

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fifth Year.
Vol. V., No. 32.

Toronto, Thursday, July 5th, 1888.

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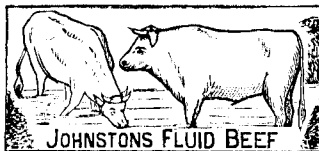
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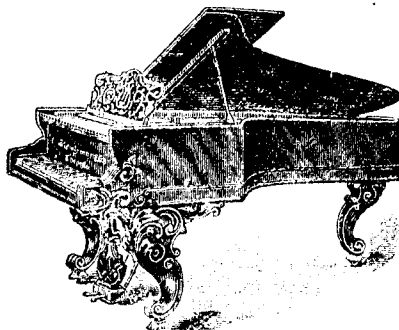
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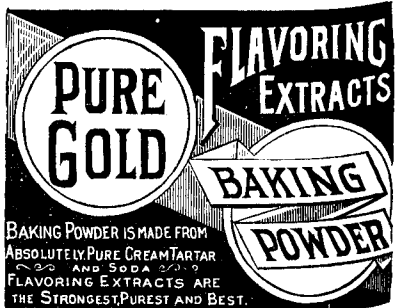
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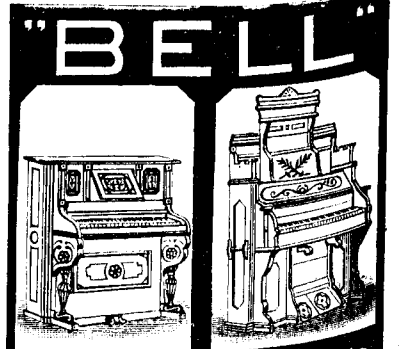
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THE WEEK.

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Vol. V. No. 32.

Toronto, Thursday, July 5th, 1888.

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK'S tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than FIVE lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

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

THE announcement recently made in the British House of Lords, in regard to the plans for the defence of the British Columbia coast, is of interest to Canadians. The design, which has the approval of both the military and naval departments, is to complete the fortification of the harbour of Esquimault, an arrangement which will, it is thought, sufficiently provide for the safety of Burrard Inlet and the town of Victoria. The British Government are, it appears, now waiting for the concurrence of the Canadian Government in the proposed plan, as a preliminary to proceeding with the work. Whether all that is required of Canada is mere assent to the arrangement, or whether and to what extent she may be expected to assist in the work, does not appear. The remoteness of any danger of an attack upon the British Columbia coast, is, we suppose, no sufficient reason for neglecting to take suitable precautions for defence, especially if, as seems probable, Esquimault is to be made a rendezvous, and, in case of war, a base of operations for the British fleet in the Pacific. As Canada has no enemy to fear in that quarter, it is probable that the matter will be treated as one of Imperial concern and policy.

A good deal of discussion is still being had with reference to the Niagara Falls Park. To us the affair appears to be in a nutshell. Unless we greatly mistake, the understanding of the people of Ontario, and of their Legislature, as well as of those of New York State, was that the park was to be free. It cannot properly be said to be free so long as a charge is made for visiting any spot accessible by carriage or on foot. The islands are surely a portion of the park proper. If so, why should a fee be exacted for the use of the bridges any more than for the use of the roads or walks? With regard to the use of the elevators, waterproof suits, etc., required for going beneath the falls, the case is different. No reasonable person will object to pay for these, or doing without them, as these arrangements involve a constant and serious expense, and are in no wise essential to a view of all the beauties of scenery and cataract. The charge for the use of the bridges is unexpected and vexatious in a so-called free park. That for the machinery, guides, waterfalls, etc., will not be so considered by the average visitor. As to the *Globe's* strange threat

that if criticism and remonstrance continue, the park may be handed over to a private corporation, it is incredible that it can emanate from the Government or have its approval. Such a transaction would be a violation of faith, at least implied faith, both with the people of Ontario and with the neighbouring State. Surely the press may criticise the management of public property without being gagged by a threat of its alienation, and that too under a Liberal Cabinet.

We gladly publish the explanation given by our correspondent, "M. M.," in another column, of the mitigating circumstances which led Judge Wurtele to impose the extraordinarily light sentence on which we commented in a previous issue. In the interests of public morality, as well as of justice to individuals, it is desirable that the facts should have wide currency, as otherwise the judgment in question would seem to establish a most mischievous and dangerous precedent. Those facts, if established to the satisfaction of the court, and admitted by the prosecuting counsel, will be accepted by most impartial minds as fully justifying the singular leniency of the court, which is the point just now in question. That being so, it would be aside from the point to comment, as we should otherwise feel bound to do, upon the more than questionable means adopted by the trustees, Messrs. Cosgrove and McCabe, and, as appears by several others, to correct the parsimony of the authorities who made the appropriations. The habit of making and attesting false returns is surely a most reprehensible one, by whomsoever sanctioned, and it is certainly hard to understand how any men of ordinary probity and intelligence, not to say of the high character and standing ascribed to the defendants in this and similar actions, could ever have been betrayed into lending it their countenance, or making themselves parties to it. It was high time for the authority of the court to interpose, as we presume it has effectually done, by the imposition of even a nominal sentence, to put an end to a practice which not only opened the way to unlimited abuse, but must have been in itself a snare to the conscience of every official who was taught to resort to it.

If Sir Morell Mackenzie really made the statement ascribed to him, to the effect that he knew from the first that the disease from which the late Emperor was suffering was cancer, but concealed the fact for political reasons, the German press does well to be angry. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the reputation of the physician whom Frederick and his wife delighted to honour, and of the nation he represents, that he will be able to give the explanation demanded, and to prove that he was incapable of betraying his high trust and trifling with the constitutional affairs of a great nation. It would be altogether out of keeping with the honourable and chivalric character of the deceased Emperor to suppose him capable of being a party to such a deception as that alleged, even in the interests of his beloved consort. Furthermore, it seems impossible to accept the statement ascribed to Dr. Mackenzie without impugning either the honour or the professional skill of the distinguished German physicians who were associated with him throughout, excluding those renowned specialists to whom the diseased matter from the patient's throat was repeatedly submitted for analysis. On the whole, and until Dr. Mackenzie is heard from, it seems much more reasonable to suppose that he has made no such assertion as that ascribed to him, especially as the making of it under the circumstances would be as little creditable to his Scotch shrewdness as to his personal and professional honour.

JOBBERY for caste's sake or jobbery for money's sake, which is the worst? These are, according to the *London Spectator*, the alternations now before the English people. The question is suggested by the revelations which are being made before the Commission charged with the enquiry into the operations of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Board has not yet been heard in its own defence, but unless the evidence, documentary and verbal, has been artistically cooked, which the *Spectator* thinks impossible under the circumstances, corruption has been rife under the management of this most important of English municipal authorities. "Men influential in guiding its decisions have been paid hard cash to misguide them." "Applicants seeking grants of sites and other favours have obtained them by bribing employes or others of influence with the Board." The Board, as a Board, is almost certainly inno-

cent of conniving at or endorsing bribery, but by the same token must stand convicted of glaring incompetence. This is Parliamentary opinion. The worst symptom, as the *Spectator* rightly thinks, is that the public seem to care so little about the matter. This, it argues, is the outcome of the great change which is taking place in English affairs, a change which it believes to be right, but recognizes as inevitable, the change from government by caste to government by election. The caste did not state though it jobbed outrageously for caste's sake, not for money. The new order of things creates a set of men who desire money above all things, and are ready to sell honour, influence, "practical ability," carefully acquired "knowledge of detail," everything in short, for money. It is, then, a most reasonable and righteous demand that the people, before the mischief goes farther, shall make the laws harder, so that a jobber who takes a bribe shall be as punishable as a forger or a thief, as easily and as severely. Why not? It is not in the Old Country alone that the need is felt of sharper, clearer and more easily applied laws to put an end to such practices. Such laws, too, on either side of the Atlantic, if properly enforced, would prove powerful and much-needed educators of the public conscience.

SHOULD the white Pasha who is moving forward in the Bahr-el-Ghazel province prove to be Henry M. Stanley, news of his further movements will be awaited with great curiosity and interest. The scanty despatches seem to hint at the possibility of his being engaged in a more ambitious project than that of relieving Emin Bey. Can it be that he has appropriated the mantle of Gordon, and conceived the daring design of carrying to completion the unfinished projects of that brave chieftain? For a man of ambitious and daring spirit such a scheme would have strong attractions. He may have discovered that Emin Bey stands in no need of immediate succour. Or it is conceivable that he may have resolved on the occupancy of Khartoum, with the prestige its recapture and the release of its white slaves would confer, as the surest road to the relief of Emin. A leader in the position of Stanley, at the head of a force in the heart of Africa, is in reality an autocratic sovereign and is not to be judged by ordinary rules. Why might not an American think it a worthy ambition to avenge the death of an English commander and wipe away the reproach of an English expedition?

THE statement said to have been made by Assistant Secretary Maynard from Washington in a letter to Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, that "the present instructions of the Treasury Department regarding the killing of fur seals in Behring's Sea by the crews either of American or foreign vessels, are the same as were in force during past seasons, and that any such vessels found engaged in taking and killing seals in such waters will be liable to seizure," calls attention to the very unsatisfactory state of things in regard to this matter. Diplomatic movements are proverbially slow, but it does seem as if Canadians interested should have some more definite assurance that their interests would be protected and the losses of those who have suffered wrong and outrage made good within some reasonable date. It is inconceivable that the United States Government should attempt any claim to exclusive rights in the waters of this wide sea. In fact, so far as appears, it has scrupulously refrained from urging any such claim. And yet on no other ground can the issuance of such instructions as these above described be reconciled with any proper regard for the rights either of its own citizens or those of other nations. There is a mystery about the business which will, we suppose, be some day cleared up. But in the meantime the present unsatisfactory state of affairs surely demand urgent representations by the Canadian Government or their High Commissioner in England.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW withdrew his name from the list of candidates before the Chicago Convention, on the ground that his connection with railway matters was likely to prove disastrous to the fortunes of the Republican party, should he become the nominee. If certain influential Republican journals in the West, such as the *Chicago Tribune*, can be relied on as exponents of Western feeling, Mr. Depew's self-sacrifice will have been made in vain. The same anti-railroad monopoly influence will be invoked against Mr. Harrison, who has the misfortune to be a railroad attorney, whom the *Tribune* calls "the residuary legatee of the president of the New York Central railroad," and "the heir to the New York Central influence." It may be that as the conflict progresses the power of party loyalty may prove sufficient to bring up the refractory forces and close the broken ranks, but at present the outlook can scarcely be considered hopeful. Both unity and enthusiasm are needed in much larger measure than is yet promised, in order to give the party any prospect of success.

IN the current number of the *Andover Review*, Rev. D. N. Beach, of Cambridge, presents the results of an experiment commenced about two years ago at Harvard University. It will be remembered that at that time, on the petition of the students, and after mature deliberation and much misgiving on the part of many, the Faculty repealed all compulsory regulations in regard to the attendance of students at morning prayers and Sunday evening preaching. The innovation was very wisely carried farther, not only compulsion, but sectarianism was done away with. At the same time an attempt was made to infuse new life into these religious services, and so to supply in the form of increased attractiveness and adaptation to the wants of students that which was to be lost in arbitrary inducements to attendance. To this end the oversight of arrangements for the conduct of these exercises was put into the hands of a committee of five University preachers, representing the chief Protestant denominations. The result has been on the whole most encouraging to the advocates of absolute religious voluntarism. Mr. Beach says that there was never more religious activity at Harvard than there is to-day. The vespers are very largely attended. The Sunday evening attendance varies with the preacher, but is always respectable and often large. One excellent result has been the preparation and delivery of a series of discourses by very able men, not following in the line of the stereotyped orthodox sermon, but dealing with the great religious issues of the day, and exploring the deeper currents of modern thought with a fearless, yet reverent, love of truth and an anxiety to know and face all objections which cannot but prove of the highest value to truth-seeking students through all their future course. The stand thus taken by a leading American University in favour of pure voluntarism will, there is little doubt, soon be recognized by other institutions of learning as the only logical and defensible position in religious matters.

THE German Emperor's speech at the opening of the Reichstag struck a note quite different in the main from that which pervaded his addresses to the army and the people. The declarations now made in favour of peace are much less ambiguous. The reliance for peace it is true is still upon the army. The argument addressed to rival nations is mainly one of menace. Little is said of the virtues of mutual forbearance and goodwill. The young Emperor becomes almost jubilant when he refers to the new army laws, which he describes in another less formal address as having brought great joy to the heart of his grandfather and to his own. But all this is not matter of surprise, since Germany is now, and is likely to be for many years to come, first of all and above all a military nation. Perhaps, in view of the intense hostility of France on the one hand and the aggressive militarism of Russia on the other, it would not be easy or safe for her to assume any other attitude than of conscious strength and armed defiance. The reference to the alliance with Austria becomes doubly interesting and significant by reason of the omission of any similar reference to Great Britain, which makes it tolerably certain that the British Government is adhering to that policy of non-interference in European compacts which is now becoming traditional, or, at least, that, contrary to the prevailing impression, it has no formal alliance such as that or Austria with the German Empire. The address to the Reichstag is said to have been written after long conference with Prince Bismarck, and the impress of the great Chancellor is upon it throughout. The voice may be the voice of William, but the words are evidently the words of Bismarck. This is, so far, reassuring as a pledge that the same far-seeing counsels that have so long guided the affairs of the empire, and controlled the destinies of all Europe, will still, for a time, be supreme.

ANOTHER interesting and significant part of the German Emperor's address was that in which he indicated his views with regard to the internal government of the nation. In this, as in military matters, the Emperor takes his grandfather as his model. The system of paternal government is to be continued. Imperial legislation is still to undertake to do for the working people that which in more democratic countries the people are learning to do for themselves. They are to be afforded by law that further protection which "is needed by the weak and oppressed in their struggle for existence." The vague promise is held out that "in this way it may be possible to arrive at an equalization of unhealthy social contrasts;" though how such equalization is to be effected, whether the process is to be one of levelling up or levelling down, we are not informed. In another sentence the Emperor conveys an ominous hint to the Socialistic element which is becoming so powerful in the population. The policy is evidently to be, as hitherto, one of stern suppression rather than of conciliation or political education. On the whole it is hard to feel that the security afforded for permanent peace either at home

or with foreign nations is very reliable. So long as the strong hand of the man of iron will is upon the helm the ship will probably move along pretty much in the old course. But when that hand is removed, an event which cannot in the course of nature be long delayed, it is pretty clear that forces now held in check will begin to operate powerfully, with what results to the peace of the Empire and of Europe time alone can tell.

A CREMATION society has lately been established in Berne, Switzerland. M. Gobat, a member of the Government of the Berne Canton, is the President, and at the first meeting of the society more than three hundred members were enrolled, which, in so small a place, indicates the strength of the movement. This is the only note of progress of the cremationist idea we have observed for some time, though it would seem as if, in populous communities, and especially in the neighbourhood of large cities, sanitary considerations must sooner or later compel some reform in the mode of disposing of the dead. The advantages of cremation from a sanitary point of view are, no doubt, incontrovertible, and it would seem as if the sentimental considerations which are the main obstacle to its adoption, can hardly maintain their influence on fuller consideration. As the *Manchester Examiner* observes, "It is difficult to understand how a cultured mind can see anything more beautiful in the burial of the body than in consigning it to the purifying fire."

LATE English papers republish or comment upon a remarkable statement in the Japan weekly *Mail*. It is to the effect that the publicists of that wonderful country are discussing the propriety of adopting the Christian religion as the official religion of the nation. It is further stated that there is strong reason, apart from the account in the *Mail*, for believing that not only the publicists, but the real councillors and rulers of the Empire are earnestly considering the question, and that many of them are of opinion that such a step is essential to the further progress in that civilization which has become enshrined in the Japanese heart, the great object of ambition. Of course there is strong opposition, but it is, nevertheless, considered by no means impossible that Christianity may be declared by Imperial decree the official religion of the Empire. Such an event could not, we are reminded, be without precedent in the history of Christianity. It would be analagous to that which took place in the Roman Empire under Constantine, and in Russia under the first Vladimir. Such a change would be made, if made at all by the Japanese rulers, as a mere matter of policy, designed to facilitate the advancement of civilization and the arts. It may be, too, that moral effects would not be wholly lost sight of. The Japanese seem to have outgrown their old superstitions and to be now well nigh creedless, and their rulers are no doubt shrewd enough to know that a people without a religion is trebly exposed to anarchy. Of course no intelligent Christians will suppose that a people can be made religious by an Imperial proclamation, or that such a proclamation would necessarily redound to the honour of the New Testament system, opposed as it would be in its methods and aims to the whole teaching and spirit of that system. That it might, as the *Spectator* suggests, have the effect of making the Japanese civilization a little more humane and a little less impure, by putting a stop to inhuman and unchristian practices, we may readily believe.

THE "AYER CASE" AND ITS LESSONS.

THE need of a reform in our Customs' Act, or in the mode of its administration, or in both, is strongly emphasized by the judgment of the Supreme Court in the case of Ayer & Co. Here is a case in which a firm which Chief Justice Ritchie, after careful sifting of the evidence, declares to have carried on its business with perfect honesty, and without any attempt to evade in any way the payment of lawful duties, has been made to suffer enormous expense and loss, as well as all the annoyance and chagrin connected with the seizure and confiscation of its goods and trial in a court of justice, all through the excessive zeal of Customs' officials in the exercise of the great and arbitrary powers they have hitherto been accustomed to wield. There seems little doubt that the Government is liable, in this instance, to be mulcted in heavy damages, for the business of the firm must have suffered immense injury in consequence of the action which is now pronounced entirely unwarranted.

The incident will, surely, have the effect of bringing up for re-consideration the whole subject of our Customs' administration. The questionable practice of giving official informers a large pecuniary interest in the conviction of merchants accused of undervaluation or other attempts to defraud the revenue, should be subjected to the closest scrutiny. It is a practice

which nothing but absolute and proved necessity can justify. Of still greater importance is it, in the interests of justice, that all questions arising under the Customs' Act, involving the property and reputation of business men and firms, should be submitted to an independent tribunal, unless cause can be shown for deeming the present system, under which the functions of prosecutor and judge are largely exercised by the same authority, indispensable in the public interests. The special difficulties in the way of strict enforcement of the Customs' Act are, no doubt, many and serious. They may be found to justify a certain amount of absolutism, but the burden of proof must rest upon the Department which has recourse to exceptional methods. On the face of it, it certainly seems as if some of the powers and prerogatives now used in the name of the Minister of Customs were incompatible with the liberty of the subject.

THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGAIN.

SOME time ago we drew attention to the remarks of Mr. Justice Baby, in giving judgment on the Montreal detective case. We then pointed out that private detectives were not only, as the judge declared, unnecessary and a nuisance; but that, so far from forwarding the ends of justice, they rather obstructed them. The distinct tendency of their action was either to annoy the innocent or to protect the guilty. A very remarkable comment on part of this statement has recently come under the public eye in the arrest of Constable Smith and his wife as implicated in the murder of Joseph Priestman.

There is only one redeeming feature in this case, namely the laudable desire of the Priestman family to discover the murderer of their relative. It was quite natural that they should be unwilling to let the matter rest when the public verdict has been given that Priestman had died not by his own hand, but by the hand of an assassin, and that assassin was at large and unknown. It was quite proper, and indeed a duty, to take all legitimate means of discovering, if that were possible, the perpetrator of so horrible a crime. But here again it is shown that illegitimate means, instead of helping towards the discovery of the criminal, will rather tend to make that discovery less probable.

The general fact that these people applied to a private detective or to a private detective company is all that seems to be known at present. Who the person or persons forming the company may be we have not as yet been told. But their method of procedure is unique. It would seem that there is even a deeper depth than that of the private detective, that there are things to be done so base that he must employ a tool inferior to himself. It is not easy to imagine anything much baser than the conduct of the man who attempted to procure evidence against the Smiths.

It can never be a pleasant thing to employ any child as a witness against a parent. It is a provision of the law that a wife is protected from being summoned as a witness against her husband, and only in case of due necessity, or when we are satisfied that otherwise there would be a miscarriage of justice, would there be justification for using the witness of a child against a father or mother. But in such a case there should surely be great care taken that the child should do no more than tell what it ever knew.

The way in which the evidence of the child, Patience Smith, was worked up was nothing short of abominable. It is to be presumed that the man who professed to make love to this poor girl, really believed that there were grounds for the suspicion that her parents were implicated in the murder of Priestman, or that his employers were of that opinion. All kinds of devices seem to have been resorted to in order to get up a case, and the result is the most complete collapse that we can remember in any case of suspected or accused person.

One part of the case it is hardly possible to believe, and yet there seems to be no escape from it. It would actually appear that the girl Smith was induced to tell a story which, in its main points, was false, and yet which, had it been believed, would have led to the conviction of one or other of her parents. Happily the poor child broke down and contradicted herself, and so the castle of cards fell to pieces. But it is most shocking to believe—and we see no way of escape from the belief—that some of the persons connected with the getting up of this case had actually concocted this so-called evidence, had put it into the mouth of this poor girl, and had induced her to perjure herself before the magistrate. Most mercifully she was unable to go through with the horrid business; but no thanks for this to the conspirators who had brought her into that situation.

We do not pretend to a full knowledge of the points of law which are involved in this affair; but there can be no doubt that the getting up of false evidence is a criminal offence, and this should be dealt with at once. The regular police do not seem to have distinguished themselves, or to have

shown much sagacity in taking the matter up on the representations which were made to them; but surely they are competent to deal with the offence of the man who concocted the evidence of the girl Smith. The ends of justice will be defeated if that offender is allowed to escape; and incidentally the investigation of his crime may lead to the public obtaining some knowledge of the manner in which it is thought lawful by these private detectives to conduct their business.

SHAKESPEAREAN GHOULS.

SHAKESPEARE, thy muse, like Atlas, holds a heaven
Of literature above our pigmy souls,
The science of its shining stars enrolls
Full many a modern sage, to whom is given
A parasitic fame for having striven
To search the sparkling spaces of thy mind.
Fear not, Great Bard, though infidels unkind
The Maker from his universe have driven
On their poor charts. Forgive such crack-brained spite
"These undevout astronomers are mad,"
And in the bitter curse which thou didst write,
Include them not; although in truth as bad
As body-snatcher is the impious wight
Who delves to earth thy living name from sight.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

LONDON LETTER.

I THINK it is a scent, a scent, and, in a fainter degree, a tune which recall to one's remembrances, quicker than anything else, episodes belonging to those better days when winters were colder and longer, and summers were hotter and pleasanter than they are now. Half-forgotten ridiculous little adventures flash across one's memory, because (perhaps) a tuberose happens to be close to one's hand: a twist of Travellers' Joy and a branch of sweetbriar will make one start as if one had met a ghost instead of a posy, while an air, ground from a barrel organ, has an effect of causing squares and streets to disappear when Arcady, or whatever spot the tune may remind you, takes its place. And I have written this truism in consequence of an odour of syringa (wafted from over the gardens that give onto this lime-fringed Kew Green), which infallibly produces for me, as the fumes of the Arabian Jar produced the Geni, the figure of that kindly clever artist, Mr. Ward, at the back of whose house in Kensington Park used to grow bushes of these beautiful white flowers.

I cannot imagine a more delightful companion than this painter of history-faces, whose excellent reliable memory was stored with all sorts of information always ready to hand, and whose genial manner won for him the affection of young and old: and to this day I remember with peculiar pleasure visits paid to his studio when one could see for oneself some of the great people who were then troubling one's school days. Louise of Prussia and Napoleon, Charles the IX. at the bedside of Coligny (the best of the later pictures) Marie Antoinette and her daughter—dressed in their bravest, high lights very accentuated, eyes and complexions at their brightest, visions, as I then thought, of loveliness. But if I were not discriminating about the art, I was wise enough to feel the sterling qualities of the artist, and am glad to think I have known one at least of that brave old set of painters who were famous in their different ways in the middle of this century. Of Mr. Ward you may read a sympathetic account in Lord Ronald Gower's Reminiscences, and those of us who remember the handsome grey-eyed man—contemporary of Landseer, Maclise, Phillip, Creswick, Clarkson Stanfield—endorse every word of the eulogy. Mrs. Oliphant's "Mr. Sanford" in the *Cornhill*, a month or two back, reminds one to a certain extent of Ward's troubled last days; that was inevitable, but the clever, painful story, with its shrewd touches, applies to many another of his comrades. I do not believe that we, the public, are fickle: we are quick to understand the work that appeals to us, and stick to our old favourites, taking interest year after year in those who give us what we best understand. Fashions change to a certain extent in art, but ninety-nine out of a hundred of us care nothing for that, and contentedly crowd round a Village Wedding or a Race Course, a bit of Thames scenery, or an illustration from "The Vicar of Wakefield," undisturbed by any critical remarks whatsoever. But the people who buy pictures are made of different stuff to those who only look at them: they understand, of course, the market value of the canvases, and can tell you to a month when the dealers left off patronizing Brown and took to buying Jones' pieces as fast as he could turn them out; and, in the hands of these patrons, the fate of the ordinary artist lies. Once the stream of gold turns from the studio doors it never retraces its steps, and if from carelessness, or what not, the waters have not been dammed, woe betide the dwellers by those dry, dusty banks. Men, who from having more work than they could get through during those prosperous Manchester years—from, say 1850 to 1875—have since then had to sell their pictures, if they sell them at all, for the smallest of sums, and only by some lucky chance, of which they are fully aware. Make hay while the sun shines, say you, but have you ever known anyone in the front lines, or even in the rank of this army of painters, who has been endowed with prudence? It hardly exists, I think, when the temperament is only as much as tinged with the many-hued magic fluid called Artistic Feeling, and when that charming fairy gift colours every quality I am persuaded that its owner never possesses the excellent old-fashioned cardinal virtue.

Last autumn in the Saltaire picture gallery I came upon the great

Lexicographer (very like him whom Sir Joshua painted, only more so) sitting at dinner with ugly Wilkes and self-satisfied Boswell, and other of our friends, over a dish of roast veal. We all know the scene; have we not been of the party a score of times? Though the canvas was unsigned, I recognized it for a Ward as one recognizes writing with which one is familiar, though the signature may not be attached; and, looking at the brilliant lights, dexterously-painted velvet coats, silk stockings, silver swords, and shining eyes, at all the tricks and mannerisms I knew so well, I seemed again to hear the painter's delightful talk—stories and mimicry of good old Lord Northwick, descriptions of Bulwer Lytton and Knebworth, tales of student days at Rome—and again I listened to the laugh and quick answer to some idle joke. I think it was Dr. Johnson who said that the size of a man's understanding might always be justly measured by his mirth: he could not have failed to have formed a high estimate of Ward's wit and parts, had he met the artist before repeated disappointments unnerved him.

Mr. Ward died at Windsor eight or nine years ago; but here, in the sun on Kew Green, with the smell of syringa round about, it seems as if he must still be living in the well remembered London villa, cheerful, courageous, hopeful; certain that the dealers would again flock to his painting room, as in the days of *The South Sea Bubble* and *The Landing of William of Orange*, quite sure and certain that the depression was only temporary. Alas, those good times never did return; though one is none the worse for hoping, I take it.

In the centre of this charming old green is the village church, and as I look over the low wall that divides the cricket players from the crosses and flowers, halting verse and pathetic epitaphs with which we decorate our dead, I can see the grave of Gainsborough, who lies by the side of his friend Kirby, the architect, and not far from Zoffany and Meyer: and I am again reminded of Ward, for it was he who restored the tomb of Sir Joshua's rival, and set a tablet to his memory on the south wall of the quaint Queen Anne chapel. As a favour, I am shown in the mausoleum, at the back of the altar, the velvet and gilt coffin of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. A golden crown is on the bed cushion; about are heaped wreaths of immortelles. This son of George III. has been dead thirty-seven years, but his wife, whose wedding Queen Charlotte attended, is still alive, and listens contentedly to the music of the band playing outside her windows in St. James's Palace—and listening in the cool fragrance of the aisles, the verger tells me this or that, points out the organ and the Royal pew; but I hear without heeding, for the strong smell of paints and turpentine is in my memory, overpowering the flowers, and Ward's quiet hearty tone drowns the voice of my guide.

Do you know the red brick palace past the gates that face this green? Once, not long ago, some one unlocked the great front doors for me, and I was privileged to wander up and down the corridors, into the dismantled rooms, where soft to your tread fine Turkey carpets line the floor, and girandoles (the twinkling lights are but just put out) branch from the walls, and into the corners are pushed, against the narrow, dim looking-glass, pieces of old furniture—a card table or a straight-backed armchair. I declare I could hear the king's hoarse voice, as he talked, talked to his doctors in that dark saloon, and I saw the pages on their stools in the passages, and heard the rustle of the ladies' silk gowns, as they went to and from the anxious, sad Queen and the crying Princesses. Against the windows of the powdering closet wood pigeons cooed just as their ancestors did when little Amelia threw crumbs to them over her nursery bars, and the evening shadows fell on the sundial, and the leaves and grass were exactly of the same quality of green as when the company lingered on the lawns here after supper, a hundred years ago. Yesterday the bells tinkled (you can see the names now of each: "Princess Augusta's Room," says one inscription; "The King's Library," says another), and the teacups clinked, and the children laughed over their games, and Her Majesty wept when certain documents were brought her from town which told her it was imperative a Regent should be appointed. Then Fielding was read under these trees (*pace* Mr. Stevenson) and *Eveline*, Mr. Richardson's moral works, and Dr. Browning's *Travels in Germany*. To-day on the bench under the lines lie the letters of Dorothy Osborne—of course, you, too, are her devoted friend and humble servant. Everyone is quoting her sensible, humorous words, envying Mr. Temple his first perusal of them—and we Cockneys are free to peer with curious eyes at this sacred Royal home, now empty and forlorn, on which the attention of the English people once was fixed. Stand if you will in the avenue that leads to the river, and watch the craft bound for Richmond or Greenwich; follow the grass-grown paths within the enclosure, and you come to the Tea-house, hung with Hogarths and furnished with chairs and cushions, embroidered by those who are dead and gone long since. Across the Brentford Ferry clangs the bell, tolling for that Hero who belongs not to Germany alone, but to all the world, whom death has just now claimed. "*Et in Arcadia ego*" is painted on a tomb in a Poussin landscape on the Louvre walls. If you go to the cottage yonder among the elms, where the fine folk played at simplicity, or to the Palace surrounded by smiling gardens, that dismal sound still strikes upon your ears; and even Dorothy's company, and her natural, unaffected talk (by the side of which her editor, a son of the late Sergeant Parry, by the way, shows to disadvantage) fail to turn the mind from the sad, sad thoughts that crowd into one's memory at the episode in the history of our times, for which the bells ring through this peaceful afternoon.

Did it require Laurence Oliphant, I wonder, to write from the summit of Mount Carmel with an inspired pen (at least, he says it is inspired, and he ought to know), did it require Mr. Oliphant, I say, to convince us that there is, in very truth, that Hereafter which, from our childhood, we have been taught to respect, that abode, where, in the beautiful Bible language, all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and where shall be no

more sorrow or pain? Our Teacher from the mountain does not promise us a city surrounded by Jasper walls, with streets paved with gold, like the countryman's idea of London, but he bids us know, and he says this very emphatically, that death—which, by the way, you will remember Bacon calls the least of all evils—is a necessity to the soul's progress, and must no longer be dreaded; that our lost brothers and sisters are as near, perhaps nearer, to us than ever they were in the flesh: and that there is a Heaven, an Immortality for those who have done anything to deserve it, but exactly what that paradise may be he cannot tell—so, after all, your prophet knows no more than you or I. Perhaps what strikes the reader most is that the writer's life should be so extraordinarily different to that of the ordinary person, and the stay-at-home is lost in wonder at the uses to which the wandering author is putting his days and his intelligence; for the same hours which to us seem comparatively so little, what are they to him? While the intelligence that formerly was content to give us brilliant and amusing volumes is now solely occupied in producing literature of the type of this new book—an unwholesome type enough, smacking as it does of the confused involved talk of the Spiritualist, and bewildering one with what is but unprofitable speculation. But soon, let us hope, Mr. Oliphant will leave the still solitude of Carmel and descend to the busy plain where the air is easier to breathe and where he will find many little homely groups each in its right place (children leaning against their mother's knee, fathers tilling in the fields), untroubled by any desire for uncanny adventures, satisfied with such daily miracles as the rising sun and moon, the growth of tree and flower, with no thought of searching after stranger miracles than these; and from these fireside groups what can he not learn? You remember among Lowell's verse his *Parable of the Violet*? The poet is right—when is the Poet ever wrong?—indeed, one should not require signs and tokens from the mountain height when at one's door a thousand familiar voices speak of the Divinity.

WALTER POWELL.

AUTOCRACY IN M'GILL COLLEGE.

In the spring of 1882, the corporation of McGill College had its attention called to the consideration of what it ought to do for the Higher Education of women. Prof. J. Clark Murray gave notice of a resolution to the effect that the classes of the College be thrown open to women. In due time the resolution was moved, a committee appointed to examine the question, and their report was presented. Hot discussion ensued, as, notwithstanding that there was a large majority in favour of the resolution, there was also a disguised hesitation to proceed to the final step. This hesitation arose from a feeling of deference to the Principal, who was known to be keenly opposed to the movement, and who, with one or two others, constituted the minority. At this stage in the discussion a special endowment of \$50,000, afterwards increased to \$120,000, was announced, with the curious coincidence of a stipulation that it should be applied to establishing a separate course for women.

The corporation is composed of the Principal and Governors—a board of fifteen gentlemen, of whom thirteen represent merchandise, and two, learning—self-elective, a close body, and responsible to no one. Next comes an additional element of twenty-nine Fellows, of whom but a small proportion are representatives. As the world has never shown itself so eager in the worship of principle apart from money as it has in the worship of money apart from principle, Prof. Murray's resolution was temporarily set aside, the special endowment was accepted, and a separate course for women was inaugurated in 1884.

Thus the mover of the resolution was left alone in his protest against deciding a vitally important question upon any basis but its own merits, and, during the four years of the experiment, the College has been frequently and forcibly reminded of its injudicious action.

As might have been foreseen, the original resolution, like all movements which have suffered unjust treatment, would not down; but, by the persistent vigour of the opinion it created, and is still creating, in its favour, kept cropping up in every direction. The graduates and undergraduates have been all along practically unanimous in their desire for co-education; the lady undergraduates held a discussion in their Debating Hall, when co-education carried the day against two dissenting voices, and the sentiment in Montreal—so far as Montreal is interested enough in McGill to possess or express a sentiment—is likewise favourable. Luxuries, if they can sport a pedigree, have never much difficulty in securing an advocacy. But it is to be presumed that in a young and struggling country, with young and struggling Colleges, young and struggling endowments, the guiding principle in a question of this kind should be one of an extremely prudent expenditure of means towards an end.

A Californian has recently given millions to establish a University; Mr. Cornell, a quarter-of-a-million for alterations necessary to fit buildings for the co-educational system; but McGill has regarded \$50,000 as the figure at which an academic policy may be purchased, and \$120,000 as the endowment of a complete course in arts. Nor is this all. It has just vaunted an announcement of a proposed scheme for launching the separate course into an independent College—one of a chain of four, with \$250,000 between them. Of the \$50,000, a considerable part of the sum must have been spent upon class-rooms, etc., leaving possibly \$30,000 or \$40,000. This at six per cent. would yield \$1,800 or \$2,400 per annum to open a full course in arts, mathematics, modern languages, classics, history and literature, natural science, philosophy and logic. Now what increase of salary has this left for the Professors who have done double work? One might be pardoned for supposing that the real endowment had been from those Professors themselves in that they must have given so generously of their time and labour!

The subject in general has just received an unexpected and fortunate revival. Professor Murray had set aside his personal opinion for the time, and has certainly given the experiment his most active support in his own subjects—philosophy and logic; but, being a Scotchman and a graduate of Glasgow, and having been educated in Edinburgh as well as in the grand old Universities of the continent—and not in McGill—he has from time to time, as occasion prompted, expressed his unaltered views on the merits of the question. The administration has adopted the policy of ignoring these merits, and of crushing every attempt to discuss them. The Young Ladies' Debating Society was officially reprimanded for its imprudence! A proposed joint-conversazione of the young men and women was prohibited! To the surprise of not a few, therefore, appeared the statement, in the *University Gazette* of February 22, that the "authorities did not look with horror on a joint-conversazione. On the contrary, they encouraged the joint-meetings, and aided them with sympathy and support, without which they could not have been a success." Neither the joint-meetings nor the joint-conversazione ever took place!

In his public official utterance at the recent Convocation, when replying to the Lady-Valedictorian's address, Sir William Dawson's account of the movement is as follows:—

When, four years ago the representatives of this class called on me with reference to admission to the Faculty of Arts, I was already in a position to say that the regulations of the University recognized the right of women to take the examination for Senior Associate in Arts, and, therefore, that if a sufficient class should offer and means could be found for its tuition, there could be no difficulty in the matter, in so far as preparation for the intermediate examination was concerned. When it was ascertained that eight young women who had taken certificates as Associates in Arts were prepared to enter, I considered the first condition to be met. But the second was one of greater difficulty, more especially as it was evident that if anything was to be done it should be done well, and in a manner creditable to the University and likely to be permanent. In addition, therefore, to leading gentlemen in McGill I consulted with the ladies who had been most influential in the Ladies' Educational Association, and with my friend Canon Norman, the Vice-Chancellor of Bishop's College, who had been acting with us on behalf of that University in the examination of women as Senior Associates, and who, as Chairman of the Commissioners of Schools, was interested in the High School pupils. The pressure incident to the preparations for the British Association in the autumn of 1884, and the absence from town of leading members of the University, caused, however, some inevitable delay in giving the matter a definite form. But just at this time, and while the meeting of the Association was in progress, I was one day called out of the Geological Section by Sir Donald Smith, who had come to intimate his intended gift of \$50,000 in aid of the higher education of women. No gift could have been more opportune; and in so far as I was concerned it was entirely unsolicited. It placed us in a position at once to make arrangements for the classes, but in order to commence these in time for the expectant candidates, and to prevent them from losing a session, the details of the work of the first year had to be extemporized, and class rooms borrowed from the museum, in advance even of the formal deed of gift by which the endowment was transferred to the University.

Not a word said of the two years' discussion in corporation! Not the most distant allusion to co-education! The separate classes taken for granted as the beginning and the end of all!

A watchful eye has been kept upon Professor Murray, and a suspicious ear has followed his utterances. A speech of his at the graduate's annual dinner, and some remarks made at an afternoon tea brought matters to a climax. The statutes of the University were disinterred. A formal indictment was drawn up, demanding from Professor Murray immediate unanimity of opinion on the separate class policy, as well as a guarantee for his future reticence on the subject, and, further, charging him with endangering the half-expected endowment, and with "subverting the discipline and the morals of the students."

It is not for a moment to be supposed that demands and charges of this nature can have been the result of calm and just deliberation, can have emanated from other than the most mistaken notions of what a University should be, of what Professor Murray is, and of what the nineteenth century expects! It is not to be supposed that there is on this continent a single mind, outside the Board of Governors, prepared to associate either those demands or those charges with the name of a gentleman whose scholarly reputation and singularly successful work has done so much to build up McGill. It is, nevertheless, matter for congratulation that the action has called forth condemnation amounting to contempt, and that the Graduates' Society have the affair in hand with a view to special legislation.

The Board of Governors being composed almost entirely of men who, whatever their individual financial success, lay no claim to academic training, to a knowledge of the educational wants of a country, or to academic procedure, we cannot be surprised if, with large personal interests elsewhere, they relegate their duties as governors (for which they neither have taste nor leisure) to that one of their number who is ever ready to command. We may account for this state of things: what is there to excuse it?

The dissatisfaction at McGill is a matter of deep and serious import, leading as it must to a thorough revision of the Constitution of the College.

It must be admitted that in spite of the generous intention of the donor, this special endowment has not increased the efficiency of the University, but the reverse. It has introduced an irritating thorn into its side. It has sapped the physical and intellectual capital of its professorial staff. It has closed the door against additions to an endowment already known by the name of the donor. It has induced the administration to perpetrate an outrage upon freedom of thought and speech which is worthy of the Middle Ages. Moreover, as the calendar informs us that of the students who went in for honours from 1875 to 1888 there were in

1	2	3	4	5	6
Modern Languages.	Mathematics.	Classics.	English.	Nat. Science.	Phil. or Logic.
Prof. Darcy.	Prof. Johnson.	Prof. Cornish.	Prof. Moyses.	Prin. Dawson.	Prof. Murray.
4	7	14	17	22	31

it has led them to insult a gentleman who seems to be the first and most popular educator the College possesses.

ALGONQUIN.

MONTREAL LETTER.

No sooner is there any likelihood that some suspicion of summer warmth and poesy and enthusiasm will insinuate themselves into our chilly temperaments than we fly towards the uttermost parts of the benighted Canadian coast line, thus frustrating Nature's penitential efforts to thaw out the minds and manners. She has been doing everything she could during seven months to congeal. Montreal seems already Pompeian in her desolation. Shuddering, we pass the mute, blind houses which lie like dead things beside the way. These first dark days of nothingness are horrible, yet ere spider locksmiths have doors and windows daintily riveted, and the back-yard has become demoralized as a clandestine rendezvous for feline "moonlighters," we begin to appreciate an existence untrammelled by society's "bitter sweet" exigencies, and leavened with "Letters from Hell," (the book à la mode) and "milk shakes." Then, again those dear illusions concerning our neighbours' moral, mental, and physical capabilities, which even a hundred yards proximity within city limits does nothing to dispel, the most innocent-minded of sea-side hunters whistle down the wind. There are, naturally, despairing exceptions among these latter, exceptions who would go to Timbuctoo with Browning under one arm, and a book of club rules under the other, you may make your choice.

The Dominion Illustrated, resplendent in old gold and agate red, has risen above our horizon. Mr. John Talon-Lesperance, that erudite genial writer is its director; but one must look within the magazine to be apprised of the fact, for he whose name figures so aggressively upon what some happily inspired artist might have made a very tempting cover, has no other connection with *The Dominion* than that of an advertiser. We all know how much *Punch* owes to an original, quaint envelope, while *Truth*, *The Century*, and many periodicals beside would allure us by their pretty dress alone. Fortunately the new magazine's literary and artistic productions are totally out of harmony with its shell. Mr. Talon-Lesperance opens a serial story whose interest will doubtless increase a pace. Mr. W. D. Lighthouse is as poetically patriotic as ever in "The Battle of Laprairie." Both these contributions are also historically instructive. Of course, everybody understands patriotism after his own fashion, but I don't think Mr. George Murray contributes anything less to our literary fame and wealth (*au contraire*), because he gives us delicious translations from the French, than if he hymned all the squaw coquettes that ever cast side glances from beneath their blanket *coiffure*. The knowledge of several languages is indeed to this exquisitely artistic scholar, the possession of several souls. His translations live by the very intangible essence which pervades the originals like some delicate aroma. He aspires, in them, to be a faithful, intelligent copyist, but do we not style such a great artist? Ergo, Mr. Murray, whose aspirations and success as translator are co-existent, we welcome with the warmest admiration, whether he appears in *The Dominion* or elsewhere. "A Week in a Boys' Life," from the French of Jacques Jasmin, is only one of countless lovely translations for whose appearance under gilded covers we look with impatience.

As for the new magazine's artistic attractions, they are many. But why place a hideous cartoon on its front page? The periodical has no pretensions to being "funny;" why, then, make what might eventually become a Canadian "Harper's" the *pot-pourri* one expects to find in railroad termini?

If educated people must reach middle life before they can sympathize with the crowd at their everyday occupations, they will have attained the age and patience of a Biblical hero before they can sympathize with the crowd on a picnic. The fête of St. Jean Baptiste was celebrated here last Monday by all the east-end population, who went *en masse* to St. Helen's Island. This pretty park has been charmingly laid out and forms an admirable resort for the people. Whimpering children, helpless papas, round-bodied old toppers and giggling damozels, behold them promenading, scolding, gossiping, disputing, by the rushing river or along the shady paths. Then they will rest in a great wooden café, strewn, so to speak, with tiny tables, and over ice-cream and lager beer perpetuate the naively inane holiday jokes their grandsires chuckled at under Normandy apple-boughs some two centuries ago.

After the band had played itself hoarse, the rustic platform opposite the grand café was occupied by Dr. Lachapelle, who spoke at interminable length, like an animated Canadian history; by Mr. L. O. David, very warm, very enthusiastic, very thirsty, unobtrusively witty and aggressively historical; by Judge Baby, genial, smiling, satisfactory and satisfied; by Dr. Desjardins; and, finally, by Prince Roland Bonaparte. The Prince came on to the stage with the two last-named gentlemen before Dr. Lachapelle had finished his speech. Do you think this inveterate orator would stop an instant and let the people cheer? Not at all. But I don't know whether that bovine crowd would have cheered unless some one had suggested it to them. A single little enthusiast cried out on seeing the Prince, "*Mais criez dono, c'est le Prince Roland.*" Nobody noticed the injunction, and Dr. Lachapelle continued his discourse until he saw fit to introduce the noble guest, when a few limping cheers went up.

Prince Bonaparte must have modified his French manners for the occasion, but what he lost in grace he gained in sincerity. Tall, rather stout, and boyishly heavy, he has all a boy's charm of frank speech and gesture. The thick, short black hair outlines a narrow, well developed forehead. The nose is long, finely cut, and sensitive, while a small moustache but half conceals the full lips. Prince Roland has been bronzed by the sun, while his dark, intelligent eyes are those of a student. Pass from the presence of western millionaires into that of well-bred Englishmen, and you will not experience greater satisfaction than we felt on Monday when Prince Roland opened his mouth after the French-Canadian orators

had ceased speaking. What he said seemed not very wonderful: He was surprised and pleased to find Canada as it was; had remained here much longer than he had intended; would often return to see us, etc., etc.; but all this he spoke so naively, with that deliciously rich accent of Parisian growth, that it was worth countless high-flown tirades in execrable French. Then he ended by crying "Vive le Canada!" when everybody shrieked as everybody might have shrieked before.

According to the recent comments of the press in the Ayer case, there is no more auspicious moment to attack an institution than when the public attack it. I was conversing some time ago with a Chinaman, who by the way, far surpassed in politeness and intelligence his Christian brothers of the same class, and apropos of his artistic wares, he told me that when they arrived here accompanied by an invoice written in Chinese, another written in English was demanded, while the former an authority declared useless.

"In what language," asked the Chinaman, "would you write your invoices were you sending goods to China?"

"Why in English, of course, but that isn't the same thing."

The goods were seized for undervaluation, but, after some parley, the Chinaman gained his case.

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE ARTIST'S PRAYER.*

HE IS, MORE JUSTLY, THE REALITY.

I KNOW thee not, O Spirit fair!

O Life and flying Unity
Of Loveliness! Must man despair
Forever in his chase of thee?

When snowy clouds flash silver-gilt,
Then feel I that thou art on high!
When fire o'er all the west is spilt,
Flames at its heart thy majesty.

Thy beauty basks on far, blue hills;
It smiles in eve's wine-coloured sea:
Its jewelled flashes light the rills;
In calm Ideals it mocks at me.

Thy glances strike from many a lake
That lines through woodland 'scapes a sheen,
Yet to thine eyes I never wake,
They glance, but they remain unseen.

I know thee not, O Spirit fair!
Thou fillest heaven: the stars are thee:
Whatever fleets with beauty rare,
Fleets radiant from thy mystery.

Forever thou art near my grasp;
Thy touches pass in twilight air;
Yet still—thy shape elude my clasp:—
I know thee not, thou Spirit fair!

O Ether proud and vast and great
Above the legions of the stars!
To this thou art not adequate:—
Nor Rainbow's iris scimitars.

I know thee not, thou Spirit sweet!
I chained, pursue, while thou art free.
Sole by the smile I sometimes meet
I know thou, Vast One, knowest me.

In old religion hadst thou place:
Long, long, O Vision, our pursuit!
Yea, monad, fish and childlike brute
Through countless ages dreamt thy grace.

Grey nations felt thee o'er them tower,
Some clothed thee in fantastic dress;
Some thought thee as the Unknown Power;
I e'en the unknown Loveliness.

To all thou wert as harps of joy;
To bard and sage their fulgent sun;
To priests their mystic life's employ;
But unto me the Lovely One.

Veils clothed thy night: veils draped thy charm:
The might they tracked, but I the grace:
They learnt all forces were thine Arm:
I that all beauty was thy Face.

Night spares us little. Wanderers we,
Our rapt delights, our wisdoms rare,
But shape our darknesses of thee,—
We know thee not, thou Spirit fair.

Would that thine awful Peerlessness
An hour could shine o'er heaven and earth!
And I the archangel's power possess
To drink the cup:—O godlike birth!

All life impels me to thy search:
Without Thee yea to live were null:
Still must I make the Dawn thy Church,
And pray thee: "God the Beautiful."

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

* "God is the ideal of the perfectly beautiful."—VICTOR COUSIN.

LIQUOR LAW IN THE TERRITORIES—A SUGGESTION.

UPON one point connected with the existing Territorial Liquor Law are most parties agreed, and that is in considering some alteration a necessity. The reason is that the circumstances of the country which the law was framed to meet, are completely changed.

For the information of those who recognize this fact, but do not understand how the prohibition of intoxicants originated, it may be stated that they were first excluded at the instance of the Hudson's Bay Company. In bringing about this, at the time, very desirable prohibition, the company, which up to that date traded in rum, desired the protection of its vested interests. Later on the increased safety afforded scattered settlers, by withholding what would necessarily inflame the ferocious nature of the savages, was recognized; but now the white population has grown so strong that many consider it a very severe exercise of self-denial to be deprived of good beer or may be something stronger. On the other hand the total abstainers, who, somewhat illogically, arrogate to themselves the title of the Temperance Party, are naturally most unwilling to loose an inch of the ground, however prepared, which has only been approached by their brethren elsewhere, at the cost of weary and determined effort. What does excite surprise is that the so-called Temperance Party does not see that in striving after what in the nature of things is unattainable, namely, complete prohibition, it is defeating its professed object. How comes it then that, as is universally admitted, the present law is so largely inoperative and generally objectionable? Chiefly because the extent of territory requiring to be watched is so vast that an army of police would not suffice to guard against the operations of smugglers and illicit distillers, and still more because a large proportion of the population regard the enforcement of total abstinence as a direct infringement of individual liberty. Many more who are not entirely out of sympathy with the spirit of the law feel that it cannot be impartially enforced.

The indirect evils attending the present system can only receive a passing mention. These are the disastrous effect upon the attitude of the community towards law breakers generally, engendered by the habit of sympathy with a particular class of transgressors—the tendency to introduce, whether under permit or otherwise, the strongest, and, therefore, vilest, forms of intoxicants which can be suppressed within a given space, and the draining of the country of money, which constantly flows out to pay for the liquor which can only be purchased outside of it. That these are crying evils all admit, and rather than endure them, could the people as a whole be brought voluntarily to accept, and, consequently, to enforce absolute prohibition, I would heartily endorse its adoption; as it is, however, the matter must be considered from a practical standpoint, and despite the ravings of fanatical prohibitionists or still more insane votaries of Bacchus, the large majority, who constitute the really temperate class of the community, desire to hit upon a scheme which will not press too heavily upon those who regard the moderate use of liquor as affording a legitimate pleasure, nor yet furnish licenses to those wretched creatures, who, by its abuse, ruin themselves soul and body, involve their immediate connections in loss and misery, and more remotely inflict injury upon the commonwealth.

To meet the views of the temperate majority, and secure such sympathy with the law as will insure its enforcement, some middle course must be adopted; and the only one which offers is to permit the brewing and sale of wholesome beer under license, and rigidly prohibit the distilling or sale or importation of spirits, upon any pretext whatsoever, except for strictly medicinal purposes, under permit. It is certain that those of the extreme prohibitionists who sincerely desire the reduction of the evils attending the use of intoxicants to the lowest limit practicable, rather than the imposition of their peculiar views upon their fellow men regardless of the feasibility or consequences of doing so, will hesitate to reject a compromise, which would appear to promise such good results. On the other hand, numbers of those most bitterly opposed to any interference with what they consider their rights, in the matter of intoxicants, will fall in with such a compromise rather than drive over to the other side, numbers, who could not, if it came to the point, bring themselves to undertake the responsibility of voting for a regular license system and free traffic in spirits. That the hope of keeping a people temperate when affording them access to beer is by no means Eutopian may be gathered from a study of the social condition of such countries as Germany and France, where, while beer and light wines are within the reach of all, spirits, although at all times accessible, are comparatively rarely used. The many advantages which might fairly be expected to result from the adoption of the suggested compromise will become apparent on considering the effect it would have upon the evils attending the prevailing system, already enumerated. The majority of the people being conciliated, become interested in upholding a law with which they are in sympathy, and practically form an overwhelming police force, which will enforce what is felt to be for the general good. The temptation to condense the vilest compounds into the smallest bulk is removed, and a form of class legislation disappears. The money spent on importing liquor, which can so ill be spared from a new country, stays in it, and a home industry by which the grain growers, as well as the brewers and retailers of beer are benefited, is fostered.

It is easy, from experience, to foresee the objections which will be urged by rabid prohibitionists to these arguments, but before they decide to reject the professed compromise, it will be well for them to consider what prospect they have of carrying the extreme measures they are endeavouring to establish without the help of the truly temperate class, who will not be persuaded to go the whole way with them—how tem-

perance legislation has succeeded where its severity has only allowed it a partial, and often at that an outward sympathy—and the extent to which the recognised difficulties in the way of enforcing the existing law would be increased, were it made more stringent in all respects. Get the mass of the people into sympathy with what they will regard as a reasonable law, and then make stringent provisions against its abuse, and they will help you. If you like, punish by fine one shown to have sold beer to an intoxicated individual; for a second offence, fine and imprison, if you will; and for a third, cancel for all time the offender's license.

Few, perhaps, would object to making the condition of drunkenness a criminal offence, nor does there appear any good reason why a man's deliberate reduction of himself to a condition such as prevents his control of his actions within limits compatible with the comfort, safety and well-being of his fellows, should not be treated as criminal. To devise a scheme which will work perfectly is beyond the scope of human ingenuity, but the one here proposed seems more likely to work practical good than any other I have heard suggested.

RICHARD.

A PROJECTED SWINDLE.

THE demoralizing effect of party spirit is every day becoming more apparent. Under its influence men of average honesty, and more than average intelligence, constantly defend acts and advocate measures which are plainly absurd and palpably dishonest. A remarkable case in point is at present occurring in the Province of Quebec. Certain bonds of the Province are now outstanding, which will not be due for some years to come. Money can be obtained at a lower rate of interest than is at present being paid to the bondholders. It is accordingly proposed by Mr. Mercier that the outstanding bonds be redeemed and new ones purchased, and this whether the bondholders like it or not. The proposal, shameful, ridiculous though it is, receives the support of men who are neither rascals nor fools.

It is urged in favour of the scheme, that if carried out it will save the Province a large sum of money every year. But on the other hand are urged the insuperable objections that it is neither legal nor honest. This, it must be remembered, is an ordinary and simple case of debtor and creditor. The creditor (the bondholder) lends his money to the debtor (the Province), and agrees not to demand it for a certain number of years, in consideration of certain interest payments during those years. Or to use the technical language, it is the case of an obligation with a term. Can the debtor insist on paying back the money before the term expires, or must he wait its expiration if the creditor so elects?

Article 1091 of the Civil Code of Quebec reads as follows: "The term is always presumed to be stipulated in favour of the debtor, unless it results from the stipulation or the circumstances that it has also been agreed upon in favour of the creditor." This is the expression of a rule of law which is common to all civilized nations. It is likewise the declaration of reason, justice and common-sense. There can be no doubt in the present case that the term was stipulated in the interest of the bondholder as much as in that of the Province.

An easy test as to whether a stipulation was agreed upon in favour of a particular party to a contract is the following: Had the party at the time of the contract any interest in requiring the stipulation? If so, it was made in his favour. Apply this test to the present case. When the bonds were issued, the purchasers had a plain interest in insisting that the term should not be anticipated, *simply because their debtor had a right to insist upon the same thing.* The stipulation of a time before which payment should not be made was necessary to secure them against possible loss, and to place them on an equal footing with the other party to the contract. If the term was agreed upon solely in favour of the Province the following would be the result. If since the making of the contract interest had gone up, they would have been unable to get back their capital, and thus be deprived of a more favourable investment. But interest having fallen they may be compelled to take back their money, and will have to invest it on less favourable conditions, for if their debtor can obtain a lower rate of interest so can any equally solvent borrower. Consequently the creditor on re-investing would have to take less interest or accept weaker security. In other words, if when the contract was made the bondholders agreed to the term in favour of the Province, but did not stipulate it in their own favour, they deliberately put it in their debtor's power either to deprive them of gain or subject them to loss, which is quite inconceivable.

The above reasoning is not offered as being either profound or original. On the contrary, it is self-evident and familiar to every one who has the least experience in business. Yet it is contested by men who justly plume themselves on their intelligence, and would bitterly resent the smallest imputation on their honour. Such blindness, intellectual and moral, is indeed a most startling phenomenon.

Lennoxville.

D. C. ROBERTSON.

THE Republican party has its face turned to the past. The Democratic party is looking forward. The Republican spirit is reactionary; the Democratic spirit is progressive. The Republican policy is narrow, sectional, and proscriptive; the Democratic policy is broad, national, and tolerant. The Democratic party stands for honest and economical government, low taxation, an enlarged commerce, and a united people; the Republican party stands for profligate government, for high taxes, for restricted commerce, for monopoly, and for a divided country. The issues between the Democratic and the Republican parties were never so strongly defined as to-day.

—Indianapolis Sentinel (Dem.).

TO ALEXANDER MACLACHLAN.

HARP of the wildwood speak : thy rude refrain
 In wayward numbers, like the Eolian lyre,
 Swept by the wind in sweet melodious ire
 Touches the heart and echoes o'er again
 A sigh of passing joy, of present pain.
 The poetry of Nature's sacred fire
 Lives on forever and men's hearts inspire,
 In divers tongues, in sempiternal strain.
 Deep in the solitudes of forests vast,
 Beneath the maple and the lofty pine,
 Whose spreading limbs salute the passing blast,
 We hear thy mingling notes in love combine.
 Ring out! to others leave the glorious past ;
 To Canada futurity divine. J. A. CURRIE.

PILOT BOAT, NO. 24.

THIRTY years ago the incorporation of Lower St. Lawrence boats was unknown, perhaps unthought of, and in the early spring time, with the snow still white on the hills, and the blue waters flecked with floating ice, these hardy men launched their swift boats ; and, with a single apprentice in each, steered eastward to meet the spring fleet of sailing ships, which then in vast squadrons sought the head of navigable waters. Sharp and weatherly these boats were, though rarely more than twenty-five feet overall, with three spritsails and a jib, and a sleeping box for the master and apprentice amidship, and in such tiny craft did the old time pilot steer toward the fog and ice of the gulf, lying to on many a stormy day or dark weary night, peering eastward for the sight of expected sails. Such a race of boatmen, either for skill or intrepidity—lost by the act of incorporation and the more prosaic schooner—will never be known again on any waters. I was a very young boy in those days, and lived on the shore of a bay, where a section of the little fleet often sought shelter and repose, and as the white wings would appear in the northern horizon, inward bound, I would wait with eyes riveted on the approaching sails till their numbers, in large black lettering on the foresail, would become visible, and I could thus ascertain whether their masters were friends or strangers.

The trimmest and fleetest boat of the squadron was certainly No. 24 ; and the most indulgent pilot of the profession was her owner, known and loved by me as Mr. Germain. What fascinating hours were those spent at his bright fire, within a few yards of the tinkling wavelets on the shore, listening with quickened pulses to his tales of storm and darkness, out of which would suddenly emerge the lights of a great ship flying before the gale, and right on board of him ; or, of days of dense fog, suddenly hardening into lofty pillows of thunderous canvas, and the sharp stem of a clipper bark, cleaving straight on to the listed hull of his tossing boat. Once I was permitted to see the operation of "taking a pilot" performed on a gusty September day, when No. 24 had to compete with five other swift pilot boats for the credit of first reaching a large ship hove to, with a jack visible at the forepeak, about four miles to the north, and my admiration of No. 24 and her skillful skipper grew even stronger as I witnessed the bird-like velocity of the one, and the successful manœuvring of the other, finishing alongside with submerged gunnel ; and witnessing with friendly pride the "whipping" of the victor to the deck, whence his stentorian words of command sent the yards swinging round, as the ship, paying off, went foaming ahead, while the apprentice steered the boat shoreward, grasping the tiller with the reflected dignity of his great master.

One evening we were seated on an elevated point, Germain scanning with his marine glass the eastern horizon, when the topsails of an inward-bound vessel came within its range. The sun was sinking into a bank of inky clouds, and an oily sea, barely darkened by the light breeze, undulated lazily ; but there was a strange moan in the voice of waters washing the serried reefs, which I can even now recall. In a few minutes the white sails were set, and sheeted home, and curtesying gracefully, the pretty boat went forth into the gathering darkness for the last time ; and ere I left the shore her lantern showed like a wil-o'-the-wisp on the trackless waters. At what hour the gale arose I know not ; but the grey light of morning stole on a wild scene of storm, piling the angry waters on the rocky shore like mountains of snow, as we all went forth to look for the brave little craft. We saw her immediately under a rag of a foresail, its mast nearly parallel with the angry waves, as the storm heeled her down ; and we sorrowfully recognised the hopelessness of the struggle she had waged all through that terrible night : for to east and west stretched half submerged reefs, reverberating with the artillery of the storm, and under her lee a hopeless roll of breakers. She came fast home now that the surf had seized her, bearing the helpless thing in vast strides to her fate. A few moments more, and the keel catches, and turning her bow shoreward, she rushes towards us in a smother of foam, strikes again, and turns broadside to the sea. Then through the salt spray in my eyes, and salter tears, I see her as she rolls over, and her broken mast and sail float uselessly apart.

They were lashed to the stern, not much mutilated, but the protracted struggle, as inch by inch he had contested with death, had left on his brow and set lips an awful sternness, as, in dripping garments, and the sea brine crusted on their temples, we bore them sorrowfully from the tiny wreck left to moulder on the shore. J. H. F.

Metis, Que.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUDGE WÜRTELE AT AYLMEY ASSIZES (QUEBEC).

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In yours of 21st inst., in comment upon the "remarkably light sentence" (viz., six hour in gaol) "upon Messrs. John Cosgrove and James McColl" (McCabe) "for embezzlement of public funds under the former Quebec Government," you observe—in conjectural explanation—that "surely some important mitigating circumstances must have been in the mind of the judge."

There were such mitigating circumstances, but, evidently, they were not brought to your notice ; and your predicates on the subject are based on an imperfect report in which the *suppressu veri* as to mitigating facts has, unfortunately, given ground for your reflections.

Judge Würtele, allow me to say, has the reputation, well earned and established by judicial record, of being not only a most able, but also as a most just and impartial judge, with an ever abiding sense of duty proper to his office. No invidious distinction can well be drawn between him and other judges in our Province (Quebec), or in fact elsewhere in our broad Dominion—for, truly, they are all just and honourable men—but in this instance it can be said of him that, naturally, and from habit of life in long and extended public service, in leading or prominent parts, under the "fierce light" (of exposure) which surrounds all public men in this essentially democratic country, he is incapable of such dereliction as that imputed to him.

Personally, I have no interest in the case further than that of common citizenship's, and of the maintenance of the purity and honour of our Bench, and of the respect due to it.

When the judge rendered the judgment in question, I happened to be in my place, withing the Bar (as Q.C.), waiting for my cases on the civil docket, and saw and heard the whole thing : the facts occurred as follows:

On opening of the Court, the counsel for the prisoners moved to withdraw their plea of "Not Guilty," entered up in the previous term—six months before—and to substitute therefor one of "Guilty," but with a statement—in mitigation—to the effect : "That owing to the absence in the States of their principal witness (their foreman in the colonization road work in question), and the impossibility on their part of disproving the technical case charged against them, while in their hearts feeling themselves innocent, they, to save trial, formally plead Guilty." At the same time the counsel briefly stated the facts of the case, viz. : That the monies in question (for colonization roads) had been placed at the command of the parties charged, with a restriction to pay no more than a certain amount *per diem* for work on the roads. That men could not be got to work for such wages *per diem*. That to meet the difficulty the foreman or foremen charged with the immediate direction of the work, while paying only fair wages to the men employed, made up the deficit between the fixed rates and the amounts paid by crediting the men for more *time* than was actually spent. This—it was stated in Court—had been the habit in such cases, throughout the Province for many years, and had never been objected to until now by the present Government.

In the present case there was really no embezzlement—all the money having been faithfully expended on the works. Messrs. Cosgrove and McCabe were made trustees—selected as such from their high standing and known trustworthiness, both being mayors and leading magistrates in their respective communities ; and both known to have contributed largely out of their own means towards the work of colonization in the region in question, viz., the valuable phosphate and other mineral region in the valley of the River *Aux Lievres*, in the county of Ottawa. These statements were made in open court, in the hearing of the prosecuting counsel for the Crown, and were not questioned, but seemed to be admitted ; all he asked from the Bench being a judgment *however slight* under the circumstances of the case, that would condemn such a practice. Similar prosecutions are pending in other parts of the Provinces—amongst them the notable one against "The Honourable Dr. Lavallee," of Terrebonne, a Member of the Legislative Council in Quebec—a gentleman of highest and most honourable standing, and who, like Messrs. Cosgrove and McCabe, are not fairly open to such "heroic" treatment in vindication of public interests, or even of party political ones. M. M.

TOBACCO is a moral sedative. The maxims of stoicism, or rather quietism, harmonize with the lethargic influence of the popular weed as naturally as the passionate temper of the South-Latin races harmonizes with the effect of their hot spices ; and the equanimity of the tobacco-smoking Mussulman proceeds from a chemical, rather than philosophical, source of causation. Our carnivorous redskins seem to use tobacco as an antidote of their ferine instincts, and its lenitive influence may have promoted its adoption among the care-worn toilers of our feverish traffic-civilization. But those advantages are indisputably offset by the enervating effects of the nicotine habit. Inveterate smokers endure the vexations of daily life with a quietude which gradually passes into apathy and indolence ; and though the moderate use of the seductive narcotic seems rather to promote a certain dreamy enjoyment of metaphysical studies, that predilection soon becomes a penchant for mystic reveries, and at last degenerates into a chronic aversion to mental efforts. The precocious use of tobacco is very apt to stunt the development of the more practical mental faculties. Boy-smokers are given to day-dreams and procrastination. In Spanish America the sight of a languid, cigarette-lethargized youngster is a very familiar phenomenon ; and in a college town of northern Belgium my tobacco-smoking schoolmates were characterized by a certain good-natured phlegm, coupled, however, with slowness of comprehension and often with latent selfishness.—*The Open Court.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

NEW ENGLAND Catholic statistics, as a whole, count up as follows: Priests, 906; seminarians, 233; churches, 602; chapels and stations, 133; colleges, 7; academies, 38; parochial schools, 205; pupils, 69,105; charitable institutions, 36; Catholic population, 1,185,000. This estimate is based on the reports of the parish priests to their ordinaries. It is rather under than over the figures. Exceeding care is taken in making this census. Estimations are generally based upon baptisms, marriages, etc., which yield a certainty on the safe side, but which exclude that host of Catholics who hold their religion loosely, who seldom attend church, who frequently neglect to have their children properly baptized, yet who, with all their failings, are substantially Catholics, if anything, and who sometimes, sooner or later, return to the faith of their fathers. There are at least a million and a half Catholics in New England. It has been asserted, without contradiction, that over half the population of Boston are Catholics.—*The Catholic Review*.

DRINKING TO EXCESS AND INSANITY.

At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, read a paper on "Alcoholic Trance: its Medical-Legal Relations," in which he maintained the view that a frequent result of drinking to excess was an actual insanity, incapacitating the victim for intelligent action, and hence relieving him of moral responsibility for acts committed while in such condition, just as insanity of other kinds does. He instanced various cases which had come under his observation or otherwise become known to him, in which the ordinary characteristics of a man's actions were entirely changed by this "alcoholic trance" while he still was able to act with apparent clearness of intention. Sometimes, he says, the effect is seen in an entire absence of any originality or special intention in the actions of the victim—the activities are apparently in the line of those ordinary habits of life which long use has made a second nature. In other cases the character is so entirely changed as to be unrecognizable—as in the case of a clergyman who insisted on riding in the cab of a locomotive, or a well known skeptic who attended a prayer meeting with apparent earnestness. In all these cases memory is totally lacking, and, Dr. Crothers maintains, all ground for holding the individual to moral or legal accountability for his acts. He would have the courts recognize that inebriety is, in all cases, a disease, and one more or less affecting the mental powers; also that the state of "alcoholic trance" is a condition entirely precluding moral or legal responsibility, and that, where it is proved to have existed at the time of the commission of any unlawful act, it shall be considered a bar to any prosecution of the individual inculpated. He urges that all acts of an unlawful character committed when under the influence of liquor should be subjected to a careful study by competent physicians to determine if the element of responsibility was present, and finally he recommends that the State establish hospitals for the reformation of this class of persons.—*The American*.

A RISK OF TRAVEL.

The reported indisposition of the Duke of Edinburgh from drinking impure water at a foreign station gives prominence to what is perhaps the most usual and frequent source of danger in foreign and Continental travel. Many of the sanitary authorities who have looked into the question have from time to time uttered warnings to Continental travellers as to the dangers of the ordinary drinking-water to be found abroad. The pollution of table-water at foreign hotels and houses is due to a great variety of causes. The water-supply of foreign cities is as a rule, to which there are only few exceptions, taken from sources lamentably liable to sewage pollution, either in open streams or uncovered reservoirs, or from defective sanitation in the house-supply. A large part of the domestic supply of drinking-water is, moreover, from surface wells, which are constantly liable to sewage filtration. An examination, made only a few years since, of syphons of sparkling "seltzer," in a great Continental city disclosed the fact that they were horribly polluted with sewage, and that the effervescing fixed air with which they were charged only served to conceal unutterable contaminations of a most dangerous kind. Sir Henry Thompson and Dr. Herman Weber, who have both given attention to the subject, are very emphatic in their counsel to travellers to avoid ordinary drinking water abroad. The easiest and most agreeable means of avoiding the danger is the habitual use of a pure natural mineral water in lieu of the doubtful drinking water of the hotel or the private house. When the Prince of Wales went to India he took with him a large supply of the kind, and successfully avoided this risk. Another method in which safety is sought is by invariably boiling the water before drinking it. This, however, involves more trouble than many people are willing to take, and makes the table-water flat and insipid. This insipidity may be relieved by squeezing fresh lemons into the water. But for those who cannot always be bothered with the boiling-pot or troubled with performing this little domestic operation before taking a draught of drinking water, it would be wise when travelling abroad to select as a table-water a natural mineral water of undoubted purity rather than run the risk of blood-poisoning, typhoid, and diarrhoea to which so considerable a number of travellers at present fall victims, finding death and disease where they are seeking health and pleasure. The instances of typhoid, blood-poisoning, diarrhoea, and dysentery, of which we hear this year from Italy and Egypt, are very lamentable, and far the most part avoidable.—*British Medical Journal*.

ON THE SHORE AT TWILIGHT.

A BARE, dun sky, a reach of cold, gray sea,
And the lurid moon just rising o'er the edge
Of dim-lit hills; a broken, weed-hung ledge,
That rises, huge and red, and mightily shakes free
The white, pearled spume; a shivering weird-limbed tree,
Upon its top amidst the sun-burned sedge;
Behind the height, a sinuous stream, to dredge
A broad expanse of oozy marsh; then the wild glee
Of sudden, boisterous wind,—o'erhead the screech
Of baffled gulls; succeeds the low, sad call
Of wave to wave, as on the rocks they fall,—
Crushed into ghosts of spray that upward reach
To glisten in the moonbeam, then a gush,
A sigh, the grate of pebbles and a downward rush.

—*New England Magazine*.

MR. GLADSTONE ON READING.

MR. GLADSTONE was present at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday for the purpose of opening the new library—named "The Gladstone Library"—a spacious and handsomely fitted apartment, provided with accommodation for about 30,000 volumes. He spoke in part as follows: "Books are a living protest in an age of necessity too much tempted to practise materialism. They are a living protest on behalf of mental force and life. I am far from saying that literary culture ought to be made an idol, or that any intellectual processes whatever will satisfy all the needs and wants of the human spirit. But they are full of noble elements and enable us to resist the invasions of the merely worldly mind. They assist us in holding our ground against the incessant and constantly growing hurry and excitement that are around us, and that carry us into a vortex from which we cannot escape. If you wish to provide yourselves with all the instruments which will aid you in forming sound judgments, and in expressing them when they have been formed, that can only be effectually done by combining study and reflection with the rapid and constant expression of ideas, which is our duty under the circumstances of the time, and which often becomes our snare. It is a common subject of lamentation that, although, in regard to the topics of the day, the sources of information at the command of the Houses of Parliament have largely increased, yet, in the knowledge of political economy and in the still larger subject of history, so far as evidence can be drawn from the indications given in our debates, we have not improved on the practice of our predecessors. It is, however, a matter of great interest to observe that this is not because the study of history is declining in our country. But there is one thing which appears to me very dangerous, and that is when a man goes suddenly out of his own line and delivers very positive objections on subjects to which he has not applied his mind. We all look with profound respect to the judges on the Bench, but if a judge were to plunge into the middle of a political controversy of the day, I am not sure that he would express himself with greater measures or sagacity than one of us ordinary politicians. I take an analogy from another profession. When engaged in county contests I have sometimes found that if a clergyman once did forget the restraints of his profession, he would indulge in more violent language than anybody else. These constant and rapid changes are not what I am endeavouring to recommend; but that every man, if called upon to deal with the politics of the day, should try to qualify himself for their consideration by reaping and garnering the knowledge that the study of other times and other countries will afford him.—*St. James's Gazette*.

AN ANCIENT JEWISH SETTLEMENT.

THE antiquity of Jewish settlements in the Danubian countries has been rendered a specially interesting question by the view of the Roumanians that, no matter how many generations may have resided in the country, they are always aliens. To this it has been retorted that Jews existed in Roumania before the present mongrel population was known. Curious proof of this has recently been discovered. While sinking shafts for gold-mining in Transylvania, traces of the ancient excavations of the Romans were discovered, and on the walls were found many Hebrew inscriptions. It is said that the inscriptions cannot be later than the time of Hadrian; and it is believed that they are the work of Hebrew slaves employed by Trajan in mining operations shortly after the Roman conquest by the Dacii. The Société des Etudes Juives would do well to try to obtain squeezes of these inscriptions, and to have them examined by competent scholars.—*Jewish World*.

THE LACK OF STRIKING THINGS IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

THERE are people who deplore in a melancholy way the loss of the "golden age of literature" that, they tell us, has gone forever. Every thing to-day is commonplace. There are no fine essays, no grand poems, no wonderful dramas that will live forever, no striking stories. The literature of to-day is only "the pouring of wine out of old bottles into new" and lots of wine spilled in the process. Our writers are busy over what some other men thought of what some other men said. If this be so, and in a certain sense it is true, what is the matter? Why is it no "Hamlets" are written to-day? It is said that there are in the United States about two thousand persons who fairly may be reckoned as writers. Why do we not find new Miltons and Shakespeares among them? We may be sure, if they were there, they would be found. Centuries have their indi-

vidualities. There are tides in the lives of nations. May there not now be an ebb in the literary work of these times? There is certainly "a young flood" in the scientific thought of this half of our century. The character of this century's thought is technical, industrial, scientific. Literature is, after all, only a mode of expression. May it not be possible that the Miltons of these days are using another mode of expression? Certainly, if we look at a mind like Edison's we see an original genius taking rank beside the great creative minds of the so-called golden age of literature. A hundred years ago Edison would have shown the thought that is in him by means of a great poem or drama. To-day it seeks another and equally striking mode of expression. Besides this widest division of intellectual life into new fields of labour, may be noted another point. The critical demand to-day is for originality. We are tired of books about books. The wine is no better for the new bottles—let us have new wine. This demand has made it very difficult to say anything new or striking. All the possible phases of human experience have been described, all the "situations" in which men and women may be placed have been repeated many times in our novels and dramas. There is no new personal experience, otherwise such books as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "She" would not have been written.—*The Chautauquan for July.*

THE GREAT MACKENZIE BASIN.

SENATOR SCHULTZ'S Committee, if it has not actually discovered the great Mackenzie Basin as a habitable region, has done what is hardly less important—brought its immense extent and possibilities before the people of the world. Cooped up in these small islands, it is almost impossible to conceive a region of one and a quarter million square miles, all of which is practically unoccupied, and much of which is at least as well adapted for cultivation by hardy toilers as are many fertile portions of northern Europe. One and a quarter million square miles—the figures are astounding. Why, England, Wales and Scotland together contain only 88,000 square miles. You could carve a Great Britain out of this great undeveloped region, and still leave thirteen more countries of equal extent. With such a land in view the over-population of the world recedes into a future very dim and very distant; for a country where wheat, barley and potatoes can grow luxuriantly, and which is accessible by river navigation, cannot be altogether out of the question as a field for the emigration of hardy Northerners. At all events, we trust the investigations of the Schultz Committee will be followed up, and a prompt endeavour be made to ascertain more exactly the immediate value of the mineral, fishing, and agricultural capabilities of this vast territory.—*Canadian Gazette.*

A FAST WAR-SHIP.

ONE of the fastest war-ships of the world is undoubtedly the torpedo aviso *Greif*, of the German navy, which on her recent voyage from Kiel to Wilhelmshaven attained a speed of twenty-three knots an hour. The *Greif* was launched in 1886, and was built of steel, at the Germania yard at Kiel, from designs by the German Admiralty. Her displacement is 2,000 tons, and her engines have an indicated horse-power of 5,400. From these figures and her exceedingly fine lines, which give to the vessel the appearance of a torpedo-boat of immense size, it will be seen that speed was the chief object aimed at in her construction. The *Greif*, consequently, may be looked upon as one of the fastest, if not the fastest, vessel of any maritime power, if we except the *Ouvagan*, of the French navy, and some foreign torpedo-boats built in English yards, and which beat her record. The *Berlin Post*, from which we have taken the above particulars, questions the authenticity of the data supplied with regard to the speeds of some English torpedo-boats, but, from personal observation, we may assure our contemporary that they are perfectly trustworthy, and that there is no need on this side to exaggerate results actually obtained. The entire space of the *Greif*—of which vessel the Germans may well be proud—with the exception of the space provided for crew and stores, is taken up by boilers, engines, and coal bunkers. The vessel is of the class called torpedo-boat hunters, and, to aid her in that service, she is provided with two powerful electric search lights, two light guns of great range, and a large number of those bugbears of torpedo-boats, revolver guns. The *Greif* has three smoke-stacks, and carries no sails, there being only two short look-out masts.—*Iron.*

LINGUA.*

THE great extension of commerce and trade of late years has emphasized the long-admitted need of an international medium of communication. Two attempts to meet this requirement we have previously noticed, Volapuk and World-English. There is a serious difficulty in the way of the general acceptance of each of these systems. In Volapuk the vocabulary is arbitrary and practically unintelligible to all beginners; in World-English it is strange and foreign to all nations except those speaking English. A third system is now offered to the public by a London journalist, George J. Henderson, which promises better satisfaction than either of the others. The characteristics of "Lingua," this new international tongue, may be briefly set forth as follows. As yet it is intended as a language for commerce and science only. The vocabulary is classical Latin, supplemented for modern ideas by new word-compounds from Latin and by generally known European words. Thus, in "Lingua," to write = *scrib*, steam-engine = *vapor-machina*, and restaurant = *café*. All prepositions, adverbs and

conjunctions are taken bodily from Latin. The grammar of "Lingua" is exceedingly easy. Nouns and pronouns have no inflections for gender or case, and *s* is the universal plural sign. The nouns are the stems of Latin nouns; the personal pronouns are mostly simplified Latin and are all readily learned. Here is the list: *me*, *tu*, *il* (= he), *la* (= she), *id*, *nos*, *vos*, *ils* (= they). Adverbs are formed from adjectives by the suffix *e*. The English article *a*, and the French article *le*, are used throughout without change. The Latin verb stem is the "Lingua" infinitive, as *scrib*, to write. Add *num* (= now) to this stem and we have the present tense indefinite throughout, as *me trah-num* = I write. Add *tum* (= then) to the same stem for the past tense and *dum* for the future. The additional suffix *i* denotes the imperfect, and *ivi* the perfect. The passive voice is always expressed by the prefix *es* (= to be), as *id es scrib-tum* = it is written. The Latin conjugations and declensions are entirely abandoned as well as the order of words in the Latin sentence. "Lingua" sentence-making is based chiefly on English. With a school-boy's Latin vocabulary it would seem that any one could learn to read and write "Lingua" by the help of a dictionary alone in a day's study. How easy it is may be seen by applying the above hints in reading the following transcript of a business letter:—

MONUMENT YARD, LONDON, 1/3/88.

Ad Adolph Kramer, Berlin. Leipziger-Strasse.

MESUIR,—*Me recipi-tum tuo epistola hic mane gratissimé, et me propria-num (= hasten) mitt meo gratias u tu ob tuo accepto (= kind) imperios. Le du mills quinc-cents kilograms in amylo (= of starch) et le du-cents kilograms in biscuits es-mitt-qum at le fini o hic hebdomad. Le consignation es-transfer-qum trans mari ad Hamburg, et ex-ille-loc per le Hamburg-Berlin Ferro-strata via ad Berlin. Me constitu-num-ivi sic, le import-tax collection es-ag-qum in Hamburg. Id es-num verisimili (= probable that) le mercs adveni-qum in Berlin circa le fini o le proximo hebdomad, quia ils es-mitt-qum per express transfer. Me mitt-num le pretio-nota (= invoice) cum hic epistola, non cum le mercs.*

Si-v'u-ple (= please) tu mitt-num u (= to) me quam primum (= as soon as possible) tre mills quat-cents oct-decs-sept kilograms in saccharo o le tali qualitat quali antea.

JOHN SMITH.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHRISTIE MURRAY, the English novelist, is about to publish a volume of poems.

A RUMOUR comes from St. Petersburg to the effect that lunacy proceedings are about to be instituted against Count Tolstoi.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, New York, has issued in a neat, low priced form Franz Delitzsch's charming monograph, "Behind the Man."

MISS ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE is writing the history of the French in Canada for Putnam's "Story of the Nations" series.

"IRELAND under Coercion" is the title of William Henry Hurlbert's forthcoming book. David Douglas, the Edinburgh publisher, is bringing it out.

A. C. McCURGAN AND COMPANY, of Chicago, are about to issue "Is Protection a Benefit?" an answer in the negative by Professor Edward Taylor.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Cleveland are to be specially invited to attend the approaching session of the American Institute of Instruction at Newport.

A COLLECTION of stories and sketches by Australian writers now settled in London, bearing the title "Oak Boughs and Wattle Blossoms," is in the press.

PROFESSOR A. S. HARDY, author of "But Yet a Woman," has written for the *Atlantic Monthly* a serial story entitled "Passe Rose," which will begin in the September number.

MATTHEW ARNOLD's personal estate barely exceeds \$5,000. By a will made in 1862, he leaves everything to his wife. A spendthrift son was the chief cause of his dying poor.

OSCAR WILD has written "Five Fairy Tales" which Walter Crane and Mr. Jacob-Hood have illustrated, and which will be published in this country by Roberts Brothers.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY's "Great Cryptogram" has fallen flat, and the reviews on both sides the ocean either make fun of it, or, pretending to seriousness, criticise it mercilessly.

THE Pope is said to have completed a book on the social condition of the working classes, supporting the doctrine that the State should be the arbiter between employer and employed.

IT is announced that Mr. Lester Wallack will contribute to *Scribner* during the coming six months several papers giving his reminiscences of his career as an actor and manager for half a century.

THE Lippincotts have in press "Stanley to the Rescue: the Relief of Emin Pasha," by A. Wauters, President of the Royal Geographical Society of Belgium. It will contain a map and thirty-four illustrations.

St. Nicholas for July, will be found if possible, more fascinating to its youthful readers than ever before. The fiction is wholesome; the shorter articles are instructive as well as amusing; and the illustrations are all that could be desired. We can always cheerfully commend *St. Nicholas* as first in its class.

THE new English edition in five volumes of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" will be ready in the autumn. It will not be offered for sale, the four hundred copies having been already subscribed for. The volumes

* *Lingua*. By George J. Henderson. London: Trübner & Co.

will contain all the original illustrations, besides three which have not hitherto been published.

A TIMELY article in the July *Century* is "Diseased Germs and How to Combat Them." It is accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of Pasteur, who has made disinfection and fermentation a longer study than hydrophobia, although it is with the later that his name is more intimately associated in the public mind.

The current number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly Magazine* is well up to the mark. The *Elect Lady*, by George Macdonald, is continued and deepens in interest. The papers on Ancient Greeks in modern Cyprus, Henry Hudson and The Pilgrims, from the Russian of Count Tolstoi, furnish instructive reading, and are profusely illustrated.

At an auction sale of books in New York a couple of weeks ago, some forty copies of various editions of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" were knocked down at prices ranging from \$1 to \$37. At the same time the rare and beautiful original edition (seven vols.) of Audubon's "Birds of America" was sold at \$24.50 per volume.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND, who was one of the aspirants to the Presidency of Princeton College, and is the author of "Tropical Africa" and "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is pictured as a tall, slim, fair young man, with a trim mustache and a well-fitting frock-coat, resembling an officer of the Guards, rather than a lecturer at a university.

FREDERICK WARNE AND COMPANY announce *Selected Essays from the Tatler*, with introductory essay and notes, by Alexander Charles Ewald, F.S.A., author of "Stories from the State Papers," etc., as the forthcoming volume in the Chandos Classics; and "Cousin Pons," by Balzac, translated by Philip Kent, B.A., as the new volume in the Continental Library.

Scribner's Magazine for July, is the first number of volume IV. This publication has had an almost phenomenal success, and it well deserves the high position it has already won for itself. In illustrations, letter press and editing, everything is first class. Without enumerating the various items in the bill of fare it is enough to say that the contents are varied and quite suitable to the season; the illustrations are numerous and well executed, making *Scribner's* a worthy rival of the older Magazines.

THE leading feature of the July *Magazine of American History* is an illustrated article on the late Chief Justice Waite by Mrs. Lamb. Other features of the periodical are an essay by Judge Wm. J. Bacon on the "Continental Congress"; "Personal Recollections of Andrew Johnson," by the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman; Senator Fowler's paper on "East Tennessee One Hundred Years Ago"; and "A Chapter on the History of Spain," by the Hon. J. L. M. Currie, United States Minister at Madrid.

In the Lincoln History in the July *Century*, the authors give renewed evidence of the valuable sources of unpublished information at their disposal. The diary of Col. Hay is drawn upon to elucidate the story of Lincoln and McClellan, and many interesting letters are printed for the first time. There is also an account of an extraordinary discourtesy apparently offered to the President by Gen. McClellan. In a chapter on the Mason and Slidell affair, the authors give the draft of the letter of instructions from Secretary Seward to Charles Francis Adams, showing the changes made therein by Mr. Lincoln.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July is remarkable for strength and vigour from frontispiece to finish. Some of the best-known names in literature are seen in its table of contents, and it is safe to say that those names not yet famous soon will be. In artistic work few issues have excelled this one. E. A. Abbey's sketches, some of them full-page, are simply unequalled anywhere. In all, there are sixty illustrations in the issue. The care with which the mechanical work of the number has been done will be a gratification to careful observant readers. Every issue of this magazine has a distinct educating influence in art, literature and morals.

The reminiscences of Ludwig Schneider, who was confidential secretary to the King Frederick William of Prussia, who died in 1861, and afterward the librarian and trusted friend of the Emperor William, are to be published in the autumn. Schneider was for forty years on terms of the closest intimacy with the late Emperor, and he was thoroughly behind the political, military, and social scenes at Berlin. The "Reminiscences" will give a minute account of the secret history of Prussia between 1863 and 1871, and it is understood that these chapters, and those dealing with the wars of 1866 and 1870, were revised by the Emperor himself.

The July *Eclectic* is more than an average number. An article by Mr. Gladstone on "Robert Elsmere," the novel that is now exciting so much controversy, occupies the place of honour. Conservation and the Diffusion of Property, by W. H. Mallock, discusses the British law and labour question. Other interesting articles are, Matthew Arnold, by Mr. F. W. Hunyars; With the Duke, In the Studio of Carolas Duran, by H. Arthur Kennedy; Gentleman Evangelists Faith in Human Nature; In the Dark Continent, and Literary notices with Foreign Literary and Art Notes, help to make up a varied issue of this standing publication. E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York.

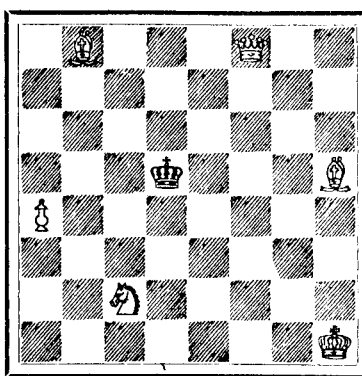
REGAN PAUL, TRENCH AND COMPANY have made arrangements for the publication of a set of half-crown books, to be entitled "English Actors: ten biographies." The series will be under the general editorship of Mr. William Archer, and will include lives of Betterton, Cibber, Macklin, Garrick, the Dibbins, the Kembles, Elliston, the Keans, the Matthews, and Macready. Mr. Joseph Knight will deal with Garrick, Mr. R. W. Lowe with Betterton, Mr. E. R. Dibbin with the author of "Tom Bowling," and the editor himself with the Keans. The subjects have been selected so as to cover as completely as possible the whole field of English acting from the Restoration to our own time.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 267.

From Chess Souvenirs.

BLACK.



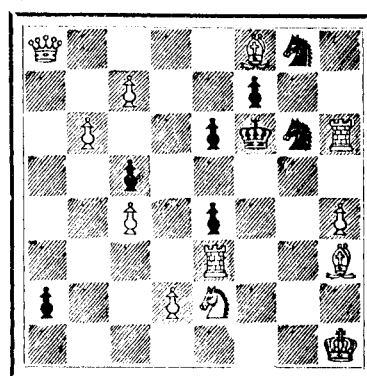
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 268.

By J. C. J. Wainwright.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 261.
Kt-B 7

No. 262.

White.	Black.
1. K-Kt 1	R-Kt 2, etc.
2. K-R 1	anything
3. B or Kt mates.	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Columbia Chess Chronicle.—We have received a few numbers of this excellent periodical. It is got up in very good style. Great care is exercised in the editorial department, and it is printed in clear, good type, and is altogether the best Chess periodical we have seen produced in America. We wish it were sent us more regularly.

GAME PLAYED JUNE 26th, 1888, AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB, BETWEEN J. G. ASCHER, MONTREAL, AND WM. BOULTBEE, TORONTO.

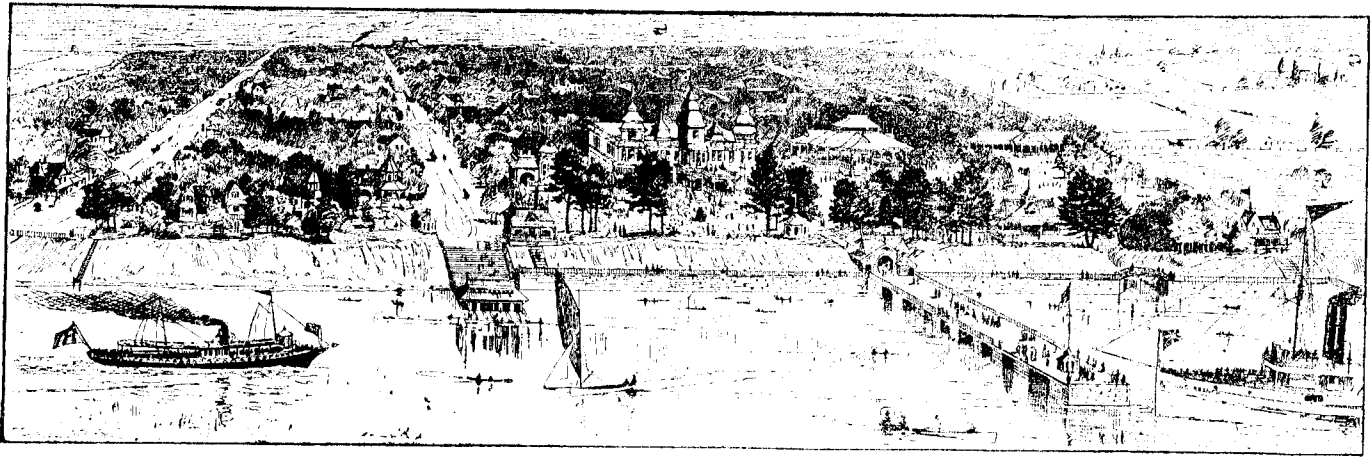
FRENCH DEFENCE.

J. G. ASCHER.	WM. BOULTBEE.	J. G. ASCHER.	WM. BOULTBEE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 3	30. P-R 3	K-Kt 1
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	31. P-K Kt 4	R-Q 5
3. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-K B 3	32. P-Kt 5	P x P
4. B-K Kt 5	B-K 2	33. P x P	R-K 5
5. P-K 5	K Kt-Q 2	34. Q R-K 1	R x R
6. B x B	Q x B	35. R x R	Kt-K 1
7. Q Kt-K 2 (a)	Q-Kt 5 +	36. R-K B 3	Kt-Q B 2
8. P-B 3	Q x Kt P	37. R-K 3	P-K Kt 3
9. R-Kt 1 (b)	Q x R P	38. R-K B 3	Kt-K 4
10. Kt-K R 3	P-K R 3	39. R-B 6	K-Kt 2
11. P-Kt 3	Castles	40. K-Kt 2	P-Q R 4
12. B-Kt 2	P-K B 3	41. P-K 7	Kt x P
13. P-K B 4	P x P	42. R-Q B 6	Kt-K 1
14. Q P x P	P-Q Kt 3	43. P-K R 4 (h)	P-R 6
15. Castles	B-Q R 3	44. P-R 5 (k)	P x P
16. R-B 2	B x Kt	45. R-B 8	K-B 2
17. R x B	Q-B 5 (c)	46. K-Kt 3	K x P
18. K-R 1	P-Q B 4 (d)	47. K-R 4	Kt-K Kt 2
19. Kt-B 2	K-R 1	48. R-B 7 +	K-B 1
20. R-K 3	Q-Q R 3	49. P-Kt 6 (m)	P-R 6
21. B x P (e)	P x B	50. R-B 7 +	K-Kt 1
22. Q x P	R-Q B 1 (f)	51. R-Q R 7	K-B 1
23. Kt-K 4	R-B 3	52. K-Kt 5	Kt-Q R 4
24. P-K 6	Q-B 1	53. K-B 6 (n)	Kt-K 1 +
25. Kt-Q 6	Kt-B 3	54. K-K 6	P-Q R 7
26. Q-K 5	R x Kt	55. R-B 7 +	K-Kt 1
27. Q x R	Q-B 3 +	56. K-K 7	P-R 8 Queen
28. Q x Q	Kt x Q	57. R-B 8 +	K-Kt 2
29. P-Q B 4 (g)	R-Q 1		and White resigns (p)

NOTES.

- (a) Bad; he should play Q-Q 2.
- (b) Q-B 1 is the better move.
- (c) Q-Q R 6 is the better move.
- (d) P-Q B 3 is the better move.
- (e) The position and combinations growing out of this move are very interesting and instructive.
- (f) Good move; the only one on the board to save the Rook, if Q x R, she is lost for the other Rook, and Black would remain with a piece ahead.
- (g) R-Q 1 is the better move.
- (h) White's game is hopeless.
- (k) Desperation.
- (m) The last effort.
- (n) K-R 6 is the better move.
- (p) A well-fought game on both sides.

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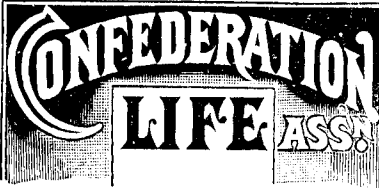
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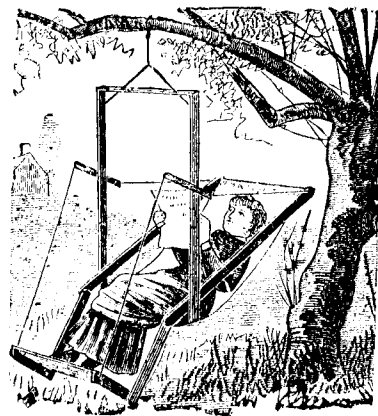
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- Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite. His Home in Washington. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lumb.
- The Continental Congress. Judge William J. Bacon.
- Personal Recollections of Andrew Johnson. Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman.
- East Tennessee One Hundred Years Ago. Senator Joseph S. Fowler.
- A Chapter in the History of Spain. Hon. J. L. M. Curry, L.L.D., Minister to Spain.
- Washington's Diary for August, 1781. General Meredith Read, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.
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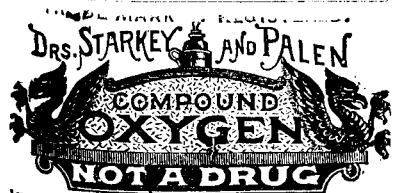
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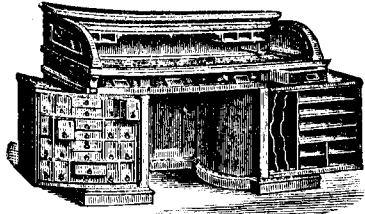
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