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THE virtual refusal of the Toronto Public School Board to grant the very reasonable request of the women teachers of the city for an increase in the scale of their salaries is greatly to be regretted. It is, in the first place, a denial of simple justice. In order to make this clear it is not necessary to take the ground, which many whose opinions are as well worthy of consideration as those of others are prepared to take, that the value of the service rendered is the only thing to be taken into the account in determining the question of remuneration. That is a somewhat complicated question and one in regard to which there may be room for difference of opinion. But in this case the discrepancy is so glaring that it seems impossible to defend it on any principle except that which may be pleaded in defence of the grossest oppression of the employed that has ever existed, viz., that the just price of labour is the smallest sum which the necessities of those who live by labour may compel them to accept. It is almost inconceivable that a rule under which the highest salary which a woman can get, at the maturity of her powers and after long years of experience and successful service, is less than that to which the rawest young man is entitled at the very outset of his career, can be regarded by any fairminded person as otherwise than grossly unjust. The only ground on which such discrimination could possibly be defended would be that the service rendered by the women teachers is distinctly inferior to that of men. This will not be seriously maintained by many. The observation and experience of every intelligent citizen would contradict it. Efficiency in the teaching profession depends upon the possession of mental and moral qualities and of a degree of culture and experience which are quite independent of sex. But if it were otherwise, if it could be shown that a man is invariably, or even as a rule, so superior to the woman as to justify the broad difference in the scale of salaries, the fact would be very far from a vindication of the Board's method. It would simply prove that the Board, in employing inferior teachers for the sake of the comparatively small pecuniary saving effected, were violating at the same time a fundamental educational canon and a sound principle of political economy. It is doubtful if in any case whatever it is not an economical

mistake to employ inferior workmen because they can be had for smaller wages than the competent and skilful. But, whatever may be the fact in regard to other occupations, it is demonstrable that the employment of inferior teachers for our public schools, because of their cheapness, is much more than an economic mistake, it is an educational heresy and a crime against the welfare of the children, and of the State of which they are one day to become the moulders and representatives. Surely there is not an intelligent parent in the city who would accept such a plea as that of inferiority as an excuse for the starvation salaries now forced upon the women teachers. And surely it should not be too much to expect that those who are chosen out of the body of citizens and honoured with the position of school trustees because of their supposed superior intelligence and fitness in other respects for the duties of that high position, should be the leaders and educators of their fellow-citizens in such matters, rather than behind them in appreciation of elementary educational principles. A substantial increase in the salaries of women teachers would mean an improvement in the class of candidates entering the profession, an increase in the number of those entering it as a life work, and a corresponding gain in the quality of the work done in the public schools, such as can be brought about in no other way. For all this the School Board should be held responsible. That would be a strange and unworthy parent, indeed, who would not cheerfully endorse an increase in the school rates for the sake of securing the best possible teachers for his children in the schools, even at the cost of increased economy or self-denial in some other direction. We do not know that the hint is at all necessary, but it may not be amiss to point out that better salaries for women in the profession are as desirable in the interests of the men as of the women teachers, as one of the most powerful hindrances to the elevation of the profession in point of dignity and of emolument is the small-salary competition which is forced upon the women by the present conditions.

AN interesting discussion has for some time been going on in the newspapers and in educational circles, touching the so-called "pass" and "honour" courses of the University of Toronto. The question is not only interesting but highly important. For some reason the "pass" course has long since come to have associated with it an idea of inferiority which should by no means belong to it. It has come to be regarded in university circles as an easy path to a university degree, and so suited only for intellectual weaklings, or for students wanting in the noble ambition and manly pluck necessary to success in the "honour" courses. This is, from an educational point of view, much to be regretted. Most educators will agree that, as a preparation for the actual work of life, as well as on the higher ground of an all-round, symmetrical culture, a good general course, embracing a tolerably thorough grounding in the principles of each of the great departments of ordinary university work, is preferable to a proficiency in one or two departments that can be attained only by the comparative neglect of other subjects equally essential to a liberal education. So far as we can discover, the disparagement of the broader course in connection with Toronto University is due partly to defects in the subjects and arrangement of the "pass" course hitherto prescribed, but chiefly to the low standard of attainment insisted on for students of this course. Be that as it may, certain of the less conservative members of the University Senate, backed by other educators equally impressed with the need of reform in this particular, have been striving for years, with very indifferent success, to raise the standard in the "pass" course, and to do away with the notion of inferiority connoted by that term. In order to this they wisely propose, as a necessary preliminary, that the words "general" and "special" should be substituted for those hitherto used, both as a means of ridding the former of the old association and as more correctly distinguishing the two courses. It is also proposed, as a *sine qua non* of the much needed reform, that the general course be carefully revised, amended and extended so far as may be necessary to make it complete and symmetrical. But that which is rightly insisted on as the one indispensable condition of

raising this course to its proper level, as on a par with any of the special courses, is the rigorous application of at least a fifty per cent. standard in the examinations, instead of the ridiculously low standard of thirty-three per cent., to which the original twenty-five, deemed sufficient until recently, has, we believe, been advanced. If it be true as we have seen somewhere stated that even with the present low standard fifty per cent. of the "pass" candidates fail, the fact is but an additional proof of the low level to which the general course has been allowed to fall. The need of such changes as those proposed is so obvious that it is surprising that there should have been any difficulty in securing them, much more that a seemingly active opposition should have been offered. Certainly the tendency to specialization does not need to be stimulated by exceptional inducements or discriminations, nor, so long as the honour work is not superadded to that of the general courses, but substituted for a part of it, can the superiority of the "honour" courses be regarded as self-evident. We do not see how any thoughtful educator can doubt that the true interests of higher education will be best served by raising the general course to a par with the special courses, thus making it equally attractive to clever and ambitious students.

HOW far are the friends of the present Ontario Government justified in claiming that it stands forth as at least one shining exception to the rule in Canadian politics, that a long lease of power leads to maladministration and corruption, under the party system. Mr. Mowat has now been for about twenty years at the head of affairs in Ontario. It is claimed that during all that period no corrupt transaction can be brought home to the Government of which he has been leader; that the legislation of the period has been uniformly courageous yet sound and cautious, and that the administration of the finances has been able and economical. Certain it is that, in comparison, or as we might say, in contrast with the state of affairs that has come to light at Ottawa and at Quebec, the conduct of public affairs in this Province has been admirable. Comparison of its financial condition with that of any of its sister Provinces at the present moment also points to a similar conclusion, though the justice of such a conclusion is strenuously denied by hostile financial critics. But of that in another connection. For the present we confine our attention to the question of purity of administration. The Administration has not certainly been free from serious imputations upon its honour, though these are fewer and less grave than those constantly hurled against the Ottawa and Quebec Governments. The gravest, so far as we can remember, have almost invariably been connected in some way with the licensing system, and the relations between the Government and the license holders. The imputations are of two kinds, relating respectively to alleged undue influence in compelling license-holders to vote for the Government and in compelling them to contribute freely to the party funds. These charges have often been made and have never been very satisfactorily answered, possibly because of the difficulty of proving a negative, or indeed proving anything when the only persons who are in a position to testify are dependent for their means of support upon the good-will of the Government. Still it does not argue very great faith in the genuineness of the charges, on the part of the Opposition, that they have never, we believe, demanded a committee of investigation. The strongest and most direct charge yet made was that formulated a few weeks since by the *Empire* newspaper and since reiterated over the signature of the person upon whom undue pressure for a contribution to the party election funds is said to have been put. The statements made are certainly direct and strong and the answer given by the *Globe* cannot be said to have been wholly satisfactory. If conscious of innocence the Government will, we should think, rather court investigation by a competent committee, and if the *Empire* and those for whom it speaks are in earnest they can scarcely refrain from demanding a committee of investigation. To refuse such a demand would be considered almost a confession of guilt on the part of the Government. It can hardly afford, in any case, to let such accusations go unanswered, and all those

who would like to believe that there is at least one Government in the Dominion which is above resorting to unfair, underhand and corrupt devices will be glad if the Government can free itself from so serious an imputation upon its honour.

THE publication of "Toronto University Studies in Political Science" was happily conceived and is being judiciously carried out by Professor Ashley. Number III., of the First Series, which is now before us, is in some respects the best, because the most directly practical of the three which have appeared. The fact that the author is a young woman adds interest to the discussion, and is at the same time a suggestive reminder that times have changed since women were knocking in vain for admission to the lecture rooms of University College. Were it not now absurd to suppose any apology or vindication of the kind necessary, one might point to this pamphlet as an illustration of the wisdom of the innovation which was effected when it was decreed that sex should no longer debar a moiety of the young people of the Province from the advantages provided at public expense for university culture. Jean Thomson Scott, B.A., the writer of this treatise, has done her work well, and in doing it has rendered an important service to the working women of the Province, and, indeed, to all who are interested in the welfare of their fellow citizens. The facts have been searched out with admirable care and marshalled with a clearness and skill which leave nothing to be desired. The deductions and comments, too, are made in the true scientific spirit, without attempt at rhetorical embellishment. It will be of no small advantage to legislators and all others who may, for any purpose, wish hereafter to know the exact state of the law of the Province with regard to the employment of women and children in factories and shops, to be able to find, ready to hand, the full information contained in this pamphlet. Ample provision is made for testing the accuracy of any of the statements by the list of authorities given on the last pages. While the partially enforced Factories Act and Shops' Regulations Act have done much to improve and render tolerable the condition of women and children employed in the larger industrial and trading establishments of the Province, Miss Scott has very clearly pointed out various respects in which there is room and need for stricter legislation and better enforcement. It will be sufficient for the present purpose simply to indicate one or two of these. Perhaps the most serious of the defects pointed out is the limitations of the "Factories Act," in that it makes no provision for inspection of any factory not employing more than five persons, or of the work done in private houses where only members of the family are employed. There would obviously be serious difficulty in the way of inspection in the latter case, for the home is the castle of the Canadian as well as of the Englishman, and woe to the officer or the Government which attempts to invade its sacred precincts. But the author is clearly right in insisting that the smallness of the number of persons employed should give no immunity from the operation of the Act, for reason as well as observation shows that the small establishments are very often those in which inspection and the enforcement of sanitary and other regulations are most needed. Passing by various other defects and loopholes pointed out in the Acts, the force of the objections taken on the ground of insufficient inspection is obvious from the mere statement of the territory included in some of the inspectorates, while the necessity for female inspectors is so clear that one can only wonder why any Government should hesitate to appoint them.

CLOSELY connected with the subject of the previous paragraph is the question of the enforcement of the Truancy Act passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature. Assuming that the Minister of Education is in earnest and means to have the provisions of the Act carried into effect, difficulties of various kinds at once suggest themselves. Chief amongst these is that of the disposal of children who have been dismissed from the schools, and other incorrigibles. It is reasonable to suppose that those who fall into the hands of the truant officers will be largely composed of such classes. It is, of course, out of the question, that those who have been expelled from public or private schools as unmanageable, should be forced back into these schools, to the destruction of discipline and the despair of teachers. We learn from a paragraph in one of the papers that the Public School Board of Brantford has been considering the ques-

tion and is about to petition the Government to establish industrial schools in sufficient number and in convenient localities for the reception of such children. This seems a most reasonable suggestion. It is, in fact, about the only feasible method. It may be costly, it is true, but, apart from the necessity which is stronger than even economy, it is doubtful if any better investment could be made in the interests of the State. It is the very kind of school which is wanted for this class of children, whose viciousness is in most cases the outcome of want of occupation. This idleness in its turn is usually the result not so much of dislike to active exertion as of inability to do anything requiring tools and a little of the skill which comes only from practice. We are firm believers in the compulsory education of every child in the State, but we are none the less clearly of opinion that compulsory education is impracticable in the absence of a sufficient number of schools specially adapted for the training of those who have been found incorrigible in the public schools, but who, in nine cases out of ten, can be easily managed and trained for lives of respectability and usefulness in schools properly adapted to the purpose. No State has wisely observed the teachings of political and social science until it has made ample provision for the reformation and education of all its truants, waifs and incorrigibles.

AMONG the various causes assigned by the Liberal organs for the series of defeats which they have suffered thus far in the bye-elections, there is one, in particular, which demands thought and investigation. We refer to their reiterated assertions that the Government candidates have been materially helped by the way in which the voters' lists are filled up and manipulated. Now there may or may not be ground for these complaints. That is a question of fact which can be determined only by special enquiry in individual cases. The point to which we wish to direct attention is the evidence afforded by these complaints—irrespective altogether of the truth or falsity of the allegations—that the present mode of preparing the voters' lists in Dominion elections is wrong and vicious. The very fact that such charges may be made with plausibility, or without absurdity, shows that the system is unsound in principle. That fact implies that it is possible for a Government so disposed to give the managers of its party interests in a given locality such information in advance of its opponents as may enable it to have a decided advantage in the contest. It also implies that it is possible for an unscrupulous revising barrister, as Government officer, to manipulate the lists in such a manner as often to turn the scales in favour of the candidate of his party. Now, it is surely a vicious system which makes it possible for a Government or its appointees to be suspected of so dishonourable an act. We confess ourselves unable to understand how members of a Government, if properly sensitive on a point of honour, can consent either to place themselves or their appointees in such a position, or to take for themselves by means of their party majority in the House, any advantage or possibility of advantage over their opponents. Again, to look at the matter from another point of view. We notice that the Toronto organ of the Government, replying to the charges of packed lists made by certain Opposition candidates and organs, says that "the matter is one dependent upon vigilance and energy," and that "if the Conservatives make gains on the lists it is because their opponents are sleepy and disorganized." But ought a duly qualified voter's right to vote to depend upon the vigilance and energy of one political party, or the sleepiness and disorganization of the other? Ought not the franchise of the elector in a self-governing state to be secured to him independently of the intervention of any party managers, independently even of his own energy and vigilance in looking after a system of registration whose workings he may not very well understand? Surely not. Surely it should be the aim of legislation to encourage every qualified voter to use his franchise, and, in order to this, to devise a scheme whereby the very fact of his having fulfilled the prescribed conditions would secure him a place on the voters' lists, without further action or anxiety on the part of himself or of any party managers. When we add to the enormous cost of working the present Act, the facilities it undoubtedly affords for injustice and fraud, the moral weight of the indictment should be sufficient to crush it out of existence at the earliest possible moment. If the Opposition do but make it clear that the repeal of this Act is one of the planks of their party platform, they may certainly claim the title of "Reformers" in so far as that particular part of their programme is concerned.

THE interim report of the first Quebec Commission has at length been replaced by full majority and minority reports, and the complications of the position are now greater than before. Notwithstanding the assurances that were given through that portion of the press which approved of Lieut.-Governor Angers' course, that Judge Jette, who was at the time too ill to speak for himself, was in full accord with his colleagues, it now appears that Mr. Mercier and his partisans were correct in asserting the contrary. Judge Jette's minority report, disagreeing in certain very important respects from that of his colleagues, and exonerating Premier Mercier, Mr. Garneau, and other members of the deposed Government from complicity in or knowledge of the Pacaud affair, places Mr. Angers in an embarrassing position, especially in view of the fact now revealed by the publication of Judge Jette's note, sent to him at the time of the presentation of the interim report, that he knew at that time of the Judge's dissent from the conclusions of his colleagues. It will be remembered that Mr. Mercier demanded at the time that the note in question be published, but the Lieut.-Governor refused on the ground that it was personal. Whether under the circumstances it could properly be so regarded is a nice question, which we need not undertake to decide. But that Mr. Angers was, to say the least, very ill advised in proceeding to act on the interim report, knowing that it was not concurred in by one of the Commissioners, is sufficiently evident, and there is reason to fear may be still more evident when the results of the coming election are made known. Mr. Mercier and his supporters could hardly desire a better canvassing card than is furnished them by the publication of Judge Jette's conclusions at the present moment, and they are not likely to fail to make use of it to the best advantage. It is true that the subsequent revelations before the Second Commission have pretty well supplied the links of evidence that were wanting in the first instance, and have left no room for reasonable doubt of Mr. Mercier's guilty knowledge of the way in which the Provincial funds were being stolen for his advantage. But it is doubtful whether the sympathy evoked by the evident straining of the gubernatorial powers, in order to give a reason for his dismissal, combined with the questionable propriety of Mr. Angers' subsequent procedure, may not blind a large majority of Mr. Mercier's followers to the facts of the case. It is unfortunate from every point of view that the differences of opinion in the first Commission should have followed the planes of political cleavage. It is equally unfortunate that, in choosing a second board of Commissioners, Mr. Angers should have thought it necessary or wise to select wholly from those who had formerly been identified with Mr. Mercier's political opponents and his own political friends. All these things give more or less of plausibility to the cry that the Lieut.-Governor was actuated by partisan feelings and the desire to snatch a party advantage from the disgraceful circumstances. Had Mr. Angers been content to move more cautiously, had he scrupulously refrained from anything that the most rabid partisanship could have construed into an evidence of party feeling, there can be no doubt that the uncovering of the astounding breach of trust of which the Mercier Administration were unquestionably guilty might have been made with much better moral and political effect. While some are disparaging Judge Jette's report as a "party manifesto," we see no evidence that he was less conscientious and unbiassed than his colleagues. It must be borne in mind that he was bound to give judgment strictly in accordance with the evidence brought before the Commission of which he was a member, and it is, we think, undeniable that the evidence of Mr. Mercier's personal guilt adduced before that Commission was, as we pointed out at the time, no more direct or conclusive than that of a very similar nature presented in the case of Sir Hector Langevin, who was acquitted by the House of Commons.

WE shall evidently have to wait until Parliament meets for information in regard to the reciprocity conference at Washington. As the interviews are said to have been informal and confidential, it is possible that not even Parliamentary interrogation may suffice to open the mouths of the delegates, though whether and to what extent the principles and usages of constitutional government permit Cabinet Ministers to carry on secret conferences and negotiations of the kind in question and refuse information concerning them to Parliament we are not prepared to say. Probably the only plea that would be held valid for such reticence would be that of the unin-

ished state of the negotiations. That is, however, by the way. The Government organs have, we believe, been authorized to deny *in toto* the allegation so persistently made from unfriendly sources that they were, almost at the outset, embarrassed and nonplussed by a demand from Mr. Blaine for credentials and authorization from the British Government. The denial sounds reasonable, for it must have been well understood from the first that the Dominion delegates were without power to make a treaty, and sought only an informal conference, such as they surely have a right to hold with representatives of any country. But even so, it is evident that the Canadian Ministers must have laboured under a serious disadvantage in their efforts to ascertain the views of the American Administration, from the fact that they represented no national government, and were utterly without power to say what the British Government would or would not concede or ratify, in the shape of special arrangements for reciprocal trade. We should suppose that the circumstances must have been such as to cause the members of the Government to reflect seriously on the disadvantages under which the Dominion labours in consequence of its inability to perform any national function in its intercourse with the representatives of a foreign nation. The position is in fact rather a humiliating one for a people so fond as we are of speaking of ourselves as a self-governing people, a budding nationality, etc. Should the Opposition see fit, at the approaching session, to renew their time-worn motion in favour of our claiming the right to make our own commercial treaties, we shall be not a little curious to hear what the Government may have to say on the subject.

MR. BALFOUR'S first important movement in his new capacity as leader of the House of Commons has not been a triumph at the outset, whatever may be its subsequent success. If we may judge from the meagre accounts sent by cable, seldom has a great legislative measure, drawn up with deliberation by an able Government, been received with such an outburst of mingled derision and rage by political opponents. Whether this was the result of any unexpected deficiencies and limitations in the Bill itself, or whether any measure that the Government could have framed would have been greeted in the same way, it is not easy to determine. The fact that all parties in the Opposition ranks, including both divisions of the Home Rule wing, were of one accord in denouncing it, seems to indicate that it must be much less liberal in its provisions than was anticipated. It is not improbable that the Government, in framing the Bill, may have hoped to detach some of the nationalists and win them to its support as being an instalment of the Home Rule for which they have been so long and persistently fighting. If Mr. Balfour had any expectations of this kind he must have been undeceived more promptly than pleasantly. It is, perhaps, quite as probable that he had no expectation that his Bill would meet with favour—that the Government may, in fact, be “riding for a fall,” to use the current expression, in order to be able to go to the country with the cry that nothing short of virtual independence and separation from the Empire will satisfy the Irish, or enable the Gladstonians to retain their continued support. Of course the more extreme the Irish demand, and the more radical the Home Rule measure offered by the Liberals, the smaller will be the chances that the latter will find favour with a majority of the British electors. Whatever the explanation, it is evident that the Government have framed their scheme on lines too narrow, have incorporated into it too many safeguards, and have especially given Dublin Castle and the judges much too prominent a place in it, to give it any chance of acceptance by the Irish Nationalists. Aside from other considerations, this is a tactical mistake. Whether it would be safe to trust the Irish people or not is a question on which we need not pronounce an opinion. It is in fact the great question. But it is evidently useless to try to cheat them into the belief that they are being trusted while the concessions made in one clause of their charter are cancelled in another. The alternatives are, a generous measure of local self-government, or Dublin Castle rule. If the Government is really in earnest in its proffer of the olive-branch, it will no doubt find it possible to modify its proposals very materially in the directions indicated by the fierce tornado of criticism and denunciation with which it has been greeted. If, on the other hand, it has no hope of being able to meet the demands of the malcontents, the Bill may yet serve an important purpose in forcing Mr.

Gladstone to show his hand, thus affording fresh material for a vigorous Conservative campaign during the coming general election. It is quite possible that the latter is as much in the Government's thoughts as the former.

“FOURTEEN million persons in actual want!” Such is the official estimate given in the latest report made to the United States Government by its Minister at St. Petersburg. According to the same official report, says Mr. Smith, the Minister referred to, the territory afflicted by the famine comprises thirteen provinces of European Russia, having an area one-third greater than that of all Germany. Says the Countess Tolstoi, in a recent appeal:—

In such great need as this individual persons can do nothing. And yet every day that we spend in a warm house, every mouthful that we eat, seems to reproach us with the thought that at this very moment some one is dying of hunger. All of us who live here in Moscow in luxury, and cannot bear to see the slightest pain suffered by our own children,—how should we endure the sight of the desperate or stupefied mothers looking on while their children die of hunger and cold? *Thirteen roubles (\$6) will save from starvation till next harvest one person.* But there are so many that enormous sums are needed. Let us, though, at least, try what can be done.

Why is it that in the presence of a calamity so awful and one that appeals so directly to the sympathies of our common humanity, so little comparatively is being done by the outside world to save these millions of our fellow-beings from so dreadful a fate? Or, to come closer home, why is it that Canada has so far made no organized, strenuous effort to save at least a few hundreds? We cannot doubt that there are thousands of men and women in Ontario who, if the matter were only brought home to them in a practical shape, would most gladly contribute at least the six dollars each which would make each the saviour of one life. Some have, no doubt, contributed through some of the foreign agencies, but the amount so given is as nothing compared with what would be cheerfully bestowed were there some energetic home committee to issue appeals and forward contributions. It is not yet too late for such an agency to be formed, and it is greatly to be desired that some men of known business capacity, whose names will inspire public confidence, should undertake so noble a work. Meanwhile any who may wish to forward their contributions without delay can send them to Francis J. Garrison, Treasurer of the “Society of American Friends of Russian Freedom,” by whom the circular appeal from which we have quoted is sent out. The address is 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass. Any information deemed necessary can no doubt be had from responsible persons in Boston.

PROFESSOR WORKMAN'S CASE—II.

IN a communication which appeared in THE WEEK of February 5th an outline of this case—as it is generally understood by the public—was given, and correction was respectfully asked for, if misstatement in any important point had been made through ignorance or inadvertence. It is desirable to discuss the case calmly, for it affects important interests, both private and public, and it is necessary that the public should be accurately informed as to the facts. No correction having been even attempted, our outline of the case may be accepted as substantially correct. It is therefore now in order to consider more in detail the position which the authorities of Victoria have deliberately taken up.

In the first place, what does their position mean, as regards the University, with the government of which they have been entrusted? Regretfully, it must be answered in one word, that it amounts to treason to the University. From the origin of universities down to the present day they have been regarded as intellectual and spiritual lighthouses; the patrons of scholarship, the homes where investigation is impartially pursued, the centres where learning is stored, and where the methods and principles of study are faithfully tested. Unless they are faithful to this ideal they are of no use, rather—like all pretenders—they are worse than useless. The Church, even in the Middle Ages, recognized the value of such organs of reason and the necessity of giving them self-government. Consequently, even when authority in Church and State was tending to despotism, Popes gave them an independence of Episcopal and other ecclesiastical rule and a large liberty that made them the important factors that history attests them to have been in the development of every country in Christendom. Possibly they were expected to serve the Church in return for their charters and franchises. They did serve the Church well, and they served still better those interests of truth and life—the highest interests of humanity, for the promotion of which every church is supposed to exist. It might be shown that almost every stimulus which the human mind received in the Middle Ages, every advance or widening of thought, was largely due to their influence. We owe to them the blessings of

the Reformation. The German, Swiss, French, English, Scottish Reformers were the scholars of their time. The universities not only nurtured them, but gave to the movement itself that intellectual basis and coherence without which the greatest spiritual force passes away, without leaving permanent results in institutions and national life.

Now, it is admitted that the object for which a university exists is the same to-day as it was eight hundred years ago when Bologna was founded, or three hundred years ago when Edinburgh was added to the number of universities that then existed in Scotland. The tendency of modern far more than of mediæval times is to throw aside everything that trammels man in the search for truth. Preconceptions and interpretations that claim only the authority of tradition we are called upon to set aside or to test rigorously by rules of criticism that are of universal validity, and therefore binding on all reasonable men. Instead of punishing men for intellectual ability or for presenting truth from new points of view, or for the manifestation of the moral qualities of industry, energy, thoroughness and faithfulness, we feel that we cannot sufficiently reward such men. We claim that we have advanced beyond mediæval conceptions of liberty, and we believe that the greatest university to-day is not that which is oldest or has most money or most students, but that which has the greatest scholars and the most fearless thinkers. When a university has men of that stamp, we have no doubt that it should regard them as the apple of its eye.

It may be pleaded here that all this is true of public universities, but not of those that are denominational. Such a plea is based on a confusion of thought which may pass muster with Philistines, but which every university man will at once repudiate. There is no such thing as a private university, though there are private schools of various kinds. A university is based upon a charter given by the highest public authority for well-defined objects, and these objects are substantially the same in all cases. Whether a university owes its origin to a city, a province, a nation, a denomination, or an individual, it must be true to the fundamental law of its being, which law is implied and expressed in its public charter. The origin of a university may increase, but it can never lessen, the obligation of its charter. Especially, one would think, is the obligation incumbent on a university that had so honourable an origin as that which Victoria boasts. It was called into existence because the provincial university was in sectarian bondage. The Methodists of the country were in consequence forced by self-respect to found another university, and they established it on a more liberal basis than that on which Toronto stood. They appealed to people of all denominations for aid. Not only was the appeal responded to by individuals, but also by public bodies like the town council of Cobourg. In making this response they, as well as the mass of Methodist supporters, had a right to assume that Victoria would discharge the functions and obey the common law of a chartered university. Has it done so in the present instance? Let us see.

The position to which Professor Workman was appointed, the self-sacrificing labour which he voluntarily undertook, and his brilliant success, have already been referred to. One part of his duties was to interpret the books of the Old Testament, written in the Hebrew and Aramaic languages, which he and his students studied. If all that students expect and all that they ought to get is the interpretation of these writings according to tradition, no learned scholar is needed. The editor of a denominational paper, a pastor retired from active duty, a class-leader or—we say it without the slightest disrespect—a pious old woman from town or country would suffice to give in English the usually accepted interpretations. Neither Professor nor university is needed. But the University having been called into existence and the Professor having been appointed and having fully qualified himself, he very properly assumed, what the public and the University authorities would also naturally assume, that he should do his work faithfully. Now, the work of interpreting ancient books is not done by guess, or haphazard, or appeals to authority, or voting. It is done according to acknowledged rules. There are the laws of language, and admittedly we understand Hebrew and the cognate languages better to-day than in the eighteenth century. There are, too, canons of historical criticism which have been established since Niebuhr's time and which have been of immense service in the study of every department of ancient history. There are also rules of literary interpretation. A knowledge of ancient Oriental literary forms and usages enables the scholar to apply these rules so as to throw a flood of light upon what would otherwise be obscure. In addition, the great law of evolution is seen in the growth of society, and the development of literature, of jurisprudence, of science and art, as well as of everything that has life or that is the expression of life. Be it well understood that the interpretation of the books of the Old Testament according to these laws takes away no truth. Old rubbish of scribes and rabbis is cleared away, and the full beauty and power of the truth is seen. Nothing that is of the slightest value is lost, but much is gained. None the less, no man who has drunk old wine, *straightway* desireth new; the new may be richer, but his taste has to be formed and until it is, he will cry “the old is better.” He is not to be blamed for this, but what is to be said if in the nineteenth century he also stones the man who offers the choice of old and new. It may be said that we are too polite or too

holy to throw stones in Canada. Yes; we are satisfied with misrepresenting the sinner and refusing him the right of reply. Having thus raised a *fama* against him, we turn him out of the honourable position for which he has fitted himself by the labour of a lifetime. That is all we do, in these days of light and liberty. Then, we turn up our eyes to heaven, and ask: "Could we do less?" It might be answered: "Could you possibly do more, even if you had the will?"

The point that is made at present, be it noted, is that the action against Professor Workman was taken by the governing body of the University, that is, by the very men whom the public expected to defend the rights of Professors to investigate freely, even although the Professor—in the course of his investigation—should find something new. The case would be in a different position had the Supreme Court of the Methodist Church tried Professor Workman for heresy, and having found him guilty deposed him from the ministry. It is safe to say that the Methodist Church will take no such action through its Conference or any other of its Courts, but if it did so the Regents could then plead that their Constitution required the Professor of Biblical Criticism to be a minister in good standing of the Methodist Church, and that it was necessary to dismiss one who had been deposed. At present, however, they have no such defence. They stand before the country guilty of treason to the aim and object of every university, and specially of Victoria. It may be added here that a charge of libel for heresy against Dr. Workman could not be sustained for a moment. He believes firmly in Revelation and Inspiration. He believes firmly in the Messianic element in Old Testament prophecy. But instead of accepting the old mechanical interpretation of certain texts, he shows their living connection with the actual life of Israel. He thus endeavours to show to some extent "the many parts and many ways" in which the living God—according to Paul—gradually revealed Himself and so prepared the world for the full revelation of Himself in Jesus. Neither is anyone concerned to defend the interpretations of Dr. Workman in detail. Possibly he may be wrong, and in that case it is the duty of his honour students, of other Professors of Hebrew and of scholarly ministers and laymen to show that he has erred. Possibly a vigorous controversialist may be able to boast of success along this line. He may interpret some of the passages more accurately, and he may be able to persuade men so, especially if they wish to be persuaded, and if he has the command of a paper. But all this does not touch the merits of the case. Dr. Workman's conclusions on this or that point may or may not stand. His methods of interpretation must be accepted, even by those who disagree with his conclusions, for they are the acknowledged canons of linguistic, literary and historical criticism.

What makes the action of the Regents the more incomprehensible is that the men present at their meeting competent to discuss the question in the light of modern scholarship were in favour of giving Dr. Workman liberty to teach. The Chancellor of the University, whose volume on the Epistle to the Romans shows him to be an admirable exegete, the Vice-Chancellor, the Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and the other scholars present, were on one side. These were surely the best judges of the Professor, of his work and of the higher interests of the University in the matter.

Enough on this. The question must be looked at from other points of view. But, surely, now that the Regents have had time to reflect, they must see that a mistake has been made. Let them, then, do something that is harder but grander than persisting in the mistake.

PRESBYTER.

PARIS LETTER.

THAT Cadmean victory—the new ultra-protectionist tariff—provokes no enthusiasm. At the present moment France has no defined or permanent commercial relations with any country, save with Norway-Sweden for herrings and common timber. No wonder the journals of light and leading deplore the rash adventure into which the country has been plunged. The respite other nations accord to France to offer lower rates than her minimum tariff can terminate at any moment. Business men in the midst of such uncertainties can do nothing to tap the foreign markets, especially those of Europe. French as well as other national industries exacts stability; this wanting, all is uncertainty and the unknown. Germany now leads Europe in a relatively liberal commercial federation, while France sits on her Chinese wall, on where the mind's eye can discern "Ichabod." When France shall have worked up all her heavy stocks of imports, secured in anticipation of the new customs dues, she must find markets for her glut of outputs. Where? Other nations have hoisted her with her own petard.

But there is balm in Gilead, if no physician be there. The blind alley into which France has been driven by legislators who love her commercially well, but not wisely, must in time bring its inevitable solution. The margin of profits—so small in these times of trade competition—do not permit of the experiment France has undertaken. The leap in the dark must be paid for; the cost will be known before the end of the year. There is no political sentiment in the sad situation to be conquered by sugared ineptitudes and honeyed commonplaces, but a merciless strangulation by fixed laws and concrete facts. The refusal of Spain to accept even an ephemeral trade arrangement with France

confirms the belief that Iberia has more sheep's eyes for the Teutonic than for the Latin sister.

One of the most harmonious among the legion of inharmonious street cries of Paris is: *Mouron pour les petits oiseaux!*—chick weed for cage birds. It is chiefly sold in the early morning when servants come downstairs to purchase milk and hot rolls. It is almost an insignificant industry, but it enables some hundreds of poor families to honestly earn a crust. All the capital required is a good pair of legs, a knowledge of the waste or neglected garden sites near the fortifications, or, as is more general, the kitchen garden fields and vineyards in the suburbs. The weed must be sold as fresh as newly-made bread, crisp, brittle, tender, neither too much flower nor too little seeds. The birds, canaries especially, peck and nibble at the delicate leaves which form their salad in the winter season. An old man, his wife and two little girls may have been given the run over several fields to gather the weed. The latter is carried in a large basket on the back to the fortifications or city entrance. There is a gathering of the clans; some buy the basket for a lump sum, and then make it up in small bundles, tied with a straw, and to be sold for one sou each in retail, or three for two sous, wholesale. The girls who have good lungs commence their musical cry, which the birds almost seem to comprehend.

Not unfrequently paterfamilias may have a friend in some house porter who will permit him to sell the *mouron* during the morning under the entrance gate. A nip of brandy occasionally is all that is expected by the porter. And these *mouron* people display a numbered brass medal, like costermongers, streetshoe-blacks, etc., which is issued by the police to know who's who. Of course it is all romance about played-out members of the liberal profession, unfrocked priests and pumped-dry millionaires being found amongst these Pariahs. Like the scavengers, the rag men and other well-to-do members of the submerged tenth, they have now agreed, at an open-air meeting, to form a syndicate. As the show of hands was nearly equal, a division was called for; two washing tubs served for ballot boxes, and the "bulletins" were corks for "yes" and an onion for "no," each voter passing to the back of the scrutineers after depositing his bulletin. A stand-up déjeuner followed, at the uniform price of six sous, consisting of a junk of head, cylindrical slices of horse sausage and a bottle of cider. There is a protective social side to this new plan of grouping all the lowly employments and giving them office accommodation in the monster Labour Hall. Those who are not registered under their natural calling can be registered at any moment to give a biographical sketch of themselves to the police.

Miss Nelson continues her fasting feat without any parade or horn-blowing. She is the type of "the fair with golden hair," tall, and with prepossessing manners. She is an Anglo-Saxon, and is at home either with English or Americans, but happier when with both. She is not unknown to Parisians as a popular concert singer. She tells all visitors who desire to know, with frankness and sincerity, that, like everyone else, she desires an increased revenue, and believes in the elixir she prepares from South American plants, that thirst can be assuaged and hunger deceived for a relatively long time without deteriorating health. Some philanthropists might try some thousand bottles on the starving Russians—and British Hindoos. Miss Nelson's fasting, like Cæsar's wife, is above suspicion. Automatic checks control the experiments independent of the doctors. At the end of thirty days she may indulge in hot cross buns and bohea. She has in private rehearsed during twenty-seven days the rôle she now fills. Her Anglo-Saxon pluck merits success.

Paris has certainly sighed for five minutes over the fate of a Darby and Joan, whose united ages amount to 150 years. The old man was bed-ridden four years, and Aphonic, the aged and palsied wife, could crawl up and down stairs; they dwelt in an attic. The wife caught influenza, took to bed, and in thirty-six hours was a corpse beside her husband. Four days this mezentian torture endured, till the house-porter knocked at the door for the rent, when the husband related the drama—appropriate for a realist theatre.

It is a pleasant turn of the year when the private clubs open their annual exhibition of paintings by their members, and enable the mind to forget new tariffs; the syllabuses of Cardinals and politicians; strikes, the Damocles-Suol war, and even the influenza. The fashionable crowds at these artistic gatherings have no fear of infection from the epidemic. It is agreeable to listen to the criticisms of the ladies on the paintings—they are far better judges than the gentlemen; but the beautiful and the true are the appanages of the fair sex. Some of the paintings we shall meet again at the annual salons. The "Volney Club" has had superior exhibitions to the present, but the exhibits by Lefebvre, Henner, Benjamin Constant, Bouguereau, Trappa and Ruffio, alone would draw a crowd. Bouguereau's "Child" is poetry itself; Henner, as a painter of flesh, can only be paralleled by Henner. Carolus-Durand contributes a portrait of this artist, exquisite in colouring and drawing, though some maintain he has turned out better work. M. Paul Rouffio's portrait of a lady and of a boy blowing soap bubbles up in the air are very charming, full of expression, and of happy colouring. Aimé Millet's two pieces of statuary are gems.

The "Union Artistique Club" has a splendid display of pictures this year. Bounat has two portraits, and unanimously pronounced as very poor. Bouguereau is

represented by another of his exquisite ideals; Vibert contributes two of his scarlet cardinals, embodying North and South Pole temperaments; Dagnan-Boureret's portrait of an infant is excellent, as are the two portraits by Cormon. Cain's story or incident paintings, in addition to being amusing, are well executed. Weert's and Friant's exhibits are also to be commended.

Illustrative health hints: Mignet the historian, and celebrated for a Castor and Pollux friendship with Thiers, drank little wine, less of coffee, no tea, never smoked, rose at five o'clock, lighted his own fire, made his own breakfast, and during sixty years of his life had no servant; he died a bachelor, aged eighty-eight.

Jules Simon says 130,000 persons in Paris are annually killed in drinking Seine water.

Z.

THE FEUD.

"I HEAR a cry from the Sansard cave,
O mother, will no one hearken?
A cry of the lost, will no one save?
A cry of the dead tho' the oceans rave,
And the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er a grave,
While the shadows darken and darken."

Oh hush thee, child, for the night is wet,
And the cloud-caves split asunder,
With lightning in a jagged fret,
Like the gleam of a salmon in the net,
When the rocks are rich in the red sunset
And the stream rolls down in thunder.

"Mother, O mother, a pain at my heart,
A pang like the pang of dying;
Oh hush thee, child, for the wild birds dart
Up and down and close and part,
Wheeling round where the black cliffs start,
And the foam at their feet is flying.

"O mother, a strife like the black clouds' strife
And a peace that cometh after;
Hush child, for peace is the end of life,
And the heart of a maiden finds peace as a wife,
But the sky and the cliffs and the ocean are rife
With the storm and thunder's laughter.

Come in my sons, come in and rest,
For the shadows darken and darken,
And your sister is pale as the white swan's breast,
And her eyes are fixed and her lips are pressed
In the death of a name ye might have guessed
Had ye twain been here to hearken.

Hush mother, a corpse lies on the sand,
And the spray is round it driven,
It lies on its face, and one white hand
Points thro' the mist on the belt of strand
To where the cliffs of Sansard stand
And the ocean's strength is riven.

"Was it God, my sons, who laid him there?
Or the sea that left him sleeping?"
Nay, mother, our dirks where his heart was bare,
As swift as the rain in the teeth of the air;
And the foam-fingers play in the Saxon's hair,
While the tides are round him creeping.

Oh, curses on ye hand and head,
Like the rains in this wild weather,
The guilt of blood is swift and dread,
Your sister's face is cold and dead,
Ye may not part whom God would wed
And love hath knit together.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

MR. GRAY'S STRANGE STORY.

What may this mean
So terribly to shake our dispositions
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.
—Hamlet, Act I, Scene IV.

I AM a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, fifty years old, in sound health of body and mind. I have never had any belief in spiritualism, clairvoyance or any similar psychical delusions. My favourite studies at college were logic and mathematics, and no one who knew me could suspect me of belonging to that class of enthusiasts in which ghosts and other preternatural manifestations have their origin. Yet I have had one strange experience in my life which apparently contradicts all my theories of the universe and its laws, nor have I ever been able to explain it on any rational hypothesis. That there is some reasonable explanation I believe, and as there is no one living now, except myself, whom the facts concern, I have determined to give them to the world for the benefit of those who are interested in abnormal phenomena.

Twenty-five years ago I was minister of a newly built church, in a village on the shore of Lake Erie. The village had sprung up round the saw mills of Mason and Company, lately erected to turn the giant pines that grew on the sandy borders of the lake into lumber. When the pines were all worked up, the great saw mills and lumber yards sought another locality, and the village which had never had any individuality of its own dropped out of existence.

There was no manse, and I boarded in the house of the chief member of my congregation, Mr. Michael Forrest, who owned a fine farm of four hundred acres close to the village.

The Red House Farm, as it was called from the colour of the paint Michael Forrest liberally bestowed on his buildings and fences, was in those days a pleasant place. There peace and plenty reigned, and everything within and without testified to good management, order and comfort.

My story opens in the parlour of the Red House, where, in the early afternoon of a splendid Indian summer day, a young man was writing at a desk placed under an open window that looked into a spacious verandah enclosed by cedar posts round which climbing plants were twined in picturesque profusion. This "best room" was never used by the family except on Sundays and festal occasions, and at other times was given up to the minister, the Rev. Gilbert Gray, who writes this narrative.

The hurry and bustle of dinner were over, the dinner things cleared away and the kitchen and dining-room made tidy. Mrs. Forrest was sitting in her rocking chair by the sunny kitchen window, and, her knitting in her lap, was taking her afternoon nap, her cat curled up at her feet. All was quiet in the house till light steps came tripping down stairs, and two pretty girls entered the verandah, sitting down on the high-backed bench of rustic work, each holding some bit of light needle-work in her hands. One was the only child of Farmer Forrest and his wife; the other a niece, brought up by Mrs. Forrest from infancy, and filling the place of a second daughter.

I have said they were two pretty girls, but Marjory Forrest was beautiful. She was a tall, graceful blonde, fair and pale, with rose-red lips, violet eyes, and hair the very colour of sun-light. She looked like the heroine of some happy love poem—happy, I say, for there was no hint of tragedy in her pure, serene face. Celia Morris had a Hebe-like face and form, with bright chestnut hair, merry brown eyes and a laughing mouth, showing two rows of pearly teeth. She was just eighteen; two years younger than Marjory.

They made a charming picture in their pretty print dresses, fresh and spotless, their bright heads bending over their work, and catching the changing lights and shades coming in through the autumn-tinted leaves. But the picture darkened and dissolved as a handsome young man stood in the open arch of the doorway. The girls smiled a welcome, and, taking of his hat, he stepped in and threw himself down on a pile of mats made of the husks of Indian corn. He was the son of the head of the great lumber firm of Mason and Company. His father was a hard-working, self-made man, but he prided himself on bringing up his son to be a gentleman. Not an idle gentleman, however, and he had lately sent the young man to the mills to gain some practical knowledge of business before admitting him to a junior partnership. As there had been many satisfactory dealings between Mr. Mason and Farmer Forrest, Leonard Mason was made welcome at the Red House, and speedily established himself on a friendly footing. His frank, unaffected manner, and freedom from what Mrs. Forrest called "city airs," pleased the farmer and his wife; his knowledge of music and light literature charmed Marjory and Celia. The young people were on the most familiar and friendly terms, but Leonard's attentions were so equally divided between them that if he had a preference only a very close observer could have discerned it.

To-day he did not respond as readily as usual to Celia's lively chatter, and he soon got up from his seat on the mats, and, placing himself against one of the posts, from which point of vantage he could better see Marjory's face, said, "I am going to Hamilton."

Marjory looked up with a startled glance. Celia laughed a quick little laugh as she asked, "not this very minute, are you?"

"I am going to-morrow; my father wants me."

"Well, I suppose you mean to come back again," said Celia, lightly.

"Yes, but not for a week. Shall you miss me very much while I am away?"

"Why, of course; there won't be any one to sing 'Come into the garden, Maud.' Will there Marjory?"

"No, indeed," said Marjory.

"I wonder which of you will miss me most. If I knew, I would ask her to give me a lock of her hair to wear round my wrist as a keepsake."

Celia's eyes were fixed on Leonard with an eager questioning expression, but he was looking at Marjory, who kept her eyes steadily on her work, though a faint blush was stealing over her face.

"I'll tell you what we must do," said Leonard. "I'll get two long and two short lots, and you must both draw. Whoever draws two long lots loses a lock of her hair to me. 'I know you won't refuse me,' he continued pleadingly, 'because there may be an accident to the train I am going on, and I may be killed, and then you'd be sorry for having been so unkind.'"

"What nonsense," cried Celia.

"Not at all," said Leonard, "wise men of old believed in the judgment of lots." And breaking off a slender vine-tendrill he divided it into two long and two short lots, arranging them with some mysterious manipulations between his fingers. Then, kneeling on one knee, he held them to Marjory.

Slowly, with tremulous fingers and blushing cheeks,

Marjory drew a long lot. Leonard seemed going to say something, but checking himself held out the lots to Celia. Celia did not blush; she grew deathly pale as she drew out her lot. It was a short one.

"I see you don't intend to lose, Miss Celia," said Leonard.

I think I hear now the wild, hysterical laugh with which she answered him. Then, I did not heed it.

"If you draw a short one this time," said Leonard, as he again held the lots to Marjory, "we shall have to try again," but as he spoke the second long lot was in her hand.

"Oh, kind fortune!" cried Leonard.

He tried to make Marjory look at him, but she would not meet his eyes. Still, those subtle signs that lovers learn to read—the flickering flame on her cheek, the quivering of her lips and eyelids, who can say what—gave him courage. Snatching up her scissors, he held them over her head. "May I?" he asked beseechingly. With shy, timid grace she bent her fair head still lower; he felt the mute consent, and the next moment one long braid was severed from the rest and lying in his hand.

"Fasten it round my wrist with a true lover's knot," he whispered, softly touching her fingers with the braid. She took it at once, and as he pushed up his sleeve she wound it round his wrist, Leonard helping her to tie the mystic knot. Holding her hand, which did not try to escape, he drew her gently towards him and kissed the virgin lips that confidingly met his.

At that moment a shadow, as if from the wild flight of a bird, passed before the window at which I sat, and swift as an arrow from a bow Celia darted out of the verandah. Till then I had seen and heard all that passed in a sort of stupor, like that which sometimes takes possession of one who listens to his death sentence, though every word is indelibly written on the tablets of his memory. Unwittingly I had been playing the part of an eavesdropper. Now consciousness returned, and, like a man coming out of a trance, I got up and left the room and the house.

I had walked fast and far before I returned to the Red House, and the moon, a brilliant hunter's moon, was flooding earth and heaven with light as I came in sight of the verandah. The inmates seemed all standing outside, among them a tall, finely-made young man, whom I at once recognized as Archie Jonson, farmer Forrest's nephew, generally supposed to be the heir to the Red House Farm. A marriage between him and Celia had been planned by the farmer and his wife while the cousins were children. Archie had always been devoted to Celia, and she had been fond of him till he tried to win her for his wife. Then, either from coyness or coquetry, she became cold and unresponsive. His entreaties for an immediate marriage were indignantly refused, and the utmost concession she would make was that after she was one and twenty she might think about it. A quarrel ensued, and, deeply wounded, Archie left his home. He was passionately fond of the water, and being known as a brave and skilful sailor he found no difficulty in obtaining the place of mate on one of the best schooners on the lakes.

I was surprised at seeing him, as he was not expected home until after the close of navigation, but still more astonished when he came to meet me before I reached the house.

"Where's Celia?" he called out as he came near.

"Celia?" I exclaimed, with a sudden feeling of alarm, "Isn't she at home?"

"No; Marjory thought she went with you to the village."

"She hasn't been with me. I haven't seen her."

"My God!" he burst out passionately; "where can she be?"

"Perhaps she's hiding from you, for fun," I said.

"No; they had missed her before I got here."

The farmer was calling us to come on, and, as soon as we were near enough, he told us that shortly after dinner he had seen Celia running down the road to the bush. "But you see," he said, "I was so taken aback by Leonard coming to ask me for Marjory, that I forgot I had seen her till this minute."

"She must have gone to get maple leaves for her Christmas wreath," said Marjory.

"But what keeps her so late?" said Mrs. Forrest.

"Why, you needn't be scared about her," said the farmer; "there's nothing to harm her. There hasn't been a bear or a wolf, or even a rattlesnake, seen in these woods for forty years; nor no such vermin as tramps, neither."

"There's that swamp," rejoined his wife; "she's always hunting for some sort of weeds in it, and I often think she'll fall in and get drowned."

"She couldn't be drowned if she didn't walk into the middle of it on purpose," said the farmer. "But where's Archie going?"

"To bring home Celia," Archie called back, as he walked off at a pace that soon took him out of sight.

"I'm sure I'm glad he's gone after her," said Mrs. Forrest. "She might have hurt her foot on a stub or a stone, and not be able to walk."

I suggested that Leonard and I had better follow Archie, and Leonard said he was just going to make the same proposal.

"Archie won't want you," said the farmer. "If Celia has hurt herself, he can carry her home as easy as a baby; and like the job, too, I guess."

"Oh, let them go, father!" said Marjory. "You see how anxious mother is, and so am I."

"All right, let them go if they like," said the farmer; adding in an irritable tone, that showed he was himself getting uneasy, "women are always making a fuss about nothing."

The moon was at the full, and the sky without a cloud. Every cluster of golden rod and purple aster along the fence, every stick and stone on the road were as clearly seen as at noonday. Leonard and I hurried on filled with an unspoken dread. The road was at first in a straight line, but on coming to a piece of marshy land it turned away to the bush; a path from this turning led to the swamp, a few yards distant.

These swamps are often places of surpassing beauty. There every species of wild fowl make their nests and rear their young broods, and the brilliant flowers and luxuriant leaves of all kinds of water plants form lovely aquatic gardens, richly coloured with ever-varying tints from April to December, and always the delight of an artist's eye. Round the edges of the swamp the water is usually shallow enough for the hunters to wade through in pursuit of their game, but in the centre it is often dangerously deep, and only to be crossed in a skiff or canoe.

Where the road divided, Leonard would have kept a straight course to the bush, but a terrible fear dragged me in the other direction. "No; come this way!" I cried, and he turned and followed me in silence. Faster and faster we hurried on till we reached the swamp. There a heart-rending sight met our eyes. Archie Jonson was struggling through the beds of water-lilies, reeds and rushes that obstructed his way, clasping Celia in his arms. Her long hair fell down dank and dripping, her arms hung stiff and lifeless, her face gleamed ghastly white under the strong moonlight. She was dead! "Drowned! drowned!"

As we ran towards him, Archie laid her on a grassy mound. Her limbs were not distorted and her face was composed, except that her eyes were wide open as if in startled surprise. "You are a doctor as well as a minister," Archie said to me, hoarsely; "see if there is any life left."

There was none. She had been dead for hours. As I said so, Archie sprung up from his kneeling attitude beside Celia, and turned to Leonard with a deadly rage and hatred in his eyes.

"This is your doing," he said.

"Mine!" exclaimed Leonard. "Are you mad?"

"I am not mad. There is Celia, the girl I loved better than my life, lying dead before my eyes, and you are her murderer!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Leonard, "What do you mean?"

"The shock has been too much for him," I said.

"Archie, my poor fellow, you don't know what you are saying."

"I know very well what I am saying. He—that man there—fooled Celia, poor little innocent child, with his fine flattering manners till she thought he was making love to her, and when she found out he had only been play-acting with her, she couldn't bear it. It made her crazy, and she came down to the swamp and drowned herself. Oh, my God, she drowned herself! But it was he made her do it."

"I never made love to Celia in my life," said Leonard. "I loved Marjory from the first hour I saw her."

"Oh, I dare say. You were only playing with Celia, but she thought you were in earnest. Listen to me, minister," he continued, controlling his passion with wonderful self-command; "I had a warning, but I was a blind idiot and did not take it. Three nights ago, I dreamed that I saw Celia standing on a bank sloping down to a big piece of water, and a man was standing beside her, and while I was looking on in a stupid kind of wonder, I saw she was slipping down towards the water and not able to stop herself, and she held out her hand to the man and cried to him to help her, but he turned right round and went up the bank. Then I woke, and the dream seemed so real it made me feel queer; but I never had any belief in dreams, and when I got up and went out into the daylight, I laughed at myself for being frightened at a nightmare and thought no more about it. But the next night the dream came again; and this time I saw Celia throw herself into the water; and the man stood on the bank and looked on. Then I knew the dream was sent to warn me of some danger to Celia, though I couldn't tell what it meant, and I came home as quick as I could. And the first person I saw was the man I had seen in my dream—the man I am looking at now, and I heard he was going to marry Marjory; and Celia could not be found. Then when aunt Forrest mentioned the swamp, the meaning of the dream came to me like a flash, and I made for the swamp, but I had come too late—too late to save her, but not too late to revenge her wrongs."

I attempted to reason with him as well as I could, and tried to show him how wicked and absurd it was to let a dream—a nightmare, as he had himself called it—put such wild fancies into his head.

"And you cannot know that she drowned herself; it may have been an accident," I said.

"It was no accident; she drowned herself in her madness. When I got to the swamp I saw a bit of ribbon hanging on the reeds, and I went on till I came to the deep water; there I found her. She had not sunk very far down because her skirt had caught on a stake that stood

up there, and I got her out easily enough. But she was dead; and you, Leonard Mason, will have to answer to me for her death."

"I tell you I am as innocent of her death as you are!" said Leonard.

"Can you swear it?" cried Archie. "Can you swear it while she lies there before your eyes?"

"I can, I never had any love for Celia, and I never tried to make her think I had. I swear it before the God that hears me!"

As Leonard uttered this oath, Archie kept his eyes fixed on him with piercing intensity; but Leonard met the searching gaze without flinching.

"If you have sworn to a lie," Archie said, "your sin will find you out, and you will have to answer to me for what you have done when you least expect it."

Then he wheeled round, and going to his dead sweetheart, took her in his arms. "Go before me, minister," he said—"go before me, and tell them *what* is coming."

He would not allow me to help him, so Leonard and I walked on before, and Archie followed with his piteous burden. He was a tall powerful young man, besides being under such a strong excitement as gives threefold strength to every nerve, and he carried poor Celia's death-weight, as if she had been a living child.

But I can write no more of that night of grief and anguish. When the dismal morning came, Archie had gone.

Three days after her death Celia was laid in the village graveyard; a peaceful spot away from all noise or traffic, on the side of a gentle hill within site of the Red House. No one but Archie Jonson, Leonard Mason and myself ever suspected the manner of her death. It was naturally supposed that while gathering flowers in the swamp she had fallen into some hidden pool from which the water plants that covered it would prevent her escape.

Archie was not at her funeral, nor had he returned to the farm, but, two days after she was buried, he wrote to Mrs. Forrest telling her that he had rejoined his vessel, the *White Bird*, which was going up Lake Superior with a cargo, the last trip she intended to make that season. The letter made no mention of Celia and was very brief, but it was calmly and coherently written, and the Forrests hoped he intended to come home when the schooner was laid up. But this gleam of light was soon lost in deeper darkness. In the middle of November a letter from the owners of the *White Bird* came to Michael Forrest, informing him that the vessel with all her crew had been lost on Lake Superior in one of those sudden storms which, after a long period of fine weather in the fall, sometimes break over the lakes. Her figure head, on which her name and that of the firm to which she belonged were carved, had been found floating, and recognized by another vessel, confirming the fears for her fate that had been felt. The bodies of the crew were never found, for the ice-cold depths of Lake Superior never give up their dead.

The winter passed slowly and sadly at the Red House, but with the spring came the promise of new hope and joy, Mr. Mason had built a pretty house for Leonard and his bride near the Mills, of which Leonard was to be chief manager. They were to be married in May, and the month famous for its caprice wore its fairest aspect that year. The sorrows which Marjory had gone through seemed only to have deepened the tender sweetness of her delicate beauty, and purified the happiness that illumined her lovely eyes. Leonard, as handsome and charming as ever, had grown more manly and thoughtful, and, if possible, was more in love with Marjory than ever. The old people gained new life from Marjory's happy prospects, and if I had not known what depths of regret and remembrance can lie silent and secret, in the human heart I might have thought that Celia and Archie were forgotten.

The wedding day came in warm and bright, and as full of opening buds and blossoms as if it had been expressly made for the occasion. The ceremony was to take place in the Red House parlour at six o'clock in the evening. The supper was to follow immediately. The bride and bridegroom were then to be driven to the nearest station to meet the train for Hamilton where they were to stay a few days and then go on to Niagara Falls to spend the remainder of their honeymoon there.

It was a busy day at the Red House. Two or three young girls from the village came to help in the pleasant task of putting all the rooms in festal array, and in preparing the dainties liberally provided for the wedding feast.

As the time for the ceremony drew near, the day's excitement rose higher and higher. The bridesmaids were dressing the bride, Mrs. Forrest and two favourite assistants were setting out the supper table. The farmer had taken most of the guests to see his new peach orchard. Two young men, one a cousin of Leonard's who had come from Hamilton to be the best man, were chatting and laughing through an open window with two pretty girls who were decorating the wedding cake with dainty little flags bearing embroidered mottoes placed among loves and doves and other appropriate devices in sugar. Leonard and I were standing in the doorway of the verandah, and the eager bridegroom was looking at his watch.

"It only wants twelve minutes to six," he said, "I hope Marjory is ready."

"Your watch is too fast," I said, laughing. "Mine wants fully a quarter."

As I spoke a boy employed to do "chores" came

round from the barnyard and said, "There's a man wants to see Mr. Leonard Mason."

"A man—what man?" asked Leonard impatiently.

"Dun know. He says he must see you for a minute."

"Oh, hang it!" said Leonard. "Well, I suppose I can give him a minute," and he stepped out of the verandah. Then, looking back at me, he exclaimed, "I hope the day is not going to change."

It was already changing. Grey clouds coming up from the lake were creeping over the sun. An icy wind followed them, chilling me to the bone, and I heard a distant peal of thunder. Farmer Forrest came hurrying his guests into the verandah. "Is all ready, minister?" he enquired. "Where's Leonard?"

"He went to the yard to speak to a man that wanted to see him," I answered.

"Well, we'd best go into the parlour now, and receive the bride and bridegroom in state," said the farmer leading the way.

As Leonard did not come at once, I went to meet him, wondering at his delay. The clouds were growing darker; there was a sharp gleam of lightning, and the thunder that followed showed it was nearer. The storm was certainly coming up, but it might be only a shower.

I looked all round the horizon, and while I was noting the darkening clouds, two men going up the road to the graveyard came into my view; a gleam of the fading sunlight making them distinctly visible. The one in front was more than commonly tall, and led the way with swift, vigorous strides. He was dressed in what seemed a sailor's rough jacket and trousers, and a sailor's glazed hat with floating ribbons. His companion followed him with curiously unequal steps, as if dragged by some invisible chain. It was easy to recognize in this last Leonard Mason in his new wedding suit; and as I gazed the conviction flashed upon me that the man in front was Archie Jonson. After all, then, Archie had not been drowned when the *White Bird* was lost. But by what strange power had he compelled Leonard to leave his waiting bride and follow him to the graveyard?

Such an extraordinary proceeding was both mysterious and alarming, and might be dangerous for Leonard; and on the impulse of the moment I followed them as fast as I could. I was a rapid walker, but they had a start of some minutes, and I could not overtake them.

When I entered the graveyard the whole sky was wrapped in a black pall except a little space above the plot of ground, bordered with periwinkles, in which Celia's grave lay. The white stone at the head of the grave and the figures of two men beside it stood vividly out under that clear space, while the black cloud came swiftly on as if to swallow them up. The tall man had his hand on the gravestone, his face was turned towards me and I could see every feature. It was Archie Jonson's face, lividly pale; or it might have been the shadow of the thunder cloud that made it appear so. Leonard's back was towards me, and he confronted Archie—if Archie it was—in a fixed and moveless attitude. I saw them distinctly for a moment; the next the black cloud that seemed almost to touch the ground covered them, and all was hidden from my eyes. Then a bolt of blue flame with a red light in its centre shot from the cloud, and an awful crash seemed to rend the heavens. A blinding torrent of rain succeeded, but it ceased in a minute or two; the cloud passed on, and the sun, now near its setting, shone clear in the western sky. Anxiously I looked round for Leonard and his mysterious companion. Leonard was lying stretched on Celia's grave; Archie, or his avenging ghost, or whatever had assumed his likeness, had disappeared.

Going up to Leonard, I found him dead; killed by the lightning I supposed, though I saw no sign of its having touched him. As I was still stooping over, half stunned by the shock, his cousin and two or three other young men came round me. They had heard a confused account of our having gone to the graveyard, and while others were looking for us in the barns and out-houses, they had come to see if it could be true. We made a rough litter of pine boughs on which we laid poor Leonard, the young men carrying the bier while I walked before, wondering how it would be possible for me to tell the awful tidings it was my hard fate to bring.

But it was not left to me. Marjory, who had been waiting and watching in an agony of terror at Leonard's absence, had seen the ominous procession coming down the hill, and before anyone could prevent her she was flying madly to meet it. Desperately I tried to stop her, but she broke away from me, saw her lover's dead body lying on the bier, and fell at the feet of the bearers in a death-like swoon; her dainty wedding dress and fair hair wreathed with flowers, lying in the muddy pools the thunder-rain had made.

It was long before she could be brought back to life, and then her mind was gone. She remembered nothing of the past, she had no recognition of the present; she knew no more, not even her mother; she never spoke, and did not seem conscious of anything said to her. She lingered a few days in this state, and then died so quietly that the watchers did not know when she passed away.

The poor old people did not long survive the wreck of all their earthly hopes. The Red House farm was sold, and Michael Forrest's property was divided among relations he had never known.

Leonard Mason's death was, of course, attributed to lightning. The "chore" boy's description of the man with whom Leonard had gone to the grave was so fanciful, and so

mixed with improbable incidents, that his tale was not credited by anyone. From some dreamy, incoherent utterances of Mrs. Forrest's, it was afterwards believed that Leonard had gone to the graveyard at Marjory's desire to lay a wreath of flowers on Celia's grave; and when the conjecture was added that the unknown man must have been an express messenger from Hamilton, bringing the wreath that had been delayed by some mistake, the mystery was supposed to be explained. As for the strange things connected with this tragedy that had come to my knowledge, I kept them hidden in my breast.

I have never seen or heard anything of Archie Jonson since his inexplicable appearance on that fatal day; and I have been informed that it was absolutely impossible the best sailor that ever lived could have escaped in such a storm as that in which the *White Bird*, with her crew, foundered.

LOUISA MURRAY.

Stamford.

MRS. JAMESON ON SHAKESPEARE AND THE COLLIER EMENDATIONS—I.

HAPPENING to have in my possession a volume once the property of the late Mrs. Jameson, showing on its margin a number of autograph pencillings expressive of opinion and sentiments, I have thought that a transcript of some of them might not be devoid of interest to Toronto readers; indelibly associated as the name of that writer is with the early annals of the city. The volume referred to is a copy of the well-known "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays," published in 1853 by J. Payne Collier. Notes and Emendations, derived, it will be remembered, from an old Shakespeare folio of 1632, casually picked up by Collier at Mr. Rodd's, a well-known dealer in antiquarian books in London, filled with manuscript corrections of some former unknown possessor. Collier's volume created a great deal of controversy, as its emendations, if received, would oblige all preceding readers and students of Shakespeare to alter their ideas in regard to numerous passages in their favourite author, and render imperfect all former editions of Shakespeare. Mrs. Jameson's book has on a fly leaf at the beginning her autograph, "Anna Jameson," and at the close of some introductory matter she has given a key to certain symbols which she has made use of throughout the work to indicate her approval or otherwise of the emendations. A small cross indicates "accepted"; a small O, "rejected"; a ?, "questionable." In addition to these marks, which are to be seen on almost every page, we have besides frequent exclamations—such as "No, no!" "Yes, more than no," "No, more than yes." Once or twice "stupid," and occasionally "plausible." It would, of course, occupy too much space to give at full length all the corrections thus marked, although every one of them deserves consideration as proceeding from the hand of so competent a judge of Shakespeare as Mrs. Jameson has shown herself to be in her well-known work entitled "Characteristics of Women"—meaning, in particular, the women of Shakespeare.

This volume seems to have belonged to the observant and intelligent manager of some theatre in London at some period soon after the year 1632. He appears to have made it the receptacle of a variety of manuscript memoranda relating to the stage. He has corrected therein with his own pen a number of typographical and other errors, such as mishearings, etc., and wrong punctuations, detected by him in the text. He has inserted here and there lines which were known by him, doubtless on some competent authority, to have been omitted, including some rhyming endings. He has added many special stage directions, and has cancelled some sentences which, as we may suppose, it was unusual for the actors of the day to deliver. It would extend this paper to too great a length were I to attempt to give anything like a free account of the changes suggested by the manuscript corrected. I shall, therefore, simply present a few specimens, giving first the word with which Shakespeare readers have been compelled to content themselves from the year 1632 downwards, making out of it whatever sense they best could; and then the word or words which ought to be substituted, and finally I add the approval, partial or otherwise, of Mrs. Jameson, and, in some instances, her rejection of the change. I begin with an example from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in Act 2, Sc. 1. The corrector bids us change "precision" into "physician"; Mrs. Jameson affixes her mark of approval to the alteration.

Again in "Hamlet," Act 3, Sc. 4, "sconce" for "silence." To this also Mrs. Jameson affixes her mark of approval. "In Hamlet," Act 4, Sc. 4, "politic" becomes "palated," but this Mrs. Jameson rejects. In the same play, Act 4, Sc. 4, she consents to "stoop" for "step," with a query added, however. In "Hamlet," Act 1, Sc. 5, for "despoiled" we are to read "despatched." To this no demurrer is entered, which is also the case with "back" for "beck" (Act 3, Sc. 1), "scene" for "same," Act 5, Sc. 2.

In "Cymbeline," Act 3, Sc. 6, read "tir'd" for "attired," and this is approved; in the same play Act 1, Sc. 1, "perverse errant" we are told ought to be "imper-severant." This is queried, but marked possible by Mrs. Jameson. In "As You Like It," Act 3, Sc. 4, for "capable" read "palpable." This is approved; again in Act 3, Sc. 4, "rather" for "ranker" is marked with approval.

In "King John," Act 5, Sc. 4, for "rude eye" read "roadway." This is queried.

In the "Taming of the Shrew," Act 2, Sc. 1, read "moon" for "morn"; while affixing the query Mrs. Jameson adds: "More yes than no." In the same play, Act 1, Sc. 1, the very noticeable change of "checks" to "Ethicks" receives approval. (The allusion is to a work formerly held in great repute, namely, "Aristotle's Ethics.") It should be noted in the prelude to this play, "sheer ale" should read "Warwickshire ale." In Act 3, Sc. 2, of this play the reading of the "Amours or Forty Fancies" is given instead of the "Humour of Forty Fancies." There is believed to be here a previously undetected reference to a certain production of Drayton's, and light is thrown on a misunderstanding which is known to have arisen between that writer and Shakespeare. Mrs. Jameson adds cautiously to this conjecture the marginal note that this is a "speculation hardly borne out by proof of any kind possible, however."

In "Macbeth," Act 1, Sc. 6, for "Chautres" read "Chautruers." This Mrs. Jameson marks a plausible "more yes than no." In the same play, Act 3, Sc. 4, she queries "exhibit" for "inhabit." Again in "Macbeth," Act 1, Sc. 7, curiously she declines to accept "boast" for "beast," the true reading, according to old Shakespeare readers, and auditors were naturally unwilling to give up Lady Macbeth's emphatic "beast," which they had been wont so thoroughly to approve of. In a similar manner, in the same play, Act 5, Sc. 3, where we are instructed to substitute the word "grief" for "stuff," Mrs. Jameson is disinclined to accept the change, with the candid avowal: "I don't much like to give up stuff."

In the "Merchant of Venice," Act 2, Sc. 3, "inserted" for "inferred" is approved of in a qualified way, "more yes than no." In Act 3, Sc. 2, "pause" for "peize" is queried, and in Act 5, Sc. 1, "posy" is accepted for "poesy." In Act 4, Sc. 1, of this play occurs the very important change of "woolen" to "bollen." A woollen bagpipe had greatly exercised all commentators. It appears that it should have been a bollen bagpipe, that is, a bagpipe fully inflated, as old English hearers would have understood the expression. Mrs. Jameson, however, can only accept this with a query.

In "Henry IV.," Act 4, Sc. 4, for "Let's sway on" read "Let's away on," which Mrs. Jameson improves into "Let us away." In the same play, Act 1, Sc. 2, "Masking" though supported by the context, is refused.

In "Othello," Act 4, Sc. 2, to "shift" for "shut," she appends "more yes than no"; and in the same play, Act 3, Sc. 3, "mock" for "make" is not objected to.

In "The Tempest," Act 1, Sc. 2, "loaded" for "lorded" is not approved of; and a criticism is added upon the old corrector's change of "truth" into "untruth" thus, "the memory become a sinner so to truth, not to untruth." In Act 4, Sc. 1, she queries "thrid" for "third." But in Act 1, Sc. 2, she accepts "float" (the verb) for "fote" (meaning a fleet). In Act 3, Sc. 1, the simple reading of "blest" for "lest" is not accepted; nevertheless, this amendment of the old corrector, when fully considered, will be seen, I think, to throw light on a difficult passage. One is rather surprised to find she does not approve of the reading "blest" for "lest" in the passage, which has so long been a puzzle to commentators, where Ferdinand, while engaged in his task of piling cord-wood at the bidding of Prospero, says to himself, while thinking of Miranda: "These sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours"—the folio of 1623 here said, "lest when I do it," which the editor of folio 1632, misunderstanding, changed into least, making some sense out of the passage; but the true reading, as the Collier annotator informs us, was blest, for which lest was a typographical error. The restoration of the "b" at once makes the sense very plain.*

In "King Henry V.," Act 2, Sc. 3, the old corrector of the folio has made a change in Mrs. Quickly's account of the Last Moments of Falstaff, which although it seems to clear up every difficulty has staggered many old Shakespeare students. He has drawn his pen through "babbled of green fields," and substituted "on a table of green frieze" in the place of these words, detecting and correcting the typographical errors of "on" for "and," and "frieze" for "fields." It appears that Mrs. Quickly compared the nose of the dying Falstaff to the point of a pen seen in strong profile on a table covered with green frieze or cloth (an old-fashioned substantial quill pen seen lying aslant in bold relief on a writing table must be thought of). It seems little in harmony with the character of Falstaff to make him in his dying moments "babble of green fields," but the expression when once committed to print took the fancy of Shakespeare readers and hearers, and

when required to give it up now as a blunder many of them of course resist manfully; among these Mrs. Jameson appears to have been one, and she does not scruple, without entering into the particulars of the question, not only to mark it with the symbol of her disapprobation, but also in an off-hand manner to stigmatize it in the margin of her copy, thus, "this is all stupid and quite inadmissible" (but see Chambers' remarks at the close of footnote just given).

In "Antony and Cleopatra," Act 1, Sc. 1, "souring" for "lowering" is approved of, but in Act 4, Sc. 8, "jests" (deeds) for "guests" is rejected.

In "Twelfth Night," Act 5, Sc. 1, "foot" is considered an improvement on "soul."

In certain instances it would appear Mrs. Jameson herself had anticipated the old corrector. In "All's Well That Ends Well," Act 3, Sc. 2, she appends the note, "I had made this correction in my Shakespeare"; and in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act 4, Sc. 4, she says in almost the same terms, "I had made this correction years ago in my own Shakespeare."

After three of the plays annotated in this work Mrs. Jameson has pencilled down some general observations of her own which will be read with interest. After "Measure for Measure," she says: "This play has always appeared to me the most difficult and corrupted in point of language of any of Shakespeare's plays." A similar remark is made upon "Love's Labour's Lost": "This is another of the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays in the language and allusions." And to "Troilus and Cressida," she subjoins: "This also is one of the most difficult of the plays and one of the most wonderful in point of language."*

HENRY SCADDING.

A WINTER ROUNDEL.

DEEP lies the snow where we met that day,
Faint sounds the brooklet's muffled flow;
In white wreaths where the violets lay,
Deep lies the snow.

Rest on the silent plain below,
Peace in the twilight gathering gray—
Ah! rest and peace love may not know.

Winter winds the pine-tops sway,
Dirge for departed summer's glow;
Over the love of yesterday,
Deep lies the snow.

C. H.

THE RAMBLER.

ONE feature of some modern books is the significant one that, after once reading the novel of the day, it is relegated to the dusty upper shelf where "paper fiction" reigns. Upon such a shelf where repose Clark Russell, Haggard, Stockton, Robert Louis Stevenson and Conway, only the feather duster ever falls, whereas, when that spare hour comes (which should come to all of us if we regard our health), when we follow the process described by certain writers as "taking down a novel," we rarely miss seeking the Thackeray shelf or the Dickens row, the Victor Hugo volumes or even the few slim creations bearing the magical word Brontë on their backs. For the modern novelists are, after all, but toying with plots and dallying with situations. They have, comparatively speaking, no evolution of pedigree and circumstance to recount. They go, in most cases, straight to the point, ignorant of or choosing to ignore what is technically known as padding. The result is such a story as "Blanche, Lady Falaise," by John Shorthouse, which I read quite recently from beginning to end in about two hours. In its way, it is a perfect story; one cannot even complain that it is too short. It is, as a fact, of a right length, and wellnigh as skilfully constructed as any modern work you can name. Yet well I know that once read, the chances are it will never be read a second time. What does this portend? The merit of the book is its fault. There is something after all in mere bulk, in the slow, even ponderous evolution of event and character which characterizes certain works of a bygone age. And in the final verdict of the centuries, bulk still goes for a great deal. George Eliot left not only one but half-a-dozen masterpieces. There are two compliments you can pay to the novelist. One is, when you read on and on and cannot drop the story till it is finished—this illustrative of the modern one-volume or short-story-expanded novel. The other when you read by sips and fits, returning again and again to the scenes which so enchant you—as in the case, I hold, of the older novelists, Scott and Richardson and Dickens and Hawthorne, and in the present day of George Meredith.

A correspondent signing himself "W. S.," and whom I shall dub Worldly Scientist, writes quite an amusing

* In 1853, Redfield of New York published a one-volume edition of Shakespeare, edited by G. S. Daybrinck, with all the Collier emendations incorporated in the text; adding the old readings at the foot of each page. Consulting this work we are brought, as it seems to me, nearer to Shakespeare himself than we are in any other edition of his plays. To have rendered the volume more complete, the "Sonnets" should have been arranged in the order indicated by Gerald Massey, with the interpretations of that acute writer appended to each. (See "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before interpreted; his private friends identified." By Gerald Massey. London: Longmans, Green and Company. 1866.)

letter *appropos* of my remarks last week upon certain phases of devotion to science:—

"Your picture is alluring and Arcadian, not to say pastoral, *naïf* and touching, but who will consent to receive it except as a pretty generalization! Will you assert that a man of science, because he is aware of the chemical constituents of his morning chop, is therefore insensible to the way in which it shall be cooked? Is he, for instance, so poor a fool that he does not know the difference between broiling and frying? Again, are you quite sure that he will ever remain passive under the influence of beauty because he has some knowledge of the process and the law which make up the morning rose and the evening sparkle? I myself would seem to incline to the belief that men of science, on account of their occupation and their erudition, must ever be the most fastidious, the most careful, the most appreciative of small things, lovers of detail and of finish. Why should not 'Lucilla's cap' awry at the breakfast-table provoke your F.R.S. as much as it does your M.D. or LL.D.? And why should not a man of science be as good a business manager as your broker, lumberman or merchant! The poet, perhaps, loves, like the Cavalier lyricist of old, a tress disordered or a bodice unlaced. The poet may affect, or really enjoy, the artistic disorders of *atelier* and den, but the great chemist, or geologist or astronomer, is a person in whom Heaven's first law shows daily. Look at his papers, his data, his statistics, all fyled, all labelled, all classified. Note his laboratory, his library, his dissecting or observation room. Count his reference volumes, his manuscript notes and his close piles of copied or translated work. Order, precision, system, accuracy are his daily bread; he would be as nothing without them. It is true and surely pardonable that many of the affairs of everyday life are derogated to wife or relative; the specialist in modern science has no leisure for these matters. But he may still be a keen critic, an impartial judge and a conscientious father and friend, even if he take but little outward share in mundane concerns. The old type of scholar, indeed, is rapidly passing away, and we look out upon a new race of scientific workers to whom the world is a pleasant, orderly, peaceful place and in which comfort is second only to independent research."

There are schools—and schools. Here is an extract from the prospectus of one, carried on, not unsuccessfully I believe, in Long Island. I think the points it draws attention to are very important, and yet—one does not altogether grasp either the Republican simplicity which ought to be present, or the grammar:—

"THE ESPRIT DE CORPS.

"The school is not designed to be large, but very select, irreproachable in morals, courtly in all intercourse, elegant in personal appearance and bearing. That the students believe these results to be attained, at least in part, is shown by their courteous intercourse with one another, by their loyalty to the school and its rules, and by their respect for the Faculty."

Continuing we are informed that "some of the studies regularly taught are spelling, writing, physiology, geography, reading, book-keeping, English grammar, letter-writing, chemistry, natural philosophy, French, Latin, algebra, arithmetic, Greek, German, military drill, music, table conversation, Spanish, geometry, rhetoric, New Testament, etc."

It is a relief to know—should we ever send anybody belonging to us there—that these subjects are taught regularly. From the manner in which they are jumbled up we might have predicted the reverse. Table conversation, military drill and the New Testament would be my favourite subjects.

Talking of scientists, it is interesting to observe that a notable degree of longevity appears to attach to them. De Quatrefages, an eminent French anthropologist, Jean Servais Stas, a distinguished Belgian chemist, Hoffman, botanist, of Giessen, Maily of the Royal Observatory, Belgium, and Joseph Lovering, Emeritus Professor of Harvard, all of whom died quite recently, were aged respectively, eighty-two, seventy-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three and seventy-nine. Their ages thus form an aggregate of three hundred and ninety-four. As their days, so shall their strength be. As we are upon statistics I may state that there are at present upwards of one hundred and twenty-five publications issued in Toronto by local presses and publishers—such as they are—the papers, not the publishers. Here should be a fine field for the aspiring native writer.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS turns a compliment in making a characterization a little more felicitously than is possible to anyone else. Here is his latest, from the conclusion of his most recent speech: "The legend of the modern newspaper press is that of the ancient church—semper, ubique, omnibus—always, everywhere, for all. It still seems to me the greatest and most powerful of modern forces. Public opinion governs the world and the press carries on a constant campaign of education. I have sometimes thought that even Congress legislates with its head turned over its shoulders to hear the approving music or warning thunder of the newspaper press."

EXPERIENCE is the extract of suffering.—Arthur Helps.

* Dr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, in a manuscript note of his in my possession, thus plausibly explains the passage as previously received: "But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours; most busy least when I do," i.e., he pulls up in his soliloquy with the reflection that he is forgetting his work. "But these thoughts," he continues, "which occupy my mind, quite refresh my labours and keep me busiest when with my hands I am doing least." This note is taken from Dr. Robert Chambers' copy of the Collier Emendations, likewise in my possession. He has therein made several other manuscript notes of his own. It would appear that in the old volume corrected by the annotator, some pages were missing, and some were damaged. On this circumstance Dr. Chambers makes the observation: "It is greatly to be regretted that the corrected folio has had a leaf here and there abstracted from it. Valuable improvements in the common text have thus, no doubt, been lost."

Dr. Robert Chambers has also this remark: "There can be no doubt that this corrector had access to some means of information—stage copies of the plays, MS., or otherwise—which we do not now possess." "A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, in 1868," he continues, "very sensibly says: 'It seems to me strange how any intelligent, thoughtful, unbiased reader can doubt the self-evident rightness of all the more important emendations contained in the Collier folio. Whoever put them there, they speak for themselves; even in the case of the table of green frieze.'"

CANADIAN HISTORY.*

In a previous article mention was made of the light shed by the recent publication of the de Montcalm and de Levis correspondence on a momentous and imperfectly understood period in Canadian annals: the era of public plunder and riotous living which immediately preceded the loss of the Colony to France. I promised, with the aid of these documents, to exhibit the two illustrious French Generals under novel aspects. Before setting to work to fulfil this promise, it may not be amiss to relate how the correspondence—perfect literary treasures—have been opened out to the reading public. It took Abbé Casgrain, the compiler—or rather the discoverer—nearly four years to complete this arduous task, involving annual voyages to Europe. Here are his own words rendered in English: "The discovery of MSS. of the highest importance, and which had escaped the researches of historians, induced me to write this history. When, in 1888, I was superintending in Paris the transcribing of the letters exchanged by General de Montcalm with his family during his Canadian campaigns, I learned from his great grandson, the Marquis Victor de Montcalm, that his relative, Count Raimond de Nicolai, had in his possession some of Montcalm's writings. I called on the Count with a letter of introduction from the Marquis. It would be hard to depict my surprise when, instead of a few letters only, Count de Nicolai spread out before me eleven volumes in manuscript, among which I spied General de Montcalm's journal, the journal of Chevalier de Levis, their correspondence, that of de Vaudreuil, de Bourlamaque, Bigot, and of a crowd of civil and military officers of Canada; with Chevalier de Levis' narratives of several expeditions, despatches and letters from the court, at Versailles. Nearly all these documents had never been published. For more than a century lying buried in the recesses of a provincial library, they had thus escaped the eye of the student.

"General de Levis, whilst in Canada, was in the habit of noting down in his journal the incidents of his campaigns, and also retained copies of his active correspondence.

"At the death of de Montcalm, de Levis became the trustee of all the documents which the dying General had bequeathed him. De Levis even went to the trouble of having transcribed carefully his journal and his correspondence; arranged by order of date the letters of the divers persons with whom he had intercourse in Canada, and had the whole bound with a degree of carefulness—nay, of elegance, as to denote the importance he attached to it.

"That invaluable collection is to-day the property of Count de Nicolai. The Province of Quebec is now the owner of a copy made, the publication of which began in 1889, is to be borne by the Provincial authorities as to cost.

"The perusal of these MSS.—whose publication I am to direct—gave me the idea of writing the history of the epoch which they cover—which is, undoubtedly, the most interesting in our annals. Every incident of importance, pending the war which ended French rule in Canada, recalls the career of de Montcalm and de Levis. Of all the historians who have described this period, M. Frs. Parkman is the only one who has done so in detail. He performed his task with such ability, so much science, that none can make it a matter of question; but, as I have just stated, documents of paramount importance were not then available. I have completed this collection by having transcribed all the records relating to the same epoch—1755-1760—which are deposited at the Marine, Colonial and other war departments in Paris. This series alone comprises nineteen large folio volumes. I also dived into the *Archives Nationales*, and into the leading libraries in Paris, over and above some provincial libraries and family archives. I have already mentioned the Montcalm library; let me add that of de Bougainville. The copy of the MSS. of the famous navigator, which relate to Canada, is made up of his journal and of his correspondence. It contributes two large folio volumes of 1184 pages of close writing . . . other searches were made in England, chiefly in the British Museum and at the Public Record Office, in London.

"The correspondence between de Montcalm and Bourlamaque, acquired a few years back by a wealthy and cultured Englishman, Sir Thomas Phillips, of Cheltenham, was transcribed under the auspices of Mr. Parkman, who kindly allowed me to have a copy made. In the United States and in Canada I had access to innumerable letters and documents written during the seven years war. In Quebec, the archives of the *Quebec Seminaire*, of the *archives* and of the religious *communautés*, supplied me with valuable data. I may add to the mass of manuscript records the innumerable books, *brochures* and newspapers relating to that era—which I have carefully scanned. I think I can say that no work of any importance on those times has escaped my attention. Among the printed works I am bound specially to name Desandrouin's *Journal* and Malartic's: the first, of 416 pages, was printed in 1887, and was previously unknown; the second, printed in 1890, of 370 pages, was known through some fragments only.

"Search for materials is insufficient; one must also, in writing, inspect the localities. To that end, I have travelled over the vast territory which formerly constituted New France—from Cape Breton to Pittsburgh; old fort

* "Guerre du Canada, 1756-1760." By L'Abbé H. R. Casgrain.

Duquesne, from the extreme end of Acadia to Lake George, so as to understand the localities to which the incidents refer. The portrait of de Montcalm, which prefaces the first volume, was engraved from the original belonging to the present representative of the family, the Marquis Victor de Montcalm. That of de Levis, prefaceing the second volume, was executed from a photograph taken from the portrait of Marechal de Levis, owned by Count de Nicolai. The plans of Oswego, William Henry, Carillon and of the battle of Ste. Foye, were engraved from the originals in the collection of Marechal de Levis."

The two bulky volumes, "Guerre du Canada, 1756-1760," just published by the Province of Quebec, under the supervision of Abbé Casgrain, are not, let it be understood, a mere compilation of letters, etc. They also embody the thoughts and theories of a brilliant *littérateur*, of a learned historian.

To the Abbé's friends who are acquainted with the painful ailment—partial loss of sight—which he has laboured under for years, compelling him to dictate to a secretary, it is a mystery how he could have achieved such a splendid monument of learning, research and industry. Rev. Abbé H. R. Casgrain is again spending the winter in Paris, prosecuting researches in Canadian annals.

Quebec, Feb., 1892.

J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.

FIRST GRIEF.

Tossing upon my pillow, wooing sleep
From dreams' enchanting syrens all in vain,
One thought revolving in my fever'd brain:
If I should die to-night, no friend would leap
To open heaven's door, nor vigil keep
To wait and welcome me. What were the gain
To leave my loved ones for strange angel faces? Pain
Stirred all my quivering feeling to its deep.

I woke with soft caresses on my head,
And tears and kisses, in the cold, grey dawn
To face, rebellious, my first grief's despair.
My mother said, "Your dearest friend is dead."
Since then I wake to find so many gone,
Without her soothing touches on my hair.

EMMA P. SEABURY.

ART NOTES.

SOME Swiss artists at Geneva are painting a large panorama of the Bernese Alps, with the intention of bringing it to Chicago for the World's Fair. The panorama will measure 51 x 345 feet and cost \$300,000. The sketches for the panorama were taken from the summit of the Mannlichen, 6,600 feet high.

SOME interesting details of the art sales of 1891 have just been published. Fixing the standard of comparison at 1,400 guineas, the result shows that whereas in 1889 seventeen works attained this figure, and in 1890 thirty-nine, in 1891 thirty-seven passed this limit, the average price being £1,713 each. Turner's "Walton Bridges" stood at the head of the list for £7,455. The operations of the Printsellers' Association, which are given in detail for 1890, show that 197 new works were "declared," of which 44,597 proofs were stamped, the nominal value of which was £246,437. In the *Year's Art* there is also given a directory of artists. There are thirteen institutions which comprise this list, but in consequence of the death of the secretary the information does not include the Royal Hibernian Society. Without this society it appears that there are nearly 4,500 artists who exhibited at the thirteen exhibitions in 1891.—*Public Opinion*.

RUSSELL'S pictures bear a relationship to those of Rosalba and Cotes, but have a more rapid and dashing force about them. The colouring is occasionally florid, but the details are always exquisitely treated, the flesh-work very delicate, showing dainty modelling, the portrait-ure admirable and life-like. He had a happy knack of making his portraits interesting, even to strangers who had never beheld the originals. He was hardly content with making heads only that were likenesses, but studied the hands and arms of his sitters, and by delicate, sympathetic treatment produced much expression from his pencil when delineating those minor details of the portrait. His style was apparently influenced by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for whose personal character he bore a high respect, and a touch of the mannerism of that famous artist has been judiciously pointed out by a member of his family, in the abnormally narrow, eley eyes and "pointed" mouths of female heads representing fancy characters. This may be especially noticed in "The Fortune-teller," now at Todmorden. In order to be a perfect artist, Russell never overlooked the study of anatomy, but so desirous was he of avoiding a pedantic display of it that, in cautioning younger artists, his words often were: "Learn anatomy thoroughly, and then forget all about it." To his credit it must be stated that, from stern religious conviction, he steadfastly set his face against the institution of "Show Sunday." He so thoroughly impressed his views upon his black footman, Peter, that the man declined even to tell his master that the Prince Regent and a foreign ambassador waited to inspect the works in his studio. Time and dust have, unfortunately, destroyed very many of his pictures, but those that still remain are excellent examples of his beautiful art.—*The Magazine of Art for February*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

THE Pitou Stock Company of New York, that visited the Grand in October last, has made a return visit and delighted large audiences with artistic rendering of "Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman," "A Modern Match," and other of its attractive plays. The first of these plays, good as it is, drags somewhat here and there; a few eliminations would greatly assist to perfect its entirety. This company is notable for the naturalness of the acting of its members, and which is its chief strength. Mr. Thos. H. Keene appears in "Louis XI.," "Richelieu," "Richard III." and "Merchant of Venice" the latter part of this week. The classic drama is here well represented.

THE ACADEMY.

"THE Private Secretary," in an American clothing, by Mr. Gillette, which is by no means an improvement upon the original English presentation, has drawn, nevertheless, large and admiring audiences to the Academy during the week. Mr. Fairbanks in the title rôle was exceedingly funny, and caused constant mirth and genuine hearty laughter by his humorous interpretation of the innocent bewilderments of the verdant curate. The other characters in this well-known comedy were sustained by capable representatives.

THE PAVILION.

THE raised platform in the Pavilion presented a unique appearance on Friday evening last, the chairs being occupied by the University Glee Club, clad in gown and mortar-board, who provided a presentable musical *mélange* for their admirers and numerous friends, who turned out in gala procession to greet the gallant vocal efforts of the embryo men of learning. The choruses were sung with promptness and youthful vigour, giving evidence of careful training by the conductor, Mr. Schuch, *encores* being a foregone conclusion. The club were ably assisted by Mr. Boscovitz, who played in his accustomed masterly style compositions by Mendelssohn and Boscovitz. Miss Gaylord sang a solo with chorus by the Glee Club, the latter element at times overpowering the *petite* voice of the soloist. Mr. Lavin has been heard in Toronto on previous occasions, and always affords pleasure by his artistic interpretation of his subject matter; his voice, however, shows signs of wear, being frequently throaty, and the upper tones which are produced in a *mixed voice* suggest an overstraining which eventually must prove disastrous to an originally beautiful voice. Miss Howe, the handsome *soprano sfogato*, pleased most by her phenomenal high staccato work; her voice lacking in warmth and sympathetic quality which deprives her best efforts of that soulful fervour which characterizes the singing of the great artists. The beautiful "Air du Rossignol," by Massé, was perhaps Miss Howe's most acceptable effort, earning for the fair cantatrice an immediate *encore*. The accompaniments were carefully played by Mr. Dinelli and Mr. W. R. Parker, one of the University students.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON, the Indian poetess of Brantford, Ont., drew a large audience to Association Hall on Friday evening, who gave every expression of their appreciation of the fair poet's genius as a writer of verse, as also her skill in the reciting of the same. Her voice is quite musical, and readily adapts itself to the varying sentiments of the diverse subjects she essayed. Mr. Frank Yeigh introduced Miss Johnson to the audience, remarking that her ancestors were one of the fifty noble Indian families who formed the Iroquois Confederacy in the fifteenth century, a free commonwealth loyal to the Crown and almost as ancient as that of Switzerland. Her grandfather and her father, the late Chief Johnson, also played an important part in the war of 1812. Miss Johnson chiefly confines herself to Indian history, thereby placing herself in an exceptional poetical position in American historical records. The programme was enhanced by the assisting artists, Mrs. Fenwick, the Hamiltonian favourite soprano, whose singing of Scotch melodies always provides a pleasurable element; also by Mr. Warrington, who sang in his accustomed excellent manner, and Mr. W. S. Jones, who presided efficiently at the organ. Miss Johnson's recitations were: "The Pilot of the Plains," "Beyond the Blue," "A Cry from an Indian Wife," "As Red Men Die" and "The Song My Paddle Sings," she halted in this latter, having forgotten the words, and substituted "Held by the Enemy," which was finely rendered.

THE Paderewski furore still continues, and people are buying reserved seats on the stage so as to be near the wonder. He will give four historical recitals at Sherry's rooms in March and leave the latter end of the month. A large sized steamer will be towed after him containing his technic, boodle and the love letters sent to him during his sojourn in this country. Strange to say, he has only one love letter from Boston.

THE brothers Gruenfeld who played here last week are as companionable fellows as they are excellent artists. It is absolutely refreshing to meet them. They show none of that supersensitiveness and affectation so commonly seen in musicians. Fine looking fellows endowed with splendid physical organization and bubbling over with good humour they impressed me as being *men*. Long may they prosper.—*Chicago "Presto"*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A NEW MEXICO DAVID. By C. F. Lummis. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

One of the most capable and interesting books of the year. The author is evidently perfectly at home in the picturesque regions he describes so well, and numerous fine photographs add to the charm of the graphic pages. These eighteen sketches—they can hardly be called stories—are very readable and full of local colour.

CHARLES ANCHESTER. By Elizabeth Sheppard. With Introduction and Notes by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

This wonderful romance, which first saw the light in England in 1853, comes to us, as far as we know, for the first time in a dress worthy of its charm and intrinsic importance as a memorial of Felix Mendelssohn. There was a time when "Charles Anchester" was supposed to appeal only to what was rhapsodical and perhaps effeminate in the art of music. Latterly, however, a reaction has declared itself, and critics are lavish in their praises of this fascinating and beautiful story, written by a young girl of sixteen. Mr. George P. Upton, so well known as a gifted musical critic, has appended to the new and handsome edition a slight sketch of the author, who only lived to be twenty-five, but who had managed to produce a number of striking romances before her untimely death. We are glad to see that Mr. Upton by no means insists upon the parallel between Laura Lemark, Clara Benette and Aronach and Jennie Lind, Taglioni and Zelter which others have tried to convey. The central figure of Seraphad is, of course, true to life—that life which Mendelssohn reveals to the student of his letters. Nothing very new can be said about the work, but all praise is due the enterprising Chicago firm who have taken such pains to issue a really fine edition. The work is in two volumes, handsomely bound in cloth with a neat slip cover.

BRETANO'S *Book Chat* for February brings to us its short extracts from some books of the month, and clear and concise summaries of the contents of others. We very much regret the loss that these old and enterprising publishers have recently sustained from fire.

ONE of our old favourites, the *Boston Home Journal*, one of the brightest, newsiest and cleverest journals of its kind, appears with new and artistic head pieces. Why not also a table of contents? It well deserves it, and we are sure it would add to its popularity and acceptableness. Such a table saves time in a busy age.

FEBRUARY *Outing* has lain all too long unnoticed on our Library Table. Lovers and owners of St. Bernards should purchase it for Edwin H. Morris's article on the St. Bernard Kennels of America. "Cowboy Life" reaches Part iii. "Curling" is a timely article; so is "Lessons of the Horse Show" recently held at New York.

THE *Queries Magazine* for February has several short but interesting articles, an account of Professor Henry A. Ward, the Naturalist, an article on "Prehistoric Indian Canals," and one on "Photography in Illustration." An interesting sketch is the one on "Ancient Bookbinding in England." The Questions and Answers Departments contain a great store of incidental information, often of a kind more curious than anything else. Still a pile of the magazine would contain many points of interest and utility.

Poet Lore for February has its usual complement of interesting matter. Dr. D. G. Brinton seeks to establish certain propositions with regard to the epilogues of Browning; Arthur L. Salmon treats Emily Brontë as a "Modern Stoic"; Bjornstjerne Bjornson's Prose Play "A Glove" as translated by Thyge Sögard is continued; "Character in 'As You Like It'" is a pleasing inductive study by C. A. Wurtzburg, and "Longfellow's 'Golden Legend'" is compared with some striking analogues by P. A. C.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* has a very good February number. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. Arthur Balfour, accompanied by a rather brief and dry account of that statesman. "Nona Vincent," by Henry James, is begun; the "London and North-Western Locomotive Works at Crewe" form the subject of a plentifully illustrated account; "How Pianos are Made" is another of the same kind. Mrs. Oliphant contributes a short story, "A Girl of the Period," which is in her usual vein. "The Mosques of Flemcen" furnish material for numerous illustrations of Moorish life.

THE *Quiver* for March, 1892, opens with "The Beauty of God's Handiwork," by the Rev. B. G. Johns, which is a very interesting article. "The Heiress of Aberstone," by Mary Hampden, is continued. "Wolsey's Palace," by the Rev. J. Telford, is well worth reading. "Spiritual Failures," by the Rev. William Murdoch Johnston, is continued in this number; Judas being the fourth example of such failures. "Those Smiths" is really brightly written and well worth reading. The number contains much more of interest; special mention, however, should be made of "A Modern Italian Reformer" and "Nursery Tales in East End Dress." "Through Devious Ways," by Fay Axtens, loses none of its interest in this issue.

"DON ORSINO," F. Marion Crawford's bright and clever new novel, is continued in serial form in *Macmillan's* for

February. Mark Reid has a fanciful and philosophical assault on the "University Extension Movement" under the caption "The Beautiful and the True." "Our Military Unreadiness" is another of the numerous attempts to call public attention to the defective military organization of England. Arthur Gaye deplors "The Flight from the Fields" of old England, of the cultivator and tiller of their soil. He says "The attractions of the towns and colonies will soon prove too strong a magnet for the few remaining labourers." That ever welcome contributor, Sir Frederick Pollock, has a charming "Fantasy on an Altar-Piece of Perugino" (*Nat. Gall.* No. 288), entitled Sir Michael.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S death is an event of consequence in literature, and *Literary Opinion* has accordingly accorded him a full-page portrait, and a critical estimate in which his morals are disapproved of and his art praised. Another great writer has gone, M. Emile de Laveleye, the Belgian political economist; and an article is devoted to him in the same periodical, with a warm tribute to his personality, industry and ability. It also contains a poem by Christina Rossetti, entitled "A Death of a First-born." Among the numerous reviews, that upon "David Grieve," by Elizabeth Lee, is the most important.

THE *Westminster Review* for February begins with an article of "Bibliolatry," by Rev. Walter Lloyd, a vigorous attack on the protest in the *Times* of Dec. 18, 1891, by a number of orthodox gentlemen, against the higher critical methods of approaching the Bible. "Girolamo Savonarola in History and Fiction," by Rev. J. Jessop Teague, comes next, and then comes "China: a Far Eastern Question," by Wm. Robertson, a study of European influence on the Flowery Kingdom, some parts of which we commend to the study of those who are interested in Chinese missions. Mr. Robertson looks forward to a time when European nations will have to establish a protectorate over China, and thinks Britain should have the greatest part in that protectorate. A eulogistic study of Mr. Thomas Hardy, by J. A. Newton-Robinson; "A Teaching University for London," by J. Spencer Hill, and "Is Compulsory Education a Failure?" by Joseph J. Davies, are the more important of the remaining articles. The reviews of contemporary literature and the drama are as full and valuable as usual.

IN *Blackwood's* for February Lord Brabourne hurls Lord Rosebery's "Life of Pitt" as a literary missile at the "Grand Old Man." He says "Lord Rosebery has done the Unionist party and the country good service in his exposure of the unfairness, the exaggerations, and the baseless accusations to which Mr. Gladstone has unhappily lent himself," etc., etc. "Diana: The History of a Great Mistake" is the title of a new serial. We question whether any memoirs of the time of Bonaparte have become so speedily and deservedly popular as those of General Marbot. Lieutenant-General Sir George Chesney, K. C. B., reviews them in this number. "The Camp of Wallenstein" is a poetic translation by Sir Theodore Martin of the first part of "Schiller's trilogy on the story of Wallenstein." Sir Theodore also contributes a poetic lament on the death of the Duke of Clarence. Francis Scudamore pays a generous tribute to "The late Khedive." Alfred Sharpe, Vice Consul, Nyasaland, writes a short but well informed article on "Central African Trade, and the Nyasaland Water Way." There are also a number of excellent reviews in this fine old magazine.

ON our library table lies the neatly-printed and chastely coloured "Presbyterian Year Book" for 1892, edited by Rev. George Simpson (Toronto: Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company), a little work which ought to be regarded as indispensable to all members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada and Newfoundland. From the cover we learn that this is the seventeenth year of its publication, and if its predecessors contain as much information as the present number, there must indeed be an invaluable store of historic facts systematically laid away ready for the future ecclesiastical historian of the New World. Full lists are given of the officers of the General Assembly (the frontispiece is a portrait of the Moderator, Dr. Thomas Wardrope), of boards and standing committees, of the ministers of the various presbyteries, and indeed of the ministers generally; and to these are added interesting articles on missions, histories of churches, and on other matters nearly connected with the internal economy of a great Church. Great care should be taken in seeing that a perfect set of these year books is preserved. Copies should be sent to the chief libraries of the continent, for accurate lists of names of this description become priceless in after years.

THE latest number of the *Edinburgh Review* is one of the best we have seen, all the half-score articles of which it is composed bearing upon books or topics of wide-spread interest at the present moment; for example: Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian diplomatist's correspondence; athletics, and especially horsemanship, in England—a review of the "Badminton Library," most interestingly written with many historical and foreign comparisons; Dollinger's life and writings; Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics"; Marbot's "Memoirs"; Rodney; Froude's "Catherine of Aragon"; the fate of the Sudan, an article in which the writer makes no attempt to mince matters in his severe indictment of forty pages. The closing article is on "The Coming Crisis," which the writer thinks "must necessarily turn on the question of Home Rule," and it is needless to say he is strongly conservative in his

views. "With those who resist Home Rule," he says, "lies the power to carry forward the nation along the path of progress. On every side there is work to be done, for which the country cannot afford to wait till years of struggle have been spent over the interminable question of Ireland. The times are critical; but if Unionists remain true to themselves the country may well look forward to a long renewal of the prosperity at home and abroad which has distinguished the career of the Parliament now drawing to a close."

LORD TENNYSON opens the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* with a fine philosophic poem in blank verse on "The Death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale"; "Cross Examination" is tersely and effectively defended in a short article by the well-known jurist, Lord Bramwell; the Rev. B. G. Johns amusingly attacks that wretched business, "The Traffic in Sermons"; "Two Moods of a Man" is a sad but cleverly painted picture of the chequered course of love and domestic infelicity by Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane); Edward Dicey, C. B., writes cordially and interestingly of the late Tewfik Pasha; "Castle Acre" is a very readable antiquarian contribution by the Rev. Dr. Jessop; Reginald G. Wilberforce, a life-long friend of the late Cardinal, writes an appreciative and touching article on "Cardinal Manning in the Church of England." The writer gives an interesting account of the influences which made of the Anglican Archdeacon a Roman Cardinal. He says that "the bent of Manning's mind was towards tradition, and towards that rock, on which he afterward split, the unity of the church"; he says, further on, "scarcely a year ago he said to a friend who told him that he was going to stay near Lavington (where he had been rector and Archdeacon of Chichester): 'Dear Lavington, the place where the happiest years of my life were spent.'" Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour contributes a capital account of "The Present State of the Panama Canal," that vast financial Octopus, accompanied by a very helpful diagram. John Morley's criticism of "The New Calendar of Great Men," edited by Frederic Harrison, is both trenchant and scholarly.

THE *Fortnightly* for February opens with "Proem" by James Thomson:—

Our souls are stript of their illusions sweet:
Our hopes are best in some far future years
For others, not ourselves; whose bleeding feet
Wander this rocky waste where broken spears
And bleaching bones lie scattered on the sand;
Who know we shall not reach the Promised Land,—
Perhaps a mirage glistening through our tears.

Surely this is the *ne plus ultra* of pessimism which has lost its bitterness. "A few Words on the Government of London" by the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P., is a concisely written paper presenting many facts and figures. Professor William Crookes contributes a most interesting paper to this number entitled "Some Possibilities of Electricity," in which he boldly makes the following remark: "Another point at which the practical electrician should aim is nothing less than the control of the weather." "Australian Men of Mark," by Francis Adams, is a careful study of a type very little known on this continent. Miss Betham Edwards writes a charming paper entitled "Madame Bodichon: a Reminiscence." The founder or rather the co-foundress of Girton is introduced to us. William Archer contributes a good paper on "The Stage and Literature." "The ultimate criterion of merit in a play," says he, "as in any other piece of literature—forgive me if, at the eleventh hour, I venture to beg the question—lies in the amount and quality of sheer brain-power informing the whole organism." Edward Delile writes a very appreciative article on Pierre Loti, the successful rival of Zola—for the academy if not for the palm of realism; "A great writer M. Loti is not; an admirable writer he certainly is," says the author after some very keen and dispassionate criticism. Wordsworth Denisthorpe writes a paper entitled "The Future of Marriage." The Countess of Malmesbury replies.

Two great poets occupy large space in the latest number of the *Quarterly*—Horace and Hafiz. Of what perennial interest are great men! Amidst articles on "The Water Supply of London," "A Teaching University for London," and "Parliamentary and Election Prospects," the editor thinks, and thinks wisely, that he will cater to the tastes of his readers by treating them to not a few pages on the occidental poet of the Augustan Age and the oriental poet of the fourteenth century. The writer on Horace has many interesting things to tell us. He speaks of his "gentlemanliness," his "good form." He thinks the social satirist who has come nearest him in English is Thackeray, and avers that the latter's "Age of Wisdom" is unrivalledly Horatian in tone. He thinks he was a large imitator of Lucilius, though he "reset and polished the uncut diamonds of his rude predecessor." The writer of the article on Hafiz devotes much space to the translations which have appeared of one of the princes of Persian song, and says that "in proportion to the difficulty of the enterprise has been the ardour of attack," but thinks that no translation will "re-echo the Persian syllables, or give back their word-play and manifold coqueries of reverberation and entanglement." The writer's closing sentence is a significant one. After showing the foolishness and also the futility of comparing Hafiz "with any one of our noble and pure-minded Christian poets," he says: "If we must take a moral from his pages, let it be one of which the nineteenth century seems now and then to stand in need: that our best verse would never have been written had the Christian faith not bestowed on it strength

by giving it purity; that self-control is the mother of wisdom; and that in turning to the East as though our vital problems might there find a solution, we shall be exchanging the philosophy of ripe age for the passions of youth, and the enervating dreams of sensuous fancy."

EVERY one remembers the celebrated article upon Italy's position in the Triple Alliance signed *Ovridavos*, attributed to Mr. Gladstone and eventually claimed by a Russian lady. "Que fais-tu dans cette galerie?" asked *Ovridavos* then; the late Emile de Laveleye somewhat modifies the question in an article of his which appears in the February number of the *Contemporary*, entitled "The Foreign Policy of Italy." Here is the pith of an able and interesting article in the author's own words: "We have shown that it is impossible for Italy suddenly to withdraw from the Triple Alliance without cowardice and dishonour, and this point will be perfectly understood in France; but she might, perhaps, be able to obtain from her allies the permission to communicate to the Cabinets of England and the Ely^e the conditions of the secret treaty, so as to prove clearly to them that its sole object is the maintenance of peace; and, at all events, in her relations with France she might show a friendly, and I may add a sisterly, spirit; such as becomes two sister nations, alike in blood, civilization and origin." Four papers from the pens of Wilfrid Meynell, Sarah M. Sheldon Amos, Benjamin Waugh and The Editor, entitled "Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning," come next. "It was humanity," says the last writer of the four, "that wept at the tomb of the Cardinal. Our common race was bereaved. The mystic power of man 'renewed after the image of Christ' is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The other papers on the great Cardinal are written in this same spirit. Under the heading of "Colonial Questions," three articles appear from the pens of Sir Henry Parkes, G.C.M.G., Harriette E. Colenso (and A. Werner) and E. J. C. Morton, entitled respectively "The Labour Party in New South Wales," "White and Black in Natal" and "Lord Knutsford and Colonial Opinion on Home Rule." "The Unhealthiness of Cities," by Francis Peek and Edwin T. Hall, is a most valuable paper from a hygienic point of view. Walter Pater contributes a paper entitled "The Genius of Plato." "And henceforth," says the author, "in short, this master of visible things—this so ardent lover—will be a lover of the invisible, with—Yes! there it is constantly, in the Platonic dialogues, not to be explained away; with a certain asceticism amid all the varied opulence of sense, of speech and fancy, natural to Plato's genius." "Conversations and Correspondence with Thomas Carlyle," by Sir C. Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G., brings an exceptionally good number of the *Contemporary* to a close.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE title of Henry Herman's new novel is "A King of Bohemia." It is to appear first in serial form.

MISS ANNIE S. SWAN's latest contribution to romantic fiction is called "The Guinea Stamp: a Tale of Modern Life."

"IMPERIAL MILLIONS; or, The American Monte Christo," a new romance by Julian Hawthorne, will shortly appear in book form.

CARLYLE'S "Excursion to Paris" and "Wotton Reinforced" are to appear in one volume under the title of "Last Words of Thomas Carlyle."

"IMMORTAL HOPES" is the name of a beautiful little collection of Easter poems with illustrations, nearly ready, by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's new volume of poems will contain "Modern Love" (a reprint); "The Sage Enamoured" and "The Honest Lady." It will be published early in the spring.

THE second of his series of articles on the Olympian Religion will be contributed to the March number of the *North American Review* by Mr. Gladstone. The series will be completed in the May number.

MRS. ANNA M. VON RYDINGSVARD, the translator of Dr. Segerstedt's charming fairy stories, published under the title of "My Lady Legend," is a native of Boston, the wife of a Swedish gentleman, Baron von Proschwitz.

MRS. M. FRENCH SHELDON, the African traveller, will shortly revisit America, it is said, for the purpose of arranging for the American edition of her book describing her African experiences, which is rapidly nearing completion.

PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON, of Edinburgh, has prepared for publication his "Recollections of Three Cities." Dr. Chalmers, De Quincey, Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, and many of the author's associates in London, are dealt with in the volume.

MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT, perhaps the best-known of London critics, is about to publish a volume of reminiscences of the stage. The book cannot fail to be interesting, as Mr. Knight has not only ample materials, but also the skill to make the most of them.

M. M. BALLOU, who is widely known as one of the most observant of travellers, has just ready a new volume on "Equatorial America," describing several of the Antilles Islands, and whatever is most interesting to readers concerning Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili and Peru.

DR. AMELIA B. EDWARDS, novelist, critic, lecturer, traveller and archaeologist, has been awarded a pension

from the Civil List. The Egyptian Exploration Fund was mainly the result of Miss Edwards' labours, and she still fills the post of Hon. Secretary to the Fund.

THE Rev. Professor Clark delivered a very able lecture at Trinity University on the 19th inst. on "The English Reformation." This important subject was treated in the excellent literary style and with that competent historical and theological knowledge for which the learned lecturer is distinguished.

SIR CHARLES DILKE and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson have completed a small volume on "Imperial Defence," to be published immediately by Macmillan and Company. The same firm will shortly issue a small volume dealing with the several problems involved in what is commonly known as Imperial Federation. The author is Mr. G. R. Parkin.

THE Rev. E. J. Hardy, the author of "How to be Happy Though Married," is stationed at Plymouth, England, as an army chaplain. In the same capacity he has served in Bermuda, Halifax and Malta. His wife is a first cousin of Oscar Wilde. Some nineteen publishers are accused of having declined his exceedingly popular book.

PROFESSOR CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, the literary executor of James Russell Lowell, says of his poem, "On a Bust of General Grant," which is to appear in the *March Scribner*: "This poem is the last, so far as is known, written by Mr. Lowell." A fac-simile of one of the stanzas will appear with the poem, showing Mr. Lowell's interlineations.

FOUR articles in the *March Atlantic* can hardly fail to attract attention—a story by Kate Douglas Wiggin entitled "A Village Watch-Tower;" a very bright essay on "The Children's Poets," by Agnes Repplier; "Doubts About University Extension," by Professor Geo. H. Palmer, of Harvard, and "An Old English Township," by Rev. Brooke Herford.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON will contribute to an early number of *Scribner's Magazine* an original account of a journey which his grandfather made with Sir Walter Scott to the Shetlands and the Hebrides. Mr. Stevenson discovered the manuscript while looking over some old papers at his home in Samoa. He has written an introduction to the narrative.

"THE ORGAN" will be the subject of the article in the American Industries series in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March. The author, Mr. Daniel Spillane, describes some of the noted instruments in the United States, and shows that American organ-builders have made good use of the scope for individuality which their art allows. The article is fully illustrated.

MR. CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH, who died on the 20th inst. after a long illness at his home in Cambridge, was widely known as an artist, writer and musician. He was born in Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813, and was the son of William Cranch, the eminent jurist. He graduated at the school of divinity, Cambridge, in 1835, but retired from the ministry in 1842 to devote himself to art.

CARDINAL NEWMAN is to have a statue at Oxford. The list of subscribers to it shows a singularly wide range. It includes Anglicans and Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, peers and commoners, university heads and ecclesiastical dignitaries of every shade of thought, politicians like Lord Rosebery and Mr. Justin M'Carthy, literary men like Mr. Lecky and Mr. F. T. Palgrave and the late Dean Church.

MR. SANDFORD FLEMING, C.E., C.M.G., read a thoughtful paper at the Canadian Institute on the 19th inst. on "Electoral Representation and Ratification in Parliament." A discussion on the subject followed. Professor Ashley pronounced the subject matter of the letter to be very much like the suggestions of Hare, and stated some of the difficulties in the way of their accomplishment. Mr. O. A. Howland and other speakers continued the discussion.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY will add immediately to Sneath's "Series of Modern Philosophers" volumes extracted from Reid by Dr. Sneath of Yale University; from Spinoza by Professor Fullerton of the University of Pennsylvania; from Kant by Professor Watson of Queen's College, Canada; and from Descartes, by Professor Torrey, of the University of Vermont. They contemplate adding in the near future volumes from Berkeley, Hume and Hegel.

MR. AND MRS. RUDYARD KIPLING, says the *Bookman*, have been spending their honeymoon quietly in London. They intend to proceed by-and-by to America, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Bales-tier. Thereafter they go on a journey round the world, paying in the course of it a visit to Mr. Stevenson at Samoa. Mr. Kipling heard of Mr. Bales-tier's death at Lahore, where he was spending Christmas with his friends, and, as narrated in our London Letter this week, immediately proceeded to London. He has written a new story called "The Lost Legion."

A YEAR or two since, the papers had much to say of the experiences of a party of railroad surveyors who had repeated Powell's feat of twenty years ago and made their way in boats through the walled-in gorge of the Colorado, their leader and one other man being drowned in some of the terrific rapids down which the boats were swept. The full story of this wonderful voyage has never been published; but the *Overland Monthly* has now secured it, written by a member of the party, accompanied by photographs taken by them, and it is announced for the March number.

MR. HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, the historian of the Pacific Coast, and the author of "Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth," is preparing for publication, in Spanish and English, a volume on the "Resources and Development of Mexico." In connection with this, a practically unknown corner of art history has been explored by Mr. Robert H. Lambourn, his researches being given in his book called "Mexican Painting and Painters: a Brief Sketch of the Development of the Spanish School of Painting in Mexico." A limited edition of 500 copies has been printed for the author.

PADEREWSKI will be the subject of two papers in the *March Century* and of a poem by Mr. Gilder, and accompanying them will be a frontispiece portrait engraved by Johnson, and a sketch by Irving Wiles of the great virtuoso at the piano. Of the papers, one is a critical study of his method by the well-known American musician, William Mason, and the other is a biographical sketch by Miss Fanny Morris Smith, for which M. Paderewski says he has given more material than he has ever before placed at the disposal of a writer. The article has also had the advantage of Madame Modjeska's suggestions, the Polish actress having been a friend of Paderewski from his boyhood.

THE career of Fortune du Boisgoby, who recently died in Paris, was closely identified with Parisian journalism, and it was largely through his genius as a writer of penny dreadfuls that the *Petit Journal* reached a circulation which is supposed to be larger than that of any other paper in the world. With the French people a newspaper without a feuilleton is no newspaper at all. News is a minor consideration with them. Du Boisgoby's horrible stories hit the public taste, and the circulation of the *Petit Journal* leaped into the hundreds of thousands largely through the rage for his tales. He is said to have written no less than 600 feuilletons of greater or less length, and they brought him, as well as his publishers, a very pretty fortune.

THE trustees of the British Museum will shortly issue the second instalment of Dr. Bezold's "Catalogue of the Cuneiform Tablets in the Kouyunjik Collection." This volume will contain the descriptions of nearly six thousand tablets and fragments which formed part of the famous clay library preserved by the kings of Assyria at Nineveh. This library was founded by Assurbanipal, B.C. 668-626, and contained official documents which had been sent to Sargon and Sennacherib by the generals of the army and others, as well as a series of works relating to every branch of science known to the Assyrians, and copies of ancient classical books and legends from Babylonia. In this volume will be found a classification of omen and astrological texts, a work which has never before been attempted; and a considerable number of important extracts are printed in the cuneiform characters.

As no doubt many journalists, artists and others in Canada are unacquainted with the personality of a writer in the United States who has of late been providing our neighbours with some curious reading on things Canadian, we present them with a paragraph from a letter of the Boston correspondent of the *New York Critic* on the subject: "Some eight years ago Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte came to America without a friend to welcome him and without a letter of introduction to anyone here. Born in London, and educated in John Bunyan's old town, Mr. Harte had sought his fortune in Canada, with a capital stock of fifty dollars in bills, a little shorthand skill, a few months' experience as a reporter, and a vast amount of pluck and push. His success came in America, and now he rather prides himself upon being as much of an American, in point of view and sympathies, as a born Yankee with two hundred years of New England ancestors behind him. He is democratic to the core—his family in England was a radical one—and his prejudices, if he has any, are in favour of the land of his adoption. In Canada, Mr. Harte worked on several papers, at one time being the parliamentary reporter of the *Montreal Gazette*. Then he turned his steps toward the United States, and became a reporter on the *New York Tribune*. The letters from the Adirondacks, published by the *Tribune* in the summer of 1890, were from his pen, as well as the articles in the *Detroit Free Press*. Since 1888 Mr. Harte has had articles in the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Forum*, *Outing* and other magazines, and he is now the assistant editor of the *New England Magazine*."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bonrinot, John Geo., C.M.G., LL.D., C.C. Parliamentary Procedure and Practice. Montreal: Dawson Brothers; Toronto: Williamson and Company.
 Hazlitt, W. Carew. Tales and Legends. \$3.50. London: Swan, Sonnenschein and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.
 Lee, Margaret. One Touch of Nature. 30c. New York: John A. Taylor and Company.
 Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. xxviii. New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.
 Lofton, Geo. A., A.M., D.D. Character Sketches. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
 Praeger, Ferdinand. Wagner As I knew Him. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.
 Scudder, Horace E. American Commonwealths. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.
 Sidgwick, Henry. The Elements of Politics. \$4.00. London: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.
 Stanton, Edward. Dreams of the Dead. 50c. Boston: Lee and Shepard.
 Yonge, Charlotte M. That Stick. \$1.00. New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

LOVE'S ROSARY.

I KNOW a villa in a quiet park,
Where Love abides and smiles at Winter's rage,
And seems indifferent to patronage
As the song of the heav'nward lark.
But, when Spring comes with verdure kindling spark,
Spontaneously it blossoms to a blaze
Of glorious light, as 'twere a golden haze
Illuming the landscape, serene and dark.
I had not known mine own heart's emptiness,
And drear soul's poverty; nor could I guess
How much a look of love had subtle power
To banish Winter in one radiant hour.
Ah! Love gives life transpicuous sunniness!
Plants in the heart's desert a royal flower.

—Hamilton Galt, in the *Book World*.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

In an introduction to the edition of George Meredith's "Tragic Comedians," just issued by Roberts Bros., Mr. Clement Shorter gives the real story on which Meredith founded his romance—the story of Ferdinand Lassalle and Helen von Dönniges. It is a romantic story—one of the most romantic I have ever read; but what particularly interests me in it, is the fact that a few years ago I used often to see the heroine of the tale right here in unromantic New York. She was then married to a Russian Socialist named Shevitch (Count Shevitch, he was called, for ever Socialists share the human weakness for titles)—a big, heavily-bearded, rather distinguished-looking man, who edited a Socialistic journal in this city, though he made his home in Hoboken. The Count and Countess Shevitch were great "first-nighters" ten or twelve years ago, and I have frequently seen them together at the theatre and opera. It was impossible to be in the same place with them and not see them, he being conspicuous by his size and she by her wealth of golden hair, which she dressed in a manner to show it off to advantage. She was a handsome woman even then, and looked every inch the heroine of a romance. The last time I saw her she was buying stockings in a Broadway shop. I made some pretext for stopping at the same counter, so that I could get a better look at her. She had grown stout, and there were signs of advancing age about her face; but it was still very striking, and the yellow hair had only a thread or two of silver in it. She was evidently a careful buyer, for she examined the stockings knowingly, and held them up to the light to see if they had "double soles and heels," and asked if they were warranted "fast colours." As she walked away, after having made her purchase, I felt like telling the "saleslady" who she was; but it occurred to me that I should probably have to tell her who Lassalle and George Meredith were, too, and I did not feel equal to the task. It has been so long since I saw the Countess Shevitch that I have wondered what had become of her. In his introduction Mr. Shorter says that she and her husband have returned to Russia, and are living at Riga, and I have no doubt they find better opportunities for carrying out their Socialistic schemes there than in prosaic Hoboken.—*The Critic*.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND ENGLISHMEN.

"It would puzzle an outsider, especially a man," says a writer in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, "to tell why American women find Englishmen so much more attractive than American. At any gathering—a tennis party, a lawn fête, a dinner, a dance, a tea, the Englishman is in the ascendant. It is obvious to the most superficial observer that the women find him a more charming companion than the men of their own country. The writer asked the reason and an American lady said: 'When an Englishman is introduced to us he opens the conversation and makes it (?)'. He doesn't always do this well, but he relieves us of what is sometimes a terrible piece of work. The American leaves it all to us, and often, if he is not interested in us as an individual entity, he does not even accord to us that half-hearted help to which we are accustomed. Then, when the ice is broken, the Englishman goes on and entertains us (?). Sometimes he is not madly interesting, but he always talks "as well" as his mental equipment will allow, and he never slights his work. Sometimes he is delightfully amusing, and we sit back and laugh, and have the loveliest, lazy, comfortable feeling that we can lounge and rest, and talk or stay quiet just as we like.' 'And how is it that the Englishman has learned this happy trick that we have missed?' 'Oh, he has had to learn it. There couldn't have been any conversation on the British Isles unless he did. Englishwomen never talk. They respond. In moments of wild vivacity they go so far as to agree. Someone has got to do the talking, and if the Englishman hadn't braced up and undertaken it, conversation in England would have become one of the lost arts.' 'Certainly, Englishwomen are not very popular over here. We find them slow and somewhat dull.' 'That's exactly it. They are not either, but they seem so to you. Now generations of conversational training, with an Englishwoman to talk at, will bring out the best there is in a man. You try talking, for a whole afternoon, to one of those large, handsome English girls who are sitting over there under the white sunshades. If you succeed I will back you to be able to draw ideas and witticisms out of the *débutantes* of the coming winter.'

CAUSES OF POVERTY.

SOME interesting statistics are published in a London journal relating to an exhaustive enquiry into the causes of the poverty of 152 families in a certain city district containing a population of 126,000. These families presented a wide variety in trade and religion and nationality, and their application for charitable assistance was taken as *prima facie* and confessed evidence of poverty. Investigation shows that forty-two families were brought to want by their own fault, the causes of their poverty being set down as "reckless improvidence," "crime," "drink," "idleness," "bad temper," etc. Then come fifty-three families whose poverty was due to certain common accidents or misfortunes which might have been provided against, but were not. The final group of fifty-seven families presents cases of excusable poverty, such as those due to extraordinary slackness of trade or the absolute destruction of some branch of business, though even in this group appear twenty-one families who are made hopelessly poor by "incompetence." The whole result goes to show the untrustworthiness of the figures often cited of the number of persons in London and other cities who are unemployed, and said to be "able and willing to work if they could only get employment." A similar conclusion is led up to by an article of Prof. Hyslop's in a late issue of the *New York Independent*, in which he showed the astonishingly high percentage of the unworthy who apply to charitable organizations in this city for aid.

THE SIN OF JUDAS.

To this there is one decisive answer. The Gospel narrative gives no intimation that this, or anything like this, was his motive. On the contrary, they suggest a very different view of Judas' character. "This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare (or purloined) what was put therein." He had misappropriated the general funds, as we should say, in delicate modern phrase; the Evangelist knows nothing of delicate modern phrases, and calls it thieving. He had allowed one vile passion to grow unchecked in his heart. His office, as treasurer of the little company, had given him opportunities of indulging this passion. He had yielded, and so fell. But, after all, does this painful history really contradict our experience? Experience may not carry us to the extreme point where Judas' transgression lies; but, so far as it goes, it only confirms this strange contradiction. For it teaches that the moral character by no means keeps pace with the moral opportunities; nay, it shows that when a man, placed in a position eminently favourable to the development of his higher self, does nevertheless give the rein to some vicious tendency within, his vice seems to gain strength by this very fact. It can only be indulged by resistance to the good influences about him, and resistance always gives compactness and force, always braces the capacity, whether for good or for evil. Moreover, such a man gets to isolate his vicious passion from the surrounding circumstances, even from the better influences within himself. If he did not, his relations with those about him would be intolerable; the conflict in his own heart would be too agonizing. But when, gradually and half-unconsciously, he has got to treat his special temptation as something apart, to concede to it a special privilege, to regard it as a law to itself, then the moral checks are removed; then it thrives, uninterrupted and almost unnoticed; until at length it casts away its disguises, it throws off all control, and reveals itself in all its vile deformity.—*From sermons by the late Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D.*

NOVELS AND CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

THE novelist's trade, like that of him who gathers samphire, is "dreadful." There is far too much competition. If you want a box of books from a circulating library, the chances are that you get seven volumes which you never asked for to three which you did demand. Nobody asks for those superfluous seven—nobody but friends of the authors. Probably ladies read them when they find them in the box, but nobody wants them. They never would be missed. Their existence manifestly interferes with the success of which books are in demand. Suppose that circulating libraries, instead of buying many small doses of rubbish, were to spend the money in getting more copies of good, or at least of popular, new novels, then the amateurs and weaklings of romance would be driven out of the business, and from the libraries we might get the works we ask for. I have just observed a student marking the library catalogue. Out of 270 novels of the year, 254 were erased, and it was communicated to the librarian that none of these were to be sent on any account. Perhaps two dozen of them had been read before and so were not needed; the remaining 230 were manifestly trash. There were left sixteen, of which twelve at least were experimental. Only four were asked for in anything like assured hope of entertainment. Of lady novelists there were eighty-one. Of domestic and tea-table novels there were forty. Of novels about American women there were six; of military and sporting romances twelve; of historical novels only five. There were about ten sensational novels. Then there were Dutch, Irish, Australian Arabic, Bohemian, Hungarian, Indian novels, and of Egyptian novels and novels in No Man's Land about five. There were not so many socialistic, occult and theological novels as one might expect, while governesses and the clergy were in a minute minority. Of novels that a male human being

might read, there were about forty out of the grand total of 270, and that is really a very fair proportion. The rest were all for ladies, in these cases are apt to let the supply regulate the demand. Ah, that authors would not write, that publishers would not publish, that libraries would not buy the common, mild, middle-class domestic novel any more! The writers who have succeeded in that style may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and yet that is the style which men and women, with no qualification but leisure, are always attempting.—*Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine*.

UNDER THE EARTH.

THE workman in the deepest mines of Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they never penetrate over one 7-1000 part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labour only three or four hours at a time until the Suto tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 120°. The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only 4,172 feet, about 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. While borings and mines reveal to us only a few secrets relating solely to the temperature and constitution of the earth for a few thousand feet below the surface, we are able by means of volcanoes to form some notion of what is going on at a greater depth. There have been many theories about the causes of volcanoes, but it is now generally held that, though they are produced by the intense heat of the interior of the earth, they are not directly connected with the molten mass that lies many miles below the immediate sources of volcanic energy. Everybody knows that many rocks are formed on the floor of the ocean, and it has been found that a twentieth to a seventieth of their weight is made up of imprisoned water. Now, these rocks are buried in time under overlaying strata, which serve as a blanket to keep the enormous heat of the interior. This heat turns the water into superheated steam, which melts the hardest rock, and when the steam finds a fissure in the strata above it it breaks through to the surface with terrific energy, and we have a volcano. We find that these outpourings that have lain for countless ages many thousands of feet below the surface are well adapted to serve the purposes of man. Many a vineyard flourishes on the volcanic ashes from Vesuvius, and volcanic mud has clothed the hills of New Zealand with fine forests and its plains with luxuriant verdure. The most wonderful display of the results of volcanic energy is seen in the north-western corner of our own land, a region of lofty forests and of great fertility.—*Goldthwaite's Magazine*.

THE ETHICS OF FICTION.

How can the story-teller evade the responsibility of a moral agent? We do not project the didactic question, nor do we suggest the need of goody-goody stories. We drive at the question of personal influence and personal responsibility. What one does by one's agent is one's own act. The story is the story-writer's agent. If it is a doer of evil, its deeds are to be referred to the writer. The ethical problem seems to be: How far can the story-maker go in handling evil without becoming amenable to the moral law? We think it is plain that evil cannot be honestly handled by the artist for the mere sake of presenting it artistically. To admit that the story-teller may lead us to admire the character and to enjoy the company of men and women whose lives are given over to all manner of moral obliquity is to admit, tacitly at least, that we may safely associate with and admire such people in actual life. If evil communications corrupt good manners in our social experiences, the same is true in our literary experiences. It seems to us that in good fiction evil must appear as a foil for good; that it must be set over against righteousness so as to make black black indeed and white purely white. The story-teller need have no express moral hobby to ride posthaste; his tale will be all the better if told with the pure love of story-telling; but we may be quite sure that his taste is unsound if he chooses a salacious story to tell and gives it the unction of personal rehearsal. Here, indeed, is where we would draw the line. Evil can be used by the artist with clean hands and to wholesome effect by contrasting it with a healthy, solid projection of good. The chief trouble with current realism is that it does not do this, but chooses to set hopeless evil and nerveless commonplace side by side without any triumphant moral heroism to dominate or neutralize it. The scope of story-telling is as broad as life, and the gamut of human experience is open to the artist's selection. What is required by sound ethics is that the selection shall be made under the guidance of an enlightened and eminently sane conscience, and that the story shall, in its artistic and moral trend, comport with the best impulses of our civilization.—*The Chautauquan for February*.

ACCORDING to the Boston *Transcript* the production of paper in the entire world is estimated to be 3,000,000,000 pounds per year. There are 884 paper mills and 1,106 paper machines in this country. Germany has 809 mills and 891 machines, France 420 mills and 525 machines, England 361 mills and 541 machines, Scotland 69 mills and 98 machines, Ireland 13 mills and 13 machines, Russia 133 mills and 137 machines, and Austria 220 mills and 270 machines.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE New York Medical Journal gives (from *British and Colonial Druggist*) the following: A Bavarian priest is reported to cure influenza with this prescription: "Go to bed at once; wash the neck, chest, and whole upper body with very cold water, and tie a dry linen towel about the neck. Cover up warmly, but not too heavily. Continue to wash in this manner every hour for ten hours. Then completely wash over the entire body with cold water as rapidly as possible." After this complete lavation there breaks out such a violent perspiration that the patient is drenched with it all over and with this perspiration the last remains of the disease disappears.—*Canada Health Journal*.

HOMELY GYMNASTICS.—That there is not much sanitary or strengthening influence in the operation of dusting is evident; and yet many women, disdaining heavier work, reserve this domestic duty for themselves and waste much time upon it. Muscular motion is of little value unless vigorous and swift. The slow walk and loitering movement do not rouse the blood from its torpidity. The lowliest labour when zealously performed may be followed by an unexpected hygienic effect. There is the instance of a penniless young man, threatened with fever in a strange country, shipping as a deck-hand to return and die among his people. During the voyage he scrubbed away the dirt from the shipboards, and with it the disease that had invaded his life-craft. A story is also told of a family whose women were of the delicate, ailing sort. Misfortune obliged them to perform their own domestic work. What seemed for them a sad necessity proved itself a double blessing. They gained what they had never known, before, robust health; and their enforced economy restored them to a prosperous condition. Not all physicians are clear-sighted or independent enough to prescribe as did one of their number. A young lady supposed to be suffering with anæmia, nervous prostration and other fashionable ills, sent for the family doctor. "Is there anything I can do to get well?" she asked, after the usual questioning. "There is," answered he; "follow this prescription faithfully." The folded scrap of paper read as follows: "One broom: use in two hours' of house-work daily."—*Alice B. Tweedy, in the Popular Science Monthly for February*.

"August Flower"

Biliousness, "I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benediction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness."—**Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Pls's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

THE pepsin sold in the drug-stores is the veritable product of an animal stomach, and generally of the stomach of the hog. One factory in New York has the oddest method of preparing the article that ever entered into the human mind. A number of perfectly healthy hogs are fattened for market, and for thirty-six hours before killing-time are deprived of all food, not even being allowed a drop of water. Then the trough from which they are accustomed to eat is covered with strong wire-netting, and the most appetizing slops and hog delicacies, smoking hot, are poured into the trough. The fumes ascend with grateful fragrance to the porcine nostrils, the hogs all run to the trough and stand over it, ravenous with hunger, squealing and fighting with each other for a chance to get at the food. The iron netting prevents them from tasting the food, and while they are still thinking about the matter they are killed, and their stomachs being taken out are found perfectly full of gastric juice, from which the pepsin is prepared.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

By means of currents alternating with very high frequency, Professor Nikola Tesla has succeeded in passing by induction through the glass of a lamp energy sufficient to keep a filament in a state of incandescence without the use of connecting wires. He has even lighted a room by producing it in such a condition that an illuminating appliance may be placed anywhere and lighted without being electrically connected with anything. He has produced the required condition by creating in the room a powerful electrostatic field alternating very rapidly. He suspends two sheets of metal each connected with one of the terminals of the coil. If an exhausted tube is carried anywhere between these sheets, or placed anywhere, it remains always luminous. The extent to which this method of illumination may be practically available experiments alone can decide. In any case, our insight into the possibilities of static electricity has been extended, and the ordinary electric machine will cease to be regarded as a meretoy.—*From Electricity in Relation to Science, by Prof. William Crookes, in the Popular Science Monthly for February*.

It has been repeatedly pointed out in this journal that when the human body is much fatigued it is much more likely to be overcome by, and be the victim of, the infectious microbes. We can call to mind many very severe cases of disease, especially of pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs), which developed soon after fatigue of body; one in a young man soon after a chill following a few hours of heavy work at pitching hay from waggons; another from a like condition brought on by loading "cordwood"; a third, in a somewhat older man, after a long fatiguing walk to which he was not accustomed. Almost any medical practitioner can recall like instances. It is quite easy for anyone to comprehend that, when one is much fatigued, with the nervous and muscular systems in a measure prostrated, when the very elements of the tissues, even while yet circulating in the blood, are depressed, the vital powers cannot so well resist the attacks of the ever alert infectious microbes, which have no compunctions in "striking a man when he is down." Had the Duke of Clarence taken the advice of his friends and not continued out with the hunting party after he had become considerably indisposed, and as it seems the subject of grip, it is quite possible he would not have succumbed to the attack of pneumonia which followed, or possibly this disease would not then have developed at all, or only in a much less extensive or diffused form. We would not increase the regrets at the lamented death of the young prince by discussing "what might have been," but the lesson is too clear and the opportunity too notable to be passed over by this journal without drawing therefrom a warning to the living, and reminding all men, and women too, that there is much danger in fatigue, especially when one has not been, or is not, in full health and vigour. Often there is but a few blood cells between life and death, or life may depend on the vital condition or stamina of these cells, or of their products, and if we would live out our natural span we should bear this well in mind and guide our actions accordingly.—*Canada Health Journal*.

Nature, Jan. 21, contains some extracts from a valuable report by the French agent at Victoria on the salmon industry in British Columbia. Among the details noted by him is the fact that the best fish are almost always taken on the outflow of the river in the place where the fishermen endeavour to meet the fish on their arrival from the sea. A boat is often filled with several hundred fish in a single drift net of from 400 to 500 metres. It is calculated that on certain days the total of the Fraser fishery amounts to not less than 150,000 salmon, which are passed through all the different phases of preserving, and are ready to be forwarded for the market on the same day. An ingenious apparatus, used to take the salmon, chiefly on the Columbia River in the United States, is described. A large wheel, fixed at a certain distance from the bank, is put in motion by the current. The blades of this wheel are provided with a network of iron wire intended to raise from the water any large object coming in contact with them. A sort of bar-work starting from the wheel is so placed as to increase the strength of the current in such a manner as to force the fish passing on this side of the river to go in this direction. The salmon, wishing to cross the very rapid stream where the wheel is placed, is raised out of the water by the iron wire on the blades. In the rotary movement the salmon is carried to the centre of the wheel, whence an inclined plane conducts it into vast open reservoirs placed in the stream, where it can be kept alive for some time. A system of pulleys provides for the raising of these reservoirs, the water flows out, and the salmon is carried in boat-loads just as it is required for preparation.—*Science*.

THE Faculty of the Ontario College of Oratory have arranged for a special course of eight lectures to be given in their College Assembly Room, No. 30, corner Yonge and Gerrard Sts. These lectures will be given on eight consecutive Thursdays at 2.30 p.m., beginning February 25th, when Dr. G. S. Ryerson will discuss the "Physiology of the Voice," illustrated by charts. On Thursday, March 3rd, Dr. T. M. Macintyre, President Presbyterian Ladies' College, will lecture, his subject being, "Ethics of the English Drama." Jas. L. Hughes, Esq., and J. A. McLellan, M.A., LL.D., on the two following Thursdays. Subjects announced later. All of these lectures are free to all who are interested in the important subjects presented.

WHEN you buy your spring medicine you should get the best, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It thoroughly purifies the blood.

THE enormous steel trusses to sustain the roof of the Manufactures Building at the Chicago World's Fair are about to be erected. These trusses are said to be the largest ever made for architectural purposes. They span 368 feet and rise to a height of 211 feet. The contract for them calls for about \$460,000.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people.

NO OTHER combines the economy and strength which make "100 Doses One Dollar" true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NO OTHER possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Sick Headache.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Dear Sir, — I took a severe cold in February last which settled in my back and kidneys, causing excruciating pain. After being without sleep four nights through intense suffering, I tried your MINARD'S LINIMENT. After the first application I was so much relieved that I fell into a deep sleep and complete recovery shortly followed.

Lawrencetown. JOHN S. McLEOD.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Catarrh—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon cures

Indigestion,

restores harmony to the system, gives strength to mind, nerves, and body, while it also purifies the blood and removes all trace of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, etc.

Fast Eating

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

Severe Pain After Meals

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. THROWBRIDGE, Travelling salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

WEBER was the first who established a permanent workable telegraph line, and thereby demonstrated the practical value of the electric telegraph. Weber's house in the city was connected with the astronomical and magnetic observatories by a line between three and four kilometres (over two miles) in length. The signals were made by the deviations of the needle of a galvanometer to the right and left, and were interpreted according to a conventional alphabet. The use of interrupted or reversed currents did not permit the transmission of more than one or two words a minute, but the speed was increased to seven or eight words by the use of induced currents. The following first notice of this telegraphic connection was published in one of the numbers of the *Göttingischen gelehrten Anzeigen* (or *Göttinger Scientific Notes*) for 1834: "We can not omit to mention an important and, in its way, unique feature in close connection with the arrangements we have described (of the Physical Observatory) which we owe to our Professor Weber. He last year stretched a double connecting wire from the cabinet of physics over the houses of the city to the observatory; in this a grand galvanic chain is established, in which the current is carried through about nine thousand feet of wire. The wire of the chain is chiefly copper wire, known in the trade as No. 3. The certainty and exactness with which one can control by means of the commutator the direction of the current and the movement of the needle depending upon it were demonstrated last year by successful application to telegraphic signaling of whole words and short phrases. There is no doubt that it will be possible to establish immediate telegraphic communication between two stations at considerable distances from one another.—*From a Sketch of William Edward Weber, in the Popular Science Monthly for February*.

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Physiology teaches that a certain amount of saliva secreted by the salivary glands of the mouth, and mixing with the food before or after it passes into the stomach, is essential to digestion. The chewing of your Tutti-Frutti Gum, before or after a meal, especially when combined with so valuable a digestive as "Armour's Pepsin," not only increases the flow of saliva but adds so materially to its strength as to insure a perfect digestion at the same time correcting any odor of the breath which may be present.

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