher, who, after eating two hundred pounds' weight of the remedy, died of the stone. Then came Sir William Read, a quack oculist, who had the care of Queen Anne's eyes. Then there was the celebrated trio, who formed the subject for Hogarth's satirical picture, "The Undertaker's Arms," with the motto, "Et plurima mortis imago,"—first, Chevalier Taylor, a quack oculist, whose vanity had reached such a hideously abnormal point that he wrote a most marvellous biography of himself, in

which he claimed to be the greatest specialist the world had ever seen; second, Joshua Ward, originally a footman, who invented a pill and drop, and being called in to see the king, received a vote of thanks from the House of Commons and certain royal privileges; and, third, the renowned Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter of Epsom, who had such enormous strength that she was able to dispense with all instruments. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, truly named the "Paradise of Quacks," flourished the most remarkable impostor of all, Dr. Graham, who occupied a magnificent mansion, which he designated the "Temple of Health and Hymen," and which he gorgeously furnished and embellished with everything that fancy could suggest in the shape of marble statues, stands of armour, plates of burnished steel, etc., all superbly lighted with wax candles. In this temple, in which sweet strains of music floated through the air night and day, and delicious perfumes constantly burned in swinging censers, was a celestial bed, richly ornamented, standing on glass legs; he pretended that by paying £100 a night childless married pairs who slept in this bed would be certain to have heirs. In his *seances* (for he also claimed to be a mesmerist) he was assisted by a beautiful woman, whom he called Vestina, the rosy goddess of health—she who afterwards became Lady Hamilton, the favourite of Nelson. He also advertised an elixir of life, which he sold to as many simpletons who were ready to be taken in by him for £1,000.

At the beginning of the present century there was the pre-eminent specie of quackery known as "Perkinism," which, invented by Dr. Elisha Perkins after the recent discoveries of Galvani, supposed disease might be removed by metallic substances applied in a certain manner. In 1796 he gave to the world his metallic "Tractors," which consisted of two pieces of metal, one iron and one brass, about three inches long, blunt at one end and pointed at the other, by which (so he affirmed) he cured rheumatism, local pains, inflammation, and even tumours, by drawing them over the affected parts a few minutes. His son, Benjamin Douglass Perkins, crossed the Atlantic with the tractors—for Dr. Perkins was a native of Connecticut—and their reputation, first established in Copenhagen, quickly extended to London, where they became the fashion. Of late years the introduction of a form of Perkinism or metallo-therapy into Parisian hospitals as a mode of treatment in graver cases of hysteria and hystero-epilepsy has proved beneficial. Gold, silver and other coins have been applied to the patient, with the result that they have excited expectation of a local result, and thus playing on the imagination have been known to cure the worst cases, certainly a most efficacious mode of faith-healing.

Later came John St. John Long, son of an Irish basket-maker, who discovered a wonderful liniment, which turned out to be acetic acid and which, "when applied to a healthy part, was as harmless as water, but when applied to a surface covering a diseased organ caused the morbidic humour to exude." He even pretended to cure consumption by his liniment, and, as many of his patients were ladies who were hysterical or perfectly healthy, his success was wonderful. Inflammation, however, twice set in after applying the liniment to perfectly healthy young girls, and he was tried for manslaughter, being fined £200 on one occasion and acquitted the next, which caused him to proclaim himself a martyr like Galileo, Harvey and others. The nobility petted and lionized him, and when he died at an early age his popularity was at its zenith.

These are but a very few of the species of quackeries which, from the earliest ages downwards, have taken in the people, like Southey's trout, "by tickling." In religion and in politics, no less than in medicine, argument appears to be useless against the credulity and superstition of a certain section of the public, who require only a man capable of writing and uttering with unblushing effrontery his own panegyric, and forgiving his vanity as eccentricity, or, regarding it as necessary to the proper publishing of his marvellous expedients before the world—"pushing it down their throats, its good for their healths, my dear,"—and they open their eyes with amazement, and at once recognize a new benefactor of the human race. It is strange how the ablest politicians, the most learned divines, distinguished authors, men of shrewd business tact, fall into these snares, and many illustrious men might be quoted who declare to-day their belief in spiritualism, Perkinism and tar-water. Quacks are always ignorant men, and, when fairly tackled by the scientist, make a great show of indignation, and invariably turn the laugh on the questioner in the presence of bystanders by smart personal repartee altogether alien to the subject—an art which they practise, and which serves them in good stead when posing on the horns of a dilemma. "Can you tell me," once asked a humorous physician, addressing a quack pill doctor in a certain market place, "where the *os ospholacium* is?" "He's just galloped over the fence and broken his neck" was the rejoinder. The quack had no idea in the world but the physician had put to him a genuine scientific question, but he got the best of the argument. But of all nations in the world where quackeries flourish, the United States of America tops the list. The columns of the daily press, religious papers included, wherein quotations of texts from Holy Writ are used to attract the pious, teem with these wonderful remedies for every disease "flesh is heir to," some of the advertisements being of the most revolting and disgraceful nature, and some containing

such terrible warnings as to frighten the nervous youth into ailments from which his constitution had hitherto been free. The advertiser sometimes poses as a philanthropist, and offers to treat the poor *gratis*, because he enjoys doing good to suffering humanity, or will send one bottle free "to anyone who reads this advertisement and will state the name of the paper in which he saw it inserted," that bottle being, of course, no good unless the treatment is followed up. Here we have a nervine tonic recommended because it is a scientific fact that all diseases originate in nervous disorders; there a world-famed "Blood Mixture," it being admitted by all physicians that all diseases are due to impure blood; below is the "Marvellous Magic Drop," or the "Golden Medical Discovery," being a most effectual cure, and used by the Indians for hundreds of years; and lower down are advertised liver, stomach and kidney pads, with illustrations showing how they are applied, strongly recommended by the most eminent physicians who have made this branch a life-long study. And so forth.

There is a solid reason why quackery is more prevalent in medicine than in any other science—namely, that the medical quack is able to attribute to himself what is due to nature. The medicine amuses the patient, while nature cures the disease, and the quack claims the credit. There is a vulgar but expressive word used in America which exactly describes the only requisite to make a successful quack—"gall," which means with Americans a self-assurance which can impose upon and defraud others by the most extravagant laudations of self, based entirely on fiction, with an assumption of utter indifference whether one is believed or not, coupled with pretended feelings of pity or contempt for those poor, harmless fools who would fain try to make a name by traducing their world-wide reputation.

These quacks are to be found in politics too, and even in religion. In the former they invariably begin their public career as "the friend of the down-trodden working-man," retailing public scandals, no matter whether publicly denied or not, concerning public men, mostly belonging to the nobility—feeding the discontent and dissatisfaction of the masses by alleged grievances—and fomenting bitter hatred in the poor against the rich. These political quacks invariably spring from the lower classes themselves, make their capital out of the latter's industry, usually screwing them down to the lowest possible wages, and then, if they happen to make their way into Parliament, become the most slavish and submissive followers of the very class they have gained their ends by traducing, displaying a lick-spittle awe of rank decidedly humorous, if not contemptible.

Perhaps the worst and most dangerous quacks are the so-called free-thinkers. By these, it must not be inferred that reference is made to those conscientious workers in the field of science who, when compelled to sacrifice or modify their religious opinions, do so with reluctance and even sorrow, but to those ignorant demagogues who, having learned by heart the stock arguments of their class, and having nothing to institute in the place of what they would destroy, make their livelihood by lectures addressed to the working classes, by turning the Christian faith to ridicule in the blasphemous utterance of well-worn platitudes impossible to answer, since there is no allowance made for the exercise of faith with them, and by recommending the sacrifice of body and intellect in enjoyment. These, too, have their spicy anecdotes to tell concerning popes and priests and other dignitaries, which invariably tell with their class; for, if there is one thing that an ignorant public takes pleasure in, it is the impudent story of thinly-veiled immorality in high places. Benefactors of the human race they know they are not, as much as they may pretend to be; they are nothing but notoriety-hunters in search of a comparatively idle livelihood.

Quacks, too, we have in art and music and literature—aye, in every calling under the sun. *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. Verily of a truth "an honest man is the noblest work of God." He alone is worthy of our deepest reverence and respect, be he rich or poor—intelligent he must be, or he would not comprehend the value of integrity in his calling and estimate at its true worth his own use in the world. Though the pessimist despair, yet with a greater diffusion of philosophical habits of thought, the number of believers in quackery must diminish; and the day is, perhaps, dawning, it is earnestly to be hoped, when the triumph of reason and virtue will make every impostor a bankrupt, and shut out all possibility of imposition on the credulity of the public. In this hope alone the earnest thinker, otherwise despondent over the future, finds a secret consolation—one bright spot on the horizon of the dawning day. CECIL LOGSDAIL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: In the new pharmacopœia now in course of preparation, the metric weights and measures will be adopted throughout, to the entire exclusion of the English weights and measures hitherto used. It is considered by many that this is but the thin end of the wedge, and that sooner or later the metric weights and measures will be adopted for all purposes in the United States. In all the states of South America this system and none other is in use, and there is a growing feeling that an international system of weights and measures will do much to simplify and develop the commercial intercourse of the nations in question, as well as those who have adopted the metric system in Europe.—*London Daily News*.

PARIS LETTER.

THE post-office and telegraph clerks have caught the syndical microbe; they, 3,000 in number, pant to unionize, but the Director-General forbids the banns. In France civil servants are not allowed to syndicate; this explains why they are not satisfied at being deprived of that right of citizenship. Some three years ago a movement was organized to band the employes of the post-office into a corporation; the Government dropped heavily upon the leaders—dismissing a few, and exiling several to backwoods post-offices. Since then the syndicate movement in general has made giant strides in France, and the post-office clerks naturally desire to be in the swim. The State is again putting its foot down on the movement: once accord the right of union to civil servants, it is stated, and they can bring the whole administration of the country to a stand-still. Supposing they did so, public opinion would withdraw the light of its countenance and quickly apply the winding-up act to the Mercuries.

In France, where every day brings forth one or two new journals, the civil service has no organ; perhaps it is the only corporate body in a like situation or predicament. The scavengers have their *petit journal*, and the chiffonniers have what some might call their daily "rag." Compared with what the remuneration was three years ago, the clerks have been able to emerge, not so much out of misery as of poverty; their salary on commencing was 600 frs. a year; at the grievance meeting recently held in the Labor Hall one employé of twenty-five years' standing avowed his salary was 1,500 frs. a year, and he was in this respect a Dives as compared with others. Deduction being made for the pension and sick funds, a junior clerk now receives but thirty-three sous a day, and his *chef* only five times more after turning grey in the interest of letters.

Aux petits oiseaux, Dieu donne la pâture,
Mais sa bonté s'arrête à la littérature.

The Government is fully sensible of the inadequacy of the remuneration paid the clerks, but armaments and colonies swallow up all the cheeseparings of the estimates.

There is clearly more in the Carmaux strike than mere loggerheads between masters and men. So clear-minded a man as M. Clemenceau, and possessing such a wide experience of political parties and their intrigues in France, would hardly court the disapprobation of public opinion by repudiating the accepted arbitration of Prime Minister Loubet, if there were not some eel under the rock. His party, the radicals of all hues, comprise the moiety nearly of the Republican deputies, and are preparing to regain office under the ægis of Messrs. Floquet and Goblet. If the colliers do not resume work after ten weeks' strike, the reason must be found in occult politics; if they attack comrades who have "caved in," bloodshed must ensue, as the military will act, and then agitation will have its corpses to orate upon—always a telling theme. The advanced organs now roundly accuse M. Carnot of practising politics over the heads of his advisers, and M. Clemenceau for the first time has given a *viva* for *la révolution sociale*! All this looks like business, and implies breakers ahead. If the Republicans are going to split into Girondins and Jacobins, the horological family of Naundorff may touch up their musty proofs that Louis XVII. did not die in the temple prison, but lived to marry and rear up infants, as some maintain was the prosy ending of Jeanne d'Arc.

The pastime of preparing lists of celebrities for a glory-burial in the Panthéon continues to extend; the pleasure is on a par with those lists put in circulation of new cabinets on the resignation of a ministry. Odd, no one demands to be honoured with a vault in Notre Dame Cathedral; all desire to have their eminent idols in that Saint Denis for Free-thinkers, the Panthéon; if the prized remains cannot gain admission, at least accord wall space for a slab epitaph with its proverbial truths. The advanced Republicans have demanded the admission of Barbès, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin and Paul Broca; the balladists, Béranger; the photographers, Daguerre; and the aeronauts, Montgolfier; a few suggest the names of Vergniaud and Danton. Like poverty, glory makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Renan, whom Dumas *fills* baptizes "the Pope of Free-thought," is destined to have souvenirs of religion around his remains. In his present resting-place, a picture by Ary Scheffer ornaments the family vault, while in the niche selected for Renan at the Panthéon, his remains will lie close by those of Cardinal Caprara. This will illustrate the partizan of pious ideals' ruling passion,—toleration and indulgence. Michelet, when his body shall have been transferred to the Panthéon, will represent a third interment; he died at Hyères in 1874; he reposed there till 1876, when the remains were transferred to their actual resting-place. What a knocking about for a defunct, whose life creed was that a woman ought not to be struck, even with a rose, and that babies should be awakened to the sound of music! Respecting Renan, he did not care very much where he was buried. He once said: "I received so many letters announcing my eternal damnation, that I finished by reconciling myself to my fate." He hoped that French would be the language spoken in eternity, for then he could explain clearly to the keeper of "the dark portal" his sins of commission, but if German were spoken he felt his doom was sealed. This is how Monseigneur de Hulst, a deputy, and Rector of the Catholic Univer-

sity here, alludes to Renan's interment in the Panthéon, which was at one time a church. "His remains will repose where have reposed those of Voltaire, till time bringing about its revenge, shall eject them into some corner of the world where the future will forget them.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

M. P. Richer states that the height of the body is $7\frac{1}{2}$ times the length of the head; that the line of the eyes divides the head into two equal parts, and that the foot is one-seventh larger than the head. From time immemorial a "foot" has been a common measure.

Mysterious rumours are current as to the disappearance of M. Sully Prudhomme, the poet Academician. He has been reported dead as often as Osman Digna, but, being an Immortal, the public is more interested in his flight. When the medical attendant of one of the Forty has to announce his patient's eight-hour movement at the Grand Dictionary to be terminated, he does not say he is dead, but that a "fauteuil is vacant." The election of successors for the vacancies in the Academy is becoming more and more a target for joking; thus Zola, who is a permanent candidate for admission, is represented in a *chevaux-de-frise* hat, wooden shoes and cracked spectacles, with an *assommoir* air in general, practising ballad music to stand his competitive examination in songs, the Immortals having accepted a legacy to reward the composer of the best general song. Yvette Guibert, the diva of the *Cafés Concerts*, is represented leading the august body to dance with her to the tin piping of the blind beggar who sits on the bridge near the Academy. The savants are to empty their souls into the tin porringer, held by a dog in its mouth, ever dropped in by a Charles Lamb public. Vallès relates that the most legitimate *littérateur* that ever sought admission to the Academy was Gustave Planché; he avowed his object was to obtain the twenty francs for attendance at each of the weekly meetings allowed by the State to each member.

The "Manual of Female Biographies," just published in Turin, and which makes its bow also in a French dress, is the most complete in its kind that has ever appeared. Each notable woman's lifework and actions are detailed. It may appear strange that so musical a nation as the French has only produced two lady musical composers; one, Mlle. Bertin, daughter of the former director of the *Journal des Débats*, and the other, Rose Bertin, Marie Antoinette's dress-maker. Here is an anecdote respecting Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny: Although their father was a Jew he brought up his children as Protestants, but he never forgave his brother Bartholdy for abandoning Judaism. One day Fanny, who was a celebrated pianist as well as composer, executed a morceau of music so exquisitely that her mother promised to grant her anything she demanded: "Accord your pardon to Uncle Bartholdy." The old lady did so, and the rest imitated her. Respecting Madame Adeline Patti the biography states she was "born in 1843 or 1838, in Madrid." The author might have remembered that controversy was settled long ago in favour of 1843. Besides, he ought to have borne in mind that gentlemen, following the rules of courtesy, have only the age they appear to have, and ladies the number of lustres they please to admit.

While Colonel Dodds is resting his brave little army, preparatory to making the final spring to catch the King of Dahomey, the journals are examining his family tree. He is of British origin; like Boulanger and others, his grandfather was an Englishman resident at Gambia. Then the descendants intermarried with Creoles of Senegal; the Colonel was born in 1842 at St. Louis, and so was his wife; but he was educated in France, and graduated brilliantly at the Military College of St. Cyr. He belongs to the marines; he was all through the 1870-71 war, taken prisoner at Sedan; he effected his escape, and joined in subsequent battles. He made the campaign of Tonkin. He is noted for his extreme prudence, never leaving anything to chance, and has the reputation of studiously caring for his men. As the journals print his name "Dods," "Doos," "Doe"—no relation of Richard—and "O'Dod," odds-zounds! one cannot guess what he may be ere he quits Dahomey. Having adopted common-sense to conquer Behanzin, of off-with-their-heads fame, it is to be hoped that the Colonel's Anglo-Saxon blood will stand to him in showing the French how to develop a colony, which is, perhaps, a more important matter than securing one. France is so rich in these white elephants. Raoul Duval said the colonial policy of France costs her annually 130,000,000 frs. to discover markets where French goods do not sell, and to provide situations for functionaries who try to quit the colony as quickly as possible.

When Victor Hugo was accused of not answering the letters of friends, he replied that he was always in communication with them by his heart pulsations. Saved postage.

NEVER apologize for showing feeling. My friend, remember that when you do so you apologize for truth.—*Beaconsfield*.

DID you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavour?—*Thoreau*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROPER NAME FOR THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In a recent number my good friend, your esteemed contributor "Pastor Felix," notices my little addition to the *sum* of his learned criticisms on "Marjory Darrow" rather sharply, though he calls it good-natured, which I certainly intended it to be; though I thought the said *sum* was quite big enough, and about as heavy as poor Marjory could bear.

In that same number of yours, in referring to the United States, you do by using the pronoun "she," to which form of reference I respectfully object, as well on the part of Lindley Murray as of our good neighbour, *Uncle Sam*, who is not generally supposed to be of the softer sex, and might make it a case of diplomatic offence on the part of the British lion and give his tail an extra twist. I acknowledge the difficulty of the question—"What is the proper pronoun, relative or personal, to be applied to our good neighbour?" I have seen "it" and "they" so used, and "who" or "which," questionable all; but "she"! And now that our neighbour is one hundred years old and rather touchy, will our Uncle stand being impliedly treated as "Aunt Samuel?" Surely it is time that, with all the Universities and Grammar Schools on both sides of the line, this important question should be settled—say by a convention at the Great Fair—where it is said conventions of faculties of various kinds are to meet and discuss difficult questions of many kinds—and they might at the same time agree upon the proper name for the inhabitants of the said States, who have at present none more definite than "Americans," to which we Canadians and the inhabitants of South America are equally entitled.

THE WEEK is, I am sure, anxious for the purity and correctness of our English tongue. Pray stir up the learned professors, of whom we have so many and so good, to take the question in hand and settle it. W.

Ottawa, November 17, 1892.

THE CARE OF LIFE AS A PRINCIPLE OF CITIZENSHIP.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In the article on the irrepressible question of the railway crossings, which recently appeared in your columns, the typographer has made me say in regard to the offer of Sir Henry Tyler to the rulers of Canada's commercial metropolis that its terms were "to capitalize the annual outlay incurred by the Company in providing gates and watermen for the level crossings." Now, the only level crossings with which watermen have to do are for connecting the shores of rivers—and the Grand Trunk Company, though, alas! too often metaphorically finding employment for the grim ferryman of Stygian fame, has found *watchmen* more available for its crossings on the land. But the watchmen have never been able to compete with the surroundings presented in a crowded city, or where shunting has been allowed to be carried on over the street levels. This is why bridges are a necessity.

In the early days of the Roman republic, tenderness for the life of fellow citizens amounted to a passion; but it is to the plain teachings of Christianity that we have now to look for the development of a healthy and practical brotherhood, and this will do more to make us a great people than anything our politicians could devise.

It should be explained that the interview of the *Witness* reporter with Sir Henry Tyler took place a short time before the awful disasters fully described in THE WEEK; but it was also some time after the cutting down of a respected official of one of the city's banks; and we may now hope that the banking community, as represented by their most thoughtful members, will have something serious to say in the connection. Some of them are religious men, and the watchmen on the gates of Zion may well arouse themselves, like Rev. D. V. Lucas and Rev. J. H. Dixon, of Montreal, in such an urgency, and find some way of quickening the pulses of the people. Mr. Powderly, in the *North American Review*, is, we will trust, too despondent when he says:—

"If there is a power which stands a menace to the perpetuity of American institutions, that power is vested in the managers of the railroads and telegraphs of the nation. With the avenues of transportation of passengers, freight and intelligence in the grasp of a few selfish men, it is expecting too much of human nature to suppose that anything higher than counting dividends will occupy the attention of the owners of these concerns."

Following its past records, we have certainly no right to expect great things of "human nature" unenlightened by Christianity, although I have adduced, already, a very notable exception; but I think we have only to urge upon the Church of Christ, as we know it, the imperative necessity of protecting the lives of our women and children, as well as those of the weak and inexperienced in general, to meet with a hearty response. We must never forget how largely social reforms are a matter of organization. It is easy to raise a cry. We want something more—intelligent discussion and faithful effort. We want a few of the Church's converting utterances and pointed arguments. Dives has, before now, been brought to feel for Lazarus when his case was properly presented, and he knows it will not be a good thing for him if he fails to do so. XY.

ROLAND GRAEME, KNIGHT.*

READERS of THE WEEK have from time to time been made aware of the fact that we have, or think we have, what might be called a Canadian literature. Many of our enthusiastic young writers have made an effort to prove that such is the case. However, the older heads have remained unconvinced and have been compelled to say that but for several poetic artists and a few fairly able prose writers, our *littérateurs* work at a dead level of commonplace.

Amid these discussions one pen has not been moved, being too busy striving to do good work for mankind to take part in such trivial and un consequential disputes—we mean the pen of Agnes Maule Machar. During the past three years articles and books have come from the pen of this our most gifted authoress with unusual rapidity, and each work has shown an advance upon the preceding one. "Roland Graeme, Knight,"—her last work—is far superior in story interest, in accurate portraiture, and in moral value to any previous work of hers. Her views and aims are already so familiar to readers of THE WEEK, where her thoughts find expression under the *nom de plume* "Fidelis," that we need hardly say that a treat, a rich treat, is in store for anyone who opens this, her latest book.

On reading the title we quite expected the hero to be a stately, dignified, cultured individual who went about the world with a Tennysonian grandeur redressing human wrongs. Such is not the case. The hero is decidedly a modern young man, an enthusiast, such as is to be found here and there in every centre of civilization, a character stamped with the impress of such men as Henry George and Karl Marx. He is a "Knight of Labour." He has joined the organization that he may learn the needs of the labourers, see with his own eyes their wrongs, and heart to heart with them to try to redress these wrongs. He is a dreamer and yet not a dreamer. His ideas are vague and unformulated, and yet definite enough to guide him as to how he should act at a critical moment. His keen sense of right gives him an insight into human error, whether that error is on the side of the labourer or the capitalist, and at the same time keeps him from running to the extreme that has done so much to place labour and capital at swords' points. The son of a clergyman, he has drifted away from the faith of his fathers, but the realization that the fundamental truths of Christianity are what the world needs, brings him back to a fuller and truer faith than his creed-bound father ever had.

The character next in importance to the hero, is the proud, intellectual, cultured Mr. Chillingworth. He is an extreme type of man, and does not seem real. We are made to detest him thoroughly, so much so that we are prepared to see him suffer anything without giving our pity, and when the writer at the close of the book would have us sympathize with him, we are not prepared to do so. Although not a piece of real life he answers a great artistic purpose in the story, serving to bring out strongly the indifference of the Church to the lot of the poor and oppressed, and to emphasize the truth that in many instances the real workers for the down-trodden are men who are averse to what is called orthodoxy, but who overflow with the love that Christ taught men was His religion.

We are not allowed to think that this is the author's conception of clergymen in general. Mr. Alden, a man the opposite of Mr. Chillingworth, gives the modern evangelical side of Christianity. He is an ideal clergyman, a man who is ready to sacrifice anything for his God, or for humanity. Broad in his sympathies, he is equally broad in his faith, without difficulty recognizing in Roland a brother worker in Christ.

His friend, Dr. Blanchard, is an exceptional man, but one such as Mr. Alden would grapple to his heart. About these two a circle of friends and fellow-workers is formed, impregnated with their spirit.

The humble life characters—Jim, Nellie, Lizzie—are well drawn; Jim and Nellie by external touches, Lizzie by the full drawing of her loyal, heroic heart. Next to Roland, Lizzie, the humble mill-girl, leaves the deepest impression on the feelings. She is one of those rare characters that give us an insight into the lives of those beneath us, and show us that there is a nobility of soul in the poorest classes of society that cannot be surpassed by any deeds of those in a higher station. Miss Machar is not a realist; she does not dwell on the haunts of sin and poverty, but she passes through them, and this picture of pure, humble love, this example of tender affection and sacrifice for a feeble mother and a brutal brother, this unselfish devotion for the poor dipsomaniac, all burn into our hearts, and we close the book with the feeling that the author in this character has succeeded in painting life as it is.

We cannot say as much for some of the other characters. Miss Blanchard is a young lady of another age; she is too great a moralist, and too little of a flesh-and-blood creature, such as common humanity is, to make a deep impression on the reader.

The other characters of the book need but a passing notice. Waldberg, Roland's German friend, seems foreign to the book, and his character is not worked into the warp and woof of it. Pretty butterfly Kitty Farrell, serves to

give a certain lightness and buoyancy to the otherwise too serious cast of the female characters. Pomeroy, the well-fed, shrewd, energetic business man, is a careful piece of work, and might stand for a picture of capital; his son Harold, a selfish, conceited ass, is a fitting picture of what might become of a man who has money but needs brains. Mr. Dunlop, the eccentric, garrulous disciple of Carlyle, is sketched by a hand that shows a mastery over Scotch character; and lastly Celia Chillingworth, the poor dipsomaniac, and her beautiful child, are treated with a depth and sympathy that show a wonderful insight into human suffering and human weakness.

Although the plot of the book is of sufficient intricacy to hold the interest of the reader from the first to the last page, it is evidently a matter of secondary consideration with the writer, and an analysis of it is unnecessary. Plot and character are both subsidiary to the humanistic intention. The motive of this book is evidently to stir Church and capitalist up to their duty towards the poor, to keep one from falling into luxurious sloth, engendered of riches, and to prevent the other from using his wealth—that should-be-awe-inspiring trust that he has from society—altogether for his own selfish ends. On the other hand it presents with great lucidity the self-seeking and arrogance of the workmen, and shows how they, too, need to have the devil of selfishness curbed before any bettering of their condition can be expected.

The teachings of the book are well laid down in Roland's prospectus of his paper, when he says: "It is designed to promote the brotherhood of man, to secure a better feeling between class and class, employer and employed. A fairer scale of wages and hours for the operative, fuller co-operation between employer and employees and mutual consideration for each other's interests; in short to propagate the spirit of Christian socialism."

Almost every chapter of the book deals with one or other of these questions, and many of the difficult problems that meet the humanitarian are solved by a practical illustration. The writer shows a wide reading in social questions of the times, and a masterly grasp of the leading principles of political economy. She believes that Free Trade must ultimately prevail, that trusts and combines are a curse to mankind; but let Roland give his estimate of them: "Those gigantic profit-sharing combinations, or so-called 'Trusts,' which to-day seriously threaten the public interests, but which are only the abuse by the few, in favour of monopoly, of the great and true principle of brotherly trust and co-operation."

It is to some extent in co-operation that Roland would find a solution for the difficulties surrounding the labour question, but he does not find what he really considers a complete solution till the close of the story: "And I know I've found that I needed, too, stronger mail than I once supposed. I, too, have been seeking for a 'Grail'—a panacea which is to be found only where I had stopped looking for it"—in Christian brotherhood.

This book comes at a very opportune time. Only a few weeks since, Principal Grant has, with the energy of an orator, been striving to awaken the members of the great Church to which he belongs to the need of paying more attention to the labour question. Examine his able effort before the Pan-Presbyterian Council, and it will be found that it is in the spirit of "Roland Graeme,"—in fact there is hardly a thought of that address but could be matched by a corresponding thought from this book. He, too, by careful reasoning, has come to the same conclusions with regard to existing evils and their remedies. This is a happy sign. When the novelist, the poet and the orator are at one, we must look for an awakening of the public.

"Roland Graeme" will do much, if read, to set the head thinking, and the heart feeling. It is the most considerable story published by a Canadian writer of late years, and is one that is bound to make a wide impression. Miss Machar has done honour to Canada by taking such a vigorous stand on a question of world-wide interest, and her book is sure to bring her name before a very large circle of readers, who will benefit by her careful thought and study, and her deep sympathy with the struggling masses.

ART NOTES.

MR. G. BRUENECH's exhibition and sale of original watercolour paintings and sketches, to which we have already referred, was opened at J. Bain and Son's Art Room, 53 King Street East, on Thursday, the 24th inst., and will no doubt attract a good deal of attention. Two of his principal pictures, viz., "The North Cape, Norway," and "Summer Afternoon in Vermont," have been exhibited at the Royal Canadian Academy, where they were very favourably noticed. Several of Mr. Bruenech's subjects were obtained in Muskoka during the past summer and autumn, where he spent a couple of months. The collection, which is a varied one, comprises marine views on the coast of Maine and Lake Champlain, also scenes in New York State, Lower Canada, a couple of figure subjects and a few specimens of the beautiful scenery of Norway. The exhibition will remain open until the 3rd of December, and we hope that it will be well patronized by art lovers.

THE new naturalistic school of painting of our time has distinguished itself from its immediate predecessors during

the last one hundred years, by not only breaking with the latest ruling school, but with the entire past and its traditions. The French classicists of the times of the Revolution and the first Empire declared war to the school of the graceful painters of the old-time chivalry, and sought their teachers and models in the antique, the Greek-Roman art. The German idealists and romanticists, who in the first quarter of our century, endeavoured, in their turn, to break the heavy chains of the French classical school, turned partly to the early Italian renaissance, partly to the flourishing period of the old Flemish and Dutch school. The French romanticists of the first twenty years began their war against the classicists of the Academy by turning to the great old Venetian colourists. The German, as well as the French genre painters of the fortieth, fiftieth, and sixtieth decades, saw their great predecessors, whom they wished to follow on the road to Olympus, in the Netherland painters of the painters of the seventeenth century. Adolf Menzel, the most original artist soul of our century, who turned sternly from the ruling school of the Dusseldorf romanticists, which suited the public taste of that time, was filled with an almost idolatrous respect for the old Dutch and Netherland painters; and when he lost himself in the study of nature and real life and, unrestrained by tradition, observed them in order to reflect them in their true form and their thousand-fold changing appearances, he knew that he was only following the example of these predecessors. The modern naturalists and impressionists, however, regard themselves in a proud light similar to that of the Baccalaureate in the second part of "Faust." As for him, "there was no sun until he created it," so, according to their inward conviction, there was no painting before them which deserved the name; no art which, undaunted, had looked true nature in the face, none which had not been influenced, obstructed, limited and dazzled by convention and tradition. Before them every painter of nature had observed it through coloured and falsifying spectacles; none knew how to show its true aspect. He who belongs to no school, party or clique, thinks otherwise concerning their right to such a self-glorification, and the conviction and assertion that they now really depict nature as she is, as well as concerning that agreeable fact, that they were without predecessors in their entirely unrestrained and unconventional contemplation of nature. Mankind has often shown itself possessed of a surprisingly short memory. With a school that would throw away all the work of its predecessors as "old rags and iron," and, if their leaders could have their way, would most gladly see the entire collections of works of art from the great past locked up, in order that young artists may not be led astray by seeing them, nor become entangled in a conventional view, this forgetfulness of even their own fore-runners is entirely explicable. The sixth decade of our century will always be considered as one of the most significant and important in the history of modern German art. In Munich, as in Berlin, a great number of creative men of talent suddenly appeared, who, at the same time, showed an extraordinary technical ability and a new, fresh, strong life, particularly in painting. They forever shattered the belief in the previously celebrated and admired great artists of the day, and in those who had for so long been considered as the only priests of high art of the German abstract school, the worst faults of whose masters had been stamped as virtues by their disciples and followers. In the years 1853 and 1854, Karl Piloty appeared in Munich, that former nursery of abstract art, with his first great painting, which, entirely on account of its contrast to those faults, through the strength of its colouring and the splendid mastery manifested in its composition, made so powerful an impression on that painter's contemporaries. Soon a crowd of highly cultured, enthusiastic pupils assembled around him, and, under Piloty's leadership, developed a very different art and aim, and through their work spread anew the fame of the south German art town and the "Munich School of Painting" over all the cultured lands of the world. Berlin also experienced the same epoch-making events in the domain of painting during the same decade of the century. At the great art exposition of the year 1850, Adolf Menzel's picture "The Round Table of Frederic the Great at Sans Souci," was exhibited. Next to this was placed the painting of the young Dusseldorfer, Ludwig Knaus, "The Funeral in the Forest," which at one stroke made the entirely unknown twenty-year-old painter famous, and was the beginning of a long list of his wonderful, original and charming creations. In the next exposition of 1852, Gustav Richter displayed the full splendour of his talents, his colouring and technic, and the fineness of his conception of the grace and charm of womanhood as shown in the portrait of his sister. The exposition of 1854 was enriched by Adolf Menzel's "Concert at the Court of Sans Souci, in 1750"; in 1856 appeared Henneberg's "Wild Chase"; in 1858, Feuerbach's "Dante Among the Noble Ladies of Ravenna," and the first great oriental picture by Gentz; in 1860, Gustav Spangenberg's "Rat-catcher of Hamelin" was exhibited. In Oswald Achenbach of Dusseldorf and Riefstahl of Berlin, two of the most wonderfully talented painters of the Dutch school of landscape appeared. The first showed the entire witchery of colour, which the atmosphere and light of the South spread over land and sea. At this time, that is in the year 1857, Teutwart Schmitson first became known in Berlin, where they had heard of his wonderful, affecting pictures, but had seen nothing from his hand. The first picture which Schmitson painted in that city ap-

* "Roland Graeme, Knight," a Novel of Our Time. By Agnes Maule Machar, New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert; Montreal: Wm. Drysdale and Company. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50c.

peared at the Academical Exposition in the autumn of 1858, and created an extraordinary sensation. The great public was as much surprised as delighted at the unusual truthfulness of this picture, in which a piece of living Nature was reflected. Schmitson's artistic spirit never subjected itself to the restraint of schools. He acknowledged as his only teacher Nature, "that mistress of masters."—*Translated for New York Public Opinion from the German of Ludwig Pietsh, in Westermann's Deutsche Monats Hefte.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

EARLY this week DeKoven and Smith's well-known opera "Robin Hood" held the boards of the Academy. The opera is in three acts and was witnessed by a crowded house. Although a comic opera pure and simple, the librettist has given to "Robin Hood" something of the charm which is ever associated with the greenwood tree. The lyrics are hardly impassioned but always smooth and agreeable. The first act is bright and pleasing, but is put quite in the shade by the second, which includes a solo and chorus entitled "The Tailor and the Crow," a chorus and dance of tinkers, a really pretty solo for Maid Marian, and a serenade for Robin Hood. Miss Caroline Hamilton as Maid Marian is delightful. Her rich soprano does more than justice to the lines of the librettist, and there is a certain personality in her acting which is too often conspicuous by its absence in the opera in general and in comic opera in particular. Miss Mary Palmer as Allan-a-Dale and Miss Ethel Balch are both effective in their respective roles; the former sings a sentimental solo during the second act and is regularly encored. The company generally is a strong one, amongst which Hallyn Mostyn as the Sheriff and J. A. Stille as Robin himself deserve special mention.

During the remainder of this week Pauline Hall and her opera company attract the attention of Toronto audiences with "Puritana."

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A VERY large audience attended the concert given in the hall of the College of Music, on last Thursday evening, attracted by an excellent programme. One of the features of the evening was the introduction to a Toronto audience of Mr. Paul Morgan, violoncello virtuoso, from the famous Joachim School, Berlin. Mr. Morgan appeared four times, first in a Brahms Sonata for piano and cello, the piano played by Mr. H. M. Tiolet. In this and the selections which followed, Mr. Morgan proved himself to be thoroughly artistic; his tone is delightful and his phrasing finished; altogether his is a refined style. He will be a welcome addition on our concert programmes. Mrs. Dreschler Adamson played in her usual good style the Fantasia Caprice, by Vieuxtemp. Mr. Field contributed several piano numbers and confirmed the many good opinions expressed of his performances since his return from Germany. A word of praise is due Miss Reynolds for her vocal number, "Robert toi que J'Aime," and Mr. Burden for his organ solo. Miss Sullivan played the accompaniments throughout the evening.

ANCIENT FORESTERS' CONCERT.

THE Thanksgiving Day concert given at the Auditorium by Court Harmony, No. 7,045, A.O.F., was one of unusual excellence. The programme was full and well-varied, embracing vocal and instrumental selections, recitations and posing. The posing of Miss Hext was exceptionally good. Such concerts as this, the performers being nearly all members of the Court and professionals, cannot fail by excellence and emulation to advance the cause of music in Toronto.

A COSTUME Recital will be given on Monday evening, November 28th, by Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the talented Canadian-Indian poetess and Mr. Owen A. Smiley, with musical selections by Marciano's orchestra in Association Hall, Toronto. Miss Johnson has just concluded successful tours of Western and Eastern Ontario and will present an entirely new programme of her own work, and will appear in a number of new costumes, including a handsome and striking Indian dress.

THE Woodstock *Evening Sentinel* has the following comment on a young Canadian actor who is achieving distinction abroad:—"The many friends of Mr. Franklin M'Leay who remember his brilliant career as a student at Woodstock College, and afterwards as teacher of languages in the Collegiate Institute, will be delighted to know that the bright promise of his early years is being fulfilled. Mr. M'Leay has been winning genuine distinction in his chosen profession in England. To be a member of Mr. Wilson Barrett's theatrical company and to play a leading rôle along with that eminent actor, and with very striking success, is to get very near the top of the ladder in a profession which requires ability of the very highest order. But Mr. M'Leay has been doing all this, and critics predict for him a very bright future. From a private letter we learn that Mr. M'Leay has just crossed the ocean with Mr. Barrett's company, which was to play for the first evening, we believe, in Philadelphia. His friends here and in other parts of Canada will be highly delighted to know that he will play in Toronto during Christmas week, and he will probably be able to

take a run up to Woodstock. Mr. M'Leay's scholarship, his conscientious devotion to his art, and his high character have created the warmest interest in his career among his wide circle of Canadian friends, and his appearance in Toronto will draw many of them to see him. Mr. Barrett's new play, "Pharaoh," has excited a great deal of interest in England. We have at hand a number of Old Country papers from which we clip the following references to the part taken by Mr. M'Leay. They suggest the excellent position which he now holds as an actor. Here is the description given by the Leeds *Evening Post* of the strange character in which Mr. M'Leay appears:—

"Spectacularly 'Pharaoh' is a triumph. As a play some might not acquit it of dullness, and certainly might advise at places the judicious use of the knife. But though, perhaps, it be unduly weighted with dialogue, it is not lacking in incident and strength. Take the dwarf Pennu, the Bat. That is a creation on which the author may be awarded the heartiest congratulations. A product of Oriental barbarity, the whim of his original master Rameses, Pennu was manufactured from his childhood to be a monstrosity, just as in Spain to-day children are deformed, the better in late years to earn a livelihood as beggars. 'Curtailed of fair proportion, cheated of features, deformed, unfinished,' Pennu yet has the heart and soul of a man, and his affection for Arni, and not less Arni's solicitude for 'his poor Bat,' form one of the most pathetic touches of the play. And while referring to this admirable and striking creation we may as well say that the gentleman who impersonated it last night, Mr. Franklin M'Leay, achieved a notable success. An unpromising part in his hands became a histrionic triumph."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WELLS OF ENGLISH. By Isaac Bassett Choate, Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: The Williamson Company (Limited).

Of late there has been a revival of interest in the work of the early masters of English prose and verse. Charles Lamb notably drew attention to the pure English and the fine literary work of the early dramatists, and many a man of sound taste and fine discernment has had pleasure and profit in cultivating a closer acquaintance with the matter and style of those clear and virile writers of our common language. Mr. Choate has set himself the pleasant task of selecting a number of representative English writers, ranging over a period extending from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Each writer is then discussed pithily, yet with sufficient critical and comparative comment, and examples are given of his work. 300 pages necessarily limit the author in treatment of his fascinating theme, but they may amply suffice to start many a reader upon enquiry and investigation for himself. "Thomas of Ercildoune"—the famous "Thomas the Rhymer"—leads the list, which embraces many well known names, such as "Sir Thomas More," "Sir Walter Raleigh," "Michael Drayton," "Christopher Marlowe," "Philip Massinger," "Robert Herrick," "Isaac Walton," "Thomas Browne," "Thomas Fuller," "Andrew Marvell," and some thirty other of the lesser lights of the firmament of English literature. An excellent index, clear print and good paper add to the value of this excellent volume.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Newman Smyth, D.D. Price 1s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1892.

This work constitutes the second volume in the important "International Theological Library," edited by Dr. Salmond, of Aberdeen, and Dr. Briggs, of New York. The first volume by Professor Driver, an "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," has already been noticed by us; and, although we cannot anticipate for this work of Dr. Smyth's the same sensational notoriety which Dr. Driver's has obtained, we can honestly recommend it as an able and solid contribution to its most important subject; and, if it gives us nothing absolutely new, it does yet present "old-faiths in new light"—to employ the title of a previous work of the author.

The Introduction sets forth the nature of Christian Ethics, showing its relation to Metaphysics, to Ethics as an independent science, to Psychology, and to Theology, and pointing out that, although in one sense Ethics has a realm of its own, yet it is closely connected with religion and theology. The first Part deals with the Christian Ideal which in its fulness is given in the Historic Christ; and is mediated to us through the Scriptures and the Christian Consciousness. In illustrating the contents of the Christian Ideal, the author in a very interesting and even profound manner shows how men have been guided towards the apprehension of the supreme good, through the Old Testament conception first, and then through the New, particularly in the Sermon on the Mount, but especially by the life of Jesus who is Himself the Ideal. The third chapter treats of the realization of this Ideal, setting forth first, the Prehistoric Stage of Moral Development, next the legal epoch of moral development, and finally the Christian Era of the same. We see here the influence of that historic method of treatment which has asserted itself so powerfully in the sphere of Christian doctrine, and which has been recognized by Green and others in the treatment of Ethics. The last three chapters of the first part deal

with the Forms in which the Christian Ideal is to be realized (Virtues), the methods of its progressive realization, and the spheres in which it is to be realized (the Family, the State, the Church, Society).

The second part of the book deals with "Christian Duties," and treats successively of the Christian Conscience, Duties towards self as a moral end, Duties towards others as moral ends, the Social Problem and Christian Duties (a very fair and admirable discussion of its various phases), Duties towards God, and the Christian Moral Motive Power. In these chapters, as in other parts of the treatise, we see the influence of modern modes of thought, and the handling of the themes is thoroughly abreast of the thought of the day.

We had marked a good many passages for special comment, but our space will allow of no more than a brief reference to them. Thus, at p. 90, we have some excellent remarks on the Divine "Election." At p. 149, when dealing with the principle of probation and perfection, the author remarks: "To create at once, as it were off-hand, a realized moral good, does not lie within the compass of power. Hence the possibility of evil must be admitted as inherent in the nature of the moral gift, and the liability to sin is involved in the capacity for virtue." The italics are ours.

We are not quite sure that the following might not have been better expressed: "If our nature is in God's image, then there exists likewise in God something eternally corresponding to, and originative of, the human nature." This is quite right, but the next is not quite so good: "We may speak, therefore, reverently yet truly of the eternal humanness of God." We may, of course; but we should speak more reverently and more accurately in a different fashion. But we must stop; and we do so strongly commending the book to the attention of all true ethical teachers and learners.

BALLADS AND BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. By Rudyard Kipling. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Rudyard Kipling as a poet is original, vigorous, terse, quaint and dramatic. His rhymes are generally correct, and his rhythm is often musical. His moral is largely pessimist; his scenes are, to say the least, unpleasant; and the divinity his verse worships is that of Carlyle, human forcefulness, good or bad. Anglo-Indian, Cockney, and Irish slang mingle in his poetical productions with more elevated language resembling at times that of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads and the Ingoldsby Legends, but lacking their simplicity. There is no lack of pathos in some of his poems, and many a vivid flash of wit lights up the cloud of his saturnine humour, but his thought is that of an enlightened heathen, and much of the strength of his language is derived from profanity. By reason of this latter peculiarity, in which he excels Bret Harte and Colonel John Hay, Kipling's poems will be short-lived, for the people who make poetry immortal are not fond of blasphemy.

Two of the strongest pieces in the book, which set forth the author's divinity and illustrate his peculiar merits and faults, are the lines in memory of his departed friend, Wolcott Balestier, and the poem called "Tomlinson." In the first of these, speaking of the mighty dead, he says:

They are purged of pride because they died; they know the worth of their bays;
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine, and the Gods of the Elder Days—
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's outposts are,
Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath, when God goes out to war,
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the earth—they dare not grieve for their pain—
For they know of toil and the end of toil—they know God's law is plain;
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that sin is vain.

And ofttimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of the Seventh Day—of Edens newly made,
And they rise to their feet as He passes by—gentlemen unafraid.

To those who are cleansed of bare Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—
Gods, for they knew the heart of men—men, for they stooped to Fame—
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

The reverse of the medal is Tomlinson of Berkeley Square who had courage neither for good nor for evil, so that neither heaven nor hell would receive his spirit.

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him like a knife,
And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his sin in life:
"Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice at the grip of the Grave
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that men might call me brave."

The Devil he blew on a branded soul and set it aside to cool:
"Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on the hide of a brain-sick fool?"

So, Tomlinson is sent back to the world again.

"Ye are neither spirit nor spirk," he said; "ye are neither hook nor brute—
Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of man's repete,
I'm all o'er-ail to Adam's breed that I should mock your pain,
But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again.
Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim black stallions wait—
They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest ye come too late!
Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back with an open eye,
And carry my word to the Sons of Men, or ever ye come to die;
That the sin they do by two and two they must pay for one by one—
And . . . the God that you took from a printed book be with you, Tomlinson!"

The praise of courage shines out more elegantly in the ballad of Kamal, the border thief, and the Colonel's son, one of Kipling's best efforts of the kind.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the
ends of the earth!

The ballads of "The Ciampherdown" and "The Bolivar" celebrate the courage of the British sailor, and scorch the senders out of unwieldy and unseaworthy ships. "Evarra and his Gods" is a satire on human intolerance in its conceptions of divinity. "The Conundrum of the Workshops" looks like the author's reply to his unfriendly critics, who are not numerous. The devil is represented as damning all kinds of work with faint praise, and the question, "But is it Art?" "The gift of the Sea," save in its weird character, is unlike Kipling's usual style, and thus witnesses to the versatility of his muse. "An Imperial Rescript" is a plea for family life in opposition to Socialism; and "Cleared" is a vigorous denunciation of Irish juries. "The English Flag" is truly patriotic:

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the east wind, that died for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed."

For rollicking verse few collections equal "The Barrack-Room Ballads." The chief favourites seem to be "Tommy," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," and "Mandalay." The last is perhaps the most musical in the whole series, and carries the reader off into a song.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay!

"Gentlemen-Rankers" and "Snarleyow" are true but horrible. "Danny Deever," "Cells," "Loot," and "Belts" are not pretty, although the latter contains the lines:

"I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the storm
A Freeman's Journal Supplement was all my uniform."

"Oonts" is capital, the said oont being a camel.

"The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-e-el, when all is said an' done,
E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.
O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken oont!
The lumpy-umpy 'ummin bird a singin' where 'e lies,
'E's blocked the whole division from the rear-guard to the front,
An' when we git him up again—the beggar goes an' dies."

"There is genuine pathos in "Gunga Din," "Ford of Cabul River," and "Shillin' a Day," although the first of them, like many of Mr. Kipling's productions, is disfigured unnecessarily by the coarsest imagery of the world of damned souls. As his tales of Indian life do not correctly represent the better class of Anglo-Indian society, so his "Anglo-Indian Soldier" is a caricature, an exaggeration even of exceptional cases to be found in the army. For such misrepresentations, or one-sided views, however, we can hardly blame the poet and novelist, since his genius allows him only to portray the less favoured features of character and social life. Such being his mission he has won success in it, and that in a very marked way. There is much in "Ballads" and "Barrack-Room Ballads" to amuse, a little to instruct, much to please and to disgust, and nothing to claim from the poetic soul the gift of immortality. Like the "Ingoldby Legends," and the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," the "Biglow Papers" and the productions of Gilbert, Mr. Kipling's poems will have their day and cease to be. Probably their author does not expect any more than this, and whether he does or not, it will be good for the world if some of them should be forgotten soon.

The November *Magazine of American History* has a description of New York's celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus. The second article of the number, "The Discovery and Settlement of Louisiana," is by Col. John Doniphan, of Missouri. "Our Country and Columbus" is a poem by Philip Freneau, written a hundred years ago. "The Quakers in Pennsylvania" and "Memoirs of the Discovery of Columbus," are interesting contributions. "Guy Johnson on the North American Indians, in 1775," from the original manuscript, is a contribution from William L. Stone.

"The City of the Sultan" is the name of the opening paper of the November *Methodist Magazine* from the pen of the editor. Dr. Adolphus Sternberg writes an interesting descriptive article, entitled "Through Roumania." "A King's Daughter among the Lepers of Siberia," from the *Review of Reviews*, is reprinted in this issue. "John Greenleaf Whittier—His Life and His Work," by the editor, is a careful study of the dead poet. The Rev. J. C. Watts, D.D., writes on "Thomas Cook; The Prince of Guides." Edna Dean Proctor writes some pretty lines entitled "November." The November number, besides the reprints, contains much that is interesting and valuable.

"LORD GEORGE BENTINCK ON THE TURF," is the title of the opening article in *Blackwood* for November. It is a review article on a subject dear to the heart of all English sportsmen. "The Valley of Roses" is a short article descriptive of Kezaulik in the Balkans. In a somewhat daring but most readable paper on "Clothes"

Herbert Maxwell asks the following question: "How would it be with us were it the custom to lay in the tombs of our departed ones little statuettes representing them in their best clothes?" "The Bacillus of Love" is a humorous comment upon German sentimentality. "More Old Elections," by Lord Brabourne, will be read with pleasure by all those interested in the days of high franchise and pocket boroughs. E. M. Church's contribution, "An English Officer Among the Apulian Brigands," is taken from some unpublished papers of the late General Sir B. Church, and is one of the best papers in an excellent number.

THE Rev. Thomas P. Hughes commences the November issue of the *Arena* with an interesting paper on "Lord Salisbury's Afghan Policy." "I Believe in the Afghan," writes Mr. Hughes; "his treachery has passed into a proverb; but during twenty years of my life I have slept in his dwelling, dined in his guest house, and trusted my life to his protection; and I honestly believe, notwithstanding much which may be said to the contrary, that the Afghan can be trusted and can be true." Professor Buchanan writes on "The New Education and its Practical Application." "The West in Literature" is discussed by Hamlin Garland. The Rev. M. J. Savage contributes a paper on "Psychical Research: Its Status and Theories." Henry A. Hartt, M.D., treats upon "Alcohol in its Relation to the Bible." "The Poet's Prayer" in the appropriate title of a poem by Gerald Massey. This number is a fair issue of the *Arena*.

CHAPTERS XXVI. and XXVII. of F. Marion Crawford's novel are contained in the November issue of *Macmillan's*. "Bindon Hill," by W. Warde Fowler, is a most interesting paper. "The Awkward Squads" is the name of a most amusing story in this number. H. C. Macdowall contributes a paper entitled "An Old French Printer." Charles Edwards writes "The Story of a Free Lance," which is followed by "Rousseau's Theory of Education," from the pen of A. E. Street. "It is easy enough to assume," writes Mr. Street, "that all means to a good end must be good, that the end will abide by the pupil, while the means sink into oblivion, but habits cannot be so easily taken up and discarded, points of view shifted, and old lessons forgot, as Rousseau implies." "A Debt of Honour" is the name of a powerful and touching story which should not be passed over by any reader of this number. "The Death of Tennyson" by Alfred Ainger brings a really good issue to a close.

THE frontispiece of the November *Cosmopolitan* is Mr. Gladstone. "Japan Revisited," is the name of an interesting paper in this number from the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold. Edgar Fawcett contributes a poem entitled "White Violets." "The Drummer of Company E," is a good story by Robert Howe Fletcher, U. S. army. Matus Questell Holyoake writes a most interesting paper on "A Cosmopolitan Language, which is followed by Lukari's story from the pen of Gertrude Atherton. Charles J. O'Malley writes some good lines on the "Redwing." "The City of Hamburg" is discussed by Murat Halstead. William H. Rideing gives a most readable description of "A Recent Visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden." Mary Tracher Higginson contributes a strong sonnet entitled "Pompeii." "Education for the Common People in the South" is treated upon by George W. Cable. Archibald Forbes writes vividly of "A War Correspondent at the Fall of Constantinople." Brander Mathews brings a good number to a close with "Two Studies of the South."

THE *Dominion Illustrated* commences with an able and appreciative paper on "The Late Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D." from the pen of Dr. George Stewart, F.R.S.C., Sir Daniel Wilson was, says Doctor Stewart, "above all things a manly man, courageous in his conduct as well as in the expression of his opinions," and again he says of his life "It was a beautiful life, useful in its every feature, perfect in its domesticity, simple, unaffected and true." Isidore Asher tells a very readable short story, entitled "A Strange Disappearance." "Canadian Poets in Miniature" is the title of some humorous and inoffensive lines contributed to this number by Clio. A. H. H. Henning writes a most interesting paper on "The Onondaga Berry Dance." "Cricket in Canada" is discussed by G. G. S. Lindsey. Samuel Matheson Bayliss writes a sonnet, entitled "The Giant" which is at any rate vigorous. Kay Livingstone's name appears at the end of "Brough's Daughter," a short story. "Take him for all in all," writes John Reade in his critical paper on Lord Tennyson, "Tennyson is the safest of all poets for the household, and although he eschews the pulpit and the desk of his "Musty Christopher," few poets have taught a loftier morality. A. M. MacLeod concludes a fair number with the continuation of "A Summer in Canada."

THE November number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* contains a long, critical review by Prof. Jesse Macy, of Iowa College, of Dr. J. G. Bourinot's book on "Parliamentary Procedure in the Dominion of Canada." Prof. Macy says "Mr. Bourinot makes the ordinary claim for the superiority of legislative procedure guided by responsible executive officers over a procedure such as prevails in the United States, where the legislature is not guided by the executive." Further in his excellent article the learned professor makes the by no means "ordinary" concession for a United States authority: "Viewed from the standpoint of efficient conduct of governmental business I suppose it ought to be conceded that the English and Canadian cabinet system is

more satisfactory than the American system of divided powers." This able review is a tacit tribute to the judicial fairness, and the thorough and comprehensive knowledge of his important subject, shown by our distinguished constitutionalist. Mr. S. M. Lindsay's article on "Social Work at the Krupp Foundries" shows how much the Krupps have done in that direction at their immense foundries at Essen, Germany. This number also contains an attack on monumentalism, by Prof. E. A. Ross, of Cornell University, who contributes a paper on the "Standard of Deferred Payments." Another good paper is contributed by Prof. Wm. Smart, of Glasgow, on the "Effects of Consumption on Distribution."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY will issue for the holidays "Truth in Fiction, Twelve Tales With a Moral," by Paul Carus.

"A GREAT FROTH OCEAN" is what Carlyle called literature in talking to a young man; and he advised his visitor to avoid it—"specially the thing called poetry."

MR. J. A. SYMONDS's biography of Michael Angelo is to have fifty illustrations and appendices from numerous unpublished documents. The work is to be published in two large octavo volumes.

MR. GILBERT PARKER has collected his tales from magazine-dom and published them in a volume called "Pierre and His People." The stories deal with life in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories.

MARK TWAIN has settled down for the winter, with his family, at Florence, Italy. He has just sent a story to the *Century*, which will appear in the January number. It is called "The £1,000,000 Bank-Note."

MESSRS. WORTHINGTON AND COMPANY announce for immediate publication, as No. 31 in their International Library, "Beyond Atonement," by Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, translated by Mary A. Robinson.

THE forthcoming "life" of Burne-Jones, the artist, will contain a large number of reproductions of his pictures. Many of these will be new to most people, as they have been selected from works not accessible to the general public.

PROF. CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS, F.R.S.C., we learn from the *Quebec Chronicle*, has in the press, and will shortly publish his splendid ode for the centenary of Shelley's birth. It is entitled "Ave," and those who have read it pronounce it Prof. Robert's greatest poetical work.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD, the well-known novelist, arrived in the United States on the 11th inst. by the steamship *Fulda* from Genoa, after an absence of several years. Mr. Crawford will give in the principal cities during the winter a series of readings from his works.

"LEAVES from the Autobiography of Salvini" begins in the holiday number of the *Century*. In this instalment Salvini tells the story of his early struggles as an actor in Italy. He knew Ristori when she was beginning her career, and he describes her as one of the most beautiful women he ever saw.

SEVERAL short stories by Mr. Frank R. Stockton have been illustrated and published as a Christmas book by Messrs. Sampson Low and Company under the title of "The Clocks of Rondaine." There is great variety in the book, and an ingenious picture of a horse-tricycle helps us to understand "The Tricycle of the Future," a story especially to be commended to boys.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has for the first time a coloured frontispiece, reproducing, in a marvellous manner, a water-colour painting made for the Christmas number by L. Marchetti, a skilful French artist. Archibald Forbes describes in that number "The Triumphant Entry into Berlin" of the Emperor William and his victorious armies in 1871. The article is in the "Historic Moments" series.

THE MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce that the recently completed edition of Foster's Text-Book of Physiology in four parts is to be supplemented by the issue of an appendix on "The Chemical Basis of the Animal Body," by A. Sheridan Lea, Sc.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Physiology to the University of Cambridge, England. They also announce a two-volume edition of the remarkable novel "Calmire."

MESSRS. A. W. EATON AND C. L. BETTS, joint authors of the clever "Tales of a Garrison Town," favourably noticed in a recent issue of THE WEEK, intend to issue a new volume of tales for which they have the material partly completed. The rights for England and Canada have been bought by Messrs. F. Warne and Company. Mr. Betts is also preparing an anthology of American poetry, which will appear next year.

OUR esteemed and venerable contributor "W," whose letter will be found in another column, has not found it necessary, at the advanced age of ninety-three years, to cease his literary work. We, and we may add, our readers as well, heartily welcome his occasional contributions. His latest poem was published in the *Ottawa Evening Journal* of the 12th inst. It had a local and social bearing, and was as sprightly, courtly and graceful as anything we have seen from his pen. Nor has his interest in public questions abated, as may be seen by the note on "Remedial Legislation" in the forthcoming issue of the *Law Journal*.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY will issue a new story, entitled "Broken Chords," by Hartford Fleming. "Gleams and Echoes," a book of poems by A. R. G.; "I Married a Soldier," by Lydia Spencer Lane; "Mother and Child," by Drs. E. P. Davis and John M. Keating; Mr. A. Conan Doyle's detective story, "A Study in Scarlet," an illustrated edition; M. B. M. Toland's "Atina, the Queen of the Floating Isle," handsomely illustrated.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce the following books: Green's "Short History of the English People," Illustrated Edition, Volume I.; "Abraham Lincoln," by Charles Carleton Coffin; "Armies of To-day," by eminent military officers; "Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott," edited by W. Minto, and illustrated from sketches by Mr. Scott and his friends; "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," by James Ford Rhodes; "Moltke: His Life and Character," sketched in journals, letters, memoirs, etc., translated by Mary Herms.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce the following books: "The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited with an Introductory Memoir by George E. Woodberry, Professor of English in Columbia College, with a new portrait of Shelley; "The Chosen Valley," a novel, by Mary Hallock Foote; "Historical and Political Essays," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Prose Idyls," by John Albee; and "The Army of North Virginia in 1862," by William Allan, Colonel in the Confederate Army, with a preface by John C. Ropes.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S forthcoming volume of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," consists of a selection of little essays on eighteenth century worthies and subjects. "Steele's Letters," "Fielding's Voyage to Lisbon," "A Garret in Gough Square," "A Day at Strawberry Hill," "Old Vauxhall Gardens," these—and such as these, are the titles of the essays. A very quaint print of the old Vauxhall Gardens is to be included, and in a special paper edition to be issued there will be several copperplates. Most of the two hundred and fifty copies in this edition have already been sold.

THE "Lounger," in the New York Critic, has the following interesting item: "A friend of mine who has visited both poets in their own homes said that he could not but contrast the personality of Lord Tennyson and Victor Hugo: the one all simplicity, the other all ostentation and insincerity. Tennyson lived as any man should in his own family, while with Hugo it was all show and posing. Tennyson's manner was almost brusque at times, while Hugo was all form and ceremony. 'But then,' added my friend, 'it was a good deal the difference between the French and English temperament. Hugo was as unmistakably French as Tennyson was English.'"

AN interesting feature of the December number of Harper's Magazine will be the publication for the first time, of a series of drawings by W. M. Thackeray, illustrating the ballad of Lord Bateman. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in some words of comment on the drawings, explains how they were discovered and how they came into the possession of the Magazine. "I never knew," she says, "that my father had made pictures to the familiar ballad, nor was it until the other day, when Mrs. Leslie Stephen sent them to me, that I ever saw the sketches. This lady happened to be nursing her children through some infantile illness, and in their nursery stood a table which had also stood in my own sister's nursery before. By some accident the table went over with a crash, and an unsuspected drawer fell out, all stuffed full of papers and odds and ends. Among them were these present pictures, which had emerged into the daylight after over a quarter of a century of seclusion."

IF none but a poet should make an anthology be a good rule, it has not been violated in the latest edition to the Golden Treasury Series, a volume entitled "Lyric Love," which consists of "the best love lyrics scattered over English literature," edited by Mr. William Watson. In his preface Mr. Watson alludes to "the artificial woe of the ancient amourest, whose days were a perpetual honeyed despair, and his nights one long lachrymose vigil," and calls it an extinct literary tradition, in place of which we have "the modern world-sadness, the Weltschmerz, which infects all we do and are, not excepting our love-making." It is a question, he thinks, "whether the rhythmic speech of the latter-day lover has gained in depth what it has lost in limpidness." But surely that "world-sadness" is no modern invention, says the London Literary World.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Clement, W. H. P., B.A. LL.B. The Law of the Canadian Constitution, Toronto: The Carswell Co. (Ltd.)
- Emerson, C. Wesley, M.D., LL.D. Evolution of Expression. Vol. I. Boston: C. H. Huff.
- Eschenbach, Von Ebner, Maire. Beyond Atonement. 75c. New York: Worthington Co.
- McGaffey, Ernest. Poems of Gun and Rod. \$1.75. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Page, Thos. Nelson. Marse Chan. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Palmer, Fanny Purdy. A Dead Level. Buffalo: Chas. Wells Moulton.
- Tennyson, Lord. The Death of Ænone. Toronto: Williamson & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.
- Plato's Dialogues. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN ELEGY FOR WHITTIER.

IN vain for him the buds shall burst their shield,
And chestnut leaves their tiny tents unfold;
In vain the early violets dot the field:
His heart is cold.

The rose no more shall meet his ardent gaze,
Like tender blushes of the maiden June,
Nor summer birds repeat for him their lays—
He hears no tune.

Full-breasted Autumn, for the lusty throng
The harvest feast shall spread with liberal hand;
But he no more shall join their harvest song,
Nor understand.

When the faint pulsings of the earth shall cease,
And on her naked form the shroud be spread,
He, like the snow-bound world, shall rest in peace,
For he is dead.

Walter Storrs Bigelow, in American Gardening

DEPRAVITY OF A HEDGEHOG.

A CORRESPONDENT of Land and Water writes: I notice a paragraph relating how a hedgehog was discovered in the act of killing and eating a chicken. As it is probably not generally known that these animals are carnivorous in their habits, it may interest some of your readers to know that the writer has witnessed many instances of their bloodthirsty and voracious nature. On one occasion we missed a number of young pheasants daily from the coops, where they were established with their foster-mothers—game hens. Upon keeping a close watch I found out that the depredators were hedgehogs, which I detected in the act of pillage. The course was then clear; we obtained a dead chick and some freshly-killed fowls' garbage, impregnated them with strychnine, and placed them in position at nightfall. In the morning the result was three hedgehogs and four rats dead. We repeated the process for several days, and finally cleared the ground of the intruders. On another occasion I kept three fully-fledged young blackbirds in cages in the stable, when one day we heard a scrimmage in the adjoining harness room, and, upon going to look for the cause, found that one of the birds had escaped and had been killed by a hedgehog, which was also kept in the room. When caught, "piggy" had already committed the murder and was busily engaged in devouring his victim. Hedgehogs are said to devour blackbeetles, and are sometimes kept in the kitchen for that purpose. I will only say I have never seen them fulfilling the purpose for which they were domesticated; all that I have ever possessed seemed much to prefer a diet of meat, chop bones, or other animal matter, while they did not disdain a "tuck out" at a basin of fresh bread and milk. All my hedgehogs invariably escaped at some time or other, no garden wall seemingly steep or smooth enough to prevent their scaling it. I cannot say that I was ever prepossessed in favour of the hedgehog, and should advise their being ruthlessly killed down as vermin wherever they have access to hen-roosts, pheasantries, or land where partridges are nesting.

ARCHIBALD FORBES IN PARIS.

"FOR another hour or more my neighbours the Communists, who had been reinforced, gave pause to the Versailles effort to descend the Boulevard Haussmann, and were holding their own against the Versailles fire from the church of the Trinity and the barricade on the rise of the Rue Lafayette. The house at the right-hand corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Lafayette—the house whose projecting gable was my shelter—had caught fire, to my disquietude and discomfort; but before the fire should seriously trouble me the impending crisis would probably be over. Furious and more furious waxed the firing all around. About the Opera House it was especially fierce. I had glimpses of fighting at close quarters in the open space before its rear front, and I could discern men shuffling along behind the low parapet of its roof. They carried packs, but I could not see their breeches, and was not therefore wholly certain that they were Versailles. A woman had joined me in my position behind the gable, —a woman who seemed to have a charmed life. Over and over again she walked out into the fire, looked deliberately about her, and came back to recount to me with excited volubility the particulars of what she had seen. She was convinced the soldiers on the roof were Versailles; yet, as I pointed out to her, the drapeau rouge still waved above the statue on the summit of the lofty building. The people of the hotel in our rear clearly shared her belief. Gathered timidly in the porte cochère, they were crying 'Bravo!' and clapping their hands, because they hoped and believed the Versailles were winning. The woman was right; they were Versailles linesmen whom we saw on the parapet of the Opera House. There was a cheer; the people of the hotel ran out into the fire, waving handkerchiefs and clapping their hands. The tricolour was waving above the hither portico. The red flag waved still on the farther elevation. 'A ladder! a ladder to reach it!' was the excited cry from the group behind me; but for the moment no ladder was procurable. As we waited, there darted down the boulevard to the corner of the Rue Halévy

a little grig of a fellow in red breeches—one of the old French linesmen breed. He was all alone, and appeared to enjoy the loneliness as he took up his post behind a tree, and fired his first shot at a Communist dodging about the intersection of the Rue Taibout. When is a Frenchman not dramatic? He fired with an air; he reloaded with an air; he fired again with a flourish, and was greeted with cheering and handclapping from the 'gallery' behind me, to which the little fellow was playing. Then he beckoned us back dramatically, for his next shot was to be sped up the Rue Lafayette, at a little knot of Communists who, from a fragment of shelter at the intersection of the Rue Lafitte, were taking him for their target. Then he faced about and waved his comrades on with exaggerated gestures which recalled those one sees in a blood-and-thunder melodrama, the Communist bullets all the while cutting the bark and branches of the tree which was his cover. Ah! he was down! Well, he had enjoyed his flash of recklessness. The woman by my side and I darted across and carried him in. We might have spared ourselves the trouble and risk; he was dead, with a bullet through his head."—The Century.

THE PORSON OF SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM.

THE fate of Lewis Theobald is without parallel in literary history. It may be said with simple truth that no poet in our own or any other language has ever owed so great a debt to an editor as Shakespeare owes to this man. To most people, indeed, Theobald is known only as he was known to Joseph Warton, as the hero of the first editions of the "Dunciad," as "a cold, plodding, and tasteless writer and critic, who, with great propriety, was chosen, on the death of Settle, by the Goddess of Dulness to be the chief instrument of that great work which was the subject of the poem." Gibbeted in couplets which have passed into proverbs wherever the English language is read, and which every man with any tincture of letters has by heart, his very name has become a synonym for creeping pedantry. Pre-eminent among the victims of Pope's satire stands Theobald, and his fate has assuredly been harder than that of any other of his fellow-sufferers. For, in his case, injustice has been cumulative, and it has been his lot to be conspicuous. The truth about Theobald is that he is not only the father of Shakespearean criticism, but the critic to whom our great poet is most deeply indebted. To speak of any of the eighteenth-century editors in the same breath is absurd. He had what none of them possessed—a fine ear for the rhythm of blank verses, and the nicest sense of the nuances of language, as well in relation to single words as to words in combination—faculties which, it is needless to say, are indispensable to an emendator of Shakespeare, or, indeed, of any other poet. In every department, indeed, of textual criticism he excelled. In its humbler offices, in collation, in transcription, in the correction of clerical errors, he was, as even his enemies have frankly admitted, the most patient and conscientious of drudges. To the elucidation of obscurities in expression or allusion he brought a stock of learning such as has perhaps never been found united in any other commentator on Shakespeare. The proper monument of Theobald is not that cairn of dishonour which the sensitive vanity of Pope, the ignoble and impudent devices of Warburton to build his own reputation on the ruin of another, the careless injustice of Johnson, the mean stratagems of Malone, and the obsequious parrotry of tradition on the part of subsequent writers, have succeeded in accumulating. That monument is the text of Shakespeare, and should be the gratitude of all to whom the text is of importance, the gratitude of civilized mankind.—Quarterly Review.

BJÖRNSSON'S POLITICAL CAREER.

LIKE Henrik Ibsen, Björnson has been a stage manager, but at last he left his position at the Kristiania Theatre, because he was not allowed to have his own way. It is said that afterward some of his conservative opponents regretted that they did not let him have free scope of the boards. For then they might have been spared the annoyance of seeing him, at every critical moment, burst forth as the manager of the political stage. The theatre might have served as a social safety-valve, as it had often done before. Only think what would have happened if those impetuous, combative instincts of his had not, from his early youth, been diverted in the channels of fiction, and enlisted into fighting over again the old heroic battles, which are at least harmless to those now living! Well, enlisted only up to a certain degree. For even as a young stage manager at Bergen he had not been quite absorbed by his Saga plays, nor contented to be the leader of phantoms of the stage. During a political crisis he had, by his vigorous press articles, greatly helped to decide the elections of the Bergen representatives to the Storting. And from this time he has been, in an increasing degree, a driving force in Norwegian politics, being not only an eloquent interpreter, but often a maker, of public opinion. The amount of strong language spent upon him by the opposite party is a fairly good dynamometer of his influence. I cannot here enter into an account of his many political campaigns, but as a popular orator he towers above all the speakers of his country, fascinating alike the urban and the rustic mind by the undulating rhythm of his eloquence.—From Professor Chr. Collin's sketch of Björnson, in Review of Reviews.

THE EMPEROR'S HAREM.

"138 UNFORTUNATES HELD CAPTIVE IN THE PALACE AT PEKIN."

The "Palace of Earth's Repose" is where the Empress of China holds her court and rules over the imperial Harem, whose only glimpse of the outside world is what they can see in the imperial flower garden. The present young emperor, in addition to his seven lawful concubines, has already no less than one hundred and thirty others in his harem.—H. O'Shea's article, in the *Illustrated American*. Such is the life of the most highly favoured of Chinese women—prisoners within the palace walls they eke out an existence in real slavery. American women know no slavery but that which depends on themselves. Sometimes they are overworked, "run-down," weak and ailing—then is the time to turn to the right medicine. The one who takes Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription emancipates herself from her weakness and becomes a stronger and a happier woman—more than that—a healthy one. For all the weaknesses and ailments peculiar to womanhood, "Favourite Prescription" is a positive remedy. And because it's a certain remedy, it's made a guaranteed one. If it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, you get your money back. Can you ask more?

ONE of the new seamless steel ships' life-boats has been inspected by experts on the Clyde, and very favourable opinions have been formed. The boats are of mild steel, rolled in two halves, which are rivetted to a keel that also forms the stem and the stern-post. They can thus be stored in pieces, and be easily put together when wanted. The lifeboats are fitted with the buoyancy appliances required by the Board of Trade Survey.

THE ADVERTISING—Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bonds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsement, which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

FOR a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

NURSERY MEDICINES.—We do not believe in dosing children with drugs and medicines from the time they arrive in the world till they are grown, as some do. We have found a little castor oil and a bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER safe and sure remedies for all their little ills, and would not do without them. Get the New Big Bottle 25c.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

AN ANGLO-CANADIAN MIRACLE.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Mr. James Ingram Relates the Story of His Sufferings and Release—Restored After the Best Doctors had Failed.

The fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not confined to Canada and the United States, but extends also across the Ocean, and from the mother land comes a letter from one who learned the value of this great remedy while in Canada and who now, although thousands of miles away, gratefully acknowledges what Pink Pills have done for him after medical aid and all other remedies had failed. His letter cannot fail to bring hope to other sufferers as it assures them that in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they may look for a cure even in cases pronounced by the most eminent medical specialists as incurable.

Rhioderen, Monmouthshire, Eng.,
Nov. 20th, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville Canada.

Gentlemen,—It may surprise you to receive this letter from across the Ocean, but I would not be doing my duty did I not write to thank you for the noble medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to let you know what they had done for me after four years suffering, and when all other medical aid had failed. My trouble occurred while in Canada, and I was treated by several doctors and in the Montreal General Hospital by Drs. Smith, Molson and Macdonell. I first felt the effects of the disease, which the doctors pronounced diabetes, in January, 1886. I used many remedies and tried numerous doctors, with the only result that I grew poorer in both health and pocket. At last in despair I went to the General Hospital for treatment, but the result was no better, and on the 30th of April, 1891, I left that institution a poor broken-hearted, downcast man, Dr. Macdonell having informed me that they had done all they could for me. I continued to live on in misery until about the middle of August, when I saw in *The Montreal Star* an article telling the story of a man who after spending hundreds of dollars, had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and found a cure. Drowning men, they say, will catch at a straw, and it would be impossible for me to express the gratitude I feel for the hope that man's story gave me. I at once bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from Mr. R. Birks, druggist, on McGill street. Before I had finished it I felt that Pink Pills were helping me, and I procured four more boxes. These almost restored me to health, and through the kindness of Mr. O'Brien, of the harbour works, I was given a light job on the harbour wharf, and was again able to earn my living. I made up my mind, however, to return to the land of my birth, and on the 5th of November, sailed for England. The passage was rough, and I caught cold which set me back somewhat, but I am again regaining strength. I find that I cannot get the Pink Pills here and I want you to send me a supply, as under no circumstances would I be without them, and you may be sure I will gladly recommend them to my friends both here and elsewhere.

Yours gratefully,
JAMES INGRAM.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

AMONG the most interesting inmates of the insect-house at the Gardens of the Zoological Society is a millipede, brought from Mombasa by Mr. Frank Finn. It has a black body and coral red legs, is a vegetarian, and perfectly harmless, except that it possesses an evil-smelling fluid, the use of which insures it against a repetition of inquisitive touching. Its diet is mainly decaying leaves.

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

THE Royal Institution has been presented with £20,000 for the promotion of scientific research, by Sir Thomas Hodgkins, of Long Island, N. Y., a gentleman who not long ago sent £40,000 to the Smithsonian Institution.

WE are too apt in the sick-room or sick-ward to think only of the physical purity of the place and of the health of the bodies of the sick, without taking into proper account the health of the mind. This is a great mistake. Every mental act does something good or bad for the physical condition. The pulses vary with the thoughts. When we are taking a reading of the pulse with the sphygmograph or sphygmophone we find, if the patient be not looking on at the process, a certain number of pulsations, but directly the sick person sees the process, observes the needle moving, and understands that the movements are produced by the action of his or her own vessels, the pulse invariably rises, and so often remains high during all the operation that the experienced operator has to take the increased motion into account in appraising his results. No two physicians counting the pulse of a sick man make the number of beats precisely the same if the shortest time intervenes between the two takings. I once observed a difference of no fewer than twenty-two beats between my counting of a patient's pulse and that taken a minute previously by my medical brother, who was in regular attendance. The patient explained the reason of the difference. "I am a little bit flurried whenever I see a strange face." These are passing changes, and may not materially alter the course of a disease; but when any cause is at work that for long periods keeps the mind excited or depressed, the mischief, small as it may seem, must be extremely great. In the sick-room or sick-ward it is not usually excitement that has to be quelled, although that may occasionally be the case; it is monotony that has to be met. In the ward where many rest, monotony also is often combined with anxiety. "Begone, dull care, I pray thee, from me," can never be expected by the afflicted amongst the afflicted. There is always something in progress, some cry, some groan, some cough, some restless movement, some expression, some sight, that adds to the personal affliction, and which, as it adds, is wont to attach itself to some fixed object, looked at at the same moment. The knowledge of facts like these is suggestive. It suggests frequent and reasonable change of scene, one might almost say scenery, in the sick-chamber. Flowers are always a source of pleasure, and when fresh flowers cannot be obtained, good artificial flowers, such as the rich place on their dinner-tables in days of frost and snow, are better than none, for colour alone brightens up the mind. But flowers should often be changed, both in form and position. Pictures are good in the sick-chamber, when they are bright and cheerful; but they, too, become very monotonous when they are to be seen for weeks at a time in one spot, on which the sick eye must ever be resting. Furniture itself may be quietly moved about around the sick with advantage. The change is indicative of something done, and has hope in it of still further approach towards recovery.—*Dr. Richardson, in the "Asclepiad."*

DON'T omit to send to the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John Street, New York, for Circulars explaining their offer of \$1,000.00 for Prizes for Poems on Esterbrook's Pens.

THE soul of love lives in the body of another.—*Cato.*

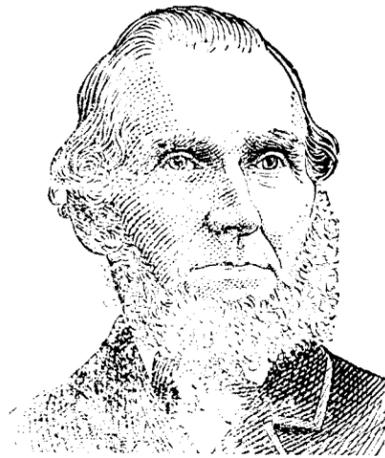
MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents,—My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician; he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT to be used freely. 3 bottles cured her. I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for a broken breast; it reduced the inflammation and cured me in 10 days.

Hantsport.

MRS. N. SILVER.

It is pointed out that the only mechanic buried in Westminster Abbey is George Graham, a native of Cumberland, the inventor of the dead-beat escapement, the cylinder escapement, and the mercurial pendulum, besides several other improvements in apparatus useful in astronomical work. He was buried in 1751, and his funeral was attended by all the members of the Royal Society.



Mr. David W. Jordan.

A retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y., says:

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

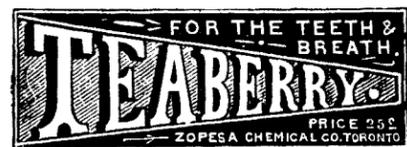
Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more colour than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the colour began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well. D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills.



THE inhabitants of the north-eastern part of Asia use a mushroom to promote intoxication. It is known as the fly-blown mushroom, and is also very abundant in Scotland. The fungus is gathered in the hottest part of the year, and is then hung up by a string in the air to dry. Some are dry before gathered, and these are stated to be far more narcotic than those artificially preserved. Usually the fungus is rolled up like a bolus, and taken without chewing; for, if masticated, it is said to disorder the stomach. One large or two small fungi produce what is looked upon as a pleasant state of intoxication for one day. The effect is the same as that produced on taking a quantity of spirits or wine, except it is delayed from one to two hours after the bolus has been swallowed. At first it produces very cheerful emotions of the mind; it renders some persons exceedingly active, and is a stimulant to muscular exertion; thus, if a person affected by it wishes to step over a straw or a small stick, it impels him to take a jump sufficient to clear a low hedge or the trunk of a tree; it keeps those fond of music perpetually singing; and, under its influence, a talkative person can neither keep secrets nor silence, hence it is a source of danger to ladies and politicians.—*Horticultural Times.*

MODERN MIRACLES.

A singer for breath was distressed,
And the doctors all said she must rest,
But she took G. M. D.
For her weak lungs, you see,
And now she can sing with the best.

An athletic gave out on a run,
And he feared his career was quite done:
G. M. D., pray observe,
Gave back his lost nerve,
And now he can lift half a ton.

A writer, who wrote for a prize,
Had headaches and pain in the eyes;
G. M. D. was the spell
That made him quite well,
And glory before him now lies.

These are only examples of the daily triumphs of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in restoring health and reviving wasted vitality. Sold by all druggists.

ANOTHER arctic expedition returned from the North a few days ago. Its arrival was announced by a loud "Honk!

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.