

# THE WEEK:

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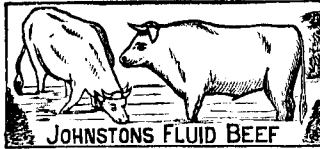
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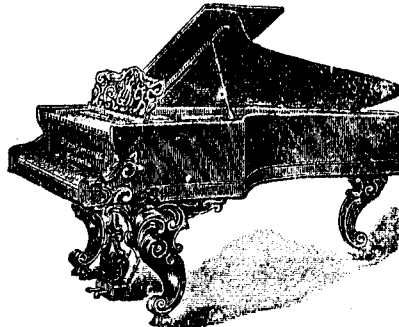
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has certainly given Canadians a genuine surprise in his latest message to Congress, a remarkable document which has largely occupied the attention of the press on both sides of the line since its publication. Though the message is obviously an electionary manifesto, constructed with a view to effect in the pending Presidential contest, and though that aspect of the case cannot fail to modify our respect both for the President personally, and for the political system whose workings he illustrates; though it constitutes, moreover, an important factor in the formation of any reliable estimate of the true meaning of the policy advocated, it is, nevertheless, a matter with which it may be said that we, as Canadians, have strictly nothing to do. The message itself emanates from the supreme executive authority of the United States. Should its recommendations become law, a consummation which is still, at least, doubtful, the injury it is designed to work to both peoples will be none the less real, because the policy which inflicts it may have been the outcome of narrow partisan motives. Canadians would be unworthy of their origin and their country if they could yield to compulsion or menace of any kind that which they would refuse to a sense of justice and neighbourly feeling. Theirs is but to assure themselves that they are in the right in every respect and go forward, fearless of consequences. If, on a dispassionate review of the whole case, they find themselves occupying at any point a position indefensible on the grounds of justice or neighbourliness, they should not for a moment suffer any feeling of natural resentment to prevent them from putting themselves at once in the right. We have repeatedly said that we believe the Canadian Government to be in the wrong in the matter of the Canal tolls. Some of our statesmen and publicists, whose opinions are entitled to the highest respect, think that in standing by the letter of the Treaty of 1818 and denying to American fishermen the privilege of sending their fish in bond over our railways, all Canadian Governments have conceded too little to changed conditions and the spirit of the age. If this be so, a broader view should immediately prevail, regardless of the fact that the treatment of our own fishing vessels in Behring's Bay by the United States cruisers has been vastly harsher than any of their fishermen have received at Canadian hands, and has neither treaty right nor international usage to warrant it.

SIR JOHN ROSE, whose sudden death in England is announced, was one of a number of Canadians, who, after having attained distinction at home, have returned to the Mother Country to occupy prominent positions in business and social life. Sir John, setting out from the humble position of a village school master, rose by degrees through the various grades of Canadian public service until he became a Minister of the Crown, and a confidential adviser of the Imperial Government in the Nova Scotia difficulty in the early days of the Confederation. He was possessed of superior financial abilities which would have insured him an influential career in Canadian public life, had he not chosen rather to devote his strength to the affairs of the great English and American firms of which he became a member. Though he had for many years previous to his death resided in England, he never ceased to take a deep interest in the welfare of Canada, and has still many personal friends in this country by whom his loss will be sincerely deplored.

A CORRESPONDENT invites our attention to a letter which appeared in *The Empire* a few days since, in which very grave charges of inefficiency and neglect of duty were made against certain of the Public School Inspectors of Ontario. It may not be amiss to remark at the outset upon the very objectionable method in which the charge is brought. The letter is anonymous, it gives no means of identifying the inspector or locality, and its publication in a paper hostile to the administration of which the Minister of Education is a member, suggests a suspicion of political motive or partisan bias. If it should be retorted that the last remark reflects unfavourably upon the system which puts a partisan Minister at the head of the educational institutions of the Province the force of the criticism is admitted. But would not "Observer," whoever he may be, have rendered better service to the cause of public education with less injustice to the whole body of Public School Inspectors, of whom we are sure but a very few can be of the class described, had he manfully addressed his letter to the Department of Education, over his own signature. In regard to the subject matter of that letter, it is none the less true that, if such a state of things can exist for any length of time in any school section; if the duty of careful inspection is shirked in a ten-minute farce; if schools and departments of schools are left without even a show of inspection for two years; if unqualified teachers are continued from year to year under "permits"; if the Statute is violated in the matter of payments, and if the Department has really no means of ascertaining whether Inspectors do or do not perform the duties for which they are appointed and paid, it is high time the facts should be made known. Now that attention has been publicly called to the matter it may be expected that the Minister will investigate and reform. Should he fail to do so, those cognizant of the facts will surely know their duty to the public.

SOME weeks since a Bill was passed by the United States Congress authorizing the President to invite the maritime nations to send delegates to an International Marine Conference, to appoint delegates to represent the United States in such a conference, and to fix the time and place of meeting. The *New York Tribune* observes that "the importance of holding the conference and laying down rules for securing increased safety at sea is loudly proclaimed by the Thingvalla-Geiser collision." There is little doubt that such a conference might agree upon some amended regulations which would tend to lessen the frequency of such disasters. It is very probable that the new conditions of marine commerce, particularly the great increase of speed on the part of passenger steamships, renders a revision of the old code and the adoption of new precautions highly desirable. At the same time, it is clear that no perfection of code or signals can prevent the officer in charge from losing his head and fatally blundering in sudden emergencies, in which the thinking has to be done and the order given within the space of a few seconds. Such, rather than either want of a sufficient rule, or ignorance of it, seems to have been the cause of the late fearful disaster.

THE "trusts" which Mr. Blaine thinks are mainly matters of private concern are making steady headway over the border. It will soon be difficult to mention any one article of common use or necessity to the million the production of which is not limited, or its distribution regulated,

by a "trust." Wood, coal, clothing, oil, sugar, tea, coffee, matches, and even toothpicks are all included in the latest enumeration. It was fondly hoped that bread might escape, but now the edict has gone forth, and bread is to be added to the list of articles which are to be supplied to the many only in accordance with conditions and rules and prices dictated by the few. The millers of wheat are proposing to effect a "combine," whereby the output of flour from their mills is to be limited, competition strangled, and the price of the article increased for the benefit of the producers. At present the millers of spring wheat are said to be standing aloof, but doing so because they question the feasibility of the scheme. Some of them think "the business too big to control." But, as an exchange intimates, it is not so much bigger than the coal business, or the oil business, in the management of which the trusts have already almost achieved a perfection in machinery. The question is evidently but one of time with the spring-wheat millers.

THE discussion provoked by Mr. Blaine's rash assertion that "England is literally plastered over with trusts," has elicited some interesting facts with reference to these modern institutions. Whether the "trust" is an American or a German invention is, perhaps, not quite settled. In both these countries it seems to be at home and flourishing, while in England it can scarcely be said to exist in its developed form. In answer to an American inquirer, Mr. Alfred Milner, private secretary to the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, gives some statements based upon the figures of the income tax in England, which will be a surprise to many. Nothing is more common than for speakers and writers on industrial questions to lament the tendency of wealth to accumulate in the hands of the few, as a characteristic of the times. Whatever may be the case in other countries, the statement does not seem to be borne out by English statistics. One schedule of the return referred to is limited to the profits of individuals and private firms doing business in England for the decade 1877-86. The number of incomes between £150 and £1,000 increased during the decade 19.26 per cent. The number of incomes over £1,000 decreased 2.40 per cent. This is plain proof Mr. Milner thinks, if he is correctly quoted in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, of the steadily growing distribution of the profits of trade and commerce among the small manufacturers and traders, and these figures alone would make nonsense of Mr. Blaine's talk.

THE better class of English journals are lamenting the deterioration of manners and morals in British politics. The old stately courtesy between political opponents is rapidly disappearing, and even the foremost statesmen and orators are found indulging in language towards their opponents such as was almost unknown to a former generation. Neither party can claim a monopoly of the new style. If such leaders as Sir William Harcourt can hurl at the heads even of members of the Government charges of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; if he can accuse them of "meanest falsehood," "lying and slandering," and "shabby, dishonourable, stupid conduct," such members of the Government as Mr. Balfour do not hesitate to retort that their opponents do not now "carry on their controversy by argument, but by calumny," and that having already "made short work of the eighth commandment, not to talk of the ninth commandment, they do not see why they should haggle over the sixth commandment." What has brought about the change? Have British statesmen been taking lessons of the American, or the Canadian, or the French politicians? Or is the cause something which floats in the atmosphere of the day, and the degeneration a part of the price which has to be paid, temporarily at least, for democratic institutions and modern freedom of thought and speech? Allowance can be made for passionate words uttered in the heat of a fierce debate on the floor of the House, but when political leaders do not hesitate to ascribe to each other, in deliberate public addresses, the worst and basest motives, they can scarcely complain if some of their constituents come to take both parties at their word, and regard the game of politics as one no longer governed by honourable traditions.

THE subject of Education is just now occupying an unusually large share of attention in some of our exchanges. Amongst others, the *Evangelical Churchman* comes to hand with two leading articles in which the interference of the ecclesiastical power with the public schools, "more particularly when that power is Romish and Jesuitical," is strongly deprecated, and the secularization of the schools advocated. Our contemporary is surely misled, or inadvertently misleading, when it says that "in a good many schools in the Eastern counties of Ontario, the language spoken and taught is French," thus implying that French is taught to the exclusion of

English. The position that "in no public school in Ontario should any language be taught but the English language" is perfectly sound, if it can be reconciled with constitutional obligations. The same remark may be made with reference to the other chief contention of the *Evangelical Churchman*, that all our public schools should be secularized. Can the writer of the articles have forgotten that the Separate Schools are secured to the Catholics of Ontario as a constitutional right, and cannot be secularized without either a gross violation of the Act of Confederation, or such a revision of it as would have all the effect of an act of bad faith towards the Catholic Minority? Can he have forgotten, too, that the Protestants of Quebec have their Separate Schools secured to them by the same sanction, and that the secularization which would mean Schools virtually Protestant in Ontario, would mean schools virtually Catholic in the Sister Province? Separate Schools and dual languages are two great hindrances to the unification and solidifying of the Dominion, but they are evils of such a kind that it is hard to see how any movement for their removal, not originated and carried forward in the Catholic and French Province itself, could be defended from the imputation of bad faith. It may be very unfortunate that the matter stands so, but it is better to look facts fairly in the face.

THE article by President Eliot, of Harvard, on the question, "Can School Programmes be shortened and enriched?" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, is a most important and suggestive paper. Though the question is asked and treated with primary reference to schools in the United States, most of its statements and inferences are equally applicable to those in Canada. President Eliot shows by analysis and comparison of the French and American systems, that the French boy in the public schools has a chance to make a much greater total attainment by the time he is eighteen than the American boy can make at the best schools of the country by the time he is nineteen. The causes of the inferiority in the American schools he attributes mainly to the need of better programmes and better teachers. "As a rule," he says, "the American programmes do not seem to be substantial enough from the first year in the primary school onward. There is not enough meat in the diet. They do not bring the child forward fast enough to maintain his interest and induce him to put forth his strength." Is not this true likewise of Canadian schools? Anticipating the stock rejoinder in regard to cramming and overpressure, Dr. Eliot well says, "The best way to diminish strain is to increase interest, attractiveness, and the sense of achievement and growth. American teaching, in school and college, has been chiefly driving and judging; it ought to be leading and inspiring." Could one put his finger more directly upon the core of the most serious defects in our Canadian system? Once more Dr. Eliot argues that "much time can be saved in primary and secondary schools by diminishing the number of reviews, and by never aiming at that kind of accuracy of attainment which reviews, followed by examinations, are intended to enforce." "Why," he asks "should an accuracy of knowledge and of statement be habitually demanded of children which adults seldom possess." President Eliot condemns, justly, we believe, the exaggerated notion that it is necessary in all cases for a child to master one thing before he goes to another, as the cause of much retardation and discouragement. The whole paper is eminently worthy of study by educators.

AMONG the humours of the Presidential campaign may be included the intricate process by which some Republican financiers have demonstrated that although the official estimates of appropriations for the fiscal year 1889, including the sinking fund, were only \$326,530,793, the actual appropriations are, or will be, \$428,269,520, and that, consequently the surplus question has settled itself and need cause no further anxiety, except, at least, that caused by Democratic extravagance. The *Nation* retorts effectively by pointing out that, on this showing, the cost of carrying on the Government has increased more than \$100,000,000 in one year, and that this, if true, is the most alarming result of the surplus revenue that could be imagined, since it betokens an irresistible impulse towards extravagance and waste of the taxpayers' money. Another Democratic journal, however, pricks the bubble by the statement that the Republican calculation included the sum total fixed in the Public Building bill as the limit of cost for the structures, including ground. It then duplicated such amounts by adding the sum allowed in the Sundry Civil bill for current expenses on each building. The same course was taken with respect to the River and Harbour bill, and the estimates for fortifications and cruisers, so as to include as expenditures of the coming fiscal year the gross amount to be spent at all times for these purposes, and in addition thereto the sum to be paid out during the year. The same paper goes on to say that, on the basis of present revenue and receipts, the surplus at the end of the next

fiscal year will approach \$220,000,000; and the chances are that it may reach the appalling sum of \$250,000,000.

PROPHECYING of coming events in France is a precarious business. The inference that we should hear little more of Boulangism after the overthrow of the agitator in the duel with Premier Floquet was a very natural one under the circumstances, but events have already proved it unsound. The weathercock has again veered in response to some new current of popular impulse. The vanquished but still doughty hero has been elected by three departments simultaneously, and by one or two of them with immense majorities. Thus it is clear that General Boulanger is still a force, and the most dangerous force, in French politics. But it is impossible that, even in France, a leader of the populace can long sustain himself on a policy of negations or ambiguities. That is what Boulanger has been doing hitherto, and it is evident that the moment he commits himself to a positive, definite programme, that moment his real difficulties will begin. The common desire to overthrow the present Government, though it just now enables him to count on the co-operation of incongruous and even hostile elements, is not such a bond of union as can be relied on for founding a stable administration. Even the reiterated demand for constitutional revision which may, at first thought, seem to be the one clear note to which the people are responding, is itself little better than a negation until the shape and character of the amended Constitution have been outlined with some degree of definiteness. This remodelling process will be the *experimentum crucis*. The result may prove Boulangism to be a constructive as well as destructive agency, but thoughtful observers may be excused if they remain for the present somewhat incredulous. In the meantime there are not wanting indications that the fiery young soldier who now sits on the German throne may at some inopportune moment intervene with unpleasant alternatives.

THE tone of the German press in commenting on Gen. Boulanger's electoral successes is unexpectedly mild. The *North German Gazette* thinks there is no ground for anxiety, seeing that Gen. Boulanger "has protested often enough that he has at heart the preservation of peace," and speaking apparently on behalf of the Government says that Germany "can live in concord with a Boulangist France as well as with a Bonapartist France." This might be very reassuring were it not for the fact that Boulanger, whatever his protestations of desire for peace, represents to the belligerent element in France the military idea, just as Emperor William represents the same idea in Germany. The prospect of Gen. Boulanger attaining dictatorial powers in France is exceedingly remote, but should the fickle populace ever be induced to clothe him with such powers, there can be no doubt that the chief significance of the act would be hostility to Germany and undying resentment of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Revenge on Germany was the cry which first brought the French General into notice, and only by appeal to the same national passion could he hope to maintain himself in power. With two military firebrands as rulers of the two nations it would seem impossible that conflict could long be postponed.

ACCORDING to the *London Times* of the 15th inst., the Government of India is probably about to take the offensive against Tibet, by attempting to storm the Tibetan entrenchments in Jalapla pass and drive the garrison back into their own country. It has been reckoned that eleven thousand Tibetans have been encamped in this pass and that they have recently been reinforced by three thousand more. Other passes, too, have been occupied and fortified by them, so that if the Tibetan equipments and fighting qualities prove to be at all good, the British, or rather Indian, troops will find the task assigned them no easy one. The attitude of Colonel Graham, who is in command, has, hitherto, been a waiting one. He has had strict orders not to cross the frontier, and so has been obliged to content himself with simply repulsing the attacks of the enemy. The Government has waited, until longer waiting seems hopeless, for the Chinese Government, as the Suzerain of Tibet, to pacify its refractory tributaries and hold their belligerent propensities in check. After the engagement of a few months since, reliance was placed on the assurances of the Chinese Government, that a new Resident it had despatched to Lhasa would persuade the Tibetans to acquiesce in their defeat. The Resident seems to be still engaged in the work of persuasion, but with little effect. Meanwhile the season is rapidly passing and the terrible severity of the winter will in a few weeks compel the Indo-British force to seek a milder climate. Meanwhile Colonel Graham is being reinforced, and he is believed to be under instructions to take decisive measures for putting an end to the campaign by crossing the frontier, driving back the garrisons and making

a descent upon Tibet. The origin of the quarrel is the little frontier state of Sikkim which both India and Tibet claim, the British having the advantage of actual possession. The Indian Government denies all covetousness or aggressiveness of disposition in regard to the Tibet Highlands, but the upshot of the affair will probably be another unpremeditated and "necessary" extension of the British domain in India.

"THE novel has become an enormous force in modern life." So said the Bishop of Ripon in a recent lecture at Oxford, on "The Prose Poems of the Day." The statement embodies a fact so patent to all observation that it may almost be considered a truism. And yet it is a fact which is not always so fully recognized as it should be, in view of its great significance, in relation to the shaping of modern life and thought. The clergy, who should be among the foremost to note, and estimate and utilize such tendencies, are, as a body, generally the last to do so, and it would perhaps be well for their influence upon the masses were larger numbers of them in the position of those whom the Bishop describes as putting one another through an examination in order to see which knew his "Pickwick" best. The Bishop seems disposed to complain that after having taken up science and art, entered the arenas of medicine and spiritualism, and claimed politics and history as its appropriate field, the novel should now have entered the domain of theology. But why not? It seems hard, he thinks, when one comes home tired with struggling with the problems of life, he should find the same problems confronting him when sitting in easy chair and slippers. But there are novels and novels, and it is surely easy, amidst the infinite variety, to select with reference to moods and brain conditions. And if it is true, as the learned prelate seems to admit, that the novel sometimes tells "parables which embody truths that told elsewhere produce only slumber," it is still well that such truths, presumably important, should be told somewhere in a form in which they will compel attention. May it not be, indeed, that the maker of sermons may have something to learn in such matters from the maker of novels? The moral of it all seems to be that the place of the novel in modern literature is impregnable, and that it is the part of wisdom for reformers of all classes to aim at improving and elevating the taste for it, and so its character, instead of wasting their energies in a hopeless attempt to banish it. Amending the old saw with regard to the songs of a country, the Bishop wisely says, "Give me the yellow-backs of the country, and I will leave you the blue books."

#### REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRAT.

RECENT events at Washington afford melancholy proof of the degradation to which our neighbours will stoop to serve party ends. The leaders of the Republicans in the Senate are men of good social position and character, who would not, in the management of their private business or even in the settlement of domestic political questions, resort to trickery or misrepresentation. They are not fire-eaters of the school of Jefferson Brick, but on the contrary friendly to the mother country and Canada, and desirous to be at peace with them. But an election is pending, which will either leave them in the cold shades of opposition for four years or place 40,000 offices at their disposal. The Irish vote, or a part of it, is believed to be wavering between Democrat and Republican, and they throw dignity and consistency to the winds to rescue their party from defeat. If they were to succeed at the polls they would ratify the treaty which they now condemn; if they are beaten they will probably give it a grudging assent when it can no longer afford political capital.

The fact that a very large part of the English people have changed front on the Irish question, and are throwing all others aside to do justice to the sister isle, ought to lessen the rancour of Hibernians in the United States, and disincline them to desert the Democratic party which a large majority of them have always supported, and to take service with the Republican, one of whom gibbeted them four years ago as devotees of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." But a recent speech of Mr. Thurman, Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, clearly shows the sensitiveness of his party to imputations of philo-anglicanism and discloses the motive for Mr. Cleveland's extraordinary message to Congress.

The Republicans in Congress having twisted the British lion's tail with vigour and effect, President Cleveland abandons, to all appearance, the treaty made with so much care by his Secretary of State, flies into a passion with Canada, and asks for power to punish her by stopping the passage of Canadian products in bond through the United States! Nothing more startling or absurd in form was ever proposed by the ruler of a great country. The President negotiated a treaty for the settlement of matters in dispute with Canada; the Republicans rejected it, and the President cries havoc and lets slip the dogs of war, not against the Republicans, but

against the Canadians who made with him a fair bargain. Mr. Cleveland's action shows that he considers the negotiation of the treaty a mistake on the part of his Cabinet, and is resolved to get rid of it at any sacrifice of honour or consistency. According to his supporters in the press, he has won the game of brag. With the tail of the British lion firmly in his hands he is whirling that effete animal round and round in space amidst the universal plaudits of the Irish electors who regard him with awe and admiration. According to Mr. Blaine and the Republican press, he has been "euchred," has been convicted of stroking the lion's mane and giving it sugar sticks. The proposed stoppage of Canadian imports in bond is declared to be injurious to American interests, and to have been the suggestion of a man in toils of his own making struggling with despair. The true situation will be clearer two months hence.

It must be confessed that men who negotiate treaties with the United States have not their sorrows to seek. They have to deal with sharp legal minds whose one idea is to get the best of the bargain by hook or by crook. To this rule there is one exception, Mr. Bayard is a statesman and a gentleman. He made a fair treaty, and, so far, he has stuck to it. Had he been a chief minister in any other civilised country, he would have had fair consideration given to his work, even by political opponents. He has not had it from Republican Senators and his official chief has repudiated him. The situation is, of course, made worse in the present case by the fact that the Senate is at war with the popular chamber. But that body being elected for a longer term than the other ought not to stand in the way of a fair settlement of a troublesome question approved by the directly elected President and House of Representatives. Years may pass before the Senate becomes Democratic, and still more years before the popular party can control two-thirds of that chamber, and, in the meantime, if the outs are animated by the spirit of Evarts and Edmunds, irritating questions with foreign nations may remain unsettled and important interests be sacrificed.

Mr. Blaine, the real leader of the Republican party, has strongly condemned the President's proposition to stop the bonding of Canadian goods. He might well do so. The step would be infinitely more injurious to the United States than to Canada. We will soon have three lines of railway traversing the eastern Provinces from end to end. Instead of sending produce to New York, Boston, Portland, or Baltimore, we should, if Mr. Cleveland put his threat in execution, ship it by Montreal in summer, and St. John and Halifax in winter. Vessels might be scarce at first, but that defect would soon be remedied. New York capital locked up in the Canada Southern would be wasted; western American farmers and shippers of produce, railway companies west of the Detroit and east of the Niagara rivers, and the owners of vessels on the lakes, would all cry out against a measure which would largely reduce their business, and throw it into the hands of rivals to the north and south. The Pope's Bull against the comet was not more harmless than the pronunciamento of President Cleveland against Canada. Although Mr. Blaine has condemned the President's threat, the Senate, pursuing its game of brag, may pass the proposed measure, and the President pursuing his, may put it in force. An American authority contends, however, that this cannot be done till the expiration of two years after notice is given.

Many persons in this country, some from political motives, a few from conviction, allege that, without Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, Canada cannot prosper. It is not a true statement fortunately. Canada is prospering, and cannot but obtain speedy and enormous development by the settlement of the North-West, the richest agricultural territory in the world. The record of the last few weeks in Washington conclusively shows, however, the folly of making the statement, supposing it were true. The United States is a large country with a numerous population. That those who manage its affairs know little and care nothing about Canada is made abundantly evident by recent events. If it is dinned into their ears that Canada cannot live independently of them, are they likely to grant reciprocity? Some will say with Senator Sherman, "let Canada be annexed," others will say "let them starve, we do not want them." The Senate and House of Representatives will make the matter a political plaything and the President will take it up or let it drop to catch a few votes. It is a degradation to beg for reciprocity of trade from such people. The true course of Canada is perfectly clear. We have an illimitable territory, a fertile soil, an active, industrious, intelligent population. Our business is to treat our neighbours with friendship and respect, but make them clearly understand that we can live without them, that we have all the elements of progress within our own country and mean to develop them to the utmost without help from anyone. Those who give different advice than this misconceive the true interests of their country.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

THERE is no occasion for Canadians to lose either head or heart over President Cleveland's so-called retaliation message to Congress. It is intended exclusively for home consumption, and, after the Presidential election, will cease to have the slightest interest for its distinguished author, who would doubtless be willing to have it not only forgotten but obliterated after that event.

The truth is that there has recently been something very like a panic among the Democratic leaders at what they consider their waning prospect of carrying the election, and Mr. Cleveland, who has already eaten his emphatic words of four years ago against the re-nomination of an incumbent President, upon a view of the public necessity for his so doing, has been led to a further step in self-abnegation. It is but justice to him to say that he would prefer to carry on the canvass for the Presidency upon a high plane of statesmanship and political conduct, but so many ballots are in ignorant, prejudiced and reckless hands that, like every public man, he realises that he must either play to the gallery occasionally, or retire altogether from the stage. He would be more than human, now that he has gone so far, were he to refuse to avail himself of any device not involving personal dishonour, to avoid his ejection from the Presidency by the unscrupulous conduct of his political opponents; but any who may feel a shade of disappointment over his Canadian message by reason of having formed a lofty conception of his personal character, may derive comfort from the assurances of some of his instructed admirers here, that in the event of his election to a second and therefore final term of office, he intends to resume his complete independence and make the political moralities "hum" for the next four years. Meantime, the stress of the present exigency may be inferred from the circumstance that Secretary Bayard has accepted a rôle of silence, and to that extent has consented that an effort shall be made to save the fortunes of a party that owes to him much of its appearance of respectability, and to which, in justice, he owes nothing but contempt. It may be accepted as certain that if the message had any other object than the supplying of campaign thunder within the United States, its publication would have been coincident with his resignation. At the same time, it is felt here that we have a variety of small grievances against the Canadian administration, both in respect of the fisheries and the canals, to say nothing of a general spirit of unfriendliness on the part of the minor officials along the boundary.

B.

### DIDOMI.

In response to "In Return," by Miss Wetherald, published in THE WEEK, June 14th, 1888.

THOU askest love. I give it thee  
From that dear inward altar, where  
I lay thy "heart-flowers sweet, profuse,"  
Long shall their fragrance linger there!

Thou askest joy. Thy kindredness  
Createth joy, which onward flows  
With thy life's current. Evermore  
My soul with thine a kinship knows.

Thou askest grief—Oh, friend unseen,  
Tis wordless comfort soonest cheers;  
When o'er the grave of hope we bow,  
The sweetest gift is inward tears.

Ossett, Eng., July, 1888.

S. ALICE ISMAY WILDE.

### LONDON LETTER.

AMONG the National Portraits, and not far from Warren Hastings, hangs a piece, by Hoppner, of Sir Philip Francis (Hastings' old enemy), a duplicate of which picture was opposite to me in the house at which I dined last night. From the wall the eyes of that powdered gentleman were turned to his great-grand-daughter, as, for the past eighty years, he has been used to watch his wife, his son, and his son's son; the strong black brows are flecked with gray, the nose is long and obstinate, the mouth stern and devoid of any apparent humour; across the waistcoat is laid the "blushing" ribbon of the Bath (you will remember the roasting of poor Sir William Draper), and under the left lapel of the high-shouldered coat the star of a Knight Commander shines out. Cleverly drawn is the face of Hoppner's self-contained sitter, and accurately copied is every mark and line; yet there is something missing, something missed, with which a greater artist than Lawrence's protégé could not have failed to endow the canvas. Had poor Holl painted then, Junius himself would be standing before us, that same worthy who set the Town afire for near three years, who kept *The Public Advertiser* a scourge and terror in the land; we should be looking not only at Sir Philip Francis, the middle-aged shrewd member of Parliament, quiet friend of the Prince Regent (who dubbed him *Grand Papa* on account of his grave airs at Pavilion pranks), the decorated London gentleman, but at Junius, young, hard, cruel, with a pen like a sword, wounding to the quick, striking to the heart, arrogant, remorseless, bitter. You have read what this War Office clerk chooses to say to the great Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, nay, to His Majesty himself: how he counsels the King in a manner unpalatable enough, it must be owned, and shakes a scornful finger in the very faces of the outraged nobles in their palaces; laughs at Draper's stamp of rage, and answers

Horne's cry of disgust at this miserable skulking in ambush with an insolent contempt and calm which must indeed have maddened that reverend gentleman. Turn from these queer pages of history to the painted canvas. This is one man's view of Francis, faithful and sincere, but by no means has it much likeness, I should imagine, beyond a certain look, an expression, put on by the sitter in order to please the painter, and caught by the artist in a somewhat clumsy fashion, and it can have resembled but little the extraordinary person it is meant to represent. Lawrence would have done no better, for assuredly he would not have been so simple and truthful, but Gainsborough or Reynolds would have brought out all manner of latent qualities which Hoppner never discovered, while if Holl, as I have said, or Millais, had had the handling of this head we should have had someone to look at for our pains. As I study the piece, asking this and that, my questions are answered by Miss Francis (with perhaps the same inflections in her voice as had Junius, whose movements and gestures may, for aught I know, be identical with his), who tells me much of interest in connection with her ancestor, and shows me as much more.

I take it that the link between Junius and Francis has been sufficiently proved to warrant our accepting it as a matter of fact—if you want the case put clearly in a few sentences you will find it, as no doubt you know, in Macaulay's criticism of Gleig's life of Warren Hastings, and, therefore, I hope you will not think it waste of time if I ask you to look over some of the letters and papers with me, many of which for a matter of a hundred years have lain in neat bundles packed away in tin boxes, or, wafered secure, have interleaved large calf volumes, and all, from first to last, speaking eloquently of by-gone days. These manuscripts did not belong to an ordinary person, by any manner of means; they were the property of a man who made his mark on his generation in a fashion of which we, reading in the memoirs of this period, catch many and many an odd little picture, where his shadowy figure (masked and cloaked like an Italian conspirator) is sketched in, out of all proportion, dwarfing king, peer and commoner with his terrible mysterious all-pervading presence. It is reported that when this young gentleman from the War Office, aged only thirty-two, was given a post in India worth ten thousand a year that George the Third cried, with a sigh of relief, "Now we shall hear no more of Junius." Others again declare that his pen was so much dreaded no one dared to acknowledge openly that this position on the Indian Board of Council was anything better than a bribe. The thing was admirably managed, and nothing could then be proved. Woodfall himself, they say, never knew for certain that the anonymous contributor was his old school-fellow from St. Paul's. The Letters came in at irregular intervals, written in a feigned hand (on War Office paper, as it is now known, in many cases gilt-edged), and the sender never was traced. An American cousin—a Mr. Tilghmann—who is supposed to have helped Francis with the knowledge of the law that was required, may, perhaps have known the great secret, but even this is doubted. Close to the lamp we will put the volumes, the leaves of which we are about to turn, and as the light falls on the rough leather covers, and now on the yellowed sheets and faded ink, we find ourselves introduced familiarly to those great folks, of whom before, perhaps, we have only caught a cursory glimpse, blazing afar off in diamonds and spangled velvets; we are made known to those humbler members of society whom elsewhere we have met in visiting time, and now catch sociably, in morning-gown and slippers, by their own firesides, and from these pages every now and then children's faces look out on ours, little children who gradually grow up as we read on, and who write at first with that beautiful laboured copperplate hand taught by careful governess and tutor, till by degrees they reach to the swift characteristic lines of the grown man and woman. Almost any letter received by Francis he has kept, and many copies of those sent by him are also here; so, if you are fond of human nature you will find plenty to your hand. Whose voice will you listen to? Burke's, as he speaks of the terrible loss of his dear Dick, whose death seems to have broken his father's heart; or Lady Clive's, as she gossips to Francis of events passing in Town, tells how her own boy is as tall as little Phil, repeats all sorts of trivial matters dear to an exile's heart; or do you want to hear the talk of that handful of sturdy kind friends, who helped Mrs. Francis manage her affairs while her husband was away? See, here is a long account of the Lisbon Earthquake, written by some one on the spot a day or two after the event occurred—that event in which Johnson sceptically refused to believe—and of a much later date, of course. Here are delightful descriptions of evenings spent at the Pavilion, long, closely-written sheets, addressed to the Duchess of Devonshire. Interrupting the older tones, come in the childish trebles of the Francis children: they are overcome—these poor babies—at the notion of their dear and honoured Sir facing the dangers of such a climate as India for their sakes, and they can only repay such goodness, they declare, by strict attention to their mother's wishes, and by taking advantage of the efforts of those kind instructors whose services their indulgent father has been generous enough to provide for them! Then come the letters from dear dearest Betsy to her husband who is a six months' voyage away from her; and now writes some guest in the Clive household, who tells of the sudden illness and death of His Lordship, with never a hint of the life of which you and I know all to-day. It is easy to trace much of the life of Francis from the beginning of his career to the last days spent in St. James's Square, easy to find out just those surface troubles and pleasures of which everyone speaks; but, reading between the lines of this correspondence, remembering, if you please, certain ominous Latin sentences in his Indian diary, and that immense Junius secret weighing for ever on his soul, I wonder if he had a happy existence after all, in spite of many a fortuitous circumstance, excellent health, and a good fortune. Close by in a cabinet drawer is the bullet fired by Warren Hastings in the

duel with Francis, which gave the latter a wound important enough to keep him invalided for weeks; here in these volumes are the papers, put in order the night before the event, reasons carefully written out why such a course was inevitable, directions to his family, notes to his friends. Open them where we may, and all manner of curious things come to light, little touches of everyday life, snatches of everyday talk, sheets, many would think, worthless to keep, but which are inexpressibly interesting now to a generation fond of watching and hearing of former inhabitants of their Town. It is to be hoped that eventually Miss Beata Francis will arrange out of this mass of material a book of memoirs, undoubtedly much wanted; only unfortunately she has not much time (though plenty of talent) for literary matters, for Miss Francis is a singer of whom we in England are very proud, and to whose voice we are never tired of listening.

And I must add the following, as a postscript: I was talking this afternoon to a charming old lady of these letters and the pleasure they had given me, when she interrupted me to say that in Paris, fifty years ago, she had met Madame Le Grand—of whose beauty Francis first speaks in 1774, I think—when she was Madame de Talleyrand; the loveliness had fled, said my old friend, but the grace and sweetness of manner were still there; so I, to-day, in 1888, hear a faithful description of some one who had seen this woman of many adventures (married before the American Rebellion), who remembered exactly of what she talked and how she looked.

On Saturday I made, under protest, one of an enormous audience to welcome Mansfield, the actor, to the Lyceum; under protest, I say, as first, I could not imagine that out of Mr. Stevenson's wonderful little parable it was possible to make a good play, and secondly, speak as we will, much of our newspaper criticism is vastly misleading, and is the result, in so many cases, of private friendships and enmities, that from the enthusiastic praise given beforehand to this actor I was more than half inclined to doubt his power to do anything beyond bore me. The playhouse was crammed (for all they declare town is empty, but many of these people came up from the country for this first night), and that is of itself a charming sight. As for the representative folk about me I cannot remember half whom I saw, but no doubt you have read their names in the papers by now; did they tell you that Miss Mary Anderson looked beautiful, young, gay, sweet-tempered, and that Princess Victoria of Teck has no claim whatever to the prettiness with which the paragraphists are perpetually endowing her? Music of a not very inspiring sort soon began to wail from the orchestra, and those knowing members of the company assembled who had seen Mansfield before tried, as we waited, to work on our feelings with a description of the coming horrors, but none of us cared a straw. I have so often been warned that, for instance, he of the *Bells* would freeze my bones, that she of *Tosca* fame would haunt my dreams; but, alack! no freezing, no haunting has ever ensued from such-like entertainments. On the contrary, I have been (like Pet Marjorie's hen) "more than usual calm, and didn't care a damn," and have left the theatre with no other feeling in many cases than that of weariness. When the curtain went up the other night, and we watched Sir Danvers at chess with Utterson, and listened to Agnes complaining of the absence of her lover, and later, when we saw that same lover enter through the bow-window, reminding one of some conscience-stricken young curate, his soul suddenly assailed with doubts as to the common-sense of the Thirty-nine Articles (as *Robert Elsmere* must have looked, in fact, after reading in one of the wicked squire's atheistic books), I don't think any of us felt very much impressed. None of the actors so far were good. Mr. Mansfield was personally a disappointment; he seemed short and insignificant; luxuriant dark hair massed over a marble brow, like the hero of a lady's novel, and fine, troubled, bewildered eyes did not make up for the comparative feebleness of the lower part of the face, and though an attitude every now and then was effective, many of them were affected, and there was a tendency, I thought, to keep before himself Irving as a model of deportment. The opening of the play, then, the manner in which Mansfield brought Jekyll before us, all this was very unlike the book, consequently, when the doctor took Miss Carew for a walk in the moonlight, most of us began to murmur to each other, but those who had been before at the piece said, "Wait and see." And decidedly we were astonished at that for which we waited.

Dr. Jekyll had returned home, and Agnes was playing a melancholy little air on the piano, while her father dozed by the fire, when suddenly, creeping close to the panes, there stood that hideous object, Edward Hyde. Well, we watched, fearing he was going to enter the room, and then, when he did so, from the first noiseless stumble over the threshold, from the first grating sound of that awful creature's rough voice, we were literally spell bound, horror struck, a feeling which increased rather than diminished, and which reached its culminating height when, with a horrible leap, the murderer flew at his victim's throat. A false step would have ruined the situation and made the thing grotesque. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect produced on us all, and the tribute of a second's scared silence as the curtain went down was the result.

I do not propose to carefully criticise the play—no doubt you have seen it for yourself, and have no wish for my opinion—but I should like to be allowed to say that there are certain points in the piece which, as long as memory holds her seat, I can never forget; there are certain touches, suggested by Mr. Stevenson, I am sure, which will remain as fresh in my mind for years to come as they are to-day. There is that ghastly toasting of the ghost for instance, alluded to in the story, which is here just elaborated enough to make it blood-curdling, and one cannot, any more than can Hyde, take one's eyes away from the armchair in which It sat, or the open door through which It entered, and at length departed. Then the marvellous transformation of Hyde to Jekyll as he stands to be judged before his friend (that despairing cry, *oh! Lanyon Lanyon* still rings in my ears), his manner as he speaks of the punishment

that has come upon him; the awful scene on the balcony as he calls in the sunlight to the girl he loves, who is looking up at him from down below in the square, and even as he calls the shadow falls again on the tortured writhing soul; the way in which he hides his face in death—Poole's exclamation *It is my poor master* gives one the hope the change has come again, and that he died as Jekyll, not as Hyde—these are things which should be seen, and which are indeed, I think, beyond all criticism, stamping Mr. Mansfield as an actor of a most uncommon kind. Finally I should mention that Newcomen, Lanyon and the housekeeper in that terrible Soho room are parts that are admirably acted, but the rest of the company are below the average; and though I say that the play, except at the opening, was never dull to me, and that I thought it full of literary merit (two or three of the conversations are taken bodily from the story, yet the adaptor's work never jars with Mr. Stevenson's), I do not wish to scorn the opinion of those competent critics who have declared otherwise, only I think, like school boys, they wish us not to know how frightened they really were at the time, and so turn round now to try and laugh away all recollection of that fearful figure who, against their will perhaps, cannot have failed to have impressed and alarmed them.

As for Mr. Bandmann and his pitiable performance, what can I say? Do you remember how, in "Great Expectations," Mr. Wopsle essayed Hamlet? The German actor's attempt was as disastrous, his reading of the character as "massive and concrete," his self-complacency as enormous, and I am afraid he too, like Mr. Wopsle, was as totally unaware of the failure he had made. It has never been my lot before to sit through a scene almost identical with that written to introduce *The Infant Phenomenon*—only in this case we had to listen to a song, not watch a dance—never been my fate to have represented before me a series of scenes so ridiculously acted, so absurdly written. All I can say is that if Mr. Bandmann is tolerated in America by all means let him return to his admirers. Here I doubt if they would stand him at the Marylebone Theatre; I am sure they would not at the Standard.

WALTER POWELL.

### MINING IN CANADA.

It is much easier to write a readable than a reliable article upon the mining interests of Canada. It is a pleasant thing for an enthusiastic Canadian, or even a sensation-mongering reporter, to go into rhapsodies over the boundless mineral resources of the country—to laud up this or that particular locality which he may, or may not, have visited, but which in some special way has attracted his notice—to enlarge upon prospecting, developing and enterprise, and to show to a demonstration how quickly and easily great fortunes are to be made in this direction. The temptation to do this has with many writers proved irresistible, and consequently a vast amount of arrant rubbish and silly exaggeration, and absolute mis-statement of facts have been thrown broadcast over the country, to the serious detriment in many cases of private and public industrial interests. So far has this been carried, and so often falsified by resultant experience, that there are many worthy Canadians who turn up their noses in thorough disgust at the very name of mining in Canada, and will have nothing to do with it in advancing capital, or encouragement of any kind.

Now we have no intention of throwing cold water upon national enthusiasm or speaking in any sense disparagingly of these undoubtedly grand natural resources of our country, but let us try to come down to the hardpan of solid truth in the matter, and consider some square bold-faced facts therewith, and we will be all the wiser and more profited thereby.

Now in the first place it is an indubitable fact that, with the exception of coal in Nova Scotia, and, for a short time, silver on Lake Superior, mining in Canada up to the present time has been almost wholly a lamentable failure—in proportion to the amount of capital expended, a disastrous bankruptcy. It would be an interesting, though not pleasing calculation, to find out the actual amount of money spent by private individuals and companies during the last twenty-five years in developing and working our mines, and compare this sum with the amount actually realized by the investors. Such a calculation never can be made, but we make bold to say that if it could, the total sum resulting on the wrong side of the balance sheet would be of a magnitude that would amaze and appall the calculator. Our backwoods are full of the melancholy memorials of this sad fact in the shape of long since deserted mines with their still standing, though crumbling buildings, rusty iron buckets, and ruined machinery. You come across them frequently and most unexpectedly in your tramps through the bush, all telling the same sad story of squandered thousands and blasted expectations. We are selfish enough to be glad that the great burden of this loss has been borne by our neighbours, and not ourselves.

Now, the causes of this failure in our mining enterprises are not far to seek. They are—

1st. The suppositious discoveries of ignorant, or unprincipled prospectors.

2nd. The exaggerated and sensational accounts of correspondents to newspapers dictated solely by local interests.

3rd. The feverish and unreasoning desire to make great and sudden riches.

4th. The utter lack of all business forethought, prudence and judgment, in embarking on these enterprises. In mining matters a kind of glamour seems to be cast over some of the wisest and most long-headed of men, making fools of them in the expenditure of their own capital, and rascals of them with that of other men. It is not until men engage in, and conduct mining operations on the some business principles as they carry on their other affairs, viz., on the basis of demand and supply, and on the expectation of a fair and reasonable profit on money and labour expended,

that these enterprises will be placed on their proper footing of value and safety. But so long as they regard every new find in the light of an Australian Ballarat, and themselves as second Caribou Camerons, or Bonanza Mackays, and will think of nothing less than millions, then they must expect disappointment and disaster.

That these are the main causes of failure in our mining matters in Canada is, we think, so potent to every thoughtful and rightly-informed mind, that we need not further consider them.

This leads us then, to affirm most emphatically that there is no lack of minerals, both precious and economic, within our bounds, though at the same time we have no reason for believing that Canada has been specially endowed above most other countries of the Western world with those gifts of nature. But as far as our honest, painstaking, and intelligent investigations have been carried, there is every ground for assurance of abundant success in this industry, if we only exercise common sense and business prudence in operating it.

From Cape Breton to Vancouver, and from the boundary line as far north as our geological explorations have been carried, expositions of every precious and economic mineral except tin, have been found, and as the country opens up and becomes accessible to labour and machinery, most of these will, without doubt, be utilized.

Now, there are certain imperative conditions under which mining as a business, must be gone into in order to secure success.

1st. Laborious searching and intelligent prospecting. This business is no boy's play, but the very toughest work a man can tackle. With his rubber blanket, hammer, and provisions he must camp out in all weathers and seasons, in the wildest and most inaccessible sections, and follow up like a sleuth-hound, every clue and trace of mineral. The prospector must also be to a certain extent a geologist, in so far at least, as to understand the dip, strike, stratification, and discriminating characters of the rocks.

2nd. There should be a certain amount of local development in the way of trenching, uncovering, excavating and blasting before the property is bought, and mining proper commenced. Prospecting is necessarily surface work, and however promising in appearance its finds may be, they should never be absolutely relied upon. This is specially true of gold and phosphate, the latter is the most deceptive mineral on the face of the earth. The work of two or three men, with a little dynamite for a few days, may save the loss of tens of thousands, or secure a profit of ten times the amount. At all events you have the satisfaction of doing a straightforward open-handed business both with yourself and others, and knowing what you are about.

3rd. Pluck and perseverance are indispensable requisites for success in mining. Work has been stopped on many of the abandoned mines I referred to above, before their worthlessness was fully proved. If it had been continued a little longer a valuable yield would in all probability have been abundantly given. But some men get discouraged very quickly if they don't at once strike gold. Now, in embarking on a mining enterprise, a man should make up his mind, not how much he expects to make, but what amount he can afford to lose, and to that extent he should be prepared to venture. Mining at the best is such a lottery sort of business that a man is a fool who invests his whole available means in its prosecution, but up to the mark which in his judgment he has limited himself, let him not be afraid of going, even although he is not taking in a stiver. A few feet more in depth, or laterally, may make all the difference in the world between a rich mine, and a worthless pit.

Our Ontario mining Act, take it in all, is a very fair one, but there is one point in which it should be greatly and speedily amended, and that is the license that is given to what may be called the *wholesale slaughtering of our mineral lands*. It is a crying shame and a barefaced robbery that a wealthy company or individual can buy up or hold lands for pretended mining purposes by the thousands of acres. Let these gentry buy as much as they please, but compel them, like the poor prospector who takes out a claim of 200 square feet area, to develop and work every fifty acres of the property within three months of the purchase, or forfeit the property. The present system is a practical tying up, and wasting of some of the most valuable resources of the country. It is amusing to read what newspaper reporters write about the liberal terms these land sharks offer to prospectors. They will allow them to locate and work claims upon their lands for a fixed term of years at ten per cent., or more, royalty according to the assay of the mineral per ton. No man in his sane mind will enter into such an agreement, except it be for perpetuity—a man might expend upon a good find he has discovered, ten, twenty, or fifty thousand dollars, then just when the mine is paying well his term may expire, and he forfeits the whole box and dice of it. Royalties at the best are ticklish and uncertain things, and if possible at all, are to be steered clear of. The Act thus amended should be made retrospective, so that vast tracts of land now held up in this way would be utilized and made of value to the country.

We are watching with great interest the proceedings of the Mining Commission. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen mean business. We want something of a thoroughly practical nature, in short, a strike of some kind to be determined on. The country will be satisfied with nothing less. We have had enough of shilly shallying, red tape, and old womanish business in our mining legislation of the past. There is one thing we hope the Commission will do for us, and that is, to tell us, not so much where the minerals are, as where they are not, so that prospectors may not waste their time and energies in examining barren oreless fields.

Above all things we hope the Commission will steer clear of all political party bias, and enunciate their determinations on the matters at issue before them with that clear, intelligent and experienced judgement, which we know characterize its individual members.

JOSHUA FRASER.



PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXIII.

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

GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG, M.A., PROFESSOR OF METAPHYSICS AND ETHICS, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

It is said, "They who rock the cradles rule the world." If this be true—and, confessedly, there is enough of truth in the saying to make it proverbial—those cradles are not rocked at the hustings, nor by loud voiced declamation from the public platform. The nurseries do not invite the public gaze. Forests grow without boasting, and the hand that keeps the planets in their orbits has no advertising tricks whereby to attract attention to the work. The noisy demagogue has his place in nature—so has the kettle-drum—but the powers that mould and bless society are for the most part the powers behind the throne. Such reflections irresistibly rise as the pen begins to write of the modest philosopher whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose talents more than justify a place for their possessor in this series of eminent Canadians, understanding by this last term not merely those whose birth-place is Canada, but also those who have made this land the sphere of their toil, found here their home, and to the upbuilding and prosperity of which they have contributed or are contributing their share.

Dissent in England for the most part takes the form of antagonism to the entire polity of the Established Episcopal Church. Dissent in Scotland held tenaciously both the polity and the doctrines embodied in the standards of the Established Presbyterian Church. English dissent is anti-Episcopal; Scottish is as thoroughly Presbyterian as the State Church. They who seceded from the Scottish establishment did so because, in their esteem, that establishment was not true to its Presbyterian trust. Among those who originally seceded from the establishment a discussion arose as to the propriety of taking the burgher oath required in the towns of Edinburgh, Glasgow and Perth, which oath contained a profession of "the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorized by the laws thereof." One party held these words to mean simply those doctrines and polity which the authorized standards required, but another, and that the more numerous, held these words to be an endorsement of the Established Church, with its corruptions, from which they had seceded. A division resulted in the formation of the Burgher and Anti-Burgher Associate Synods. To us these controversies are dead issues, it is hard to realise the importance thereof, but they arose from strong convictions, and those who took active interest therein were men of keen intellect, earnest spirit, and could intelligently distinguish things that differ. The Rev. William Young ministered to an Anti-Burgher Church in the quiet town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and here, about three-score years and ten ago, was born to him the subject of this sketch. The mother was a daughter of Rev. George Paxton, Professor of Divinity in the Anti-Burgher Synod. Mr. Paxton wrote a work well known in its day "Illustrations of Scripture from the Geography and Customs of the East." Dissatisfied with the ultimate union between the Burgher and Anti-Burgher Synods, Mr. Paxton remained with others to form the Synod of Original Seceders, continuing his professorial duties among them. These facts are mentioned as accounting in some measure for the keen intellect and scrupulous integrity which the respected Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics in University College confessedly possesses in no ordinary degree. There is an hereditary piety, and we are all controlled largely by our environment.

George Paxton Young's collegiate course was at Edinburgh; he was among the earliest students of theology at the Free Church College in that city, and sat under the inspiring teaching of Dr. Chalmers. Dr. William Gregg of Knox College in this city was a fellow student, and, though theologically the two are confessedly far apart to day, they are alike respected for the simplicity, earnestness and sincerity of their lives. John Macintosh, "the Earnest Student;" Mr. Edersheim, author of a "History of the Jews," and of the "Life and Times of Jesus Christ;" Principal Rainy of Edinburgh, and Principal Douglass of Glasgow, were among those who were companions at that time in the Free Church Hall. Mr. Young began his ministry in Paisley, Scotland, and emigrated to Canada about 1850. After a brief pastorate over Knox Church, Hamilton, he received the appointment in 1853 of Second Professor of Divinity in Knox College, the Senior Professor being the late Rev. M. Willis, D.D., confessedly in his day one of the best read scholars in the patristic and reformation theologies. Mr. Young's department was Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. Subsequently, on the appointment of the late Dr. R. Burns, as Third Theological Professor, the subject of the Evidences was given to Dr. Burns, and that of Exegetical Theology to Mr. Young. It was while under this arrangement that the writer of this article for three years attended on Prof. Young's lectures. Only utter lack of brains would keep a student from learning under such teaching. The Second Professor's analytical powers seemed perfect, he never came before his class unprepared; he possessed the rare faculty of placing himself for the time being thoroughly *en rapport* with the author whose work or theory was under consideration, arguing for him as against the objections urged by the ready students, and then

when he had thoroughly indoctrinated the class in the views given, would with merciless keenness, expose the fallacies, overturning or buttressing the argument as the theses were to be rejected or maintained. Some criticism is like to the thunderbolt, crashing, overturning; our Professor's was that of a keen-edged razor, the *dissecta membra* being the first intimation that the work was done.

The students were not merely instructed, they were drawn out; we do not remember one weary hour in the class room; and as the Professor warmed to his subject his shrill voice, rising almost to a shriek in its falsetto, would still every sound, rivet every eye, until the sentence ended, the student would remember that "notes" had to be taken and from the height of enthusiasm the class would regretfully drop to prosaic pencil and paper again. Examinations loomed! and we knew our Professor's examinations were no shams.

Occasionally some shrewd advice was kindly given; *e. g.*, class ready, with note books opened—the professor duly seated (the seat was seldom kept more than ten minutes of the hour)—a slight rapid stutter: "Eh, gentlemen—ah—you are studying to be—preachers—eh—I will give you two rules which, faithfully followed, will prevent your congregations from sleeping, and yourselves from being bores." Every pencil was ready—"Never mind your note books, gentlemen, your memory ought to be sufficient"—expectation on every countenance—"Gentlemen—never speak unless you have something to say"—class looking as though they might be sold—"when you have said it—sit down!" Blank countenances and the lecture begins. Happy they who remember the advice *and keep it*. Another: "Gentlemen, I heard of a student that boasted of his readiness in pulpit preparation. He said that he frequently went into the pulpit not knowing what he was about to preach from. The sermon generally ended by the people not knowing what he had said." There was not much laughter, those piercing eyes and voice sent the lessons home.

In 1864 Prof. Young resigned his position in Knox College and eventually his ministerial standing. The reasons have never been given in detail, though it is generally understood that there was a growing divergence between the conclusions to which study was leading and the expressed views of the church. Having no desire to pose as a martyr, or to be unfaithful, Mr. Young quietly withdrew.

For some time Mr. Young did admirable service as Inspector of Grammar Schools, and very much of their subsequent efficiency is due to his efforts and suggestions. So vivid however were student recollections of thorough teaching in the Presbyterian Church that in 1868 Mr. Young was asked to take charge of classes in Mental and Moral Philosophy, and elementary Latin and Greek, in the Preparatory Department of Knox College. This position he filled till called to the chair of Metaphysics and Ethics in University College, which chair he has occupied with more than approbation ever since. In our student days no class in the University was more irksome; not one to-day exceeds it in popularity.

Professor Young stands to the front as a mathematician and has recently presented solutions of problems which have hitherto baffled the best skill: and one who has read critically the works of Plato and Aristotle cannot but rank high as an accomplished Greek scholar. Indeed it would be difficult to name a chair in the Arts course our friend could not fill with ability.

Professor Young never married, yet we know of few men whose home instincts are stronger: they who have shared his hospitality, as the writer has, know how tender and thoughtful his attentions are in his own house. Trifling in his company is out of the question, but a generous flow of spirits is invited, and you are made to feel thoroughly at home. He will pass away, as all must, and the busy city will scarcely know that a prophet has been among them; but the lives he has inspired, the minds he has trained, and they who have been thrown upon his affectionate care, will know that a good man and a true has entered into rest.

JOHN BURTON, M.A., B.D.

THE only value of external success is as a sign of interior spirit. Our successes ought not to be things which are achieved by force of will or by skill of hand simply; they ought to be the fruits which the spirit of our lives bears, as naturally as the tree bears its appropriate fruit. No really strong life will miss some form of external success, though it may not be a form which the world recognizes; but its real achievement will always be interior and spiritual.

A THRILLING incident, which recently happened in India, is related by the native papers. It was no less a feat than the photographing of a tiger and a buffalo at the instant they were in deadly conflict. The whole affair had been deliberately pre-arranged. The buffalo was carefully tethered to a stump in the middle of a field. The artist, who was, of course in peril of his life, coolly focussed the horned beast. Then the tiger was let loose, and springing upon the buffalo, struck the huge creature to the earth with a single blow of his paw. The camera, at this intense moment, took its instantaneous impression, and the result was a picture vividly representing the deadly scene, and its victim at the very moment of dying. "The one beat of the heart," says an account, "that intervened between the awful blow of the tiger's paw and the victim's positive surrender of existence, sufficed for the photographer to catch and fix with unerring fidelity the attitudes of the slayer and the slain." The striking achievement has its scientific use. It settles, by indisputable testimony of the sun's rays, the much mooted question by what method the tiger destroys its prey. The artist was a man of rare courage, for in order to achieve this triumph of his art he took the chance that the untamable rover of the jungle would leap on him instead of the victim intended for his deadly onset.

VIE DE BOHEME! OR THE NOCTURNE  
IN G.

(In the Latin quarter.)

*Vie de Bohême!* Curious, are you?  
Really, earnestly want to know all  
About it? Well, you needn't go far, you  
Have only to step across the hall.

This mountain of trunks outside the door!  
Perhaps you might care to investigate these,  
But I'll not risk becoming a bore—  
Here, the door is open! *Entrez.* (Sneeze!)

Snuff and scissors, and salt and Strauss—  
The last weak opera—have you seen it?—  
All on a chair, and a little dead mouse  
Underneath in a trap, where the hangings screen it.

The chair itself, though, you don't see daily.  
Look at the carvings in the middle  
Of the back—all the others are occupied gaily,  
While the lounge has a tray, a dog and a fiddle.

There's nothing to sit on but the bed.  
"But Madame will object!" Not she. Asleep  
At twelve of the clock! What a heavy head!  
I'd wake her, but you are an artist,—Peep

For a minute longer at curve of wrist,  
And hair out-stretched upon the pillow!  
Is there anything there that will assist  
Your latest dream of women and willow?

How sad she looks! Very sad for her,  
That never sorrows a moment awake;  
Now, could you fasten that mouth's demur  
On your canvas, *mon cher*, you were in *à la mode!* Crimson lake?

And your elbow went into it? All my fault!  
I should not have entered Bohemia so,  
With a sensitive Sybarite not worth his salt—  
Well, I'll take that back, and you too, if you'll go.

But not just at present. Why, pocket the stain!  
'Twill come out quite easily by-and-by;  
And whether it come out, or if it remain,  
In Bohemia does not in the least signify.

Look out for your head, for the ceiling's low,  
And out of three globes on the chandelier,  
Only one is left, and it's cracked, will go  
To pieces almost if one looks at it near.

The pinned-up blind and the breakfast tray  
Are not things wherewithal to boast,  
But the Dresden and Derby in shining array,  
Will surely obliterate hardening to last,

And long-poured-out coffee. At last! She stirs!  
Madame is awake. Good day! "*Bonjour!*"  
"*Mon Dieu*, it is late, and the friend infers  
That so late every day, I must sleep *toujours!*"

"I am an object? Quick, say!" Ah, Madame!  
One of grace and delight you always must be,  
And most of all now; 'tis not often *les femmes*  
Look so well upon waking. Is it, Lee?

Lee is my friend, and a fast rising painter;  
Does things which outrival your matchless Corot;  
Murky gray skies, with a curious fainter  
Lighter green gleam on the landscape below.

Though, is it Corot that I mean? Lee is shocked.  
Suffice it, we saw you last night in the play,  
In a pink and white poem so charmingly frocked,  
O happy, thrice happy *Théâtre Français!*

He begs for a sitting, and let me suggest  
That you stay as you are with those fair frills of lace  
Brimming over the coverlet—Why, you are dressed  
With all that soft whiteness beneath your face,

And the bright bloom of Eos on either cheek,  
And a most divine violet-black in your eyes,  
As liquid as childhood's—there's no need to seek  
The embrightening drugs' and the rouge-pots' lies.

But later, Madame, you'll be pale, no doubt.  
No? Not when the afternoon shadows fall,  
In the *triste* interim when old loves are about,  
And old voices and footsteps are heard over all!

The playing of Monsieur Diabolus? Ah!  
He is here as I speak, and now, friend Lee,  
Whom I think, Chevalier, you yesterday saw  
In my room downstairs, recollect? No. 3?

We'll leave you to settle your palette and pluses,  
To frown and reflect, then to rumple your hair,  
And presently actively bristle with brushes.  
So; practise, Chevalier, while I will prepare

*Quelque chose pour Madame.* Not a word, my own way.  
The coffee is cold, but—I have it! *Marytaux!*  
In one pocket you see; in the other a stray  
Find of fresh plums and a tiny *gâteau*

Picked up at Victor's. A glorious cook!  
No Frenchman, believe me, though here in the heart  
Of your Paris he works since the day he forsook  
The fluctuate fortune of Poland for Art.

You laugh, *mes amis.* Well, it is this. He's a Pole,  
Therefore illustrious; Poles always are;  
He puts into pink butter roses his soul,  
And it is not a common one. Follows some star

Or Muse in his cooking; is the better for blood  
As brains always are when together you find them;  
The Regent had loved him; put poison for cud  
Had Carême in his *bouquets garnis* as he twined them.

Now Chopin and he were great friends in their way,  
And Victor has told me, his ices and cakes  
Of the best inspiration, *sûlmis, entremets*,  
Of the rarest, he owed to the delicate shakes

And the marvellous touch of *ce pauvre Frédéric.*  
So eat up your cake, Madame, every crumb!

Value its shape and its colouring, seek  
(It is not unworthy your finger and thumb)

For its meaning, its essence—no, not the vanilla,  
Go on with your sketching, and Lee, look here!  
Madame does not exile the darling Manilla,  
You may puff away with your conscience clear,

If you want to and can with this in your ears,  
The sad soul of Chopin on violin strings!  
Ah! Paint me the picture the most full of tears,  
Tear your own heart out and pluck off your wings,

Let the down that was snowy and dowers I as your own  
Feed your ne'er dying worm as it rears and recedes,  
Let the blood that once warmed you through breast to cold  
bone  
Flow out and delight but not drown as it feeds—

Not the grave-worm, Madame—Ah! would God that it were!  
(My worm and your's Lee, are both of a gender),  
A live thing so harmlessly, holly fair!  
(No. We were enthralled with a mirage of splendour).

And it dies not; it dies not; it will push its way,  
And here we are, slaves to its growth and its power;  
To the worship of Art were we both called one day,  
For the worship of Art have we lived till this hour.

Feed your worm then, I say, with superlative pain,  
Paint me the picture the most full of tears—  
You will never attain to that wonderful strain  
The musician alone through the hurrying years

Can give us, the wistful, the cry of all souls,  
Inarticulate, helpless, abandoned and blind,  
To the *Dieu inconnu*, the Unknown that controls  
All the joy and the pain of our poor human kind!

But Madame there grows restless, declares I am *triste!*  
I am old, *chers amis*, but not cynical, no!  
You have finished, I see, my ingenious feast,  
If I had now but purchased another *gâteau!*

And now let us see the result of it all  
Come and look here Chevalier, there's nothing to dread,  
Ah! No colour, my friend! Here's a red parasol,  
Stand it open at back of Madame's little head!

Then give her the "ruby" in one slender hand,  
Let her bury the other beneath her hair—  
You've a picture the *Salon* will quite understand,  
And accept with *éclat*, for your subject is rare,

You have gone to real life, the true critics will say,  
Heart, and not Art, is the luckiest creed.  
*Apropos*, you may think of the lines that, one day,  
To you in some *café* I once tried to read.

They ran—Now, mark me, Lee, you'll never paint  
Until you learn more daring. Dare to fling  
Those golden-threaded pretty stuffs away!  
Strip down the flecked Madras and tear the eyes  
From yonder ceiling peacock feathered! Sell  
Your china *chop* and curtains, amber plush  
And ruby, making sunset in the room!  
I did not come to see a splash of west,  
Except, I own, upon your canvas here.  
Bury your bronzes—curse the *bric-à-brac*,  
You've learned to draw it. Good! Now go your way  
Into the world, the street, the omnibus,  
Shall Lee—no name to conjure with as yet—  
Refuse to follow where *Detuille* has led?

But Madame, I digress, and the time, how it goes!  
*Adieu* for the present, one wish—might I claim  
This smallest, most withered and least little rose,  
With the *beauté altière* and the difficult name?

Twelve bouquets, observe, Lee, all thrown in one night;  
Who were guilty of some is quite easy to see;  
Here's a note, there's a case—oh! we must take our flight,  
And thanks, Chevalier, for the Nocturne in G.

SERANUS.

THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN.

A PHANTASY.

I.

UPON a gentle slope in Eden old,  
Slept Adam, first of men;  
(His origin by Darwin has been told,  
But mine shall be the pen  
To tell how woman was evolved, and when).

When Adam first to consciousness awoke  
The wonder of it all!  
The sky—the sea—the birds that silence broke,  
The trees so green and tall,  
The flowery peace soft brooding over all!

The animals, strange restless breathing things,  
With liquid eyes;  
That in his steps with wistful following  
Came fitfully; the bright sun glancing wings  
Cleaving the skies.

The wonder of it all was so entrancing;  
Held with its spell,  
He saw the lambkins in the meadows prancing,  
The merry goats in the long sunbeams dancing,  
Brooks in the dell.

The beauty of the vision filled his soul,  
Man's hour had come!  
Suns set and night unfurled her starry scroll,  
Thought dawned and through his brain began to roll,  
But he was dumb.

His hunger he appeased with pleasant fruit;  
But in his heart  
There woke another hunger, voiceless, mute  
As is the music in an untouched lute  
Lying apart.

He was alone and felt his loneliness:  
Only in sleep  
He knew a something sweeter far than this,  
A full completeness he did, waking, miss,  
But could not keep.

To explain this strange phase of his history:  
When his first sigh  
Was heard in heaven's great whispering gallery,  
Which still surrounds earth with its mystery,  
One spake on high.

Lo, I am Love, and for my love prepare  
Creatures to fill my sole necessity;  
Because of this my love they are and were;  
All things that live in earth and sea and air,  
But chiefly man, heir of eternity.

Go, therefore, thou, my gentlest spirit mild,  
Thou of the beautifuls brow an loving eye;  
In Eden's garden hover near my child,  
My first of men, born of the ages wild;  
Unto him minister, in sleep be nigh.

This was the presence, subtle, unconfined,  
Which Adam felt;  
The unconscious influence of mind on mind,  
Causing him with a longing undefined,  
To yearn and melt.

It troubled him: a sadness vague and strange  
Haunted his face;  
The angel, pitying, noted the wan change  
And round him close would sheltering wings arrange  
With pitying grace.

At last, it grew so, he would moan and sigh  
In sore unrest;  
His unseen guardian, watchful, saw his eye  
Now bent on earth, now raised unto the sky  
With grieving breast.

Seeing him thus the angel saddened too,  
Though 'twas amiss;  
Desire to comfort Adam woke and grew,  
Till one day o'er him her warm wings she threw  
And pressed a kiss!

A shock magnetic vivified his frame  
With magic *verve*,  
And with a thrill that never yet knew name,  
Though most men once in life have felt the same,  
Leapt every nerve.

Athwart his soul's profundity of sadness,  
A rainbow gleamed;  
Stole o'er his senses an unwonted gladness,  
A new delight half bordering on madness,  
And lo! he dreamed

A vision ravishing, most lovely, chaste;  
One such as he had seen,  
Like yet unlike, when in the mirrored waste  
Of tranquil waters he beheld, amazed,  
Himself amid the scene.

The joy awoke him with a blissful start,  
When lo! sweet wondering eyes  
Looked into his. He knew his better part,  
And with ripe instinct drew her to his heart,  
In rapture loving wise.

"Oh, my beloved? where wert thou concealed?"  
He cried in bliss.  
Till now the lips of Adam had been sealed,  
But speech brake forth when Woman was revealed  
In loveliness.

II.

The Angel, when her lips did Adam's touch—  
Strange sense of loss—  
A consciousness of having given too much,  
Instinctive made her swiftly turn to clutch,  
Her wings across.

But lo, the wings were gone! and with them fled  
All memory.  
Before her Adam slept on mossy bed  
With smiling lips and arm-empillowed head,  
A mystery!

A Woman now, an Angel nevermore,  
So Eve stood  
In wondering innocence on Time's far shore,  
While Adam clasped and kissed her o'er and o'er  
In rapturous mood.

But, ah! her spirit vision, pure and keen,  
Was lost for aye;  
Evil could now in Eden creep unseen,  
To mar the charm of each delightful scene,  
And cloud the day.

Then spake the VOICE: "Oh, Spirit, not lost but strayed!  
From Heaven's estate;  
Since not through pride, but love thou thus art made  
An angel in humanity arrayed;  
Be Adam's mate.

And this thy punishment; To love and weep  
Because of love;  
Forever to bequeath with sorrow deep,  
The kiss that Adam woke from loveless sleep,  
In Eden's grove.

Yet, to console thee down the ages long,  
I name by thee,  
All that to strength and beauty doth belong;  
Thus Truth, Grace, Wisdom, in immortal song  
Shall be named *She*.

Yea, even the immortal essence which is mine,  
Undying, pure,  
Shall henceforth evermore be feminine.  
Woman, Love, Immortality shall thus entwine,  
And so endure."

JAY KAYLELL.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## MANNER AND CHARACTER.

THE two are not invariably synonymous, yet, to a very great degree, manner is an expression of character and is its direct result. Fineness of perception, delicacy of feeling, has its correspondence in shades and inflections of manner. As civilization advances into the finer social enlightenment, manner becomes a factor only less important than morals. Punctiliousness in those trifles whose aggregate, after all, makes up the sum of life is one of the attributes of character and is indispensable to polished manner. The prompt reply to letters and notes; the due acknowledgment of invitations, of gifts, of favours, are a part of the grammar of social life. Rudeness is justly considered as a social crime. The ill-bred person has no place in the social fabric, and he should be as much excluded from polite life as should the criminal from the business transactions of honest men. Beautiful manners are the fine inflorescence of all forms of art. Noble sculpture, beautiful paintings, the harmony of music, the charm of intellectual gifts, all find their highest and most potent expression in manner.—*Boston Traveller.*

## SPEED OF TRAINS.

INQUIRY is frequently made as to how the speed of a train may be estimated. The traveller especially is curious about the speed his train is making, and we suggest three methods by which the speed may be guessed with remarkable accuracy, as follows:—1. Watch for the passage of the train by the large white mile posts with black figures upon them, and divide 3,600 by the time in seconds between posts. The result is the speed in miles per hour. 2. Listen attentively until the ear distinguishes the click, click, click of the wheel as it passes a rail joint. The number of clicks upon one side of the car in 20 seconds is the speed in miles per hour, where the rails are 30 feet in length, and this is the case generally. 3. Count the number of telegraph poles passed in two minutes if there are four or five wires to a pole, and in two minutes and twenty seconds if there are only one or two lines per pole. The number of poles passed is the number of miles per hour at which the train is travelling.—*Railway Review.*

## WHAT IS POETRY?

BUT, after all, is it possible to give any sufficient and exhaustive definition of poetry at all? We may say such-and-such things are poetry, but if we attempt to add "and only these," we are certain to go wrong. Indeed, we cannot help wondering whether, in truth, poetry is not best known by the human emotions it produces. Just as music is said to awaken emotions which are stirred by and find expression only in music, so, does not poetry appeal to a special and distinct set of emotions?—and if this be so, may not it be possible to gauge what is poetry and what is not by the test of whether or not any response is given by these emotions? Of course, such a test is open to the objection that it is, in truth, merely an appeal to personal experience, and therefore does not advance the question. The value of the objection, however, depends upon the fact whether, when poetry is felt, it is felt in the same way by different people. If it is, then clearly to test what is poetry and what not by this means is no more ridiculous than to test sweetness, bitterness, heat, or cold, by individual taste. Finally, it may be said in support of this contention, that in practice every one uses the test we have suggested. If a man wants to judge whether something is poetry or not, he does not seek to apply a definition, but reads the poetry to be tested, and according as it affects him, pronounces for or against its claim to be considered a true poem.—*London Spectator.*

## BACON AS A JUDGE.

BUT the serious thing is that Bacon subjected himself to two of the most dangerous influences which can act on the mind of a judge—the influence of the most powerful and most formidable man in England, and the influence of presents, in money and other gifts. From first to last he allowed Buckingham, whom no man, as Bacon soon found, could displease, except at his own peril, to write letters to him on behalf of suitors whose causes were before him; and he allowed suitors, not often while the cause was pending, but sometimes even then, to send him directly, or through his servants, large sums of money. Both these things are explained. It would have been characteristic of Bacon to be confident that he could defy temptation; these habits were the fashion of the time, and everybody took them for granted; Buckingham never asked his good offices beyond what Bacon thought just and right, and asked them rather for the sake of expedition than to influence his judgment. And as to the money presents, every office was underpaid; this was the common way of acknowledging pain and trouble; it was analogous to a doctor's or a lawyer's fee now. And there is no proof that either influence ever led Bacon to do wrong. This has been said, and said with some degree of force. But if it shows that Bacon was not in this matter below his age, it shows that he was not above it. No one knew better than Bacon that there were no more certain dangers to honesty and justice than the interference and solicitation of the great, and the old famous pest of bribes, of which all histories and laws were full. And yet on the highest seat of justice in the realm he, the great reformer of its abuses, allowed them to make their customary haunt. He did not mean to do wrong; his conscience was clear; he had not given thought to the mischief they must do, sooner or later, to all concerned with the Court of Chancery. With a magnificent carelessness, he

could afford to run safely a course closely bordering on crime, in which meaner men would sin and be ruined.—*Church's "Life of Bacon."*

## GENIUS AND TALENT.

INDEED, one might almost reverse the ordinary estimate, and say that Genius, in its most frequent form, is really Talent backed up by application. To this special class of Genius belong such men (to take a typical example) as Charles Darwin. It was not the mere *aperçu* of natural selection or survival of the fittest that set the seal upon Darwin's undoubted apostolate. Other men had had that same *aperçu* in greater or less degree before him: some of them smaller men, no doubt, and some of them at least his peers in grasp and ability. Wells had had it years earlier; Patrick Matthew had had it as a passing glimpse; Wallace lighted upon it almost simultaneously; Herbert Spencer trembled more than once with strange nearness upon the very verge of discovery. But what Darwin did was to raise this *aperçu* into the guiding star and mainspring of his active life; to work away at it early and late; to heap together instances *pro and con*; to bring out at last, after endless toil that banner of a fresh epoch, the 'Origin of Species,' with all its wonderful ancillary treatises. Darwin's mind, though broad and open—a mind of singular candour and acuteness and penetration—was not in respect of mere general ability, very far above the average constructive mind of the better class of English scientific men. He had twenty contemporaries in the Royal Society who were probably his equals in native intellect and generalising power. But he had no equals in industry and systematic observation; it was the combination of so much faculty for hard work with so much high organising intelligence that enabled Darwin to produce so vast a result upon the thought of the world and the future of science, of philosophy, and of politics.—*Grant Allen in "Fortnightly Review."*

## A FAMOUS ART PATRON.

UNLIKE his predecessors, Hadrian cared little for the supremacy of Rome. Rome was no more to him than other cities of the empire, and, either in war or peace, he was always on the move; there was a restless fire in his nature, and he had set himself the task of visiting every province of his empire, and seeing with his own eyes the needs of the peoples he ruled over. Britain, Gaul, Germany, Spain, Carthage, Alexandria, each province was visited in turn, every department of the public service of each was investigated, overhauled, reformed, and everywhere public works marked the course of his progress. But through all his travels he remained "the Greekling," his bearded face—an innovation on the close-shaven chins of all his predecessors—proclaimed him the sophist and philosopher, and Athens was still his favourite city, and he delighted to abide there, fancying himself living in Hellas of the Golden Age. Never since the loss of her liberty had Greece had so powerful a friend; Athens was rebuilt, her temples and theatres restored, and a new quarter, named after Hadrian, added to the city. Indeed, throughout all the cities of Asia Minor he scattered showy buildings with lavish munificence. His cosmopolitan taste, by elevating the status of provincial cities, lowered the supremacy of Rome, yet no emperor enriched the capital so much as this restless Hadrian. The works of his with which we are all most familiar are the bridge and castle, now called of St. Angelo, but originally known as Pons Ælius, and the mausoleum of Hadrian. That tomb of many emperors, that fortress of many fights, is now impressive, bleak and grim, a dark discoloured wreck of the white marble pile that rose tier upon tier, surmounted by a gilded dome. But though the bridge and castle are most familiar to our eyes, the buildings most closely associated with the memory of Hadrian are the ruined fragments at the base of the hill of Tivoli, known as Hadrian's villa, but which was, in truth, a very considerable suburb, bounded by a ring fence ten or twelve miles in circuit, containing within its girth a strange agglomeration of heterogeneous buildings, constructed from his designs. Almost every known masterpiece of the ancient world was here adapted or imitated; temples of Egypt, of Asia, and of Greece; Plato's academy, the Stoic's porch, the Lyceum, Greek and Latin libraries and theatres, palaces, barracks, baths—all gorgeous beyond description, incomparably costly, enriched with such multitudes of statues that there is scarcely a museum in Europe which has not drawn largely from this well; embellished by every means that the art of sumptuous Rome could command, paved with mosaics wrought of gold and jewels, luxurious beyond the most enervated dreams of Hadrian's dear Greece. Nor were the gardens one whit less magnificent than the buildings; there were marble colonnades for shade, paved with mosaic; the pond for the sham sea-fights was paved throughout with yellow marble; the groves, the hills, the fields, the streams were all laid out with elaborate art in imitation of the description of the meadows, vales and rivers of antiquity. Art was perverted from its true function; everything was made to look like something it was not, was strained to represent some sentiment that had no existence in Rome of the second century; all was an imitation of something that had gone before, so that the art of Hadrian's Rome, for all its priceless splendour of material and elaboration of technique, was a lifeless thing, unnatural and unreal; the echo of a true note that had for long been silenced, and that with each re-echoing grew duller, more blurred, less true. The gods of Greece were dead, the old mythology disbelieved, the old ideal disregarded; the artists of Hadrian's time, in repeating their story, had no message to interpret to the world—no voice of their own; they were merely translators. Indeed, in many cases already, their work was only the translation of an older translation, and a chance reference by Lucian to sculpture as "merely mechanical," reveals in what humble estimation the sculptor's art was held.—*The Magazine of Art for September.*

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE

ALDEN MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA. Vol. VII. Calvin-Cevennes. New York: John B. Alden. Cloth, 50 cents. Half morocco, 65 cents. Post, 10 cents.

We have so often commended this wonderfully cheap and useful publication that we need say little about the volume before us, except that it is quite equal to any of its predecessors. John Calvin, the first title, occupies seven pages, and Cevennes, the last title, the name of the chief mountain range in the South of France, nearly one page. Between these there are over 600 pages, including considerably over 100 illustrations, devoted to topics in every department of knowledge. In this volume occur the titles, Cambridge University, Cambyases (King of the Medes), Canada, Canal, Cancer, Carboniferous System (in geology), Carpentry (ten illustrations), Thomas Carlyle, Carthage, Sir George E. Cartier, Jacques Cartier, Catoprics, Cause, Cattle Plague, to which eleven pages are devoted, Cavalry Tactics, Cell-Theory, Cetacea, and so on. These examples will indicate the comprehensiveness of the knowledge embraced in the scope of the work.

POLITICAL ESSAYS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 316. \$1.50.

Of the dozen essays collected in this volume all but one were published more than twenty years ago. They are on questions which have been settled, but which, in those times, were of such absorbing interest that, in his prefatory note, Mr. Lowell says it gratifies him to find there is so little to regret in their tone, and that he was able to keep his head fairly free from passion when his heart was at boiling point. These essays are of little interest now, whatever historical value they may possess; but they show that in the stormy days before, during, and after the Civil War, Mr. Lowell was what he is still, a calm, shrewd, clear-sighted and thoroughly independent statesman—a statesman of the kind of which no country can have too many, and of which the United States have notoriously too few. The last essay in the collection is the address delivered in April last before the Reform Club, of New York, on "The Place of the Independent in Politics," and which brought upon Mr. Lowell a deluge of Billingsgate from the Republican press.

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY. Edited by J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., a vice-president of the Society. Toronto: William Briggs. pp. 230. Paper, 25 cts.

The title of this book gives a very inadequate idea of its scope and character. It is in reality a hand-book of the literature of *humaneness*, and should be of the greatest use in promoting the objects of the Society by which it has been published. It is divided into five parts. I. What the Society will seek to Prevent; II. Care of the Waifs and Strays of our Cities; III. Lessons in Kindness to Animals and Birds; IV. The Humane Education of Children, and V. Miscellaneous Objects to be Accomplished. To indicate in some degree the scope of the work, we give the titles of a few of the chapters: "The Wanton Destruction of Birds," "Dogs and their Treatment," "Waifs and Strays telling their own story," "Waifs and Strays—others telling their story," "Bird-Life—Incidents and Stories," "Kind Treatment of Horses, and a Contrast," "Devotion of the Dog—Incidents and Stories," "Merciful Killing of Disabled Horses and Dogs," "Humane Care and Painless Destruction of Dogs and other Creatures." There are altogether forty-three chapters made up chiefly of extracts in prose and verse bearing on the various subjects treated, making a large magazine-shaped volume of 230 pages. Many of the extracts are from Canadian sources, chiefly the newspapers, but we notice several of Miss Machar's poems, one, at least, of Miss Rothwell's and quite a number of "The Khan's." There is a full table of contents, and what would be an admirable index if its accuracy could be relied upon. Our confidence was shaken by finding an error in the paging the first time we turned to it, but it is only fair to say that we have so far found no others. There are 112 illustrations in the book, including an engraving from Hardy's painting, "Thorough-bred" and the well-known "The Indian Scout and Dying Hound." Though the price of this book is only 25 cents, we doubt if it will circulate as widely as could be desired or reach the classes among whom it would do the most good. A smaller and less elaborate work, gratuitously but judiciously distributed, would reach a greater number of readers and exert a wider influence.

THE ETHICS OF MARRIAGE. By H. S. Pomeroy, M.D. With a Prefatory Note by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D.; and An Introduction by Rev. J. T. Duryea, D.D. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls.

Since the day of Nast's suggestive cartoon bearing the legend, "Suffer not little children to come unto me," there has appeared no such plain spoken protest against the "American Sin" as is contained in the chapter of this book, entitled the "Perversion of Marriage." The prevention or destruction of unborn human life is, according to our author, "the terror that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon day"; and he speaks from an experience of more than twenty years in a widely-extended special practice. Few people are aware of the extent to which the desire to avoid parenthood prevails among young married people, and the setting forth of the many evils, inherent or incidental, that are inseparable from the application of the means taken to gratify that desire, will open the eyes of such as have the opportunity and the courage to read this little book. And in addition to setting forth the evils to the individual and to the family, he calls attention to the danger menacing the State through the paucity of births in the families of Americans bred and born. It appears that of late years a large majority of the children born in the United States are of foreign parentage, and naturally they inherit foreign predilections. The subject of "heredity," too, comes in for a fair share of attention, and it is in this connection that the Doctor remarks, that "a pound of *preform* is worth a ton of reform." So much importance does he attach to the matter that he declares himself in accord with the old physician who, when asked at what age a child's education should begin, replied, "twenty years before he is born." He goes even further, and professes to have recorded from observation in his own practice many instances of heredity arising from circumstances immediate to birth. He expresses his belief, for instance, that economical and extravagant habits in different members of the same family may often be traced to the financial position of the parents at the time of the respective births; one child born when the parents were in humble circumstances, and consequently forced to be economical, being as a rule of a saving turn; another, born in later years, and when affluence had been attained, being given to extravagance. In his advocacy of almost universal marriage and parenthood, the author is of course brought face to face with the Malthusian doctrine, and he deals with it in a manner that is extremely cheerful to contemplate. His views on "Woman's Rights," too, are of a very spicy nature. The book is well worth reading.

WITH THE IMMORTALS. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. 300 pp.; \$2.00.

After getting his pleasant little party together in the old castle on the southern shore of the Sorrentine Peninsula, near the famous Isles of the Sirens, and manipulating the

electric experiments which produced such unexpected and marvellous results, Mr. Crawford manages the conversation and demeanour of the immortals with great cleverness and judgment. Heine was the first to appear at the strange symposium. He told his hosts about death, and the existence after death, and a great deal about himself, which we would like to quote. Chopin was the next to come, and the conversation turned on music, romance, and romantic characters. "I think Cæsar was romantic, too," said Diana. "He had outgrown romance when he conquered the world. He must have been very different when he was young." "Very different," said a placid voice from one of the tall windows. A man stood outside in the moonlight looking in. "It is Cæsar," said Augustus, under his breath, as he rose to greet the new comer. "Yes, I am Cæsar," answered the calm voice of the dead conqueror. "You spoke of me, and I was near and heard you. You are not afraid to take a dead man's hand? No! why should you be?" "Are we in a dream?" asked Diana, in low tones, turning to Heine. The poet sighed. "You are but a dream to us," he said softly. "We are the reality—the sleepless reality of death." "Yes, we are very real," said Cæsar, seating himself in a huge, carved chair that might have served for an imperial throne, and looking around upon the assembled party. "You were speaking of my life. You were saying I was not a romantic character. . . . I was not romantic. Do not smile at my using the word. During nineteen centuries of wandering I have learned to speak of romantics and realists. I was not romantic. . . . The purpose of my life was to overthrow tradition, and to found a new era for the world. I was a source of realism. There was nothing mythical about me. Romance grew out of the decay of what I founded." . . . For the rest of the evening Cæsar monopolized the conversation, which naturally drifted into politics. The next evening Cæsar came, bringing with him Lionardo da Vinci, but without the poet and musician, Heine being away sitting by the shores of the North Sea, talking to the stars and the sea foam, and Chopin attending a musical festival at Bayreuth, from which he could not stay away. On this occasion, too, Cæsar bore the burden of the conversation, the subject of it being chiefly himself and the plans he had in view when his career was cut short. "That handful of low assassins cost the world fifteen centuries of darkness, and I knew it even then. . . . As I felt one wound after another, I felt that my murderers were not merely killing Cæsar, they were killing civilization: every thrust was struck at the heart of the world, making deep wounds on the future of mankind, and letting out the breath of life from the body of law. That was my worst suffering, worse even than the death of my ambition. . . . I was satisfied for myself to die. But I had conceived great thoughts that had grown to be a new self apart from the old, vain, ambitious Cæsar, having a separate and better life—and that they slew also." Francis the First, Dr. Johnson, Pascal, and Bayard—the knight without fear and without reproach—joined the party, and added characteristic elements to the conversation, which continued from day to day until the effects of Augustus Chard's dangerous experiment with nature wore away. Of these conversations we can say but little more. They were on a great variety of subjects—wit, humour, satire, science, religion, love and marriage, communism, agnosticism, nihilism, politics, and political economy. There were two, however, that were particularly interesting: Lady Brenda's long afternoon talk on the terrace of the Castle del Gaudio with Francis the First, and Diana Chard's conversation with Lionardo da Vinci. The great artist expressed opinions about some of his contemporaries that are not commonly received. About Savonarola, for example: "Savonarola—he was not a bad man; no, but he was a very detestable fellow. He fell a victim to a piece of his own very gratuitous political scheming. . . . I will give you the history of Savonarola in three words—enthusiasm, fanaticism, failure. . . . There is the history of Savonarola. I do not see there is material for making a martyr of him since his death—there was certainly not the stuff of a hero in him when he was alive." But we must quote no more.

THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE, 1755-1760. By Gerald E. Hart, President of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, Past Vice-President and life member of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, Montreal, etc., with portraits and views in artotype. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company. Toronto: R. W. Douglas and Company. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. 175. Paper \$3.00. Cloth \$3.75.

Owing to someone's negligence or blunder we have only now received a copy of this work, which we have read with no small degree of pleasure. The Montreal Society for Historical Studies is evidently doing earnest and valuable work. This monograph, which exhibits many evidences of painstaking research and careful study, was read at one of its sessions, and we gather from the introductory note, and from some remarks on page 4, that other papers dealing in like comprehensive manner with other periods of early American history have been from time to time read before the Society by its members. It is by work of this kind, and only by work of this kind, that historical societies can exhibit a reason for their existence. The period to which Mr. Hart has devoted his researches is a short one, but it is full of events that end in the settlement of a long standing quarrel and a final decision as to what race should rule in the North American continent. After briefly describing the geographical limits of the areas occupied or claimed respectively by the English and the French prior to the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, and the disputed territory between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi, which was claimed by both, Mr. Hart gives a very full and clear account of the causes that led to, and the circumstances attending the expulsion of the Acadians—an account that differs very materially from, and is indeed, in some respects, completely at variance with, the accounts commonly received. The Acadians, he tells us, were "far from as perfect and amiable a race as Longfellow, in his beautiful dramatic poem has sung, or that (*sic*) the Abbé Raynal, in his pathetic and romantic narrative, would fain have us believe; and entirely innocent of mundane matters to have been happy in their rural retreats. . . . were it not for the machinations and intrigues of their spiritual preceptors." He shows the Acadians to have been, under the influence of spiritual political guides, stubbornly and persistently disloyal, and that their expulsion, however regrettable on humanitarian grounds, was an act of political necessity so fully in accord with the law of nations that not even France itself nor any solitary foreign power remonstrated with England for the act or alluded to it in diplomatic correspondence. Precedents, too, he finds for the action of the British; but while Mr. Hart, backed by the contemporaneous proofs he adduces, strongly insists that the expulsion was justifiable, and that it was carried out with as much consideration for the expatriated families as was possible, he does not hesitate to say that, "humanly speaking," it "was an act of refined cruelty our humane feelings at the present day revolt at." Leaving the episode of the Acadians, Mr. Hart resumes his story of the war which was to result in the capture of Quebec and the fall of New France. The story is well told. Mr. Hart's style is clear, direct, and sprightly; and without burdening the narrative with too many details he omits nothing necessary to make it complete. But while giving our author the greatest credit for his research, his industry, his accuracy, and the skill with which he has woven his facts into a pleasing and even picturesque narrative, we cannot help expressing our regret that he has allowed himself so frequently to drop into eccentricities of construction that are almost, if not entirely, inexcusable. We have marked more than a dozen pages on which these faulty construc-

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

tions occur, but we have no space left for the quotation of examples. All that is wanted is a thorough revision of the work, and we hope to see before long a new edition free from literary blemishes, with a good index, and without the extracts from the sermons to which Mr. Hart seems to attach importance as determining the relative strength of the armies engaged on the plains of Abraham. These sermons might be referred to for what they are worth, but it seems to us they should have no place in the text. We must not omit to mention one excellent feature which is of very considerable importance to readers who are not familiar with French. All extracts from French authorities, whether in the text or in the notes, are translated into English. Space will not permit us to do more than merely refer to the beautiful artotype illustrations that adorn this book. The frontispiece is a *fac simile* of an autograph letter of General Wolfe, the original of which is the property of Mr. Laurence Heyden, of this city. There are twenty-two illustrations in all—many of them portraits and views from originals of the time, and which give exceptional value to the book.

AMONG the articles reproduced in the September *Eclectic* are "The Future of Religion," by Emile de Laveleye, from the *Contemporary*; "England's Real Peril," from *MacMillan's*; "Mammoth Hunting in Siberia," from *Cornhill*; "Evolving the Camel," by Grant Allen, from *Longman's*; and "Montaigne," from the *Westminster Review*.

FROM the pretty frontispiece, "If a Body Meet a Body," to the last page the September *St. Nicholas* is full of pictures worth looking at, and prose and verse worth reading. "Some Stories About the Californian Lion," by the late E. P. Roe, "What Dora Did, A True Story of a Dakota Blizzard," "Dick's Farm Hand," "Broken Adrift," and "The Mischievous Knix," are some of the tales and stories in this number.

FRANK LESLIE'S *Illustrated Sunday Magazine* for September is pictorially and otherwise a very good number. "Perils and Heroes of the Melanesian Missions" is an illustrated article of considerable interest. "Paul Scarron," by Henry Van Laun, is a biographical sketch of the crippled poet and satirist whose widow, Françoise D'Aubigné, became the favourite of Louis XIV., and is celebrated in history as Madame de Maintenon.

In the September *Lippincott's* Miss Amélie Rives' tragedy, "Herod and Mariamne," is followed by "A Few More Words About Miss Rives," apologetic and critical, by Edgar Fawcett. Mr. Fawcett has seen the advanced sheets of "Herod and Mariamne," and finds it "a tragedy of uneven, yet often of astonishing, vigour. . . . It exhibits more of fecund promise than of sterling accomplishment." "With Guage and Swallow" is continued. In the answer to "Our One Hundred Questions" there is a great deal of out-of-the-way information.

In the September *Atlantic*, a new story, which promises to be a good one, entitled "Passe Rose," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is commenced. "Boston Mobs Before the Revolution," by Andrew Preston Peabody, and "The First Year of the Continental Congress," are papers not only interesting, but of historical value. Mr. Lawton concludes his "The Prometheus of Æschylus," and Miss Olive Thorne Miller has another of her delightful bird studies, entitled "The Home of the Redstart." Charles Egbert Craddock's "Despot of Broomstroke Cove" is continued.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK, author of *Is Life Worth Living*, contributes the opening paper to the September *Scribner*. It describes scenes in society and has many striking illustrations from photographs taken by the author. "Memories of Some Contemporaries," by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, gives interesting personal sketches of Emerson, Beecher, Secretary Chase, Lincoln, General McClellan, Johnson, Grant, and many others. General Horace Porter contributes an article on "Railway Passenger Travel," with a great many illustrations. Robert Louis Stevenson's essay is "A Letter to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art."

In the *Studio* for July the leading article is an account of the principal artists of the Romantic movement in France, and of the modern Dutch school in the form of a review of the recent Loan Exhibition of French and Dutch pictures at Edinburgh and of the catalogue edited by W. E. Henley. The article is illustrated by sketches. The extracts from Mr. James Whistler's much talked of lecture, "Ten O'Clock," will be enjoyed by everybody. The *Studio* contains an appreciative account of the late Mr. Rajon, whose death has made so serious a gap in the ranks of the etchers of our time. A beautiful etching by W. Hole, after a painting by Matthew Maris, accompanies the number as a supplement.

SWINBURNE'S poem "The Armada," with which many of our readers are perhaps already familiar, occupies the first twenty pages of the August *Fortnightly*. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley describes a visit to President Brand and gives a great deal of interesting information about the Orange Free States. Sir Samuel W. Baker has an article entitled "Reflections in India," dealing with problems connected with the administration of the Indian Empire. "Baron Hirsch's Railway"—the railway which Turkey is building into the Balkan Peninsula,—by Theo. Bent, "Genius and Talent," by Grant Allen, and "Capital and Culture in America," by Richard A. Proctor, are some of the other articles; but, perhaps, the most interesting of all is the concluding one, "Courage," by Lord Wolseley.

*Harpers'* for September opens with the first instalment of "Our Journey to the Hebrides," by Elizabeth R. Pennell, with a number of beautiful illustrations from drawings by Joseph Pennell. A short paper, with four illustrations, on "The Woodland Caribou" gives an account of the appearance and eccentricities of this magnificent deer and the way it is hunted. Mr. Warner continues his "Studies of the Great West," and Mr. Hearn his "Midsummer Trip to the West Indies," the last of which has many illustrations. Two illustrated Art articles are "Old Satsuma," by Prof. E. S. Morse, treating of Japanese Ceramic Art, and "The New Gallery of Tapestry at Florence," by an anonymous writer. In the Editor's Study, Mr. Howells gives some new utterances on poetry, in which he tells of a world in which Tennyson is not known, criticises recent Southern and Northern poetry, and concludes that the Southern poets are more direct and vital, but less intellectual than those of the North.

THE *Nineteenth Century* opens with an article entitled "Who Owns the Churches?" by Rev. Dr. Jessup. Dr. Jessup belongs to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. He protests against "restoring," asserts that the old churches belong to the nation at large, that they should be preserved, not restored, and that unauthorized meddling with these ancient edifices should be treated as a misdemeanour punishable by imprisonment without the option of a fine. "The Geographical Distribution of British Intellectual," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, is full of interesting facts and figures. In this number Prof. Goldwin Smith concludes his comprehensive review of the *American Statesman* series, dealing chiefly with Webster, Calhoun and Andrew Jackson. "The Progress of Presbyterianism," by E. de Pressensé, is the leading paper in the *Contemporary*. The article is suggested by the Pan-Presbyterian Conference recently held in London. Mr. Justin McCarthy contributes an article on Mr. Forster, in which he deals temperately, and even regretfully, with the policy of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland. The question of national defence is dealt with in "The True Policy of National Defence," by Colonel F. Maurice, and in "Chaos in the War Office," by General Sir John Ayde,

THE Hon. John Macdonald is contributing an interesting series of letters to the *Globe* on Newfoundland.

MR. EDWARD FISHER has just returned from England, where he has been upon important business for the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

REV. PROFESSOR CLARK, of Trinity College, has been invited to deliver an address at the Church Choir Festival to be held at Christ Church, Detroit, November 8.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY will have ready in the early autumn the first supplement to Wm. F. Poole's "Index to American Literature," covering 1882-87.

A NEW novel "Le Rêve," by M. Emile Zola, is advertised to appear in October. It is said to be a vast improvement on its predecessors in the way of decency and good taste.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in preparation two new school histories of classical times. "Greece," by Mr. C. A. Fyffe, and "Rome," by Professor G. G. Ramsay, of Glasgow.

ANOTHER edition of Prof. Watson's translated selections from Kant which have been used in the author's classes at Queen's College, Kingston, has just been published by Macmillan & Co.

ROBERTS BROS. have just published *The Story of an African Farm*, a novel by Ralph Iron (Oliver Schreiner). The author is a young lady just out of her teens, and relates her own experiences.

THE United States Senate has voted to pay to the widow of the late Professor Spencer F Baird \$50,000 as compensation for his services as United States Fish Commissioner. This seems a very liberal amount.

GLADSTONE'S private library contains 15,000 volumes, and the venerable statesman can lay his hand upon any one book of them all at a minute's notice. "I haven't a single book," he says, "that I am not on intimate terms with."

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. will publish shortly an anonymous little book, "The Record of a Human Soul," which describes the struggle of a sceptic, from the coming of the doubt until the hour when the doubter at last saw a light in heaven.

A HUMOROUS criticism on Mr. Donnelly's Shakespearian cipher, which has had some serious treatment recently in the English newspapers, has been published in Glasgow by David Robertson & Co. It is entitled "Raleigh Wrote Shakespeare."

It is said that Dr. J. Max Hark, the author of *The Unity of the Truth in Christianity and Evolution*, has for some time been as widely known, under a pseudonym, in the field of literary criticism, as he has now become in that of theology and philosophy.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S government allowed a generous bounty to the poet Heine, which now returns tenfold. Michel Heine, the poet's cousin, has just given \$150,000 to Paris charities, and other members of the family, grown rich, indulge similar philanthropy.

HARPER & BROS. have just ready Walter Besant's *Fifty Years Ago*. This is an illustrated account of English life, customs, and manners half a century ago, when Queen Victoria ascended her throne. The change in manners and fashions since 1837 is greater than most people imagine. This volume is profusely illustrated.

HALIFAX, N.S., is much elated over the discovery that the late Professor James De Mille was the author of *A Strange MS. Found in a Copper Cylinder*. The Harpers, it is said, have not officially admitted the authorship, but do admit that the author's manuscript had lain in their safe awaiting publication upwards of ten years.

AT the St. Louis Public Library, in one month this year, *Ben-Hur* was called for 87 times; *The Scarlet Letter*, 42 times; *Anna Karenina*, 40 times; *Les Misérables*, 37; *Ivanhoe*, 33; *Vanity Fair*, 31; *April Hopes*, 28; while 27, 25, and 25 represent the respective calls for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *David Copperfield*, and *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

*The Pillars of Society and other plays*, by Henrik Ibsen, edited by Havelock Ellis, will be the September volume in the "Camelot Series"; *Poems*, by Southey, edited by Sidney R. Thompson, in the "Canterbury Poets"; *Life of Bunyan*, by Canon Venables, in the "Great Writers." Mr. Thomas Whittaker is the American publisher of these series.

LORD LANSDOWNE has just sold three of his finest pictures—his noble Cuyp, and his two Rembrandts, the "Portrait of the Artist, holding his Palette," and the "Portrait of a Lady." Sir Edward Guinness is the purchaser, through Messrs. Agnew, and rumour talks of the astonishing price of £50,000 or thereabouts, as having been paid for the three pictures.

A MOVEMENT, in which Walter Besant and other prominent authors are said to be interested, is on foot in London, under the auspices of the Incorporated Society of Authors, to present Mrs. Burnett with some testimonial of their regard and gratitude for taking the initiative in testing in the English courts, at her own risk and expense, a novelist's dramatic rights in his productions.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will publish immediately the President's Message—not his latest—in large type, small quarto, with sixteen full-page moral and graphic illustrations from original designs by Thomas Nast. The "Questions of the Day" edition of the President's Message, with annotations by R. R. Bowker, which has been delayed for some important additional material, will be ready about the same time.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have published *The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia*, including a study of the Zend-avesta or religion of Zoroaster from the fall of Nineveh to the Persian war (continued from *The Story of Assyria*) by Zénaïde A. Ragozin, in their *Story of the Nations* series, illustrated with maps and wood-cuts; and *Undine and Sintram*, by De la Motte Fouqué, in their exquisite "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series, with illustrations by Heywood Sumner; and a volume of poetry by Daniel Chauncey Brewer, entitled "Madeleine, a poem in fragments."

THE last of the "Authors at Home" series in the *Critic* is a personal and biographical account of Richard Henry Stoddart, written by Joseph B. Gilder, one of the editors of the paper. It was begun in the issue of August 11, and was concluded last week. Mr. Stoddart has had a pretty hard life of it—much harder than the average American poet and man-of-letters; for he was a full-grown man before he had escaped the thralldom of daily physical labour amid the most uncongenial surroundings. The same number contains a communication from the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, denying the rumour that he had to make serious expurgations of the text of Miss Rive's "The Quick or the Dead?"

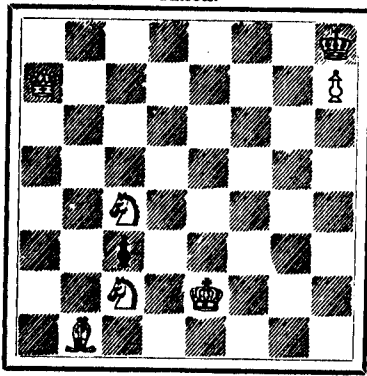
THE great publishing house of Cassell and Company has carried on business in New York for a much longer time than many readers of Cassell's books would conjecture. More than a quarter of a century ago Mr. John Cassell visited the United States, and appointed an agent who, at that time, occupied a dingy little back room in an old building in Park Row. Since then the house has had several agents and managers, who have successively conducted the business with such energy and ability that Cassell and Company in New York, though merely a branch of an English house, is one of the largest and most prolific publishing houses in the United States. The present manager, Mr. Oscar M. Dunham, took charge in January, 1876.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 283.

From *La Strategie*.

BLACK.



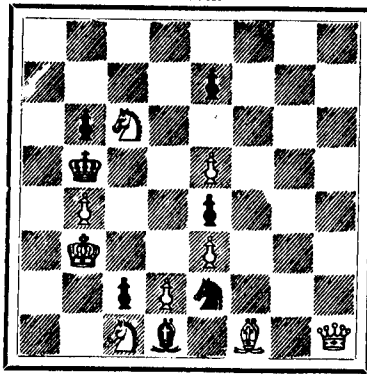
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 284.

By F. L. H. SIMS.  
Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 277.

White. Black.  
Q-Q B 1.

No. 278.

White. Black.  
1. Q-R 4 1. B x Kt  
2. Kt-B 5 2. K-R 4  
3. Q-K 8 mate  
If 1. B-Kt 3  
2. Kt-K B 6 2. B-K 5  
3. Kt mates.  
With other variations.

Game played by Mr. J. G. Ascher, of Montreal, against three gentlemen of St. John, N.B., in consultation—*Montreal Gazette*

DANISH GAMBIT.

Table with columns: MR. ASCHER, ALLIES, White, Black, and move numbers 1-23.

NOTES.

- (a) Black's best play is Kt-K B 3; if then 6 P-K 5, 6 B-Kt 5 +; 7 Kt-Q B 3, 7 Q-K 2, if White play 7 K-B 1, 7 P-Q 4, etc.
(b) A rather dangerous place for the Q in this opening.
(c) K Kt-R 3 was now in order, or at least next move.
(d) Much better would have been R x B.
(e) Well played. Black has now three alternatives: give up a piece, lose the Q, or submit to checkmate.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.—Has students from British Columbia, Texas, Arkansas, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Chicago, Duluth, New York, and other distant points. Its low rates, efficient work, and fine accommodation have so filled its halls that a new building to cost \$20,000 will be erected next year. Students can enter any time. 65 pp. Calendar free. Address—Principal Austin, B.D.

GIUSEPPE DINELLI, VIOLONCELLIST.—While in London, England, Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, was so fortunate as to secure the services of an excellent cellist in the person of Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli. This gentleman is a clever musician of varied attainments, being a cellist, pianist and composer, the violoncello, however, being an instrument both for teaching and performance on which he is said to be exceptionally proficient. His masters have been for cello, Signor Puzze of the Royal Academy of music, for the piano, Dr. Wyldo, formerly Vice-President of the Royal Academy and now Principal of the London Academy of music; while for composition he studied under the celebrated composer Francis Barnet. Mr. Dinelli will be a welcome acquisition to Toronto's musically professional ranks and especially welcome in his capacity of violoncello virtuoso. He will teach only at the Conservatory of Music where his services may be engaged for the term beginning Wednesday September 5th.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—The prospectus of this institution is now out, and with a goodly array of teachers, including besides Mr. Torrington himself, Messrs. Arlidge, Bayley, Clarke, Cringan, Doward, A. E. Fisher, Forsyth, Greenwood, Haslam, Jeffers, Martens, and Warrington, as well as Mrs. Blyth, Miss Hillary and Miss Williams, besides those teaching orchestral instruments. A specially commendable feature of the College is that all of its students will have free attendance at all concerts and recitals by professors and competent students, as well as to the lectures on harmony, musical form, taste and expression, musical history, vocal physiology and hygiene, acoustics and other musical subjects. A number of applications has been received from pupils, and the College promises to open with a full roll. This is very gratifying as it tends to add to Toronto's already great advantages as a musical and educational centre. Mr. Torrington has well merited this promise of success by his arduous labours in the cause of music in Toronto, the results of which have not by any means been confined to the city, but have spread and worked greatly beyond it.

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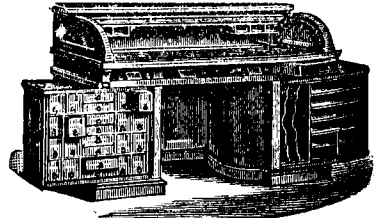
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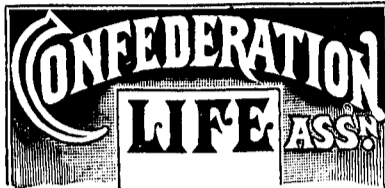
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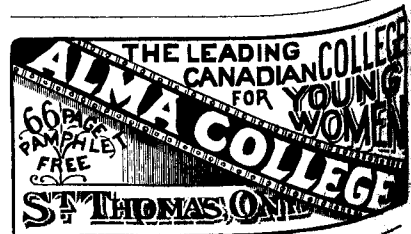
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