

THE WEEK:

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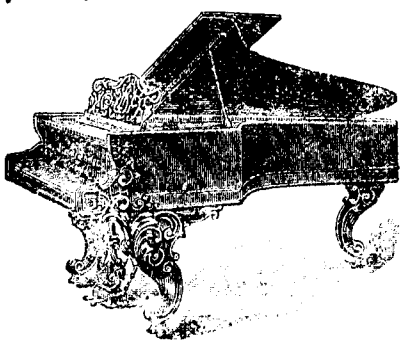
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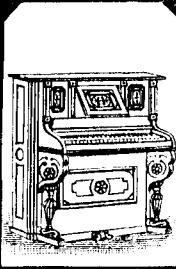
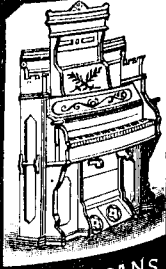
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Vol. V. No. 35.

Toronto, Thursday, July 26th, 1888.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

| TOPICS— | PAGE. |
|---|--------------------------|
| The Behring's Sea Difficulty..... | 551 |
| The Skeena River Indians..... | 551 |
| A Constitutional Anomaly..... | 551 |
| Enforcing the Customs Act..... | 551 |
| The Chicago Anarchists..... | 552 |
| The Mills Tariff Bill..... | 552 |
| The Question of Free Wool..... | 552 |
| The Contest in Indiana..... | 552 |
| Irish Landlords and the Tithes..... | 552 |
| An Embarrassing Incident..... | 552 |
| The Times Parnell Commission..... | 552 |
| Mr. Parnell's Federation Plan..... | 552 |
| Payment of Members of Parliament..... | 553 |
| The Meeting of the Monarchs..... | 553 |
| Experimenting on Tramps..... | 553 |
| MR. JUSTICE WURTELE AND THE COGROVE-MCCABE CASES..... | 553 |
| PARIS LETTER..... | 554 |
| "UNSER FRITZ" (Poem)..... | 554 |
| MONTREAL LETTER..... | 554 |
| THE QUEBEC SEMINARY..... | 555 |
| THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE ROCKS..... | 555 |
| CORRESPONDENCE— | |
| Canadian Canterbury Volumes..... | W. D. Lighthall. 557 |
| The Yonge Street Outlet and Others..... | Cyclops. 557 |
| A MOTHER'S LULLABY (Poem)..... | O'Hara Baynes. 557 |
| PROMINENT CANADIANS—PROF. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A..... | T. G. Marquis. 558 |
| OUR BROTHERHOOD (Poem)..... | E. Pauline Johnston. 559 |
| DR. MARTINEAU'S "STUDY OF RELIGION"..... | 559 |
| READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE..... | 560 |
| OUR LIBRARY TABLE..... | 560 |
| LITERARY GOSSIP..... | 561 |
| CHESS..... | 562 |

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

A REPORT from Ottawa states that the American Government has at length consented to refer to arbitration the claims for compensation presented on behalf of the Canadian sealers seized in Behring's Sea by its revenue cutters. It is, we believe, scarcely correct to say, as some of the papers are doing, that this shows the Government of the United States to have withdrawn its claim to exclusive jurisdiction in the waters of Behring's Sea. As a matter of fact, it does not appear that any such claim has ever been specifically put forward, however it may have been implied in the acts complained of. So far as has been made public, the diplomatic attitude of President Cleveland's Administration has been non-committal in the affair. Its policy has been one of reticence and delay, rather than of refusal. Such a policy may have been prompted either by the exigencies of the present political situation, or by regard to the time limit of the agreement said to have been made with the Alaska Company, in whose interests the seizures have been made. Colour is given to the former supposition by the fact that, assuming the correctness of the Ottawa report, the Presidential contest will almost certainly be over before the earliest period at which there is any reason to suppose the decision of the arbitrators could be made known. On the other hand, it is not easy to credit that part of the rumour which ascribes the tardy consent to arbitration to the alleged purpose of the British Government to resort to the strong measure of commissioning a warship to recapture and release any Canadian craft which might hereafter be seized by the United States cutters outside the three-mile limit. It is very unlikely that the British Government would put forward any such threat at this stage of the negotiations—a threat which could only have the effect of making it trebly difficult for President Cleveland and his Cabinet to do the right.

THE Indians of British Columbia evidently require cautious and skilful dealing. It is difficult at this distance, and with the scanty information yet to hand, to form an opinion as to the origin and merits of the quarrel. So far as it is connected with the attempt to capture and punish an Indian for the murder of one of his own race, it is clear that the authorities must be firm at whatever cost. It would never do to give over any section of

the country, however remote, to lawlessness. Subjection to law, and respect for life and property, are among the first lessons of civilization and must be strictly enforced. But it is pretty certain that the excitement cannot have been aroused solely by the simple act of attempting to bring an Indian to justice for taking the life of another Indian, if the meaning of that act was at all understood. The affair must have some antecedent history. The testimony of the agent of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Simpson shows that the Indians on the Upper Skeena were in a state of disorder and lawlessness some weeks before the date of the murder in question. This and other circumstances indicate that considerable numbers of British Columbia Indians are exasperated by some real or fancied wrongs. The case is one that evidently demands prompt and decisive action, though not action of the summary kind which may find favour with traders who regard the question solely from the business point of view. It is to be hoped that the Local or Dominion Government—there seems to be some uncertainty to which the duty of pacification belongs—will take a broad and liberal view of its relations and obligations to the unhappy people, who, naturally enough, claim the country as theirs, and regard every settlement of the white man as an invasion of their rights of property.

THE difficulty with the British Columbia Indians, referred to in the above paragraph, suggests what seems to be an awkward anomaly in the working of the Canadian Constitution. The British North American Act places the Dominion Government under obligation to continue towards the Canadian Indians the same just and liberal policy which was pursued by the British Government under the previous colonial system. To the Central Authority must necessarily belong the treaty-making power, so far as any portion of its own subjects are concerned. But, on the other hand, any reservations which may be set apart for the tribes by such treaties become the property of the province in which they are situated. The tendency of such an arrangement must be to create a division both of interest and of authority between the Dominion and Local Governments. The one makes the bargains, the other has, so far, to carry out the stipulations and foot the bills. A somewhat similar incongruity has been developed in regard to several other subjects of legislation. The Dominion Parliament passed the Canada Temperance Act, and the Provincial authorities were made responsible for its enforcement. A Dominion Minister has recently taken the same position, it is said, with regard to the Bucket Shops Act of last session. Such complications are undesirable. It is surely a sound maxim that the power which makes the law should provide the machinery and assume the responsibility for its enforcement. Any other arrangement seems inconsistent with the federal principle. In regard to such points the Constitution surely needs some revision.

A MONTREAL correspondent of the *Empire*, who seems well informed in regard to the matter, states that the manner in which the customs laws and regulations are enforced in Canada is much milder than that in vogue in other highly protected countries. The point is proved and illustrated by reference to alleged rules and usages in the United States and elsewhere. This may be so, but is hardly reassuring to the importer who finds himself subject to such harsh and ruinous treatment as that which has been brought to light in the Ayer case. The experienced importer who writes the letter must be a good deal of a stoic in his way, as he seems ready to accept the hard and obviously unjust treatment as the penalty that has to be paid for the benefit of a policy which he deems essential to the public weal. But, granting that harsh and arbitrary measures prevail in every country with a high tariff, does it follow that such treatment is necessary and must be tolerated in Canada? By no means, unless it can be shown that the tariff cannot be collected otherwise. This we presume would be claimed, but the burden of proof must rest on those who make the assertion. We are quite unable to see why every proper end might not be just as efficiently gained by referring disputed cases to an impartial tribunal, and by also entrusting the interpretation of the Customs Act, in doubtful cases, like that of any other act, to the proper judicial authorities—who could of course summon any expert aid they might need—instead of leaving it to the arbitrary fiat of collector or minister.

It is probable that the timely detection of the new dynamite plots of the Chicago Anarchists, and the exemplary punishments which are pretty sure to follow, will have the effect of finally rooting out the foul conspiracy in the United States. The maddest of the disciples of Johann Most and his wretched colleagues must become convinced that neither their principles nor their methods can flourish in the soil of a free republic. Just in proportion to the largeness of the license granted them so long as they confine themselves to innocuous invectives and threats, on the platform and in the press, just in that proportion are the vigilance with which their fiendish plots are ferreted out, and the severity with which the actors are punished, whenever they attempt to embody their cruel and cowardly hatred of social order in deeds. The manufacture of bombs for the destruction of the guardians of the law has not been a success even in Russia where there is some shadow of excuse for it. It is being found to be a most dangerous pastime in America, where it is utterly without excuse.

THE tariff debate which was closed in the United States House of Representatives the other day by the passage of the Mills Bill, was one which would have done credit to any deliberative assembly in the world. The members evidently realized that they were face to face with a great question in political economy, and in many cases rose to the dignity of the occasion. True, it seems at first thought absurd to speak of a proposed five per cent. reduction in a tariff which would still average almost 43 per cent. as involving any serious question of principle. Yet the fact that the tendency of lowering the tariff with a view to reducing the surplus is in the direction of free trade, or rather of a tariff-for-revenue as distinct from a tariff-for-protection system, was clearly recognized, especially on the Republican side. The question of free wool was regarded as the crucial test, and the refusal of the House by a vote of 120 to 102 to strike wool from the free list virtually decided the fate of the Bill. Its final passage with a majority of 13, by an almost strictly party vote, may be taken as foreshadowing its defeat in the Senate where the majority is Republican. Meanwhile, the fundamental principles involved are being discussed by the people in every city and village in the Union. With the people the final decision rests, and to them, rather than to the House, the speeches of the orators on both sides are really addressed.

A VERY interesting phase of the economical question was presented in the wool debate in the United States House of Representatives. The discussion strikingly illustrated the difficulty that exists in drawing the line between raw and manufactured material. While the Republicans pleaded eloquently for protection to the sheep farmer, whose industry will, it is predicted, be ruined by foreign competition, the Democrats were equally strenuous in pleading the cause of the woollen manufacturer whose business is hampered by the tax on his raw material, many mills now lying idle, it is alleged, in consequence. Should the Bill become law in its present shape, political economists will watch the result during the next few years with great interest. There can be little doubt that the woollen manufacture will receive a great impetus. Should it prove that the production of wool is likewise stimulated instead of discouraged, the arguments of the tariff reformers will be triumphantly vindicated, while any serious falling off in the sheep-farming industry would be regarded as more than an offset for the advantages accruing from increase of manufactures.

THE electoral campaign in the United States is now fairly opened. The two great parties have organized their forces, chosen their leaders and their watchwords, and are now in the thick of the contest. All eyes are turned to Indiana as the State in which the issue will probably be decided. An ex-Senator estimates the vote of the State as follows: Straight Democratic, 240,000; straight Republican, 235,000, and 25,000 scattering, composed of the labour factions, Greenbackers, and Prohibitionists. As the ex-Senator has probably Democratic leanings, it will, perhaps, be safer to count the out-and-out supporters of the two parties as nearly equal in numbers. The issue will then be decided by the unattached vote. The Republican reliance will be largely upon the local feeling and influence in favour of Harrison as a citizen of the State. On the other hand the labour organizations, which are, perhaps, the most potent of the uncertain factors, are, it is claimed by the Democratic organs, almost all hostile to Harrison. If the *Labour Signal*, which is said to be the representative paper of its class in the State, can be relied on, only one out of its 200 labour exchanges, supports Harrison unequivocally, about a dozen are non-committal, and the rest in out-spoken opposition. Making all reasonable

allowance for the evident predilections of the *Signal*, the case still looks dark for the Republicans. Any capital which the party may be able to make out of the weak temperance plank in its platform is liable to be offset by the German vote, which is sure to be cast on the other side. Yet the local feeling will count for much with large numbers. Evidently the progress of the campaign in Indiana will be watched with great anxiety by both parties.

THE case of the Irish landlords in respect to tithes, as represented in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Waterford, is certainly somewhat hard. It is bad enough that, after the Church, to which most of them adhere has been disestablished and disendowed, they are still obliged to pay the tithe in full into the Church Fund. But the hardship is made much greater, from the landlord's point of view, by the fact that the tithe-rate, which was fixed at a time when prices were at the highest, is no longer subject to revision, but remains the same though rent has been greatly reduced under the Land Acts, and the prices of wheat and oats, on the basis of which the tithe was originally calculated, have fallen from 17 to 35 per cent. The landlords also complain that, whilst a terminable annuity of four per cent for forty-nine years makes a tenant owner of his holding under the Act of 1885, they cannot purchase the rent charge without paying £4 9s. per cent. for fifty-two years. Earl Cadogan, on behalf of the Government, admitted that the complaints were well-founded, and promised that they should receive attention at a future session.

THE inconvenience of having the head of the Government in the House of Lords instead of in the popular branch of the Legislature was somewhat amusingly illustrated in the British Parliament, in connection with Lord Salisbury's Life Peerage Bill. At the very moment when, at the invitation and under the guidance of the Premier, their Lordships were seriously discussing their own future as about to be affected by the operation of the bill in question, Mr. W. H. Smith, the Leader of the Government in the Lower House, was telling Mr. Gladstone that he "had not the slightest hesitation in giving him the assurance which he desired," that neither during the present nor the autumn Session should any attempt be made to proceed in the House of Commons with the Bill for the Reform of the House of Lords. When an hour later the news of this announcement reached the Prime Minister he had only to perform the somewhat humiliating task of informing the Peers that their discussion had been of a purely academical character, and the bill could not be proceeded with. Mr. W. H. Smith had, it appeared, got into a panic and committed his leader as well as himself, by his promise, to bringing his bill to a sudden and untimely end. It is impossible to conceive of Lord Salisbury as thoroughly amiable and happy on being placed in such a predicament. Possibly it may suggest to him the desirability of adding to the reform he proposes in such a way as to permit of a Peer, under certain circumstances, laying aside his hereditary dignity and accepting the position of a representative in the Lower House.

IF the Bill for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the charges brought by the *London Times* against Mr. Parnell and others passes in the shape in which it has been presented, the investigation will certainly have a most formidable width of range. If everything touched upon in the *Times* pamphlet on *Parnellism and Crime*, everything included in the Attorney-General's speech at the recent trial, and everything connecting not only a member of Parliament but any other person with the transactions in question may be investigated, and if every one in any way affected by the enquiry may claim the right to be represented by counsel, one can but conjecture as to the length of time that must elapse before a report can be presented. On the other hand, it is, of course, desirable that if the enquiry is to be undertaken at all it should be thorough. It should settle once for all the question of the guilt or innocence of the chief parties implicated. It must surely be a relief to all concerned, if conscious of innocence, to know that the whole affair is to be exhaustively investigated. Evidently the judges will have no sinecures.

QUITE a sensation has been produced in political circles in England by Mr. Parnell's recent avowal of his views in regard to a federation of the integral parts of the United Kingdom. His confession of faith has been spoken of as his adhesion to the scheme of Imperial Federation, but that does not seem properly to describe it. Imperial Federation has its eye fixed on the relations existing between Great Britain and her Colonies, and aims chiefly at bringing the latter into some vital and organic union

with the former, such as will consolidate the resources of the whole for national purposes. Mr. Parnell's views, as stated, do not appear to take the Colonies specially into the account. He hesitates, as well he may, to express an opinion upon the larger question of Imperial Federation. His is simply a plan for the reorganization of the United Kingdom on a federal basis. Its chief significance results from the two facts, that it is taken to indicate that Mr. Gladstone is willing to so far revise his scheme as to retain Irish Representatives at Westminster, and that the Home Rulers are willing to aid the other great sections of the Kingdom in obtaining the same local autonomy they ask for Ireland. In this latter aspect Mr. Parnell's avowal is undoubtedly a powerful bid for the consideration of the Liberal Unionists of England and Scotland, who have long recognized the need of some subdivision and redistribution of the vast functions which the one Imperial Parliament now vainly strives to perform. It cannot be denied that there is a certain logical consistency in Mr. Parnell's views as reported. The beginning of Home Rule would be as the letting out of waters. Should Ireland ever obtain it in any form Scotland would not be long in demanding it, and her demand it would be impossible to resist. It is no wonder that the representatives of the ancient kingdom are slow to consent to so revolutionary an experiment.

AN interesting debate took place in the British House of Commons a week or two since on a motion of Mr. Fenwick "That in the opinion of this House it well deserves the consideration of Her Majesty's Government whether, and under what circumstances, it would be expedient to revert to the ancient custom of paying members for their services." It is only about two hundred years since the old custom of paying members on a graduated scale, so much a day for a burgess, and so much more for a knight of the shire, died out. The money, under the old system, was paid by the constituencies. They, no doubt, found it burdensome, and would be disposed sometimes to accept gratefully the services of a representative who was willing to relieve them of the charge. The old argument from the presumptive deterioration the House would undergo if the work of legislation should fall into the hands of an impecunious class of people, who would enter upon politics for a living, drew from Mr. Gladstone a somewhat effective retort, intended to shew that the present members are scarcely actuated by motives of pure patriotism or philanthropy. "Gentlemen," he said, "came to that House from mixed motives, but undoubtedly they did not come in a spirit of martyrdom. Some were attracted by official salaries, some by unofficial salaries, some by the early prospect of official advancement, and some by the social distinction which a seat in the House conferred." Admitting, however, that members at present do not work without remuneration of some sort, it does not follow that some kinds of remuneration are not higher and likely to secure a better class of representatives than others. Still there is force in the argument that under the non-payment system the constitutional right of every citizen who has a vote to serve his country in Parliament is limited, in the case of those who are too poor to do so at their own charges, by a social disability. The trend of feeling, in Parliament and out, is probably in the direction of some such middle course as that suggested by Sir Charles Trevelyan. Let £300 be the highest sum, and make the receipt of it optional, dependent on a declaration of poverty like that which is so pleasantly made by the gentlemen in receipt of political pensions, of whom there are several in the House, ex-members of previous administrations, receiving £1,200 to £2,000 a year.

SPECULATION naturally abounds in regard to the character of the interviews between the German and Russian Emperors, but anything that may be published on the subject may safely be accepted as guesswork. It is evident, however, that, even apart from any concerted agreement as to future policy, the meetings and friendly intercourse of the two monarchs must have a pacific tendency. The Russian newspapers, it is observed, exhibit a remarkable change of tone in regard to the relations of the two peoples and the prospects of European peace, and have become suddenly very complimentary to the Imperial guests. If the London *Telegraph's* correspondent is, as he claims, reliably informed that the Czar consents to leave Prince Ferdinand undisturbed in Bulgaria, in the confidence that he cannot long maintain himself there, and that his deposition will afford an opportunity for Russia to nominate a successor, the most immediate source of danger has been temporarily removed. Whether William II can successfully allay the jealousy with which Austria may be assumed to be watching his movements in Russia, remains to be seen. The immediate effect of the visit is reassuring; that it will have any permanent influence in lessening the tension of the European situation, and placing peace on a stable basis is, it may be feared, extremely doubtful.

BOTH sociologists and philanthropists may learn an instructive lesson from an experiment recently made by an officer connected with the Board of Public Charities in Paris. Having previously arranged with certain manufacturers to give employment for three days, at a fixed rate of wages, to all whom he should send to them with letters, he offered such letters to all applicants for aid who seemed able to work. An account was kept of the applications and the results. Of 727 letters which in eight months were offered to beggars, 415 were refused point blank, 138 were taken but not delivered, and of the 174 persons who accepted and delivered the letters, only 18 stayed out the three days. The incident contains many morals in regard to the effect of indiscriminate giving, but this one stands prominent. Every institution for the relief of the destitute, and every person who wishes to help the really deserving without fostering laziness and begging, should, if possible, provide some simple and reasonable work-test, and apply it on all suitable occasions. If all, or the great majority in any community should do this, the effect would, we venture to say, be astonishing as well as beneficial.

MR. JUSTICE WURTELE AND THE COSGROVE-McCABE CASES.

ON the last day of the summer term of the Court of Queen's Bench for the district of Ottawa writs of *nolle prosequi* were entered, at the instance of the attorney-general, in the cases against Cosgrove and McCabe, who had been recently sentenced to a short term of imprisonment on pleading guilty to one of the minor charges against them. Mr. Justice Wurtele, whose very lenient sentence occasioned a good deal of adverse press criticism, upon the production of the writs made some explanatory remarks, which, although the matter has been made sufficiently clear in these columns, we have much pleasure in laying before our readers so that there may be no possible misapprehension as to "the fair and impartial administration of justice" in the adjoining Province.

The action of the court in sentencing the two defendants, Cosgrove and McCabe, to a slight term of imprisonment has been severely commented upon by some of the most respectable newspapers of Ontario and the United States; and I deem it my duty to explain why the sentence in question was pronounced, not because of any effect the editorials may have upon my personal character or reputation, but because such publications, if allowed to pass unchallenged, may diminish the confidence of the outside world in the fair and impartial administration of justice in this district, and may lead the community to the impression that here, in this court, the political complexions of prosecutor and defendant are not unknown.

On the morning of the day when the plea of guilty was recorded the representative of the Crown and the counsel for the defence called upon me, in chambers, and told me that it had been agreed that the defendants would plead guilty to the smallest of the offences charged, and that the plea would be accompanied by explanatory remarks in their behalf, and that the Crown, thereupon, would withdraw the other eleven more serious accusations of felony; and they requested my concurrence to the extent of inflicting only a nominal sentence upon the accused. Mr. Fitzpatrick, for the Crown, stated that from the information he had received he was prepared to state that the Government would be satisfied with a nominal punishment, and that its desire was merely to show the people that it would no longer tolerate the irregularities which had become widespread in connection with the distribution of colonization moneys. Knowing that the Crown could, if it desired, enter a *nolle prosequi* after the plea of guilty, should I refuse my sanction to the conciliatory arrangement, and thereby attain the mutual object of the parties, I acceded to the views of the Government and of the defence, and agreed to impose the penalty of six hours imprisonment suggested by the parties. In open court the parties pleaded guilty to a charge of misdemeanor—obtaining money under false pretences—and their counsel stated that in reality all the funds entrusted to them had been expended for public purposes on colonization roads, that they had not benefited personally to the extent of one cent by the expenditure, and that they pleaded guilty because of the absence of the book-keeper who could verify their statement. Mr. Fitzpatrick then declared that he withdrew the charges of forgery and embezzlement, adding that the Crown would be satisfied with a nominal punishment, and did not contradict in any way the statement of the prisoner's counsel. He promised that the *nolle prosequi* would be forwarded from Quebec as soon as possible. The statement of the defence being uncontradicted convinced me that it was in accordance with the truth, and, in addressing the accused, I expressed my belief that they had not made false representations with the object of defrauding the Government to their own personal advantage, and that the moneys they had received had been expended for public use, but that they had, however, deceived the Department of Public Works by making incorrect and misleading returns, and had paid out moneys in a manner differing from the details of their reports. It was time, I said, that the community should understand that in dealing with Government moneys the same rules should be followed as were usual in business intercourse between private parties; and that though in the cases then before me there was no indication of moral turpitude, still, in view of their plea of guilty and of the irregularities admitted to have been committed, I was constrained to inflict some punishment in order to make it known that

courts could not countenance or condone the deception which they had practised, and under which a part of the moneys had been advanced to them.

For all this I have been made the object of adverse criticism of newspapers which, doubtless, spoke without full knowledge of the circumstances, but which should have remembered their attacks were levelled at one who, by reason of his position, was unable to make any adequate reply. The Crown had condoned the offence of these men by abandoning all the most serious charges made against them, and by requesting me to inflict the mildest possible sentence in the two cases wherein pleas of guilty were filed. The statute recognizes a discretionary power in the court to be exercised in accordance with the surroundings of each case. In my remarks to the accused in open court I stated that the Government would have been wanting in its duty had it neglected to prosecute those who used public funds in a manner which, before proper explanations had been made, appeared to be criminal; and in reference to a paragraph in the presentment of the grand jury that these charges were tinged with political hues, I took the opportunity to say that, inside our courts, politics and their various tints and shades should be unknown, that the eyes of justice were bandaged, that, here, every one would, as far as my ability allowed, receive equal justice without reference to any religious, national or political distinction, and that it should be well understood that the machinery of our tribunals would not be set in motion for political purposes.

PARIS LETTER.

THE great social event since I last wrote has been the putting up of the Château de Chenonceaux for sale. The present owner, "Marguerite Wilson, femme Pelouse," succeeded, according to the legal statement drawn up for the present occasion, fourteen most notable people. In the last century it belonged to the Dupins, of whom a delightful account is given in George Sand's autobiography (her father's mother having been Madame Dupin de Francueil), and before their day it was owned by the Bourbon Condés, by César, Duc de Vendôme, the illegitimate son of Charles the Ninth, who survived to a great age; by Louise de Lorraine, wife and widow of Henri III.; by her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis; by Diane de Poitiers, Henri II. and Francis the First, who got it from Thomas Boyer, the first name on the legal list. It was Boyer who built Chenonceaux as we now know it, standing on arches which cross the River Cher, and looking down from its many windows on the reeds and water lilies at its feet. The story of the way in which the king obtained it is told by Mrs. Pitt Byrne in her very charming book on the "Feudal Castles of France." The place has always been full of beautiful old furniture, more or less *du temps*, and, when I saw it in 1877, one of the galleries was encumbered by numerous wooden panels, painted black and besprinkled with white tears, the shape of tadpoles. They were of the date of Louise de Lorraine, and symbolized the copious tears shed by her during her retreat at Chenonceaux after the death of her particularly worthless husband, Henri III. It is curious to reflect on the fate of a royal château, which may be compared in importance to Holyrood or Hampton Court, and where Mary Queen of Scots passed her honeymoon with the Dauphin Francis, falling by purchase into the hands of the sister of the notorious Daniel Wilson, and of bailiffs being now in possession of the beautiful rooms where Tasso visited Catherine Medicis.

THE election of Daniel Wilson as *deputé* for the department of Indre et Loire was greatly helped by his sister's position as Chatelaine of Chenonceaux; and her extraordinary debts, of which the list is detailed, are supposed to be connected with expenses incurred for him. A very heavy mortgage on the property figures at the top, and is succeeded by considerable sums due to local tradesmen, and even to the cook, who claims two thousand pounds. Madame Pelouse is a powerful, clever woman, a devotee of Wagner's music and an energetic traveller. She went through Asia Minor with a caravan of attendants, buying splendid objects of art and leaving behind her at Chenonceaux as many people as she took in her train, and eighteen horses, "eating their heads off." She and her brother inherited an immense fortune from their father, an engineer who lit Paris with gas, and what way they contrived to dissipate such a mass of solid money remains a mystery for the outside public. A *Fête Medicis*, which was to have cost \$40,000, and to have helped to strengthen M. Wilson's position when it was just beginning to be compromised by his strange endeavours to procure subscriptions for his innumerable provincial newspapers, was not given, owing, it is said, to some coolness between the brother and sister. She went off to India, and during her absence the financial troubles came to a head and "bills began to pour." Madame Pelouse is liked in the neighbourhood of Chenonceaux, and though the sale makes much noise, she is not spoken of with personal blame. It all falls on her brother, who is gone with his wife and children to the ex-President's estate in the Jura, and who is adjured to come out of his retreat and settle up his sister's affair, "*parceque les femmes sont sacrées en France.*"

A NUMBER of the leading Academicians, with Emile Augier at their head, have memorialised the Government in favour of the Duc d'Aumale's recall from exile. President Carnot and M. de Freycinet, the Minister of War, voted for the recall, but the majority of the Cabinet refused to give way. It is very hard upon the childless old man to be thus kept in exile; his whole life has suffered from a succession of blows since the fall of his father's dynasty in 1848. His promising son, the Prince de Condé, died in Australia while making the *grand tour*; his wife sank into a premature grave; and his last child, the little Duc de Guise, very slender and delicate,

and afflicted with deafness, was sacrificed to the imprudence of the tutor superintending his studies at the Lycée, having been allowed to bathe while suffering from an abscess. Surely there could be no danger to the Republic if Chantilly were allowed to shelter the last years of Henri d'Orleans.

THE "Société des Gens Lettres" has started a subscription for the purpose of providing Paris with a statue of the great novelist Honoré de Balzac, or rather Balzac with a statue in Paris. Balzac may be accredited with having started both the romantist and naturalistic schools, for all modern French novelists acknowledge him as their master from Alexander Dumas *fils* to Emile Zola. Yet his great power was not realized till just before his death, though he had certain vogue among the *grandes dames* whom he so cleverly portrayed in the "Vie Parisienne" satire of his "Comédie Humaine." These delighted in "La Femme de Trente Ans"—a figure which was immediately accepted as a new type in literature, and produced numerous imitations of the analysis of "La Femme d'uncertain Age," as opposed to the idealization of the young girl. Apropos of this new school, Alexander Dumas *père* said that soon when an *ingenue* presented herself at a theatre, she would, after a cold glance from the director, be greeted with these words, "*Envoyez moi votre mère, Mademoiselle, ou repassez dans dix ans.*" Among other immortal figures created by Balzac are "Le Père Goriot," "La Cretine Botte," "Ursule Mirouet" and "Eugenie Grandet;" the two latter charming idylls are the only Balzacs that figure in a young French girl's library, where they are much appreciated and hold an honoured place.

A NEW star is said to be rising in the operatic horizon, Mme. Darelce, who will sing the part of "Juliette" in the forthcoming revival of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" at the Paris Opera. The maestro is enchanted with both the voice, appearance and dramatic power of his new *interprète*. The lady's real name is Mme. Harloulry; she is the wife of a Roumanian officer.

BOTH Alexandre Dumas *fils* and Sardou announce a new *pièce à succès* for next winter. M. Gounod is working hard at a new opera, and Jules Claretie, the clever manager of the Theatre Français, hopes to persuade Sarah Bernhardt to return to her first allegiance and let bygones be bygones. If all these announcements are verified, the great Exhibition year will be at least remembered in Paris for having brought a splendid theatrical season.

M. A. B.

"UNSER FRITZ."

As men have, breathless, watched a deadly fray,
The whole world held its breath to mark the strain
Of mortal struggle with disease and pain;
Wondering to see thy strong will hold at bay
The slow, stern Fate that claimed thee for its prey.
While—still defying it—thy heart was fain
To 'stablish, on thy throne, the gentle reign
Of twin-born Peace and Freedom's happy sway.
Through many a weary day and suffering night
Brave was thy wrestling and thy painful toil:
Fairer thy laurels—nobler far thy spoil
Than wins the sharpest sword in fiercest fight.
In mould heroic—in thine aims divine,
We hold thee crown of all thine ancient line. FIDELIS.

MONTREAL LETTER.

If you have ever found yourself in an ambitious jostling crowd, striving hard to get only a foot it may be, beyond the entrance of a well packed public hall, you may perhaps remember with what righteous horror the comfortably seated fortunates were looked upon for their thoughtless selfishness till—some old dame fainting most opportunely, your patient waiting was rewarded. Then complaints rained thick and fast against "such scandalous pushing. They should close the doors now." From a sense of justice not dissimilar spoke cautious orators in the mass meeting held recently. "We hereby call upon our brother artisans, mechanics, mill hands, laborers etc., in the older countries of Europe to stay away from Canada, as at the present time there is not sufficient employment under existing conditions for those who are here. It not only delays needed reforms in the countries from whence they come, but prevents the workers in this country from obtaining their just rights." Of course the agitators were quite warranted when they cried out against pauper immigration, nobody wants work-house pensioners and jail-birds. Let these be never so skilful and repentant, it isn't for us to give them new hopes, new possibilities. But clever honest workmen we must, and always shall need. Does not the very fear that they will come, show their coming necessary? "Just rights" seems admirable, only ambiguous. Can anybody say what "juster rights" the immigrant of fifty years ago had over him of to-day; or why the former's descendants, but little further advanced than their sire, should claim protection to the detriment of quicker witted Europeans? We rightly found maternal apron-strings a reasonable support during our novitiate in life, but surely the moment has come when childish things must be put away, when we must think of facing the big black dog competition; risking his bark while striving to show the world it is much worse than his bite. Though Canada should certainly not serve as a dumping ground for the imbeciles and reprobates, its present inhabitants have absolutely no valid argument to defend their demand that the country be made one vast hot-house, fostering palé, weakly talent. Only look at the

States. Puritans did admirably to begin with, but do you suppose the Yankees could now buy English lords as if they were lemon drops, had American factories closed against clever foreigners. It is doubtless the most steely of laws, the survival of the fittest; still, mass meetings innumerable won't alter the immutable, though talking and protests may put off temporarily what seems as desirable as inevitable. Let employers have a choice; then should the more delicate-handed workman from England, or where you will, surpass the Canadian—why everybody says there is constant demand for farm labourers, and the quondam clumsy-fingered town man "among the trees with the singin' birds an' bum'l bees," may find soon that for him "taint half as tough as livin' in the city."

What a blessing human nature is so delightfully perverse! Only black-guard an individual or an institution sufficiently, and champions must come forth to defend the assailed. Her Majesty's Customs here have been sharply attacked of late, we are not, therefore, at all surprised to see "an old merchant and importer" take up the cudgels in its behalf. "I fearlessly assert," says this gentleman, "that under the present Minister of Customs, the Customs laws are executed with a leniency not known in any other country in the world." He further shows how during one year no less than 1,769 suits, for the recovery of duty to the amount of \$5,479,033.82, were taken against the New York Collector, while only six have occurred in Canada since 1883. American officers, it appears, are paid for trying to detect fraud, quite independently of any gain which may accrue should their efforts prove successful; Canadian ones often work year in and year out over and above allotted business hours without receiving a cent; the smuggling not having being discovered. Mr. Importer has spoken.

Looking over the Canada Customs Tariff, which seems fair enough, I noticed, nevertheless, one or two amusing eccentricities. The duty on Bibles, prayer-books, and hymnals, is five per cent. *ad valorem*, while church bells, communion plate and plated ware for use in churches enter free. Paintings are charged twenty per cent. *ad valorem*, but paintings by artists of well-known merit, or copies of the old masters by such artists escape any tax whatever. The more capable you seem of paying, the less will be asked of you. Again, *advanced* books are prohibited. How comes it then that from shop windows Monsieur Zola in Mephistophelian garb of black and red, looks forth sardonically upon our gaping community. Is the law a farce, or public taste too strong?

If I have not said anything about pictures for so long, the dearth of new paintings explains it. Indeed, Montreal, they tell me, grows less and less artistic. Exquisite works by *Pelouse*, by *Mauve*, still hang in the little gallery where I saw them last autumn, and the strangest thing is, though they would fetch far higher prices in England for example, people won't buy them here. Can they be too cheap? Now, at Scott's, three pictures by Mr. Aikin are on view. One represents a scene among the Rockies, while the other two give us a glimpse of Scotland. Our country, treated after this artist's style, might be painted more successfully in water colours. Depicting his native land, however, Mr. Aikin has done some charming work. The ruined castle tower peeping over nut-brown trees and shrubbery, while above hang heavy gold clouds, and below lies a dark, quiet pool, is a little thing delicious in tone. Swathing the base of tall, gaunt rocks behind which pale light breaks, ragged mists, cold and damp, make an uncanny, weird scene, painted with true sentiment, but with decided stiffness. Happily, none of these works are for sale.

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE QUEBEC SEMINARY.

As we approach the ancient capital of Quebec, while sailing up its harbour from the Island of Orleans, we cannot but admire the great bluff on which the city stands, with its fringe of buildings beneath, and its coronet of buildings above. There is no finer blending of art and nature to be found anywhere. In the grouping of the many quaint structures, with here and there the rugged rock looking out from its summer's dress of grassy moss and fern, and crowned with terrace-wall and battlement, there is to be seen that pleasing irregularity of nature's planning which men call the picturesque, and it is not until the eye by a special effort seeks to rest upon some one of the spire-tipped buildings that any one of them seems to be more prominent than another. Unless we make exception of the new Parliament House which rises behind the town, and overlooks the approach to the Citadel and the Plains of Abraham, the most conspicuous of all the buildings is perhaps that of the Laval University, which, with its extending wings commands the outer promontory of the great plateau that runs all the way from Cape Rouge. This building, or group of buildings, reaches out to the very edge of the cliff, and, as sentinel of the arts of peace, stands rival to the bastion-guarded fortress a hundred rods away. As a well-earned monument to the prelate who laid its foundations, amid political vicissitudes and turmoil, it claims the attention of all who care to trace the course of great educational movements, inasmuch as it is the "local habitation" of an institution still weighted with the more serious of Canadian interests, and perpetuating in its work the link between the present and the past of the country. Indeed, continuing its influence, as it does, in the two great cities of the Province, and spreading its roots to every town and village, through those of our curés and doctors and lawyers, who have been trained in its halls of learning, the story of its growth is of increasing interest to every reader.

On one of the earliest of the many old plans of Quebec, the lands of at least two of the settlers, who came over with Champlain, are distinctly indicated, the Hebert and the Couillard properties. The latter extended from *Cote de la Montagne*, eastward to the brink of the cliff, corresponding

in part with the lands on which the buildings of the Laval University now stand. In 1668, Bishop Laval, the first of a long line of Canadian prelates, who have taken a zealous interest in educational affairs, purchased from the widow of William Couillard, a small house on the site from which now runs the street bearing her husband's name, and in the fall of the same year he opened a school in it, which has ever since gone by the name of *Le Petit Séminaire*. Five years before this, under the auspices of the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris, Laval had succeeded in obtaining from the King of France letters patent for the establishment of what is now called *Le Grand Séminaire*, an institution having for its special aim the religious training of the clergy. But being satisfied that there was, or would be, need for a school of less pretensions for the education of the boys of his diocese, he decided to open a grammar school, which should be an appendage to the higher or more advanced school. The minor institution was, as may be surmised, a very humble venture at the first. The roll numbered fourteen pupils in all—eight French-Canadians and six Hurons—the latter only being received as boarders, no doubt in order that they might run no risk of back-sliding, by associating with their old friends of wigwam life and experience. We have no means of knowing further of the early days of the smaller Seminary, unless it be of the relationship which existed between it and the Jesuits' College. The course of study for it included, reading, writing, catechism and the church offices; and all boys who were sufficiently advanced in these to take up the study of the Latin and French classics were sent over to the Jesuits, who made, as we have seen, a specialty of these subjects. The advanced courses in theology were to be had only in the higher Seminary, while the young men who proposed to learn agriculture, or any of the trades, were sent to the training school, or model-farm, at St. Joachim, which Bishop Laval had established as the complement of his system of schools for all grades of pupils, and as a summer retreat for the clergy of his diocese.

In the following description of the St. Joachim farm we catch a glimpse of the origin of our agricultural schools: "Every one knows about the fine farm-school, situated at St. Joachim, on the land owned by the priests of the Seminary of Quebec, where the members of both seminaries go every year, to rest themselves after their literary labours, and to restore their energies, by taking part in the cultivation of the fields, and by putting into execution a better plan for a model-farm. This institution, so pleasant, and above all so useful to the proprietors who direct it, and so beneficial to the district of Quebec, owes its existence to Bishop Laval, who, in his wise forethought, thus wished to consecrate a quiet place for rest and observation, for priest and pupil alike, upon a spot the most romantic and healthy on the picturesque shores of the St. Lawrence. Besides being a charming place of retreat, it provides a source of revenue, and a model from which much that is useful may be learned every day. Twenty-two pieces of land, acquired by Bishop Laval, are attached to the institution at St. Joachim, and form model farms; and of these eleven are let to farmers of experience and by them cultivated for the Seminary, and eleven cultivated by the proprietors themselves. The profit arising from these farms constitute one of the principle sources of income of the Seminary, which is employed in behalf of religion and educational progress in the country." The pupils of the Seminary have not made a practise of spending their vacation at St. Joachim since the year 1827.

The first building erected for the accommodation of the larger Seminary was situated on the site of the present buildings—a large frame-house, bearing above its main entrance the inscription, "*Seminarium Missionum Exterarum*." During the first thirty years of its existence the school made commensurate progress, the prosperity of the *Petit Séminaire* having had much to do with its success, by supplying it with students, in addition to the strengthening it gave to whatever of a school system there was in the Province at the time. When Bishop St. Vallier came to Quebec in 1688 to assume the duties of the episcopate, and to share the enthusiasm of the founder of the Seminary in educational progress, he is said to have admired the order and discipline which prevailed in the institution. "The directors who govern this house," he says in substance, "are few in number, and if they had less of grace and activity than they have it would be impossible for them to do all that they are called upon to do. Their disinterestedness, their charity, their industry, and the manner in which they inspire all those who are under their care, is a very pleasant consolation to me." Misfortune, however, laid its hand upon the Seminary in 1701, when the first of the three disastrous fires which have marked the annals of the institution consumed the college property, to be followed four years after by another accident of the same kind. In the days when the principle of insurance had not found an outlet in the practical, these events drew heavily upon the resources of the episcopate; and, on account of them, Bishop Laval had to lay aside his project of establishing a school for boys at Chateau Richer, notwithstanding the fact that he had actually erected a building at that place for the purpose. A much heavier calamity, however, than these befel the Seminary in 1708, when its beneficent founder passed away from the activities of this life, at the ripe age of eighty-five. The fostering of the Seminary was Laval's life-work in Quebec. He arrived in Quebec in 1659, thus being able to give nearly half a century of his prolonged career to the cause of education in Canada. When he retired from his active official duties as Superior of Quebec, he made an arrangement whereby all his property should be given to the institution he had founded. In the fate of this school of his at sundry times he may have seen his labours but ill repaid, but before his death he had the consolation of seeing the lines of permanence laid deep enough to resist the encroachments of time.

Along with Laval, when he sailed from France for the first time, there came from the diocese of Bayeux, a young man whose name was Henry de Bernières. During the voyage the young Frenchman decided to become

a priest, and a few months after his arrival he was ordained in the chapel of the Jesuits. When the Seminary was founded he was chosen its first Superior, an office which he continued to hold until the appointment of Des Maizerets, who had joined Laval on his return from a visit to France in 1663. For thirty-two years the latter remained at the head of affairs, ably seconding the efforts of his bishop in maturing the educational interests of the Province. Some years ago, as they were digging the grave of M. Lavardiere, the faithful antiquary of Quebec, a leaden casket was found containing the heart of one who had been buried a hundred years before in the same spot, and bearing an inscription which identified the contents as part of the remains of the second Superior of the Quebec Seminary. Des Maizerets died in 1721. For nearly sixty years he was a prominent figure in all religious and educational movements connected with his church, and, as was said of him by a contemporary, all Canada rests under an obligation to him for the interest he took in the education of the young.

In 1757 the premonition of evil things had fallen upon Quebec, and the Seminary did not escape the gloomy influence. Famine stared the people in the face, and the priests of the Seminary were obliged to send away their pupils simply for want of food for them. Next year, in charity, they gave an asylum to a number of starvelings, feeding their bodies with but scanty rations, and trying to make up for it by storing their minds with the good things in philosophy. But when the danger of war drew nearer to Canada, when through the streets of Quebec there rang the tidings that Louisburg had fallen, and nearly all the students who remained were drafted as soldiers, the priests were forced to close the doors of both Seminaries. Then it was that the classes, or all that was left of them, took refuge in Montreal, where the college was kept alive by the directors until its removal to Quebec in 1763. The time of distress is seldom time lost if it be followed by a determination to grow in experience and courage. Many of the students of the Seminary at this period of reversal in its fortunes, became prominent citizens, one of them indeed becoming bishop and the founder of the College of Nicolet.

From the time of the Conquest, the Laval Seminary has continued to prosper, growing in wealth, in numbers and in fame. All but ruined by famine and war, it soon found its energies revived by the courage of Bishop Briand, who came to Quebec at the time when the Superior of Quebec had neither palace nor revenues. From the time of Laval to the time of Hébert the bishops had their private apartments in the Seminary buildings, where, as the latter says, they had their bed and board free of charge; indeed the relationship between the episcopate and the directorate of the Seminary was as intimate then as it is now, and when the Treaty of Paris assured Canada of peace, and removed all barriers to the return of the Seminary classes to Quebec, the directorate had interest enough with the episcopate to command its co-operation in the attempts to recover lost ground. The manner in which the new bishop was received by his people gave him an influence at once which the Seminary soon felt working in its favour; and when we wander through the court-yard and lanes within the massive pile of buildings which now overshadow the site of Madame Couillard's house, in which the fourteen pupils of the little Seminary intoned their first oraison, we cannot but admire the enterprise which has achieved so much for education. The history of the students who have run about these enclosures is the history of the country, since it is among them we find in embryo many of the more prominent of those French-Canadian jurists, authors and poets, doctors and publicists, whose names are a household word among their compatriots.

After the opening of schools in the country districts, events in connection with the Seminaries guide us towards the time when these institutions were crowned with university powers by royal charter; but these can better be grouped under the history of Laval University.

J. M. HARPER.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE ROCKS.

A VERY long time ago—before the first pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company had penetrated into the wilds of Temiscaming, before ever the Red Indian had heard or dreamed of the existence of a white man, still less that he would be a visitant and a lord in their fairest realms, there dwelt upon that long rocky point a powerful chief, whose name was Menogamick.

He was a man who was both loved and feared by his people; admiration and respect, dread and reverence all mingled in their feelings towards him. Many were the wondrous actions of kindness and subtle craft (so captivating to the savage mind) recorded of him. As for instance, while his prowess in the battle field was undeniable, yet he was never known to scalp an enemy before he killed him—and while he loved to witness the tortures of his captives, and would loudly applaud the heroic firmness of some and derisively laugh at the weakness of others, yet he would never personally give the finishing death blow, but leave that pleasure to some of the inferior warriors, or the women. Such a chief could not fail to command the love and obedience of his people. Their love he gained by allowing them to gratify to the full their lowest and most cruel propensities; and their obedience he secured by his subtle craftiness in bringing down condign and terrible punishment upon those who opposed him. If he had lived in these days he would have been among the greatest of the great statesmen and political rulers who sway the destinies of nations. Thus Menogamick was a great and powerful chief and his fame was noised far and wide among the neighbouring tribes.

Now in those far off early days of Indian history the Geetchee Manitou (Good Spirit) was nearer to his children than he is now, and took a greater interest in their personal welfare than in these degenerating times of civilization and strong waters.

Some ingenious and learned anthropologists have attempted to prove that the North American Indians are the true and lineal descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Facial peculiarities, lingual characteristics, psychological similarities, traditional memorials, geographical facilities, and many others plausible evidences have been brought forward to establish the theory. But to my mind, if there is any truth at all in the position, its strongest evidence lies in this great fundamental fact, that, with the primitive Indians as with the Jews of old, the government of the people was largely that of a theocracy. In both the Supreme Being took an immediate and personal interest in the affairs private and public of his people. He rewarded or punished just as they did well or sinned against him. This striking point of resemblance between the two peoples goes as far as any other argument I have heard advanced to establish their identity. However I have no intention of philosophising, and will leave this vexed question to the savants of anthropology, and its own special hobbyists.

Now it happened in those days that a terrible and grievous famine fell upon the land. The young corn wilted in the field, and the wild fowl and the rabbits died of a pestilence. The people cried for food, for the horrors of starvation were upon them. Menogamick's heart was sad, and he sat apart in his wigwam and shut his ears to the voice of his wife and children.

The holy conjurers had invoked the Geetchee Manitou time and again, but all in vain. They had exhausted their charms and incantations, they had shut themselves up for days in their smoky dens, and fasted, and cut themselves with flint knives, and employed every device of their simple worship to gain his ear and assistance for the famishing people, but he heard them not, and still the cry of the people went up for food.

Then the conjurers in their extremity came in a body to Menogamick, the wise and good chief and said: "Oh Menogamick the Geetchee Manitou is angry with us—we have prayed and fasted and danced and cut our bodies with the sacred knives, but he will not hear us—nothing will appease him but a sacrifice."

Then spake Menogamick the great chief: He shall have one that is worthy of him; I swear it! and moreover, to show the great love that I have for my people, I will sacrifice to the Great One, the Mighty One, the dearest treasure of my heart." "Be it so" answered the holy conjurers, "and the people shall eat."

Now the most beautiful maiden of all that nation was Wasawaysa. She was tall and graceful as the bending willow, and pure and spotless in soul as she was lovely in form. She had a lover too whose name was Temegesick; though he was one of the youngest warriors, yet he had highly distinguished himself on the warpath and was looked upon as the most promising of the young braves of the tribe. The two loved each other with all the warmth and ardour of their young souls, and eagerly looked forward to the time when, by the laws of their tribe, they could be united in wedlock. Their coming union was generally known and approved of by the people, for Wasawaysa was the light and joy of their hearts. Anything that could give her happiness they were eager to promote.

But it happened that these holy conjurers had cast covetous eyes upon the maiden and had tried to have her, but she had laughed the wise men to scorn, and they were bound to have revenge upon her. They also knew, though it was otherwise a profound secret, that Menogamick, the wise and good chief, loved Wasawaysa with all the love of his strong nature; and when he made his awful vow to the Geetchee Manitou, they felt sure that now the cruel revenge of their proud souls would fall upon the hapless girl.

Accordingly, a great day was appointed for the sacrifice. An immense pile of dry wood was gathered, and the best made flint axe was chosen and blessed by the conjurers for the bloody rite. The conjurers, robed in their richest skin suits, chanted incantations, while the woman of the tribe, hand in hand, danced round the funeral pyre of the intended victim.

Poor Wasawaysa danced with a heavy heart, for she knew well how Menogamick loved her, and knowing also his stern and resolute nature, what little hope there was of her escape.

Menogamick meanwhile with head bent upon his breast, and in deep gloomy thought, walked around the dancing women as if in doubt where to strike the fatal blow. Twice he raised his arm as if about to strike, and each time he did so the earth shook and trembled, while about a mile from the spot smoke, flames and steam issued from the ground, as if from a mighty baker's oven. The third time he raised his arm he struck his victim—the dearest treasure of his heart. It was his own wife whom he thus sacrificed—the crafty chief wished to get rid of her. She was getting old and wrinkled, and was an obstacle in the way of obtaining Wasawaysa. He never dreamt that the real treasure of his heart was known to anyone but himself, and he felt confident that with his great cunning and power he could quietly make way with Temegesick, and then he would soon get Wasawaysa for himself.

The conjurers were of course very much confounded by this unexpected issue of the affairs, but like wise men they held their peace for the present, and completed the sacrificial rite by throwing the body of the hapless victim into the fire. Then pointing to the spot from whence had issued the smoke, flames and steam, though some noticed that none were seen after the final blow, they said to the people,

"The Geetchee Manitou has kept his word, see, there are corn cakes, go and eat."

And true enough there was a literal mountain of cakes, somewhat white in appearance, but evidently substantial corn cakes. The people rushed joyfully to fill themselves with the heaven-sent food, but they all with one accord threw it down in disgust—the cakes were not cooked, and besides they were half sand. Cakes half sand and unbaked were not what the people expected, and they rushed back to the conjurers in dismay.

When up spake these holy men full of inspiration,
 "Oh, people, ye have been deceived; Menogamick has lied to the Geetchee Manitou and to you. The dearest treasure of his heart was not his wife whom he sacrificed, but Wasawaysa, whom he saved to obtain by this wicked lie and fraud."

At this the people, exasperated by hunger and disappointment, fell upon Menogamick and threw him into the fire to keep company with his illfated wife. Thus the affront to the Geetchee Manitou was avenged, and this Ananias of the Redmen summarily punished.

And now a most wonderful event occurred—the great piles of cakes which had arisen in their sight gradually hardened until they became of the consistency of solid rock; and thus they remain to the present day, three layers of white gritty cake-shaped rocks.

Shortly after the famine passed away from the land, and the voice of song and thanksgiving was again heard among the people.

Wasawaysa and Temegesick were in time happily united and he afterwards became one of the greatest chiefs of the Ojibways.

JOSHUA FRASER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN CANTERBURY VOLUMES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—May I ask you to request writers of verse to send to my address, Box 1,310 P.O., Montreal, as soon as possible, any work which they may be willing to submit for consideration for the above volumes. The one called *The Windsor* will be, as far as get-up is concerned, the most beautiful book ever issued dealing with Canadian literature. It is to be trusted that it may be also successful in affording a representative picture of Canada in poetic lights. What is wanted are poems distinctive of the country—its sports, seasons, hunting and other life, legends, etc.—especially those relating telling incidents, the object being to make up a book interesting to the English reader, who cares very little about our library verse. The work is not to be an anthology, and will not therefore perhaps thoroughly represent our best work of a purely literary kind. As its plan has been prescribed, I am limited in this respect to doing my best under the circumstances; but to those who wish a perfect anthology it may be said that anything which excites interest in our writers will probably lead to such being published by some one else. Toronto ought to, if possible, come out strong in the enterprise. There are a number of able poets in your city whom I am not able to reach personally. I see productions of a good many which lead me to the thought that they have pieces suitable for our volumes of which I do not know; yet I hesitate to approach them, because of the possible awkwardness of, after sending a personal invitation, discovering that their work did not fall into place in the special plan of the scheme. A kind spirit on the part of these—one that will not take offence—is that asked for; and any suggestions from those who do not themselves write will be gratefully received. I do not consider the work a personal affair at all, but one which will bring Canada forward in a most creditable way, as the Australian volumes have done Australia. Let me add that the responses have been general and hearty, and all is proceeding rapidly.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, July 20, 1888.

THE YONGE STREET OUTLET AND OTHERS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Sewage is not a nice subject for a literary publication, but it is a most important one for the community.

The state of the outlets of the sewers of Toronto is becoming more and more serious every day.

Some season, it may be this, a fatal epidemic will depopulate the city. It is folly, it is even a crime to continue such a state of things.

The necessary expenditure for a trunk sewer would be heavy but there are means of making the works largely self supporting. The amount of fertilising material of the very richest description contained in the drainage of a large town is little considered, particularly on this continent.

We know, however, that farmers round Toronto pay largely for fertilizers, which they draw out to their farms. At Birmingham, England, for some years past, a sewage farm has been established.

The sewage is treated in the liquid form, I believe almost entirely without filtration, being pumped directly from the reservoir on to the land. The results have been very profitable.

In Edinburgh, Scotland, and I believe also in Glasgow, similar operations have been carried on for years, and it is remarkable the system has not become more extended.

At the present time in Ontario when we are entering a period of severe agricultural competition, we are not in a position to afford to poison, at once, ourselves and the Ontario fishes with surplus wealth.

Probably the wasted material amounts in actual cash value to some millions a year, and its agricultural potency is even greater.

If the trunk sewer were made, I presume the present system of ordinary sewers would not be interfered with; it would be comparatively easy to erect an establishment at the main outlet for the realization of the product.

The terminus of the system would be in the neighbourhood of High Park necessarily near the Lake.

The open ponds and marshes at the lack of the Bolt Works might be utilized for a system of filtering beds, and deposit basins—High Park itself might be turned into a farm, fertilized by the unreducible liquids being pumped on to the land, and would produce forage enough to feed all the horses and cows in Toronto.

The precipitated deposits, and the cleansings of the filtering basins

mixed with land plaster, would become a dry, inodorous powder and artificial fertilizer, in fact worth many dollars per ton.

Even if the city presented this product to the farmers around the district conditionally on its being used on the land, it would pay. *The accruing wealth of the agricultural interest always comes in the long run to the city.*

Municipal buildings, public offices, houses of legislation, are, no doubt, proper expenditures, but they don't make any profit; here however, is a matter necessary for the health of the people, and one that rightly managed ought not only to cost nothing, but to accumulate wealth.

I am, yours respectfully,

CYCLOPS.

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Yes! she's a handsome lassie,
 And just as good as she looks,
 And she's so fond of learning,
 Loves nothing better than books;
 No wonder she took to teaching,
 And now is head of the school,
 Though kind and tender hearted,
 Our Nell knows how to rule.

But Nellie will soon stop teaching
 To rule a home of her own,
 And there, with love for a sceptre,
 Be proud as Queen on her throne.
 And yet, it's by chance that Nellie
 Hasn't lived and died a squaw,
 And married some red-skinned devil,
 Whose word would have been her law.

Who'd have made her carry burdens,
 And work like the other slaves—
 Poor child! had she been mated
 To one of those cursed "Braves."
 You're startled? Well, no wonder;
 I often think it has been
 A sort of horrid nightmare,
 Which long ago I've seen.

But if you'll light your pipe, sir
 To tell you the tale, I'll try:
 It's one, if I live to a hundred,
 I can't forget till I die;
 And one that you will remember,
 And so, if you'll take the hint,
 Just put it in verse, you're welcome:
 It's worth relating in print.

Twenty-five years this summer,
 I left the States for the West;
 And after five years working,
 I'd made me as snug a nest
 As any around this section—
 With house and barns first-rate,
 And all that I then wanted,
 Was a sweetheart to be my mate.

So, I wrote to a lass I'd courted,
 And found her heart the same
 As the day when last we parted,
 For soon the answer came:
 "Jack! I believed your promise,
 And waited for my true lad,
 So come and claim the sweetheart
 Your letter has made so glad."

And Mary to her true lover
 Came like a ray of the sun,
 And we lived for one another,
 Till our baby came, and won
 Our hearts, and fast within them
 Entered for life to dwell,
 An idol, on which we centred
 Our thoughts, and souls as well.

But God makes no distinction,
 If the idol be flesh or gold;
 He alone must be worshipped,
 As our parson had often told,
 I did not think of the words then,
 But they came to me like a crash,
 When our's was struck from its altar
 As if by a lightning flash.

Those days indeed were happy—
 I think of them now with tears;
 The world seemed full of promise,
 The future contained no fears;
 And after a long day's labour
 I sat with my pipe at ease;
 Mary'd be singing sweetly
 To our baby on her knees.

Her voice 'twas first that won me,
 The sweetest you ever heard—
 The tones of her song were purer
 Than the notes of the Mocking-bird.
 The carols she sang to our darling
 Were sweet, but above the rest
 Was one that she sung, like a bell it rung,
 When baby was at her breast.

And when our lassie was older,
 And could toddle, instead of creep,
 That was the one she sang her
 When Nellie was going to sleep.
 And so we lived contented,
 Till baby was nearly two,
 When like the prairie cyclone,
 Swept down the savage Sioux.

I was away, and Mary
 Had put our child in her cot,
 And started over the hill there,
 To meet me, tired and hot,
 Returning from hunting cattle,
 That had strayed too far away—
 She often came to meet me,
 At the close of a summer's day.

We mounted the hill together,
 I seemed to be struck by a spell;
 Look! look! the house is burning,
 My God! save little Nell!

Then, from the blazing building
 I see some Indians leap;
 The flames are fast destroying
 Our home with hungry sweep.

What's that an Indian's bearing
 Aloft with exultant glee?
 I see the fluttering night clothes
 Of the child so dear to me.
 They spring on their fiery ponies,
 The cowards have quickly flown,
 And soon are specks on the prairie—
 We're left with our grief alone.

What need to tell you the story
 Of our anguish and our tears?
 Time can never remove it,
 The grief of those bitter years!
 I sent the news out, broad-cast,
 And sought for her months in vain—
 But not a word of our darling
 From any could we obtain.

Ten weary years had drifted,
 My farm had brought me gain,
 And born to us were children,
 Who helped to ease the pain,
 But none were loved so dearly
 Or seemed like little Nell—
 Our hearts pined for the darling
 Whom we had loved so well.

Judge if you can, and tell it
 Our wild excitement keen,
 When news was brought one autumn,
 An Indian camp had been
 Taken by troops, and in it
 A white faced girl was found,
 Who to a neighbouring village
 Was brought, both safe and sound.

Leaving with friends the homestead,
 We hastened straight away,
 And thanks to sturdy horses
 The village reached next day.
 Our mission, to the captain
 In charge we quickly tell,
 Who straightway brought the maiden,
 We longed to prove our Nell.

The maiden came! so lovely!
 Like Indian princess dressed!
 She looked so calm, our feelings
 To her seemed fit for jest;
 The mother flew toward her,
 No mother can instinct lack,
 The maiden moved as quickly
 And thrust the mother back.

One who could speak the language,
 Then told the child our tale,
 But nought he said could win her,
 Our loving looks too, fail.
 We spoke with tender pleading,
 About her childhood days—
 She heard! yet scarcely heeding,
 Too proud to show amaze.

We told her how I'd sought her;
 Told of her mother's tears;
 Tried to revive remembrance,
 With love supplant her fears;
 She listened, then, indignant,
 Turned from our pleading gaze,
 Shrank from our touch so loving,
 Next anger fierce displays!

But hark! to that sweet singing,
 As liquid tender notes,
 As Nightingales e'er warbled
 From their melodious throats.
 Dear mother's voice is lifted,
 With hope and love to try
 The power of tender music,
 In that old lullaby.

I'd never heard her sing it
 Since little Nell was lost,
 And now the tones seemed dreamlike
 Upon my fancy tost.
 Upwards, still upwards, ringing—
 The child seemed turned to stone,
 And listened to the music,
 That spoke to her alone.

Her eyes, before fixed firmly,
 Relentless on the ground,
 Were raised and seemed to glisten,
 Her ears drank in the sound;
 When, like a flash, remembrance
 So dead to other charms,
 Came back! One glad cry uttering,
 She leaped to Mary's arms.

Then pillowed on her bosom,
 The tears fall fast like rain,
 Glad tears of recognition
 Gained by the loved refrain.
 And from that day our Nellie
 Has called that song her own,
 And Mary never sings it,
 Except to her alone.

O'HARA BAYNE.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXI.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sanford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir Wm. Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., and Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A.

On January 10th, 1860, in the little village of Douglas, York County, N.B., occurred an event rich with importance to our rising Canadian literature. The event was the birth of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who, during the last eight years, has justly won for himself, both at home and abroad the position of one of our ablest *littérateurs*. While he was still an infant, his father went to Westcock, N.B., where our poet dwelt until his fourteenth year, drinking deep draughts of inspiration from the exquisite scenery about this place. He, however, had not to depend entirely upon nature for his song. Already the true poet-life was throbbing in his veins. His mother, a daughter of the late Judge Bliss, was connected with a race of poets and thinkers; among others, America's great son, Emerson. His father, too, son of George Roberts, Ph.D., late Professor of Classics in the University of New Brunswick, was of a line of scholars, and himself able to write strong, sweet verse, although neglecting the muse for the higher duties of the Gospel of Love. It is to him that our poet can turn tender, grateful, eyes for every new glory his pen may win him. Left, at Westcock, without the usual opportunities of receiving a higher education, his father was ever watchful of his mental training; and, in the press of his labour in a large parish managed to find time to introduce his son to the classics and the French language, together, of course, with the ordinary round of a young lad's studies. That the youth was exceedingly precocious, may be inferred from the fact, that, at this time, Milton was his favourite poet. He had all a boy's fondness for romance, and, before fourteen, had devoured whole libraries of story books.

These were balmy days. The broad stretch of Tantramar marches, on the edge of which Westcock was situated, gave many a pleasant opiate draught, filling the soul with dreams not yet understood, but long after to spring into realities in such powerful verse as "An Ode to Drowsihood," or "Lotos." The youthful eyes would often turn to the distant "strong hills propping up heaven, made fast in their place for all time," and receive rare gleams of the sublime. In after years, it was in these hills he saw "no change." Westcock had few companions for the young dreamer, and much of his time was spent alone with nature, fishing in the gentle brooks, gathering berries on the hillside, or drowsing away the summer afternoons beneath the spreading trees. He well knew his indebtedness to this glorious scenery, and ably sings it in "The Tantramar Revisited," the last lines of which beautifully express the dread all have when revisiting the scenes of youth lest the beauty be in their own imaginations:—

"Yet will I stay my steps, and not go down to the marsh-lands.
Muse and recall far off, rather remember than see,
Lest on too close sight I miss the darling illusion,
Spy at their task even here the hands of chance and of change."

In his fourteenth year, his father was appointed rector of Fredericton, and moved there with his family. The lad at once entered the Collegiate School, where he proved, by winning the Douglas medal in Latin and Greek, that his early teacher at Westcock had given him a remarkably good ground-work. While at school, the discerning eye of the head-master, Mr. Parkin, already noticed sparks of genius in his pupil, and took great pains to stimulate him in his search for knowledge. For this care, he has always been most grateful, and tenderly mentions his teacher in his "Epistle to Bliss Carmen" as "that wise master." Leaving school he entered college in 1876, and ran a very successful course, winning the classical scholarship and the gold medal for a Latin Essay, graduating in 1879 with Honours in Mental and Moral Science and Political Economy. During his college days, while preparing for the battle of life, he was not forgetful of the muse, and from time to time produced most promising poems, one indeed, "Memnon," which, at the early age of seventeen, he succeeded in getting into *Scribner*, being a masterpiece, both of art and thought. While at college, too, that classic gem, "Ariadne," not yet surpassed by himself, was written.

In the year of his graduation, he took charge of the Grammar School at Chatham, N.B., "by the tide-vexed river—the broad, ship-laden Miramichi." Here amid the rush of school work he eagerly toiled to complete his first volume of verse. In 1880—in his twentieth year—"Orion, and other Poems" appeared, and the boy-poet at once leaped to a foremost position in *arte poetica* in Canada. Perhaps Canadians have been much slower to recognize this than they should have been; but able critics and poets both in England and America, on the appearance of his volume, recognized his power.

In this same year, the wish of his "Love Days" was realized, and he was united in marriage to Mary Isabel, daughter of George E. Fenety, Queen's printer, Fredericton. One has but to turn to his after-verse to see what happiness this early marriage had in store for him. In the following year he received the degree of M.A., and was shortly after appointed Head-Master of York Street School, Fredericton. This must have been a great source of poetic joy to him. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful and inspiring than the nestling little city, the Queen of the East. Even the Yantramar scenery pales before it. The long, slow river dragging

itself towards the far-off ocean; the shady canoe-haunted retreats of the Nash-waak, and the Nash-waak-sis on the opposite side of the river; the beautiful upland walks; the willow-shaded streets, all make it the pleasantest of summer cities. Here, too, the Gothic Cathedral could always fill the imagination with medieval scenes, and the gem-church—Little St. Ann's—might quiet the soul with holy calm.

Soon after his return to Fredericton he was called to Toronto to take charge of THE WEEK, but retained this position for only a short time. In 1884 he returned to Fredericton, where he worked at letters until appointed to the Chair of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, N.S., where he still labours. In 1887 his second volume of verse, "In Divers Tones," was published in both Boston and Montreal, showing that, although the battle of life had to be fought, his muse during the seven years since the first volume appeared was not altogether silent.

Professor Roberts is a thorough child of nature, passionately fond of out-door sports, and a strong, well-trained athlete. The birch canoe has been the greatest recreation from tired study-hours and the worries of the world. The Miramichi and the St. John have both been well voyaged over by his light *Mélocite*. No more determined arm or daring ever brought a dancing birch down a wild-cat rapid or through a boisterous sea. Any one may feel safe in a canoe as long as his certain hand and dexterous wrist have charge of the stern paddle. This pastime has been a source of inspiration to him, and his "Birch and Paddle" has a heart-ring about it that tells of vivid experiences.

Neither of his volumes can be read without impressing the reader with his thorough knowledge of the poetic art and the careful study he must have given to some of the masters, but he possesses such a strong individuality that we never feel like accusing him of following any too closely. Milton, his early love, has been of no slight aid in determining his bent. In "The Marvellous Work," we have a piece of verse of Miltonic strength with Emersonian breadth of thought:—

"His
The impulse and the quickening germ, whereby
All things strive upward reach toward greater good
Till craving brute, informed with soul grows man,
And man turns homeward, yearning back to God."

Keats has, perhaps, left his impress on his classical verse, and some of his dreamier poems, while "the wild childheart of Shelley" has helped him to see nature with a rhythmic gladness that only true poets can know. Some late critics point out resemblances in his work to other poets. Even when meaning praise rather than blame, this method of criticism is dangerous, as the general reader, in this age, is apt to say at once, "plagiarist." One of these critics has said that his line "Waist deep in dusty blossomed grass" is distinctly Tennysonian. It may be so! but it is as distinctly his own. He is the poet of objective reality. Every line is from some scene that has occurred in his own life, and this merely pictures naturally some incident of the past. It seems almost too realistic, he simply *was* "Waist-deep in dusty-blossomed grass," and required no help to say it. He has learned from all, but has copied none. He is at his best when depicting nature, and gives us many rare treats for winter hours and the dust of the city. "Fredericton in May Time," "In the Afternoon," etc., are as dainty vignettes as could be culled from nature. Occasionally he has a line of surpassing strength that carries a great deal more to the reader than is said, as in "The Sower":—

"Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil."

This vividly calls to mind Millet's great picture, "The Potato Harvest." The lines of the weary bodies, the great brown field are all that strike the eye, but what a tale they tell of labour and hardship; so here, little is said, but how vividly we see the weary sower toiling alone, horny handed, casting the seed from side to side, his tired limbs pressing the newly ploughed field, happy in his work; for though unconsciously it may be

"Godlike, he makes provision for mankind."

"Afloat," "Nocturne" and many others are rare models of rhythmical expression, "Afloat" being one flood of sad sweet music that must carry all readers along on its lulling current. One of Professor Roberts' strongest inspirations is his Canadian patriotism and undying hope that we shall one day see fit "to front the world alone." He has written several stirring poems giving passionate expression to this hope.

While his poems have such lofty merits, they have also defects, but, fortunately, these are nearly all "the defects of his qualities." One of his gravest is the frequent use of double-epithets and coined words. This is apt to be a fault of genius; Milton and Shakespeare both erred in this respect in their early poems, and Coleridge said the reviewers justly blamed his tentative volume for the same fault. Strong imaginations, in the flush of youth, are inclined to think ordinary language weak for their creations, and to create words for themselves. This fault is most conspicuous in his early verse, and in the next volume it will probably not be noticeable. Another error is due to his love of being realistic. In the "Potato Harvest" he leaves nothing to be imagined, in "Tantramar Revisited" the description of the shore laden with ropes, nets, blocks, etc., becomes too much like a catalogue, but perhaps, if it were in Homer, we should say: "How sublimely truthful." This fault obtrudes itself in the exquisite lyric "In Notre Dame," more than in any other poem. The heart that passionately cried: "And oh, my sweet, how swift we went adrift!" would hardly have calmly thought out the many rare beauties of his lady love. Emerson would describe the verse that pictures the beauty of Eloise as fancy, rather than imagination. "Fancy paints," he says, "but is silent in the presence of great passion and action." The picture is a very beautiful one, but it is

not the utterance of a love-sick heart, and so fails through its very realism to be the voice of Abelard. It is well to remember the lover never analyses either his feelings or the object of his affection; if he does, he will find his love vanishing. This is one case in which the fruit of the tree of knowledge is bitter. Again the poet's love for music often carries him too far, and we are sometimes—though rarely—compelled to say with Hamlet: "Words! words! words!" He has also fallen into the sin of the nineteenth century, a fondness for formal verse such as the Ballade and Rondeau. The paucity of rhyme in the English language is a sufficiently onerous chain to the muse without making artificial ones. In such styles of verse the sense must often give way to the rhyme. In the sonnet Professor Roberts is a master, and several of his will compare with the very best in the English language.

While wooing song he has not neglected prose literature. His "Stone Dog," "Indian Devils" and "Pitcher Plant," are vivid pieces of poetic prose. His article "On the Study of English," which lately appeared in the *Christian Union*, and his "Pastoral Elegies" in the *May New Princeton Review*, show a masterly knowledge of the English language with a vigorous power of sending home truth. As a teacher he excels, and several who have come under his influence have found their way into the leading journals of this continent. He is likewise no tyro on the platform, and in his "Echoes from Old Arcadia," delivered before the Canadian Club, New York, proved himself one of our best lecturers.

One of the great beauties of the whole of Professor Roberts' work is that, while he is true to his art, he has not fallen into the degrading Materialism or enervating Pantheism, which has wrecked so many of our younger poets. He sees clearly that the only permanent work is that which appeals to the eternal part of man, the spiritual.

In closing it would perhaps be well briefly to mention the notice he has received from the old world workers. Three of their latest anthologies of verse—"Sea Music," "Sonnets of this Century" and "Ballades, etc."—have included poems by him, the only colonial thus honoured. He has just completed an annotated edition of Shelley's *Adonais*, and also a volume of "Songs of Wild-life," for the *Canterbury Poets* series published by Walter Scott.

Professor Roberts' fame has evidently come to abide with him, and the sooner Canadians,—slow to notice but strong to hold,—recognize his genius with the critics in the United States and England, the more joy they will have in their singer son.

Gananogue.

T. G. MARQUIS.

OUR BROTHERHOOD.

We all maintain some daily trivial service unto man.
 We all have possibilities. We all have tried to plan
 Some delicate creation. The firm handiwork of will
 May assist in its formation, tho' perchance the artist's skill
 Has proved too insufficient to achieve Desire's height.
 Our confidence has been too vast, we overreached our might,
 We all have laboured for some end, toiled valiantly, then lost.
 We all have dreams unrealized, we all have known the cost
 Of prizes won and heights o'ercome, of honours well attained
 In places where we should have stood—fate failed us, others gained.
 O! Failure, may we not escape thy black, remorseless wing
 That clouds the sunlight of success, our work o'ershadowing?
 Why doom to wreck Ambition's barque before it fairly sailed
 From ideal shores to ideal lands? Who has not tried—and failed?
 We all have awakened once, to know the cold and biting truth
 That empty is the darling hope we nurtured in our youth.
 We all would live in every line with close-shut eyes, and yet
 We all can see the fair design is shadowed by—Regret.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

DR. MARTINEAU'S "STUDY OF RELIGION."*

DR. MARTINEAU has very modestly entitled this work, upon which, directly and indirectly, he must have spent the labour of many years, "A Study of Religion;" whereas it might with full right claim to be a philosophy of religion, or a philosophic treatise on the basis of religion. A year or two ago we drew attention to Dr. Martineau's previous work on "Types of Ethical Doctrine." We are happy to see that the high opinion which we expressed of that work has been repeated in many reviews, and further confirmed by a large circulation of the book. We are satisfied that the present work, intended as a sequel to the treatise on Ethics, will meet with as warm a reception.

We are not sure that we can call this an epoch-making work—the number of such works is very small. Butler's "Analogy," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Schleiermacher's *Ueber die Religion*—books like these occur to us as having stamped themselves upon the human consciousness and left their marks long behind them. But, even if Dr. Martineau's book cannot claim this place, it is yet most certainly a valuable contribution to the Science of Theism and Religion, one that will have to be reckoned with by the materialistic school, and one that will not be forgotten by the defenders of Theism and Christianity. In making these statements, we are by no means committing ourselves to all Dr. Martineau's conclusions. Indeed, in one important point, we shall have to express a very distinct

dissent from his opinions. But the time has gone by when the defenders of the faith must look coldly upon each other because their methods or their resulting judgments are not identical. They are growing wise enough to know that agreement on the one supreme question of the personality of God may well form a bond of union which need not be dissolved, however widely they may diverge on other points.

We might call Dr. Martineau's book a treatise on Theism on the principles of "pure reason," if such a statement were not open to the suspicion of ignoring the other elements of human nature—a charge which certainly cannot be brought against him. Indeed, as distinguished from the most eminent of recent defenders of Theism, Dr. Martineau appeals rather to the Will than to the Intelligence, argues rather from Causation than from Thought.

We shall best show the author's relation to the anti-theistic scientific school by quoting some words from the introduction to his book. He protests against the "watering down of the meaning of the word *Religion*, so as to dilute it to the quality of the thinnest enthusiasm," where there is no possibility of real worship, because there is no recognition of God. But still worse, he says, is the assertion that "this reduced religion is still Theism; that it is wrong to regard as an *Atheist* one who sees in nature no trace of ordering mind; and that such an one, in his bare recognition of law or regularity anywhere, still has his God." And then, after explaining what these people mean, he goes on: "the deification of such bundles of facts (and 'laws' are nothing else), the transference of the name *God* to the sum of them, the recognition of their study as *Theism*, involve a degradation of language and a confusion of thought, which are truly surprising in the distinguished author of 'National Religion.'" The whole passage from which we have quoted is worthy of careful perusal.

Dr. Martineau, like nearly all philosophical thinkers of this century, "goes back to Kant." One might even say he goes back to Locke, when, in Book I, he seeks to determine the "limits of human intelligence." It is easy to sneer at Locke; but it was he who first distinctly put forth the necessity of considering this fundamental question. In the second Book, the author considers "God as Cause," and here, as we have already remarked, is the difference between his point of view and that of the late T. H. Green, and other philosophers of the Neo-Kantian School. Dr. Martineau does at least work out his own conception, and that in a very interesting and convincing manner; and so far are we from quarrelling with him for taking a line of his own, that we value this independent testimony even more than if it had been an echo of that which is now, perhaps, the more fashionable theory, and further, recognize it as having kinship with the orthodox and traditional school of English apologetics.

One of the most remarkable arguments in the whole book is that in which he meets the objection of Kant (in the "Critique of Pure Reason") to the teleological argument. Kant puts his contention in this way: "If we are to name a First Cause at all, we cannot follow a safer clue than the analogy of those proposed products of which alone we perfectly know the cause and methods of production. It would be inexcusable in the reason, to pass by the causality with which it is familiar in favour of obscure and unverifiable explanations." "Yet," observes Dr. Martineau, Kant "neutralizes this concession by the significant remark, that 'possibly the reasoning would not bear a very keen transcendental criticism.' He does not himself stop to furnish this keener criticism; but doubtless, its principle is contained in the previous parenthetical intimation, that as Art and Reason come from Nature, Nature cannot come from Art and Reason. On the validity of this rule everything depends."

This validity, however, the author will in no wise concede. "The rule," he says, "is so far from being self-evident that it is a perfectly arbitrary dictum, the contradictory of which is equally easy to believe, and has actually been believed by the immense majority of philosophers in every age. What does the rule affirm? That *in nature* there cannot possibly be anything homogeneous with what was *prior to nature*; the mere fact of its being an effect removing it *in aliud genus* from its cause. There is scarcely a casual speculation in the history of the schools which is not pervaded by precisely the opposite assumption, that effect and cause cannot be heterogeneous;—an assumption formulated by Empedocles, 'that like is known by like, and that things exist by their first elements,' and of wider influence in philosophy than perhaps any other maxim which is without pretensions to be a first truth."

It is a proof of the thorough independence of Dr. Martineau's mind and work that he has ventured not merely to speak a good word for Paley in particular, and for the argument from design in general, but to maintain that this argument is still valid and is by no means to be abandoned. It has been too lightly assumed that Kant's criticism of the theory is conclusive; and not only have other arguments for Theism been sought, which is quite well and reasonable, but this one has been very generally given up.

Dr. Martineau not only questions the fundamental principle on which Kant rejected the argument from final causes, but he meets the objection which the same philosopher grounded on its inadequacy. The reader will probably remember Kant's contention, that the teleological proof gave us only an Architect and not a Creator, one who, as a Demiurge, and not an absolute God, is only a superior Being who works under conditions; so that we can infer no more than that he has wisdom and power which are indeed very great and wonderful, but not definitely perfect and exhausting all possibility.

Our author's answer is to the effect that the argument from design has no such ambitious aim, and that it does, in fact, accomplish all that it attempts. "It undertakes to show the pervading presence of intentionality in nature, where no intending creature, like man, can be supposed to exist; to find evidence of unity of idea in this intention, so far as it can be traced; and so, to exhibit a vast tissue of relations, apparently a fair sample of the;

* *A Study of Religion: its Sources and Contents.* By James Martineau, D.D. Macmillan & Co., New York, 1888.

system to which we belong, as having all the marks of origination from one Mind."

The whole of this argument is worked out with great care, and will amply reward the close and somewhat painful attention which ordinary readers will need to bestow upon it in order to grasp the whole force and results of the author's contention.

In the second volume (Book II., chaps. 2 and 3) Dr. Martineau addresses himself to what has commonly been called the moral argument, heading his chapters with the titles, "God as Perfection," and "Unity of God as Cause, and God as Perfection." The headings of the sections of the second chapters will sufficiently indicate the steps of his argument, which has a considerable resemblance to that which Kant regarded as the only valid proof of a personal God. He sets forth: 1. Right, as universally valid; 2. Right, by social vote; 3. Right, as the Divine in the human; 4. Implied attributes of God, as apprehended by conscience.

There is very little, indeed, in this work which we cannot accept as a valuable contribution towards the great subject to which it is devoted. Even when we cannot feel satisfied that certain points are made good, we yet feel that the writer has stimulated thought, and that others who come after him may take up the question where he has left it, and advance the treatment of the subject towards greater completeness.

On one point only we would distinctly demur to Dr. Martineau's conclusion. In speaking of the foreknowledge of God, he declares that it is inapplicable to future events which are contingent. We are unable to accept this judgment; in the first place, because we believe in the prophecies of future contingent events recorded in the Scripture, and, secondly, because it is a subject on which, as finite creatures, we are utterly incapable of forming an opinion. We have been accustomed to think of the Eternal God as One to whom all past, present, and future was as a perpetual Now; and, although we may be unable to verify or justify such a view, we are equally unable to imagine one that would more commend itself to reason. We need hardly add that the religion of Dr. Martineau is in no way dependent upon what we call supernatural revelation.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

OILING THE SEA.

AN improved method of distributing oil on the waters has been patented in Germany. It consists of a rocket, to which is attached a cylinder filled with oil. It is said that the rocket can be fired with accuracy from the ship, and that when it explodes the oil is scattered just where it is wanted. Several interesting experiments have recently been made between Bremen and New York. In one the rocket was fired to a distance of 1,500 feet and less distances. By the explosion of five rockets at a distance of from 1,300 to 1,500 feet from the ship, a space of 1,500 to 2,000 square feet of water was covered with oil, and the waves were at once smoothed. The rocket was fired nine hundred feet against a gale. The importance of the invention to deep-water sailors consists in the certainty of explosion of the rocket at a sufficient distance to leave the vessel in calm water during a gale. The invention is said to have been purchased by the North German Lloyd.—*Iron*.

A GREAT TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

ACCORDING to *La Nature*, an immense terrestrial globe, constructed on the scale of one-millionth, will be shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. A place will be set apart for it at the centre of the Champ de Mars. The globe will measure nearly thirteen metres in diameter, and will give some idea of real dimensions, since the conception of the meaning of a million is not beyond the powers of the human mind. Visitors to the Exhibition will see for the first time on this globe the place really occupied by certain known spaces, such as those of great towns. Paris, for instance, will barely cover a square centimetre. The globe will turn on its axis, and thus represent the movement of rotation of the earth. The scheme was originated by MM. T. Villard and C. Cotard, and *La Nature* says that it has been placed under the patronage of several eminent French men of science.

A STORY FROM THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* sends the following: "Some interesting information with reference to a very curious incident which occurred during the Franco-German war has just come to hand. In 1870 three French visitors established themselves at an hotel in a well-known German town, where they remained several months. Being then in want of funds, and unable to pay their bill, they were compelled to leave a package which they had brought from France in the hands of the landlord in satisfaction of his claim. This, on examination, was found to contain a sumptuously designed State chair. The name "Napoleon" was embroidered upon the silk covering of the back and seat, and on the occupant pressing his hands upon the finely-carved gilt arms a musical air was played by an instrument concealed within the upholstery. The care of this remarkable piece of furniture seemed the only occupation of the strangers, who are supposed to have been awaiting the advance of the French army, and in the event of its proving victorious would doubtless have conveyed the chair to Berlin, where, it is presumed, it was to have been used as a throne by the Emperor Napoleon. The chair remains in the possession of the widow of the Frenchmen's host."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE BLACK ARROW. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Paper, 50 cents.

A new novel by the author of *Kidnapped* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, is sure to be welcomed by the public, and almost equally sure to be indulgently criticized by the press. This one, though undeniably good, is not in his best style, and scarcely gives a suggestion of the author of the books we have just named. The tale is of the time of Henry VI., when the Wars of the Roses were raging. The scene is principally in Tunstall Forest, in which John Amend-all, a sort of later Robin Hood, has taken up his abode with a band of outlaws, to avenge his own wrongs and the wrongs of his friends. The weapon of his vengeance was a black arrow sped from the bow with deadly accuracy. The book is full of adventures, escapes, captures, assassinations, battles, romance, and all the exciting elements which make up a story one must finish when once it has been commenced.

MELANGES: TROIS CONFÉRENCES. I. De Montréal à Victoria. II. Le Journal: Son Origine et Son Histoire. III. Anita: Souvenirs d'un contre-guerrillas. Par H. Beaugrand. Montréal: Des Presses de *La Patrie*, 1888.

The three papers which M. Beaugrand has collected in this beautifully printed volume are well worth perusal and preservation. The first was read a year ago last March before the Montreal Chamber of Commerce. It tells what the author saw, and the impressions he formed in a three weeks' trip over the Canadian Pacific from Montreal to Victoria. This paper is embellished with illustrations. The second paper, which was read before the *Club National* of Montreal in 1885, contains a great deal of useful and interesting information, showing the development of the newspaper from the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans to the great dailies of modern times. The last paper, read before the Montcalm Society of Fall River in 1874, is a bright, dramatic narrative of some romantic adventures while campaigning in Mexico during the French occupation.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. By Mandell Creighton. Twelve English Statesmen Series. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williams and Company.

Mr. Creighton gives Wolsey a high place, not only as a patriotic Englishman, but as a far-seeing statesman, and a patient, tireless, and skilful diplomatist. "If we consider his actual achievements," he says, "we are bound to admit that he was probably the greatest political genius whom England has ever produced; for at a great crisis of European history he impressed England with a sense of her own importance, and secured for her a leading position in European affairs, which since his days has seemed her natural right. . . . He was greater than his achievements. . . . The age in which he lived was not one of lofty aspirations or noble aims; but it was one of large designs and restless energy. No designs were cast in so large a mould as were those of Wolsey; no statesman showed such skill as he did in weaving patiently the web of diplomatic intrigue. His resources were small, and he husbanded them with care. He had a master who only dimly understood his objects, and whose personal whims and caprices had always to be conciliated. He was ill supplied with agents. His schemes often failed in detail; but he was always ready to gather together the broken threads and resume his work without repining. In a time of universal restlessness and excitement Wolsey was the most plodding, the most laborious, and the most versatile of those who laboured at statecraft."

THE SEMINARY METHOD OF ORIGINAL STUDY IN THE HISTORICAL SCIENCES. Illustrated from Church History. By Frank Hugh Foster, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book, of some hundred and twenty pages, serves as a useful guide to the Seminary System, as applied to the study of History or other subjects. The Seminary method is, of course, merely an outgrowth of the familiar *Historische Gesellschaft*, introduced in German Universities by Ranke, the historian. Dr. Foster fairly outlines the advantages of a system which encourages original research by assigning to each member, or group of members, of a University class, a particular division of a historical period, for individual and exhaustive treatment; the result of these labours being read and discussed before the whole class, and forming in their totality a complete and to some extent original history of the period selected.

At Harvard, the Seminary method is applied to the advanced study of the Semitic Languages, Latin, English, Psychology and Metaphysics, Political Economy, History, Roman Law, Mathematics, and the Natural Sciences. The outlines of some of these courses, as undertaken in various Universities, are given by Dr. Foster in his Appendix. This is a distinct addition to the value of the book, as the author has drawn most of his examples in the body of the work from Church History, of which subject he is Professor in the Theological Seminary at Oberlin. The author might with advantage have extended his very sensible and encouraging remarks on the method of the study of languages. To make room for this addition some trivial and rather puerile advice on the taking of notes, and the use of small, loose sheets of foolscap for the purpose, might well have been omitted.

WILLIAM THE THIRD. By H. D. Trail. Twelve English Statesmen Series. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

There is no sovereign of England whose memory is kept so fresh in the hearts of Englishmen the world over as William Prince of Orange. His character, his achievements, the incidents of his life are well known. They are set out clearly and without partiality in Mr. Trail's book. The author does not paint the Protestant champion with the brilliant colours of Macaulay, but he does full justice to his good sense, his political sagacity, his self-restraint and his undaunted courage. After examining what he calls "the Whig legend" and showing how little William cared for political parties and parliamentary institution—"he looked upon the English Parliament as a clumsy and irritating instrument, which he was nevertheless bound to work with and make the best of."—Mr. Trail acknowledges William's ample claims to renown both as a European statesman and a benefactor to England. "If William had not all the virtues that belong to the patriot and the philosopher, he had all that go to the making of the hero. Even Macaulay who has over-painted both his kingly and his statesmanship, has not laid on the colours of his heroism with too bold a hand. Sagacious as he was in council, dexterous as he was in the management of men, keen as was his outlook on European politics, and resourceful as he was in meeting its exigencies, it is possible to contend that his Whig eulogist has credited him with far more than the keenness and sagacity, the dexterity and resource, which he possessed. But such eulogy does not, for it could not, materially exaggerate his great features as a man—his patience of delay and disappointment, his fortitude under disaster

his imperturbable composure in moments of crisis, his lofty magnanimity; which, from its high place seemed literally to overlook rather than to forgive injuries, his haughty courage, which thought it equal shame to glance aside at the lurking assassin and to turn away from the open foe. His character was stern, forbidding, unamiable, contemptuously generous, as little fitted to attract love as it was assured of commanding respect; but it bears in every lineament the unmistakable stamp of greatness. And his achievements were as great as his character. His record as a ruler pure and simple, as a mere expert in the art of governing, has never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, in history. The showy administrative exploits of a Napoleon with vast armies at his back and the pen of despotism in his hand, appears to me to sink into insignificance when compared with this ruler of four nations—a constitutional sovereign in England and Scotland, the chief of a republic in Holland, and a military autocrat, governing by the sword alone, in Ireland—who for eleven years successfully directed the affairs of these alien, and often mutually hostile communities, and who through all that time held in one hand the threads of a vast network of European diplomacy, and in the other the sword that kept the most formidable of European monarchs at bay."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER. With Illustrations by Gilbert Gaul. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This anonymous novel will gratify lovers of the marvellous to their hearts' content. A party of English gentlemen, on board the yacht *Falcon*, which lay becalmed between the Canaries and Madeira Islands, while amusing themselves sailing paper boats—and betting on them, of course—discovered a slime-and-barnacle-covered copper cylinder floating in the ocean. On opening it they found two packages, one containing a letter in English, French and German, addressed to the finder, and the other the strange manuscript which is the story in this book. Both the letter and narrative were written on a vegetable substance, which the learned man of the party pronounced to be papyrus. The manuscript relates that Adam More, mate of the ship *Trevelyan*, while the vessel was becalmed off an ice-bound coast in the southern seas, went ashore with the second mate to hunt seals. They succeeded in killing a couple of seals, when it began to snow. They hastened to their boat, but in the storm and darkness they were unable to regain the ship. Powerful currents carried them among volcanic islands to one which was inhabited, where they landed, and where More's too trustful companion fell a victim to the cannibal savages. More escaped to his boat, which was caught by the current and borne through a long, awesome, subterranean channel to an open sea at the pole. Now our hero's adventures began: land was in sight, cities and cultivated fields could be seen, and on the sea floating craft of various kinds. He made for one of the largest galleys, was taken on board and kindly treated. He found himself among a strange people, who could not endure the light, and who dwelt in caverns during the long day of half a year, and pursued their business and festivities during the long night. Their aims and ambitions and customs were exactly the reverse of those of civilized nations. The Kosekin, as they called themselves, preferred darkness to light, poverty to riches, death to life. Poverty was happiness, darkness was delight, unrequited love was bliss, and death was the supreme blessing. Every one strove not to get but to give. Merchants traded, not to make money, but, if possible, to lose it. The wealthy embarked in business in the hope of getting rid of their fortunes, but they seldom succeeded, for every one wanted to pay the utmost for what they got. The pauper class was of the highest, the chief or ruler, of the lowest rank in the State; the private soldier was superior to the commander, and the man who toiled at the oar, ranked higher than the admiral of the fleet.

Our readers must go to the book itself for an account of the wonderful adventures of Adam More—or Atam-or, as he was called by the Kosekin. The story seems to be a sensational satire. It has some of the characteristics of the *Arabian Nights*, and the works of Jules Verne and Rider Haggard. It ends abruptly, and without disposing of some of the principal characters. The illustrations are numerous and striking. The last one represents More standing on the summit of a pyramid, rifle in hand, after he has been hailed "Father of Thunder and Ruler of Clouds and Darkness." By the way, he must have gone on his sealhunt with a magazine of ammunition. The supply seems to have been inexhaustible.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- DIANA BARRINGTON. A Romance of Central India. By Mrs. John Croker. Toronto: William Bryce. Paper. 373 pp. 30 cents.
- GEOFFREY'S VICTORY; Or, The Double Deception. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. Toronto: William Bryce. Paper. 267 pp. 25 cents.
- IN HOT HASTE. By M. E. Hullah. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Leisure Moment Series. Paper. 296 pp. 30 cents.
- THE LASSES OF LEVERHOUSE. By Jessie Fothergill. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Leisure Moment Series. Paper. 285 pp. 30 cents.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

- REV. E. P. ROE, the popular novelist, died on the 20th inst.
- HARPER AND BROTHERS are soon to publish an *édition de luxe* of Hill's *Boswell's Johnson*. The next volume in the *Twelve English Statesmen* series will be "Henry II.," by Mrs. J. R. Green.
- HOWARD PYLE's story of "Within the Capes" is about to be published in paper form by the Scribners.
- A PORTRAIT of William Black, with a personal sketch of the novelist in his Brighton home, will appear in the August *Book Buyer*.
- CASSELL & Co. have ready for serial publication a new novel entitled *Another's Crime*, from the diary of Inspector Byrnes, by Julian Hawthorne.
- AT the next session of the French Academy, a French poem by "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, is to be honoured by the award of a special medal.
- MESSRS. MACMILLAN have ready *Selections from Kant*, prepared and translated by John Watson, Professor of Philosophy at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
- AN illustrated edition in quarto of E. E. Hale's *The Man Without a Country*, the illustrations by F. T. Merrill, will be issued by Roberts Brothers in the autumn.
- DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES will contribute an article on the dialect, superstitions, and folk-lore of Massachusetts to Mr. C. G. Leland's forthcoming work on *Americanisms*.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will issue in the fall *Omitted Chapters of History, Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph, Governor of Virginia, etc.*, by Moncure D. Conway.
- THE August volume of the *Canterbury Poets* will be "Elfin Music," an anthology of the fairy poetry in the English language, from Chaucer downwards, edited by Mr. Arthur E. Waite.

A SECOND volume of Miss Amélie Rives's stories has just been issued by Harper & Brothers, entitled *Virginia of Virginia*. The scene is laid in Virginia, and a number of illustrations add to the value of the book.

MR. LOWRELL'S *Political Essays*, are published by Houghton Mifflin & Co. They cover a period of thirty years, from the paper on "The American Tract Society" to the recent address on "The Place of the Independent in Politics."

ONE of the most striking instances of careless cataloguing that has come under our notice recently is the entry, in a learned German work of reference, of Mr. Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* as a contribution to literature on the Old Testament.

M. RENAN believes in devoting the early years of life to thought and study, and not to writing. "My opinion," he says, "is that France will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of forty years."

THE August number of *The Century* will contain the beginning of two serials: "Sideral Astronomy, Old and New," by Edward S. Holden, of Lick Observatory, and a three-part story, "A Mexican Campaign," by Thomas A. Janvier, author of the "Ivory Black" stories.

THE third volume of the *Poetical Works of Robert Browning* (Macmillan) includes "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "The Return of the Druses," and "A Soul's Tragedy." The frontispiece is a curious portrait of the poet in 1835, in the full guise of the Romantic period.

MESSRS. HUBBARD BROTHERS, of Philadelphia have purchased the right to publish Mr. F. Blake Crofton's juvenile stories. These comprise "The Major's Big-Talk Stories," and a further series entitled "Majora, or bigger exploits of the Major," which have not as yet been issued in book form.

A LIFE of Delia Bacon, the advocate of the Baconian theory of the origin of Shakespeare's plays, has been written by Mr. Theodore Bacon, and will be issued soon by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin, and Co., of Boston. The book will contain many letters from Emerson, Hawthorne, and Carlyle.

THE August number of *Scribner's Magazine* will be a fiction number, containing contributions from Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, Sara Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, F. J. Stimson, and Maria Blunt. It will also contain two richly illustrated descriptive articles, one of them the third in the Railway Series, entitled "American Locomotives and Cars," by M. N. Forney.

A GREAT part of *Aurora Leigh* is so hard to understand. One has no right to complain of poetry being hard if it is no harder than necessary, but *Aurora Leigh* is hard where it might be easy. The hardness comes from imperfect workmanship. It is worth while spending any amount of toil and time to make a poem as nearly perfect as it can be made; and those are the poems that will live.—*Arch. Trench.*

RECENT English papers announce the death of Miss Jane Strickland, a sister of Agnes Strickland, and Mrs. Moody, so well known in Canada. Even when she had reached an advanced age," says the *Academy*, "she retained a wonderful memory for historical facts, incidents, and people. Though never out of England, her reading was so varied that she knew more about foreign lands, their people, characteristics, and history, than most travelled persons. She took the keenest interest in public events and men, as well as in all discoveries in history or science."

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD is a niece of the late Matthew Arnold. Writing from London, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton says: Her conversation is most suggestive and interesting, as one might well expect from the author of *Robert Elsmere* and the able translator of Amiel's *Journal Intime*. She lives in Russell square, not far from the British Museum, in a house full of books and flowers and pictures, and she has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievement must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and of aim.

THE last *Report on the Archives of Canada* is very creditable to those who were commissioned by the Canadian Government to compile it. Some interesting particulars are given in the preface as to the character and scope of the report itself. It is curious to learn that long ago, before 1851, when it was proposed to make a canal at Sault Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, such a canal had been formed and used. Not less interesting is the account of the visit of Capt. Enys, of the 28th Regiment, to Niagara in 1787. Since then the change in the aspect of the falls has been quite as remarkable as in the general condition of the country.—*Athenaeum.*

THE August number of the *Forum* will complete the fifth volume; and during the two years and a half covered by these volumes both sides of every subject of great public concern have been treated in its pages by leaders of opinion. The list of contributors contains the names of more than 250 of the foremost writers in America, England and France. Beginning with the sixth volume a new feature will be added to the *Forum* (which is also new in our periodical literature). Every number will contain a signed article of literary criticism, reviewing the most important recent books in the several great departments of thought, and every writer will be a recognized authority in his department.

THE Boston *Literary World* begins a review of half a dozen Canadian books with these friendly sentences:—On the whole, Canada is looking up. The Canadian Pacific Railway is not only finished and giving (it is said) the best and at the same time cheapest accommodation to travellers across the Continent, with the finest scenery thrown in, but here are one, two, three, four, five, six Canadian publications, attesting in themselves the fact that Canada has a literature. The old and effete question of English lips, "Who reads an American book?" may have produced on American lips the echoing question, "Who reads a Canadian book?" If so, the budget now in hand may furnish thereto a partial answer. Here in one handful are science, history, literature, and biography, and though none of these titles covers either extensive or highly important work, still together they make up a demand on the attention of all who are watchful of the development of our blood relations over the northern border.

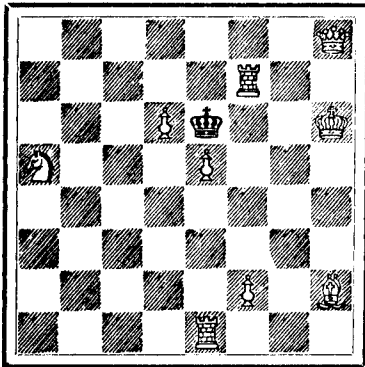
IN a recent number of the *Canada-Français* the *Canadian Birthday Book* and *Crowded Out*, by "Seranus," are very favourably reviewed. The writer, a distinguished French Canadian author, says: "Seranus," tel est le nom de plume d'une femme de lettres qui écrit habituellement dans *Le Week* de Toronto. Elle a publié dernièrement deux petits volumes qui font preuve d'une grande sympathie pour la population Française du Canada. *The Canadian Birthday Book* est un 'diary.' En face des pages blanches on y trouve, pour quelque jour de l'année quelque jolie pièce de vers. L'auteur a presque toujours emprunté aux poètes Canadiens-Français qu'a ceux de langue Anglaise, ce qui, dans une ville aussi Franco-phobe que la capitale d'Ontario, nous paraît d'une rare audace. L'autre volume est un recueil de nouvelles, publiées sous le titre collectif et original de *Crowded Out*, comme si elles eussent été refusées faute d'espace par des redacteurs—bien mal avisés alors. Le scène est presque toujours dans notre province, et le plus souvent les personnages portent des noms Français. . . . "Descendez à l'ombre, ma jolie blonde" et l'histoire "d'Etienne Chézy d'Alencourt" sont de charmantes créations. Il y a du reste un fond de bienveillance et de mélancolie dans toutes ces pages, et le talent de l'auteur est marqué au coin d'une exquise sensibilité et d'une grande délicatesse.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 273.

By J. CHOCOLOUR.

BLACK.



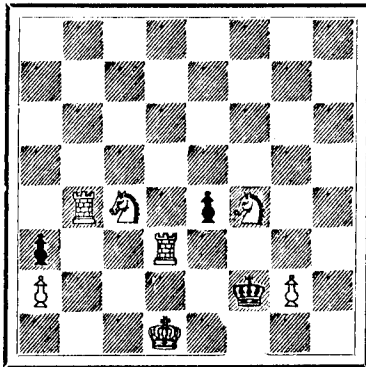
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 274.

By H. EICHSTADT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 267.
White.
Q-B 1

No. 268.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R-K Kt 3 | Kt x R |
| 2. B-K 7 + | K or Kt moves |
| 3. Q mates | |
| 2. Q x Q + | 1. P-R 8 Queens |
| 3. Q-K B 1 mate | 2. P-K 4 |
| And other varieties. | |

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MR. BIRD AND MR. MASON IN 1876.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------|
| MR. BIRD. | MR. MASON. |
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 3 |
| 2. P-Q 4 | P-Q 4 |
| 3. Kt-Q B 3 | Kt-K B 3 |
| 4. P x P | P x P |
| 5. Kt-B 3 | B-Q 3 |
| 6. B-Q 3 | Kt-Q 3 |
| 7. Castles | P-K R 3 |
| 8. R-K 1 | Kt-B 3 |
| 9. Kt-Q Kt 5 | B-Q Kt 5 |
| 10. P-B 3 | B-R 4 |
| 11. Kt-R 3 | B-K Kt 5 |
| 12. Kt-B 2 | Q-Q 2 |
| 13. P-Kt 4 | B-Kt 3 |
| 14. P-K R 3 (a) | B-R 4 |
| 15. Kt-K 3 | K R-K 1 |
| 16. P-Kt 5 (b) | Kt-K 2 |
| 17. P-Kt 4 | B-Kt 3 |
| 18. Kt-K 5 | Q-B 1 |
| 19. P-Q R 4 | P-B 3 |
| 20. P x P | P x P |
| 21. B-R 3 | Kt-K 5 |
| 22. Q-B 2 | Kt-Kt 4 |
| 23. B x Kt | R x B |
| 24. B x B | P x B |
| 25. Q x P (c) | Kt x P + |
| 26. K-R 2 | Kt-B 5 |

NOTES.

- (a) Best; compels Black to disclose his game.
- (b) Gives White the better game.
- (c) Better than Kt x P.
- (d) If White play Q x B P Black can reply with R-Q B 2.
- (e) If Black play Q x R he will win the exchange, and, we think, have the better game.
- (f) A fine move.
- (g) Black could not play Q x P on account of White's reply of Kt-B 3.
- (h) Masterly.
- (m) A fine ending.

Have you seen *The Dominion Illustrated*? First number just out. *The Globe* says of it: The art work will be of a very high quality. *The Kingston News*: Every picture is a work of art.

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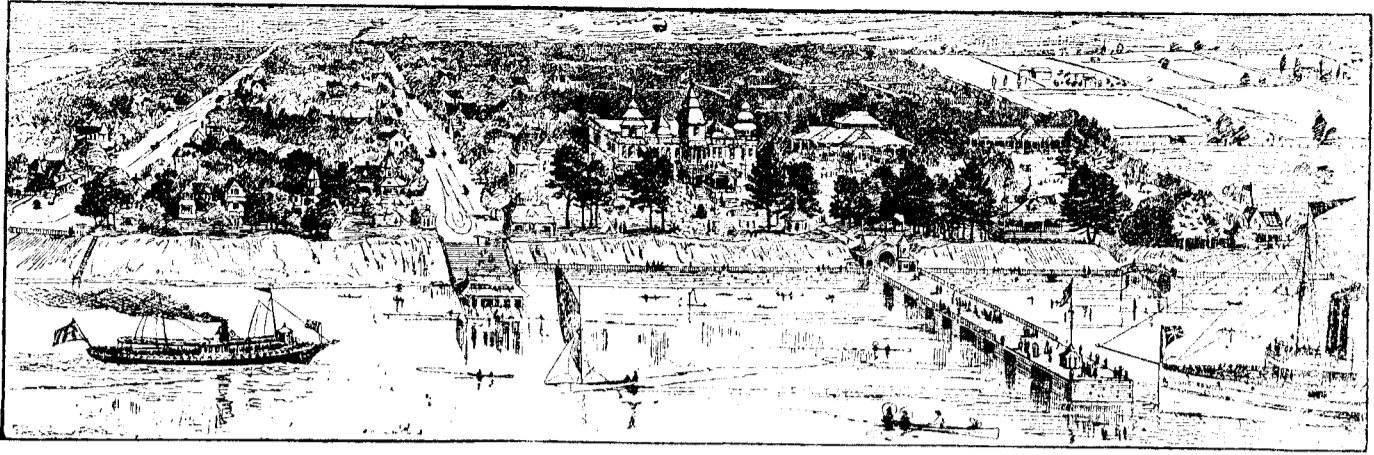
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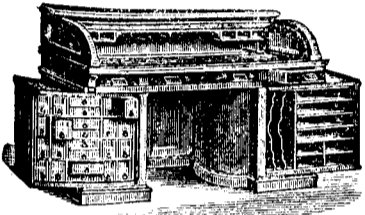


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