

THE WEEK:

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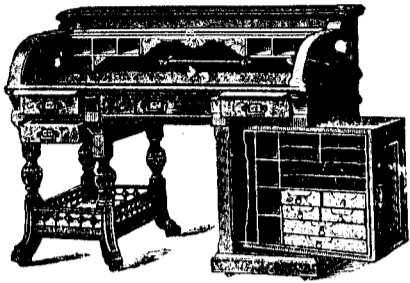
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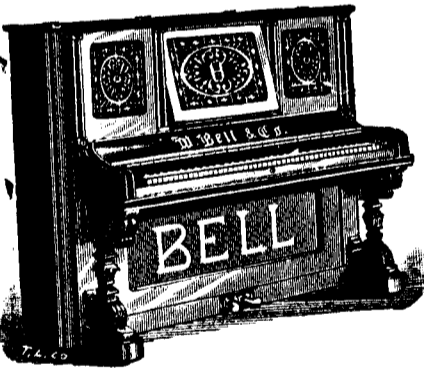
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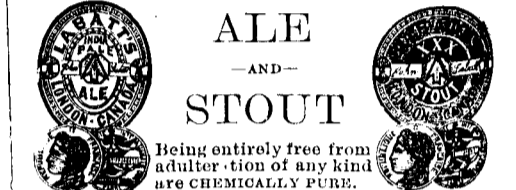
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Mr. Thomson vs. Mr. Charlton	103
What about Direct Taxation?	103
The Proposed Liberal Convention	103
Mr. Dalton McCarthy Before his Constituents	103
Mr. Pimmsoll and The Cattle Trade	104
The Behring Sea Prospects	104
An International Case in Court	104
The United States and Imperial Federation	104
Home Rule for Scotland	105
The German Emperor on Educational Reform	105
THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUNNEL	105
THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND—II	106
TO WALT WHITMAN. (Poem)	106
WAS CHRIST REALLY A BUDDHIST?	106
PROMINENT CANADIANS.—SIR JOHN ALLEN, LL.D., D.C.L., Chief Justice of New Brunswick	107
PLEBIAN TO PATRICIAN. (Poem)	108
TWO CRITICISMS	108
THE RAMBLER	109
BOSTON	109
HAPPINESS	110
HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ	110
THE MIRROR. (Sonnet)	111
ART NOTES	111
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	111
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	111
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	112
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	113
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	113
OBITUARY	114

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

WE have, in another paragraph, expressed our gratification that it has been resolved to call a convention of the Liberals of Ontario, and have pointed out some of the considerations which seem to us, viewing the situation from an independent standpoint, to make the holding of such a convention desirable and wise. Since that paragraph was written we have read Mr. E. W. Thomson's letter which appeared in Monday's *World*, after having been refused insertion in the *Globe*. This letter has attracted considerable attention by reason of the well-known ability of the writer and the fact that from the days of George Brown until a few months ago he occupied, save for two or three years, an important position on the *Globe* staff, and still avows himself an ardent Liberal and an advocate of unrestricted reciprocity. On analysis, Mr. Thomson's letter is found to consist of two distinct though related parts. The first is a severely sarcastic attack upon the following argument, quoted from the *Globe's* report of a recent address by Mr. Charlton:—

He would show them that direct taxation was not necessary. The revenue for 1889 was \$30,612,000, and, deducting from that the sum collected from American importations, \$7,371,000, there would be left a balance of \$23,241,000. But there was that year a balance of \$1,865,000. That would have to be taken into account, and thus you have a balance of revenue of \$25,106,000.

Mr. Thomson attempts to show the fallacy of this reasoning by various illustrations, such as that by the same method the man who has an income of \$600 a year, and has a surplus of \$100 at the end of the year, "may rejoice that he had, without suspecting it, \$700 revenue." Mr. Charlton may, no doubt, be left to take care of himself. But as we wish in this as in other cases to see for ourselves, so far as we can, just how much there is in such an argument on an important matter, without regard to its party bearing, we may suggest the question whether the fallacy is not, after all, in the form of the reasoning rather than in the thing itself. Mr. Charlton's avowed aim was to show that with unrestricted reciprocity a revenue sufficient for our needs could be raised without direct taxation. In substance he says, if we understand him, "A penny saved is as good as a penny gained." If the balance of revenue for a given year, after deducting the amount derived from United

States' importations, was \$23,241,000, and there was that year a surplus of \$1,865,000 over and above the sum needed to carry on the business of the country, it is evident that we may fairly deduct this surplus from the difference between the \$23,241,000 and the amount of actual or necessary expenditure, in order to ascertain the exact sum which will be needed from other sources to make up the deficiency caused by unrestricted reciprocity, and to balance revenue and expenditure." With all respect to Mr. Thomson, we are unable to see why this is not a perfectly sound argument. By adopting the cross-entry system of book-keeping, Mr. Charlton swelled his revenue to a fictitious size, but the fact of adding a given sum to one side of the account instead of deducting it from the other does not, so far as we can see, in any way invalidate the conclusion.

IN the other part of his letter Mr. Thomson is, it seems to us, much more successful. Nothing can be more misleading than for the advocate of unrestricted reciprocity to assume that under that arrangement the revenue from importations, other than those from the United States, will remain undiminished. If they should do so, the very fact—if we may adapt an argument often used against Protectionists—would stamp the new arrangement as a failure. Advocates of unrestricted reciprocity should look this objection fairly in the face. They must not be permitted to ignore a consideration which suggests itself to the candid mind at the very outset, *i.e.*, "the displacement of British and other old-world goods by American goods." Mr. Thomson's question here is unanswerable, or rather can be answered only in the affirmative: "If American goods, which now compete advantageously here with European goods, could enter free of customs taxes, while British and other European goods could not enter without paying 30 or 40 per cent., would not American goods displace all others to so great an extent that other \$7,000,000, or say \$14,000,000 in all, would be lost to the Federal treasury?" The figures, of course, are but a guess, though they do not seem extravagant, but the argument is conclusive. It is not, as Mr. Thomson proceeds to show, an answer to say that the private gains of individual Canadians would amount to vastly more than the loss of revenue, for these private gains would in nowise supply the want of public revenue unless directly taxed, and this question of direct taxation is the very question at issue. There is, it is true, one possibility which may be pleaded as an offset. It may be said that, by reason of the great and speedy increase in wealth and population which would follow unrestricted reciprocity, the people would be able to expend so much more in articles of comfort and luxury procurable to better advantage abroad, that the gain in revenue from this source would more than counterbalance the loss on United States' importations, even after due allowance for displacements of ordinary English and European goods. But all such calculations deal with unknown quantities, if they are not absolutely chimerical. Meanwhile we think it is fortunate that a well-known Liberal writer has come forward at this juncture, on the eve of the Liberal Convention, to say thus boldly to the leaders of the party: Either you do believe that "Direct Taxation on a Great Scale" is a corollary of unrestricted reciprocity or you do not. If you do not believe what seems to others almost self-evident, bring forth your strong reasons and demonstrate the soundness of your views. If you do, then say so frankly and honestly, and commence at once to educate the people up to your standard, since either the demonstration or the education is most surely indispensable to the success of your cause.

THE Liberal party, or rather its leaders, have, we are told, decided to summon a great Liberal Convention to meet in Toronto during February. This is, it must be admitted, a bold movement. The event must decide whether it is, from the party point of view, a wise one. From the higher stand-point of the public and national well-being the resolve is, we think, to be commended. The best friends of the party must admit that for some years past its policy has been rather at sixes and sevens. Within the last year or two it has, indeed, been claimed by some of the more prominent leaders that their purpose

has become fixed and definite, that the eyes of all are turned to one clearly-defined goal, that of unrestricted reciprocity. Yet this platform has never, so far as we are aware, received the full and formal endorsement of all those who are entitled to speak for the party. We venture to say that it is not now by any means certain that the rank and file of those who have been accustomed to march under the Liberal banner are ready to agree that this object of desire so overshadowed all others that every other reform should be subordinated and relegated, in the meantime, to the back-ground. It is, we venture to say, equally uncertain whether the most influential men in the party to-day are ready to commit themselves to it absolutely and heartily. Mr. Mackenzie, the venerated ex-leader, has lately spoken words which have been interpreted as doubtful. If Mr. Blake has ever given in his adhesion to the new movement, and if he is prepared to give it the support of his influence and eloquence, we have no knowledge of the facts. And yet it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake are the two most influential men in the Liberal ranks to-day. Then, again, the strength of a political party is in its leader. Without a leader who commands the hearty and loyal and enthusiastic support of the entire body, success in a political contest is hardly possible. We have a very high respect for the personal character of Mr. Laurier, as well as a sincere admiration of his ability and eloquence, but we hazard nothing in saying that it is by no means certain that he stands to the whole party in the relation above described. It may be said that the decision of the active and recognized leader or leaders, those who are constituted such by the vote of the party representatives in the Commons, should be binding on all its members. This may be the case in the Conservative party. But the Conservatives have a leader without either a rival or a second as a party tactician. Moreover, the members of that party are, for some reason or other, better disciplined, or more loyal, or more subservient. If any one distinctive characteristic can be said still to mark a plane of cleavage between the rank and file of the two parties, it is that the Liberal body has less cohesion, and is more liable to be weakened by defections, or decimated by assertions of individual and independent opinion. We do not say this by way of disparagement. Many of the party will accept it as a high compliment, and we are not sure but they are right in so doing. We refer simply to the fact, for such we deem it. All these seem to us so many reasons why the representative men of the party from all parts of the Province, at least, should meet in convention, and agree, if possible, on all moot points. If we must have party politics, it is very desirable that parties should not be very unequal in point of numbers and weight. We hope to see this convention idea carried out successfully, and to be by its decisions put in a position to know what is the exact policy of the Liberal party, who are its approved leaders, and what are its prospects and hopes touching the near future.

THE address delivered by Mr. Dalton McCarthy to his constituents in North Simcoe brings again to the front some important questions which had been allowed to slip for a time into the back-ground. We have not always been able to admire either the substance or the spirit of Mr. McCarthy's speeches, or to agree in all respects with the views he from time to time so forcibly expressed in the course of the Equal Rights agitation. But we cannot but admire the manly and independent stand he has now taken before his constituents. It is devoutly to be wished that there were many more members of the Commons equally resolved to think for themselves, equally frank in stating the results of their thinking, and equally ready to lay their views before their constituents for their approval or rejection. Mr. McCarthy loves not Sir John A. Macdonald or the Tory party—he does not object to the name Tory—less, but his convictions of duty in regard to the dual language question more. That is the burden of his address. If Sir John permits the Act of the Manitoba Legislature abolishing the official use of dual languages to go into operation, he will continue to find in Mr. McCarthy a loyal supporter. If Sir John's Government disallows that Act, Mr. McCarthy will move a vote of want of confidence in Sir John and his Government, if he

stands alone in so doing. This is straightforward and intelligible, and Mr. McCarthy takes in substance the same position in regard to the North-West Territories and their dual language system. It is not easy to see how any lover of liberty and of local self-government, on either side of politics, can refuse to support him in these positions. With reference to Quebec the principle involved is, as we have always contended, and as Mr. McCarthy now seems to admit, quite different. The question of constitutional principles and loyalty to old compacts is involved. We observe, by the way, that Mr. McCarthy seems to have nothing to say touching the Separate School question in Manitoba and the Territory. Can it be that he does not regard this as of at least equal importance with the language question, or see that the rights of a people to local self government are infringed upon quite as much by having Separate Schools forced upon them, as by being compelled to use a second language on certain occasions and in certain public documents? We are glad to see, however, that he does propose to move in the matter of the deadlock now existing between Lieut. Governor Royal and the North-West Council, and is resolved to vindicate to the utmost of his ability the rights of the representatives of the people. He is also suspicious of an unholy compact between Premier Mercier and Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and is resolved to oppose with all his might any proposal to grant "better terms" to the Province of Quebec. On the whole the situation between Mr. McCarthy and his old leader is very seriously strained. Sir John will probably have several difficult problems to settle during the coming session, such as will put his tactical skill to some pretty severe tests.

THOUGH the evidence elicited at the investigation in Montreal touching alleged abuses in the cattle-carrying trade was not so satisfactory or complete as it might have been had the evidence of some reliable men who have had experience as caretakers of cattle crossing the Ocean been accessible, the facts brought out amply prove the necessity for legislation and executive action. We cannot but think that the attitude and temper in which a few of those interested approached the enquiry was, to say the least, unfortunate. The question was not one of Mr. Plimsoll's motives and purposes, though no one who is acquainted with his noble struggles and achievements in the past, on behalf of the safety and comfort of British sailors, can doubt either the sterling worth of the man or the genuineness of his philanthropy. Still less was it a question of Great Britain's colonial policy or of Canadian loyalty. Indeed, if we may say so without disrespect to any one, there is some danger of Canadians being made ridiculous by the growing tendency to introduce the question of loyalty on all occasions. Mr. Plimsoll no doubt did well to repudiate the idea that the proposed legislation by the British Parliament had anything to do with either the question of colonial relations and obligations, or that of protection to the owners of flocks and herds in the Mother Country. It is a simple question, in the first place, though this fact seems to have strangely fallen into the back ground, of providing for the safety and comfort of the sailors and those having the care of the cattle on shipboard, and, in the second place, of humanity to the cattle themselves. No civilized Government or people can afford to tolerate any business, or any mode of carrying on business, which tends to degrade even those engaged in the most menial offices in connection with it. That the treatment of the men employed in tending the cattle on shipboard, in some of the ships, has been in some cases both cruel and degrading seems too clear to admit of reasonable doubt. Nor can it be in the interests of the trade and of those engaged in it that the cattle should be neglected, or ill-treated, whether by over-crowding, want of abundant fresh air, or in any other way, during the voyage. The picture drawn by Mr. Plimsoll, in his speech at the banquet in Toronto, of ships sent to sea with three decks covered with cattle from bow to stern, and from side to side, with forty or fifty additional crowded into the passage ways after the stalls are filled, until the sailors are unable to get from bow to stern save by climbing over the flimsy superstructures erected above those on the upper decks, is sufficient to make even a landsman shudder. The two feet and a-half allowed for each animal is suggestive to the uninitiated of horrible discomfort, though it seems to be regarded as sufficient. To permit the narrow passages for attendants and for air to be obstructed can be nothing less than downright cruelty, and can bring nothing but loss to all concerned, save the inhumanly greedy ship-master or owner who is responsible for it. It is possible

that Mr. Plimsoll may not be free from the warmth and impetuosity of temperament which are often characteristic of the most active and useful philanthropists, but the cattle dealers of Canada owe him gratitude instead of distrust for the part he is taking in bringing abuses to the light and compelling their removal. Much credit is due, too, to those interested in the trade who, like Mr. Frankland and others, have taken a broad view of the subject and are seconding his efforts. It is gratifying to be able to believe that those abuses are far less serious, so far at least as the Canadian trade is concerned, than Mr. Plimsoll had supposed, and that all that is needed for their connection is to have the traffic put under the oversight of efficient Government Inspectors, backed by reasonable legislation of the British and Canadian Parliaments.

THE Behring Sea correspondence is a complicated, and, to those who are not in a position to study all the details, a somewhat tangled mass. We commented in previous numbers upon the length of the interval which apparently separated Mr. Blaine's latest despatch from that to which it was assumed to be in reply. It seems, however, that negotiations were going on in the meantime which throw further light upon the affair. The proposal submitted by Sir Julian Pauncefote in April last, for an international control was, we now learn, rejected the following month, and it was a distinct offer to submit the question of the legality of the seizures of Canadian vessels to impartial arbitration, made by the British Minister in October last, that Mr. Blaine refused but the other day. Whether the rumoured counter proposal by Mr. Blaine for a commission to visit Alaska and report on the question of the alleged danger of extermination of the seals, such report to be followed, if then found necessary, by arbitration, has actually been submitted to Lord Salisbury, remains to be seen. The comments of some of the London papers imply, or assume, that such an offer is under consideration and is likely to be accepted, as no doubt it would readily be if at all fair or reasonable. On the other hand a cablegram of a few days since announced that the Canadian High Commissioner knew nothing officially of such an offer, though he thought it by no means unlikely that it had been made. The one re-assuring fact is that a hopeful feeling, amounting almost to an assurance that the way to a peaceful settlement is in sight, has taken the place of the state of apprehension which existed a week or two since. If the Washington correspondents, who claim to have received assurances from the highest sources, may be relied on, all those sensational stories about the proposed increase of the United States naval forces in Behring Sea, which were for a time accepted as genuine on both sides of the Atlantic, were absolutely without foundation. That no such intention now exists we may rest assured. Knowing what we do of the peculiar party politics which plays so large a part even in Washington diplomacy, we need not stay to enquire too curiously whether the reports in question were really pure fabrications made by Democratic correspondents to meet a Democratic demand, whether they were put forth as feelers to test the national sentiment, or whether, as the *Christian Union* seems to intimate, they may have foreshadowed a contemplated policy which was radically modified by a confidential communication from Lord Salisbury. The one important fact is that there seems to be no longer danger that any such insanity is contemplated. We are delighted to learn, apparently on the best authority, that Mr. Blaine is now and always has been in favour of accepting the reasonable mode of settlement, which, by some strange misconception, he has hitherto been supposed to refuse and gladly leave the task of examining historical documents, and hunting up parallel passages to his Democratic opponents, who may be relied on to attend to that part of the business during the next Presidential campaign, if not before. We congratulate ourselves on the prospect that international good sense and good feeling are likely to prevail, and this vexatious, if somewhat petty, quarrel to be settled in a manner just and honourable for all concerned.

AFTER the foregoing paragraph had been sent to the printer, telegrams from Washington to the morning papers announced that application had been made to the Supreme Court of the United States on behalf of the owner of one of the Canadian vessels which was seized by the U.S. revenue cutter, *Rush*, asking for a writ of prohibition, to be directed to the judge of the District Court of the United States in and for the territory of Alaska, restraining him from proceeding with the condemnation and sale

of the vessel. This seems simple and straightforward enough, even to the non-legal mind, nor is it easy to see wherein it affords ground for the sensational exaggerations, for such they evidently are, with which the correspondents garnish their tid-bit of news. We dare say it may have been from the first the intention of the injured owners, or of the Canadian and British Governments representing them, to seek redress for the injury done them in the United States' courts. Nothing seems more reasonable than that the subject of one nation who has suffered damage in person or property from the Government of another nation should, either directly or through the Government of his own country, seek redress in the first instance through the courts of the nation which is responsible for the injury. It is very likely that the action of the client may have been in this case delayed, pending the result of negotiations which it may have been hoped would effect a settlement on such a basis as would do away with the necessity of the legal proceedings. If so it would appear that matters have now reached a stage at which the British and Canadian Governments deem it wise to carry the question of seizure and confiscation before the highest Court in the Republic. Possibly the recent refusal of the offer of arbitration made in October last, as noted above, may have hastened the present action. But it seems very unlikely that this appeal to the Court in strictly legal form can be properly regarded as "throwing a bombshell into the camp of the American administration," still less that it can have been done with a view to bringing directly before the Court, together with the question of the legality of the seizure, "all the controversies relating to it which are now pending between the United States and Great Britain." It is not easy to see how this petition, even if granted, can enable the Court to pronounce upon anything but the question of United States jurisdiction over the waters in question. It is true that a decision on this question favourable to the petitioner and adverse to the U.S. Government would probably involve all other points at issue and, if accepted by that Government, render further negotiations or arbitration unnecessary. But it could hardly be true, on the other hand, that a decision adverse to the petitioner and to the claims of the British Government would estop the latter from further proceedings. The decision of the Court, as between the two nations, would evidently be *ex parte*, and an appeal would still lie to some higher international tribunal, if such could be found or constituted. However these are but lay speculations and may be proved worthless by the event. The situation is certainly an interesting one. The application shows strong faith on the part of the British and Canadian Governments in the justice of their cause, and may also be interpreted as implying a high compliment to the impartiality of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Further proceedings will be watched with great interest on both sides of the line.

A RECENT number of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* contains a lengthy article, contributed by a Toronto correspondent, on the subject of British Federation. Though the article contains little or nothing that is absolutely new to those who have followed the course of the discussion in Canada or the Mother Country, it unfolds very clearly for the consideration of the readers of the *Advertiser* the conditions of the problem, and ably presents the best arguments of the advocates of Imperial Federation. The significant feature in the case is the fact of the publication of such a paper, in a prominent position, in an influential New York paper. It can scarcely be doubted that to many an American reader the unfolding of a scheme so magnificent in its proportions, and so closely related to its possibilities, whatever they may be, to the commercial welfare of the great Republic, will be little less than a revelation. There are few things in regard to which the people of any nation are more liable to erroneous impressions than in their assumptions with regard to the actual knowledge of themselves and their country possessed by their neighbours. American travellers in England never tire of repeating conversations or detailing incidents to show the monumental ignorance of the average untravelled Englishman in regard to the greatness and glory of the United States. An Englishman needs to be but a short time in the Republic to be astounded with the discovery of an equally glaring want of information there in respect to his own country. The Canadian who sets foot for the first time in New York or Philadelphia, and who has a fixed conviction, formed by newspaper reading, that one of the chief topics of conversation in intelligent circles in the United States is the future of his own country and the desirability of having its "manifest destiny" accomplished

at the earliest possible moment by its annexation to the Republic, is thrown into a state of perpetual wonderment by finding how little is really known of Canadian resources or institutions, and how small a place his beloved country occupies in the thoughts of her next-door neighbours. Hence we are glad to see from time to time in American newspapers articles like the one before us, adapted to enlighten the newspaper-reading American in regard to Canadian conditions and aspirations. While we are not of the number of those who regard any scheme of Imperial Federation yet projected, or hinted at, as possible or even desirable, we are glad to see the great question of the future of our country discussed from every point of view. While we do not propose here and now to argue the question on its merits, we may just observe in passing that the writer of the article avoids what has always seemed to us the chief and crucial obstacle in the way of the movement, by treating of Imperial Federation and Imperial reciprocity as two distinct schemes, instead of regarding the latter as the indispensable, if impossible, condition of the former. On one point which is, indeed, a matter of fact, we heartily agree with the writer of the article, viz., that the strongest impetus the Imperial Federation movement has yet received has been given by the new tariff Act of the United States, and that Major William McKinley, of Ohio, may therefore be regarded as one of its most powerful promoters. What Imperial reciprocity would mean to the United States may be summed up in a sentence quoted from the *San Francisco News-Letter*. "At one fell swoop we would (*sic*) lose more than half our customers." But they are even now losing a good many of them.

THE *London Spectator* of the 20th ult. has an article on "Home Rule for Scotland," which manifests considerable alarm at the strength which this movement is developing. Reference is had in particular to two documents which have lately been issued by the Scottish Home Rule Association. One of these is an Appeal to the people of Scotland for further support. The other is a Protest against the unsatisfactory place assigned to Scottish Home Rule on the programme of the Liberal party. The appeal points out that, largely through the influence of the Association, Home Rule for Scotland has become "a burning question," and argues that better organization is all that is needed to place it side by side with the Irish movement. The Protest takes exception to the Liberal proposal to secure the boon for Ireland before paying special attention to Scotland's claim. It maintains that to grant a Legislature and Executive to Ireland and withhold the same from Scotland would be manifestly unjust. It goes further and claims that as Scotland was first robbed of her independent Parliament, she has the prior claim for its re-establishment. "The granting of Home Rule to Ireland first," it is urged, "without any promise or guarantee that the claim of Scotland to a Legislature and Executive Government will be conceded, would be destructive of the national life of Scotland, an act of treachery towards the Scottish people, and a wilful throwing away of the support of the Irish vote, which in some small degree has tempered the overwhelming vote of the English Members on Bills relating to Scotland." The Protest proceeds to show, with reasoning which the *Spectator* pronounces "unanswerable," that while to withdraw the Irish Members from Westminster would place the Scotch more than ever at a disadvantage as compared with the English, to keep them there would not mend the matter, since, even if they were allowed to vote only on Imperial questions, they might still hold the balance of power, overthrow the Government on an Imperial question, and so retard legislation pertaining to Scotland. The Protest then proceeds to cite the respects in which, it is claimed, "the Incorporation Union of 1707, against which our forefathers protested, and which was passed against the wishes of the vast majority of the Scottish people," has been found, after ample trial, to work injustice to Scotland. It has done this, they claim, by altering Scotch Laws by means of English votes, against the wishes of the Scotch majority; by retarding Scotch business; by extracting from Scotland millions more than her just share of the Imperial burdens, and by depriving Scotland of the fame derived from the deeds and genius of her people. The indictment is a very serious one and is ably drawn up. In estimating the importance of this movement, the *Spectator* is forced to admit that, though its promoters are not as yet numerous, they could, if thoroughly organized, "hold the balance in many constituencies, and therefore do a great deal of mischief."

Undoubtedly the Scotch have much cause to complain of the way in which their interests are neglected, in consequence of the perennial congestion of Parliamentary business and the absurdly disproportionate amount of time given to Irish affairs. The Scotch have waited long and patiently for needed legislation and reforms, but if once they begin to move they will present a much steadier front than the Irish. Those who think local Home Rule for the Scotch would be a national calamity will do well not to content themselves, as does the *Spectator*, with deprecating and deploring the whole agitation and scolding Mr. Gladstone, but to set about devising some less radical means of removing well-grounded grievances and so forestalling the larger movement.

THE speech of the restless and energetic German Emperor on Educational Reform, delivered at the special Educational Conference in Berlin a few weeks since, has naturally attracted a good deal of attention. We have hitherto refrained from comment, chiefly because we felt that discussion of the speech, on the basis of the meagre facts given in the telegrams, was but shooting in the dark. A lengthy article in the *Christian Union*, by the Countess Von Crackow, throws some light upon the matter, though we still find it difficult to understand whether the Emperor has any very clear ideas in regard to education proper, and whether he is bent on reform mainly for the sake of the people's well-being or simply for the sake of improving the material of the army which he usually keeps so near his eye that it shuts out the greater part of the great world beyond from his field of vision. In other words we are not yet able to decide whether he insists on educational reform mainly for its own sake, or for his own sake. However, that there is ample room for reform is but too evident. Think for instance of a national system of high schools or gymnasia, in which the pupils, boys of say twelve to fourteen years of age, are in school for six hours of the day and devote five and a-half to seven of the remaining eighteen to preparation at home. That these hours are almost exclusively devoted to brain work, or what is supposed to be such, is evident from the further fact that while about twenty-five thousand hours are devoted to schooling and home study during the course, only 657 are given to gymnastic exercises—forty hours of mind-training to one of body-training. Is it any wonder that the statistical report of increase in so-called school-diseases is appalling, and that the Emperor could say from experience, that although he and his fellow-pupils had a very good room in Cassel, it having been furnished at the wish of his mother with "a fine, one-sided light and good ventilation," eighteen pupils out of twenty-one wore spectacles, and two of those eighteen could not see as far as the blackboard. We are accustomed to think of the methods of instruction used in the German gymnasium as of the highest class, but the Emperor's statistics are well fitted to dispel the illusion. Special stress is laid upon the Latin, and the Latin essay decides the pupil's standing, "yet it is certain that not more than one essay out of twelve is got up by fair means." German history is inadequately taught, as is evident from the fact that so late as twenty years ago the study ended with the French Revolution. The last ninety years were left unmentioned. Another error, akin to that which is but now being corrected in Canada, is the neglect of the national language and literature. The Emperor is wise in determining that German, not Latin, must be made the base of the curriculum in future. We have not space to deal with the methods of reform proposed. Indeed they are neither very fully detailed, nor do they seem comprehensive or adequate, though his views and wishes may be given effect to by men better fitted to reform an educational system. As we have already hinted, the main object of the Emperor seems to be to provide men of better physique for the army. He seems to think, too, that the school-training may be made better to subserve imperial ends, and scolds the teachers for not having prevented the growth of Social-Democratism. The outside observer, accustomed to freer institutions, will, we fancy, be convinced that in this the Emperor is reckoning without his host. An inside view of the gymnasia, such as he gives us, goes far, we think, to solve the problem which has been a puzzle to many—that a people so intelligent and so well educated should bow their necks meekly generation after generation to a system of Government with so much of monarchical and military despotism in it. The answer is, we believe, to be found largely in the schools. If the Emperor sets the German youth to studying modern history and to discuss-

ing questions of government, political economy, sociology, and other present-day themes, it would be risking little to predict that thirty years hence he will scarcely venture to make his *sic volo, sic jubeo*, the end of all controversy in regard to any great public question, as he did the other day in the matter under consideration.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUNNEL.

THE Terms of Confederation between Canada and Prince Edward Island promised that the Island should be placed "in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion." Has this promise been kept? When it was made, probably only a steamboat service was meant, and yet it may fairly be contended that, inasmuch as the language was not so limited, other means of communication were ever then contemplated. At any rate, it has now been proved that a steamboat service cannot be continuous and is not efficient, and that a metallic subway is. The people of Prince Edward Island, therefore, argue that, if the promise is to be kept in spirit, tenders should be invited for a subway, with the intention of constructing it, unless the cost should be found excessive. Their argument seems to me to be conclusive, and I propose in this communication to state the case for them, as a volunteer advocate and at the same time as one interested in the general well-being.

Canada carried out its engagements, in letter and in spirit with British Columbia, though the difficulties in the way and the cost were enormous. Have we lost by so doing? No; we have gained. Besides how could we lose by keeping our word?

Prince Edward Island asks us, and has been asking for years, to carry out our engagement with her, and though it has been shown that the cost will probably be next to nothing, we have satisfied ourselves with makeshifts, instead of the only thing that would be satisfactory performance. What is the reason of the different treatment in the two cases?

It cannot be because British Columbia makes a rule of sending members to support the Government, while Prince Edward Island sends a solid delegation of six to support the Opposition, though that may be a partial or party explanation. The real reason is that in the one case the popular imagination was touched, and in the other case it was not and is not. To connect two oceans seems a small thing. I have never seen a reference to the subject in any but one of the great Toronto dailies, and in that one the reference has always consisted of a flout concerning visionaries or worse people, who propose to waste millions on impossible enterprises.

I have spent two winters in Prince Edward Island as well as one summer, and know something of the stagnation in business, and other evils connected with its annually recurring long isolation from the mainland. Few who live in Western and Central Canada know what a lovely country it is, the best in the world, perhaps, for the production of root crops, cattle and men. The militia are the tallest and stoutest in the Dominion. The people are almost entirely farmers, living, now that the land question has been permanently settled, on their own farms, a healthy, sober, intelligent and moral population of 120,000, who feel themselves as completely cut off for almost half the year from the body of which they are nominally a part, as British Columbians used to be for the whole year, and who notwithstanding have been singularly patient, as well as moderate, in stating their case and pressing their demands. Surely this very moderation should make us all the more eager to do them justice. It cannot be good policy to make such a population discontented or to allow the slightest shadow to rest on our national reputation for good faith. It is not right even to delay, unnecessarily, in such a case. The Prince Edward Island farmer hears that potatoes are selling in New York for the price of oranges, and that there is a market in Britain for turkeys and eggs, but in neither case is he any the better. Six miles and a-half from his coast is a Government Railway that does not pay working expenses, and that would be glad to take his stuff down to the open port of St. John, but that lolly-covered angry strait blocks him effectually. It took Mr. Laurier and his party seven hours the other day to cross it, though there were five boats' crews together. When half-way across, Mr. Laurier must have been in a good mood to consider the propriety of a metallic subway, and he must have felt the claims of Prince Edward Island as he never felt them before. What a pity that Sir John could not be induced to visit "the Garden of the Gulf" during the Christmas or Easter holidays, and try both the *Stanley* and the open boat that is the only alternative when the *Stanley* is disabled! He would be converted as effectually as I feel sure Mr. Laurier is. The sum required would be in the next estimates, moved by the leader of the Government and seconded by the leader of the Opposition.

All honour to Senator Howlan for what he has done to press this important matter on the House for years, and all honour to THE WEEK for its advocacy. Our duty must be done, and I would call the attention of THE WEEK to the fact that something more is needed than "a Competent Commission to enquire into the feasibility and cost of the subway scheme." The feasibility has been demonstrated over and over again, under conditions, too, less

favourable than those that the Straits of Northumberland offer. Surveys have been made, five and three years ago, under the supervision of a competent Government engineer. Borings have been taken, boxed up and submitted to experts. The tidal currents are laid down in the charts. Without going into details, all of which may be found in Senator Howlan's speeches in "Hansard," it is enough to say that everything seems to be favourable, and that Mr. Walter Shanly estimates the cost at five millions of dollars. Others give lower and others higher estimates, but there is no better authority than Mr. Walter Shanly on such a subject in the Dominion. I will take his estimates until the Government asks for tenders, for there is no other way of ascertaining the cost for certain. Till tenders are sent in, people will talk glibly of the cost, and put it at anything they like from twelve to twenty millions. After seeing the St. Clair metallic subway, and hearing from Mr. Charles McKenzie, M.P.P., an account of its history and cost, and the probable cost of another or a longer, and after studying the geological and other conditions between Capes Traverse and Tornentine, I shall be very much astonished if the contract is let for a sum much over Mr. Shanly's estimate.

And if so, what does it mean? In the first place, the tunnel will cost Canada nothing. Senator Howlan proves that the total expenditure, now, for the service of maintaining connection between the Island and the mainland, winter and summer, averages \$200,000 annually. The expenditure on the present lines can never be less, and that sum is more than the interest on five millions. In the second place, our contract with the Island will be kept in the spirit and the letter. I shall not attempt to estimate how much that is worth. In the third place, the people of the Island will be benefitted to the extent of nearly a million a year. They will also accept the tunnel as payment in full for unsettled claims, and, feeling for the first time that they are an integral part of the Dominion, will be all the more valuable members of the Commonwealth in the time to come. Other minor and collateral advantages could be enumerated. But, advantages aside, we must do what is right and do it generously. Canada cannot afford to act shabbily towards a small province. We have set out to build up a nation. That required us to build the Intercolonial Railway, the C.P.R., the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, and the Cape Breton Railway. The subway between Prince Edward Island and the mainland is needed to complete the unification of Canada, and the sooner tenders are called for it the better.

G. M. GRANT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND—II.

BAD FARMING.

ALL visitors to Ireland who possess agricultural knowledge, are unanimous in stating that the soil of Ireland on the whole is not half cultivated. The system of agriculture is often very bad, and laziness is common in the South and West. Very small farms are the cause of much of this laziness. In the *Fortnightly* for 1886, a painstaking investigator reported that, on the small farms in Kerry, two days' work per week was about the average. Mr. R. Dennis, a genuine Irish patriot, in his valuable non-political work, "Industrial Ireland" (Murray, 6s.) speaks strongly as to the lack of industry in some parts of Ireland, and the poor farming generally. He shows what can be done to greatly increase the returns. His book is full of valuable information and suggestions. Hurlbert, an American Catholic, in his great work, "Ireland under Coercion" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston), gives (p. 364) an instance in the South of Ireland, where a man who used his brains in farming, and was also industrious, told him "on the same land with my neighbours, I double their production;" and he gave evidence of the truth of what he said.

If all the farmed land was properly farmed, and the increase was only one-half what Hurlbert's informant found it to be, that would, on 15,000,000 acres of farmed land, mean an increase to the national income of about \$150,000,000. Surely this would be vastly better than decades of agitation with its resulting crime!

THE FISHERIES.

Dennis says (p. 44): "A coast line of about 2,000 miles, broken into a large number of excellent harbours, waters teeming with fish, a race of hardy fishermen, all these natural advantages for carrying on a great fishing industry, exist in Ireland. Yet these great natural advantages are thrown away. Scotland with less fruitful seas, supports by her fisheries 140 per 1,000 of her population. Ireland supports less than 4 per 1,000." On his data there are about 500,000 supported by the fisheries in Scotland, and only about 20,000 in Ireland. Fishermen estimated to number nearly 100,000, come from other countries, and do well round the Irish coast. If, during this generation, one-tenth of the exertions wasted on sterile political agitation had been diverted to developing the fisheries, the 20,000 would have been increased more than ten-fold.

QUARRIES AND MINES.

Dennis shows that these are greatly neglected. He states that there is "a vast body of coal just as accessible as much of the coal now worked in Great Britain, and a vast body of iron ore yielding an exceptionally high average, but that not a single ton of iron ore is smelted in Ireland. The best black marble in the world is found on

the shores of Lough Corrib." All sorts of valuable stone are to be found, but, speaking generally, they are "practically unutilized."

Hurlbert (p. 118) was astonished that nothing had been done with the beautiful salmon and rose-coloured granite, lying alongside tide water in great cubical blocks, ready, with a small outlay, for shipment. Ireland abounds with neglected mineral resources.

CAPITAL AVOIDS INSECURITY.

In London there is never less than £100,000,000 waiting for investment. Capitalists will invest in Egyptian funds yielding 3½ per cent, but not in Ireland, with nominally a larger return, but combined with insecurity. What a sorrowful reflection—that in Mohammedan Egypt, with the hostile Mahdi hovering on the borders, there is better security for foreign capital, than in the South and West of Christian Ireland! The Land Act of 1881 partially confiscated \$250,000,000 invested under the Incumbered Estates Act, with the security of a government title. After that object-lesson, supplemented by the general working of the Land Act, the League agitation, and the general insecurity to property, person and life, resulting therefrom—there is no hope for the present of private British capital being invested in Ireland. If the Home Rule Agitation was formally abandoned, and the security for property, person, and life, permanently raised to the English level, British capital would flood that half-developed country—its vast resources would be utilized, and within a few years the National income would be doubled. But the flourishing trade of Irish Patriots would then painfully realize the true inwardness of the cry of the Ephesians "Sirs, by this craft we have our living."

Practically by the combined action of the Home Rule agitation, and long-continued general insecurity, Ireland loses at least \$300,000,000 per annum. As its population now is about 4,700,000, this is roughly, on an average, about \$315 per family of five.

If the labour and means which have been devoted to agitation during the last seventy years, had been employed in developing the resources of Ireland, it would now have been one of the most prosperous countries in the world, with less than one-half of its present amount of crime.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

TO WALT WHITMAN.

HAIL! Poet of the all-embracing heart, the boundless sympathy!
 Offspring of Nature, true-born, full-accredited!
 Nature's mouth-piece and mirror, speaking well her language;
 Reflecting true her forms innumerable, living and full of changeable beauty;
 Or inert, matter called, still fraught with beauty's phases!
 In panoramic splendour, a world's pageant, thou
 With magic wand dost flash before us, and at will
 Dost change all scenes, while, with enraptured gaze,
 We follow at thy bidding where thou wilt!
 We stand apart and see the great Globe whirl through space;
 Sunlight and shadow marked, and o'er the earth
 Quick following, quick receding, day and night
 Encompass all. All waters and all lands we see,
 All portions and divisions most minute—
 And all that they contain or them inhabit—
 Through thee we hear all sounds, voices of all things animate,
 Of things, all lifeless thought, to blind, unopened senses;
 Of things, that erstwhile, deaf and dumb remained
 'Till thy enchanted Lyre first loosed their bonds!
 Again the Dryads spring to life: the Redwood tree
 Chants its own requiem magnificent and falls
 Immortal! All immortal is that nature holds!
 And individuality possess, and consciousness, identity;
 Basking in joys befitting life immortal—
 The bird, bereft of mate, carols its eloquent aria to thy soul
 Sorrowing, and in thy soul a thousand songs of sorrow
 Start into life and echo on forever!
 Through thee we hear the music of the storm;
 Of waves, of woods, and wind-swept mountain crags;
 The pitiful moaning of the surging sea
 After the winds have passed and sunk to rest
 Far down the gloomy east; the roar of cataracts,
 The murmuring of streams, the howlings of fierce hurricanes,
 The gentle sighs of zephyrs, the thunder crash,
 The songs of birds, the loud tumultuous drum,
 The clarion blast of bugle calling hosts to battle!
 The full and rapturous swell of organ pipes;
 The low, melodious lute, to lover's songs
 Responsive, and commingling with their spirits' whisperings!
 To the soul's glad perception thou, a world
 Of wonders bright, unfoldest; thy behest
 The portals of the sense unbars, and all
 The splendours of thy world come thronging in!
 O Poet! I from out the Northern land;
 From "Blue Ontario's shore," a Bard unknown
 To fame, yet not less knowing, loving thee;
 Salute thee! for thy priceless gifts I bless thee!
 My hand in thine I feel at one with Nature:
 Life hath new meaning since thy Euphrasy
 Hath touched mine eyes; I have not lived in vain!

MERLIN.

DAY follows the darkest night, and when the time comes, the latest fruits also ripen.—Schiller.

WAS CHRIST REALLY A BUDDHIST?

Have you got a strawberry mark on your left side?
 No.
 Then you are my long-lost brother.

SUCH was the proof whereby the famous Box sought to establish his kinship with the equally celebrated Cox. I hope Dr. Oswald will forgive me if I venture to suggest that the arguments advanced by him in the January number of the *Arena* for establishing the Buddhistic origin of Christianity are very much of the same nature as those used by the author of that well-worn drama.

Might I also suggest, though perhaps it is almost hopeless for me to expect to produce conviction, that "theological loyalists" are not always "know-nothings," that there are even among the Christian priesthood a few who occasionally open a book other than the Bible, and that "slander" and "pious frauds" are (to put the case as mildly as possible) not the only weapons employed by them for the dissemination of their views and the refutation of their adversaries? Pace Dr. Oswald and Mr. Lecky (whom he quotes), "the very sense of truth and the very love of truth" have not yet been quite "blotted out from the minds of men."

It is in the interests of this truth, which I think Dr. Oswald misapprehends, that I venture to pen these few lines by way of rejoinder. Dr. Oswald is trying to establish the Buddhistic origin of Christianity. I am hoping to show that it is just as untrue that I have Buddha for my spiritual grand-father, as it is untrue that my ancestors according to the flesh are the tailless apes.

Dr. Oswald tries to prove the Buddhistic origin of Christianity by the analogies which exist between the two religions, and he argues that the fact that the analogies are fairly numerous is a proof that they cannot be accidental, and that the priority in time which (he says) Buddhism possesses is a proof that Christianity borrowed its doctrines from Buddhism, and that Christ was a Buddhist.

Let us see what his arguments are worth.

He first adduces *traditional analogies*, and he points out the confessedly numerous points of resemblance between the life of Buddha and that of Christ. These points of resemblance, be it noted, are confined to the birth and death of Christ and Buddha, to the similarity between their Temptations, their Transfigurations and some of their miracles. But what is the evidential value of these things? As far as the events connected with the birth, childhood and temptation of Christ (I would prefer to call him "Our Lord" if Dr. Oswald would allow me to do so) are concerned, it is a remarkable fact that they are never used in the New Testament for any purpose whatever. Christ never appeals to them; they are scarcely mentioned in the Acts or Epistles. St. Mark and St. John never even allude to the birth stories in their Gospels. The early appeal of Christianity was not to the miraculous birth but to the Resurrection; it was to prove this that St. Paul preached and wrote; it was for this that the Christian martyrs died.

If there were certain points of resemblance between the lives of Christ and Buddha, the points of dissimilarity were much greater. Christ never married, never forsook His filial care for His mother. Buddha renounced his family, and renounced his wife and child—a strange way to teach men to lead better lives. Christ lived a poor persecuted life, and died a noble death; Buddha lived a laborious life indeed and a noble life, but scarcely a life of sorrows, and died at an advanced age in consequence of eating too much wild boar (an infraction of his own law of abstaining from animal food!). *

Granting, then, that there are "fifty-two" points of resemblance between the Buddhist and Christian Scriptures with regard to the lives of their founders, I still think that in the main fact there is a strong divergence, and that the fact of the Resurrection (the main doctrine of Acts, Epistles and Gospels) cannot be accounted for from Hindoo sources.

If it were true that Christianity was Buddhistic in its origin, we should expect to find the *dogmatical analogies* between the two religions very striking and numerous. For, after all, doctrine is the life and soul of a religion, and none of the miraculous events alleged for Christ or Buddha would be of any value unless there were a good body of doctrine connected with them. Dr. Oswald is, I think, conscious of the weakness of his argument here. Whilst he devotes three pages to the *traditional analogies*, he dismisses the *dogmatical analogies* in eighteen lines!

Without one word of comment, without quoting one single passage, either Christian or Buddhist, to prove or disprove his points, he gives us ten points of resemblance which he thinks he has found between the two systems. Some of them are mere moral precepts such as are common to every religion. For instance, "inculcation of patience, submission, and self-abasement," "vanity of earthly joys," "depreciation of worldly possessions and worldly honours" are to be found in Confucianism and Taoism, and in Stoicism (I mean especially the later eclectic Stoicism of Seneca and Marcus Aurelius) as well as in Christianity and Buddhism.

Others, again, are untrue of Buddhism. It is not, for instance, true of Buddhism that it inculcates "Belief in

* *Mahā Parinibbāna Sutta*, cap. iv. 6 § 18 seqq.: "And when he was seated he addressed Kunda, the worker in metals, and said: 'As to the dried boar's flesh you have made ready, serve me with it, Kunda; and as to the other food, the sweet rice and cakes, serve the brethren with it.' 'Even so, Lord!' said Kunda, the worker in metals, in assent to the Blessed One. . . . Now when the Blessed One had eaten the food prepared by Kunda, the worker in metals, there fell upon him a dire sickness, the disease of dysentery, and sharp pain came upon him even unto death."

the necessity of redemption by a supernatural mediator." Col. Olcott's Buddhist catechism is a little book easily obtained. It has the advantage of bearing the imprimatur of a Cingalese High Priest; its teaching is dead against such a notion. It says:—

"§ 83. Who or what are the Three Guides that a Buddhist is supposed to follow?"

"They are disclosed in the formula called the *Tisarana*: 'I follow Buddha as my Guide; I follow the Law as my Guide; I follow the Order as my Guide.'"

"§ 84. What does he mean when repeating this formula?"

"He means that he regards the Lord Buddha as his all-wise Teacher and Exemplar, the Law or Doctrine, as containing the essential and immutable principles of Justice and Truth, and the path that leads to *summum bonum*; and the Order as the teachers and expounders of that excellent Law revealed by Buddha."

"§ 158. What were Buddha's last words and to whom addressed?"

"To his disciples, he said: Mendicants! I now impress it upon you, the parts and powers of man must be dissolved: WORK OUT YOUR SALVATION with diligence. After this he spake no more."

It is true, however, that in Northern Buddhism there are some sects which teach a sort of salvation by supernatural mediation. If I may be allowed to use the Sino-Japanese term which I learned from the Buddhist priest who was my instructor at Tokyo, there are some sects which hold the doctrine of *ji-riki*, "salvation by one's own strength," and there are others which hold by the doctrine of *ta-riki chu no ji-riki* "self-effort aided by the effort of others," and the members of the *tariki* sects, (the *Jodo* and *Monto* sects especially) look to the aid of Amida or one of the other Buddhas, but principally Amida, to meet their souls at death and to conduct them to the Western Paradise. But these sects are accounted heretical by the Southern Buddhists.

Other points again are untrue of Christianity. It is simply not true to say of the religion of Christ that it teaches "depreciation of labour and industry," or "neglect of physical culture, of the active and manly virtues." A very slight acquaintance with Christianity ought to convince Dr. Oswald that he is wrong here. There must be some Sunday schools in his neighbourhood. He had better go there and learn. On the contrary, if religions may be judged by their fruits, the active and manly virtues are to be found amongst Christians and the passive ones among Buddhists. I wonder if Dr. Oswald has ever compared the physique of American or English theological students with that of the scholars of a Buddhist seminary. Or has he ever tried to get a set of Oriental school boys to take a sustained interest in any athletic sport? The Oriental takes to nothing by nature but squatting or sprawling about on the floor. There are some races in India who take kindly to manly sports, but they are principally Mahomedan.

But Dr. Oswald's omissions are at least as striking as his assertions. Can they have been accidental?

Strip the evangelical history of every miraculous element, reduce Jesus to his lowest terms, discard the Birth, the Temptation, the Resurrection—and what remains? A teacher whose mission it was to teach the Fatherhood of God. Even Rénan would admit that, and I am sure Dr. Oswald will accept it. But Buddhism is a denial of God. It knows no Creator, no Ruler of the universe, nothing self-existent except Matter and an ever revolving wheel of merit and demerit:—

*Ἰσὸς βασιλεύει τὸν Δι' ἐξελθλακός,** "I can accept your Christ," said a Buddhist priest to me, "I can acknowledge His very great merits as a holy teacher, but I cannot accept your God the Creator of the World. The World had no Creator."

Again, Dr. Oswald is silent about the Four Great Truths which lie at the root of Buddha's teaching, and about the Christian counterpart to this teaching. In Buddhism *Ignorance* is the source of all misery, in Christianity it is *Sin*. Buddhism, that is, places the mischief in the *Intellect*, Christianity in the *Will*.

Can there be any real dogmatical analogies between a religion which presupposes a God, and one which denies Him: between a system which appeals to the *Intellect* and one which seeks to strengthen the *Will*?

I should like to dismiss Dr. Oswald here, but his theory of the origin of the Christian Scriptures is so very remarkable that it cannot be passed over in silence. "The testamentary record of his revelation by committing it to writing is a strong presumptive proof that he delivered his Gospel as a pre-recorded doctrine."† Pre-recorded, it is true, in the writings of the Old Testament (a book which Dr. Oswald does not seem to have read. He would scarcely call the Minor Prophets, Jeremiah, or Ecclesiastes, "optimistic," if he had ever read them): but assuredly not pre-recorded, as he would imply, in the Buddhist Scriptures as settled for us by the "committee of the Church Council" (I have been polite enough to add capital letters to "church council") which met under the authority of King Asoka.

Does Dr. Oswald seriously mean to assert that Jesus, the carpenter's son at Nazareth, of whom His neighbours said that He had never learned letters, had read and

understood the Buddhist Scriptures in Sanskrit or Pali? Nazareth was a fairly out-of-the-way village. If a copy of the Buddhist Scriptures, together with an interpreter, or else a lexicon and grammar, or else in a Greek or Hebrew translation, found its way into the recesses of Galilee, the probabilities are that hundreds of copies must have found their way to Jerusalem, Alexandria, Athens and Rome. Where are they? Why were they not produced?

Again, when Christianity came into the world, it had a fair share of enemies. Even Dr. Oswald will admit that. Some of these adversaries were notoriously of Oriental origin, and may be supposed to have had some acquaintance with Oriental religions. If Christianity really rested on the Buddhist Scriptures, how was it that none of the Gnostic heretics, and, above all, none of the Jewish opponents, rose up to point out the fraud? Why, it would have been a regular god-send to some of them.

And, again, Buddhism in India was quite willing to adopt the Hindoo pantheon into its system. It did so in other countries. In Japan, for instance, not only will the traveller see the idols (I beg pardon, the statues) of Indra and Agni standing at the gates of the Temples, but he will find that Japanese Buddhism has incorporated into its system all the countless deities* of the aboriginal Shinto faith. This adaptability of Buddhism is considered in Japan to have been the reason why it made so rapid a conquest of the Land of the Rising Sun, and I have been frequently told that Christianity might make equally rapid strides if it would only consent to adopt the same tactics.

Why was it, then, that when Christianity appeared in the Roman Empire, it appeared as an exclusive religion? Why was it (if the Christians were really Buddhists in disguise) that they so jealously guarded their Scriptures, that they died for their exclusive faith, when they would really have been carrying out the precepts and principles of their Founder by burning incense to the gods and bowing before the image of the Emperor?

Were I disposed to push this argument still further, I might retort upon Dr. Oswald that the transportation of the ten tribes of the Northern Kingdom and the Babylonish Captivity of the Southern Kingdom, were historical facts fairly well established. I might point out that the *Beni Israel* on the borders of India might be taken as a proof that the Israelitish origin of Buddhism was at least as likely as the Buddhistic origin of Christianity. I might, as an Englishman, even attempt to show that the pure air of America enables people to see a wonderfully long way ahead of their facts.

But I refrain. I will content myself with pointing out that on Dr. Oswald's own showing his theory cannot be the correct one, for he will doubtless remember his own quotation from Emerson: "If the right theory should ever be proclaimed, we shall know it by this token—that it will solve many riddles."

ARTHUR LLOYD.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXIII.

SKETCHES of the following prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, and Charles Mair, F.R.S.C.

SIR JOHN ALLEN, LL.D., D.C.L., CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

SIR JOHN ALLEN, in common with others occupying prominent positions in New Brunswick, is of Loyalist descent. His grandfather, Isaac Allen, practised as a lawyer at Trenton, New Jersey, until the outbreak of the revolution, when he entered the service of the Crown and obtained the command of a battalion of infantry raised in that colony. At the close of the war he removed with his family to New Brunswick, settled at Kingsclear, a few miles above Fredericton, on the river Saint John, and was appointed one of the first judges of the Supreme Court and a member of the Legislative Council of that Province. His family comprised several daughters and one son. The latter, John Allen, took an active interest in military matters and was a Colonel, inspecting field officer, and Deputy Quartermaster General in the Militia, and for thirty-eight years represented the county of York in the House of Assembly, and died as late as 1875, at the advanced age of 91 years. His son, the subject of the present sketch, was born on the 1st of October, 1817, and was called John Campbell, the second name being that of his grandmother, the wife of Isaac Allen, before her marriage. He was educated at the Fredericton Grammar school, and studied law with the Hon. John Simcoe Sanders, who had been in the office of the elder Chitty and was the author of the work on "Pleading and Evidence," highly valued by lawyers of a past period, and largely quoted at the present day. John Campbell Allen seemed to inherit the

tastes of his father and his father's father. Admitted an Attorney in October, 1838, when barely of age, he has ever since been indefatigable in the discharge of duties, never light and generally onerous, as a member of the Bar, a crown lawyer, or a judge. Shortly after his admission and for some years subsequently he was employed by the late Judge Street, who was exceedingly deaf, to act as his amanuensis when he presided at the circuit courts. He was also for many years a reporter of proceedings in the Supreme Court, and, in that capacity, gave entire satisfaction, while his book of annotated rules of that court has formed the model for more modern works on the same subject. In 1835 he entered the volunteer artillery, in which he was subsequently captain and adjutant, and for some four years prior to 1848 he served as Provincial Aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir William Colebrooke. In 1845 he was appointed one of the commissioners to adjust claims of persons, arising out of the settlement of the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, and his duties in this commission occupied the greater part of his time for two years and upwards. He was clerk of the Executive Council for about five years prior to January, 1856, when he resigned that office upon his election to the House of Assembly, as a member for York, and for three consecutive years during that period he was mayor of Fredericton. The unpopularity of the prohibitory law, introduced and carried by the Liberal Government, of which Messrs. Tilley and Fisher were leaders, resulted in the formation of a Conservative Administration in 1856, when Mr. Allen became Solicitor General. The tenure of office by the Conservatives was, however, brief. The people of the Province, while strongly opposed to the single measure, were not hostile to the general policy of those who so recently had waged successful war against the so-called family compact, and within a year the Liberals were again in power. In 1862 the Hon. John M. Johnson resigned the speakership to become Attorney-General, and in February, 1863, Mr. Allen, although not a supporter of the Government, was appointed Speaker. This was due in part to the popularity of the Allens in the county wherein the seat of government was situate, but mainly to the esteem in which the member of that family in the House was held by the individuals of both parties.

In 1865 an appeal was made to the people of New Brunswick as to whether or not there should be a union of the British North American Provinces. This, without doubt, was in many respects the most important political question ever submitted to a popular vote in the colony, and it was one upon which there was the greatest divergence in opinion. Mr. Allen promptly and decidedly declared his opposition to the proposed change. It may, however, be questioned whether he or the leaders associated with him were inflexibly hostile to every kind of provincial union. It may, indeed, be stated that the objections urged were primarily against any union as premature, and secondarily against the details of the scheme submitted. That the two classes of objections were based upon substantial reasons would probably be admitted by many at the present day, even amongst those who aided in making the union an accomplished fact. The Tilley Government being defeated at the polls upon the burning question, an administration was formed, under the leadership of the late Sir Albert Smith, in which Mr. Allen obtained the portfolio of Attorney-General. In company with the Premier, he almost immediately proceeded to England to endeavour, although without success, to counteract, or rather restrain the influences which the British Government were exercising towards the accomplishment of the confederation. The retirement of Sir James Carter from the Chief Justiceship, and the promotion of Judge Robert Parker to that position in September, 1865, created a vacancy on the bench, which was filled by the appointment of Mr. Allen as a puisne judge. In 1875 he was made Chief Justice upon the elevation of Chief Justice Ritchie to the Supreme Court of Canada. In 1878 he was appointed one of the arbitrators to determine the north-west boundary of Ontario, but having been assigned to the Westmoreland Circuit for that year, at which the very important trial of the Osbornes, charged with the murder of one McCarthy, was to take place, he was obliged to decline to serve in the former office. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him about two years since. Sir John Allen is a member of the Church of England, and for the greater part of his life has been amongst the leading and most energetic members of the Church Society and Synod in the Diocese of Fredericton. In his political career the Chief Justice may be said to have been reasonably Conservative, and disposed to adhere to old and tried methods until and unless they appeared to be inadequate under changed conditions. Always influenced, however, by a strong sympathy for humanity in general, he has never disregarded the claims of those in dependent or subordinate positions. Hence he never could have been identified with the family compact, and never would have permitted his individual predilections to prevent him from duly considering the proposals of those more radically inclined than himself. As during the greater portion of his parliamentary service he was either in opposition or in the Speaker's chair, his opportunities for identifying himself with important legislation have necessarily been limited. As a judge he occupies a place of which he may well be proud. With a reputation for honesty above suspicion, a temper almost incapable of being aroused, his impartiality never has been, and probably never can be, ques-

* Arist. Nub. 827.
† The same remark would apply, would it not, to Confucius and to Buddha himself?

* *Yaoi yorodzu no Kami*. "Eight hundred myriads of Gods" is the Japanese expression.

tioned. It may, indeed, be said of him that he comes within the rule of the philosopher Plato, that, although it is well for a physician to have suffered physical pain, a judge should never have participated in wrong. The Chief Justice is remarkably well grounded in the principles of common law, and is disposed to support those principles with the same degree of conservatism with which he has maintained the articles of his political creed. He is, perhaps, specially strong in crown, real estate, and practice cases, and, although his experience at the Bar was obtained in an inland town, he has never discharged his duties otherwise than satisfactorily in marine and commercial matters, which come more under the notice of one living by the sea. Possessing a keen sense of humour and a retentive memory, he is regarded as a delightful companion by his brother judges and by the members of the Bar, both as an interested listener and a good conversationalist. His face is calculated to attract the attention of a stranger, both for its manly beauty and its dignified, intellectual character; and while his modesty and simplicity of heart would never allow him to claim deference from others, his presence always commands respect. There are, indeed, none who do not respect the Chief Justice, and, amongst those who know him, there are none who do not warmly esteem him.

His kindness of heart is well known. He never attends a circuit without discovering and cheering with a visit some of those who have known better times, but who are now old, or sick, and out of sight, and almost out of mind; while among the recipients of his more tangible benefits are Indians and descendants of slaves manumitted by his grandfather, Isaac Allen, and his contemporaries.

Sir John resides at Fredericton in a plain, substantial house surrounded by trees, almost beneath the shadow of the Parliament Buildings and the Court House, and within easy hearing of the chimes of Christ Church Cathedral. His library faces the street to the right, from the street of the hospitable looking entrance. The light burns steadily within this apartment into the small hours, for the Chief Justice is a most industrious worker and is not willing to seek repose till he has accomplished his appointed task. He has a large family, all sons, two of whom are lawyers, one of them being clerk of the Supreme Court, so that although the system of caste does not exist in Canada, it is evident that occasionally the law of heredity prevails within its bounds.

Among the many important cases which have been tried before the Chief Justice, those of John A. Monroe and the Osbornes, convicted for murder of the Caraqueet rioters, and of Gower, charged with scuttling the vessel *Brothers' Pride*, may be mentioned as having attracted more than provincial attention.

The Chief Justice holds two honorary degrees, that of LL.D. of the University of New Brunswick, and that of D.C.L. of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. He is also a very active member of the Senate of the former institution, and has always closely identified himself with educational matters. He is not indeed one who holds that brain culture alone should receive attention, and in practice he has always evinced a belief in physical development. When a younger man he was able to swim across the river St. John and back at Fredericton, where the width is fully a mile. His judicial duties are now too onerous to admit of his taking many holidays, but nothing pleases him more, when occasion offers, than to seek the country after the manner of Cincinnatus or our modern grand old man, where he is equally at home with an axe, a pitchfork, and a canoe. Among the people of New Brunswick, pretence is but little appreciated, and simplicity of demeanour is greatly admired. This being once understood, it is not difficult to discover the secret of the Chief Justice's popularity. The writer of this sketch well remembers the expression of blank astonishment which appeared upon the face of a barrister from a sister province, when informed that it was the head of the judiciary of New Brunswick who was chatting and actually laughing with a group of youthful members of the Bar of that Province.

No one, however, could make a more serious mistake than to suppose that absence of reserve and the presence of frankness and pleasant sympathy, in the intercourse between the members of the Bench and Bar, is productive of regrettable results in a well regulated community. If the people or the members of the legal profession in the Province are disposed to be democratic, their democratic ideal is at least not unworthy of respect. A few years since at a very poorly attended meeting of the Barristers Society, at Fredericton, a resolution was adopted calling upon the Court to call upon Counsel to address the judges by the title used in the Supreme Courts elsewhere in Canada. It is to the credit of the Chief Justice and his brother judges, that this suggestion was ignored, and that each of them continues content to be styled "Your Honour" and not "Your Lordship." This is not intended as a protest against the practice in other courts, but is cited as an instance of the indisposition of Sir John Allen and others of his kind to be attracted by a mere title, and to abandon the custom of a century in deference to a false idea.

On the thirteenth of October, 1888, the Chief Justice was the recipient of a well merited honour. The members of the legal profession in St. John, between seventy and eighty in number, in the presence of a large body of leading citizens and their wives and daughters, assembled in the room in the Court House in which the judges presided at circuit, presented an address and an elegant silver testimonial to Sir John Allen. The occasion was the

fiftieth anniversary of his admission as an attorney, and it attracted the greatest general attention. It would perhaps have been impossible to have secured such entire unanimity of sentiment among these lawyers with regard to any other local subject. That there was the most complete unanimity among them in adopting the eulogistic phrases in the address speaks volumes in favour of him to whom it was presented, and must have afforded him intense satisfaction. It is worthy of note, in connection with this incident, that the massive gift, accompanying the address, was subsequently exhibited in the window of the leading city stationer, in a building on Prince William Street, erected upon a lot drawn at the inception of the city by Isaac Allen before mentioned, himself a judge and grandfather of the Chief Justice.

I. ALLEN JACK.

PLEBEIAN TO PATRICIAN.

BLIND fools of fate who idly, happy stray
Life's pathway through,
Content if but the passing summer day
Be fair and blue;
Peals there no warning from the cloud-capped peak,
Where sits the goddess whom we all must seek,
With might and main,
Fair Freedom? while the multitudes forlorn,
Gaze with sad eyes at summits far withdrawn
Above their pain.

Comes there no wail from famine-hunted slum,
And crowded court,
Half smothered by the city's busy hum,
And noisy sport?
Hark! to that sad, exceeding bitter cry:
Help us, oh! Father, for we slowly die
Beneath the rod
Of grinding want, and social laws which clasp
The poor forever in their ruthless grasp.
Help us, oh! God.

What help to us that Freedom broadens down
With steady pace,
And somewhat smooths the fierceness of that frown
On her fair face?
Are not our children dying at our knees,
As proud patricians loll on beds of ease,
While we have none?
Some day shall Freedom smile on all around,
But we shall lie unwept beneath the ground,
Our troubles done.

The spring is coming, and the winter's done,
While we rot here;
The buds are bursting in the genial sun
And soft, sweet air.
Are we not freemen, can we not go too,
And walk at last beneath that arch of blue,
O'er field and fell?
Yes, we are free—you raise the canting cry—
Yes, we are free—to rot and starve and die—
You know it well.

You know it well; if once we dare to pause,
Our loved ones fade.
'Tis the result of those much-vaunted laws
The rich have made.
God! there are children in the slum's foul hell
Who know the sound of curses passing well,
But never yet
Have heard the skylark carol overhead,
Or plucked the wild flower from its grassy bed,
When dews were wet.

Though you dream on, the night is almost spent
Of our despair;
The heavy cloud of misery is rent,
And dawn is near.
Say—for the issue rests within your hands—
Shall that day dawning the opposing bands
In battle view?
Or shall the day-star in a sky serene
Beam from the heavens on a fairer scene?
It rests with you!

BASIL TEMPEST.

TALENT of the highest order, and such as is calculated to command admiration, may exist apart from wisdom.—*Robert Hall.*

CERTAIN common errors in the care of the aged may be here pointed out: 1. That the aged require rich and very nourishing diet. 2. That early rising is good for them. 3. That cold baths invigorate them: whereas they are fraught with imminent danger, and are often fatal. 4. That continual medicines and dinner pills are needed to digest the food: whereas, instead, less should be eaten. 5. That the rooms should be hot: whereas they should be cool, but not cold—65° to 70°. 6. That a fixed diet should be rigidly adhered to; whereas variety is often essential. Old age is, as we have said, of two sorts: that which is natural and that which is prematurely acquired in youth; and it need hardly be observed that it is only of the former variety we now speak.—*Dr. A. Schofield, in the Leisure Hour.*

TWO CRITICISMS.

IF of the making of books there is no end (as, indeed, why should there be?), of the criticizing of them there will be still less probability of an end; for—to recall a rhyme anent an energetically peristaltic Pulicid—critics will criticize critics, "and so *ad infinitum*."

The critic whom I am desirous of taking to task here is no less a one than Landor, and the personage criticized no less a one than Wordsworth; so that, though my points are not vital, and may even by some be considered immaterial, they will, I think, from the high standing of the parties interested, be ruled as well taken.

At page 218 of the fourth volume (London: 1883 ed.) of the "Imaginary Conversations" Landor puts into his own mouth the following:—

"There is a bull of the largest Irish breed in nearly the most beautiful of Wordsworth's poems:—

I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.

The Irish need not cry out for their potatoes, if they can live upon what they cannot get.

The child is father of the man,

say Wordsworth, well and truly. The verse animadverted on must have been written before the boy had begotten his parent."

I see no reason for this great pother. Some offered him food and some did not, and he lived on the food offered; what more is there to be said? Even by strictest grammar, if we supply an ellipsis, it is correct. But Landor found a good deal to say, though, from what he does say, it looks as if he were more enamoured of his own wit than concerned over Wordsworth's laxity. It may be a terrible thing to affirm, but it reminds one of such verbal and grammatical hole-pickings as are to be found in "The Dean's English" and "Learned Men's English"—Mr. Washington Moon's contributions to English literature.

The second passage is on the same page:—

"What can be sillier than those verses of his [Wordsworth's] which many have quoted with unsuspecting admiration:—

A maid whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love.

He might have written more properly, if the rhyme and metre had allowed it—

A maid whom there were [sic] none to love
And very few to praise.

For surely the few who loved her would praise her. Here he makes love subordinate to praise: there were some who loved her, none (even of these) who praised her. Readers of poetry hear the bells, and seldom mind what they are ringing for."

I think Mr. Walter Savage Landor's own ear has shown itself, in this criticism, deaf to the music of the whole chime. It is impossible to agree with him in this ultra-complicated and super-subtle analysis. Surely the thought was perfectly clear in Wordsworth's own mind, and as simply expressed as it was clear. "Among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove" there was none whose knowledge of the rarity of Lucy's simplicity and sweetness was such as to move him to "praise" her. No unsophisticated, innocent maiden, dwelling "far from the busy haunts of men," is praised for unsophisticatedness and innocence by her neighbours. And Lucy knew no others: "she lived unknown." The statement that there was none to praise her seems to me to bring out most forcibly, and to intensify exactly that point which the poet wished chiefly to convey—the extremely retired nature of the girl's surroundings, and the consequent inappreciation of her own retiring disposition. Besides, it lends an air of pathos to the girl: it represents her as lacking friends and relatives, who might have patronized if they did not praise.

Again: Though there was none to praise, there might yet have been some to love, to woo, that is, as I understand it, for the presence of wooers was quite compatible with the absence of lauders, Landor's metaphysical technicalities notwithstanding. It is Landor, not Wordsworth, who brings love and praise into competition, who "makes love subordinate to praise." Praise is not the uppermost sentiment in a lover's heart; he does not woo because he commends; his emotional thrills are not due to computation; he is not led on to ecstatic infatuation by mathematical comparisons of the intellectual or moral qualifications of the various damsels of his acquaintance—he loves, he does not praise. Yet Landor flatly and tamely says: "For surely the few who loved her would praise her."

But, indeed, the poet's thought rises high above the critic's vision. The whole tone of this simple little poem, "Lucy"—as simple in its title as in its conception and expression—is by that very simplicity immeasurably removed above the plane of its traducer. Only one single adjective is applied to the girl, and this the commonplace and indefinite "fair;" her character is depicted just by such statements as those upon which the critic waxes witty: "she lived unknown," like a violet "half hidden from the eye," "few could know" when "she ceased to be;" but when "she is in her grave," the speaker says, "oh, the difference is to me!" It is this last simple, direct, pathetic statement that gathers together all the threads that went before, and gives them a power and a force which no number of separate adjectives could have contained. Lucy, I venture to say, is to no few readers of Wordsworth a very lovable personage, not a praiseworthy one.

All this may seem a trivial objection to a trivial criticism. But if Landor is right, then there is a serious blemish in a poem too short to dispense with qualification on its account. If Landor is wrong, we may be content to admire it to the full.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE RAMBLER.

WHO has seen the portrait of Mistress Kitty O'Shea as it appears in the—I think—*Pall Mall Budget*? Faith, and it is the curious looking individual she is entirely, being reproduced as I imagine from an antique photograph in the chignon and tournure of twenty years ago.

That same *Pall Mall Budget* is a live journal however, when it calmly throws discrimination to the winds and prints, in never ceasing sequence, portraits of all the distinguished (?) men and women of to-day. I suppose Mrs. Pearcey appeared in some back number, which I did not see. By-the-way, the name of Birchall has already passed into a journalistic if not a household word. I saw some allusion the other day in an English paper to the career of that unhappy young man by which it was evident that his fate was regarded as a typical one. So, to the already too large list of unfortunates in the Criminal Gallery (not of Robinson's Musée, but of the World), to a Wainwright, a Jack Sheppard, a Borgia—may be added—a Birchall, this being the manner in which he was alluded to in the journal sent out to me. Mrs. Pearcey's courage, nevertheless, was no whit behind his. Disdaining, or at least refusing, all assistance, she walked to the scaffold with combined determination and coolness.

En passant, the existence of such a chamber of horrors in our midst as the Criminal Gallery on Yonge Street is surely within the bounds of local prohibitory measures. I have not been enterprising enough myself to have looked in upon it, but from all I hear it is not calculated to advance public morality. Easy-going people adduce the existence of Mdme. Tussaud's exhibition, but it is not clear that even that eminently moral show has been conducive to anything actually useful or improving. I may be unlike everybody else but I must say it—I hate wax! In my opinion, only two articles should be manufactured of wax—candles and sticks for sealing. Any kind of figure, image, effigy, is abhorrent to me, and of course the better it is—I mean the more lifelike—the less I approve of it. Achatés—I hope no one has forgotten who Achatés is—is not of my opinion however, for he confesses to an ardent admiration of a certain wax head in Tranklé-Armand's window, and will stand staring at it until I remind him of the Dickens' sketch in which the barber's figurehead occurs. Yes—all wax is wanity—from the "peck and pine" effigy of the mediæval period into which pins innumerable were stuck and over which incantations were sung of doleful, often savage meaning, to the incomparable beauties that adorn the private boxes of Musée and Variety Concert Hall.

Then the limmer made an image of wax,
Alike in every part
To my lady's self, and, when all was done,
She stuck it through the heart:
"Dwindle and dwine in shade and shine,"
She said, "Till all of thine be mine."

And ever beside the waxen shape
In the gloaming of the day,
With folded hands she crooned the curse
As a troubled soul might pray:
"Dwindle and dwine in shade and shine
Till all be mine that now is thine."

Two curiosities of criticism came my way the other afternoon. That delightful autobiography of Mr. Jefferson has been very cruelly reviewed by a prominent London journal. Mr. Jefferson is not a literary man, but his work shows very few signs either of innate unfitness for the post, or of undue advantage having been taken by him of his opportunity to recount some interesting phases of his own career, as well as the position of the American Drama. It is difficult to say whether national feeling has had anything to do with the utter recklessness of this notice—surely not. But whatever the cause, it is disappointing to meet, in a steady English literary periodical, with such a fluctuation from the proper path. One feels one's standards suddenly melting away, and the stability of all things to be seriously affected.

The other item was a *quid pro quo* in shape of a patronizing notice of Austey's really remarkable little series of dramatic sketches reprinted from *Punch*. The article in question opens with that antiquated fling at British humour, which is neither true nor brilliant. The ponderous quality of the thing is what apparently staggers the American mind. Well—as an offset, what does the British mind say to the "remnants," the "tid-bits," the "sittings," the refuse and the rubbish of Hawk-Eye, Danbury, Denver and Co.

Prizes are things worth gaining in England. Mr. Grant Allen has been lucky enough to win the prize of £1,000 for the best novel sent in for the competition recently announced by Mr. George Newnes, M.P., the proprietor of *Tit Bits*.

An interesting trial recently held at the London Sessions, Clerkenwell, turned upon the impropriety of a Rabelais Exhibition. Mr. Besley, in summing up the

case for the prosecution, urged that the colours and shading of M. Garnier's pictures had a more pernicious effect on the morals of the young than even the writings of Zola. Mr. Poland, Q.C., stated that the character of Rabelais had been entirely misrepresented by his learned friend, for he was a great moral writer, and made use of no language which was not used by English authors of the sixteenth century. The French nation had reason to be proud of Rabelais, and, being proud of him, was there any wonder at Jules Garnier painting one hundred and sixty pictures in illustration of his works? These had all been shown in Paris, and had met with general approval. The Vigilance Committee had plenty of good work to do without entering upon such unnecessary prosecutions. If, instead of rushing into this prosecution, the Vigilance Committee had thought proper to have written to the defendants, pointing out the desirability of withdrawing certain of the pictures, their request would probably have been attended to, but had it not been, then, and only then, would they have any ground for prosecuting. A verdict of "guilty" was, however, returned, and the sentence is postponed, pending the appeal against the destruction of the pictures.

I have not space to give the entire double cast of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, but here are the principals: "Ivanhoe," Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. O'Mara; "Cedric the Saxon," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Mr. Burgon; "Rowena," Miss Lucile Hill and Miss Palliser; "Rebecca," Miss Macintyre and Miss Thudichum. The armour is by Gutperle, of Paris, and Francis Cellier will be the musical director, although Sir Arthur will doubtless conduct the opening performance himself. A gala night, truly. Let us all wish the new *English* opera every success.

BOSTON.

THINKING, thinking, thinking—wrongly, rightly, conceitedly, self-denyingly, now extremely, now profoundly, now fantastically, as concerning witch-tests and Habakukian family nomenclature, now mutinously, of popular rights and taxes, as in the Tea-party, in one phase represented by Cotton Mather and the generation of "Isms," in another by the sane meditating of an Emerson or the plain power of the stern maiden, Dorothea Dix, who went from land to land and compelled the peoples to hear the cry of the suffering insane—'tis all one; those blessed little stumps of three hills anciently called Trimountaine, then Shawmut, now Boston, have ever been distinguished from all the American centres by a striking and predominant throbbing of brain. Why was it that my closest acquaintance chose this place for his wedding-trip, there to settle himself down for two solid weeks with a new-wedded wife on his hands? It was because of the Long Path, because of the Schoolmistress, and because of the genial Autocrat who had made Boston beautiful to them until they longed to tread the Common together and almost wished themselves Bostonians for a little, good Canadians though they insist they were. The Common, the green Common, with its knolls and monuments, its great elms, its shady paths, its liberal lawny play-grounds, set in the midst of the city, what thoughts of tree-worshipping England it brought back! And the streams of ruddy faces and fair Saxon brows! The lines of William Blake haunted him:—

Another England there I saw
Another London with its Tower,
Another Thames and other hills,
And another pleasant Surrey bowler.

England everywhere. Thought in everything. Those two phrases make up Boston. Next to the look of the people their manner strikes one as British. The kindly answers to street enquiries are particularly noticeable. In New York when you ask the way to Madison Square, the native glances at you a moment suspiciously and then gazing ahead, throws out something curt at you sideways. In Boston he will go to the next corner with you if you need it, and he looks at you like a man, not a machine. In New York the "El" man jerks out his reply at you like a clack of the car-brake he is holding. In Boston, the "motor-men" on the "electric" answer with those rich voices which you only expect to hear in a Piccadilly bus-driver.

The colouring, the architecture, the "estates" of the suburban villa owners, too, are British, or outcomes of the British tendencies in these lines. So, perhaps, after all is the thought of Boston,—its distinguishing characteristic. For what were its first Puritans but Englishmen, determined to worship God as they believed? What were the men of the Revolution but followers of Cromwell, the men of the "Isms" and "Brook Farm" but brethren built on the same patterns as Ruskin, Pusey, Wesley and Irving. The glory of Boston in America is that its men dared to think, and, no matter how overpowering the weight of old-world knowledge, believed that they had something to say and found and said it; and the consequence is that the place is glorious with memorials. There is the house of Longfellow, whom Boston attracted to herself by her appreciative circles. There are the haunts of Emerson, Hedge, Alcott and the founders of New England Transcendentalism. Channing, Jonathan Edwards, Berkeley, Franklin, Count Rumford and many other giants of intellect were here. Holmes, Lowell, Everett Hale and Parkman are still residents. Among the churches and halls is

cherished the architecture of Richardson, the only American architect, the glass of Lafarge, the portrait of Copley. In the Public Garden is a monument to the discovery of the medicinal use of Ether, made at Boston. The marvellous education of blind and deaf Laura Bridgeman was done there. The credit of the world's insane asylums belongs to Boston; liberal Christianity first arose there as a movement. The Revolution arose there.

Now how did Boston acquire all this crown of thought? Her history and monuments give two conjoint answers: By each man daring to think and speak in all things independently; and by Boston's pride in and affection for a thinker. For there any man who has ideas is sure to get a fair hearing. In Toronto or Montreal his ideas must bear the stamp of somewhere else or perforce they ought not to exist. When we have those two marks of Boston, we also shall have the same results.

It is not strange to find such a city doing a vast amount of general historical research. Numbers of monuments, from the tall tower of Bunker Hill, and the Civil War memorial on the Common, to the Boston Massacre pillar and the statues of Washington, Hamilton, Winthrop, Adams, John Harvard at Cambridge, and Leif Eric, the Scandinavian Columbus, meet the eye. Agassiz's grave at Mount Auburn Cemetery is marked by a boulder. Longfellow's is covered by a beautiful sarcophagus, bearing his favourite emblem, a device similar on its three sides, which are marked respectively "Lux, Rex, Crux." Bronze tablets on the gates of the city cemeteries recount the names of remarkable persons buried there. Numerous other tablets are placed upon houses and public buildings. And yet, so rich is the town in associations, that the city council are about to place a municipal series upon noted spots not yet provided for.

Five or six museums of local history also exist. Faneuil Hall is one of these. The Old South Church, purchased for the purpose by a private association at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is another. The Bostonian Society's Rooms and the house belonging to the New England Historical and Genealogical Society make a third and fourth, while the State House and other repositories contain most interesting collections. It is amusing to remark some of the extremes of this form of activity. The Curator of the Historical and Genealogical Rooms pointed jocularly at the large book-cases full of family histories, as he described the strange industry of the numerous individuals occupied with "the craze," many of these works consisting of little more than laboriously constructed lists of obscure names and empty dates.

To see some of the celebrated men was of course a great pleasure. Horace E. Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic*, is a man full of masterly literary information—withal plain and friendly of manner, and like all the "lions" of Boston, though busy, very approachable. Oliver Wendell Holmes was at his country place, but it was worth something to call upon him and get a glimpse of his house. He is still bright, and writes his "Over The Teacups" wonderfully, but, being over eighty, sleeps a good deal. A doctor of Cambridge, who attended his physiology lectures some years ago, remarks merrily that Holmes knew very little physiology, but that before the lecture the assistant professor's duty was to put him up to the points he was expected to say, and these, with a fund of delightful stories, did the duty as perfectly as was wanted. Francis Parkman was sick and feeble, and, his friends said, is obliged to carry a light stool with him in his walks through his garden, so that he may rest from time to time. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the active present leader of literature at Boston, nominal editor of several magazines, conversed, sitting for his portrait to a sculptor in a busy office, with a constant stream of needy parishioners being brought before him for advice and assistance. A large, generously built, peculiarly patriarchal man, he attended to each of these requirements in succession, now dictating a letter to his lady short-hand writer, interjecting a question to the sculptor, Mr. Partridge, sending some young man to a probable situation, or talking of the Le Moynes of Longueuil, to his Montreal visitor who sat beside him. Besides his literary work he preaches noble sermons to one of the great congregations.

But Boston and the pen are running away with me. Careless of rhyme or reason, let us say farewell at the Ether Monument. The discovery of this great boon to mankind—the soothing use of the anæsthetic—is claimed by two different persons, an allopathist and an irregular practitioner. When the gentleman who erected the statue was asked to which he intended it to be a memorial, he answered "To Either."

ALCHEMIST.

At first, every man was his own shoemaker. In the early attempts at shoemaking the aim sought was not a covering for the foot, but a protection to the soles from sticks, stones, etc. The Egyptians made theirs of the bark of the papyrus, a rush growing on the banks of the river Nile. Of course it did not take long to find out that the sandals might be improved by "stitching a low rim or wall of leathering along the sides, and about the heels of sandals; to these the straps or thongs were attached." By slow degrees, for invention creeps with leaden feet, these rims grew higher; at last, they met, and, behold, there was the first shoe, crude and ungainly, but, nevertheless, a shoe.—*The Hospital*.

HAPPINESS.

IN the Government of Ufim once lived a Baschkir called Iljas. He sprang from poor ancestors, and his father died when Iljas had been married scarcely a year. Iljas's property then consisted of seven mares, two cows, and twenty sheep. But Iljas, like a good husbandman, knew how to increase his possessions. He was at work from morning to night with his wife, rose earlier and went later to rest than others, and became richer every year. Thirty-five years was Iljas thus active and acquired for himself great wealth.

At last Iljas possessed 200 horses, 150 head of oxen, and 1200 sheep. He kept hinds who guarded his herds, and maid-servants who milked the mares and cows and prepared kumis, butter, and cheese. Of all things Iljas had abundance, and he was envied everywhere around. "A happy man, this Iljas," said the people, "he has abundance of everything. He need not wish to die." Distinguished people sought Iljas' acquaintance and considered it an honour to associate with him. From great distances guests came to him, and Iljas received all hospitably, and entertained every one with sherbet and liquor. Whoever came found at all times kumis, and tea, and sherbet, and mutton at Iljas's board. Scarcely were guests arrived, than at once a sheep was dressed, or even two; and if guests appeared in greater number probably a mare also would be slaughtered.

Of children Iljas had two sons and a daughter, all of whom were married. When Iljas was poor, his sons worked with him and themselves looked after the herds; but when he had become rich, they took things easy and gave themselves up to drink. The elder was killed in a fray, and the younger, who had married a proud woman, wished no longer to be subject to his father, so that Iljas was obliged to establish him in separate housekeeping. He gave him a house, and cattle, and everything that was necessary, and thereby diminished his own wealth considerably.

Soon afterwards Iljas's flocks of sheep were attacked by a pestilence which swept away many of the animals. Then came a year of drought, the hay did not thrive, and numerous oxen perished in the course of the winter. Then the Kirghis stole Iljas's best horses from the pasture, whereby his property was grievously damaged. Continually deeper and deeper sank Iljas downwards, whereby his power diminished year by year. And when Iljas was nearly seventy years old he was obliged to sell his furs and carpets, his saddle and cart; then, finally, came his oxen, and one fine day Iljas possessed nothing more. Ere he was aware, everything was gone, and he was compelled in his old age with his wife to enter the service of strange people. Nothing remained to him but the clothes on his back, his furred coat, his cap, his shoes, and his helpmate Schamschemagi who had also grown old. His son, whom he had started in life, had removed into a far country, his daughter was dead, and there was no one from whom the old people could find help.

Then a neighbour, Muchamedschach by name, commiserated the aged couple. Neither poor nor rich, Muchamedschach lived plainly and was an excellent man. He thought how once Iljas had been a good neighbour to him, and said therefore compassionately to him: "Come, you and your wife can live with me. In the summer you can, so far as your strength allows, work in the vegetable-fields, and in winter feed the cattle, while Schamschemagi can milk the mares and prepare kumis. I will feed and clothe you, and if there is anything else you need, only mention it and I will give it to you."

Iljas thanked his neighbour and went to work with his wife among Muchamedschach's domestics. At first they felt it hard, but soon became accustomed to their new state; they lived contented and worked according to their strength. The master of the house found it to his interest to maintain such workers, since the old people had once themselves been housekeepers and understood the work. When Muchamedschach saw them at work, he deplored in his heart that people who had once stood so high had been compelled to fall so low.

One day it happened that a guest from a distance came to Muchamedschach, a matchmaker who proposed for his daughter. The Mollah also came with him. Muchamedschach told Iljas to kill a sheep; Iljas obeyed the command, made ready the sheep, and served it up for the guests. The guests ate of the flesh, drank tea with it, and then addressed themselves to the kumis. The host and the guests sat on down pillows and carpets, drank kumis out of bowls and gossiped, while Iljas vigorously performed his work in house and courtyard.

As he passed by the door, Muchamedschach perceived him and said to one of the guests: "Did you see the old man there, who just now passed before the door?"

"I saw him," replied the guest, "what is there peculiar about him?"

"The peculiarity about him is, that this old man was once the richest man in our neighbourhood. He is called Iljas—perhaps you have heard of him."

"Certainly," replied the guests, "the recollection of him is still fresh among us."

"Well, you see, nothing more is now left to him; he lives with me as a servant and his wife with him; she milks the mares in the stable."

Then the guest wondered in himself, chuckled, and shaking his head said: "Ah, there one sees how fortune turns like a wheel: some it raises on high, others it casts

down. The old man grieves very much for his fortune, I suppose."

"Who can know! He lives quietly and peacefully, and works industriously," answered the host Muchamedschach.

"Could we not speak with him?" asked the guest.

"Might I freely question him about his life?"

"Ask him, if you wish," replied the host. Then he called loudly outside the door:

"Babaj (which in Baschkirisch means 'grandfather') come here, and drink kumis with us and call your old woman also."

Iljas came with his wife, saluted the guest and the host, repeated a prayer, and squatted near the door on the stones. But Schamschemagi went behind the curtain and sat herself near the hostesses.

They handed Iljas a bowl of kumis. He bowed to the guest and to the host, drank a little, and placed the bowl aside. "Say now, grandfather," addressed the guest to him, "you must still be very sorrowful at heart, when you see us thus and think of your former life, how then you lived in good fortune and now live in indigence?"

Iljas smiled and said: "If I were to tell you my opinion of fortune and misfortune, you would not believe me. Therefore rather ask my wife, she is a woman; what she has in her heart, she has also on her tongue. She will answer your question honestly and according to her best knowledge."

Then spoke the guest, as he turned towards the curtain:

"Well then, grandmother, do you tell me what you think about your former good fortune and your present indigence."

And Schamschemagi from behind the curtain began:

"Hear what I think about it: Fifty years lived I together with the old man; we sought happiness and found it not. Now, for a year past, nothing more is left to us, and we have to serve among strange people—now we have found true happiness and desire nothing different."

Then were the guests surprised, and the host wonderingly rose up and flung the curtain back in order to see the old woman. But Schamschemagi stood there with folded hands looking at her husband, and the old man smiled at her. And once again she began:

"I speak in earnest and not in jest. For half a hundred years we sought happiness and did not find it, so long as we were rich. Now nothing is left to us, we live with menials, and have found such happiness that we do not want any other."

"And in what consists then your happiness?"

"That I will tell you. When we were rich we had not an hour of rest, we could not speak to each other, neither think of our souls, nor say a prayer to God—so many cares had we. If guests came to us, it was necessary to care for them, so that they might be entertained while they were present, in order that they might not speak against us. Were the guests departed, it was necessary to look after the domestics, who live only to be lazy and to love tit bits, we had to keep our eyes open, that everything should not go to ruin, had to scold and sin. Then there is anxiety lest the wolf strangles the foals or the calves, lest thieves break into the herds and take away the horses. If one allows oneself to sleep, one is afraid that the sheep will crush the lambs; he gets up and goes to the stable in order to look after them. Scarcely has one composed oneself about the lambs, than he begins to feel anxious anew, how fodder was to be provided. Thus quarrel and strife was frequently produced between me and my husband; he said 'It must be so,' I replied so-and-so, and there was discord and sin. Thus we lived from care to care, from sin to sin, and did not succeed in finding happiness."

"Well, and now?"

"Now we rise with God, always speak to each other in love and concord, have nothing to dispute about, nothing to be anxious about—beyond that we serve the householder well. We work, so far as strength allows, work with love, that the householder may have no loss, but profit. When we come dinner is ready, supper is ready, and there is also kumis. Is it cold, some one takes fuel and makes a fire; also a furred-coat is at hand. We have time to talk with one another, time to think of our souls and to pray to God. For fifty years have we sought happiness and it is now first come."

The guest began to laugh, but Iljas said: Do not laugh, brother, for this is not a jest, but human life. Once I also and my wife were so foolish as to deplore our lost wealth, but now God has revealed to us the truth, and not for our diversion, but for your prosperity do we proclaim it to you."

"That is very well said," spoke the Mollah. "The simple truth has Iljas spoken, as it is written in the Scripture."

Then the guest became meditative and ceased to laugh.

—Translated for Open Court, from Count Leo N. Tolstoi.

A VERY tame sulphur-crested white cockatoo happened one day to be on his perch near a lawn-tennis ground. The day was damp, and the ground slippery. In the course of the game several falls occurred. Each tumble gave rise to much laughter and merriment amongst both players and onlookers, which seemed to attract the special attention of the bird. When the "set" was finished, and the performers were talking together on one side of the court, "Cocky" quietly descended from his stand, walked on to the lawn-tennis ground, rolled over two or three times on the grass, and then picking himself up, laughed long and loud in exact imitation of the players.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.*

MR. Jeremiah Curtin, by translating "With Fire and Sword," has revealed to English readers another great Slav writer worthy to rank with that trio of Titans, Gogol, Turgenieff and Tolstoi. Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Pole, is of the same Order by the immensity of his conception, the hardy veracity with which he pictures semi-barbarians individually and in masses, and the unflinching melancholy of the philosophy that underlies his work. In "With Fire and Sword" there is, indeed, much excellent fooling, mirth, wit, tenderness, chivalry, purity of endeavour, and triumphing of man's soul over terrors of circumstance, but these things are only by-play to the huge drama; they do not deflect its course; the tale is of myriads trampling to no apparent purpose nor end but confusion, and of individual man scarcely more important to the outcome than a single leaf to the forest where it flutters out its little day. This Polish genius of literature has been reasonably likened to the Russian Verestchagin, a painter of such scope, detail and significance, that his pictures, which we had the good fortune to see in New York, outranked the masterpieces of the Metropolitan and the private galleries so immeasurably that these conventional canvasses appeared trivial, mere gauds, prettinesses, decorations, when one came to them after having long looked on the profoundly suggestive representations of the Russian. His were not, as some dismayed American painters said, only literal pictures of battle, field-hospitals, roads cumbered with corpses and the debris of war, vultures swooping to the dead, and gorged carrion crows waiting with assurance that digestion would soon fit them to banquet again on the meat that war supplies. Unquestionably the horrors were honestly painted, but there was no ministration to diseased tastes. By some magic of that mighty brush the spiritual was present, the triumph of man's soul over the grave was proclaimed; and, as one continued to gaze, disgust of the carnage passed in a growing sense that the manner of death is inconsequential, inasmuch as the fate is ordained alike for all. To regard the paintings as merely protests against war and rulers who make it, would be a narrow interpretation; their larger suggestion was that we are here, we know not wherefore nor why, struggling as sentient automata with illusions, and no more finished when this state ends than before we were submitted to its incidents. This manner of regarding existence belongs to the great Russian novelists, and is even more remarkable in Sienkiewicz.

The Cossack rising of 1648, under Bogdan Hmelnitaki, against the loosely combined oligarchy of Poland, is the historical subject of "With Fire and Sword." In the spirit of a true dramatist, with scarcely a trace of partiality for either side, or rather with plain affection for both, the author minutely describes the huge, horrible combats, the unmerciful following of victory, the worse than Indian atrocities habitual to both armies, the impalings, burnings and outraging of captives, the cruelties ordered for policy's sake, as well by the most heroic and genial leaders as by those whose ferocity was unmitigated by pity or chivalry. It is real war that Sienkiewicz writes; it is the war that Verestchagin paints; there are no cheap delusive sketches of the figure of Glory in this faithful work. It is war essentially as war is and ever must be, an employment wherein men are at once devils of destruction and saints of self-sacrifice, without departing one jot from their nature. In the hands of a weaker writer, the incidents of that frightful war would either be in some sort concealed lest the reader should turn away with disgusted incredulity, or would be so insufficiently described that civilized men could not feel themselves kin to the hosts that empurpled the earth from Kudak to Zamosc. But such is the persuasive power of Sienkiewicz that one never loses touch of feeling with the combatants, never doubts that they were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, never fails to recognize the capacity of human beings to re-enact those horrors, were law to be again trodden down as in that time and place, were anarchy to return, and the force of brute courage to become once more the sole protection for liberty, life and acquisition. This valuable understanding is kept well to the fore by a multitude of characterizations, as lifelike, clear and bold as ever Sir Walter drew, all of human beings who declare themselves as men of this world, and every one perfectly differentiated from his fellow.

Of the thousands in the drama, one can mention but few. Pan Longin, the big Knight of Lithuania, is the most lovable, with his simple piety, his two-handed sword, his innocence, his imperturbable courage, his susceptibility to pretty women, his loyal adherence to a vow that he would not marry till God should have graciously permitted him to cut three infidel heads off with one blow, after the example of that venerated ancestor from whom he inherited the long sword, his mild expostulations against the gibes of Zagloba, and the infinite unselfishness with which he went even gratefully to death for duty, after happiness in this world seemed near, because, having duly struck off the three heads, he could go with a calm conscience to ask the hand of his flirtatious Anusia.

Pan Longin, the "very perfect gentle knight," is not however, a figure wholly unique in literature, as is Zagloba, who has been likened to the immortal Falstaff, on the strength of some unimportant superficial resemblances.

* "With Fire and Sword." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THERE has been produced at the Hague the oratorio, "The Rhine," by the Flemish composer, Peter Benoit. It was first given in Antwerp in 1889. The critics of Holland give the work high praise.

WHEN Madame Modjeska returns to England next May, says London *Society*, with Messrs. Abud and Bashford as managers, she will appear as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and also in "Measure for Measure." It is also probable that she will revive Westland Marston's "Donna Diana."

CHARLES GOUNOD, who was a short time ago seriously ill, suffering from bronchitis and a complication of other diseases, is now reported as being slowly but surely recovering. He is not occupying himself with music in any way, shape or manner, but prefers playing dominoes solitaire.

XAVER SCHARWENKA belongs to a family which has won the highest distinction in the musical world. He shares, with his older brother, Philip, the honours of international fame as a teacher and composer, and beyond that occupies a place in the first rank as piano virtuoso. His name was well known on this side of the Atlantic even before he paid his brief visit to it in August, 1889, when he came as a visitor and not in a professional capacity. His reputation as founder and director of the Conservatory of Music in Berlin which bears his name, is based on the success of an institution from which very many promising and brilliant American students have graduated during the past decade.

MR. VON INTEN, the pianist, told me a funny thing the other day. He once had a pupil, a young lady, who went to Weimar with the express purpose of seeing Liszt. She got an audience with the grand old man, who asked her to play, and she sat down and dashed off his arrangement of the "Erl König."

"I have heard Rubinstein play it, Meister, and I would dearly love to hear it from the fingers of the man who arranged it," said the fair pianist with engaging cheek and airiness.

The great pianist bowed, smiled, and then gravely said:—

"My dear young lady, *das Kind ist tod.*"
That settled it, I fancy.—*The Raconteur, in Musical Courier.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION IN LITERATURE: an Essay. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Company.

This harmless volume of two hundred and twenty-four pages may be relished by the many who love to have their platitudes served up with impressive dulness, and it may even be called a useful work inasmuch as it will, perhaps, send some to reading good fiction who have hitherto muddled away time over poor criticism.

IDEAL AND OTHER POEMS. By Hugh Cochrane. Montreal: Waters Brothers. 1891.

A wonderfully slight little volume is this, consisting only of eleven small pages, and yet it gives evidence of the voice of a singer. The writer has a high moral purpose, and the title of the first poem, which gives its name to the collection, indicates the spirit by which the whole is pervaded. Upwards and onwards is the author's motto. To him the hour of self-satisfaction never arrives. "The Song Unsung" is his hope, and the mark of earthly labour is futility. These verses are true and earnest, and they will find their way to the hearts of those who are likeminded.

SEMINARY NOTES ON RECENT HISTORICAL LITERATURE. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1890.

This is the eighth series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. We may say, with some confidence, that all of these papers are of value, and that the one before us is of real interest to students of history. Some of the articles here printed are original, and some have appeared in publications which have mostly a local circulation. Of the latter some are here presented in a condensed form. The publication will be very useful to students of history in two ways: they will be guided to the perusal of the latest results of historical enquiry, and they will be saved much labour by learning some of these results sufficiently from the account here given.

DR. LE BARON AND HIS DAUGHTERS: a Story of the Old Colony. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This rambling story of life in Massachusetts, shortly before and during the war of the Revolution, purports to be substantially true in its main incidents, some of which are tragic in the extreme. It cannot be said that the author has displayed genius or even extraordinary talent in the use of her materials, for the book is likely to be "Caviare to the General," though probably interesting to people of Old Colony stock. It is, however, a work of some value inasmuch as it sets in clear light the dreary social circumstances of old Massachusetts people, and especially illustrates the hideous moral effect, upon some sensitive and brooding minds, of certain rigid theological formulae that have now, fortunately, lost most of their power to darken human existence.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN NORTH AFRICA. By Fred A. Ober. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Estes and Lauriat; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Ober scarcely needs an introduction, and in this stirring volume of travel and adventure he arouses the interest of his young readers at the outset by his hair-breadth escape from the knife of the scorpion, and retains it from cover to cover until at the end of this record of travel in the historic land of Egypt, he parts from his reluctant readers with these wise words: "Think upon grand things, project noble schemes and studies that shall elevate; reach up and beyond, rather than down and near." This book is not a dry record of travel; it is an interesting and instructive narrative, introducing graphic descriptions of places of interest, well told anecdotes, and stories of persons who have made the scenes through which the travellers journey famous; and presenting by historic reference, gleanings from the records of other travellers, and their observations on the religious, social, and domestic habits, of the races visited, side lights which aid and enforce the cheery lessons taught by the writer. The illustrations are apt, numerous and appropriate. We commend the book as one of the most interesting of its kind.

FINGAL'S CAVE: an Historical, Archæological and Geological Examination of Fingal's Cave, in the Island of Staffa. By J. P. MacLean. Cincinnati: R. Clarke and Company. 1890.

The work that invites our attention under this title is an enlarged version of "The Original Report made to the Smithsonian Institution in 1887." It was not, therefore, without expectation of something novel and instructive that we entered on its perusal. When the scientific authorities of Washington go so far afield as the remote Hebrides, and bring back the results of their researches for the benefit of the world at large, it may be reasonably assumed that they have something new and striking to disclose. That this was their aim is placed beyond question. In an introductory note to the authorities of the United States National Museum, Professor O. T. Mason says: "It would be very desirable to have Dr. MacLean make a critical examination of Fingal's Cave and other antiquities in the neighbourhood, because his long experience in this country with archæological matters will enable him to bring a large degree of practical knowledge to the solution of a problem which has been very much mystified by theories."

We must confess it is with a sense of amused surprise that we read of the Washington savants sending an experienced archæologist to examine critically "Fingal's Cave, and other antiquities!" To read in a professedly scientific report of the year of grace 1890, a grave discussion of the question: "Is Fingal's Cave of human origin?" takes us as much aback as if we were to find *Punch* engrossed with the perplexities of verbal inspiration, or undertaking to remove all doubts as to the existence of giants before the flood. We may next look for a commission to ascertain if it is really true that the Romans built the Alps; and what is the amount of evidence in favour of the theory that it was the Northmen, and not Jacques Cartier, who evacuated the channel of the St. Lawrence.

The most practical and reliable portion of the book under review is the narrative, quoted at full length, of the original discoverer of this world-famous cave. For it is curious to reflect on the fact that this remarkable geological structure was first revealed to the world by Sir Joseph Banks so recently as the year 1772.

To the geologist this remarkable example of basaltic formation is of singular interest. Other examples occur in the vicinity in addition to the Cormorant's Cave, the Clamshell Cave, and other striking features of Staffa. The basaltic columns as well as the Carsaig Arches at Loch Buie are well known; nor is the famous Giant's Causeway on the Antrim Coast so remote as to suggest any doubt that it belongs to the same geological epoch. But the comments of the Washington commissioner embrace this example also in the following surprising fashion: "At this late date it would be a work of supererogation to prove that the Giant's Causeway was not made by giants. It would devolve on the affirmative not only to show that there was once a race of giants, but these people accomplished the work ascribed to them. If the negative demonstrates there never was a race of giants, then the theory necessarily falls. It has been fully demonstrated that no human being could possibly live with a height of ten feet!"

Few excursions more thoroughly reward the tourist than the charming trip from Oban to Iona, with its beautiful ruined monastery, its sculptured crosses, and other memorials of the early Christian missionaries, and the introduction of civilization and art among the Gaels of the Hebrides. After exploring these singularly attractive monuments of the olden time, a brief sail brings the voyager to Staffa; and then he cannot fail to think that it was well that Iona preceded it. Standing in the entrance of Fingal's Cave, the tower of the beautiful church of Iona can be seen in the distance; and the thoughtful explorer, as he looks from one to the other, responds in sympathy to Scott's apostrophe in "The Lord of the Isles":

Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane.
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
"Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard,—but witness mine."

such as that they were alike fat, alike in continual dissolution and thaw, both eminent toss-pots, quick witted, and especially ready in the invention of amusing lies. But can a completely selfish man, unimpulsive (except in retreat), cold hearted, who is probably a coward, and certainly never fights longer than he sees reason, be well likened to one whose selfishness is only skin deep, who is self-sacrificing in great things and warm hearted in all, who acts generously on impulse and carries the generosity through on reflection, who faces wounds and death for love of his friends, and stands humorously, though valiantly, against desperate odds to afford a lady a chance of escape? Falstaff thinks always of gain, Zagloba almost makes naught of money, and is totally without mercenary motives. Falstaff is incomparably wittier than perhaps anybody else in literature; he brings a first-rate intellect to his jesting; what makes him so likeable, for all his rascalities, is his talkative introspection and readiness to make fun of his knaveries and fears. Zagloba is as funny as anybody except Falstaff, not excluding either Sam or Tony Weller, but he is not in the least introspective; he is not a cheat; though fertile in stratagems for his friends, he is simple-hearted; his lies are rather quips than deceptions; there is a large remnant of good, honest soul in the battered old fellow: he is never despicable as the Boar of Eastcheap was often—to wit, in that threat to inform on his hostess for the consumption of meat during Lent. One can believe Zagloba would, as he promised himself, become a meritorious adoptive grandfather to the children of Pan Yan and his lovely Princess; but who can imagine that misleader of youth, Sir John, being a safe playmate for the rising generation! Zagloba is vastly experienced, yet essentially a boy, he jokes from a good heart; Falstaff is an old, callous, witty iniquity. One would need the space of several issues of THE WEEK to quote in illustration of their radical differences, and our purpose is only to excite curiosity about Zagloba, and send some readers from insignificant novels to the great literary treat which Mr. Curtin's translation affords.

THE MIRAGE.

SONNET.

ACROSS the arid stretch of desert sand,
Fatigued with leagues of travel, moves a band
Of Moslem pilgrims, bound for Mecca's shrine.
The hour precedes the glaring sun's decline.
A beauteous scene, limned in the distance, looms,
Of limpid springs and date-groves' waving plumes,
Of verdant patches, shrubs and pleasant shade:
A green oasis in the desert laid.
Thus cheered, they on the cumbrous camels urge
With shouts of joy, and thither now converge;
They hasten still, though far as far before
The vision seems, till—disappointment sore!—
Fades the mirage. Their strength with labour spent,
They spread their mats for prayer, then pitch their tent.
Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

ART NOTES.

AN energetic effort is being made by a number of gentlemen, interested in Art culture, to infuse fresh public interest into Art School matters. Classes under the direction of some of our prominent artists are being formed to work in rooms connected with the Toronto Art Galleries, King Street West. The title of the school is "The Central Ontario School of Art and Design." It is under the presidency of the Hon. G. W. Allan, and in affiliation with the Ontario Society of Artists and the Art Students' League. The new school has started under happy auspices, and the most favourable results may be anticipated from the character of its management, and the culture of its teachers. We hope that it may prove the foundation of a permanent and historic school of Canadian Art.

MR. HENRY SANDHAM is busy at his studio upon several commissions for portraits. Among them is a large portrait of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who is arrayed in his red robe of office, seated in his chair at the cathedral, which promises to be his best work.

THE unsold paintings found in Jules Dupre's studio after his death have realized at auction 209,760 francs (\$41,000). The Duc d'Aumale bought for 20,000 francs his last work, "Returning from Field Labour in an Autumn Sunset." He also obtained for 40,000 francs Corot's painting of "Un Concert," which was sold by the painter to Dupre for 7,000 francs.

SINCE the recent unveiling of a monument in honour of Lessing, Berlin possesses fifty-four public monuments, destined to perpetuate the memory of great men or of great historical events. Those which belong to this latter category number eight, while the others number forty-six. A movement is on foot at Frankfurt to erect a statue of the pessimistic philosopher, Schopenhauer.

THE death of the popular English sculptor, Joseph Edgar Boehm, in London, on Dec. 12, was startlingly sudden. He was engaged on a bust of Princess Louise, and the latter, calling at the studio in relation to the work, found the body of the artist reclining in a chair. Shocked at the sight, the Princess fled and gave the alarm. It is believed that death was caused by heart-disease. Mr. Boehm was an Austrian by birth.

SWITZERLAND. By Lina Hug and Richard Stead. The Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The history of the brave and patriotic people of Switzerland must be interesting reading to all, while, as the preface to the above volume says, "to the Anglo-Saxon race the grand spectacle of a handful of free men nobly struggling for and maintaining their freedom, often amidst enormous difficulties and against appalling odds, cannot but be heart-stirring."

The story is well told in this little volume, which, different from most histories of that country, commences at the very earliest period, with an excellent chapter on the lake dwellers, and traces the fortunes of the Swiss through the Roman period and the troubled times following the disruption of that great Empire, down to the commencement of the Swiss confederation. The victories of Morgarten, Sempach, Naefels, Grandson and Morat are all vividly described; and the growth and consolidation of all the cantons into their present condition fully explained.

The lesson it teaches to us as Canadians is, that a federal system of separate cantons or provinces, speaking different languages and belonging to different religions, has not only held together for hundreds of years, but has developed a national loyalty and patriotism to the common country as powerful and as self-sacrificing as any in history.

The pride in their national glories seems to have been a common bond to hold them together. Speaking of the victory of Naefels the authors say: "Year after year the people of Glarus, rich and poor alike, Protestant and Catholic, still commemorate this great victory. On the first Thursday in April, in solemn procession, they revisit the battle field, and on the spot the Landammann tells the fine old story of their deliverance from foreign rule, whilst priest and minister offer thanksgiving." On the 5th April, 1888 (the five hundredth anniversary of the battle), people flocked from all parts of Switzerland to participate in the patriotic and religious ceremonies.

In 1856, when Frederick William IV. of Prussia threatened the little Republic with war, "with a unanimous feeling of heroic enthusiasm through the length and breadth of the country the Swiss went on with their military organization. Catholic and Protestant, French and German, Italian and Romansch, all were animated by one spirit, all were equally ready to defend the honour and independence of their beloved country."

The book is neatly printed on fair paper, and has a number of illustrations and a few maps. Many of the illustrations seem to have been inserted, however, without much reference to the subject matter, and apparently for the sole object of having the work illustrated.

THE *Writer* maintains its efficiency, and the January number is quite up to the mark in matter that is interesting and instructive to the class of readers to whom it is directed. We feel that many a reader who is not a professional writer would be greatly benefitted by its careful and systematic perusal.

THAT delightful children's magazine, *Wide Awake*, comes to us in its January number as bright, attractive and cheery as ever. The pretty cover, artistic and appropriate illustrations and entertaining stories, so attractive and instructive to child life, almost woo us away for a time from the graver reading which in such ample volume fills our hours.

WE congratulate *Queries* for January on its opening article, "The First Sonnet in England," from the facile pen of our accomplished contributor, "Sarepta." The remaining contributions and the poems are interesting, and the question department is unusually full and attractive. A great deal of useful information is being imparted in this simple yet effective way.

THOUGH the *English Illustrated* is not as ample in form, as artistic in illustration, or as generous in its contents as the great United States' magazines, yet it does credit to its years. The January number presents us with a delightful "Study of a Girl's Head," and a sweet study of little miss mischief it is. An appropriate companion page bears a rhythmic ballad, "When Runnels began to Leap and Sing," from the graceful pen of Alfred Austin. Then follows "Association Football," by C. W. Alcock; "La Grande Chatreuse: a lonely Island of Prayer," by the Dean of Gloucester, being a serious picture of the devotional life of the famous monks whose mellow *liqueur* is the solace of the epicurean palate. "Christmas Eve at Warwingle" is an exciting bushranging story, by Mary Gaunt. "Fin de Siècle," a somewhat jerky poem, by Violet Fane, follows. Then comes a jolly contribution on "Cabs and their Drivers," by W. Outram Tristram, with even jollier illustrations, by Hugh Thomson, of Cabbies' moods, make-ups and movements in grotesque variety. In "The Education of Genius," James Sully reminds us of the kindred contributions of Isaac Disraeli and Samuel Smiles. "Bookbinding," by T. J. Cobden Sanderson, is one of the now fashionable articles in which the amateur or professional mechanic writes up and illustrates his own wares. The serial, "The Witch of Prague," ends the number.

THE *Monist* (January), published by the Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago, is the second number of a quarterly magazine which promises to be of some philosophical importance. The editor, Dr. Paul Carns, is not

unknown to our readers, and we welcome this new undertaking of his. The title of the magazine will show its point of view, but only in a very general manner. Most people are monists now. Dualism is more and more seen to be an unworkable theory of the universe. But monism may go too far. There is a great deal that is excellent and subtle in the editor's article on "The Criterion of Truth" but sometimes we come a little too near to a pantheistic exposition of the universe, which means an annihilation of human liberty. Professor Cesare Lombroso has an article on "Criminal Anthropology," which begins in a somewhat ominous manner. "To me," he says, "the books of Zola are, with those of Dostoyewski and Tolstoi, the only ones which have struck a fresh tone in the literary monotony of this quarter of a century." Such literature may be profitable reading for students of criminal anthropology, but this class embraces only a small proportion of the readers of fiction. Here is an interesting fact. Among born criminals, 42 in 100 always deny the crime with which they are charged, while among occasional criminals only 21 in 100 deny all. There is a very noteworthy and elaborate article on "The Squaring of the Circle," which will be interesting to mathematicians.

WE have in the first number of the *Educational Review* published by Henry Holt and Company, a publication which promises to be of the greatest service to all who are engaged in the supremely important work of education. It has been said that those who are so engaged are peculiarly addicted to "slurring the days gone by." Perhaps they do this more than they have any right to do it. The educators of old may not have had a great deal of consciousness, so to speak, but they had a good deal of unconscious science, and they turned out excellent scholars and men well equipped for public and private life. Still, it must be acknowledged that the day has come for the introduction of more consciously scientific methods in education; and every school in every civilized country bears witness to the change. We are not without literary organs for the teacher; but the new review here introduced to our notice seems to us to meet a need, and we have no doubt it will receive a warm welcome not only from professional teachers but from the large class of educated men and women who are almost as deeply interested in the cause of education. What we must specially commend in the first issue of this new venture is the absence of schoolmasterish priggishness. It is clearly seen, on the one hand, that education is not an exact science, and, on the other hand, that, if it is to be successful, it must be conducted in a scientific manner. The article by Professor Royce, the first of a series, strikes the keynote in a very happy manner. If the *Review* is carried on in the spirit of his paper it will be a great blessing to teachers.

JANUARY brings us the *New England Magazine*, reverberant with literary chimes. The sweet toned bells that lend their vibrant charm to sweet Christmastide, in our own and far off lands, feast our eyes and seem almost to sound in our ears as we turn its absorbing pages. In the frontispiece is "The great Tom Tower Oxford." In the opening article, "Bells," by E. H. Goss, are gathered together many illustrations of famous bells and bell-towers, which are surrounded by an appropriate setting of poetry and poetic prose. Then comes a fac-simile of the first page of the MS. of Longfellow's "Christmas Bells," faced on the next page by the full text of that well-known poem. "The Hermit of Cranberry Island" is a short character sketch, by W. Hale. In the sonnet "In Trinity Church" Walter Littlefield makes a smooth but unsuccessful argument against the veneration due to antiquity. With quaint print and illustrations Poe's "Bells" again ring with reverberant rhythm. In "The case of Parson Hewlett," Kate Upton Clark pillories a starched and stately parson of the seventies. And in "The Witch of Winnacunnet," Mabel L. Todd presents us with another New England antique of a different type. "Fox Glove Bells" is a rather weak sonnet, by Clinton Scollard. "A Tradition of Androscoggin" is a weird sketch of an old Trapper, by A. S. Cox. Followed by a poem, "Above the Town," in which Julie M. Lippman makes "sounds" rhyme with "wounds," but we have not space for further criticism. "Greylock" is a clever sketch of the scenery and geology of the Massachusetts' mountain of that name, by Harlan H. Ballard. In the story of a "Wall-flower," Dorothy Prescott has written a pleasing tale of a mild though attractive human specimen of the species *cheiranthus cheiri*. "Music Land" is a poem by Hamlin Garland, followed by a representation of a fine statue of Beethoven, by Crawford. In "An American Landseer," Mr. Frank T. Robinson gives a sketch of Alexander Pope and his work. "Verestchagin" and "Fatherhood" are two pleasing sonnets by Annie Eliot and Zitella Cocke respectively. "A Descendant of Massasoit" is a short account of the Descendant, by W. G. Page. "The History of Historical Writing in America" is ably treated by J. F. Jameson, Ph.D., who begins with the seventeenth century. Mrs. M. F. Butts then tells "Almiry Geer's Story." E. S. Foreman sonnetizes "Beach Grass." And John D. Long and others give their views as to "The Future of the New England Country."

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next sense, the third good humour, and the fourth art.—*Sir William Temple*.

IF you are to work well, you must sleep well. . . . If you have much work to do, you must not account time spent in sleep to be time lost.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. J. CASTELL HOPKINS, formerly of the Imperial Bank, and a well known advocate of Imperial Federation, has been appointed by the directors of the *Empire* as one of its editorial staff. In his contributions to the press, Mr. Hopkins has proved himself to be a writer of unusual force and ability. If character, energy, patriotism, method, knowledge of public affairs and literary skill are essential to successful journalism, these qualities and the experience which time alone can give should raise the new editor to an eminent position in the profession of his choice. We congratulate Mr. Hopkins and the *Empire*.

AN excellent lecture in French on the interesting subject, "Paris, les Parisiens, les Parisiennes," was delivered by Mr. G. Coutellier, B.A., D.C.L., in the Association Hall, Toronto, on Thursday evening, 8th inst. We are glad to mark the intelligent interest our citizens are taking in the language and literature of the "Moderns."

CANON FARRAR'S "Darkness and Dawn," a tale of early Christianity, is nearly ready.

THE ex-Emperor Dom Pedro has nearly completed a Portuguese translation of "The Arabian Nights." It is understood to have been made from Lady Burton's revised version of her husband's edition.

MR. STEVENSON has recently written a short story, "The Bottle Imp," which is to appear in *Black and White*; another and somewhat longer Polynesian story "The Highwoods of Ulufanua"; and a considerable quantity of verse.

CHAPLAIN W. H. MILBURN (the "Blind Preacher") is finishing, with the assistance of Mr. Charles Burr Todd, a volume entitled "The Mississippi Valley—chapters on its explorers, pioneers, preachers and people." The later chapters will be full of reminiscences and anecdotes.

THE desk in which the manuscript of "Waverley" lay neglected and almost forgotten, till Scott came upon it in looking for some tackle, has lately come into the possession of Mr. John Murray, Jr. It was given by Scott to Daniel Terry, says the *Athenæum*, and its history since that time is quite clear.

THE Poet Swinburne has a liking for outdoor exercise in all weathers. Even when the roads are rivers of mud he goes out for a walk and a visit to his favourite candy shop. On such occasions he presents a rather novel appearance, wearing, as he does, a short gray coat, short trousers and thin, elastic gaiters.

IN the *New York Critic* of January 3, a correspondent of the *Lounger* describes an edition of "The Yellowplush Correspondence," printed in Philadelphia in 1838, and claims that it is not only "the first volume of Thackeray's writings printed in America," but the first to appear either in the old world or the new.

A. L. O. E. (MISS TUCKER), one of the best-known of modern English writers for young people, is engaged in mission work in a city of Northern India. She is described as a charming old lady, living in a pretty little cottage, and spending the larger part of her days in visiting, praying and singing with the women of the Zenanas.

"A GREAT white marble slab" marks the little two-storied house, with a grocer's shop in the arcade below, on the second floor of which Mr. Browning and his sister lived at Asolo, and where "Asolando," the poet's last book, was written. The legend upon the slab is this: "In questa casa abito Roberto Browning, sommo poeta Inglese. Vi scrisse Asolando. 1889."

A most valuable series of critical and biographical papers upon American authors recently deceased is being contributed by Richard Henry Stoddard to *Lippincott's Magazine*. Mr. Stoddard has enjoyed the advantage of his intimate personal acquaintance with the subjects of his sketches, and this gives additional interest and value to his articles. In the February number will appear a paper upon the poet and painter, Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE movement for purchasing Dove Cottage, Grasmere, and fitting it up as a permanent memorial of Wordsworth has been remarkably successful. It was announced that \$5,000 would be required for the purchase of the freehold and for fitting up the cottage as a Wordsworth museum. Of this sum \$4,250 has now been subscribed, the cottage is purchased, and in the present winter the little place will be put in order.

MR. BENJ. R. TUCKER, of Boston, has published the first English translation of Count Tolstoi's latest work, "The Fruits of Culture." This book, like "The Kreutzer Sonata," has never been published in Russia. It is a two-fold satire on "culture" and Spiritualism. The follies of the so-called "cultured" classes are exhibited in a humorous picture of their fashions, "fads," and mental freaks, and the story hinges upon the effect of Modern Spiritualism on an aristocratic family in Russia.

MR. B. L. FARJEON is now hard at work at his South Hampstead home. It may, perhaps, interest Mr. Farjeon's many admirers to know that he is now being translated into Spanish. Further, he will commence a new novel during the month of January in a number of new papers, under the title of "Ties, Human and Divine." At the end of January Mr. Farjeon begins a shorter serial story, which will be published as a shilling book in April. This is pretty well in the way of productiveness.

ON Monday, the 29th ultimo, Octave Feuillet, the distinguished French novelist and dramatist, died in Paris, in his seventieth year. For nearly forty years he has been

prominent as a writer. In 1858 his book, "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," which was dramatized and played the following year at the Vaudeville, assured his fame, and the novel is one of the most charming productions in its kind which modern literature can show. In 1862, Feuillet gained the coveted prize of a seat in the French Academy, succeeding his fellow dramatist, Eugene Scribe.

A BENGALIEE poet, Babu Satya Prokash Banerjee, recently offered a tribute in verse to Sir Steuart Bayley on the eve of his retirement from the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Bengal Presidency. The following is a fair sample from it:—

And colour—that invidious cleaves
The sun-touch'd from the snow-ting'd race,
As kindred drops on lichen leaves,—
Ne'er swerved from Right his beauteous grace
That shone on all alike.
Conglobate fix'd, with lambent glow
Glean virtues, graces, from his soul—
That measures, men, to all bestow
And influence sweet 'mid strong control,
And lively reverence strike.

A VERY interesting account of current Bengali literature is given in the *Pioneer Mail*, of November 20. The tendency to translate or imitate pervades, it is said, the whole literature. Out of twenty-five novels or stories, seven are reprints, and only eight seem to possess any pretensions to be regarded as original works of invention. The European authors imitated are very various, but writings of the Zola school seem to have an undesirable attraction. Boccaccio appears in the Far East as "A Receptacle of Sweetness." Among the poets, Miss Kamini Sen, B.A., takes the first place, with a volume of poems entitled "Light and Shade." Among religious books the Salvation Army is represented by Captain Jaan, who publishes a book of Salvation Songs in Bengali.

THE death was announced on Christmas of the Right Hon. and Most Rev. William Thomson, D.D., Archbishop of York. He was born on February 11, 1819, and was an alumnus of Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was successively Fellow, Tutor, Dean, Bursar and Provost of Queen's College. In 1853 he was Bampton Lecturer, his subject being "The Atoning Work of Christ." He was consecrated as the thirtieth Bishop of Gloucester and the forty-sixth Bishop of Bristol in 1861. He was transferred to York in 1863 as Archbishop and Primate of England. Among his works are: "An Outline of Necessary Laws of Thought" (1848), "Sermons Preached at Lincoln's Inn Chapel" (1861), "Life in the Light of God's Word" (1868), "The Limits of Philosophical Enquiry" (1868), and "Word, Work and Will" (1879). He also edited "Aids to Faith" (1861). He was one of the projectors of the "Speaker's Commentary on the New Testament," and was a contributor to Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." Dr. Thomson was married in 1855 to Miss Zoe Skene, to whom Sir Walter Scott dedicated the fourth canto of "Marmion."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Cook, Captain M. B. Japan, A Sailor's Visit to. 50c. New York: John B. Alden.
- Hall, Newman, L.L.B. Gethsemane. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke, 3 George Street.
- Hill, Rev. J. Edgar, M.A., B.D. Queen Charity and Other Sermons. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co.
- Russell, John. A Lay Sermon. Goderich: The Author.
- Williams, Sir Monier, K.C.I.E. Buddhism. \$5.25 net. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Tolstoi, Count Leo. The Fruits of Culture. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ERCKMANN CHATRIAN ESTRANGEMENT.

ERCKMANN lives are without their tragic side, and Erckmann-Chatrian's career is no exception. After more than forty years' friendship, their partnership, so fruitful of good, ended in a very sad manner. About two years ago the health of M. Chatrian began to decline, but in a way not easy to understand in its first stages. It proved in the sequel that form of mental ailment in which the sufferer believes himself persecuted, and it took the turn so often seen—the man most loved becoming the object of suspicion, opposition, and calumny. The saddest part was that neither they themselves nor their friends seem to have been aware of the true state of things until the estrangement became public. In this state of mind the sufferer talked and wrote against his old friend until a young man who was warmly attached to Chatrian wrote an article in the *Figaro*, which, among other things, charged Erckmann with a want of patriotism in living in Germany. This charge was probably the reason which induced M. Erckmann to bring an action for libel, as it certainly tended to destroy his credit with his countrymen. When the case came on in the Courts of Justice in Paris, it appeared that Erckmann lived in Alsace because the doctor said it was necessary for his health to live in the air in which he had passed his childhood, and in proof of his entire want of sympathy with the conquerors of Alsace it was stated that he had never learnt to speak their language. But what of course best cleared the whole matter up was the statement made by M. Chatrian's counsel concerning the state of his clients health. The Court gave M. Erckmann heavy damages against the *Figaro* and against the author of the article. M. Chatrian did not long survive the trial, dying on September 3, last.—*Richard Heath, in Leisure Hour.*

WHEN TIME IS DONE.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
—As You Like It.

Now and again, amid the thronging street,
As hastening through our daily round we go,
Our pulses to unwonted measures beat,
To see some face of light,
Seen and then lost to sight,
Whereat we muse: "How fair a soul to know!"

Now and again, in quiet peaceful hours,
Some precious page will steal our hearts away.
The while we read we feel life's dormant powers;
"To touch that robe of white.
Live in that presence bright!
Why dwelt we not near that sweet saint?" we say.

Now and again the patient waiting faces
Of aged folk whose days are nearly run,
Gentle manhood, children's tender graces,
Bring wistful joy like pain.
Could these with us remain,
How different were life beneath our sun!

Once and forever, from beyond the sun,
Shall come the light to show all longing hearts
Their never-found; their loved and lost, each one;
And thus great promise give,
That all on earth who live,
Shall love and knowledge have when time is done.

—W. Henry Winslow, in *Youth's Companion*.

DR. RAE ON ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

AT Mrs Heweis' third "At Home" at Queen's House, Chelsea, Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, who conducted the last expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, gave a very interesting account of life amongst the Esquimaux, of whom he seemed to have a high opinion. He gave a vivid description of the duties and dangers of an Arctic leader's life—marching, gun in hand, at the head of his stalwart companions, and killing large game for the whole party; and his ideas of comfort in a snow hut much amused the aristocratic audience, who do not seem to relish sleeping on the snow with a single blanket, and eating pemmican, or pounded meat and fat, varied with the contents of a reindeer's stomach and a salmon. The doctor showed various interesting articles made by the Esquimaux, the cunningest of which was a very neat apparatus for spearing fish, made of cane and staghorn. There was also a case of Sir John Franklin's relics, and an Esquimaux lamp, with a moss wick and fat, which burned brightly during the lecture. When questioned about Nansen, the doctor declared roundly that he did not believe the sanguine explorer would find the current he expected to drift him across the North Pole, because he (Dr. Rae), from his intimate knowledge of those regions, was pretty sure no such open current existed, the currents running beneath the ice. The articles said to have drifted across, in his opinion, came from the adjacent coast of Greenland, and not from the other side of the Pole.—*Canadian Gazette.*

APHASIA.

MR. HENRY GEORGE'S announcement that he has "a touch of what the doctors call aphasia," and has been warned to desist for a time from brain work, does not explain what "aphasia" means. It is a term applied to indicate a condition in which the function of expressing ideas by articulate sounds is arrested, perverted or destroyed in consequence of lesion of the brain; loss or perversion of the power of expressing ideas by written signs being also often associated with this condition. The earliest and most common indication of this disease is the loss of the memory of substantives and names, and next the loss of the memory of a language with which the patient had been thoroughly conversant. There have also been recorded cases, such as that of the late Bronson Alcott, in which terms are persistently misapplied, as, for example, "hogshead" has been used for "sugar," "chair" for "table," "house" for "man," etc. Sometimes the idea in the brain can only be conveyed by means of signs, while in other instances even this power of imitation has been held in complete abeyance. The function of articulation is also modified, and only the half of a word can be pronounced, or confused sounds be employed; while closely associated with both forms of aphasia is the loss of expressing power by written signs—a condition to which the term "agraphia" has been applied. The persistent misapplication of terms has been named "heterophasia." Great interest has always been taken by pathologists in this disease, which, as has been said, is supposed to be due to lesion or morbid change in the texture of a specific portion of the brain. From this it has been sought to deduce the actual localization of the function of speech in certain lobes of the brain. The observations made by physicians have not, however, brought about any concert of opinion, and the only conclusion that has been reached is that when a specific convolution of the brain is affected other cerebral functions also suffer, and the faculty of speech is affected in common with them.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE noontide sun is dark and music discord when the heart is low.—*Young.*

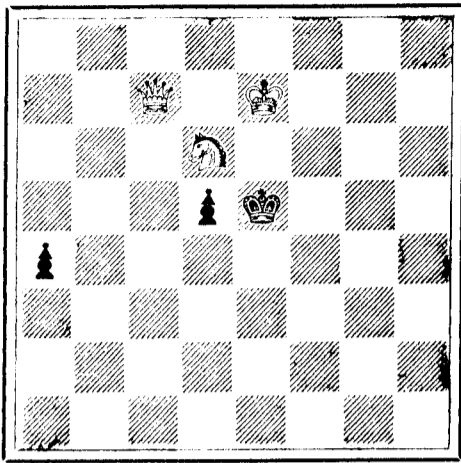
DEAN CHURCH was not a preacher in the sense that Canon Liddon was, but his sermons will be read as classics in English literature when Canon Liddon's are forgotten. They rank with those of Cardinal Newman in point of style, and are remarkable for the combination of culture with spiritual insight. They are no more, seemingly, great sermons than are those of Cardinal Newman, but the reader of them is surprised, as he is in Cardinal Newman's, by the visions of truth and the new relations in which truth stands to life that are flashed upon him in these unassuming discourses. The author seems to have seen things from the centre, and the comprehensiveness of his ethical and spiritual views is a constant surprise. He is great in his thought, in the flashes of light that he throws upon dark things, in the way in which he sees truth as a whole, and in his mastery of a style which the simplest can understand, and which opens the way to truths which the most profound cannot fully exhaust. His sermons are everywhere quoted by the brightest and most thoughtful writers of the day, and his lecture-sermons which grew out of his partly secular work at St. Paul's, and discussed sacred poetry and the relation of Christianity to races, are among the finest examples in our literature of the true way in which to trace the religious movements of mankind. He was always the master of the subjects which he treated. In 1850 he contributed to the "Christian Remembrancer" a critical article more than a hundred pages in length, which has held its own, amid all that has been written during the last forty years, as the most appreciative and comprehensive introduction to Dante and his work that has ever been written in English. This essay has gone through many editions, and his other occasional essays have had almost a similar popularity. An essay on Wordsworth stands in merit beside the late Matthew Arnold's study of that poet, and his papers on Browning's "Sordello" and the celebrated essay on "Montaigne" are masterpieces in literary discrimination. He was equally strong in a masterly essay on "Church and State," published in 1850, and republished in 1881. Three prose monographs indicate what he could do in the field of history and critical biography. His "Saint Anselm" is the best work on that spiritual leader of the eleventh century, and monographs on "Bacon" and "Spenser" are masterly studies of their kind. He had the ability to speak the right word on every subject to which he gave his thought, and his writings, though not large in bulk, have by general consent already been accepted as a permanent part of English literature. His monograph on "Bacon" is regarded as the fairest and most reasonable estimate of the father of the inductive philosophy, and his essay on "Richard Hooker," which is published as an introduction to the study of his "Ecclesiastical Polity," is a remarkable presentation of the claims of Hooker upon the literary student of to-day. He had a genius for the finest literary work, and his mind was continually in sympathy with the writings of the great masters of the imagination.—*Rev. Julius H. Ward, in the Christian Union.*

SELF GOVERNMENT FOR IRELAND UNDESIRABLE.

ABOUT a third of the population of Ireland, on the other hand, regard Home Rule as the greatest catastrophe that could befall themselves, their country, or the Empire; and it is worthy of notice that they include almost all the descendants of Grattan's Parliament, and of the volunteers, and of those classes who in the eighteenth century sustained the spirit of nationality in Ireland. Belfast and the surrounding counties, which alone in Ireland have attained the full height and vigour of English industrial civilization; almost all the Protestants, both Episcopalian and Non-conformist; almost all the Catholic gentry; the decided preponderance of Catholics in the lay professions, and a great and guiding section of the Catholic middle-class are on the same side. Their conviction does not rest upon any abstract doctrine about the evil of Federal Governments or of Local Parliaments. It rests upon their firm persuasion that in the existing conditions of Ireland no Parliament could be established there which could be trusted to fulfil the most elementary conditions of honest government—to maintain law; to protect property; to observe or enforce contracts; to secure the rights and liberties of individuals and minorities; to act loyally in times of difficulty and danger in the interests of the Empire. They know that the existing home-rule movement has grown up under the guidance and by the support of men who are implacable enemies to the British Empire; that it has been for years the steady object of its leaders to inspire the Irish masses with feelings of hatred to that Empire, contempt for contracts, defiance of law and of those who administer it; that, having signally failed in rousing the agricultural population in a national struggle, those leaders resolved to turn the movement into an organized attack upon landed property; that in the prosecution of this enterprise they have been guilty, not only of measures which are grossly and palpably dishonest, but also of an amount of intimidation, of cruelty, of systematic disregard for individual freedom, scarcely paralleled in any country during the present century; and finally that, through subscriptions which are not drawn from Ireland, political agitation in Ireland has become a large and highly lucrative trade—a trade which, like many others, will no doubt continue as long as it pays.—*W. H. E. Lecky, in North American Review.*

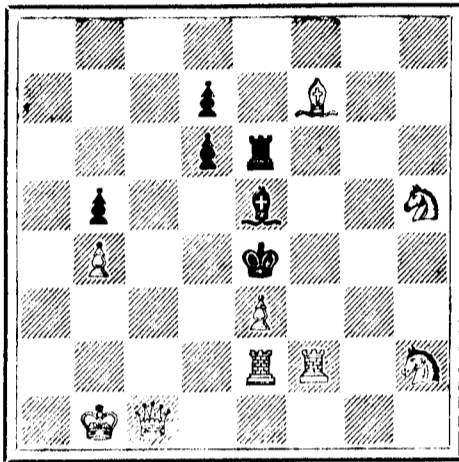
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By M. E. Pradignat.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 532.
By M. Aurelio Abela.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-------------|----------|------|
| No. 525. | | No. 526. | |
| White. | Black. | Q-K | Kt 3 |
| 1. Q-K 3 | 1. P x Q | | |
| 2. R-K 4 | 2. moves | | |
| 3. B-Kt 4 mate | | | |
| | if 1. K-B 5 | | |
| 2. R-K 4 | 2. moves | | |
| 3. Q mates | | | |
| With other variations. | | | |

GAME IN THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT PLAYED AT MONTREAL JAN. 6TH, 1891.

RUY LOPEZ.			
J. P. TAYLOR.	WM. BOULTBEE.	J. P. TAYLOR.	WM. BOULTBEE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	16. P-K B 4 (b)	R-K 3
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	17. P-K Kt 3	Q-R 6
3. B-Q Kt 5	Kt-K B 3	18. P-K B 5 (c)	R-K 4
4. P-Q 3	P-Q 3	19. Kt-K B 4	Kt x Kt
5. P-Q B 3	B-Q 2	20. R x Kt	Q-R-K 1
6. B-Q R 4	B-K 2	21. B-Q 2	R-K 7
7. Q-Kt-Q 2	P-Q R 3	22. R-B 2	R x R
8. Q-Kt-K B	P-Q 4 (a)	23. K x R	Q x R P +
9. P x P	Kt x P	24. K-B 1	Q-R 6 +
10. B x Kt	B x B	25. K-Kt 1	Q x P +
11. Kt x P	Castles	26. K-B 1	Q-R 6 +
12. K x B	P x Kt	27. K-Kt 1	B-R 7 +
13. Kt-K Kt 3	B-Q 3	28. K-R 1	B-Kt 6 +
14. Kt-K 2	R-K 1	29. K-Kt 1	R-R 7 +
15. Castles	Q-K R 5	30. K-B 1	Q-B 7 mate

- NOTES.
- (a) Not good.
 - (b) The beginning of White's troubles.
 - (c) Bad.

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THE TIME OF DAY FOR OPERATIONS.

THERE is considerable difference of opinion amongst surgeons as to whether it is best to operate early in the morning or in the afternoon. Many prefer the morning. They say that the patient is saved the suspense of being kept waiting till the afternoon, and the surgeon has the better chance of a good supply of sunlight, or of its equivalent in this country. Both these reasons have considerable force. Other surgeons maintain that early operating implies a sleepless previous night. The shades of evening, a greater promoter of sleep than blinds and screens, come on sooner when the operation is performed in the afternoon. This physical fact also implies greater chances of rest in another respect, for there is less fear of subsequent disturbance from noises inside or outside the house when the surgeon operates late. Long operations may seriously tax the surgeon's strength and nerve, and in this respect again the afternoon is better for operating than the morning. In private practice, and wherever freedom from noise and plenty of warmth can be ensured, the morning is probably the best time, especially in summer. As far as light—a most important factor—is concerned, the time of day makes little difference at this time of the year in London, though the danger of a sudden darkening of the atmosphere is, perhaps, greatest in the afternoon.—*British Medical Journal.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND RATIONAL RECREATION.

THE Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in opening the pavilion of the Birmingham Winter Gardens, delivered an address, in which he said that those who promoted the means of rational and innocent amusement had a better claim to the title of philanthropists than many of those who were so distinguished. This rational recreation was one of the most important factors in the well-being of great communities, and its necessity was greater under the modern conditions of half and other holidays and shorter hours of work than when the working men laboured twelve hours a day. He thoroughly sympathized with the changes and conditions of labour, and thought it not unworthy of philanthropists and statesmen to see that the time so gained for recreation was spent in such a way as to keep the body and mind in perfect health, and make the intervals of work still more fruitful. He regarded a dramatic performance as one of the highest forms of intellectual recreation. He had a certain amount of sympathy with the old Roman emperors and the rules of some modern States, who thought it not beneath them to cater for the amusement of the people; but in this country the principle was established that the State should do nothing which the individual could do for himself, and he, therefore, rejoiced at all private and individual development of the means of innocent recreation. He rejoiced at the hold which volunteering had on the great bulk of the younger part of the population, and at the development of athletics in all their various forms, and not less applauded the provision of intellectual amusements and recreation.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE man who can be compelled knows not how to die.—*Seneca.*

To divest one's self of some prejudices would be like taking off the skin to feel better.—*Greville.*

'Tis the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker without being a good self-examiner.—*Shaftesbury.*

ORIENTAL.

CANTO I.
ONE night, the poor disconsolate Young heiress in her boudoir sate.
"Would I were beautiful, or dead!"
"Why so?" asked Jenny. "Don't you see De Smyth won't fall in love with me!
What's gold to me? What's jewels? What The splendid mansion I have got?
With half my wealth I'd gladly part,
If I could win my Alfred's heart."
"Give me a thousand dollars, Miss,
And you shall have that much prized bliss."
"One thousand! Jenny!" Julia said
"I'll double that the day we're wed!"
"Tis done!" exclaimed the lady's maid,
"And don't go back from what you've said."

CANTO II.
That night, the Magic rites begin,
With a mysterious compound, which
Made her complexion white and rich;
Freckles and pimples faded away,
Like darkness, at the smile of day.
"How was it done?" now fair Julia cries.
"I'll tell you how," the maid replies;
"That peerless skin's bright snowy gleam
You owe to Oriental Cream."
To close the story, let me say
The pair were married yesterday,
And sent, for darling Cupid's sake,
(Gouraud T. Felix) a mighty slice of cake.

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Is a constitutional
Disease, and requires
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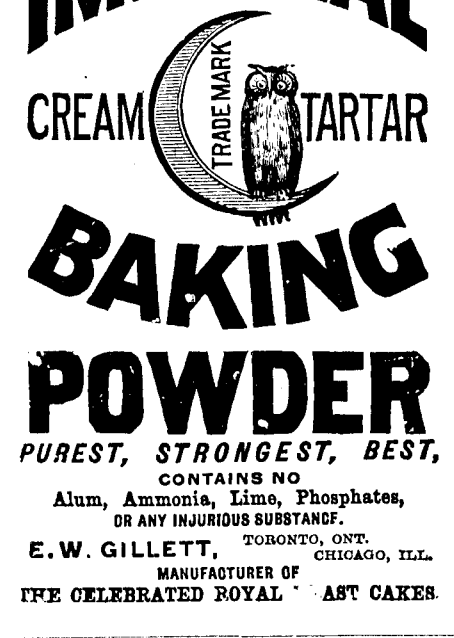
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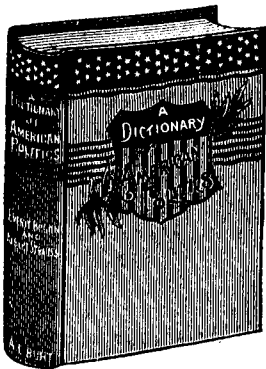
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