

THE WEEK.

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The Week.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

AFTER a week of elaborate pleasure Toronto sits down to ruminate and review. Of the processions, perhaps the most successful was that of the school children, which was very pretty and well-managed, excited general interest, and was greeted with frequent applause. The marching past of the Volunteers was also effective as a military pageant: nothing in the way of manoeuvring of course could be attempted. In the municipal and historic procession the symbolical tableaux evidently told their tale well enough to give pleasure to the mass of the spectators; their principal object was thus attained, and fastidious criticism would be out of place. Tableaux, tasteful and really expressive, are pieces of minor art which it is very difficult to produce. Not only from rivals in this, but in all the processions, the display of the firemen bore off the palm. The long train of aldermen and ex-aldermen in hacks was not imposing, but it was in place. To Industry we owe the prosperity and beauty of this fair city; and this thought was, no doubt, vividly present to the minds of all the spectators as the Industrial procession moved along. But it was difficult to think the procession fine in itself, or to say that it worthily embodied a great idea. The effect was too much that of an interminable line of advertising vans, followed by an equally interminable train of coal carts. Nor was the brotherhood of Industry well represented. The guilds of the Middle Ages, marching under their banners, with their wardens at their head, and the brethren all following in order along the picturesque streets and up the nave of the cathedral must have spoken both to the eye and the heart with an eloquence which was wanting to our display, though ours was on a far larger scale. Length is not everything in a procession, however grand it may seem to be told that it took two hours to pass a given point. On the contrary, when the train of objects is drawn out beyond measure, unity, and with it impressiveness, is lost. Of the other entertainments, the concerts and the lacrosse match were well attended; the ball was not: the fancy dresses were too few to create a general effect, and the military uniforms failed to appear. The fireworks at the Horticultural Gardens were successful. The exhibition on the lake was happily conceived: nothing is more brilliant than fireworks and illuminated processions

on the water; but the execution proved beyond the organizing power of the Committee. The hour fixed, to give time for preceding entertainments, was also far too late. The general aspect of the city was gay, and bespoke popular interest in the jubilee. So fine a street as King Street, plentifully decked out with flags and drapery, though there was rather too much sameness of colour, could not fail to please the eye, and be thoroughly significant of public joy; but the arch, with its wretched canvas imitation of stonework, was a senseless and hideous obstruction, which did nothing but mar the view. After favouring us highly at the beginning of the festive week, the weather, by changing for the worse at the end, reminded us of the peril to which all open-air celebrations on a large scale are exposed. The cost it would be ungracious to count, if the people have had a week of genuine pleasure; but we must not learn to multiply these festivals in the belief that the money taken by some of the hotels, and perhaps by stores on the gala streets, make up for the loss of a week's work and the disorganization of industry, in addition to the direct cost of the fête. A round sum is well spent in making all citizens feel that they are members of a community, and that the city, with its wealth, its history, and its hopes is the common property and pride of all. It is a pity that in any quarter the political truce should have been broken, and the social harmony of our jubilee disturbed.

LORD SPENCER'S statesmanlike speech at Belfast the other day upon the dynamite outrages in particular, and the so-called programme of the "Nationalist Party" in Ireland in general, might with profit be printed and scattered broadcast amongst the misguided dupes on this continent who subscribe hard-earned dollars for the support of blood-thirsty Rossas and calculating Parnells. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland acknowledged, with sorrow, that there was little gratitude to be found in that country for the enormous benefits which have been showered upon it by the British Legislature during the last few years. But he showed a bold front to the demand for concessions which the Government is resolved to withhold. The position is one which is probably without parallel in history. A section of the Irish people demand separation from England in order that they may gain certain advantages. The English Government replies by granting the advantage, but refusing the separation. The response is—dynamite. Lord Spencer's rejoinder is one not possible to mistake, and will be endorsed by all Englishmen—by all honest and thoughtful men of whatever nationality. His Lordship declared that the men who are using dynamite as an argument "little know the metal of which British statesmen are made." That is an argument which has not been sufficiently urged. However widespread the ramifications of the dynamite party may be, however energetic and determined their leaders and their rank and file may show themselves, however persistent their efforts and unscrupulous their agencies, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, speaking for his colleagues as well as for himself, declares that these efforts can have only one result. They do not frighten him; they only make him more resolved. "We should be disposed to go even a step further," says the temperate-spoken *Liverpool Mercury*, commenting on the speech, "and to declare our conviction that each pound of dynamite which is exploded, that each fresh act in the scientific "warfare," renders success on the part of the Irish faction even less possible than it was before." Beyond shadow of doubt our contemporary is right.

A TORONTO daily thinks the movement in favour of Woman Suffrage must be making rapid strides in England, but does not give the data upon which the belief is founded. As a matter of fact, the reverse is the case. Our contemporary is evidently not aware that *The Queen*, the principal ladies' organ in England, and no "trimmer," proclaims distinctly against Woman Suffrage. Advocates of that movement are welcome to all the consolation they can extract from the fact that the *Saturday Review* "is scolding at the whole thing," though it is difficult to understand how such a policy on the part of a powerful and independent review can be construed to "clearly indicate that the movement advances in power and influence." A more careful reading of public utterances upon the question will show that whilst the "higher education" of women is generally recognized as an important factor in social economics, the vast weight of intelligent female and male opinion is against the entry of woman into political life.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE pleasant words which the people of Quebec and their visitors have been interchanging about the patriotic affection of the Province for the Mother Country would fall sweetly on the ear of the United Empire Loyalist until he was informed that the "Mother Country" was France. There can no longer be any doubt as to the expansion of the French nationality in Canada, as to the increasing intensity of the national sentiment, or as to the revival of the connection between the daughter and the parent. We shall, presently, have to consider what will be the effect upon our councils of association with a community planted in the midst of British communities, but scarcely more British than is Old France. A strong light would at once be thrown upon the situation in case our Mother Country should be drawn into a quarrel with the Mother Country of the people of Quebec, as, if the Egyptian question remains unsettled, she well may. A summons to the militia of the Dominion to take the field would, in that event, meet with a strange response from the French Province. Yet New France owes her existence to British connection. Left to the natural influences and tendencies of the Continent she would almost certainly have been assimilated and absorbed. There would probably have remained of her, at most, only a social remnant with a peculiar tinge of character like that which has supplied a repertory of picturesque subjects for the tales of Mr. Cabel. British tutelage has preserved her distinct existence, while her population has been multiplied twenty-fold, since she passed from French to British rule, and is now spreading so rapidly on both sides of the line that it is difficult to say what the boundaries of the French nationality will be. New France, though conquered, has had little reason to complain of her destiny. From association with a British Colony she obtained what she certainly would never have obtained from the Bourbons or the Jesuits—parliamentary government, the freedom of the press, religious liberty, trial by jury, personal liberty, public education, and the abolition of the feudal tenures. She has received, in short, all that which France gained by the Revolution, without undergoing a century of political convulsions, civil bloodshed, and ruinous wars. To change the political nature of the French peasant, and make him the full equal of the Anglo-Saxon in independence of spirit and native capacity for self-government, was not in the legislator's power. Nor was it in his power, when he emancipated from compulsory thralldom to the seigneur, also to emancipate from voluntary thralldom to the priest. Never, perhaps, did conquest appear either in so mild or in so beneficent a guise as it did when it presented itself in the person of that gentle hero who preferred the authorship of Gray's elegy to victory. Voltaire showed discernment, if not patriotism, when he celebrated the taking of Quebec as a triumph of liberty over despotism; and if a sense of substantial benefits could prevail over the promptings of national pride, French Canadians might well keep the anniversary as a season of political rejoicing. But neither this nor the pleasant fact that, in spite of all that has been said about the inherent inability of the Englishman to live in amity with other races, our social relations with the French are entirely kind, can make New France British, or annihilate the obstacle which her unyielding nationality presents to the unification of British North America.

In the North-West the promise of a golden harvest has banished the despondency which ensued upon the inevitable collapse of the boom. Since the discovery of a sufficient supply of fuel there has been no real ground for doubt as to the ultimate capabilities of the region. But these capabilities cannot possibly be developed without a good system of railroads. Land fifty miles from a railroad, though it yielded a thousand bushels to the acre, might as well be in the moon. The single line running from Ocean to Ocean, while it may connect the different provinces of the Dominion together for political and military purposes, cannot open up the North-West. Its effect so far has been to draw out the population in a long string instead of securing the advantages of compact settlement. If the money which is being spent in carrying the road over the Rocky Mountains had been laid out on roads in the Prairie region, the political union with British Columbia might not have been effected, but the commercial results would have been infinitely better. Supposing the vision of diverting the Asiatic trade from San Francisco to a port in British Columbia to be realized, what will Manitoba gain by seeing the cars laden with tea fly past her to the East? A political object is, as the Bystander has always admitted, fully as well entitled to consideration as an economical object; but both cannot be paramount at once, and the paramount object of our statesmen in dealing with the North-West has not been economical but political. If the success of agriculture and commerce has been retarded, this, in the main, is the account of the delay. Access to the best

and nearest markets for agricultural machinery and everything else which the region cannot produce for itself is also an absolutely necessary condition of the prosperity of the North-West. This the people must see, and the more resolutely they demand the removal of the Customslines the better not only for themselves, but for the rest of the Dominion. If they press that question they will find plenty of support in the East. They seem to be greatly bent on the construction of the Hudson's Bay line, not only on commercial but on political grounds; for their political tendency at present appears to be not towards annexation, but towards independence of the Ottawa Government and direct communication with England. The attempt to make this vast region a tributary, whether commercial or political, has failed, as it was sure to fail. The power of resistance possessed by the North-West is not to be measured by the number of its votes at Ottawa, as, unless the fair demands of its people are granted, will speedily appear.

If Cleveland is nominated by the Democrats at Chicago, as at present seems likely, he will stand a very good chance of election, and if he is elected he will probably be a very good President. What is needed in that place now is not sentimental fidelity to a historic cause, but practical loyalty to reform. If the Democratic party could fairly come forward as the party of reform, it would have the good wishes of all the true friends of the country, and would scarcely fail soon to find itself in power; for the people, however bewitched by names and excited by faction fights, have intelligence enough to see that they pay, with the sweat of their brows, for the present abuses of government. But it is not easy to come forward as the party of reform when such an organization of scoundrelism as Tammany forms no inconsiderable portion of your forces. It is hard to understand how men who are simply respectable Conservatives, like the chief men of the Democratic party, continue to act in alliance with a street mob headed by thieves. To the slave-owners, of course, while they were the core of the party, the quality of their Northern allies mattered nothing, so long as slavery could be upheld. The Tammany delegates are at Chicago vigorously playing their own game. General Butler, too, it seems, in accepting the Greenback nomination was providing himself with leverage for acting on the Democratic Convention. These are sinister omens. The Democratic party has an established reputation for blundering; but its blunders are mainly the normal activity of the villainous elements which it contains, and from which we can hardly hope to see it shake itself free. There are whispers still of Mr. Tilden as a candidate, in spite of his positive disclaimer; but it would be sheer suicide to oppose political decrepitude to the popular dash and energy of Mr. Blaine. It is admitted that Mr. Bayard has a following; but he is held, as was said before, to be disqualified, in spite of his evident recommendations, by a speech against civil war, made in 1861 when, as Mr. Blaine has just been reminding us in his history, the Northern leaders were themselves offering, by the Crittenden compromise, to establish slavery forever, if only they could thereby pacify the South, and preserve the Union. When people have not sense enough to see that to set aside their best man on such a ground is absurd, can it be said that they have sense enough to govern themselves? Not till the Democratic platform has been published, and the Democratic candidates nominated will it be safe to predict the result of the independent secession from the Republican party. At present the seceders seem to be numerous, influential, and in earnest. What is certain is that the effects of the rupture in the Republican party will not pass away without suggesting some serious considerations to those who have persuaded themselves that the party system is to be accepted as the permanent basis of elective government.

THE animosities of most civil wars die when the sword is once sheathed and the grass has grown over the graves. Trophies there are none, and the political memory of the multitude is short. No spectre now hovers over the blood-stained fields of La Vendee, and in the United States, though but twenty years have passed since Appomattox, the ashes of hatred, once styled undying, are already cold. But the feud which divided the English race in America a century ago, wretched as it was has been stereotyped by the folly which drove the Tories into new settlements, while organs for the perpetuation of animosity unhappily exist upon both sides. The American demagogue in his Fourth of July orations continues periodically to hector and vituperate, and his rhetorical congener and rival, the spouter of United Empire Loyalty, continues periodically to respond. The weary listener asks himself whether these blasts and counter-blasts of windy and unveracious declamation are to go on for ever, and whether the end of the world is to find two sets of orators hurling at each other bombastic narratives of Lexington and Lundy's Lane. The series of events which the people of the United States celebrated on Friday last as transcending all the annals of mankind in glory and importance can be

regarded only with unmixed sadness by every one whose sympathies extend to the whole English race and beyond it to humanity. The ostensible cause of the American Revolution was utterly inadequate, since the Government of England was not absolute but Parliamentary. The fault of a particular ministry might have been repaired and almost certainly would have been repaired, in the case of the Tea Duty, as it had been in that of the Stamp Act, by the other Party immediately on coming into power. The absence of a sufficient ground in fact betrayed itself, as soon as the real stress of the struggle began to be felt, in that lack of genuine enthusiasm which, as we know from Washington's letters, kept the armies in a perpetual state of moulting, and had reduced the Revolution to the last gasp when French intervention came to its aid. Nothing was gained by the rupture which would not have come in time of itself and without blood; for a man must be an idiot or a clerk in the Colonial office if he can believe that great communities on this side of the Atlantic would have remained for ever in vassalage to a nation on the other side, superior to them in antiquity, but inferior in diffused wealth, in average intelligence, and in general power of self-government. The independence which the wisdom and magnanimity of the Protector had once practically granted to the Colonies, a wise and magnanimous minister would have been found again to grant. Hardly anything was too liberal to have been done by Pitt in his earlier and better days. The result of the rupture, in bringing which about the machinations of Boston smugglers conspired with the insanity of George III. and his ministers, was disastrous to all concerned, though in different ways and degrees. To England, it was loss of renown, soon repaired, however, by Rodney's victories, with the compulsory concession, during her hour of weakness, of legislative separation to Ireland, the blessed fruit of which after a few years was a civil war of devils in that country. To the United States it was that revolutionary bias in politics from which Canadian character is happily free, and which, attended as it was, by the habit of treating authority as an evil and indiscriminately glorifying rebellion, powerfully conspired with the separatism of slavery, in bringing about the civil war of 1861. To the French monarchy it was total ruin, the meed of the folly which to the counsels of Turgot preferred the shallow and hare-brained Quixotism of Lafayette. But it was to humanity at large that the consequences were most deplorable. Up to that time the great intellectual and reforming movement of the eighteenth century had been peacefully advancing, and it was rapidly gaining possession of the thrones and governments of Europe. It had found organs, more or less enlightened and beneficent, in Frederic of Prussia, in Joseph of Austria, in Catherine of Russia, in Leopold of Tuscany, in Pombal at Lisbon, in Aranda at Madrid, in Tanucci at Naples: it was soon to find one in the younger Pitt. Had nothing occurred to bring it to a violent head, civilization might have glided quietly into another and a happier zone. But the American Revolution, involving France, and precipitating a financial crisis there, brought on a world-wide catastrophe of the effects of which we have not yet nearly seen the end. In the eyes of those who have the course of history before them the Black Death or the earthquake of Lisbon would be a rational subject of annual jubilation compared with the American Revolution.

LET American historians lay on the patriotic varnish as thickly as they will. Those who study the records for themselves will be inclined to think that the heroism of the Revolution lay in a pretty narrow circle round the tent of Washington, and that there was exceedingly little of it at any time behind the curtain which shrouded the proceedings of Congress at Philadelphia. The close of the conflict was as ungenerous as its course was, on the whole, devoid of grandeur. Civil war is the greatest of calamities; it is a calamity to be avoided at almost any expense saving the moral life of a nation; but at any rate it should be concluded by amnesty. The Americans, to do them justice, did so conclude their last Civil war; they shed no blood; confiscated hardly any property but the slaves, and restored to the vanquished their civil rights as soon as it could be done with safety. But their ancestors were not so merciful or so wise: they proscribed the vanquished Tories, stripped them of their possessions and drove them into exile. The Tories, or not a few of them, had undoubtedly given bitter provocation. Lord Cornwallis, who knew them too well, afterwards likened them to those Irish Fencibles, against whose lawless and murderous ferocity he was contending as Viceroy of Ireland, with a sick heart. The respectable and intelligent classes, a large proportion of which had at first adhered passively, if not actively, to the king, were soon estranged by the mad acts of the Government or its commanders; and when the party lines were finally drawn, the Tory party consisted largely of the poor, the ignorant and the unsettled, who are always more ready to follow names and persons than principles, and who joyfully welcomed the licence of

marauding upon rebels in the king's name. Beyond doubt they did much mischief, especially when their action was combined with that of the Indians, to the cause, of which Cornwallis was the worthiest servant, and to which it was essential to appear as that of law and order upheld not by parties of raiders, but by disciplined soldiers under commanders representing the authority and dignity of the Crown. To beat the Revolutionary armies in the field was comparatively easy: the king's generals never failed to do it when they could get fair battle; the difficulty was to overcome the local and irregular resistance, the fury of which was everywhere inflamed by Tory outrage. Some of these men, it can hardly be doubted, were guilty of crimes which the mantle of a political cause could not cover, and for which they might have been righteously delivered into the hands of justice. Tracing pedigrees in that direction, in fact, is attended by some danger to the escutcheon. But there was nothing to put the party out of the pale of mercy, and sweeping proscription was not less impolitic than unjust. It rendered perpetual that which would otherwise have been a transient division of the English race; it established a hostile community on the border of the new Commonwealth, and as England was bound in honour to protect the exiles in their asylum, it rendered impossible her complete withdrawal from the Continent, which some of her wisest councillors desired. But all this belongs to the past. If we could now trace out the descendants of all the old Tory families, we should find that many of them had ceased to be Tories altogether, perhaps that not a few had found their way back with the general exodus into the United States. It is vain to expect that in deference to the pedigrees of such as happen to remain, a young and expanding country will allow its destinies to be for ever crushed into a narrow and antiquated mould. The same people who are now threatening with insult and violence all who raise the question of Independence once threatened with insult and violence all who advocated Responsible Government. Let family recollections be cherished: they enhance the poetry of life; but it is preposterous to pretend that Toryism is to be regarded as the life of Canada and the source of the prosperity of which the Jubilee has just been celebrated in Toronto. That prosperity could never have existed if Toryism had not been set aside.

THE position on which Lord Salisbury has fallen back in his resistance to the Franchise Bill seems to be in itself not only strategically strong, but politically sound. Taking up the amendment brought forward by Mr. Albert Grey in the Commons, he demands that the Franchise Bill, instead of being passed by itself, shall be accompanied by the Re-distribution Bill, so that the scheme of reform may be considered as a whole. In this he has reason on his side. What sort of polity will the proposed change produce? What will be the practical effect on the character of government? These are the questions which the amenders of a constitution ought always to ask themselves, but which they too seldom ask, and have certainly failed to ask on the present occasion. The notion that the question of extending the franchise can be settled, irrespectively of practical consequences, by the simple appeal to natural right, will not bear examination: natural rights can be claimed and enjoyed only in the primæval woods. That to which man has a right in civilized society is the best attainable form of government; and what form of government is the best must be settled in the case of this, as of any other machinery, by the degree in which the practical end is secured. Lord Salisbury is right in refusing to consent to an extension of the franchise till the whole plan is before him. Unfortunately, he has discredited his own argument beforehand by rushing into general opposition. It is truly calamitous that at this perilous crisis in the political history of England, the Conservative party should be headed by a Polignac. What the situation needs is a leader, independent of class interests, to organize democracy, while yet there is time, and to make it a polity of public reason, not of popular passion, instead of blindly extending the franchise, and leaving chaos arbiter of the practical result. But no such man is on the scene, or likely to appear there till some convulsion brings him to the front.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

THE sporting programme of the Semi-Centennial contained some interesting events. On Tuesday the Canadian Wheelmen's Association held their annual sports on the Rosedale grounds, when the records for Canadian championship were considerably cut down, a fact which speaks volumes for the track. The chief events were the one mile championship, won by Lavender, of Toronto, in 3m. 9½sec. The two miles, open to all amateurs, was taken by G. S. Lowe, of Montreal, in 6m. 56½sec. The five miles championship produced the finest race of the day, being really

contested throughout, the winner showing up in G. W. Ross, of Montreal, in the fast time of 17m. 14½sec. The number of clubs which sent representatives to the Association shows how popular "wheeling" is in the Dominion. On Thursday a lacrosse match took place between the Torontos and the Caughnawaga Indians. An immense concourse of spectators was present, every available space being occupied. The game was a most even and interesting one, finally resulting in a draw, each side obtaining a goal. Between the games a mixed programme of bicycle and foot races was carried out.

THOSE of our visitors who called at the Toronto new Roller Skating Rink enjoyed a great treat in the marvellous performances of D. J. Canary, who, not inappropriately, is called the champion bi- and uni-cycle performer. This exhibitionist, in the expressive, if not elegant, language of a sight-seer, "could do more on a bicycle than any one else could on a coal waggon." Certainly, the tricks performed with the wheeled steed were wonderful. Of the many examples of the poetry of motion, roller-skating, by one familiar with the art, is amongst the most attractive, and the gyrations of the ladies and gentlemen patrons of the rink elicited considerable admiration from visiting spectators who were not accustomed to the sight. The enterprising proprietors have put in an excellent floor, and added decorations which give the well-known rink a most attractive appearance. During the week, a squad of the 10th Grenadier band were in attendance. On Wednesday night, the I.O.O.F. had a drill in the rink, which was witnessed with interest by a large number of spectators.

THE Toronto cricketing world is contemplating with considerable interest two "tours" which have been arranged for the Trinity College School and the Toronto Eleven, respectively. The former club plays the latter to-morrow (Friday), and then proceeds to Hamilton, Galt, and Guelph. They expect to play a rather stronger Eleven than last year. The Toronto club contemplate playing matches in Guelph, Galt, Detroit, and Chicago.

DR. G. M. DAWSON collects and publishes, chiefly from the reports of the Geological Survey of Canada, some useful notes on the coals and lignites of the Canadian Northwest. These mineral fuels are all of cretaceous and tertiary age. They are extensively developed near the Bow and Belly Rivers and their tributaries, extending eastward from the base of the mountains to about the 111th meridian; but as this is the only region yet examined in detail by the Survey, there may yet prove to be other districts of equal value. Where the cretaceous rocks have been much disturbed and folded, the coal passes into the condition of anthracite, of which a seam occurs on the Cascade River near its confluence with the Bow River and close to the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Out on the plains, however, the strata are nearly flat, and as they recede from the mountains the coals show a larger percentage of water, and assume more or less completely the character of lignites.

THERE were nineteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with thirty-two in the preceding week, and with sixteen, seven and four respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. The same authority reports one hundred and forty-six failures the past week, in the United States, as compared with one hundred and fifty-three in the preceding week, and with one hundred and thirty-nine, ninety-nine, and forty-five, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About seventy-seven per cent were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

SUPERINTENDENT JACKSON, of Castle Garden, says that the Polish Jews are the worst class of immigrants that come to these shores; that they are good for nothing but peddling; are filthy in their personal habits, and altogether just the sort of immigrants we do not want.

COMMENTING upon the rigour of democratic etiquette, a writer in *All the Year Round* points out that "In a Viennese, as in a Parisian, drawing room, a formal introduction to the persons met there is not a matter of strict necessity. Everyone assembled there ought mutually to feel assured of the general respectability. To doubt it is an insult to the host who receives them. Nobody hesitates to open a conversation with anyone who happens to be sitting next to him on a sofa or at table. The case is different in the United States. Such freedom is not permitted by the North Americans, who keep at a distance, and put, as it were, in quarantine every individual who has not been regularly introduced to them. Not until the quarantine is raised do American gentlemen become conversational and American ladies affable. These latter are the most charming

women in the world, for they are graced both by cleverness and beauty, but so long as the presentation has not taken place they are only statues. One day, says our contemporary, when it was raining hard in New York, a freshly-arrived Frenchman, ignorant of New World usages, a good fellow if not an exquisite, saw a lady making vain attempts to cross a swollen gutter in one of the principal streets. So he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and deposited her safely on the other side of the gutter. Instead of vouchsafing to thank him even with a smile, as he naturally expected, the lady stared at him from top to toe, and asked what right he had to dare to touch her. "I will remedy my mistake," the Frenchman answered, and taking the lady up again, he set her down where he had found her.

THE following *morceau* is culled from the "Gleanings and Gossip" of the Springfield *Republican*: "The novelist's expedients justify themselves, sooner or later. Edmond About had his 'Notary's Nose' (in the novel so-called) swallowed by a dog. The effect was grotesque; but at a recent duel with swords between an editor and another politician near Rome, a dog sat by much interested, and when the editor sliced off a cutlet from his antagonist's hand, the dog snapped it up and settled back on his haunches calmly waiting for more. Perhaps it was the same dog."

SIR LEPEL HENRY GRIFFIN cannot be said to have erred on the side of moderation in his last contribution to the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "A Visit to Philistia." The paper has just been reproduced in volume form, with material additions, and will be read with mingled feelings by our American cousins. Sir Lepel, in one word, seems to be of the opinion that America is at once the most uninteresting and the most aggressive country in the world, and the Americans are the most vulgar and aggressive of peoples. When we find him starting out with an inquiry as to whether the discovery of America by Columbus has been of advantage or loss to the "so-called civilized nations of the Old World," we know what to expect. We are prepared to be told that "the America of to-day is the apotheosis of Philistinism, the perplexity and despair of statesmen, the Mecca to which every religious or social charlatan turns first, where the one God worshipped is Mammon, the highest education is the share-list." America is, to Sir Lepel, the country of disillusion and disappointments in politics, literature, and art, in its scenery, its cities, and its people, and with some knowledge of every country of the civilized world, in none other, except Russia, would the author not prefer to live and die. He puts forward his work as a warning to English Liberals against the demoralization which may fall upon a country which is so unwise as to surrender political power into the coarse hands of the uneducated masses. Republican institutions have had one hundred years' trial, and have failed. Class distinctions are more demoralizing in America than in any other quarter of the globe, and the Yankees are the veriest toadies on earth. So low has the imitation of English class distinctions penetrated, that the proprietor of one hotel keeps no waiters who will not consent to shave their moustaches and cut their whiskers *a l'Anglaise*. And as for the harvest of Democracy, we are told that it is a corruption which an honest man shuns like the plague. As our neighbours would say, Sir Lepel has evidently "got it very bad," but we fear they will be more inclined to laugh than to be angered at his "phobia."

MR. GLADSTONE and about one hundred members of the House of Commons were present recently at an exhibition of thought-reading, in the smokeroom of the House, by Mr. Stuart Cumberland. Mr. Coleridge Kennard was the first "subject," and the operator correctly selected a tumbler on a side-table as the object thought of, but instead of conveying it to Mr. Gladstone as intended, he handed it to Mr. Waddy. A similar experiment, in which Mr. Pulestone was the "subject," was more successful, a small tray being duly handed to the person thought of. Mr. Cumberland next inquired whether any gentleman was suffering from pain; and on Lord Lynton stating that he was in that condition, the operator, after various manipulations, fixed upon the small toe of the right foot, where the noble Lord had stated he had a troublesome corn. The operator's next request was for a bank-note, and one offered by Mr. E. Clarke was accepted for the experiment. That gentleman retired to a corner, and committed to memory the number of the note, which Mr. Cumberland at a third guess correctly stated. In a similar trial with the Hon. E. Stanhope he was still more successful. Mr. Gladstone next consented to take part in the experiments, and to think of three figures. Mr. Cumberland (blindfolded) guided Mr. Gladstone's hand across a printed row of figures, and at the first attempt correctly guessed "366" as the number thought of. The experiments were watched with great interest.

SOME curious events now and again are brought to light with regard to church patronage in England. In the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons on the Church Patronage Bill, the fact was elicited that Tom Cannon, the celebrated jockey, is proprietor of an advowson. It appears that Mr. Cannon was anxious to become "mine host" of a certain hostelry, but as the living went with the hotel he had thus become the proprietor of both. The crack jock is said to be not at all desirous of the Church's favour.

"THE gambling tables at Monte Carlo are evidently doomed, and with them the last public haunts of the professional gamblers in civilized Europe will be closed." Thus writes an editor of an English exchange. Monaco is nominally, indeed, an independent state, and the reigning Prince is not understood to be over anxious to carry out the wishes of his neighbours. The recent numerous tragedies have at last aroused public opinion in the cities of the Riviera to the enormity of the evil. Nice and the other neighbouring towns, moreover, have suffered through the draining of their resources at the gambling houses, and the long-deferred sentence of extinction is evidently soon likely to be carried out. There are few spots more favoured by nature than Monaco, and art has added with wonderful effect to the beauties of Monte Carlo. But there is no reason to believe that Monaco will cease to charm when the curse which blasts it now is removed. Baden-Baden and Ems and Homburg and Wiesbaden had their gaming tables a few years ago, and it was said that the waters would lose their virtues if the croupiers ceased to cry and the tables ceased to turn. But a great king issued his fiat; the beautiful German watering places were purified, and they are now more popular than ever. Homburg has lost none of its popularity, and the surpassing beauties of Baden-Baden, with its music and its fêtes, are not the less enthusiastically enjoyed because the scenes in the Kursaal which Thackeray so vividly described are now happily only evil memories. And no one who knows the Corniche and the Riviera will doubt that Monaco has before it a future brighter and better, one far more worthy of the fair land of which it is one of the fairest corners, than the hideous past with its long catalogue of death and destruction.

CONFLICTING VIEWS ON CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

WHILE Lieut.-Col. Denison, Police Magistrate of Toronto, was telling the descendants of the U. E. Loyalists that the only voices heard in favour of Canadian Independence were those of a few hangers-on of the press, who have no stake in the country, and who spend half of their time in the United States, two superior judges of Quebec—Judge Sicotte and Judge Loranger—and a public man of mark, Hon. M. Boyd, were, in the words of a Conservative journal, *Le Quotidien*, of Levis, expressing their "decided conviction that, in the near future, Canada will be called upon to form an independent nation." As these gentlemen are not hangers-on of the press, are not under the condemnation attached to new comers, were born and live in the country, in which, besides, they have something at stake, Col. Denison's list of independence advocates must be slightly varied and enlarged. Col. Denison was not aware that they had expressed opinions so completely in opposition to his own. To M. Royal's mental vision the country appears to be marching on to definitive independence:—

Ce pays a commencé par être colonie; il est ensuite devenue province; sa troisième phase sera celle de l'émancipation définitive. La Confédération a été l'agroupement de provinces qui ont espéré trouver dans la réalisation d'une combinaison hardie, les garanties d'accord, d'ordre social, de stabilité, de puissance, et de relèvement des esprits qui préparent un peuple à ses destinées finales.

With M. Royal independence is scarcely a matter of predilection, for though we are wanting in what he calls the emblem of a people's dignity and force, a national flag, he distinctly guards himself against being understood to deplore a condition of inferiority which he regards as rather apparent than real. He does not wish to see a premature evolution of nationality; its final coming is a matter of time, and time belongs to the Eternal, on whom men are dependent (et le temps appartient à Dieu que méne les hommes). In short, M. Royal's position is that of a man who does not pretend to be superior to destiny; who looks upon a coming political change with the resignation with which one submits to the inevitable.

With Judge Loranger the necessity of independence is a conviction; the colonial state is the feebleness of a country's minority, which cannot be indefinitely prolonged, and to such England herself may put a term.

On ne doit pas se cacher que le régime colonial est à la faiblesse des peuples, ce que la tutelle est à la minorité de l'enfant, qu'il ne peut se prolonger indéfiniment, qu'un jour ou l'autre il peut avoir un terme, et que l'Angleterre peut elle-même briser le lieu qui nous unit.

This may serve to recall Lord Palmerston's avowal that, if Canada desired independence she had only to say the word, and England would wish

her God speed. Judge Loranger's preference for independence is strong, and in fifty years, he predicts, the colonial sentiment will be extinct.

Moi, je suis pour la doctrine Munroe, je suis américain et je suis canadien, et je vous dis que le sentiment colonial dans cinquante ans aura vécu. Les hommes ne sont pas faits pour rester éternellement en tutelle. Quand un mineur a atteint l'âge de la majorité, on l'émancipe. Ceux que l'on n'émancipe pas sont des imbéciles, et les canadiens ne sont pas des imbéciles.

It is going far in the opposite direction to that travelled by Col. Denison to brand as imbeciles all in whose souls the desire for independence does not find a place; but the hand of Judge Loranger does not shrink from attaching this stigma. The course of historic development has generally been on this line; the road travelled has been from colonial dependence to separate national existence, unless when the colonies were practically independent of the parent state from the start. What probability is there that Canada will form an exception to the universal experience of mankind; that for her the sun will stand still, and the universal law of historical development be suspended?

Judge Sicotte, who speaks less positively than his retired brother, says Canada has to choose between imperial federation, independence with separate existence, or independence with annexation to the United States. (Il y a trois issues pour cette terre qui fut la nouvelle France). Against imperial confederation and annexation he equally pronounces; the objection to the first being that distance would prevent complete fusion, to the second that it is not true independence:

Les nationalités les plus vivaces sont celles qui s'appuient sur les incidents qui leur font une vie distincte, propres à elles seules; sur les faits qui constituent sa croissance d'après son développement social, historique; ses qualités, ses différences; sa mission dans les sociétés; son nom dans le monde des nations; son parfum de terroir; choses qui font une individualité, une existence propre et particulière. L'annexion aux États-Unis ne serait pas cette individualité. Nous changerions de nom, de patrie, pour adopter un autre nom, une autre patrie. Evidemment cette issue n'est pas celle que dicte le sentiment vrai de l'indépendance. Il y a de la déchéance dans cette abnégation de tout ce qui nous est propre, pour se donner à plus fort, parce qu'il est plus fort.

The occasion on which these speeches were made was the National Congress of the French Canadians, on the recent extraordinary celebration of the fête of Saint Jean Baptiste. There were present a large number of men of mark and prominence. How were those independence utterances received? An eye-witness replies that each allusion to independence was received with applause. And no protest was uttered, no rebuke has come from the press. If this means tacit approval, Col. Denison's list of independents must be not only largely added to, but wholly changed in complexion.

My present object being a correction of the record, I leave to others a discussion of the question to which the evidence relates. C. L.

A GREAT PREACHER ON WOMEN.

THERE has lately been published a new edition of St. Chrysostom. In reading the homilies of this most eloquent of men, it is curious to note the amount of criticism he devotes to the foibles of the sex. This is really an index of the high civilization to which Constantinople had attained. No better indications can be given of the domestic condition of a people than female life and character supply. In Constantinople, at the beginning of the fifth century, though the city was essentially Greek, we see nothing of that depreciation of females which prevailed in the historical age of Greece. An Eastern principle, it never took root among the Romans; it was antagonistic to Christianity, and over the Greek life of Byzantium the influence of Rome and Christianity was very great. Women find a prominent place in the literature of the time. Nowhere are these portraits more vigorously drawn than in the pages of Chrysostom. Consciously misleading we are sure the Saint could not be, but the tendency of social satire is to exaggeration, and we are not at all certain that, postulating the same freedom of expression as was permitted in his day, language as strong as he was accustomed to use could not now with propriety be applied to woman.

Very little is said about the mental qualities of the ladies. It is on their personal charms the Saint comments. Aristotle tells us that size is one of the virtues of woman; and in the fourth and fifth century no lady in Constantinople, unless she was fairly tall, could be admitted among the belles. In modern times we see ladies with the nose "tip-tilted" successfully set up as professional beauties, but Chrysostom, in his fourth homily on the epistle to Timothy, tells us that a fashionable beauty of his day was required to have a nose straight, with nostrils exquisitely chiselled and in perfect proportion, and the teeth white, small, and regular. The eyes were required to be full, dark, and rolling. Just as the modern ladies, so the beauties of Constantinople called art to the aid of nature. The face was painted and the eyes dyed with stibium. Hence the advice of Chrysostom to a man whose wife is thus addicted: "Do not," says Chrysostom, "terrify her; do not threaten her; be persuasive and insinuating."

ating. Talk at her by reflecting on neighbours who do the same : tell her she appears less lovely when thus tampered with. Ask her if she wishes to look young, and assure her that *this* is the quickest way to look old. Then finally come down on her with the warnings of Scripture. You may speak once and again, and she is invincible ; but never desist ; be always amiable and bland, but still persevere. It is worth putting every engine in motion. If you succeed, you will no more see lips stained with vermilion, a mouth like that of a bear reeking with gore, nor eyebrows blackened as from a sooty kettle, nor cheeks plastered like whited sepulchres." Of course this exhortation, while shaming the women addicted to meretricious adornment, proves that the dames of the eastern empire could at least make their independence recognized—a contrast to their successors to-day.

Not so the maidens. Till the period of a premature marriage the sex lived in the deepest seclusion. No sign of mental education. "Whence comes it," asks Chrysostom, "that the sex is so effeminate, but from their method of rearing? It is the result of their seclusion, their idleness, their baths, their unguents, their downy couches." A watch was set on their chambers. They seldom attended the services of the Church. The young lady never saw her future husband unless she, from some lofty window, peered after the unknown master of her happiness. A like happiness seldom came to him. The courtship was conducted by his father and mother and innumerable match-makers ; the contract made in the presence of ten witnesses ; and if a wife brought a large dowry the husband was expected to meet it with a certain amount, which, in the event of her early death, might be claimed by her relatives.

The marriage ceremony was a miserable mixture of pagan and Christian rites. To-day the bishop or priest joined the hands of the pair and pronounced a blessing ; to-morrow whatever of purity might have been fostered by the seclusion of the bride's previous life was prostrated in an hour. She came forth from her father's house covered with paint, and received by a host of drunken and lascivious men and women, slaves, vagabonds, prostitutes. The procession to the house of the bridegroom late in the evening was attended by innumerable lamps and torches, the bride being paraded through the agora to the sound of flutes and cymbals. Professional singers and dancers were hired for the occasion ; every license was given to the drunken revellers, around, who assailed her ears by foul and scurrilous songs. If the couple were wealthy a saturnalia ensued. They were "at home" for a week after the ceremony. Not only was the bride painted, she was arrayed in finery ransacked from all her friends. The week expired, restitution must be made, and it would seem this was a trying moment to the poor girl-wife. "The bride will not take it to heart bitterly," said Chrysostom, "if she be kindly treated." But in truth she ought to have had a gay heart though stripped of her borrowed plumes, because by her marriage she had passed from a seclusion which was an imprisonment, to a freedom out of doors, and an authority in the house hardly exceeded in modern life.

The Saint draws a beautiful picture of the matron seated on high, with her maids spinning in silence at her side. But he dwells longer and oftener on a far different scene : the wife, a termagant in-doors, beating her slaves, or indulging in fashionable dissipation abroad. "When," says Chrysostom, in his homily on the Ephesians (Cap. iv. hom. xv., tom. xi., 129) "they are exasperated with their damsels the whole house re-echoes to the cry, and should the house adjoin the street, every passenger overhears the mistress and the shrieking maid. . . 'What ! may she not beat her?' I say not that, for she ought, but not continually, nor immoderately, nor for household trifles, nor for neglectful service merely. But if she injures her own soul, then all men will approve, and none condemn the beating. Yes ; if she will not improve, correct her with a rod and blows. 'And what am I to do if she paints?' Forbid it. 'What if she is given to drinking and talking scandal?' Why, how many ladies are the same? But many a mistress is so savage as to scourge till one whole day cannot efface the stripes ; and when the unhappy woman next appears in the bath, all this cruelty is disclosed. Now she is threatened with the dungeon ; now assailed with ten thousand oaths and maledictions ; first she is a witch, then something worse than a witch, for in her foaming passion, a mistress withholds no wordy insult. She strips her and binds her to the bed-post, summons her children to the spectacle, and bids her dotard spouse act the part of executioner."

When the great lady went abroad, fashion required not a troop of females but a retinue of eunuchs. "In liveries decked with gold," says Chrysostom, "they must be in attendance on their mistress." The word "mules" sets the eloquent preacher off, and he paints a series of interesting pictures which would find a parallel in modern times. The husband has despatched the mules elsewhere. Forthwith ensue peevishness, a quarrel, a sul-

len fit ; perhaps she herself had forgot the engagements of the morning and let them go—not the less all the day long she is devoured with vexation. And besides, these same mules may turn lame, and both of them too, and they must be sent out to grass, and that, year after year and for weeks at a time. She thought it an age while she sat at home, for she could not go out on foot, as though she was in a prison. "It would have been better," cries the preacher, "to have walked than to have sulked at home, or why were feet given to us? But she did not like to be jostled by her acquaintance ; that might excite a blush ;" and he abruptly closes with the retort that there might be far better reasons for her blushing at home. Happy was she with white mules to her carriage. All the harness must be in keeping, with a gilded collar and trappings of silver tissue, and her first drive was to her jewellers.

At balls, marriages, and processions her jewellery was well displayed, but at none of these was she so determined to give scope to her vanity as in church. "Yes," cries Chrysostom, "in one tip of her little ear she will suspend a ring that might have paid for the food of ten thousand poor Christians." Her waist blazed with gems, and her mantle was profusely adorned. To all remonstrances her reply is, "I like it, and my heart swells while all admire." Even the Virgins of the Church were infested with the prevailing vanity. Not that they were ever seen with golden ornaments or braided hair. "No," says the Saint ; "but they have become cunning in their simplicity ; and this is worse and worse. . . . Their gown is of the deepest grey ; they are very short-waisted, and the girdle just below the breast performs its office with the closest assiduity. Then there are the shoes, refulgent with blacking, nicely acuminated to a point, the copy of no mortal foot, but of the beau ideal of the painter's art. Who can withdraw from that face which has never known paint, but glistens with perpetual soap? A veil whiter than the face hangs partially before it, and this again is contrasted with the black robe in which she appears—broad, its hood just covering the summit of her head. But who shall decide the objects of that veil, for from beneath it her eyes are seen to wander in ten thousand movements? Then the gloves cling so smoothly to the hand, that they look like another integument of nature ; and last of all," says the saintly preacher, "are countless artful graces of carriage and deportment, such as entrance every eye, even though a dame all golden be riding by her side."

The fashionable dames were beset at the church door by every form of want and hideous professional mendicancy. Every appeal was in vain, until the disdainful lady was implored by her own loveliness. "Then the heart leaps, the colour glows, and the hand makes its offerings to charity." In the church the females were placed apart, generally on an elevation or gallery above the men. Nevertheless the conduct of both sexes in church was disgraceful. "The order of a household shames the disorder of the church." "Here are the tumult and confusion of an inn, the laughter and hubbub of the bath and agora." The dress in very many cases was most meretricious. The church was notorious as a place for assignations. Matters of trade were discussed. If the sermon was dull, chat and joke were the order of the day. During the prayers they sat and chatted, and sharp and witty repartees were circulated. The women were the worst offenders. "Here," says Chrysostom, "they shew neither awe nor reserve : here *they* laugh always."

A really searching comparison would show that while in some things we have improved, many of the follies which Chrysostom condemned exist among ourselves to-day, while a few vices have been developed from which even Byzantine ladies were free.

HENRY OSWALD.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY.

His father was a poor tradesman ; and the future statesman and political economist, the founder of the noble family of Lansdowne, of which our Governor-General is the present head, like many another eminent man, began life in an humble station. He attended the grammar school of his native place ; and having at the age of fifteen made himself master of all the subjects taught there, he crossed the channel in quest of further knowledge, and entered a seminary at Caen. He had previously lost his father ; and having been thus cast upon the world without patrimony or patron, it becomes a pertinent question how he obtained means of support at this Norman college. We find that like many another poor scholar, he had recourse to ways of making money, and that, with his studies, he carried on traffic as a merchant in small wares. He opened a shop, or stall, in the town of Caen for the sale of English goods, and met with such success that he was enabled to pay all expenses, both of maintenance and education, for four years. Josiah Wedgwood, the potter, whose origin was even humbler than that of the subject of our notice, was in the habit of

maintaining that nothing could be more pleasant than the sense of honestly earning money. He (Wedgwood) had become, after a long and severe struggle, a very rich man, and generous as he was rich; yet he found the retrospect of his early days, when he was poor, and when every shilling he was able to save was an appreciable gain, more agreeable than the affluence to which he had attained, when shillings, and even pounds, were reckoned as very small sums in the larger business transactions of the wealthy firm, of which he had become the founder. Petty, on the other hand, considered his experience as a wholesome discipline, and also as a safe-guard against the allurements of vice, at a period of life when such allurements are potent. When a young man is compelled to earn his own livelihood, he said, and when he finds that he can not only do so, but, by economical living, lay up something for future need, it helps very powerfully to keep him out of mischief—a remark which is not in the least original, and to the truth of which every young man is prepared to assent, but which very few young men ever attempt to put to a rigorous test.

Petty left Caen in his nineteenth year, with some money in his purse, and more knowledge in his head. He had thoroughly mastered the French language. He had also a competent acquaintance with astronomy, mathematics and navigation. Other acquirements he had also made, and he possessed certain aptitudes which were native to him. Like Benjamin Franklin, whom, in other respects, he resembles, he had from his earliest childhood a talent for mechanics. He delighted in watching artisans at work, and before he was twelve years of age could handle the most delicate tools with the greatest ease. This was a faculty which was of considerable profit to him in after life. Meanwhile, on leaving the French college he returned to England, and entered the marine service; but whether it was the royal or merchant marine is uncertain. Here he soon made the discovery that he was not adapted to a "life on the ocean wave." He was near-sighted; and having on one occasion in consequence of this defect failed to report a certain land-mark, for which he was told to be on the watch, and having thus incurred a rebuke from his superiors, he resolved that as such a mistake might have had serious consequences, and as it might recur, he would abandon an occupation for which he justly conceived himself to be disqualified. He had £60 in his pocket, and with that sum, equal in purchasing power to £300, or \$1,500 of our money, having made choice of medicine as a profession, he set forth, first, to Leyden, in Holland, thence to Utrecht, thence to Amsterdam, and lastly to Paris, these cities being celebrated as seats of learning, and especially as schools of medicine. At Paris, which was then, as it still is, famous in the department of anatomy, he had for a class-fellow one who has since become known to us as Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, mathematical tutor to Charles II. when Prince of Wales, and the author of *Leviathan*. At Paris, too, Petty and his brother Anthony, who had accompanied him in all these continental wanderings, and for whose maintenance he had become responsible, were reduced to such straits that, as we read, they subsisted for two whole weeks on two pennyworth of walnuts. It is here to be observed, in reference to the £60 which he saved in Caen, that two pence would, at that period, represent more value than ten pence of our money, and that the walnuts were, in all probability, supplemented by a loaf of bread now and then. Such were his address, ingenuity and industry, however, that he did not long remain involved in these troubles. For we are informed in that singular document, his last will and testament, that at the end of three years, which was the limit of his absence from England on this occasion, he returned with £70 in his pocket, having thus ultimately not only defrayed his own and his brother's expenses out of his little capital of £60, but also, as we see, increased it by the amount of £10. The saving of money helps to keep a man out of mischief, he said, and he was right. But the difficulty is to be saving without being sordid; and men who acquire the habit in youth are very apt to degenerate into mere misers and money-grubs before they become old. At the end of four years he was admitted to the University of Oxford to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. At this period he was very poor, his capital of £70 having, as he informs us, dwindled down to £28; but having been appointed to the Chair of Anatomy in the University, and also to the Readership of Gresham College, then he was in two more years worth £400. Meanwhile his reputation for industry and ability had become so great, that not only the Dons at Oxford, but such men as Cromwell and Ireton, approved of him; and when it became necessary in 1652 to organize a medical department for the army of occupation stationed in Ireland, he was, with the cordial assent of all concerned, nominated to the post of Superintendent, with an outfit of £100, and pay to the amount of £1 a day.

By the assiduous cultivation of his great abilities, Petty had prepared himself to take advantage of the good fortune which now accrued to him. We say of some men that they were lucky, by which we mean that they

have succeeded in obtaining some good thing, quick preferment, or a great fortune, for which they have not wrought, and which, therefore, they have not deserved. In this sense Petty was not lucky, for he got only his deserts. He was known to be an able man, and a hard and conscientious worker; and it was this knowledge of him which led to his selection for this appointment. He led a very busy life in Ireland. The supervision and superintendence of the medical department of the army did not fill his hands. He found time for other interests and pursuits. He saw that the allotment and distribution of the confiscated estates among the soldiery and others was not conducted either in an equitable or regular manner. Some men got more, some less than their due. Often two or three grantees got the same grant. Many complained of intrusion and trespass on the part of their neighbours, while others maintained that, having got nothing, they had either been dropped out accidentally or intentionally overlooked. In order to remedy this state of matters, Petty contracted with the Government to provide maps of the confiscated districts, which comprised the greater portion of the island. He was an accomplished geodesist and engineer, and his maps are models of accuracy and good drawing. There were none equal to them in that day, and even now they are occasionally referred to in courts of law as eminently trustworthy. In addition to this arduous undertaking, an undertaking which might well have engrossed his leisure hours for many a year, he found time for the exercise of his inventive faculty, which, as we know, was very great. His remembrance of his youthful passion for the sea and seamanship led him to attempt improvements in naval architecture. He constructed a double-bottomed ship, thus anticipating by more than two centuries the modern invention of water-tight compartments. He patented a new kind of locomotive carriage, a new kind of ordnance, a new kind of water-pump. He wrote books: a treatise entitled "Political Anatomy of Ireland," which affords valuable information of the state of that unfortunate country towards the close of the seventeenth century; another work, which he calls "Taxes and Contributions;" and still another, which bears the Latin name of "Quantulumcunque," and which is a dissertation on money. In "Taxes and Contributions" he propounds the now universally-recognized doctrine that commodities are valuable only in proportion to the labour expended in their production; while in "Quantulumcunque," he proves that it is wrong to attempt to regulate the rate of interest, just as it would be wrong to attempt to regulate the rate of exchange. He also, in the latter work, endeavours to expose the then prevalent fallacy, that it was possible for a community to become impoverished in consequence of an unfavourable balance in its trade. In short, if Adam Smith was, as he is sometimes called, the father of the science of Political Economy, Sir William Petty was assuredly its grandfather. He was the inventor of the system of tabulation of figures bearing on the resources, or population, or other elements of national life and development, which we generally call *statistics*, sometimes *political arithmetic*. He was the first statistician, as well as the best and most reliable financier, of his day; and all his work, of whatever kind, in whatever department of science, is so good that it may almost be considered perfect, the reason being that it was conscientious work; that he desired, first of all, to uphold in and express by it what he believed to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He lived in an atmosphere of fire; an atmosphere made, as it were, red-hot, by fierce civil contentions and still fiercer religious controversies, by strife of tongues and furious intolerance of parties; and yet there is not to be found in him a single trace of that bias and prejudice which are always begotten of pronounced partisanship, and which have disfigured nearly all the writings of all his contemporaries. The fact is that, constitutionally prudent, he was incapable of becoming a very hot man on any side, no matter how deeply he may have been committed. He may have worn the sombre garments, also, but only at set times and on very special occasions, the sombre face of the Puritan. Though a Roundhead, we very much question if his head was ever very round; that is, we very much question if he ever submitted to have it very much cropped. On the testimony of Mr. John Evelyn, who knew him well, he must have been a very jolly companion. He possessed in great perfection the dangerous talent of mimicry; and if space permitted, we might cite a passage from Evelyn's "Memoirs," in which that gossipy chronicler dwells with relish upon the richness of his accomplishments in that kind. He was manifestly neither a gloomy bigot nor an impracticable fanatic, but a strong, courageous man of the world; strong, in that he performed whatever work was entrusted to him faithfully and conscientiously; courageous, in that he never permitted himself to be oppressed, much less overcome, by the numerous difficulties and dangers which beset him at all stages of his career. An able, versatile, and most useful man he was,

who served his day and generation with great zeal and efficiency, and who has bequeathed to posterity such monuments and memorials as are still found to be worthy of care and preservation. If we might hint at a fault in him, we might perhaps make bold to insinuate that the object which he would seem to have proposed to himself, mere personal success in life, was not the highest possible object, and that a more magnanimous regard to the public weal would have tended to elevate him in the estimation both of his contemporaries and of posterity. In short, we do not in the least admire his political facility, and we feel inclined to despise him, when we see him, the friend of Cromwell and of liberty, stooping to receive the degradation of knighthood at the un-knightly hands of Charles II. As might have been anticipated from the habits and methods of frugality which he so early adopted, and to which he so rigidly adhered, as well as the spirit of enterprise and adventure which characterized him throughout his entire career, he became an enormously rich man, one of the richest men in the three kingdoms, an English Rothschild or Vanderbilt of the seventeenth century. He died at Westminster, London, on the 16th December, 1687, at the not very advanced age of sixty-four, having been born at Rumsey, Hants, on the 16th May, 1623.

The family which he founded has risen to high rank, great wealth, and not a little political consequence. The present Governor-General of Canada is the fifth marquis. He is believed to possess a fair share of the talent which would appear to be hereditary in the race of Petty. He is a good speaker, and an amiable and courteous gentleman. He was a member of the present Gladstone Government, but, with his colleague, the Duke of Argyll, resigned office, having, like him, disapproved of the measures of the Government affecting the tenure and occupancy of land in Ireland. Being comparatively a young man, he will, if he be spared to attain to the allotted term of human life, see still more radical changes, and not more radical than necessary, in the agrarian laws; not only of Ireland, but also of England and Scotland. He is said to be a good, even an indulgent, landlord; and, upon the whole, we may feel safe in predicting for him a career in Canada which shall be alike acceptable to Canadians, satisfactory to his political friends, and profitable to himself.

Sir William Petty, on his death-bed, gave orders that his remains should be interred in Rumsey Parish Church, beside those of his humble parents, where his grave may still be identified by the legend carved on a flat stone, by an illiterate workman, of which the following is a copy:—

HERE LAYES
SIR WILLIAM PETTY.

T. TALLOCH, M.A.

CULTURE AND CROTCHETS.

CROTCHETS, we are gravely but vehemently told, must go. The reign of Crotchet is over, for it has had its death-blow given to it by "The Culture League of America," an organization of an amateurish type, recently founded in New York, one of whose cherished objects is the "Suppression of Crotchets," with other philanthropic designs of more or less quixotic character. The organization has issued a prospectus—or symposium, as it is called—setting forth, among other sweets, the rapturous felicity of affiliation with a Co-operative Literary Society in Manhattan, whose aim is "to extend the higher republic of taste," and to award distinction to those who will forward to the League a contribution of three half-dimes, and be enrolled in a galaxy of immortals, on the following graduated scale: "(1) The Forty, denoted thus—* ; (2) The Hundred—* ; (3) The Five Hundred—† ; (4) The Two Thousand—‡ ;" and other ordinary, undistinguished, untitled, and unlettered members. To do justice to this great, and, we fear, likely-to-be-successful, rival of our own Royal Society—which, more sharply than ever, will have to look to its laurels—we quote an illustrative paragraph from its platform, and hasten to commend its aims to the raw levies in Canada, who, no doubt, are breathlessly waiting to be recruited into the ranks of this novel army, whose large and generous aim is the "intellectualization" of the masses on this continent, and upon whose banner is inscribed the exhilarating device, "Pure Politics, Social Melioration, and the suppression of Crotchets:"

"This is a spontaneous effort on the part of a body of persons to kindle into a volume which will spread over two continents an energy of intellectual life that will represent, in some fractional sort, the response of humanity in general to the appeal of the great minds of all ages."

Recovering our breath, which had gone from us as we read of this volume-kindled but fractional force, our eye lit on this other paragraph, and our mind swelled to bursting at thought of the onward march of this army, "terrible with banners," and drunk with the wine of suppressed crotchets.

"The Culture League is founded on the belief that a vast number of persons can attain to such clear views on questions of political principle and mental and moral culture, that their combined influence, when that of each has become a ponderable force, may prove an enormous factor for aiding progress."

Here you see the democratic state coach of progress in process of evolution, the seats all being on top, so that its exalted freight may imbibe "clear views on questions of political principle," and be able to do the clown feats, as the chariot rolls along, in the regions of lucidity and mental and moral gymnastics. Thimble-rigging, with the pea of the tariff, transformations in the seductive paths of political economy, together with other thrilling and exciting manifestations of party legerdemain, and political revivals attract crowds of spectators along the line of route, amid the delirious shoutings of the *claqueurs* and henchmen of the party of the Ins. Oh! shades of Socrates and Plato! look askance from the high-farce spectacle enacted in the sacred names of philosophy and political science; and thou, Burke, weep not tears over this jejune effort to divine what "appears to be the right application to literature of republican principles," impiously attempted by THE CULTURE LEAGUE OF AMERICA. Long live Culture and Crotchets! A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—With other advocates of the higher education of women, I have read with pleasure the account given by one of your contributors in THE WEEK of July 3rd of this well-known institution of learning—probably the only one in America that has any title to be ranked with Girton and Newnham in England. With the author of the article I would like to see such a college in Ontario in order that those women who desire a university training might be enabled to obtain it without being obliged to attend classes in company with male students. It is a mistake to suppose that the advocates of higher education for women all prefer co-education as a means of securing it. I doubt whether any of them do, and even "X. Y. Z." admits that co-education must be tolerated, "if women who covet higher education . . . have no other choice than to seek it in association with young men, in the colleges hitherto devoted to the rougher sex and adapted to their special aims in life as well as to the sports and relaxations suited to them." To admit so much is to give up the whole case, in so far at least as the female applicants to attend classes in University College are concerned. They are applicants not from choice but from necessity, and their friends and advocates are pressing their claims not because the privilege is all that can be desired but because it is all that there is just now any hope of securing.

In the discussion of a practical question there is nothing like being practical, and therefore I may be excused for stating once more the precise position of those female undergraduates of the Provincial University who are applying year after year for leave to attend lectures in the Provincial College. They have by the University Senate been welcomed to the university examinations. They have shown by their annually increasing numbers that they appreciate the privilege thus extended to them. The only college in the Province which adopts the university curriculum is University College, and therefore University College is the only institution in which they can receive instruction in the university course. Throughout the latter they are placed in sharp competition with male undergraduates and they are judged by the public on their relative standing in the class lists. To make matters worse for them it is a common practice for the senate to appoint as examiners in the university some of the lecturers in the college. Can a system so utterly unjust be allowed to go on? Either women should never have been allowed to come up to the university examinations or they should be allowed to attend the only lectures given on the lines of the university curriculum. The effort to accomplish the difficult task imposed on them causes an enormous strain on the faculties as well as the means of the candidates, and if "X. Y. Z." only knew the hardship inflicted by the refusal of the College Council to admit women to lecture he would probably regard the question more from a practical, and less from a theoretical, point of view.

From the opinion that admitting women to lectures in University College would tend to postpone the establishment of a real Woman's College, I utterly dissent. Those who hold this view and make it an excuse for closing the doors of University College are bound to show some ground for their belief. I point to the recent action of the Legislative Assembly in proof of the correctness of my own position. That body was asked last session by two eminent graduates of Toronto University and old students of University College, to express its wish in the matter, and by an overwhelming majority it expressly resolved that women should be admitted to University College. It was open to other members of the Assembly to move by way of amendment the expediency of establishing a separate college for women. No one did so, no one even asserted in the debate the desirability of such a solution of the difficulty. There is not, so far as I can see, any immediate chance of getting such an institution at the expense of the Province whether women are admitted to University College or not, and I firmly believe that the best way to secure its establishment is to allow women to prove by attendance at a college not specially adapted for them that there is a real need for one that is. You are well aware that one of the standing objections to the necessary expenditure is the alleged paucity of the women who desire a university training.

If "X. Y. Z." will initiate a movement for the erection, endowment, and equipment of a college for women equal in standard and teaching facilities to University College, he will meet with no opposition from those who are now pressing the claims of women to admission to the latter institution. Meanwhile he must permit others to work for the only scheme which at present appears to them practicable. The crying

injustice to which the female undergraduates of the Provincial University have hitherto been subjected must be brought to an end. The Legislature has declared in the most explicit terms its purpose that they shall be admitted to the Provincial College. Relying on this declaration and believing that they have a legal right to such admission, some of the applicants are prepared to resort to a competent legal tribunal for relief, and this they will probably do at once if some indication is not soon given of a change of policy on the part of those who control University College. Wm. HOUSTON.

Toronto, July 7, 1884.

TORONTO'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

IF coloured lights and fiery flags,
Or men tricked out in gaudy rags
Can glorify a city,
Then this must be most richly blessed,
Or like a child that's overdressed
Excite her sisters' pity.

To stand at midnight on a dock,
And tremble at the awful shock
Of brilliant, bursting rockets:
To gaze upon terrific skies,
Or watch the lanterns till your eyes
Dance in their weary sockets;

Or fret upon a trembling stage,
To represent a wiser age,
By paint and shoddy pomp,
May satisfy for fifty years,
Although it oftener appears
Upon a school-boy's romp.

NATHANIAL NIX.

TEMPTATION.

THE BREEZE TO THE VIOLET:

"FROM thy bed 'mid the mosses fair blossom, arise,
Soft, dew-dropping clouds are afloat in the skies,
The bloom's on the willow, the rill runs to hear
The robin arousing the slumbering year."

Gladly the violet lifted her head
Over the mosses that curtained her bed,
Harkened the song of the robin, and heard
A pitiful plaint from the heart-broken bird.

THE ROBIN:

"Sleep, gentle violet, sleep in thy nest,
Murky the clouds are that sail in the west;
Wait for the joys in the future to be,
Where May in her slumber is dreaming of thee."

THE BREEZE:

"Come to me, violet, violet come,
Here 'neath this willow I've built thee a home;
Here will I bless thee with balmiest air,
Love thee, caress thee, and make thee my care."

THE ROBIN:

"Stay, I implore thee, dear violet, stay,
Chill is the dark night and dreary the day;
I will depart to return with the May,
So stay in thy cozy nest, violet stay."

THE BREEZE:

"Come, pretty violet, scatter the gloom
By the smile of thy beauty, the breath of thy bloom;
All the flowers of the forest that grow at thy side
Shall own thee their empress, their joy and their pride."

Soon the poor violet bloom'd in the dell,
Soon on her beauty the blighting frost fell,
Soon the gay robin came back with the May,
But the wan little blossom lay cold on the clay.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

It was supposed that Confederation had secured Home Rule for Ontario, in home matters, but the ruthless enroachments of the Ottawa Tory leader have demonstrated the necessity of stronger safe-guards. Until the veto-power is abolished or confined to specified limits, or made a subject of reference to the supreme court, and the appointments of lieutenant-governors made in some other way, the provinces will not be safe from an unscrupulous leader at Ottawa.—*Canadian Post.*

THE LIGHTED WINDOW.

[Translated from the French of François Coppée.]

It is a night in the dog-days, stormy and dark, moonless and starless. Upon the broad boulevard planted with sickly shrubs, a few tardy passengers are coming and going with heavy footsteps, and the double row of gas-lights, flaring in the sultry air, sinks away further than the eye can see into the solitude of the outskirts.

Driven from his chamber by the overwhelming heat, by fatigue and by the angry flickering of the gnats of late August above his lamp, Ludovic has risen from his working chair, cast a look of torture upon the page of prose that he has been unable to finish—a page over which he has laboured without delight, and without fervour, scratched all over with erasures, tasteless and bad. Then at length, discouraged, he has put out the light, descended the four stories of his lodging house, crossed the deserted boulevard, and seated himself at an outside table of the little brewery opposite.

An encouraging evening, surely! The glass of beer brought him by a slipshod waiter in shirt sleeves bears a sickening flavour of the wood; it is no whit cooler here than in his chamber, and when a gust of wind rises, it is hot like the breath of a sick man. Ludovic thinks now that he had done better to have stayed at home, to have gone to bed perhaps. Pascal is right, mankind are best in their rooms, and the Arabian proverb is not less true: it is better to be lying down than sitting up, better to be dead than lying down. Dead? ah, yes. He has had enough of it, this bitter life of his: the life of a man of letters without success—without talent, who knows? Is it any less monotonous than the perpetual dull journeying of this tramway, that rolls by every ten minutes in front of him along the dusty thoroughfare, with the heavy trotting of its broken-backed horses? He also, to win his litter and his peck of oats, has had to act the omnibus horse, and yoke himself to the shaft of a journey. Is it harder to tug at a halter than to draw by the line? What is it but a trade of selling verbs and adjectives? And here he is at his thirty-eighth year. Every morning, as he dresses his beard, he may see blooming by his temples the cemetery Easter daisies. A lost youth. Nothing that is really sweet and tender in his recollections, no "green corner" as the English say, nothing but such love-passages as a wretched bachelor has, that are all sad or shameful, and if there are names of women lingering anywhere in his heart, they have written them there as you would upon a restaurant window.

While he is sunk in this dismal reverie, Ludovic gazes mechanically before him, and having lifted his head to empty his glass of beer, he perceives suddenly, at the fifth story of his house, just above his own lodging, a lighted window.

It is the only one in the house, and indeed in the neighboring houses, for people go to bed early in the suburbs. At that height the tops of the buildings are lost in the night. This shining window gleams out in the midst of the darkness with the calm fixed splendour of a light house. It is open, but they have drawn the white curtain, that trembles whenever a breath passes.

"Who can it be that lives there?" asks Ludovic.

At this moment he feels so sad, forsaken, and solitary, and the lighted window shines so sweetly and so peacefully, that by a strange ironical freak of his imagination, he conjures up before him the blessed existences—more happy, surely, than his own—that must have inhabited that lofty chamber. All those who have been often driven from their lodgings by disgust or vexation, and who have many a time worn out their better mood in midnight wanderings, are well acquainted with this impression. Who in such moments, at the sight of a window shining in the night, has not cried, "surely happiness ought to dwell there," and has not long contemplated it, out of the depth of the gloom, with a kind of tender envy—as a desperate man, whom everything in the world has betrayed, still finds a melancholy consolation in gazing at a star, and hoping that he shall one day begin a new life there.

* * * * *

"Who can it be that dwells there?" cries Ludovic, "Who can it be watches so late?"

A toiler like himself is it? An author, a poet? Has he not more than once exchanged a touch of the hat on the staircase with a very young man, pale and meanly clad, who usually carries a book? 'Tis he, poor child; he too must earn the indispensable hundred sou piece, by giving a lesson every morning, by selling a little of his Latin; but all the rest of his time is surrendered to poetry and art. He is poor, wretchedly poor, but proud and stainless as a lily; he has kept untouched the treasure of his youth and its dreams, and whenever, heedless of his severe manners, a grisette casts laughing eyes at him, he drops his own like a young girl—those deep eyes of his, with the soft lashes of velvet, and reserves himself for some future Beatrix.

Indeed he longs for fame, but he only thinks to win her by a masterpiece, into which he shall have poured all the pure truth of his soul. He respects his pen as a paladin would his sword, and he would rather die of hunger than degrade himself to the daily service work of literature, and the scattering of cigar-stubs in the spittoons than grace the closets of editors. He has not lived untortured by doubt, the noble child; but to what end is the gift of life to poets, if not to wither and slay their morbid fancies, and at this moment perhaps he is writing his first verses, his divine poem of youth, that which the singer does but once: he is creating a charmed paradise—an impossible paradise—where the birds are all perfumed and the flowers have wings, where all the women are pure and sweet as stars, where there are only noble thoughts and dreams, and in the aftertime, when he shall give a flight to his songs, those who shall have grown drunken with the singing of them and the reading of them shall remain sad as on the mor-

row of a debauch, and stung with a bitter regret, to think that life is not indeed so beautiful. But until then his poem belongs only to himself, his unfinished poem, and for that reason so much the more dear to him; for as he gazes across the plan of it, he can see it still as it should be in the ideal. What can he be doing at this hour, the young poet? Has he already laid himself down to read far into the night, and placed upon the little stand beside his bed of straps a favourite book, a hundred times re-read, and wherein, for his strong and fresh imagination, worlds open between the lines, horizons that have no end? Nay, rather, he has laboured all the evening, he has written some of his finest strophes; then at last, worn out by the effort, he has fallen back into his great armchair, his charming boy's head has sunk upon his shoulder, his eyes are closed, the pen has dropped from his fingers; yet ever in his slumber he looks upon the page that he has begun, and dreams that the Muse, all satisfied with him—the Muse who still lives for him, like a mother who should be an angel—is leaning now at the back of the chair looking at him in his sleep with smiling lips, and ever and anon draws the light fingers of one of her hands through his locks, and kisses him lingeringly on the brow.

* * * * *

"Who can it be that lives there?" asks Ludovic, ever drawn on by the mysterious fascination of the lighted window, while his fancy roams at will.

Lovers! Yes, lovers, for whom in all the world there is nothing but their own mutual, infinite loving, and whose eyes have sight for nothing further than the two woven shadows, that stray before them in the moonlight. Oh! the young and charming couple. That human idyll of theirs had its all happy commencement one evening at the end of the suburbs, when, chance placing them side by side, they were watching the rotation of the wooden horses in the show; but instantly she saw that he was fair, he, the student, fair with lips of vermeil; and he too surrendered himself at a glance to this dark beauty with the eyes that were joyous as a song; and they asked no permission to be happy save that of their twenty years. This has been since the spring-time, since the month of flowers, of cherries, and of virgin youths; but they are at the age when to-morrow means forever, and they have turned their attic chamber into a dove-cot of kisses.

'Tis strange that there should be any light with them this evening; usually—for love is fond of long nights—they go to bed early and rise late. The lover is doubtless obliged to be away from home to-day; he has had to go to dinner with his aged parents; but, on his departure, she tied one of her handkerchiefs around his neck in order that, while he is gone, he may breathe its fragrance and not forget her. Afterwards, as she made her little dinner at the corner of the table, she felt happy to be alone, for she could the better think of him; she traced dreamily, without making the letters clear, the name of her beloved upon the table cloth with the point of her knife; she recalled, with a tender smile, the beautiful way in which he walks, how prettily he acts, and she felt a sense of something very delicious widening in her heart. But at last she has unrobed herself and gone to bed. At this moment she is asleep beside the lighted candle, her fresh face, drowned in her loosened hair, is resting upon her two clasped hands, and the neck of her delicate muslin night-dress has slipped away along her arm and laid bare her round clear shoulder. When he shall enter very soon, careful not to make a noise, he shall have the delight of surprising her in her flower-sleep; he will seat himself beside the bed and gaze long at her. Then, divining him instinctively in her dreams, she will open her eyes. Oh! the beating eye-lashes of an awakening girl of twenty years! Oh! the first glimmerings of a star—mad with love, he will seize her, will clasp her passionately, and bury his face in her perfumed bosom.

* * * * *

"Who can it be that dwells there?" dreams Ludovic, his eyes ever fixed upon the lofty window that shines into the night. Why not some good family with children? An autumn with fair fruit? After all, the world is not destitute of such meek and resigned hearts, happy in duty and by duty, like the married couple whom Ludovic meets now and then in the suburb on Sundays in patriarchal fashion: the mamma, a faded blonde, with a cheap make-up, pushing her last-born before her in a little carriage, and the father, a grey-headed sub-chief who expects the cross, full of pride as he gives his hand to his help-mate. It is they, perhaps, who have their home up there, and as they have a salary of four hundred and odd francs a month to live upon—ah! think then, with two children—they must often breakfast upon the fragments of cold veal left over from the night before, and the collegian sleeps in the dining room upon a sofa-bed spread for him every evening. Ah! that little last-born, whom they never expected, the little love, but who was very welcome all the same, has sadly disordered their slender finances. How fortunate that papa has found a book-keeper's position in a druggist's shop which brings him in six hundred francs a year, and which compels him to go abroad at eight o'clock in the morning, to be away all day, carrying his breakfast with him in his napkin. Ah! well, they never complain; every one is in good health. Leon, their eldest, who makes his fifth, has won three prizes in the last year, and it is touching, the affectionate look which the husband turns toward his wife when he sees her wearing her eyes out over her sewing in the evenings, and says to her: "Come, mamma, go to bed . . . you have done enough for to-day." But why does he not do the same, he, the father, who must be up to-morrow morning early and at work upon the great ledger book in his druggist's shop? Why does he linger still beside the petroleum lamp? Ah; it is because he has discovered that, in the course of his studies, Leon cannot do without a tutor, and it is for that reason that he is labouring to revive his old Greek, the poor kind soul, digging up the buried memories of his Burnulf, and entangling himself with rough breathings, duals and aorists.

Bah! in spite of all their troubles, Ludovic envies them, envies even these simple people, because they possess what he cannot earn with all the life's blood in his veins: a noble sentiment, and eat their thin homely fare girded round with goodness.

* * * * *

Suddenly great drops of rain come splashing down upon the pavement and upon the brew-house table at which Ludovic is lounging. 'Tis the storm, and he must get in-doors.

In spite of the late hour, he finds his door-keeper still awake and on her settee, mending at a woollen stocking. Ha! he will find out who it is that is awake behind that shining curtain in front of which he has been so dolefully dreaming this evening of all earthly blessings, those at least which are at the command of the poor: labour, love, and domestic peace.

"Who is the lodger above me?" he asks of the old woman. "Yes, in the room just over mine. It is the only window yet alight in the house."

"Alas! sir," answers the door-keeper, "no one lives there any longer. . . . It was held by a miserable old man, who owed two terms of his rent. . . . The landlord never demanded them of him, for charity's sake. . . . for he was nearly seventy years old, and was about to enter at Bicêtre. . . . But he is dead now, poor fellow, dead just at the stroke of four. . . . Then the lady who has the first story has given an old cloth to bury him in, since he did not know any one. . . . Ah! God, no, not one friend or parent to watch by him. . . . I have lighted a candle by his bed, and as I see that all the lodgers are now in-doors, I am going up there for an hour to say my beads over for his service."

THE EXPERIENCES OF SAN PANCRAZIO OF EVOLO.

From the German of A. Schneegans.

"Down with him! Into the sea with the obstinate old wretch! He'll come to his senses again down among the cuttle-fish and cray-fish! Now he feels the water! He's swimming! He's going down! Now Evoluccio, now I hope you'll feel comfortable down there in the cool depths of the sea!"

He who, in the midst of the noisy crowd, upon the highest point of the precipitous headland of Evolo, which overlooks the sea, thus shouted and raged was the little broad-shouldered ship-broker Cesare Agresta, and those who, with wild cries and still wilder gestures, surged to and fro upon the cliff, around the little old chapel, amid the gnarled olive trees, were his fellow citizens of both sexes. The whole population of the little Sicilian town of Roccastretta, men and women, greybeards and little children, rich and poor—including even the Right Reverend Padre Atanasio, and the no less Right Honourable Don Sindaco, both of whom standing a few paces aside—watched, with a peculiar expression of malicious pleasure, the proceedings of the noisy and highly excited crowd.

About the stem of an old olive tree a number of stout, half-naked fellows had fastened a thick rope, which hung down over the cliff into the sea beneath, and which, from time to time, with its sudden and irregular jerks as if it bore, suspended to it, a heavy and resisting body, made the stout old tree bend to its highest branches and threatened to tear it up from its deepest roots. Don Cesare directed the operations of the roaring, surging crowd; he ran hither and thither as fast as his little, fat legs allowed him; he shouted, he gesticulated, he ordered about, he swore, he laughed, he blustered, and every one obeyed his commands, and gave heed to his every gesture.

"Why little Don Cesare is so particularly zealous in this matter I cannot for the life of me understand," remarked the portly Padre Atanasio in a low voice to his neighbour, Don Sindaco.

"Old Evolino, or as they now styled him, contemptuously, Evoluccio, has never done him a bad turn, at any time, and it's all one to him whether it rains or not; for he does not possess a single rood of land; nor has he a single lemon tree which he can call his own."

Don Sindaco shrugged his shoulders like one who knew no more about it than did Padre Atanasio, and answered significantly, with a slight nod of the head in the direction of a young couple who, half-concealed by the old chapel, appeared to be engaged in an animated conversation.

While Don Cesare busied himself with the old fellow, his lively little sister, the pretty Carmela, busied herself with the young ones.

"I have noticed for some time past that something was going on between these two," answered the good father with a side glance, in which was visible something like resignation struggling against a very different emotion. . . . "But what can possibly come of it? . . ."

"The wealthy Nino will never be satisfied with a shipbroker's sister. . . . He'll look higher than that."

"No, Padre Atanasio, one is not always wont to look for equality of condition when they marry," answered the other, as, winking his eye, he smiled roguishly upon the burly father.

"I am quite aware of that," replied the latter, without in any way taking offence at the bantering tone in which the other spoke.

"But if Don Cesare perceives what Master Nino is about, he is likely to be pretty handy with his knife, I can tell you."

"That is Nino's lookout," laughed Don Sindaco. "Between my neighbour's door and the hinge I'll be careful not to put my finger."

They were interrupted by the crowd rolling back tumultuously from the cliff towards where they were standing.

"That sight has gladdened your eyes, Padre Atanasio," shouted one from among the throng, a thin, haggard sailor, looking like a bandit under

his Calabrian cap. "You were never on too friendly a footing with old Evoluccio. Now he is buried for some time to come."

"He must stay where he is until he becomes reasonable," shouted another, turning round and shaking his fist in the direction of the sea. "And if this plan does not work, we'll try another remedy."

"Yes! yes!" howled a third as he brandished a long knife aloft, "yes! yes! Santo Diavolo! if he will not yield to water we'll try what effect fire will have upon him. The obstinate old brute. And if Don Cesare had not advised the contrary we should have kindled already, to-day, a nice little blaze under the old chap's soles; that would have made him think upon us for all eternity,—the old wretch! the old curmudgeon! the old heathen!"

At the last opprobrious epithet a smile passed quickly over Padre Atanasio's eyes, too quickly, however, to be noticed by any one of the excited throng, and he said, slowly motioning with his hand to the departing crowd, and speaking in most persuasive accents:

"Let it pass! It will be certain to have effect this time. The Evolino was never ill-natured or malignant at any time. But we must jog his memory now and again, and all the more so as he is so old."

"If ye were anything like so old as he is, ye would be forgetful at times also." Whereupon the bystanders broke out into a hearty peal of laughter and cried one to the other:

"The Padre is right once more! Evoluccio is indeed old—so old that he keeps none of us in mind,—and we must make allowance for the old fellow!"

"Carmela! Carmela!" a voice called loudly out of the midst of the throng, which was slowly moving down the slope towards the town; and from his elevated position, Padre Atanasio saw Don Cesare's compact little form struggling manfully against the waves of the returning townfolk; the little man was craning his neck in every direction, standing upon his tiptoes, and making all sorts of desperate but futile attempts to climb the hill again, or obtain a glimpse of his sister, over the shoulders of those about him. "Carmela! Carmela!" called he, "where are you loitering?"

Carmela appeared, however, to have reached a most interesting pause in her conversation with Nino, who seemed to be ardently and energetically pressing his suit upon the pretty and by no means unwilling maiden.

"See'st thou," he had just finished saying to her, pointing the while with his hand to a pretty farmhouse, charmingly situated in a grove of lemon trees close to the foot of the hill; "yonder lies my cottage! I inherited it last year; and it had been built only a few days previous. You can have no idea how nice and smart everything looks inside—so comfortable for living in; and how cool and pleasant it is sitting there amid the sweet-smelling lemons in the hot summer evenings, with the fresh crystal spring bubbling out of the rock above, and splashing into the old Greek marble basin at the foot; a stone, thou knowest, out of the little old temple above there, and all covered with figures of the gods and all sorts of queer animals. If you will only come with me there, only once, you will see how much nicer it is chatting there, to chatting under your window in the dusty gloomy streets."

The glance of the pretty maiden followed Nino's gesture. Shading her eyes with her hand, and with a rosy smile playing around her daintily formed mouth, she exclaimed, half speaking to herself—

"Well, yes! it must be very cool and pleasant there. I can well believe it."

Then, hearing her brother's voice calling her. "I'm coming" she called in return, and then, turning round to Nino, she asked: "shall I see you this evening at the usual hour?"

"If thou wilt promise to come out once with me and see my house."

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed she hastily, and ran off down the slope of the hill, after the others. But Master Nino stroked his dainty moustache, and a roguish little smile twinkled in his eyes as he looked after the winsome maiden who had so lightly made him a promise which conveyed so much.

When Padre Atanasio found himself alone, near the chapel, under the olive trees, he strode slowly to the edge of the cliff, a strange, pitying, yet mocking smile played over his features, as his eyes followed the rope to the spot where it disappeared into the sea. Down below there, several feet deep in the water, with the heavy surge of the Mediterranean breaking in foam about it, floated something heavy, and which resembled a human form—a helpless, inert mass, which the breakers tossed hither and thither, and around which the fish darted like silver arrows, with lightning swiftness. From time to time the thing would bump against a rock, whirl rapidly round, and then slowly and by degrees resume its regular monotonous plunging in the tide. When the foam of the waves allowed it, however, and the sunbeam fell unchecked upon the clear surface of the water, one would have sworn that a human corpse was floating there below; the corpse of an old man, with snow-white hair and beard, in a faded, russet-brown mantle. The rope was securely knotted about his middle, the arms were likewise confined by the rope and tightly pinioned to the sides. He lay there, beneath, poor old man, stark and stiff, and stretched out like one dead, and suffered himself to be driven hither and thither by the dash of the billows; and Padre Atanasio looked down upon him so strangely, and just as strange sounded the words which, at his departure, the Padre addressed to him.

"It just serves you right Evoluccio! You have been at all times a most blasphemous rival of our blessed Madonna; nothing was too good for you. You have claimed for yourself the richest gifts, the finest and largest candles, and the handsomest festivals. And what was there then so

remarkable in you? At best you are nothing but an old half-converted heathen!"

The poor old man, however, with the snow-white hair and beard and russet-brown mantle, around whom the fish were sporting joyously in the warm sunlight, was no murderer; he was also no corpse; he was not even a poor, old man at all!—but the special and peculiar patron saint of the little town of Roccastretta and the surrounding district, Saint Pancrazio of Evolo, in high sounding official phrase—Evolino, as the townfolk were wont to style him familiarly—Evoluccio, as they called insultingly when displeased with him, as upon the present occasion. He himself, the good Evolino, must not have known what to think when, on this lovely spring morning, the entire populace of Roccastretta broke into his quiet little shrine upon the headland of Evolo, tore him from his pedestal, dragged him forth from the cool twilight of his chapel into the glare of noonday, and amid the unseemly curses and anathemas of his protégés, with a rope about his middle, hurried him to the edge of the cliff, whence like a dead cat with a stone hung around its neck, he was flung headlong into the sea. And yet, scarce two days before, the whole of Roccastretta had been assembled in his shrine; words of the most passionate devotion had ascended like a sweet smelling incense before the niche in whose recess he had, since time immemorial, taken up his abode. "Holy Pancrazio of Evolo, our dear, good, only San Pancrazio!" the honest folks had prayed; "thou lovest us as thy children, and we love thee as a father! We bring thee, every Sunday, frequent garlands, and when as now the all-scorching drought kills our flowers, we bring thee then garlands of gold and silver tinsel, and kindle thick wax tapers before thine image. Father Atanasio, who honours thee but indifferently, and abuses thee for an only half-converted heathen, maintains that we offer to his Madonna merely wretched tallow-candles, and keep for thee the finest and best we have.

"Thus, thou seest, best, dearest, only Pancrazio, that we grudge thee nothing, and so shall our children act towards thee, for thou art and remainest our only beloved, only honoured patron. But do thou bethink thee, and be mindful of thine own peculiar office, dear, good Evolino. Bethink thee! For three months past not a single drop of rain has violated our fields, trees and vines. Look around! how the figs are withered! the fruit of the olives cannot thrive, and our wheat fields are like an Arabian desert! If thou dost not send us rain, Evolino, it is all over with harvest, and we, thy poor children, have nothing else left in order to save us from misery and starvation but to catch fish, and support ourselves by a few crabs and wretched sea-snails. So, prithee, be good once more, holy San Pancrazio, and suffer a suitable rain to come; not a deluge, thou knowest, which destroys everything, but a long, gentle, genial rain, such as thou understandest very well how to send! To-morrow—or at farthest the day after to-morrow! Do this out of love for us, dear, good San Pancrazio! dear Evolino! darling Evolino! and thou knowest, already, how we will adorn thine image with garlands more beautifully than ever we did before, and how we will honour thee, more than all the other saints, more even than the blessed Madonna herself, who is far too busy a queen of heaven and earth for her to find time to think about our poor little town. Thou, however, belongest to us alone. For us alone hast thou to care. Do thou care for us, then, dear San Pancrazio, and so thou shalt be blessed to all eternity!"

Thus had they prayed and entreated. The saint in his niche had listened to them, without betraying any emotion, as it beseemed a saint carved out of a block of wood, and painted over with different colours; and the honest people had gone away again; had locked the door, and left the good old fellow, in the pleasant coolness of his shrine, to his dreams and bygone memories.

Hundreds of years of the Christian Era had rolled by, and he had been standing there, in the lonely sanctuary of Evolo; and yet, his sadly darkening memories reached much farther back still, far back to other, bygone ages, when another shrine was standing there, on the cliff, looking down upon the deep, blue waters of the Mediterranean,—not a chapel, but a temple, and when other priests moved to and fro before his statue, and other hymns were chanted, and other gods were worshipped.

Out of strong, knotty timber had the first old artist carved his image, and under the various additions which had been made in the course of centuries, the old image stood, although the cunning hand that had carved it had long ago mouldered into dust—disfigured, however, by a strange, glaring, motley coat of colours, with a bright, red mantle above his blue tunic; with hair and beard of silvery whiteness, with cherry red lips, and jet black eyebrows forming perfect arches above his delicately painted eyes, and with a round glory behind his head which glittered as though it had been beaten out of pure gold. In the old times, he certainly presented a very different appearance to what he did now, the good Evolino! But men were wont to honour him then, also as now, not as one of those far exalted above our earth, unapproachable by men, and only to be invoked in fear and trembling!—by no means, but as a dear, old friend, with whom one stands upon no ceremony: one who is doubtless older, and of a higher and more illustrious family, but one who has been living so long in our midst, and who has so comported himself during his stay among us that he has become one of ourselves. Yea, in the course of time this feeling had been strengthened, and had given rise to the most kindly relations between the patron and his clients—relations of mutual regard, of brotherly juxtaposition, such as prevails among neighbours, who cheerfully render mutual services.

San Pancrazio had engaged to protect the little town and its adjacent territory, but the worthy saint was so old and frail that his worshippers could not blame him if he had not always his head in the right place, and if his thoughts strayed from time to time. Then, indeed, they were wont by

means of kindly and seasonable reminders to help good Evolino's little failings of memory, and he was induced to bethink himself of his duties as patron by a friendly but unmistakable earnestness of behaviour on the part of his worshippers. He was given to understand in the most significant manner the relations in which he stood towards his clients. Thus it had come to pass then, that on this lovely Spring morning—since, in spite of all prayers and entreaties, he had not sent the so-much-needed rain—he had been, with an eye at once to his chastisement and speedy improvement, hurled ignominiously into the sea, like a common malefactor at the end of a hempen cord.

And so the good San Pancrazio of Evolo was lying yonder at the extremity of his rope, and he saw how the people, after finishing their work, departed again to their houses, and how Padre Atanasio, who hated him from the bottom of his heart as a most dangerous rival, had shed a few crocodile tears over him; and then he saw how his chapel stood, solitary and abandoned under the olive trees upon the cliff, and how its little door swayed sadly backwards and forwards in the wind. And he might well go back, in thought, to those pleasant bygone times of the earlier ages of the world, when the warm sea breezes blew softly through the breezy porticos when the bright sunbeams played around the form of the youthful god, and when from his lofty pedestal he looked down upon the golden sands at his feet, and the purple sea, and the stately galleys with their brazen prows and their lofty banks of oars.

Then, when he was a young god, men were wont to lay purple grapes, and luscious figs, and red pomegranates at his feet! Sweetly, Oh! how much more sweetly than now! rose the hymns of his priests before him, and sweeter even than these were the white clouds of incense which were wafted to his nostrils from golden censers! "San Pancrazio of Evolo," was not then the title under which he was worshipped. Under another name, but a name still somewhat similar in sound, his devout worshippers were wont to do him homage; and there was none so daringly impious as to have ventured then to tear from his pedestal the young and beautiful god of the winds, and sling him to the cold embrace of the many-armed cuttle-fishes, the sport and derision of women and little children!

In dull, hollow tones these half stifling memories sang around his slumbering brain, and duller, and hollow still sounded the voices of the noisy crowd as they faded away in the distance. And as a fond, caressing mother rocks gently her sleeping babe, so the everlasting sea, with the gentle splash of its curling billows, rocked to sleep San Pancrazio of Evolo.

J. C. DUNLOP.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE DYNAMITARDS.

No survey of the present time would be in any way complete without a reference to those essences of arrant cowardice, the dynamite explosions in Scotland-yard and St. James' square. Irish papers, while affecting to lament that such things should be, speak of the daring with which the dynamitards' plans were carried into effect. If anything were wanting to show the sympathy of Irish writers with cowardly outrage, it is this. To anyone who cares to think what it is that has been done by the dynamitards, there is no one word in the English language more degraded than is the word daring as used in this connection. The deed of the ordinary drunken rowdy, who breaks a window, rings a bell, or plies a knocker, and then runs away, is bravery itself compared with what is done by these representatives of modern-day chivalry. There is a great deal of daring necessary to sneak into a place of convenience, and, heedless of who may suffer, there deposit a packet of dynamite arranged to go off some time after the mean and cowardly thing that has deposited it has reached a place of safety! Up to the time when the Irish-American dynamitards set out on their expeditions, it was always believed that men never waged war upon the unoffending and unsuspecting, upon helpless women, upon poor little children. The Irish-American dynamitards in their desperate daring—we use the word daring as it is used by the Irish Press—care not who suffer so long as they get clear away, and so long as by means of their work here they are enabled to raise hundreds and thousands of dollars among their semi-idiotic compatriots in New York, Chicago, and other Irish-vote governed American cities. If they knew, or if they only suspected, that something like the good old Jeddart justice would be meted out to them, we should have little more fear of any "daring" dynamite outrages.—*The Referee*.

OPPORTUNISM.

OPPORTUNISM is the genius of every great cause which has the future for its patrimony. To take the greatest example of all, it enters into the genius of Christianity, whose habit it has ever been not to deploy all her forces at once, nor to publish to the world all the great principles for which she is prepared to offer combat, but to wait upon the successive stages of civilisation, and unfold her lessons as men are prepared to learn them. It was thus that slavery was undermined, and that the brotherhood of man and the equal rights of mankind gradually won recognition. Opportunism is prescribed by the highest ethical authority in the inculcation of moral precepts. The word in season, not out of season, the word for uttering which the fit occasion is seized after having, perhaps, been long waited for, how good it is. In short, we are expected to act in politics as in the other great affairs of life like reasonable beings, looking before and after, weighing the great against the small, the future gain against the present sacrifice, and not to run a-muck, like a mad Malay, with an abstract principle in our mouths.—"Verax," in the *Manchester Examiner*.

FOX HUNTING.

THE evil of large fields made up so largely of strangers, is one matter that is doing much to cause farmers and landowners to look upon hunting as anything but an unmixed blessing, and vastly different from hunting in former times, when the fields were composed of residents, permanent or temporary. Another distinction between ancient and modern hunting is to be found in the circumscribed area of some of the existing countries. In course of time masters have given up, or lent, slices of their more distant territory, and so provided space for a fresh pack. Then, in order that the diminished areas may be equal to affording the requisite sport, foxes are turned down, and over-preserving takes place; while the limited acreage involves each farm being ridden over with inconvenient frequency. So here again is another objection to modern hunting. Thirdly, men who hunt are, for the most part, strangely negligent in the matter of shutting the friendly gate; the omission being productive of much damage, owing to the stock getting out, as grazing farmers know to their cost. In arable countries the young wheat is a good deal cut up by being ridden over. Fruit-growing and poultry farming have both been strongly recommended to the agriculturist as means of making both ends meet. If he went in for the former, hunting would be stopped at once, for how could men ride over enclosures devoted to strawberries, gooseberries, and currants? while a poultry farmer could have but little veneration for foxes, seeing that a few of Reynard's visitations would play serious havoc with his balance-sheet. Without, then, wishing to needlessly prophesy evil things concerning hunting, it does seem to us as though that amusement were on its trial, if it does not actually show signs of decay. We cannot help looking upon it now as an artificial sport, and as such entitled to less respect than when it savoured more of the real thing. At the same time, no unprejudiced person will deny that hunting is fraught with certain advantages to country places. Were there no hunting many gentlemen's seats would stand empty during the winter; for without some attraction, those who could afford to winter abroad would not face the vicissitudes of the English climate from November to April, in which case the money now circulated in towns and villages would go into the pockets of the foreigner. Still, large crowds, and the over-preservation of foxes, throw upon farmers too heavy a burden at a time when they are least able to bear it. If hunting is to live this burden must be shifted on to the proper shoulders; it cannot exist for long in its present state.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHY should honesty and decency in politics be ridiculed as too heavenly for earth? Is it such a very "ideal" demand that a public man shall be beyond suspicion of improper conduct? If it be "too superfine"—and to call it Phariseism implies that it is so considered—so much the worse for the country, not for the Pharisees.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE *Irish World*, the dynamite organ in this country, declares that, if the democrats do not nominate Butler, it will "advocate the election of Mr. Blaine." This must be a great relief to "the democratic managers," for the *World* is the paper which openly advocates assassination and collects money for "the emergency fund," for which it now has \$13,000 on hand.—*Springfield Republican*.

IT is said that the investigation made into the effect of the Scott Act in the Maritime Provinces establishes the fact that, while the Act has not put an end to drinking, it has driven the liquor traffic into back rooms and cellars. The experience of the past has shown that low grogeries do much more to corrupt the morals of a community than respectably conducted drinking places.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

SOMEBODY has discovered the astounding fact that Blaine's great-grandfather was commissary-general of the Continental army. That does not alter the facts that Blaine himself sent to the civil war a substitute, who was given a soft berth and who got into jail for selling exemption certificates, and that Mr. Blaine recovered from the town of Augusta the \$200 which he paid for being so ably represented in the army.—*Boston Globe*.

MR. W. D. LE SUEUR has written and published an eight page pamphlet in reply to "Vindex." Being a literary man, Mr. Le Sueur is familiar, of course, with Byron's Vision of Judgment, and should not forget what Lucifer said to Asmodeus when the fiend dumped Bob Southey at the Celestial gate. But these polemics are very unsatisfactory. What we sinners want is men to keep their word. Grandiloquent preachments are nothing. Give us simple truth in conduct.—*Ottawa Sun*.

PERSONAL freedom is justly esteemed the greatest of boons, but, strange to say, commercial freedom, which is one of the most essential attributes of personal liberty, is regarded as a great evil in this land of the free and home of the brave. The right of a man to dispose freely of his services and to own himself is established by the Constitution and laws, but Government steps in with its tariff restraints upon commerce, and prohibits him from disposing freely of the products of his industry.—*Philadelphia Record*.

IN spite of many a warning cry, the emigration agent is at his old game. Shipload after shipload of useless men and women are being conveyed to far-off lands, where they remain useless still. The men who will benefit by emigration are those who are the most likely to get employment at home. The people who loll against lamp-posts with their hands in their pockets and drink at short intervals are no more likely to make money in Canada than they are in England. I have not a word to say against judicious emigration. I am in favour of it, but I do most earnestly beseech the poor of our great cities to make all possible inquiries as to the chances of employment before they leave the English frying-pan for the colonial fire. I want to save homes from being broken up, family ties being severed, and hopes being cherished that can never be realized.—*Geo. R. Sims*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE CREATION.

The first of the two grand concerts included in the musical portion of the Semi-Centennial celebration took place on Wednesday evening, July 3, in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. The work chosen for this occasion was Haydn's Oratorio, "The Creation." This ever beautiful composition was performed by the Toronto Choral Society, the solo parts being entrusted to the following artistes: Miss Fannie Kellog, of Boston, soprano; Mr. Courtney and Mr. Ivan Morawski, of New York, bass and tenor, assisted by Mrs. Thompson (*nee* Corlett), and Miss Foster (of Guelph), and Mr. Warrington, of Toronto. The orchestra was very full and complete, and played with admirable ensemble, giving full support to the choruses and due moderation to the solo and part singing of the soloists. Miss Fannie Kellog gave every satisfaction, winning well-deserved encomiums for her singing of "With Verdure Clad." Mr. Courtney was most happy, gaining his choicest laurels in the air, "In Native Worth." Mr. Morawski's full bass voice appeared to great advantage in the recitative parts allotted to him, while in the air "Rolling in Foaming Billows," he proved equally happy in Cantabile. Mr. Warrington is so well-known that it only remains to say he acquitted himself in his usual satisfactory manner. The chorus deserves especial credit for the vigorous, clear and generally effective manner in which they rendered all the parts, especially the fugate choruses. The foreign artistes fully endorse this statement. Mr. Fisher, the conductor of the Society, deserves every credit for the pains he took to make this concert the best performance of the Society. A "Canadian National Anthem," for full orchestra and chorus, written and composed by Mr. J. D. Kerrison, was performed by the Society as an introductory piece. Why it was omitted from the programme we are at a loss to know, since if good enough to sing it was surely worthy an announcement.

THE REDEMPTION.

The second concert, which took place on the following evening, was by the Philharmonic Society. The work selected was Gounod's "Redemption." This composition, in a sense, belongs to the Wagnerian School, and though possessing many beauties, will probably never be popular either with the hearers or the singers. The solemnity of the subject, together with the fact that the larger part of the libretto is in narrative form, precludes nearly all opportunity for formal melodic construction, and necessitates a disproportionate amount of recitative. The monotony of so much continuous recitative is in a measure relieved by the masterly orchestration which accompanies it. Yet, notwithstanding this, to those who are not disciples of the new school the work, as a whole, appears tiresome. The choruses are principally simple chorals, totally void of contrapuntal treatment in the vocal parts, although, as before stated, effectively accompanied by independent figures in the orchestra. The soloists visiting were the same as on the preceding evening. The local vocalists in addition thereto, were Mrs. Petley, Miss Smith, Miss Berryman, and Mr. Schuch, all of whom rendered their allotted parts in a most satisfactory manner. The chorus numbered about four hundred and fifty, with an orchestra of nearly one hundred. The latter was in admirable form, and rendered the difficult orchestral parts very effectively. The volume of tone from the chorus was not at all in proportion to the number on the stage, a fact probably due to a portion of the chorus being placed, like the harps upon the stage, more for show than use. Miss Kellog, though singing with care, was evidently not in good voice—the severe practice which the rehearsals of the two preceding days had entailed, was probably a cause sufficient. Messrs. Morawski, Schuch, and Courtney, were very satisfactory in the parts allotted to them, and the same may be said of Miss Smith and Miss Berryman in the concerted parts in which they assisted. Taken as a whole, the concert must be pronounced a decided success, and without invidious comparison, Toronto has every reason to feel proud of the ability which her two choral societies possess of producing simultaneously in so thorough a manner two such master works. It is perhaps superfluous to add that Mr. Torrington conducted in his usual able manner.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

The concert given by the above club in the Pavilion on Friday evening proved a rare artistic treat. The members of the club are Mr. Franko, violin, Mr. Thos Ryan, clarinette and viola, Mr. Max Klein, violin, Mr. Daniel Kuntz, viola, Mr. Fritz Giese, violoncello. The club was assisted by Miss Fanny Kellog, Mr. Ivan Morawski, Mr. Waugh Lauder, solo pianist, and Mr. Davenport Kerrison, accompanist. Space will not permit of a detailed notice of this fine concert, and it is impossible to individualise where all are such eminent artistes. But of the effect *ensemble* of this club it only remains to say that it is simply perfect. The concerted pieces played were a Quintette Mendelssohn, "Quartette in G, op. 31," Beethoven, theme and variation from the "Quartette in D Minor," "Franz Schubert," a romance and Rondo for clarinette, with accompaniment, composed by himself, was admirably played by Mr. Ryan. A Fantaisie for violin, Weivawski, founded upon the beautiful Russian melody, "The Red Sarafin," was performed in such a masterly manner by Mr. Franko as to gain a most pronounced encore. In like manner the Fantaisie for violoncello "O Cara Memoria," Servais, played by Mr. Fritz Giese, so moved the audience as to elicit an instantaneous recall. Mr. Waugh Lauder played two solos, "1st Rondo" and variations, Chopin, and "Rigoletto," Liszt, in a really exquisite manner, only just missing an encore, which, if resting upon the manner of the performance alone, certainly deserved it. The vocal numbers were supplied by Miss Fannie Kellog and Mr. Morawski. The former, despite a

severe throat affection, which had been growing worse from day to day, bravely struggled through "Scena and Prayer" from "Der Freyschutz." Her efforts gained for her an encore, with which she was indeed totally unable to comply, her last efforts having thoroughly exhausted her vocal powers. She returned to the stage, bowed, and pointing to her throat signified the state in which she found her voice. Mr. Morawski, from the time he sang in the Trebelli concert, seems to have captured the Toronto audiences who have pleased him as much as he seems to have pleased them. His numbers on this occasion were a charming serenade by Raff, and the "Yeoman's Wedding," Poniatowski. To a unanimous recall he, by request, sang, the drinking song "Down in a Cellar." Mr. Kerrison accompanied the vocal numbers in a careful and satisfactory manner.

Tamberlik, the once-renowned tenor, has been giving a series of concerts through Russia, where he has been vociferously encored by large audiences, although he is between 60 and 70 years old. He thinks the time will come when great opera singers, like great ballet dancers, will be no longer required, for much of what used to be sung upon the lyric stage is now spoken in the form of recitative.

A London dramatic critic writes: "I am sorry to learn that the Dublin folks have been making themselves ridiculous by taking the horses out of Mary Anderson's carriage and drawing her to her hotel. Miss Anderson is a great actress and a beautiful woman; but I thought that men nowadays had more self-respect than to yoke themselves to a brougham. Besides, I dare say the lady was tired with her exertions, and was wanting to get home to supper and bed."

Good audiences assembled in the Toronto Grand Opera House during the past week to see a very good company play the sensational "World." Mr. J. H. Gilmore made a first-class "Sir Clement Huntingford," the villain brother being well portrayed by Mr. L. H. Spencer. Mr. W. H. Lytell played a good "Mo. Jewell," "Mary Blythe" and "Mabel Huntingford" being sustained capably by Misses Thompson and Mortimer, respectively. The other characters in the cast were also performed with more than average ability.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"BYSTANDER No. 2" did not send his card, without which (not necessarily for publication) no communication can be used.

"THE Dominion of Canada" and "The Administrations of Taylor and Fillmore" are the topics in the July *Monthly Reference Lists*.

AN advertiser in the London *Morning Post* offers for sale "ten dozen of port, the property of a widow, full bodied and seven years in cellar."

AN English clergyman, waxing sarcastic in the pulpit over the enormities of the age, exclaimed: "And these things, my brethren, are done in the so-called nineteenth century."

ONE result of the printers' strike in Toronto: "Reasonable as cases are Ready. Pri Now Walnut in Oak or Designs Fresh work, class with first-Consistent Possible."—*Vide Globe*. We give it up!

HERBERT SPENCER, with all his philosophy and fine figures of speech, is only a man after all. He declares that he will never marry a woman who is "convex in the back, concave in the bosom, and sentimentally drooping in the shoulders."

AN edition of the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe is announced, by A. J. Armstrong & Co. The edition is to be in six 8vo volumes, from new plates, and will contain Mr. R. H. Stoddard's "Life of Poe," and a new essay by him on Poe's genius.

J. G. GOLDSMITH, author of "Himself Again," a novel to appear in a few days, in Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Library, will be better recognized perhaps, by journalists at least, as for many years the famous "P. I. Man" of the *New York Herald*, which being interpreted means the editor who had charge of the "Personal Intelligence" column.

It has been the desire of General Gordon that some definite account should be given of his theological and moral opinions, founded on papers and correspondence in the possession of an intimate friend in England. These have been confided to Mr. W. H. Mallock, and the results of his labour on them appears in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

A WRITER to the literary column of an English paper says: "I heard of several new books in London—one a novel called 'The Three Sisters,' by a new authoress, who, I am told, is only eighteen. I believe it is very remarkable. Everyone is asking for Ouida's new novel, 'Princess Naxarine.' If it is only half as good as 'Wanda,' we may indeed anticipate a treat."

It will be glad news to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's many admirers to hear that he is again at work upon "The Treasury of David." He writes Messrs Funk & Wagnalls, his authorized publishers in this country, that the seventh and last volume of this great work, which has been so long delayed by reason of sickness, will, he hopes, be ready for issue before the close of the present year.

THE July issue of the *Magazine of American History* contains contributions on "The Schuyler House at Albany," with copious illustrations, "A Business Firm in the Revolution," "French Spoliation before 1801," "Rosseau in Philadelphia," "Washington 1861," "Chief Justice John Marshall," with portrait, "Original Documents," "Minor Topics," Notes, Queries, etc. The number begins a new volume, and well sustains the repute won by the preceding issues.

"LITERARY LIFE," which has hitherto been issued from Cleveland, will hereafter be published from Chicago by the Elter Publishing Company; its office will be at 364 Wabash Avenue. With its removal it will inaugurate still more interesting changes; its form will be considerably enlarged and improved; and, with an engraved title-page and sixty-four pages of matter, it will reach in effect the dignity and proportions of a magazine.

THE rapidity with which one may learn a foreign language is demonstrated by Mr. Howard Vincent, late Director of Criminal Investigations at Scotland yard, London. On his arrival in Russia he advertised for a Russian family where he could be received, versed in the language, and allowed to study Russian to his heart's content. He employed four tutors, each with a different system, with whom he studied eleven hours a day. In six weeks he was able to converse in Russian with fluency and accuracy.

THE *Overland Monthly* for July is an excellent magazine, and we regret that circumstances prevent our giving the lengthened notice it merits, and from presenting to our readers abstracts from some of the able papers. Principal amongst its contents are contributions upon "Rudimentary Society among Boys," "The Con-Cow Indians," "Old Teutonic Life in Beowulf," "Garrison Life in the old North-West," "San Carlos de Monterey," "An Episode of the Turnpike," "The Philippine Islands," some continued articles and stories, etc.,

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND, who for some years has been making a great experiment in education in America, in a very short time will return to take up his residence in England. Mr. Leland has been busy introducing into Philadelphia the teaching of the "minor arts" in the elementary education of children. He has also been busy, as our readers know, on the mythology and legendary history of the Indians of the Eastern Provinces. Mr. Leland has found most striking similarities between the legends of the Indians of Maine and New Brunswick and the Eddas, which he illustrated a short time ago in a lecture before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

IN answer to the many inquiries made in both America and England as to whether Julian Hawthorne's latest novel, "Archibald Malmaison," is a true history, the author writes the following interesting account of the inception of the story. Mr. Hawthorne says: "Enquiry has been made as to whether this story is true. A paragraph in a newspaper had caught my attention, giving the case of a married man who, by a blow on the head, had been deprived of his memory: he forgot his wife and children, finally obtained a divorce, and married again. Three or four years passed, when his memory suddenly began again at the point where it had left off. All that had happened in the meanwhile, including his new family, was a blank to him; but he hunted up his former ties, and lived happily ever after. Some time after digesting this anecdote, I chanced upon an allusion, in Thackeray's 'Humorists,' I think, to the discovery in the ashes of Pompeii of the print of a woman's form, the form itself having utterly disappeared. Within a few months thereafter, the present book was written, and, for aught I know to the contrary, it may be true from beginning to end—with one exception. It is stated in the opening paragraph of the story, that Archibald 'had the odd distinction of being born on the 29th of February, 1800.' On referring to the calendar, I find that this date has no existence; but so trifling a detail is hardly worth noticing."

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE BACON-SHAKE-SPEARE CONTROVERSY, with Notes and Extracts. By W. H. Wyman. Cincinnati: P. G. Thomson. 1 vol. 8vo., 124 p.p. 1884.

There is no accounting for the fads of the age, save on the theory that the iconoclastic spirit and craving for notoriety in large measure incite people who have little to occupy them to fasten upon and toy with an idea which has possessed their brain. The present volume is due to neither of these perturbing and predisposing causes, and the compiler, while maintaining a strict neutrality in the interest of the problem discussed, declares for the "Divine William" on the question of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. His motive in collecting the literature of the controversy seems to be that which usually impels the literary and historical student in sifting any matter that seriously presents a difficulty, and in endeavouring to get the data together which will enable the literary student to come to a safe conclusion on the merits of the question. In this respect, Mr. Wyman's work is commendable, however impatiently the reader may regard the whole subject. As in the case of Junius' Letters, the authorship of Shakespeare's Plays comes up for question periodically. Of late years the craze has broken out with more than usual virulence in the United States. Mr. Wyman has in the present volume brought together the titles, with extracts explanatory of the side taken by the writers, of over 250 books, pamphlets, and articles discussing the question, for or against Shakespeare. From his classification we learn that of this formidable list less than a half declare for Shakespeare, while, of the remainder, some seventy-three are against him, and the balance is unclassified. Of the nationality of those who have taken part in the controversy we find, as we have said, that the bulk are Americans, though writers of almost every country have entered the lists, including three Canadians. Many extracts given by the compiler are quite interesting, and some are very ingenious in their argument; but that the discussion can help the student of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan literature in general, or advance the interests of literary criticism, we do not believe. Mr. Wyman's book, nevertheless, is curious and interesting, and, with respect to its subject, is a significant product of an age of doubt.

G. M. A.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Ninth Annual General Meeting of the shareholders, held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, 2nd July, 1884.

There were present:—

Messrs. H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt (St. Catharines), Hon. James R. Benson (St. Catharines), P. Hughes, T. R. Wadsworth, G. M. Rose, John Bain, Rev. E. B. Lawler, R. Beaty, James Graham, W. B. Hamilton, Geo. Robinson, David Kidd (Hamilton), W. T. Kiely, D. R. Wilkie, etc., etc.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. H. S. Howland, and Mr. D. R. Wilkie was requested to act as Secretary.

The Secretary, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

THE REPORT.

The directors have satisfaction in submitting to the shareholders their ninth annual balance sheet and statement of profits for the year ended 31st May, 1884:—

Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, and making provision for all interest due depositors, and writing off all losses, amount to.....	\$143,108 63
Profits brought forward from 1883.....	28,165 98
	\$171,274 61

This sum has been appropriated as follows:—

Dividend No. 17, 4 per cent. (paid 2nd January, 1884).....	\$60,000 00
Dividend No. 18, 4 per cent. (payable 2nd July, 1884).....	60,000 00
Applied in reduction of Bank Premises Account.....	4,598 65
Carried to Rest Account, making that Account \$680,000.....	300 00
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	16,689 96

The business of the country has been injuriously affected during the year by the bad harvest of 1883, coupled with an over-production of manufactures and a continued depression in the North-West. The harvest of this year at present promises to be as bountiful as that of last year was deficient; manufacturers have materially reduced their out-put of goods, and the trade and agricultural interests of the North-West show gratifying signs of improvement. Your directors have, therefore, reasonable grounds for believing that the business for the year now current will prove still more successful than that of the year just brought to a close.

The assets of the bank have at a recent date been carefully examined by your directors, and full provision has been made for all bad and doubtful debts. The usual inspections of the head office and branches have been made during the year.

The Cashier and other officers of the bank have performed their respective duties to the satisfaction of the Board.

H. S. HOWLAND,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT.—31st May, 1884.

LIABILITIES.	
1 Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	\$ 900,221 00
2 Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date).....	2,395,922 74
3 Deposits not bearing interest.....	980,087 06
4 Due to other banks in Canada.....	17,351 66
Total liabilities to the public.....	\$4,293,732 66
5 Capital stock paid up.....	1,500,000 00
6 Rest account.....	680,000 00
7 Dividend No. 18, payable 2nd July 1884 (4 per cent.).....	60,000 00
8 Former dividends unpaid.....	1,087 18
9 Balance of profit and loss account carried forward.....	16,689 96
	\$6,551,478 90
ASSETS.	
1 Gold and Silver Coin Current.....	\$ 259,879 60
2 Dominion Government Notes.....	425,459 00
3 Notes of and cheques on other banks.....	153,402 79
4 Balance due from other banks in Canada.....	204,309 94
5 Balance due from agents in foreign countries.....	64,922 88
6 Balance due from agents in United Kingdom.....	61,668 87
7 Government securities.....	128,945 81
8 Municipal and other debentures.....	79,571 96
Total assets immediately available.....	\$1,377,758 75
9 Loans on call.....	108,987 98
10 Loans, Discounts, or advances on current account to Corporation.....	453,747 01
11 Notes and bills discounted and current.....	4,300,561 19
12 Notes discounted over due, secured.....	110,137 49
13 Notes discounted over due, unsecured.....	22,189 04
(Estimated Loss provided for)	
14 Real estate, the property of the bank (other than bank premises).....	21,525 55
15 Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the bank (all bearing interest).....	22,231 00
16 Bank premises, including safes, vaults and office furniture at head office and branches.....	120,650 00
17 Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads.....	13,640 94
	\$6,551,478 90

Moved by the President, seconded by the Vice-President, That the Report which has been read be adopted, printed, and circulated among the shareholders—Carried.

Moved by W. B. Hamilton, Esq., seconded by G. M. Rose, Esq., That the thanks of the shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered, to the President, Vice-President, and Directors of the Bank for the able manner in which they have conducted its affairs during the past year—Carried.

Moved by Rev. E. B. Lawler, seconded by Geo. Robinson, Esq., That the thanks of the shareholders be given to the Cashier and the other officers of the bank, for their attention to the interests of the bank, and for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

Moved by John Bain, Esq., Q.C., seconded by T. R. Wadsworth, Esq., That the ballot box be now opened and remain open until two o'clock this day for the receipt of ballot tickets for the election of seven directors, the poll to close as soon as five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being tendered, and that James Graham and Robert Beaty do act as scrutineers—Carried.

Moved by Robert Beaty, Esq., and seconded by T. R. Wadsworth (Weston), That the President do now leave the chair, and that Mr. T. R. Merritt do take it. Moved by W. T. Kiely, Esq., seconded by David Kidd, Esq. (Hamilton), That the thanks of the Bank are due, and are hereby tendered, to Mr. Howland for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers subsequently reported the following shareholders as directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt, Hon. J. R. Benson, Wm. Ramsay, T. R. Benson, Wm. Ramsay, T. R. Wadsworth, P. Hughes, John. P. Fiskan.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. H. S. Howland was re-elected President, and Mr. T. R. Merritt Vice-President, for the ensuing year.

By Order of the Board,

D. R. WILKIE,
Cashier.

Toronto, 2nd July, 1884,

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ureberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,
305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,
and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:
DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,
REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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The visitor's guide to Saratoga Springs, containing descriptions of the routes of approach, hotels, institutions, and boarding houses, mineral springs, walks, drives, amusements, races, regattas, excursions, commercial interests, etc., etc. With a history of the Springs and Village.

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A hand-book for tourists and travellers, describing the routes from New York and Boston to the White Mountains, Lake Winnipisogee, Green Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, Montreal and Quebec, with full descriptions of the villages and resorts along the routes.

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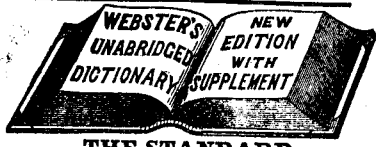
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Will be secured at the DIVISION NEXT YEAR. April, 1883.

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Table with 2 columns: Subscribed Capital, Paid up Capital, Reserve Fund, Total Assets. - \$3,000,000 - 2,200,000 - 1,100,000 - 8,000,000

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH. Deposits received, repayable on demand or short notice. Interest is paid, or added to the principal half-yearly.

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BANK OF OTTAWA. OTTAWA.

Table with 2 columns: Authorized Capital, Subscribed Capital, Paid-up Capital, Rest. - \$1,000,000 - 1,000,000 - 993,263 - 110,000

JAMES MACLAREN, Esq., President. CHARLES MAGEE, Esq., Vice-President. Directors—C. T. Bate, Esq., R. Blackburn, Esq., Hon. Geo. Bryson, Hon. L. R. Church, Alexander Fraser, Esq., Geo. Hay, Esq., John Mather, Esq.

GEORGE BURN, Cashier. BRANCHES—Amprior, Carleton Place, Pembroke, Winnipeg, Man. AGENTS IN CANADA—Canadian Bank of Commerce. AGENTS IN NEW YORK—Messrs. A. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker. AGENTS IN LONDON—English Alliance Bank.

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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1884.

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