

THE WEEK:

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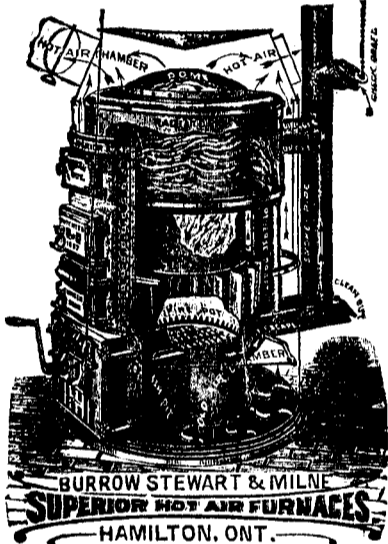
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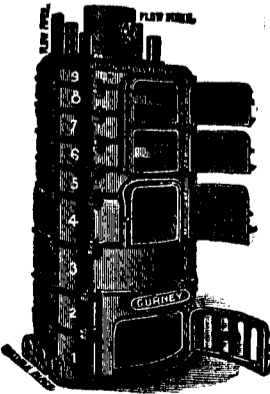
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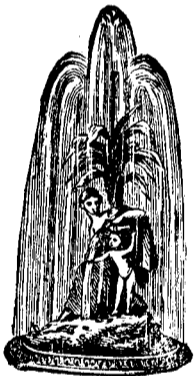
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IT is not easy to understand how any one familiar with Canadian constitutional usage and attached to its representative system of government could have been surprised by the reply of His Excellency the Governor-General to the deputation which waited on him on Friday last with the petitions for the disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act. The action of the representatives of the Equal Rights Association in asking, and of the Governor-General in receiving such a deputation, was in itself, as His Excellency intimated, a somewhat dangerous innovation, such as nothing short of a most serious crisis could justify. We have but to suppose Lord Stanley to have yielded to the wishes of the deputation by granting the prayer of the petition, in order to get a conception of the mischievous results that would almost surely have followed. Either we should then have had the spectacle of the Government stultifying itself and pouring contempt upon the people's representatives by doing that which it had already declared, with the almost unanimous approval of Parliament, could not rightfully be done, or we should have been face to face with the still more objectionable fact of the usurpation by the Governor-General of a power of acting independently of, or in opposition to, his constitutional advisers, which was long since surrendered by the British Government on the earnest and persistent demand of Canada. In the one case the Government, having set itself in opposition to the clearly expressed views of a very great majority of the Members of the Commons, would most surely have been defeated on the re-assembling of Parliament. In the other, the Governor-General must as surely have received the prompt resignation of the members of his Cabinet. In either event a dissolution of Parliament and an electoral contest, fought either on the lines of religious and race antipathies, or on those of a renewed struggle for self-government, or of both commingled, would have been inevitable. Whatever the issue, nothing worse for the Confederation, in its present state of "unstable equilibrium," could be imagined.

THE delegates of the Equal Rights Association would no doubt admit that their course in seeking a personal interview with the representative of royalty was a very unusual one, and that the action they desired him to take would have involved, to say the least, a serious stretch of His Excellency's prerogative. But they would maintain that their course was justifiable on the ground of extraordinary necessity. What, then, was that necessity? Were the petitioners in any way shut out from the ordinary and regular methods of bringing their influence to bear upon the responsible Executive? The peculiarity of the case is that the action they desired the Governor-General to take would be diametrically opposed, not only to the views of the Government, but to those of an overwhelming majority of their own representatives in the House of Commons. Now, it seems self-evident that the only condition on which they could reasonably hope to prevail upon the Queen's Representative to act in opposition to his own constitutionally chosen advisers, and to the almost unanimous resolution of Parliament, must be the condition of being able to furnish satisfactory proof that both Government and Parliament had forfeited the confidence of the majority of the people of the whole Dominion. How far the deputation, bearing petitions signed by less than 60,000 electors, fell short of doing this, must be obvious to any dispassionate observer, as it evidently was to Lord Stanley. When we add to this the reflection that in no single instance, so far as we can remember—certainly in very few instances—have the electors of a constituency distinctly censured their representative for refusing to support the motion in favour of disallowance, or repudiated his action, the wonder grows that the learned and able gentlemen composing the deputation, or the appointing boards, could have for a moment persuaded themselves that they had a case. Had any considerable majority of the people even of Ontario, to say nothing of all the other Provinces, really and heartily shared the opinions of the members of the Equal Rights Association, they would most surely have brought their indignation to bear upon their recreant representatives, and have demanded prompt recantation or resignation. Such action would have been strictly within their right, and, if followed up to any large extent, would have brought to bear such a pressure as no Government could long withstand.

WERE it quite respectful to suspect the Governor-General of being a humorist in disguise, and of giving way on so serious an occasion to his propensity, we could easily fancy His Excellency smiling in his sleeve as he reminded the deputation at the commencement of his reply that he must guard against drifting into "what might be construed as argument," and assured them at the close that he had endeavoured to avoid argument. We can imagine the members of the deputation at the after-meeting wondering what Lord Stanley regards as argument. Most persons would, we think, but for his caveat, have been liable to mistake his reply for an admirably clear and concise presentation of the whole argument against disallowance. At the same time it is easy to see that in no other way could he have done so well what he proposed and desired to do, viz., let the deputation know the aspect in which the case had presented itself to his mind. It was not his fault that the simple statement constitutes the most forcible argument. That statement, brief as it is, sums up the chief points which have always seemed to us to make the position of the Government and Commons in the matter absolutely impregnable. The property lying idle, the inability of the Government to sell it, the two sets of claimants, the Pope as the only arbiter acceptable to both, the fact that his approval, of which so much has been made, related not to the action of the Legislature, but to the division of the funds, the usage of Governments in the recognition of moral claims, the lack of evidence to show that "in this Dominion and in this nineteenth century the Jesuits have been less law-abiding or less loyal citizens than others, the legal status of the Society in Quebec as settled by the Act of Incorporation"—these links make up a chain of argument which might well make it impossible for Lord Stanley to doubt as to the duty imposed upon him by constitutional usage. It may be easy for the gentlemen composing the deputation to persuade themselves that these arguments have already

been thoroughly refuted, but the fact that, after so energetic and systematic an effort, the petition received the signatures of so small a percentage of the electors shows pretty conclusively that the great body of the people do not share their opinion.

RECENT advices from Manitoba are to the effect that the Local Government has either decided to take the initiative in a movement for the abolition of both the dual language and the dual school system in that Province, or is at least seriously contemplating such a movement. In what manner it is proposed to set about the proposed reform has not been stated, but we suppose there is but one constitutional process. The appeal must no doubt be in the first instance to the Dominion Government and Parliament, and through them to those of Great Britain, without whose permission the requisite change in the B. N. A. Act cannot be effected. It may be indeed barely possible, in view of the great difficulty and expense of keeping up the duplicate systems in Manitoba, and the small number of those who can profit by them that the official use of the French language, and even the grants in aid of Separate Schools might be quietly dropped by general consent. If so it is inconceivable that the Dominion authorities would attempt coercion. But such a contingency is perhaps too improbable even for speculation. It is tolerably certain, that in the case at least of the Separate Schools, every constitutional means of resistance would be brought to bear. That would be indeed but natural. There is little doubt, however, that the Local Government would be sustained by an overwhelming majority in seeking to relieve the young Province from an incubus, which presses so heavily on its resources, and which seems so uncalled for under existing circumstances. In this struggle the sympathies of all the Provinces except Quebec would be with them. The great conflict would have to be fought on the floor of the Commons, but the result could hardly be in doubt. The principle involved would be quite different from that underlying the agitation for the repeal of the Jesuits' Estates Act, or even that for revision of the Dominion constitution, should such a crusade be entered upon. The question at issue would simply affect the right of a Province to regulate a matter of purely local concern, or to bring about a change in the Constitution, affecting not another province, but simply itself. The only right of a minority which would be affected would be its dubious right to special privileges, not accorded to the rest of the population.

MANITOBA seems resolved to take the lead of the Provinces in radicalism. The proposed abolition of Separate Schools and the use of the French language might have been supposed sufficient reform work for a single session. But, according to the *Sun*, the work of renovation is not to be allowed to cease with the passage of these bold measures. The Governmental programme also embraces, according to this journal, a revolution in the educational system, and another in the judicial. The Board of Education is, it is said, to be abolished and a Minister of Education appointed, and juries are to be abolished in civil cases. Something may be said, though we doubt if valid arguments can be adduced, in favour of the second change. The first would be, we think, a serious mistake. Why should the young prairie Province follow Ontario's doubtful example and bring its schools within the arena of party control and conflict? The head of the Educational Department should be above all things a scholar and an educator, but why should he be a party politician? We do not think the experience of Ontario would be quoted by any impartial critic in favour of the change.

THERE is some reason to hope that the organization of the Toronto Citizens' Esplanade Improvement Association is the beginning of a new era in the management of the affairs of this great and growing city. A more fitting or pressing occasion could not have been found for the commencement of an organized effort to impress upon citizens the necessity for prompt and vigorous personal action if they would make the city worthy of the great future which lies before it. To rescue the lake front from the foul and disgraceful state in which years of neglect and

bad sewage have left it is a work of reform worthy of the best efforts of every resident. One need but visit the poor apologies for docks which now line the water front, or approach them by boat from the harbour, and use his eyes in order to get a vivid impression on the one hand of the extent to which cheapness, disorder, and foulness now hold sway, and on the other of the magnificent effects which may be produced if the projects of the Association can be carried out in their integrity. Instead of blaming the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for its comprehensive designs, for profiting by the general neglect and bringing order out of confusion for its own behoof, the city will really owe it a debt of gratitude, if, by its enterprise and energy, or even by its cupidity, it shall have been the means of arousing the people to vigorous action. When the Citizens' Association has succeeded in removing this greatest source of disgrace and danger and shall have transformed the city fronts into the safe and convenient mart for railway and steamboat traffic it should be, it need not be disbanded. There are other nuisances to be abated and other improvements to be effected in the residential and outlying parts of the city which may give it useful employment for years to come.

THE evidently permitted escape of the *Black Diamond*, the sealing schooner seized by the United States revenue cutter, *Rush*, in Behring Sea, while it gives a semi-farcical character to the act of seizure, does not in the least lessen the gravity of the transaction from the international point of view. The fact still remains that a British vessel was forcibly stopped, searched and rifled of her cargo and equipments, or a part of them, upon the high sea. Time was when the British assertion of the right of search of American vessels led to very serious consequences, resulting in the renunciation of an untenable claim. Canadians will be very slow to believe that the great nation which is just now indulging in an unique display of naval power, will tamely submit to have vessels, sailing under her flag, subjected to such indignity and wrong, in the open Pacific. The occasion is one which demands plain speech and resolute action. The explanation of tacit concurrence hinted at by some of the United States officials cannot be considered for a moment. No self-respecting nation can permit another nation to exercise police supervision and authority over its subjects on neutral territory. Nor can the argument that the seals of Behring sea have their breeding grounds on United States soil, and that, therefore, the United States right of property in them holds good and carries with it the right to protect and reclaim them wherever found, be regarded as other than preposterous. The admission of such a claim would lead to the most absurd and dangerous conclusions. It is in the interest of the Canadian, as well as of the American fishermen, that the seals should not be exterminated, and no doubt both the Canadian and British Governments would readily agree to any reasonable restrictions necessary for their preservation. But any such restrictions should be matter of mutual consent and arrangement. It is to the credit of the people of the United States that many of their journals of the better class frankly admit that no claim of exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea can be maintained, and openly condemn the high-handed acts of their own authorities. Canadians will show themselves sadly lacking in spirit if they do not insist upon a prompt and decided intimation from the British Government as to whether it will or will not protect Canadian vessels in Behring Sea.

THE appointment by the British Government of a departmental committee to inquire into the question of authorizing the investment of trust funds in colonial securities is a matter of considerable interest to colonists. The action taken is the result of representations which Sir Charles Tupper and other colonial representatives have been for some time urging upon the attention of the Government. Should the inquiry result in the permission of such investments by trustees, the effect in increasing the supply of British capital in the colonies, and in lessening rates of interest, would probably be considerable. As things are at present it must be rather tantalizing to parties in search of capital for the development of Canadian industries and enterprises to note the difference in rates of interest demanded by English and Canadian capitalists. Looking at the vast amounts of money seeking investment in the Mother Country on the one hand, and the vast sources of wealth lying undeveloped here for want of capital on the other, it is evident that whatever helps to bridge the chasm between British capital and colonial industries will be a boon to all parties concerned.

THE decision of Secretary Windom, communicated to the Detroit collector of customs, to the effect that foreign-built railway cars entering the United States, either laden or for the purpose of being laden with mails, passengers, baggage, express matter or freight, are to be regarded as legalized vehicles of transportation rather than as importations subject to duty, settles a disquieting question, and relieves the managers of the Canadian railways involved from an unpleasant suspense. The fact that this result is undoubtedly due to the urgent remonstrances of the New England and other cities affected, shows the extent to which commercial considerations rule and will rule in questions of international politics. The struggle from first to last has been between the American railway companies anxious for monopoly and American traders and manufacturers desirous of the cheaper rates of transport secured by competition. There can be little doubt that the leanings of the Washington officials were in the direction of assessing duty on the Canadian cars, and that only the vigorous protest of the New Englanders prevented the erection of this formidable additional barrier against international traffic. The proprietors of the American roads will probably renew the contest with redoubled vigour on other lines, and especially with a view to having their Canadian competitors subjected to the regulations of the Inter-State Commerce Committee, not only in the United States, but in Canada.

IMPERIAL Federation seems to receive scanty encouragement from high official sources in England. Lord Salisbury's refusal to countenance the idea of calling a convention of Colonial representatives to formulate a definite scheme will act, no doubt, as a damper upon the enthusiasm of the few prominent Englishmen who are striving to galvanize the project into activity, though it is rather absurd to suppose, as a cable correspondent states, that the rebuff has "completely broken up the movement." Lord Salisbury does not think the British Government should take any initiative in the matter, lest it should look as if Great Britain were seeking to move the Colonies. Well; why not? Surely the scheme is at least as much in the interest of the Mother country as of the Colonies. Why should she not take the initiative if the scheme is a good one? She need scarcely fear that her suggestion in such a matter would be understood as a mandate. If necessary a few words of explanation would set that right. The fact is, no doubt, that the Government and the people of Great Britain are in no hurry to divest themselves of any of their Imperial prerogatives, even for the sake of sharing them with the Colonies, any more than the Colonies are in haste to part with a portion of their autonomy for the sake of centralizing authority in England. But though a convention of Colonial representatives in England, as suggested by Sir Charles Tupper, would be a natural and necessary preliminary to definite action, it would evidently be out of place at the present stage of progress. The spectacle of such a convention sitting in London, and discussing the disposal of their money, militia and, to a certain extent, liberty, would scarcely be an attractive one to the people of Canada, with their present views. Evidently the first step must be to get a cordial endorsement of the idea by a majority of the people of the Colonies. Then delegates could be chosen to represent the views of the majority, not, as at present, those of a section. So long as a goodly majority and some enthusiasm for Federation cannot be had in Canada, so long it would be worse than useless to call a meeting of delegates in England. Not even the acceptance by our High Commissioner of membership in the Executive Council of the League can commit Canada to the movement, whether intended to do so or not.

IF doubt was arising in any quarter as to whether Britannia still rules the waves the grand naval review of Monday was well calculated to dispel that doubt. The marine display was unquestionably the grandest ever made, in respect both to number of vessels and to completeness of equipment for attack or defence. It is true, no doubt, that the modern warship and torpedo boat of iron or steel have never yet been subjected to the crucial test of a naval engagement, and that there may be undiscovered possibilities of failure or disaster imprisoned within those ponderous coats of mail. Just as the steel-clad warrior of ancient times would find the very armour on which he relied for safety the source of his greatest danger in the presence of modern weapons, so it may be that these tremendous floating forts of iron and steel may any day be rendered worse than useless by some new implement of destruction. There is, in fact, some reason

to suppose that this implement may be already in process of development in the shape of the dynamite gun. There is no doubt that in the terrible dynamite is wrapped up an explosive force by which the strongest walls of metal may be dashed to pieces like a piece of pottery. If the problem of dropping dynamite bombs with precision at a distance of five or six miles has been or can be actually solved, it is difficult to see what future reliance can be placed in plates of metal or tons of gunpowder. Of course the shooting of dynamite, too, would be a game at which both parties could play, with the assurance of final victory for the party with the most money, nerve, and skill in seamanship. But while it is impossible to forget that the progress of scientific invention may within three years render that magnificent fleet which was drawn up in five-mile lines before Portsmouth comparatively useless, it is equally impossible not to admire the energy, resources, and pluck of the people of those tight little isles which can overawe the world with such a spectacle of maritime power. To the moralist and the philosopher the thought of so many men and so much capital and skill diverted from productive to destructive uses may be a saddening evidence of human folly and depravity. But to that practical patriotism which takes the world as it is, the evidence thus afforded that Great Britain is still prepared to defend her coasts and commerce, if need be, against the combined navies of the world, is profoundly reassuring.

THERE seems, unfortunately, little reason to hope that the complete defeat and dispersion of the Dervishes by Gen. Grenfell will have any permanent effect in the pacification of the Soudan, or even in securing Egypt from further attack. The death of Nad-el-Jumi, the Dervish leader, and the Emirs who accompanied him, may, it is true, discourage similar invasions for a time. But it is not likely that many months will pass until another leader, professing some divine authority and mission, will appear and win the same fanatical allegiance. It is becoming increasingly clear that permanent security for Egypt, as well as any effectual checking of the abominable slave traffic, can be effected only by a vigorous policy in the Soudan itself. Military officers who are acquainted with the country are urging the occupation of Berber as the key to the Soudan, and it is probably only a question of time when their advice will be acted on and a strong force sent to occupy this and other important towns. To those without special sources of information and judging only by appearances from a distance, it would seem to be more humane, as well as more expedient, to take possession of the whole country and establish peace and civilization, than to incur the constant repetition of these petty but horrible conflicts. The small loss of the victors, the large numbers of the enemy slain, and the too suggestive intimation that they neither asked nor expected quarter, show that the affair must have been a butchery rather than a battle. Certainly England can reap neither gain nor glory from the continuance of that kind of warfare.

WHETHER the recent defeat of General Boulanger at the French local elections presages his final disappearance from French politics or not is a matter of public interest only by reason of its bearing upon the future relations of the French Republic to the other nations of Europe. Of the crushing nature of that defeat there can be little question. The best explanation which the redoubtable General has been able to invent is one which saves his future prospects only at the expense of his political sagacity. If it be true that his defeat was due to the greater influence which local candidates were able to bring to bear in a contest in which local issues were predominant, what can be said of the discernment of a would-be national leader who could thus expose himself to discomfiture and loss of prestige with no better assurance of success, and no more practical object than to test or display his own popularity. The obvious inference is, too, that his professed friends in the cantons must have been sadly wanting either in perception or in candour, else he would have been better advised. Perhaps it is most reasonable to conclude, though in view of his past reappearances on the stage from which he was supposed to have finally vanished prediction is hazardous, that in fleeing from his native land, instead of boldly facing his prosecutors, he dispelled the mirage through which he had hitherto been viewed by the mercurial populace and made it too clear that he is not exactly of the stuff of which heroes are made. If his eclipse proves to be as permanent as it is at present complete, the French Republic will have

received a new lease of life, and its future bearing, under the changed auspices, towards Germany and Russia, may give rise to increasing rather than diminishing anxiety.

NOT only the people of the United States, but many in other countries, will await with some interest the result of the efforts which are now being made by the Governors of two Southern States to vindicate the majesty of law against mob rule and ruffianism. Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, is following up with praiseworthy persistence and with some promise of success, his resolve to punish the principals and accessories in the Sullivan-Kilrain affair. He has succeeded in securing the extradition of Sullivan, and has several officers of the Queen and Crescent Railroad, which carried the pugilistic party to Richmond, under bonds to await the action of the Grand Jury. The *quo warranto* writ against this road, involving the forfeiture of its charter, will come up before the Circuit Court at Meridian in January. In Louisiana Governor Nicholls is engaged in a struggle for the vindication of the law against the "regulators" whose high-handed outrages have for months past kept up a reign of terror, especially in the parish of Lafayette. These outrages culminated a short time ago in an attack upon the gaol by an armed force which seized a negro prisoner and hanged him in broad daylight. The sheriff was called upon to arrest the ringleaders of the lynching party but citizens whom he summoned to his aid as deputies did not respond, fearing the vengeance of the "regulators." Not to be balked, the Governor ordered out the State troops, and as the result a recent dispatch stated that eighteen prominent citizens of Lafayette had been arrested and taken to New Orleans for safe keeping. These circumstances, combined with the healthful revolt in public sentiment in Charlestown in respect to the chief actor in the atrocious murder recently committed there, give some reason to hope that the day of a better civilization is dawning upon the South. When the Executive of the State begins to do his duty firmly and fearlessly the battle is half won.

TORONTO ESPLANADE.

TORONTO gained her place as capital city of the Province in direct consequence of her geographical position upon the best harbour on the north shore of Lake Ontario. At an early date the strip of land forming the Bay frontage was set apart and designed as a clear space to be used for public walks and drives. The name Esplanade still clings to the locality, but the reality has been surrendered in order to meet the requirements of various railroads. Six lines make this strip of land a terminal point, namely, the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, the Credit Valley, the Ontario and Quebec, the Northern, the Great Western and the Toronto and Nipissing. A seventh road, the Grand Trunk, has acquired a right of way over its entire length, at an elevation a few feet above the level of the lake. The three roads first named are controlled by the Canadian Pacific Company, the other four form part of the Grand Trunk system. Toronto has done much for these railways, and they in return have greatly contributed to her recent rapid growth into a large city. Ten years ago, when the population was less than half as great as it now is, the inconvenience of being entirely cut off from safe access to the Bay was keenly felt. Each year since then the danger has grown, and some change becomes an immediate necessity.

There are many questions connected with the water frontage, and they are all more or less intimately related to each other. Some of them are beset with complications, but the one which has rendered it necessary to formulate a comprehensive policy, at this instant, is of minor importance, being simply a question of extent and situation of the area claimed by the Canadian Pacific Company for the terminal requirements of their roads. It is evident that any decision as to this particular matter must be subordinate to that reached upon the main issue, which must embrace the consideration of every interest affected. Due regard must be had for vested rights and privileges, but none of those involved have a sacred origin. The broad principle which renders expropriation permissible in any case is that lesser interests shall give way to greater ones. Free and safe access to the Bay is imperatively demanded by the citizens of Toronto; it is also in the public interest that the most ample facilities be afforded to both the great companies controlling the roads, and the problem is, How can both these objects be best attained?

In their desire to retain the fullest advantage which railways afford, the citizens of Toronto are disposed to favourably entertain a desperate plan. It is seriously proposed to erect a brick and stone arched viaduct, at a high level, across the Bay front of the city. Aesthetic considerations have no weight, and the permanent unsightliness of such a structure receives, and, perhaps, deserves, little attention. The immense cost of such a work is lightly regarded, in view of the belief that it is the best means of securing safe access to the Bay. Toronto, however, is a port, and each of the seven lines must be allowed to reach the water's edge; so that, in addition to

the tracks on the viaduct, there must also be lines on the level, on the east of the Midland road, and on the west for the other six entering from that direction. It will thus appear that free passage to the Bay would only be practicable for a short distance, say from the present Union Station to Berkeley Street. Even this boon would be an immense advantage, and the present intolerable condition of affairs must speedily be got rid of in some way.

It is, perhaps, well that, in effect, there are only two companies to be dealt with instead of seven. None of the roads controlled by the C. P. R. Company pass over the entire extent of the Esplanade. This Company wisely created a distributing junction upon the higher land beyond the north-west corner of the city, shortening the route for all through traffic, and avoiding an unnecessary descent of some one hundred and fifty feet to the Esplanade level.

For more than thirty years the G. T. R. Company has had to lower the entire volume of their traffic from the heights of Scarborough to nearly the level of the Lake, whilst in passing onward to the west, the higher elevation has again to be reached. The reverse happens to through traffic bound eastward, and whilst the road has been operated at this mechanical disadvantage, the citizens of Toronto have been groaning under the evils of a level crossing along the main front of the city. A thorough and permanent remedy suggests itself, one that would benefit the Company mainly interested, and which the "loop line" route has anticipated to some extent. Differences of view as to details would, no doubt, arise, but if the all-interested parties met they could hardly fail to agree that their common interests far exceeded those which conflict. By means of a friendly conference between the city authorities and the able men who carry on the affairs of the G. T. R. Company, the basis of a satisfactory settlement ought to be soon reached. Roughly stated, a reasonable solution should cover the following ground:—

1. The straightening of the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway along the high land above the navigable portion of the river Don.
2. Entrance of all roads into the city from the west over the Queen and King Streets subways.
3. Joint or adjacent terminal points for all passenger traffic not further east than the present Union Station.
4. Access to the navigable portion of the river Don on the East bank by a road common to all lines.

One important change included in the above is less immediately needed. The alteration of the line of the G. W. division of the G. T. road can possess few attractions to the Company, and the city may well refrain from urging this change, though it will become of increasing importance from year to year to have the beach as far as the Humber freed from a source of danger. The other changes will commend themselves to that Company. The question of the swinging bridge across the Don will be disposed of, and on through traffic business a saving in perpetuity will be effected.

The benefits of such changes to the city would be incalculable. To unimpaired railway facilities there may be added the advantage of a station at North Toronto for each of the seven roads, the convenience of which would increase with the growth of the city; the possibility of a true Esplanade from York Street to the northerly end of the Don Canal; the heart of the city would be as free from railway dangers as is the city of New York; overhead bridges west from John Street would simply follow the lie of the land.

The C. P. R. Company would be less directly interested in this solution, and their comfort rather than their necessities would alone have to be considered. W. H. Cross.

MIRACLES: A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

[Midnight of 10th July, 1889.]

IT is a lovely night, but awfully hot; too hot to go to bed. I shall just lie here, stretched on the hammock, and catch whatever breeze may reach this verandah, and gaze upon the heavens, and think. What a glorious spectacle the heavens present just now! The moon and Jupiter in conjunction towards the east—the Scorpion, with his fiery heart and crooked claws and sweeping tail, due south—and the pure white star of Virgo declining in the west. There sails the moon, almost full, with her calm, cold, shiny face; and there is Jupiter, only three or four degrees from her, with his bright, steady glow—he is at white heat, so to speak.

And yet, if one had not been taught otherwise, I doubt if one could observe, with the naked eye, any difference, except quantitative, in the light of these two; or would think of one as "cold" and the other as "hot." But science has taught us so. Our satellite is dead: extinct volcanoes and dried up oceans can be read upon her face, but no fire, no water, no air, no life. On the other hand, as to Jupiter, we know his volume is immense and his specific gravity light—the chances are he is cooling down from a vaporous state. Does he yet contain living creatures, I wonder? Possibly his present condition is just fit for the "evolution of protoplasm;" who knows?

Anyway, that the moon is cold and dead, and that Jupiter is hissing hot, are to be accepted as facts. Yet I don't suppose that one out of ten thousand has ever looked through a telescope or spectroscope to verify these facts for himself. What have we got, then, upon which to base our view of things? Simply the assertions of those who have verified these facts; who have investigated with telescope and spectroscope, and have told us what these

heavenly bodies are made of. When I look on these two planets in conjunction and fancy I discern a difference in their light it is, no doubt, because my imagination has been coloured by the testimony of the savants. For do what you will we must take things on trust. "Justification by verification" is all very well for men like Professor Huxley. But we ordinary mortals must needs take their word for it. Life is too short for every man to verify everything for himself, to say nothing of the expense of such a procedure. We must needs depend on the "testimony" of others every day of our lives. We must needs "walk by faith and not by sight."

I was reading this morning Professor Huxley's last rejoinder to Dr. Wace, in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The advocate of "Justification by Verification" finds it impossible to accept any account whatever of the miraculous. There is with him no sifting process: all miracles—ancient or modern, Christian or Pagan, scriptural or extra-scriptural—are alike rejected. He holds Hume's opinion that no amount of testimony can establish the truth of a miracle, because a miracle is contrary to experience. Of course it is, otherwise it would be no miracle. By the way, what a difficulty has been found in defining this word! What is a miracle? "Something contrary to Nature," says one. But if a miracle ever happened at all, it was manifestly not contrary to nature—at all events not contrary to the nature of a miracle. Another says, "A miracle is a suspension of the laws of nature." But the "laws of nature" mean all the laws of all the universe. If a miracle was ever performed it was performed by some law or other; and the law by which it was performed must have a place found for it among the "laws," known or unknown, of the universe. "A miracle," says a third, "is a controlling or directing of some known law or laws of nature by some higher and occult law." I think we may accept this definition. But if so, why, then, miracles are occurring every hour. Here is the moon shining right on my face: it is by law that she does so. The rays of light reflected from the moon, obeying the laws of light, must shine on my face; they can't help themselves so long as my face is in their way. I find it disagreeable, however, and yet don't want to leave the hammock: so I hold up this *Nineteenth Century* magazine and intercept the moon's rays. I "control" a law of nature by another "law," born of my own free-will. No doubt that mosquito which has been bothering me so, and which seems to have fled precipitately, was scared by the darkness which suddenly covered my face, and thought a miracle had happened. And he was right; it was a miracle—from the mosquito's standpoint.

After reading the professor's article, I turned up, with the aid of a concordance, every passage in the Bible wherein the word "miracle" occurs, and compared it with the original and also with the Revised Version; and I see the good old word has almost disappeared in the new revision. This is a pity; and certainly the sense is not improved by the scrupulous literalness of our modern revisers. For instance, St. John, in his gospel, invariably uses the word *semeion*—"a sign," and "a sign" it invariably is in R.V. But many passages are rendered very flat and unprofitable by this idiomatic stiffness, e.g. (ch. ii. 11), "This beginning of signs did Jesus;" (v. 23) "Many believed on His name beholding His signs;" (iii. 2) "No man can do these signs that thou doest;" (x. 21) "John did no sign," and many others.

In the Greek testament there are three words used which may all be included in the generic term "miracles," viz., *semeia*, *terata* and *dynamis*. These three are rendered, very literally, in R.V. by "signs," "wonders" and "powers" respectively. Occasionally the last named is accorded the old-fashioned term "miracles."

A miracle, then, according to the New Testament, is (*dynamis*) a "power," or the effect of a power, force or energy which is mysterious or unknown to us, and is therefore (*teras*) a "marvel" or "wonder," and also (*semeion*) a "sign" or "token" that the worker of the miracle possesses a "power" beyond our ken: and so the miracle inspires us with a reverence and awe of the worker thereof.*

"In that case," it may be replied, "anyone who astonishes another with some trick of jugglery or legerdemain performs a miracle." Well, so he does; it is a miracle to the beholder so long as he cannot understand the *modus operandi*. For a miracle (i.e., a marvel) is such only relatively and subjectively. It is no "marvel" to the performer; to him it is only a matter of course. The sudden eclipse of the moon wrought by the magazine in my hand was a miracle to the mosquito. The white man in the heart of Africa performs miracles in the eyes of the blacks. The English heroes of "King Solomon's Mines" did perform veritable miracles so far as the beholders were concerned. They really and truly prophesied an eclipse which actually came to pass, because they were possessed of information (if it was through a penny almanac) which transcended the comprehension of the blacks. Again, let an untutored savage be taken into New York or some seaport town. Let some one say to him:—"You see that huge rock some three or four miles off in the midst of the bay. Inasmuch as that rock is in the way of the ships, I have decreed its destruction. This little child here shall, at my bidding, touch this little button. The moment she does so you will see that huge rock shattered into a thousand pieces!" Or again, the untutored savage, in the company of a similar guide, is in the midst of a large town at midnight. All is in total darkness. His guide

* See Christlieb's "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief." Lecture V.

says, "Stand still and I will show you a great wonder. I will give the word, and in a moment the whole city will be ablaze with light." We can fancy the incredulity with which the noble red man would receive such assertions, but when those assertions were verified he would be convinced of the truth of the miracles, for miracles, in every sense of the word, powers, wonders, signs, they would be to him. Now let him go home to his wig-wam in the West and recount the mighty works that he had seen, and we may picture to ourselves the shrug of incredulity with which his testimony would be received; we may imagine that the braves would think their travelled brother was drawing the long-bow; and we can make allowances for them if they should conclude that no amount of testimony could establish the truth of such miracles. But they would be wrong all the same.

Now since the civilized man can thus perform miracles before the savage, the question arises, Is the civilized man the highest possible intellectual product of all this vast universe? Can there be no miracles for him? Is it not possible that some of those innumerable globes I see before me now contain beings even higher in the scale than civilized man? and that such beings can perform super-human deeds just as the civilized man can perform super-savage deeds? Suppose we are mistaken in the constitution of that big planet Jupiter. Suppose that, instead of being ever so much behind the earth in his evolution, he is ever so much ahead of us; or that his evolution has taken a different turn from ours, owing to his different "environments—in the matter of distance from the sun, inclination of his axis, &c. Suppose he contains beings of a more ethereal nature, perhaps, because of specific gravity, and yet of greater intellectual power; suppose that some such Jovian should find his way to this earth—for we may be sure there are still some things for us to learn, there are still, as in Shakespeare's time, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Suppose indeed, that the denizens, if not of Jupiter, at any rate of some of these innumerable stars—say of that red Antares, or that silvery Spica, or of their satellites—should some day find means of communication with us, and that such a thing might happen, who can deny? It would be a miracle of course to us; it would be contrary to experience, no doubt; but it would none the less be true.

Now, if God reigns over all this vast Universe—if He should choose to communicate with His creatures on this insignificant little planet, He would surely do so in a way miraculous to us, and in no other. The Atheistic idea—the idea that, while there is infinite and eternal matter, and an infinite and eternal energy, there is no Infinite and Eternal Intelligence—seems preposterous. That there is no God is, to me, unthinkable. That this God has not revealed Himself to all men, universally, invariably, irresistibly, is undeniable. That He could not reveal Himself to any, is unreasonable. That He has never revealed Himself to anyone, at any time, is, to me, improbable. At any rate I must needs search out: I must look for "testimony" of that event, or those events, which I feel to be most probable. And such "testimony" I find everywhere. Not in a "Book," but in a Corporate Association, which, with all its turmoils and divisions, has yet always existed for centuries, and always uniformly borne this testimony. This is, to me, a far more important witness than a mere book could ever be. Books may be forged; books may be interpolated, curtailed, and otherwise altered. Since Homer has been pronounced a myth, and since even Shakespeare has been submitted to the scalpel of the Ignatian critic, and dissected, and viewed microscopically, and pronounced a fraud—really one does not know what might happen to any book. But "Corporations never die"—and here is a Corporation which exists to-day, and has existed for centuries. It is a living organization, or organism (for to the student of Mr. H. Spencer's "Sociology" it is hard to say which is the most appropriate term), whose life can be traced from its beginning. Who, or what, gave that organism its birth? This organism, this corporation—or to drop metaphor, this Church of Christ—has existed through all these centuries, in spite of hostile influences, in spite of dissensions within and foes without; and this Church, with its historical continuity, has ever borne witness to the fact that God did what *a priori* we should expect He would have done some time or another—He revealed himself to men.

Of course this testimony, even of the Church with its long history, must be sifted. Of course men have a right to sift it. They have a right to expose every weakness, and to criticise everything which seems to them a weak point in the evidence, and the Church is bound to make good her claim.

Prof. Huxley takes up, as a weak point, the miracle which he evidently thinks the most indefensible, and which perhaps we may admit as the most "difficult" (to use Cardinal Newman's term), viz., the healing of the man possessed with devils at Gadara, or as he humorously puts it, "The bedevilment of the Gadarene pigs." His objections seem to be:—

- 1st. To the existence of devils at all.
- 2nd. To their transference in so speedy a fashion from the man to the swine.
- 3rd. To the demons in one man being sufficient to "bedevil" all that immense herd of swine.

We will grant this is a crucial test. If modern Science has proved that there are no demons; that there can be no demons; that the whole affair is as ridiculous as it appears to Prof. Huxley, why then the case, as to that miracle, is closed.

But to-night, just before lying down here, I read

another essay in that same June number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It was by Mrs. Priestly, and entitled "The Mysteries of Malaria." And, oh horrors! I find she has proved beyond all doubt that earth, air and water are literally swarming with demons;—that is, with animated beings, invisible, innumerable, malignant, vivacious, with wills of their own, ever seeking whom they may devour. And then it seems there are other demons, not malignant but beneficent, who are ever on the watch for these malignant ones in order to destroy them. These are called "Leucocytes" (page 865). They are, she says, "eager" to "attack" the malignant demons as soon as "intelligence of their distant prey is conveyed to them." And all this warfare of living beings going on within the bodies of men! "In fact," to quote Prof. Huxley's own words (p. 943), "the souls and bodies of men form both the theatre and the prize of an incessant warfare between the good and evil (spirits). . . . As the 'powers of the air' they afflict mankind with pestilence and famine; as 'unclean spirits' they cause disease of mind and body."

And we may add that, since the discoveries of M. Pasteur and others concerning the germs of disease being living organisms, those who are so diseased are literally "possessed" with demons.

Certain it is that there is one class of devils possessing swine. And if one of these devils, invisible as he is (to the naked eye) passes from the swine into a man, forthwith he makes a lodgment—he increases—he "possesses" that man—he causes agonies, fits, emaciation. By and by the "possessed" man can literally and truly say, "My name is Legion, for we are many;"—and finally, unless that devil is "cast out," the man dies in torture. This devil is a living personality. His name is *Trichina Spiralis*.

Such demons—invisible, innumerable, malignant, endowed with life and motion and will—have been detected by our modern thaumaturgists—the chemists, the biologists, the microscopists of to-day. They have been classified, catalogued, named. Here is a partial list from Mrs. Priestly's pages:—"Active germs," "living organisms," which "haunt" unhealthy regions, "Bacteria," "Diatoms," "mobile filaments," "brilliant actively-moving oval bodies," in blood, spleen, and lymph, "Bacilli," "self-moving corpuscles," "microbes," "micrococci," "plasmodia," "spirilla," "amoeboid bodies," "higher forms of protozoa," "hæmatozoa."

Ah me! And to think that every one of these "zoa" is a *nephesh hayah*, a *psyche zosa*,—a "living creature"—just as much as man himself! (See Gen. i. 20, 21, 24 and ii. 7 in Heb. or LXX.) Or, with Prof. Huxley, to quote Tertullian, an *anima* possessing a "corporeity"!

The Scholastics of the Middle Ages, we are told, used to amuse themselves with discussing how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. They were on the right track after all; for our modern thaumaturgists can tell us with the utmost precision how many demons can stand there. In fact these new exorcists, when they are at work in their laboratories with their mystical instruments, see devils far more numerous, far more harmful, far more hideous, than ever the good Saint Anthony saw in his cell.

If then worst comes to worst all we have to do to "reconcile Science with Scripture" in this matter is to readjust our conceptions of the *daimones*. They are animated beings all right enough; they are as invisible and as pernicious to body and soul as ever; only they are not quite so "gaseous or æriform" as we used to conceive them; and the Bible does not say they are. We were mistaken, not as to their existence, but as to their construction and character.

Suppose then—for I "suppose" one will not incur ecclesiastical censure for merely "supposing," so long as one does not dogmatize)—suppose, I say, that the demons which infested the Gadarene maniac were of the genus *hæmatozoa*, St. Luke, "the beloved physician," would then be scientifically correct in stating that the man was "possessed" with a "Legion." Would it then be too hard for One to Whom all power in heaven and earth was given to say to these *daimones*,† "Depart and go into the swine!"—and that they would obey?

And let us remember that all things—light and darkness, force and matter, soul and body, the infinitely great and the infinitely minute—are alike naked and open in the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do.

GEO. J. LOW.

MONTREAL LETTER.

OUR Municipal Council is, to speak colloquially, in a peck of troubles. The Road Committee has proposed to draw for one purpose from a fund which had been specially appropriated for another; and seems to have expended a large sum in expectation that leave would, as a matter of course, be granted. The request, however, was protested in council as illegal, and in the event of law being against such an expenditure the members of the committee who authorized the action must be held personally responsible. The Board of Health asked for a grant of \$950 to repair the Small-pox Hospital—a building which is new and has never been used. It is stated in committee to be "uninhabitable, the foundations gone, and the drains choked." Two women who have been living in it have suffered in health, and a member proposed to

* See Sir Thomas Watson's remarks as quoted by Mrs. Priestly, p. 856. † St. Luke, however, uses the diminutive, *daimonia*, "little devils."

board them in the Windsor rather than repair such an erection. The Market Committee is occupied with a difficulty between the abattoirs and the railways over the collection of charges at the stock yards. The city attorney believes that the charges are illegal. A recent by-law enacts that no cattle can be sold in the city except at the two abattoirs, and advantage is taken of the difficulty by distinguishing between the cattle intended for exportation and those for local sale. Dealers are found who carry falsified papers. If cattle intended for exportation should by deceit escape the fees attached to local sales and then secure the local sale the committee is of opinion that the city would render itself liable to damages. Probably so!—and in more than one sense. One hundred and eight butchers have banded themselves together to resist the municipal tax of two dollars. The recorder summoned them to appear. They took out a writ of prohibition against the recorder, which, it now appears, was somewhat ignorantly granted by Mr. Justice Ouimet. By the issue of the writ the by-law *in re* the tax becomes suspended and a dead letter in the law. The writ is returnable on August 8th, but the city attorney has asked that it be returned at once in order that argument may be heard. Meantime the jubilant butchers award the sum of \$500 to the members of their craft to whose sagacity they owe their present temporary success. Evidence is becoming apparent of an exceeding laxity in the system, or want of system, of collecting and paying city funds. What is everybody's money is nobody's, and periods of weeks and months appear to pass without any official check or revision of books. Compressed air-tubes are to be used between the several departments and the Civic Treasurer's Office. To be sure all money placed in the tubes will reach its destination, but so far no step has been proposed which will make the tubes responsible for what is not put in.

A rebellion, which, we trust, may end in a veritable revolution, is going on between the city and our celebrated Street Railway Company. At enormous expense we have laid St. James' Street with asphalt, and Notre Dame and Craig Streets are following its example. On these streets the Street Railway is laying macadam on its tracks and for the space of six inches beyond. The Road Committee has taken it energetically to task. An injunction was proposed, but decided against as a waste of time, and notice was sent to the company to lay block stone instead of macadam; and some conception may be formed of the respective attitudes of the city and the Street Car Service from the fact that the notice contained a warning, that in the event of non-compliance the city should proceed to perform the work at the company's expense, that the committee has been couching its intentions in language which breathes of going to the Legislature at once, of annulling the charter of the company, of committing all opposition, even from the President, Secretary, or Superintendent, into the precincts of our Municipal Prison, of giving twenty-four hours for an answer, and of thereafter proceeding to suit its actions to these portentous words. The defence failed to understand the difficulty; had, true enough, broken up for macadam a quantity of stone which belonged to the city; had no intention of laying block stone; were not bound to do so, and wherefore should men do anything they are not bound to do? or until they should be bound? If the city wants block stone let it lay it. The Legislature! Nonsense! No Legislature would or could interfere with the Montreal Street Railway Co.

The Richelieu Navigation Company is under contract with the city to supply a prescribed amount of ferry service between St. Helen's Island and certain points on the shore. So long as an abundance of traffic paid the company the contract has been satisfactorily enough observed; but it appears as if the observance depended upon the traffic, and a band of music on the island, which was also a part of the bargain, has not been regularly supplied. The matter coming before the Council for discussion places our mayor in a unique position. As mayor he is, we suppose, not only compelled but desirous to insist upon the contract being conscientiously fulfilled. As Director of the Richelieu Company he must, we also suppose, be expected to fight shy of continuing to incur an uninterrupted expenditure which yields only an interrupted return. A most interesting psychological exhibition was presented to the Council when His Worship tried to put both caps on the same head.

A pilgrimage which is an annual institution among our Irish Catholic citizens has just taken place to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and has returned reporting several miraculous cures. It is a curious fact that it is not the initial stage of a disease which is thus submitted to a diagnosis of the saints, but the last and most hopeless infirmity of nature. After spending "all their living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any" they pay Providence the compliment of the last throw.

The annual inspection of farms in Hochelaga County pronounces farming in a high state of efficiency,—probably the most satisfactory of the Province. Prizes were awarded in several districts.

VILLE MARIE.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the recent Stuart Exhibition has given an impetus to the issue of literature dealing with the luckless Stuart Dynasty, and one of the handsomest volumes of this nature, illustrated with a series of forty plates, will be published in the autumn by Macmillan & Co. The character of the work is assured from the fact that the letterpress will be from the pen of John Skelton, C.B. At Mr. Skelton's sequestered residence, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Mr. Froude is a frequent guest.

TWILIGHT.

WEAVER of dreams and wooer of the stars,
 Who foldest o'er the earth at close of day
 Thy gauzy robe of ever-deepening grey
 And drawest noiselessly the low-set bars
 To loosen peace upon a world of jars ;
 Dusk herald of the night ! prepare the way
 For that chaste queen to whom all maidens pray,
 Lest Love leave on their souls its ruddy scars ;
 Thou, who hast left upon night's solemn brow
 The kiss of peace and lain on earth's sad face
 This calm of sleep's immeasurable grace,
 The last of thy sweet labours finish now ;
 While birds are hush'd and sleeping every flower,
 Lead forth pale Luna from her prison-bower.

SAREPTA.

NIAGARA REVISITED.

UNTIL the other day I had not visited the Falls of Niagara since the Ontario Government and the Legislature of the Province, in conjunction with the Governor and the Legislature of the State of New York, had taken in hand the project to expropriate the lands on either side of the great Cataract, to free them from their unsightly encumbrances and the unlicensed traffic which made it dangerous for the unwary traveller to visit the place, and to reserve the region, on both sides, for the purposes of a National Park. Formerly, I had been wont to visit Niagara at least once a year, as a duty one owed to one's moral nature, in deepening the sense of awe in presence of a great natural wonder, and in stimulating the imagination by a study, from various points of view and under the changing aspects of the passing hours of a long summer's or a short winter's day, of the entrancing features of the impressive spectacle. Of recent years, however, I had wearied, not of the majesty and imposing grandeur of the sight, but of the incongruities of the surroundings, which offended at once the mind, the eye, and the pocket, and left one with an overpowering sense of the folly and infirmity of a man who, in setting out for this Mecca of the New World, would deliberately go Jericho-wise and fall among thieves. For these, I trust, appreciable reasons I had not been to Niagara for a number of years. In the meanwhile the Ontario Government Commission, as I found, had been at work, and had succeeded, to a most gratifying extent, in releasing the neighbourhood of the Falls from the vile clutch of Mammon, in thrusting out the harpies from its immediate precincts, and in consecrating the place anew to the high purposes which the spectacle is fitted to exercise.

Before this laudable task was undertaken the devotee at this greatest of Nature's shrines could hardly have attuned his mind to the harmonies of the place. The most devout worshipper, even were he himself not the victim, could scarcely fail to be distracted by the volubilities, within earshot of him, of the "touters" to a dime museum, or by the altercation between some rascally cabman and his fare, in the fleeing process to which almost everyone had then to submit. Now, it is possible to visit this great wonder of the world unruffled in temper and but little lightened in pocket. Thanks to the Commissioners, it is also possible to view the wondrous scene with the fitting accessories of art, and in the setting which it receives from Nature, plus the agreeable devices of the landscape gardener.

My present visit, in the pleasant company of an enthusiastic Old Country friend, was limited to a view of the Falls from the Canadian side. No one will hesitate to say that if the place is to be seen from one side only of the river, that side should be the Canadian. From that side you have the advantage of seeing both Falls, directly facing you, and of being able to get a close inspection of the wider and grander Cataract, with the best view of the angry sweep of the larger body of water, as it races onward, in a succession of cascades and rapids, to take its final leap into the spray-hidden cauldron of the Horse-shoe Falls. In saying this I am at the same time not indifferent to the beauty, as well as the thrilling grandeur, of the view from the New York State reservation on the American side. The view of the rapids of the American Falls from Prospect Park, and particularly from the bridge across to Goat Island, is exceptionally fine. Fine also is the outlook from some points on Goat Island of the Horse-shoe Falls ; while from the bridges that connect the islands known as "The Three Sisters," the tourist will be charmed with the spectacle of the breakers above the Canadian Falls and impressed by the volume and headlong force of the waters that shoot swiftly downwards under his feet.

I repeat, however, that by far the finest and most comprehensive view is to be had from the Canadian side. The Government reservation, known as Queen Victoria Park, has a water frontage, following the river's course, exceeding two miles in length, with a fine natural background, in the wooded bluff of the Niagara escarpment, enclosing the whole in a delightful setting of green. The park extends from the comfortable hostelry of "The Clifton House," directly opposite the American Falls and close to the Suspension Bridge which gives access to the United States reservation, to a point on the bank of the main branch of the river, beyond the upper line of breakers, and a mile above the chute of the Horse-shoe. Through the park is a spacious carriage drive, and a walk for pedestrians close by the river's brink, with rustic arbours and artistic seats along its course, and the pleasant adjunct

of shade trees, fountains, springs of running water, *parterres* of flowers, and a profusion of blossoming plants. The whole park, which includes a large portion of the well-known and picturesque "Bush Estate," covers an area of a hundred and fifty acres, and not to speak of the wondrous panorama which it encloses, is in itself a delightful resort. A walk or drive through the reservation enables one to see the Falls to the best advantage, for every turn or angle in the road presents some new and unrivalled picture. At the "Rambler's Rest" you are immediately in front of the American Falls and have at your feet the yawning chasm which the wild waters have through æons of time hollowed out in the bed of the river. Here may be seen the sturdy little steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*, ferrying her live freight over the treacherous emerald waters, flecked with foam, or daringly venturing, enveloped in clouds of mist and spray, close to the seething mass which has just been precipitated over the Horse-shoe. A little further on is "Inspiration Point," from which another grand view may be had of the river and of both Falls, the Canadian one growing gruesomely upon the observer's appalled senses as he approaches Table Rock and stands peering down into the vast abyss, the rumbling thunder of the mighty fall in his ears. At this point the traveller will find his gaze transfixed by the scene of wild tumult that meets the view, the one restful spot upon which the eye can alight being the deep recess in the centre of the Horse-shoe, where the greatest mass of water appears to precipitate itself and to take on a dark green tint very grateful to the sense perceptions, wearied by the disorder and overpowered by the distractions of the scene.

But great as is the spell that holds the observer rooted to the spot, the wild uproar will be found more than he cares long to listen to, if the drenching spray have not already driven him from the place. There is a relief, too, in passing away from Table Rock, until the bewildered mind can recover its equanimity and the eye refresh itself with a change of scene, cooled by the breeze that sweeps down from the rapids in the wider reaches of the river. A short walk will bring the visitor to the bridge and gate-keeper's lodge on Cedar Island, which lies quietly moored in a bend of the stream, its luxurious vegetation kept moist and vivid by the constant spray from the Falls. After traversing the island, the mainland is regained by another bridge, and the visitor passes into the fine recreation grounds, with their exhilarating promenade in front of the White Horse Rapids. Here the walk will remind the tourist of the seashore, the wild billows of the impetuous flood, as they sweep over the submerged dykes and rocky ridges of the channel, roaring hoarsely in the ear. One seems even to scent the brine of the ocean in the heavily-charged vapours that are wafted across the angry waters. When "Tempest Point" is reached, the cascades rise to their full height and sublimity, and the scene becomes one of the wildest disorder. The thunder of the mighty Falls is here lost on the ear, so deafening is the noise from the dishevelled mass of waters rushing madly on to take their grand and final plunge.

Beyond Sumach Island a swirl of the great river circles round what is called "The Elbow," and encloses in its embrace what many will justly esteem the chief attraction of the Ontario Government reservation, the cascade-cloven Dufferin Islands. These beautiful resorts, which are named after Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General who was the first to suggest the idea of a National Park at the Falls, are reached by artistic suspension bridges thrown across the river at various accessible points. The islands have all the secluded beauty and finely-wooded character that distinguish Goat Island ; and Art and the Commissioners have done much to make them attractive. The carriage drive is continued across the river-face of the islands and on, by another suspension bridge, to an extension of the reservation in front of the upper line of breakers. The interior of the island is quite idyllic. Romantic walks and pathways meander about in every direction, while cunningly devised resting-places peer out at you from their sylvan concealment in numerous nooks and corners of these enchanted islands. If your mood be placid and your fair companion consents, "The Lovers' Walk" will woo you around "The Elbow," on the inner face of the islands, where the river seems to fall into a drowsy slumber. The outer front of the islands will attract those only who revel in the tempestuous. Here the upper cascades tear madly past and the scene is sufficient to arouse to frenzy the most lethargic and unruffled disposition. Only satire could call a projecting promontory, beyond "The Cascade's Platform," "The Lovers' Retreat." Retreat it could be only to the lover who was suffering from unrequited love, for the waters here boil with fury ; and no wooing couple, I imagine, would readily come within sight of the place whose course of love "ran smooth."

As a spectacle, it is needless to say, Niagara still draws. But whatever the reason—whether it be that the age, having lost its faith has lost also its capacity for wonder, or whether the public mind still treasures a memory of the Falls as the resort only of blackmailers and swindlers—visitors to the great shrine are not on the increase. Statistics, I fear, would prove that of late years there has been a great falling off. Curiously enough, what Canadian traffic there is mainly goes, it seems, to the American side. Of an excursion train, numbering some thirty coaches, from London and Hamilton, the other day, I was told that less than half a coach full found their way to the Canada shore. Only national indifference or superior American "touting" can account for that. But

where, may wonderingly be asked, is Canadian patriotism ? Surely our people do not know the two facts that ought to be widely known, first, that the Falls can unquestionably be better seen from the Canadian side ; and secondly, that the place has been swept clean of the land sharks, noisy showmen, and importunate hotel "runners" who used to infest the place, and that Nature's worshipper may here come and go unmolested, with none to annoy him or make him afraid. If I were to use a further argument, supposing that to be necessary, to bring our people to this great shrine of Nature, I should be inclined to adopt the words of an early English authoress, in speaking of the tranquillizing effect of the contemplation of Nature as illustrated in a scene which had greatly impressed her imagination and lifted her heart to rapture. "When I look upon such a sight as this," she exclaims, "I feel as if there could be neither wickedness nor sorrow in the world ; and there would be less of both if we came oftener into contact with Nature's majesty and beauty, and were carried more out of ourselves by contemplating the sublime !"

Having seen the changes that, thanks to Col. Gzowski, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, and their fellow Commissioners, have been effected in the approaches to and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Falls, I am convinced that a wider acquaintance, on the part of the Canadian public, with the fact that these changes and improvements have taken place, would bring thousands to the spot where dozens only come now, and that all would be delighted, as I have been, with the increased attractions of the incomparable resort. If in the freer air of the New World we may not consider it the duty of Governments to be paternal, or, in the public interest, to keep theatres and opera-houses open at nominal charges for the amusement of the people, we may at least commend the enlightened act of a Government that has used the public funds for so laudable a project as the purchase and maintenance of the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park. In this beautiful national reservation it is now possible to see and enjoy one of the greatest spectacles of the world without the drawbacks which are the usual and irrevocable accompaniments of a "show-place." Once these drawbacks were a profanation, as well as a grave social offence ; now that they are gone, the most fastidious may draw nigh and worship, without introducing discord into the soul or jarring the æsthetic sense.

Grave must be the mood and sober the thought of him who passes from the scene of this stupendous natural wonder. Even in the most devout-minded awe will give place to speculation as to the origin and age-progress of the mystery. What primeval time, the curious will be inclined to ask, first saw the flood settle into a river crevice, and was there human life to look wonderingly upon the scene ? If life, what aboriginal tribes, and whence came they, have from first to last lived and died within sound of the mighty Cataract ? Nor will the themes of the problem be exhausted in the history of the past : the future will claim to put forth its own interrogations. How far in the ages to come, some curious thought will shape itself, will the retrocession of the Falls reach, or will the coming time, by some catastrophic occurrence, or through the slowly-working changes of climate, dry up the immediate source or the remote feeding-streams of the waters ? With such and similar questions did the writer perplex himself and his companion as both thoughtfully wended their way hotel-wards. Far into the night did two friends discuss the sights of the day and argue the pros and cons of the many and readily-suggested problems. The while, the moon had risen over the mysterious, half-spectral scene ; and from the subterranean conduits of the mystic chasm came the ceaseless Cyclopean rumble, to tell of mysteries unseen and hush a tired world to slumber.

G. MERCER ADAM.

LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

SAYONARA.

I HAD grown a great deal too fond of it, absurdly fond of it, and suddenly I had to go away, horribly far away, and perhaps forever.

The fascination that Japan had exercised over me was the fascination of perfect *naïveté*, the fascination of a child, a quaint, unconscious, bewitching, laughing creature, singing incomprehensible melodies, doing incomprehensible things, and when the time came to say "good-bye," alas ! it was like saying "good-bye" to a child. Neither Buddha, nor Tomi, nor O Mitsu San, nor even Taro San could understand in the least what I felt at leaving them and their beautiful country. I tried to tell them, but they only laughed and drew in their breath and bowed. How could they understand ? How could they know all the charm of their soft ways, the delight of their fairy-land ? And yet their sweet callousness was but a charm the more ! I parted with them as one parts for the first time with children at the school-room door, with a sort of vague fear, an infinite regret. A new knowledge was coming to them. They were very ambitious and very blind. They would forget the old knowledge, and the old knowledge them. The old civilization was so strangely beautiful. It was quite unique. The world had never seen anything before like it, and would never see anything like it again. A civilization all naïve love, and naïve art, and naïve bravery. Was there no one who would save even so much as a Japanese bow, a Japanese compliment, from the general revolution ?

I had told old Tomi in the early morning that I would probably leave by the evening's train, and then I went

out to stroll along the Ginza, and to take my leave of my favourite Buddha in one of the temples. I believe I cried a little, and afterwards, I felt ineffably silly, just as if I had been crying at a pantomime. When I returned home I found that Tomi had begun to do my packing for me. It was the last line of the Japanese joke. She and Buddha with the aid of several of the neighbours' servants had brought in from the garden the Shinto Shrine, of the dimensions of a good-sized tomb-stone, thinking I might like to take it off as a curio. My boots were carefully put away in my hat-box, my hat and books crammed into the kitchen *hibachi* for which I had once expressed an artistic admiration, and the rest of my wardrobe that could not be placed in my big box was tied up *à la Japonaise* in half a dozen little parcels! When I suggested certain modifications, Tomi didn't seem at all offended, but tottered off and came back presently with what she deemed requisite for the half dozen parcels—a Japanese trunk of the consistency of card-board with tissue-paper hinges. I accepted it. I had been reduced to the condition of accepting everything and anything rather than give pain to the last of these Japanese.

It was a very pitiless night the night I rode away from Tokyo, with its soft lights and its quiet shadows, and its gentle undertone of pattering feet, away into the glare and shrieks and bustle of a civilization, that seemed even more vulgar than before. The sky was as free from the faintest cloud of regret as the faces of Buddha or O Mitsu San, the stars looked down at me like mocking Japanese eyes; a light fall of snow covered the ground, the air was like steel against my face, and yet the tears would come—but you must have been to Japan to understand why.

Next morning I left Taro San bowing low to me on the wharf at Yokohama, and O Mitsu San bowed low to somebody else. Of course they were both laughing their incomprehensible little laugh, and this made the Frenchman standing beside me on the steam launch sigh very profoundly, and it made me sigh too. "Oh, what immense indifference!" he exclaimed, "their hearts are like red lacquer boxes full of sweet words and dainty compliments. They give to everybody but feel for none." The tiny O Mitsu San dipping down on the wharf seemed such a very tiny thing to inspire such a big phrase that I laughed and wondered whether after all for us it wasn't really only a joke. But when the last *sayonara* had died away, and the houses of Yokohama and even Fujiyama had sunk into the distance, and I stood looking at a gray sky and a gray sea, and listening to a party of hard-voiced wrangling Europeans, I knew it was no joke, unless all delicate beauty and exquisite pleasures are jokes.

We stopped but a short time at Kobé, and it was well, because Kobé has become even more foreignized than Yokohama, and the Japanese proportionately uncongenial. After Kobé we had some hours of dreaming in the inland sea, and then a hurried visit to the quaint, mixed-up, pretty Nagasaki. The inland sea is an enchanted sea ebbing and flowing amidst enchanting islands. One ought really only to ride over it in one's "astral body," in a nautilus shell with sea-gulls' wings for sails, a steamer is a desecration and a huge impertinence. It might have been the weather, but the day we passed through it had not alone all the charm, the quaintness, the *naïveté* of Japanese scenery, it had also a subtle sympathy, a misty melancholy which Japanese scenery seldom possesses. I wanted to put out my hands towards the little hills that looked at me so pitifully through a wet haze, towards the grim mountains like fierce old native warriors, towards the sky that dropped rain like tears on my face and to say, "*Ari-gato, Ari-gato* for sorrowing with me thus."

I confess it quite frankly that what interested me most about Nagasaki was, the fact that the French writer, Pierre Loti, had lived there and had written all about the little town in "Madame Chrysanthème." To the student of Japan—I mean the student, as the student of Japan should be, full of sensibility and fine taste—"Madame Chrysanthème" bears the same relation to the accounts of the country by historians and travellers that a poem does to a railway guide, the same relation to native works that one of its illustrations by Rossi bears to the illustrations on a tea-chest. Pierre Loti has not troubled himself much about the soul of the Japanese—the something which is beyond their bows and their laughing, and their compliments; but their bows, and their laughing, and their compliments he has described with the most exquisite of modern art. He is first of all an artist, his book first of all a picture, but a picture delicate and minute as Japanese bronze work, perfect in its imperfection, like the suggestions of things the Japanese paint across their fans; a picture where you can feel the soft Japanese air, and smell the discreet perfume of Japanese flowers; where you can see delicious sketches of Japanese sky, and all the dainty confusion of Japanese life under it—temples and tea-houses, shaven priests and laughing *mousmés*, nights of strange dreaming to strange music, and nights of fairy revelry by lantern light. Before I had arrived in Japan Monsieur Loti had taught me to love it, and when I was going away it was no small consolation to know that I carried in the pages of "Madame Chrysanthème" something more than a memory of all that had so fascinated me.

It was broad noonday, but rather sad and cold—very sad and cold for Japan. The steamer was leaving in two hours. I had just a little time on shore at Nagasaki. I spent that time in a last wild scurry in *jinrikisha* through its streets, in a long, long look at Monsieur Loti's little house "high perched in a quiet quarter amidst green gardens," and then I went into a music shop to buy a *samisen*.

It was the last time I had them all about me—those dear, curious Japanese, and I had them about me to the number of the entire street's occupants. It was so very funny to see me there sitting on the floor in my foreign dress and chattering *à la phrase-book* that they were convulsed with laughter. I laughed too. One loses so many laughs by not laughing at oneself. As I twanged away, now at one instrument, now at another, much embarrassed to discover which would be the most "characteristic" to European ears, two little *mousmés* entered the shop. I had had a vague idea that it was just possible I might meet "Madame Chrysanthème," somehow, somewhere in Nagasaki, and that I should discover her small identity by showing the illustrated edition of her history to the tiny damsels in a degree more likely than the score of others to answer to Monsieur Loti's description of his heroine. I opened my *édition de luxe* before the *mousmés* beside me, and they looked at it—they looked at it like kittens looking at themselves in a mirror. I tried to explain it was all about one O Kiku Sama (the Japanese for "Madame Chrysanthème"), and showed them various pictures of O Kiku Sama through the book, but that any artist, any author, should have taken such trouble to tell a tale concerning a little thing not one inch longer than themselves their native modesty would not for an instant permit them to believe. At least one was incredulous, the other went off into peals of laughter. Could she be O Kiku Sama?—But a sharp whistle came up from the sea.

Sayonara! Sayonara! Sayonara!

And now I have my *samisen*, and the *kimom* from the little dancer at Nikko, and the faded chrysanthemum from the fair. They lie before me like a fancy costume after a ball, saying nothing but that the music and the laughter have died away, and the lights have gone out, and now it is gray morning.

LOUIS LLOYD.

IN UNKNOWN SEAS.

In unknown seas a proud, brave barque, astray,
Clove a swift path, full-sail'd, at open day;
No keen wind stirr'd, no cloudlet cross'd the blue,
Yet drawn by some resistless force, she flew
Towards a grim mountain height that barr'd the way.
Worn faces blanch'd, tough hands were clasped to pray,
As from the starting planks the lodestone drew
Each bolt and nail, and a poor wreck she lay
In unknown seas.

So haps it, lady, when, for pleasure, you
Enthron'd serene, espy some victim new
Drifting in idlesse, and, by charmed way
Lure him with power he may not stem nor stay
Till, at thy feet, heart-riv'n, he sinks from view
In unknown seas.

Bernuda.

BESSIE GRAY.

A UNIQUE SPECIES OF LITERATURE.

IN the course of a walk, some time since I passed in a back street a little, dingy "general store"; one of those in which, by some curious and not over refined taste, fruit and fish are displayed together, not in studied negligence, at the door, while the windows, into which peer hungry, dirty-faced urchins of both sexes, exhibit all manner of "confections"—that is the most general term I can find for that curiously varied assortment of sweets, pickles, Christmas cards, dolls, tobacco, tarts and hair-pins. Above and beyond these, suspended on strings, and placed as if purposely to hinder the gaze of the peering urchins from intruding into the mysterious inner places, the abode of the manufacturer and vendor of the tasty viands, were spread out for view a number of gorgeously illustrated "periodicals"—with this name I must content myself, for of their names or characters I am ignorant. The gorgeous illustrations attracted me. There were extraordinarily shaped and extraordinarily dressed women fleeing with dishevelled hair from ferocious men. There were brave policemen clutching desperate culprits by the throat. There were men murdering and women fainting,—enough; I entered the shop, and with seven cents purchased *The New York Family Story Teller*.

The New York Family Story Teller is unique in the realm of literature. It has but two themes—first, Love; second, Heroism. But both the love and the heroism are different, very different from ordinary love and ordinary heroism. Whether they exist anywhere outside the columns of the *Story Teller* I doubt, but even as they there exist they are worthy of study. Let us regard closely the men who are heroic and the women who love as they are here depicted.

These are, of course, all handsome. The men are generally "demi-blondes." They have "cold, steely-grey" eyes, which can "flash fire enough on occasions"—and, the occasions are plentiful. Some are "of glorious build"; a few "startlingly handsome." They are usually big men, at least, so I gather from the following sentence:—"He carried his six feet two inches of height and his two hundred and twenty pounds of avoirdupois with the lightness and grace of an Apollo." This particular character, by the way, is discovered "stretching his magnificent legs in graceful nonchalance."

The women are fit companions for such bountifully endowed men. Their "forms" are "flawless," and the engravings show to any who may be in doubt what

flawless forms are: they have always minute waists, enormous hips, microscopic hands and feet, and, I do not know why, are very long in the back. Some have "sorcerous [*sic? saucerous*—they certainly are of tremendous size] eyes," others "tropic eyes and scarlet mouths." They are "strangely dazzling," "supremely irresistible," or "simply divine."

As might be imagined, people like this are not ordinary people, and they show their difference chiefly, I think, by their emotions. They feel intensely—we common persons have no conception of how they feel. The emotions of all fictional and dramatic characters are legitimately placed on a high plane, but this is a lowly valley compared with the plane of the *Story Teller*. The women "quiver with uncontrollable anguish." They kiss "once, twice, and yet again, with irrepressible, incalculable passion." "Great sobs shake" them. "Ideas absorb their hearts and souls." One "turns away helplessly, torn with conflicting emotions." Another, in fact, almost all have frequently to "moisten their parched lips." They regard a loverless life as "dreary, desolate, false, maddening"—"more horrible than the blackest darks of perdition"—and so on.

Naturally, also, such people do not live as do ordinary people; it is in "elegantly appointed reception rooms," in "gorgeously furnished suits [*sic*]," in "up-town mansions," in "villas"—never in houses. They consequently are often "surrounded by a group of gentlemen, each of whom by his irreproachable attire, his aristocratic features, his high-bred bearing, is proclaimed an individual of distinction." The next sentence tells us who these "individuals of distinction" on this particular occasion were. One was a millionaire's son, another a railroad magnate, a third a Wall Street prince, a fourth a newly-elected member of Congress.

The actions and manners of such people also differ from those of an average plane of life. They "laugh derisively." A "British nobleman bows to the floor." They "hold one another by the magnetic force of burning eyes." They "embrace rapturously." With "cries" that "cannot be described," but can be "perfectly understood," they "throw themselves upon one another's breasts and raise their deadly white faces." They "put out strong, well shaped hands and draw each other in a masterful manner." Sometimes, however, they "draw themselves away flushed, panting, half intoxicated, the misery in their eyes concealed by a brightness that is dazzling." If they did this sort of thing once or twice in a lifetime, one could stand it, but they do it every quarter of an hour.

There is another very curious peculiarity about these personages. They are one and all guided by "Fate." Very little is said of the natural consequences of human action, hardly anything of Providence, nothing of an Evil One; all are led by "Fate."

What a curious mirage! What a world to live in week after week! Who reads these depictures? And who writes them?

Who reads them I think I have partly discovered by a rather interesting process. One column is devoted to "Answers to Correspondents." Now the correspondents' sex is given away by their names—"Mamie," "Lily Black Eyes," "Sweet Sixteen"; and their ages are given away by the fact that many of them ask upon what day of the week a certain date fell. I examined these dates and found that they all ranged from thirteen to twenty-one years ago. Other questions and answers also reveal a good deal. For example: "A girl of sixteen is too young to fully understand the depth of true love." "Kisses pressed on a young lady's lips by a gentleman when parting from her at the door or 'garden gate' do not signify matrimonial intentions." "It is highly imprudent for any young lady to correspond with, or make appointments to meet, a man who is an entire stranger to her." A large number ask an opinion on their "penmanship." Still more want to know the colour of an "enclosed lock of hair." One anxious demoiselle, apparently inclined to stoutness, seems to request an expression of opinion on what she in all probability calls her "form," for the answer (I dare say written by some young imp of a male journalist) is, "Your proportions are fine. Do nothing to reduce your weight." He evidently admires ample "proportions."

What an unreal world to live in! To me I confess it is saddening to think of the wofully false ideals that this sort of literature must help to create in the minds of uneducated, ill-trained boys and girls. It must produce greater or lesser impressions—lasting impressions. It is pure enough in tone, as we now-a-days understand the word "pure." That is, there are no adulteries, no seductions, no hint of what we specially designate as "immorality." Indeed, virtuous action is inculcated and portrayed in glowing colours. For this we may be truly thankful. These young readers will soon enough come across literature and to spare dealing with unsavoury topics, even if they do not read French. But with all its merits I cannot but suggest to the editor of *The New York Family Story Teller* that he might inculcate the lessons he now tries to teach much better were he to get writers who could depict life more nearly as it is, not as it exists in heated youthful imaginations. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE fortune left by Professor Richard A. Proctor was insufficient to support his family, and his widow has determined to sell his Florida home, together with his library and scientific apparatus.

*The reason for wishing to know the day of the week is, I believe, to discover whether or not they were born on a "lucky" day.

AMBLESIDE.

Oh sweet and fairest in the Lake Land thou,
 Blessed Ambleside, that liest like a child
 In twining arms between the circling hills
 That look into the skies that fold thee in.
 While still above the swift light, robed in mist,
 Flash, faint and fade in rainbow-tinted lines,
 Like spirits journeying to another world.
 Oh what a blessed home could here be found
 For hearts grown weary with the pain and strife
 Of hostile world and love's dark jealousies;
 Here might the toil-worn soul renew her strength
 And lose her sins by contact with thy hills;
 Here resting dream in happy anchorage,
 Nursing sweet love and tender memories,
 And so pass on to God's eternity.

D. F. T.

THE KWA-GUTL INDIANS.

WHILE Canada has for many long years been working out the issues of the Indian problem wisely, justly, mercifully as a whole, with occasional injustice quickly punished, blundering by neglect at times, or pauperizing her Indian children through inexperience, her record is one in which there is little evil and much good. But sometimes in self-laudation and in a sense of duty done we overlook evils that had never escaped us while on the watch. So has Canada gone on with a comfortable sense that all is well upon the Pacific Coast. But all is not well.

These Indians are somewhat numerous. In the north the Tsimpsheans proper, Nisgars, Giatkshians, Hydahs and some smaller communities aggregate perhaps 7,800, for the most part heathen. In the south the Kwā-gutls, West Coast (Vancouver Island) and Cowitchan number 6,910, nearly all heathen, and, being much in contact with the whites, infinitely more degraded. In physical structure, language, traditions, and attainments, the Coast Indians differ utterly from the Red Indians proper. They show very evident traces of recent Asiatic origin and look more like Tartars than Americans. While the perceptive qualities are marvellously developed in the Red Indian, a sensitive, high thinking elegantly shaped race, the Coast Indian is heavily built, mentally and bodily, his reflective and executive qualities conspicuously present, and sensitiveness altogether absent. Thus the fine-natured Red Indian is pauperized or dies when deprived of the chase, the Coast Indian, coarse natured, fat and enduring, adapts himself to the white man and delights in getting ahead of him whether in shrewdness or in vice. He certainly succeeds both ways. With the resources of his country actually improved by the white man's presence, and his labour in strong demand, the simple aborigine of the Pacific Seaboard contrives to have plenty to eat all the time, and a full pocket besides. If he were content with this and the alternate patronage of rival missions, it would be well with him; but being the slave of the abominable "pot-latch" system, his obligations compel him to give feasts so big that with years of rigid economy they can only be paid by the prostitution of his wife and daughters. Of this the women are dying with frightful rapidity wherever they can come in contact with the white men, and so with a few exceptions the tribes of the coast are vanishing from the face of the earth.

But bad as is the general condition of these practical money-grabbing Indians, there is one nation whose condition is so transcendently horrible that it is necessary to adopt for it entirely different measures to those usually pursued in British Columbia. It has been the custom to send missionaries, and medicine, and if the evil devices of the natives amounted to a massacre of white men a gun-boat was sent also to explain the views of the government by wiping out the offensive village, and to report the same to the Department. Thus last summer some constables went up the Skeena and shot an Indian who had killed a doctor and declared war against Her Majesty's Government; while a gun-boat exhibited search-light and rockets on the coast which made a profound impression. As a general rule, however, the tribes of these regions regard the Government as a fussy old woman who can be defied with impunity. Their acumen is really wonderful.

The Kwā-gutls inhabit fourteen villages and extend from the middle to the north end of Vancouver's Island, and from the island watershed to the head of Knight Inlet, about 150 miles each way. An agent is stationed at Alert Bay who has an allowance of \$400 a year for visiting every part of the agency, that is, about 500 miles of mainland fords, and a dense and bewildering archipelago of many times that extent, full of dangerous tide rips and local winds that for weeks at a time drive the travellers to despair. At a cost of \$5 a day for canoe and complement the agent is able by incessant travelling to get a day in each village annually, during which day one tribe behaves itself; and, the remaining three hundred and sixty-four, every man follows the evil bent of his own heart, the law being, as he touchingly describes it, "as weak as a baby."

Missions have been tried here as elsewhere. The Jesuits, who so rarely fail, had two missions in the agency for many years. I heard from a half-breed pretty narratives of one of these, now a bishop I believe, whose single-hearted devotion, hardy life, and utter purity had touched his heart when still a little child. He told me that both missions were given up in despair, having no converts. The Church of England was successful to a certain extent at Fort Rupert, but was removed to Alert Bay, and came

in contact with an atrocious secular influence which has so far nearly neutralized it. A trader exerts his influence with the avowed intention of driving away the incumbent and governing the village himself. A new mission is to be started this year in an utterly savage village of 350 people. Anyone who wishes to help this unhappy race may address contributions for the Kwā-gutls to the Bishop of Caledonia, Metla-cahtla, N.W. Coast. There is a grand chance here to do good. The Methodists are hoping to start work in the southern parts of the agency and certainly have a big field before them in which to carry on the work of rescue.

I spent a month travelling by canoe among the intricate channels of this region for the sole purpose of studying the Indians, and their condition horrified me. Both in Alaska and the northern interior of the Province I had seen tribes in a pitiful condition, but nowhere so utterly degraded. Even the ordinary human emotions of respect for the dead, love for the children, and gratitude for kindness and help seem here unknown. Interments often take place immediately after apparent death, and I learn on good authority that if the coffin will not fit, the corpse is modified until it does. While saving for the infamous "potlatch," women let their children be cold and hungry, and the condition of the aged is such that a man must be callous if he can look at them without feeling sick. I saw numbers of the houses in ruins, and those that stand and are used are hardly fit for cattle, nor would they be used by a good farmer for any purpose. Yet it must be remembered that there is no poverty among these people.

In 1853 there were about 7,000 Indians in the Kwā-gutl agency, and there are now 1,898. In one village, Fort Rupert, of 143 persons, there are ten children and no marriageable women. They are all dead of prostitution among the white people. If nothing else is done, let there at least be a law that any Indian woman found among white men without an Indian agent's pass shall be given a term of imprisonment.

The facts cited in this paper show the urgent necessity of some special action being taken to save these people, who without practical restraint are destroying themselves with such blind recklessness that very soon there will be none left. Within the limits accorded to me I will lay before you their social customs and the methods of rescue still open to us.

H. R. A. Pocock.

VAUQUELAIN—THE HERO OF POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.

THERE are men whose lives are clad with great deeds as with a royal garment, and when the hour comes that they pass through the dark portal, it seems as though a king had gone out from among us. Their strife is over, the world has profited by it, may we not still derive benefit from the record of their heroism?

A veritable child of the sea, the descendant of a hardy and intrepid race, Jean Vauquelin was born at Dieppe in 1729. With the strong salt winds he inhaled courage, vigour and energy. The atmosphere of Dieppe is impregnated by the traditions, influences and associations of the ocean, and from his earliest years the boy imbibed that love of the mighty deep which in some hearts assumes the proportions of a genuine passion. His father was captain of a brig, which, while ostensibly engaged in legitimate trade, did not disdain to serve as a privateer when the occasion presented itself. At twelve years of age Jean went on board his father's vessel, and was trained by the proud old man, who exulted in his lad's fearless boldness. For six years father and son made voyages to and from the Antilles. In 1745, near the Island of Martinique, their ship was attacked by an English frigate. The English possessed the advantage in speed, in guns and the number of men; but the elder Vauquelin was an old sea lion to whom the din of combat and the rushing of the waters were as the breath of life. An ancient chronicle of the period says: "This merchant captain knew how to fight. Absorbed though he was in the conflict in which he had only thirty-six men and twelve cannon to oppose a frigate carrying twenty guns and eighty men he never forgot to notice his son's conduct. He was prouder of the coolness and courage of the youth of eighteen than of the glory of forcing his opponents to retire."

For five years longer the youth led this existence of freedom, excitement and infinite variety; fighting, negotiations, intrepid exertions and daring adventures, one succeeded another, and through all success accompanied the Dieppois vessel. When peace was declared between France and England, Jean Vauquelin had attained his twenty-third year. He was now considered capable of commanding on long voyages. An important business firm sold him a brig, and in 1756 we find him engaged in the spice trade with America.

That same year war was again declared. Orders were given intendants of the marine and commissioners of ports to send to the minister lists of captains whose nautical skill would render them useful for the king's service. Vauquelin's was the first name mentioned. At twenty-nine he was placed in command of a frigate. His instructions directed him "to sail about the English coasts, to watch the movements of the enemy's fleet, to carry despatches between the places indicated." Only a sailor could form any tangible idea of the difficulties and dangers attending so hazardous an enterprise. Long black nights, heavy fogs, storms driving wildly over the sea are the best aids to a commander in such a position, nature helping him to defy the foe, to glide within their lines, to steal

away unperceived. Vauquelin possessed all the qualities necessary to success in such a mission, qualities upon which the fate of a fleet, or even that of a country might depend. He executed his commission with hardihood and energy; no danger daunted, no difficulty deterred.

In person, this son of the sea is described as handsome, with frank, quick eyes and a bright smile. Of a vehement, hot-blooded temperament, his manners were simple and open. His dominant personality seems to have impressed itself upon all those who were brought in contact with him. To a patriotism absolutely free from egotism, he joined indomitable courage and a chivalrous generosity.

On his return from one of these perilous expeditions, the brave sailor took command of the frigate, *Aréthuse*, a vessel of thirty guns. It was a commission and not a brevet that had been accorded him; a considerable difference exists between the two, the former being merely a permission accorded to fight the enemy, while the latter conferred a regular and permanent rank, rendering its possessor eligible for promotion in either army or navy. The *Aréthuse* was attached to the fleet sent to defend Louisbourg, the bulwark of New France, then threatened by invasion, and the 9th of June, 1758, she cast anchor before the town. The frigate glided in unperceived by Admiral Boscawen, who, since the 2nd of June, had been cruising about the entrance of the harbour. To rightly estimate this achievement, it must be remembered that the harbour winds inland to a distance of six miles from its mouth. It has a width at the narrowest part of about half a mile. Across its mouth there stretches, from the shore on the left of the entrance towards that on the right, a belt of low, rocky islets protecting the harbour from the waters of the Atlantic. This belt extends to the high and rugged coast on the right. The only ship entrance is between the furthest islet of this belt and the shore on the right.

For a century before this period, Nova Scotia had been the border land between the French and English on the Atlantic coast. The province was alternately French and English as the fortune of war determined. The possession of Nova Scotia by the English was to the Provincials a vital point. Every time it had been wrested from France, the conquest had been the work of the Provincials. Now, as the circle of fire narrowed closer around it, Louisbourg was abandoned to its own feeble resources. The present was beset with troubles, the future was dark with storms. During many days and many nights no sound was heard but the prolonged booming of the cannon, the echoes of the heavy fire returned from the fleet to the fort. Four frigates and two vessels of the line had been stationed by the Governor, the Chevalier de Drucourt, near the entrance of the harbour to defend the inlet. It was a sore and sorrowful time for those who loved their country. A bomb fell into the gun room of the *Entreprenant*, a vessel of seventy-four guns, which exploded, setting fire to the *Célèbre* and the *Capricieuse* whose loaded batteries riddled both the town and the English fleet with shell. One night a bomb destroyed the government buildings; the next day a red hot shell set the church on fire immediately after the Queen's barracks were consumed. Bulwarks, fortifications, dwellings, everything was crushed and shattered by the hail of shot, which fell so heavily that even to this day quantities of bullets and grape shot are to be found all about the forsaken town. During these terrible hours, as the prospect became more blank and appalling, the courage of the French troops never seems to have faltered. Many a life of honour was crowned by a soldier's death. With the high-hearted courage which has characterized women of her nation, every day Madame de Drucourt appeared on the ramparts in which gaps had already been torn, and with her own hands fired four cannon balls against the foe.

Vauquelin's professional skill and daring immediately became conspicuous. An old chronicle, "Mémoire pour Servire à l'Histoire de la Navigation Française," speaking of those days of pain and horror is most eloquent in its military brevity. "The English besieged Louisbourg both by land and water. Vauquelin knew that his best method of harassing the enemy was by remaining in a bay whose length the besiegers were obliged to run in order to provide themselves with ammunition. The judgment of the young captain was correct, his guns, stationed at a quarter of a mile from the shore, impeded the enemy's movements and killed many of their men. The English then directed a battery against Vauquelin's boat, and during the fifteen days that she remained in this dangerous position, she was three times manned by a fresh crew. When his rigging was entirely shattered, he was obliged to seek shelter in the town in order to repair damages. We fired grape shot and made as much noise as possible. M. Vauquelin employed every moment in such a fashion as should have consoled us for this forced delay."

Famine and disease made withering havoc with the troops and when de Drucourt could no longer withstand the cruelty of circumstances, he determined to send tidings of his sore straits to France. *L'Aréthuse*, a splendid sailor, was chosen to carry the dispatches. It was necessary to wait for a fog to escape under its friendly shelter. Through the heavy mist which scarcely permitted the eye to penetrate a yard before it, a strange weird form, in the prevailing obscurity scarcely to be distinguished from the deeper shadow amidst which it moved, the vessel glided swiftly and cautiously between wrecks capsized at anchor, avoiding the heavy fire of artillery which in the dusky gloom was aimed at random by friend and foe alike and made its way through the English squadron. When the fog dispersed, suddenly as it usually does in Cape Breton,

drifting off in airy wreaths of vapour Boscawen perceived with astonishment, the *Aréthuse* sailing jauntily away, the white flag, glittering with golden fleur-de-lys, emblem of French sovereignty in the New World, floating proudly on the breeze. The old chronicle which we have already quoted says "The English admiral, surprised at the boldness of this escape, sent several of his fleetest ships in pursuit, but Vauquelin eluded them all, and arrived safely at Bayonne."

It was well it happened so for a few days later that desperate struggle, against the inevitable, ended. The French fleet was entirely destroyed. Six hundred Englishmen took possession of the *Prudent* and the *Bieufoisant* during the night. The *Prudent* burned down to the watermark and as the *Bieufoisant* was being towed away "her masts fell, she had been so shattered by the cannon." The 26th July, 1758, Louisbourg capitulated. Even Vauquelin's fiery impetuous valour could not have saved him from the destiny of his companions but amidst all these disasters and humiliations, he had succeeded in saving his ship and the honour of his flag.

Conversing with some French naval officers after the capitulation, Admiral Boscawen exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I don't know who commanded the *Aréthuse* when she so cleverly escaped me. I'll wager that he is a merchantman, he knows his trade so well. If the captain of a frigate under my command had done as much, my first care on arriving in England would be to ask the rank of captain of a man-of-war for him."

Services so brilliant would certainly seem to merit a worthy recompense. France, however, has always had an unfortunate propensity for slaying her prophets and martyrs, for reviling or ignoring her heroes. The nautical skill of this fearless sailor was admired even by his enemies, his superiority admitted by the whole French navy, but he was of plebeian birth, and he belonged to the merchant service, these facts placed an impassable barrier between Vauquelin and the officers of the line. "The most petty naval officer would have blushed to acknowledge him among his comrades," says the old annal. So smarting with a wound that crushed his pride, as well as his sense of justice, his hot heart blazing with impotent resentment, the right of serving as one of the King's officers denied him, the gallant mariners only recompense was to be again sent out.

Vauquelin was given two frigates, with orders to sail for Quebec, to warn the Governor to prepare for resistance. On his arrival he received from the Marquis de Montcalm command of all that remained of the French fleet in New France. Nearly all the English squadron, twenty vessels of the line, twenty frigates and a number of transports were anchored between Montmorency and Quebec. Our hero lived through the tragic drama whose first scenes had been enacted at Louisbourg. Wolfe's batteries for sixty-five days showered shot and shell upon Quebec and the south shore for a hundred miles together blazed with the fires of devastation. The senses all stimulated to the highest point reproduced vividly the scenes of tragedy. From the deck of his ship Vauquelin could watch the heavens glowing with the lured light as the wild flames shot up from the burning villages of Ange-Gardien, St. Joachim, Château Richer, St. Nicholas, St. Croix and Isle d'Orléans. He saw Quebec set on fire by the enemies' guns, and beheld the fall of the cathedral, Notre Dame des Victoires, from whose arched roof had hung the flag of Admiral Phipps, so heroically taken by Lemogne de St. Helène. He did good service during the bombardment of Quebec. At the battle of the Plains of Abraham he directed the management of the heavy guns, heading marines, who inspired by the unconquerable energies of their chief, performed prodigies of valour, and laboured strenuously to resist the English batteries at Point Lévis.

When the history of New France was finished at one fatal blow, Vauquelin, unwilling that his frigates should be included in the capitulation, resolved to gather his people together and get out of Quebec. He was fortunately able to reach a spot not guarded by the enemy. There he chose winter quarters, he and his men living as best they could on board the *Atalante*, always maintaining communication with the *Chévalier de Lévis*, and watching with cool, unwearied vigilance all that passed at Quebec. Anyone who is familiar with the rigour of this northern climate, can appreciate the miseries and perils of such a mode of life. In Captain John Knox's journal we find constant mention of the alarms occasioned the English garrison by Vauquelin, among others those of the 23rd of October, 1759, and the 23rd of November. All his manœuvres were carried out with a marvellous dash and gallantry. One dark night, the 28th of November, he set fire to a wrecked vessel and turned the guns towards the English, who astonished at receiving a fire of mysterious bullets, never suspected that this was the French sailor's fashion of revenging the burning of the *Bieufoisant* at Louisbourg. During the night of the 5th of May, 1760, with a dare devil audacity which is almost incredible, he sailed a war sloop beneath the English batteries, and the enemy never perceived her until she had passed away out of reach. All that night with the reckless temerity of a forlorn hope, he laboured steadily, carrying cannon from Lévis' camp to the open trench before Quebec. He then started out in the hope of meeting the eagerly longed for fleet and on the 9th returning, he passed in open day under the English guns and reported himself to his commander. "The 11th of May," says Knox's journal, "all Quebec was aroused. The garrison flew to arms and remained in readiness until the morning." This was again Vauquelin who had been reconnoitring, and who narrowly escaped a shell from

the English ship *Leostoff*, then in the harbour. Immediately after the French had gained the victory of St. Foye, Vauquelin brought the *Atalante* and the *Pomone* up to L'Ause du Foulon.

At Quebec, the days between the 28th of April and the 7th of June, 1760, were freighted with all the anguish of an intolerable suspense. The people of New France, while still fighting desperately, began to realize the terrible possibility that they might be basely and deliberately abandoned by their king. Montcalm, as the Marshall de Belle Isle had coldly bade him, had made "the best fight he could to save the king's honour and his own." Longing eyes, from both armies, anxiously and incessantly scanned the horizon in search of the fleet that was to give Canada to England or to save her again for France. The 7th of June, a cry arose that a sail had been sighted by the sentinels. The besieged flew to the ramparts; the besiegers climbed every eminence from which they could obtain a view. There was something oppressive in this concentrated intensity of interest. Does the solitary sail, gleaming white in the sunshine, mean deliverance or utter loss? Another and still another sail dots the sparkling waters. A flag is run up. There is still an interval of uncertainty before it is unfurled; then it waves bravely in the air, visible to all. A hearty, ringing cheer breaks from Murray's soldiers—to them the royal standard is an emblem of home and country. The French regard each other in despairing silence, the keenness and completeness of the stroke crushed the spirit within them, circumstances, overwhelming in force and ruthlessness, had proved too strong. Lévis raised the siege, sending Vauquelin orders to move higher up the river. "The weather was bad," says a journal of the siege. "The river having been wonderfully rough during the night, the orderly failed to reach the captain of the *Atalante*."

At day break a vessel of the line and two frigates, the *Vanguard* commanded by Commodore Swanton, the *Leostoff* by Captain Dean, and the *Diana* by Captain Schomberg, started in pursuit of the French ships. The *Pomone* was stranded at Lillery. Vauquelin signalled to the small boats to run aground at the entrance of the harbour at Cape Rouge and he did the same at Pointe-aux-Trembles. The sun had risen over the hill tops of Laugon and gilded the bold, dark crests of the Laurentides. The great promontory of Quebec, crowned with fortifications and invested with proud memories of conflict and heroic devotion, lay radiant in the sunshine. Realizing a position which was fast becoming desperate, for two hours Vauquelin endured the fire of the English guns, returning shot for shot. He fought resolutely until his ammunition was exhausted and not a single cartridge remained. His officers had, without an exception, been all killed. Then the captain of the *Atalante* ordered any of his men who were still able to fight to take to the boats and make their way to Lévis. The ship was shattered and dismantled. The masts had been shot away and to the stump of the mizzen mast Vauquelin nailed his colours. His comrades, wounded, dying and dead, lay on every side. The commander throws himself down among them. It is one of those hours of voiceless, helpless suffering which are so terrible to the strong. To the patriotic Frenchman's fiery pride this defeat meant unspeakable humiliation, an anguish beyond expression, the relinquishment of every hope. Perhaps—let us hope that it may have been so—at this supreme crisis, some whisper of that white-robed angel of consolation, who strengthens the soul in periods of utter desolation, may have reached him, teaching the hero to comprehend the divine truth that failure and earthly loss are not irremediable—that misfortune borne bravely and patiently may be infinitely more noble than the most brilliant success. Then fire burst out on the *Atalante*.

When the English boarded the French vessel not a sound was to be heard except the crackling of the flames. The scene was solitary and mournful, there was something ghastly in the utter stillness, in the desolation of river, sky and sea. Finally they perceived Vauquelin. He had thrown his sword overboard that he might not be obliged to give it up. He was in full dress, wearing the laced coat and waistcoat, chapeau, lace ruffles and sash of the period.

"Why don't you bring your flag?" demanded the English officer. Colour and heat came rushing back to the Frenchman's cheeks and lips. "If I had any powder left, Monsieur, I should still talk to you," he responded with proud defiance. "As to my flag, if you want it you must take it. My duty as a French sailor bids me try to take the enemy's colours, not to give up our own."

The English officer himself took down the French flag, made arrangements for aiding the wounded and burying the dead, and caused the captain to embark in his boat.

At Quebec, Admiral Swanton received the captain of the *Atalante* as a hero.

"I appreciate your gallantry so highly," he said, "that I want you to ask me without restraint for whatever you wish."

"What I would prize above all else, Monsieur, would be my liberty and permission to return to France."

An English document of the time observes: "The Admiral had so much respect for this officer that he sent a ship to carry him to Europe, with orders to the captain to obey Vauquelin and to allow him to land at whatever port he might select. He was permitted to take with him any Frenchmen he chose."

His adversaries esteemed Vauquelin's heroism more highly than his own people. The Duchess de Montemart,

who had known him from his birth, strove to interest M. Berryer, Secretary of the Navy, in her protégé.

"Madame," that gentleman wrote in reply, "I know that M. Vauquelin has served the king with extraordinary zeal and courage. He is a hero but he is not a noble, and I have quantities of young men of good family waiting promotion. He formerly belonged to the Merchant service, I should advise him to return to it."

It was this same Berryer who, in answer to Bourgainville's last desperate appeal to save Canada for France, responded by the heartless sarcasm:

"Monsieur, when the house is on fire who troubles about the stable?"

"At least no one will deny that you speak like a horse," rejoined Bourgainville, curtly.

However, in 1763 Vauquelin was at length rewarded by a lieutenant's commission. The memoirs, from which many of these details have been taken, add: "The greater portion of the Royal Navy were displeased at this promotion, which would render Vauquelin eligible for the highest posts." The cravings of a soaring ambition, the longing for action and achievement, impelled the sailor to renewed effort. M. de Preslin, Minister of Marine, sent Vauquelin on a mission to the Indies in command of a vessel of sixty guns. This choice excited the most violent jealousy; every possible obstacle was thrown in his way. During the voyage, we are told that he was goaded and galled by the paltry impertinence of the officers under his command. His mind must have been sore upon almost every point except that of duty. One can imagine the fierce passion that may have blazed up in his heart; there must often have swept over his being, like a wild wind, a bitter outcry against Fate, but we have no record that our hero yielded to passions that were humbling or unworthy, or that he failed to maintain his proud composure. He accomplished his mission successfully, and returned to France the following year.

When he reached France the Duc de Preslin was no longer Minister of Marine, and his successor had been prejudiced against Vauquelin. He arrived, glowing with the pride of success, and as soon as he landed was ordered to consider himself under arrest. A cold, hard light of reality was fast dissipating the brilliant illumination of fervour and enthusiasm. Again the kindly Duchess interested herself in his favour, and after three or four months' imprisonment he recovered his liberty. His first duty was to give an account of his voyage at Versailles. This son of the Dieppe merchantman was of a grateful spirit: before leaving Paris he wished to thank in person some naval officers who had not feared to stand by him in his disgrace. His late depression was lighted by a transient gleam of hilarity, his natural buoyancy of temperament re-asserted itself. The simple-hearted sailor clung to a belief in his country's gratitude with a certain fanaticism of devotion. He left his home one evening, glowing with hope and vigour and energy—he was found next morning shot through the heart. Such events were not uncommon at that day in France. It was never known who committed the murder, nor does any trouble seem to have been taken to trace the perpetrator of the crime. Thus, in the prime of his manhood, at the early age of thirty-seven, a hero perished, one so disinterested and chivalrous, so brave and loyal and generous, that he would have been an honour to any land. Love of country had been to him a passion and an inspiration. His firmness, his courage, his extensive knowledge of nautical science, had enabled him to overcome every obstacle. Obligated to struggle against caste prejudices, he had resolutely opposed his patriotism, his strength of character, his brilliant services and proud disdain against the calumnies and humiliations which had followed him throughout his brief career. The petty jealousies and animosities, the sting of scorn and envy have all faded away in the eternal silence of death, but the simple facts of this man's loyalty, daring and devotion still remain pure and untarnished.

Le Moniteur de la Flotte, 1857, quoted by M. Alfred Garneau, relates the following particulars of the sailor hero's family:—

"He left a son, Pierre Vauquelin, who distinguished himself as a student of African history and geography, and was crowned in 1771 by the Académie de Lyons. Under the patronage of a gallant sailor who had known his father, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, he was admitted by Turgot into the office of the Minister of Marine. Urged by a burning desire to clear his parent's fame from the stains which calumny had cast upon it, determined that the world should acknowledge the merits of the man whose courage neither fates nor furies could appal, as a grand type of innate loyalty and daring, he wrote a memoir on the subject. A fortunate circumstance furthered his cherished design. In 1775, Queen Marie Antoinette was present at the first communion of the young girls of Meudon. After the ceremony had been performed, one of the maidens, chosen by her companions, presented the Sovereign with a bouquet of white roses, reciting an address thanking her Majesty for the benefits she had conferred on the country. This young girl was Mademoiselle Elizabeth Vauquelin, sixteen years of age, who during the summer lived with her aunts at Meudon. It was a touching scene of purity, innocence and guileless youth; the pretty, modest damsel pleased the Queen, the surroundings captivated her imagination. After embracing her, Marie Antoinette inquired if there was anything she could do to gratify Mademoiselle Vauquelin.

"The young girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Dare I ask that justice should be rendered to my grandfather's memory?"

"The Queen's generous heart was touched by this answer. She promised that she would attend to Made-moiselle Vauquelin's request. That very day she spoke to the King. Louis XVI., always sensible and inclined to be just, ordered M. de Sartines, then Minister of Marine, to institute an inquiry concerning Jean Vauquelin. Among the witnesses summoned were the celebrated La Brousse, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and members of the Marquis de Montcalm's family. The verdict was favourable. It proved the glorious services Vauquelin had rendered his country, and the injustice of the accusations that had been made against him. Louis XVI. caused the son to be presented to him, and assured him that he would remember his father's services. Pierre Vauquelin presented the monarch with a copy of his 'Mémoire sur la Géographie de l'Afrique.' He was soon after sent by the Government on a mission to Morocco, and in 1777 was appointed consul to China, where his superior talents were of important benefit to France."

Montreal.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

SONNET.

DOWERED with power, and diademed with grace,
Close-veiled meanings in her wondrous eyes,
She stands confessed—a soul that deifies.
The spirit, shining from this sovereign face,
Doth so inspire our fainting hearts to trace
The steep, untrodden ways and thorny heights
Of new To-morrows, that where'er it lights
Our path, our winged feet follow it apace.

And yet one pair of dimpled baby palms
Holds this great soul in thrall, and baby arms,
Outstretched on either side, a halo make
To crown her motherhood—for her sweet sake
May heaven this child-life spare to bless for aye
The morning and the evening of her day.

Port Hope.

KEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have just read your able editorials bearing on the political future of Canada in your issue of August 3rd. I most heartily concur with you in all that you say. I am a firm believer in the independence of Canada as the only destiny which will satisfy the yearnings of her sons, and I believe, too, that the present juncture is a most opportune one for presenting the case of independence to the Canadian people. Although some of our foremost writers and scholars have expressed their faith in Independence and used their pens in its behalf, yet, I think, my experience justifies me in saying that the vast majority of Canadians have read or heard comparatively little on the subject, know nothing about it and have given it no serious consideration. The advocates of Independence are, to a large extent, isolated individuals, who but seldom have the privilege of exchanging sympathies with warm-hearted friends of the cause, and who, when they endeavour to promulgate their views, have to fight a very uphill fight indeed, being commonly met with derision or, at the best, doubt. The present time is a crisis in our history, and we now have the opportunity either to rise to the dignity of an independent State or to destroy forever our prospects of a distinct national existence. Our young men are ready to take hold of the cause (when they are made to properly understand things) with enthusiastic energy, and the minds of many of our older citizens have been so shaken from the political rut in which they have hitherto travelled that they are prepared to give the subject an impartial consideration. In fact everybody is looking for a way out of our difficulties. It rests with us to seize the opportunity. Shall we let it slip? Imperial Federationists have organized and have caused their dream to be talked of. They have disseminated federationist literature, and have in every way striven to bring it before the minds of the people and to keep it there, whilst Independents remain scattered, unorganized and almost inactive. Shall we allow this state of affairs to continue? No! Let influential Independents unite and decide upon a plan of action. If it is thought advisable to follow your suggestion, let Independence be presented to the Equal Rights Association in the best way possible, and let that Association be asked to make it a plank in their platform. If they refuse to do this then let an Independence Association be organized which shall be extended throughout Canada, and which shall work unceasingly and unflinchingly to advance the best interests of that cause to which every true Canadian possessing a genuine national sentiment, and high aspirations towards the ideal of national and private life in his native land, must give his firm adherence. You have my address, Mr. Editor, and I pledge myself to support and forward, to the best of my ability, the work of such an association as I propose.

A KANUCK.

Canada, August 5th, 1889.

DISCOVERY OF AN ASSYRIAN LIBRARY
3,500 YEARS OLD.

THE Victoria Institute of London held its annual meeting at Adelphi Terrace on July 1st. An immense audience crowded the Hall in every part, the President, Sir George Stokes, Bart., President of the Royal Society taking the chair.

The adoption of the report was moved by Sir Henry Barkley, G.C.B., F.R.S., and seconded by Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, F.R.S., after which it was announced that family matters, consequent on the death of his father, prevented Professor Sayce's presence, and he had chosen the Rev. Dr. Wright, author of "The Hittites," to read the address. It gave an historical description of what has become known in regard to the conquests of Amenophis III., as shown by the archives of his palace, which have only lately been discovered, and which the professor went last winter to investigate on the spot before writing the address for the Victoria Institute. Of the tablets and inscriptions, he said:—"From them we learn that in the fifteenth century before our era,—a century before the Exodus,—active literary intercourse was going on throughout the civilized world of Western Asia, between Babylon and Egypt and the smaller states of Palestine, of Syria, of Mesopotamia, and even of Eastern Kappadokia. And this intercourse was carried on by means of the Babylonian language, and the complicated Babylonian script. This implies that, all over the civilized East, there were libraries and schools where the Babylonian language and literature were taught and learned. Babylonian appeared to have been as much the language of diplomacy and cultivated society as French has become in modern times, with the difference that, whereas it does not take long to learn to read French, the cuneiform syllabary required years of hard labour and attention before it could be acquired.

We can now understand the meaning of the name of the Canaanitish city which stood near Hebron, and which seems to have been one of the most important of the towns of Southern Palestine. Kirjath-Sepher, or "Book-town," must have been the seat of a famous library, consisting mainly, if not altogether, as the Tel el-Amarna tablets inform us, of clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters. As the city also bore the name of Debir, or "Sanctuary," we may conclude that the tablets were stored in its chief temple, like the libraries of Assyria and Babylonia. It may be that they are still lying under the soil, awaiting the day when the spade of the excavator shall restore them to the light. The literary influence of Babylonia in the age before the Israelitish conquest of Palestine explains the occurrence of the names of Babylonian deities among the inhabitants of the West. Moses died on the summit of Mount Nebo, which received its name from the Babylonian god of literature, to whom the great temple of Borsippa was dedicated; and Sinai itself, the mountain "of Sin," testifies to a worship of the Babylonian Moon-god, Sin, amid the solitudes of the desert. Moloch or Malik, was a Babylonian divinity like Rimmon, the Air-god, after whom more than one locality in Palestine was named, and Anat, the wife of Anu, the Sky-god, gave her name to the Palestinian Anah, as well as to Anathoth, the city of "the Anat-goddesses."

In a careful reading of the tablets Canon Sayce came upon many ancient names and incidents known up to the present only from their appearance in the Bible. All these he carefully described, as well as several references in the tablets to the Hittites.

In regard to another point, he said:

"Ever since the progress of Egyptology made it clear that Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the oppression, it was difficult to understand how so long an interval of time as the whole period of the 18th Dynasty could lie between him and the 'new king' whose rise seems to have been followed almost immediately by the servitude and oppression of the Hebrews. The tablets of Tel el-Amarna now show that the difficulty does not exist. Up to the death of Khu-en-Aten, the Semite had greater influence than the native in the land of Mizraim."

Referring to those who have formed opinions as to the non-historical character of the Pentateuch, Professor Sayce said:—"The Tel el-Amarna tablets have already overthrown the primary foundation on which much of this criticism has been built."

Professor Sayce closed his paper with a peroration of passing eloquence as to the duty of searching for the rich libraries that must lie buried beneath the sands of Syria and Palestine, a matter the importance of which has been urged in the Victoria Institute's Journal more than once, especially in the last volume, presented to all its supporters. A vote of thanks was passed to Professor Sayce for his splendid address, and to Dr. Wright for reading it. This was moved by the Lord Chancellor in a speech of great interest, in which he said there was nothing more interesting in the literary history of mankind than such discoveries as those alluded to in the address, which he considered a perfect mine of wealth.

ART NOTES.

VASSILI VERESTSCHAGIN is not the only artist of to-day who is advocating a change in Art aims and art methods. There seems to be a general tendency towards light and cheerful outdoor effects instead of the wonderful old-master gloom and tone and stereotyped treatment, but the English school of water-colour painting has long been supposed to be without fear (of change) and without reproach: nothing however is so sacred nowadays, but that there will be found innovators who will want to improve it. This is what the July Magazine of Art says about it: "It is a constant boast that in water colour at least the English school of to-day is independent of foreign influence, and has achieved a success which may be regarded as a national triumph. So often has this boast been expressed that it may be heretical to doubt whether it be justified. But the exhibition of the Old Water-Colour

Society certainly gives us some ground for taking a gloomy view of the case. Every year the same men send the same pictures until we confess ourselves a little wearied with the monotonous prettiness and uniform smoothness of the exhibition. Besides, the collection of Dutch water colours which has been recently seen in London has proved that much more may be accomplished in this delightful medium if it is only handled with vigour and freshness. In the present exhibition there is very little that we have not seen before, if we look for freshness of treatment and fine pictorial effect it is only in a very few drawings that we shall find it." This is plain speaking, but it will do good; art cannot afford to stand still, it must progress with the rest of human affairs. Again we read, "They must return once more to the study of nature and must learn if the modern schools of Holland and France have nothing to teach them." Here in Canada our artists may take a lesson from these remarks. Study from nature is the great lever that moves the art world up the path of progress; not looking backwards, but forwards, is the proper position. Let our artists go out in the new field around them and paint what they see, and paint it as they see it, not as some one else used to see or to imagine he saw. We have skilled artists and good subjects, why can we not have a Canadian school of painting? can we not do as well as such a small northern country as Norway, with its climate so like our own—and its scenery like our own St. Lawrence? It appears not, but we shall when our people take more interest both in our country and our art, and insist upon originality, not led away either by "finish" or impressionism, but letting each artist have his own manner without mannerism.

In this connection it is well to consider whether or to what extent the constant practice of almost all our younger artists of studying in Paris exclusively French Art, and of coming back so thoroughly Frenchified that as to their pictures all trace of the Canadian is lost, destroys originality and has the reverse effect from that intended, for there is not only no reason why Canadians should paint like Frenchmen, but the result of the practice is to fill the Exhibition with pictures which, after all, possess more of the faults and foibles of the French than their merits. In looking back through the history of art we find that not only were the greatest painters men of great power and originality, but intensely national in their manner of painting. For instance, Raphael was as thoroughly Italian as Teniers and Ostade or Rembrandt were Dutch, and Titian was as Venetian as Hogarth or Constable were English, but standing in our R.C.A. or O.S.A. exhibitions the Canadian element appears chiefly in landscape, while our characteristic lumber camps, raising bees, or equally characteristic Toronto market in winter cannot be found. It is not so with the before-mentioned Norwegian school; the pictures bring Norway, its manners and customs, as well as its landscapes, fiords and rugged coast, before us. As time goes on it is to be hoped that we shall have other Canadian pictures beside Mower-Martin's and Bell-Smith's Rocky Mountain and Muskoka scenes, and O'Brien's coast scenes and waterfalls: those who remember Cruickshank's "Hauling out a Mast," must wish he had continued on that line. Let us have Canada for the Canadians in art, for it is not wanting in interest, but in its great diversity is a grand heritage for our artists.

Of our scattered artists T. Mower-Martin has returned from his first sketching tour and is now again off to the Rockies in company with M. Matthews, where they will devote themselves chiefly to the canyons of the Kicking-Horse and Fraser Rivers.

TEMPLAR.

THE Vancouver Art Association held a Loan Exhibition, opened by His Honour, Lieut.-Governor Nelson, on the 28th of June, which justified the courage of its founders by the unexpected degree of success crowning it. The contributions filled almost to overflowing the room engaged for their display, and much surprise was expressed that a town in such an early stage of its development could boast not only of possessing such artistic treasures, but of people with sufficient energy and ambition to inaugurate and successfully carry through an affair which would not have done discredit to a place three times its size. An At-Home brought to a close the first Art Exhibition held in British Columbia.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR WILLIAM S. WALSH has an interesting page and a-half in the August issue of Lippincott's upon the subject of "footlights." The theatrical performance in Queen Elizabeth's time began at three o'clock in the afternoon, no artificial light being necessary. In one addition of Shakespeare the stage is described as being lighted by means of two large branches "of a form similar to those hung in churches," a species of candle abraham in fact. A book published in 1749 upon the stage, shows it lighted by candles suspended from the proscenium, with no footlights between the actors and the musicians in the orchestra, while the body of the house was lighted by cressets or large open lanterns of nearly the same size as those which are fixed in the poop of a ship. This use of candles, however, involved the employment of a candle-snuffer, who came on at certain pauses of the performance to tend and rectify the lighting of the stage. His appearance was usually greeted with the same derision which now marks the entrance of the "supe" who carries chairs on or off the stage, spreads or removes a carpet, etc.—the

same derision, only rather more obstreperous, for the audience were wont to even go so far as hurling missiles at the unfortunate candle-snuffer. In Foote's comedy of "The Minor," Shift, one of the characters, ascribes the courage which was a component part of his character to the experience gained as a candle-snuffer in Drury Lane: "For I think, sir, he who dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing and sweeping the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory with all its customary complements. But an unlucky crab-apple applied to my right eye by a patriot gingerbread-maker from the Burrough, who would not suffer three dances from Switzerland because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat."

"It was Garrick who first introduced foot-lights on the English stage, in 1765. He borrowed the practice from Italy, having just returned from a journey in that country. When oil lamps took the place of Garrick's candles, the occupation of the candle-snuffer was gone forever. Probably the trimming of the lamps became his next duty, and, as time went on, he developed into the gas-man, that indispensable attendant of the modern theatre.

"The street gas-lamp, after numerous abortive experiments, established an uncertain foothold for itself in 1810, and by 1817 had become a permanent institution. Gradually the new mode of lighting stole from the streets into manufactories and public buildings, and into private houses. By 1828 it had made its way into the theatres, for in that year an explosion took place in Covent Garden Theatre, by which two men lost their lives. Great excitement ensued. The public was afraid to re-enter the theatre. The management published an address stating that the gas-fittings would be removed from the interior of the house and safer methods of illumination substituted. While the alterations were in progress, the theatre was closed for a fortnight, the Covent Garden Company appearing at the English Opera House or Lyceum Theatre.

"Gradually, however, the world grew bolder, and gas again made its appearance on the stage. Still, its employment was strenuously objected to in various quarters. In 1829, a physician, writing from Bolton Row and signing himself 'Chiro-Medicus,' addressed a remonstrance on the subject to a public journal. In the course of his practice he had met with several fatal cases of apoplexy which had occurred in the theatres or a few hours after leaving them, and he had devoted much time to investigating the cause. The conclusion at which he had arrived was 'that the strong vivid light evolved from the numerous gas lamps on the stage so powerfully stimulated the brain, through the medium of the optic nerves, as to occasion a preternatural determination of blood to the head, capable of producing headache or giddiness, and, if the subject should at the time laugh heartily, the additional influx of blood which takes place may rupture a vessel, the consequences of which will be, from the effusion of blood within the substance of the brain or on its surface, fatal apoplexy.'

"Chiro-Medicus," if he lived now, would find further corroboration of his theory in the imperfect system of ventilation which still holds sway in many of our hand-somest theatres and concert rooms.

THE following extracts from a volume of Schumann's letters to Clara Wieck will be interesting to musical readers:

THE "KINDERSCENEN."

"I have been waiting for your letter, and consequently have composed books full of things—wonderful, crazy, solemn stuff. You will open your eyes when you come to play it. In fact, sometimes I feel simply bursting with music! But before I forget it let me tell you what else I have composed. Whether it was an echo of what you said to me once, that sometimes I seemed to you like a child, any way, I suddenly got an inspiration, and knocked off about thirty quaint little things, from which I have selected twelve, and called them 'Kinderscenen.' They all explain themselves, and, what's more, they are as easy as possible."

"ETUDES SYMPHONIQUES."

"You were wise not to play my Etudes. That sort of thing is not suited for the general public, and it would be very weak to make a moan afterwards, and say that they had not understood a thing which was not written to suit their taste, but merely for its own sake. But I confess it would be a great delight to me if I ever succeeded in writing something, which, when played by you would make the public dance with delight; for we composers are all of us vain, even when we have no reason to be so."

"DIE NACHT."

"After I had finished it, I found to my delight that it contained the story of 'Hero and Leander.' Of course you know it, how Leander swam every night through the sea to his love, who awaited him at the beacon and showed him the way with lifted torch. It is a beautiful romantic old story. When I am playing 'Die Nacht' I cannot get rid of the idea; first he throws himself into the sea; she calls him, he answers; he battles with the waves, and reaches land in safety. Then the Cantilend when they are clasped in one another's arms, until they have to part again, and he cannot tear himself away until night wraps everything in darkness once more."

THE "CARNIVAL" AND THE "PHANTASIESTUCKE."

"Dear Clara, I trust you will allow me to make one remark. You often play the 'Carnaval' to people who know nothing at all about me. Would not the 'Phanta-

siestücke' be more appropriate? In the 'Carnaval' each piece always counteracts the one before it—a thing which every one does not appreciate; but in the 'Phantasiestücke,' one can indulge one's self so deliciously; however do exactly as you like. I sometimes fancy that you sometimes value the qualities which you possess as a girl too little in music. I mean sweetness, simple amiability, and natural simplicity. You would rather have continual thunder and lightning, and always something fresh, which has never been done before."

THE concert of American music at the Paris Exposition was given July 12. Mr. Frank Van der Stucken conducted, and the orchestra was that of the Opera Comique. The program was: Overture, "In the Mountains," Arthur Foote; second pianoforte concerto, E. A. MacDowell (pianoforte part by the composer); Songs, sung by Miss Sylvia; Suite, "The Tempest," F. Van der Stucken; Overture, "Melpomene," G. W. Chadwick; Romance and Polonaise for violin and orchestra, H. H. Huss, (violin part by M. Willis E. Nowell); Prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus," J. K. Paine; Carnival Scene, Arthur Bird; Songs, sung by Mrs. Maud Starkweather; Festival Overture, "The Star Spangled Banner," Dudley Buck.

AT a concert which took place at Queen's College, Oxford, on the last day of May, a new cantata by Mr. Ebenezer Prout was produced. It is entitled "Damon and Phintias," and is for men's voices only. There are three solo parts—for tenor, baritone, and bass, and the music throughout is of a dramatic character, though less so in the first part than in the second. The composer himself conducted, and received an ovation at the close of the performance.

ANOTHER Recital at the Trocadero was that given by "La Concordia," society conducted by the eminent organist and composer Mr. Wider. Then M. Guilman has been giving organ recitals, assisted by the violinist Paul Viardot. Altogether music has been faithfully and nobly represented during the Exposition.

Mlle. RHEA will leave Goose Rocks, where she is now staying, for New York, about the middle of August, and put her new play "Josephine" into rehearsal at once. It will have its first performance in Buffalo, and be seen at the Globe Theatre about September 20.

WE read in the German papers that seats for the Bayreuth performances this year are being sold more rapidly than ever. "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger" appear to be as much sought after as "Parsifal." According to present announcements the chief rôles are to be allotted as follows:—In "Parsifal"—Parsifal, Van Dyck with Grüning in case of accident; Kndry, Mmes. Materna and Malten; Gurnemanz, Blauwaert, Siehr and Wiegand; Amfortas, Perron and Reichmann; Klingsor, Fuchs and Lievermann. In "Tristan," Herr Vogl will be the hero, and Mme. Sucher will play Isolde; Brangäne, Gisela Staudigl; Kurwenal, Franz Betz, Anton Fuchs; Marke, Betz or Gura. In "Die Meistersinger," the part of Sachs will be played either by Betz, Gura or Reichmann; Beckmesser, by Friedrichs; Pogner, by Wiegand, Walther, by Gudehus; David, by Hofmüller, and Eva by either Mme. Lilli Dressler or Frau Reuss-Belce.

MR. A. M. PALMER has purchased the play called "A Doll's House," William Archer's translation from Henrik Ibsen, and will produce it at one of his theatres next season.

SIR PERCY SHELLEY, the son of the poet, is an enthusiast in the drama. At Bournemouth, his present home, he has a theatre with complete appliances for scenery, acoustics and comfort, and is as versatile as good Hubert Hertkomer, prince of Jack-of-all-trades. He paints his own scenery, writes his own plays (which are never acted outside Bournemouth, I fancy) and "touches up" his amateurs' complexions.

THE Princess Beatrice is said to be an excellent pianist. She recently accompanied the great violinist, Johannes Wolf, in no less than eight pieces, all of which she played at sight. Wolf speaks enthusiastically of the accuracy and expression with which she played, and declares that her accompaniments were a real inspiration.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CHURCH HISTORY. By Professor Kurtz. Authorized translation from latest revised edition by the Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

So well known and so highly valued is Professor Kurtz's "Church History" that to call attention to its great merits and value might seem superfluous. Since its first appearance in 1849 it has stood the test of criticism, and been improved by the continuous research and experience of its learned author. As a text book it has come into general use, not only in Germany, but it is high in favour with English-speaking professors and students everywhere, and is to-day properly regarded as the most complete and satisfactory available work on so important a work as the history of the Christian Church and the development of its doctrinal beliefs. This work has been published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls in their excellent Foreign Library series, and its appearance indicates that care has been bestowed in making it acceptable and useful to the student. The translation is from the latest revised German edition, and has been faithfully, judiciously and intelligently accomplished by a gentleman of widely recognized scholarship

and ability, the Rev. John Macpherson, M.A., a Scottish theologian and pastor, who is held in much esteem. Though the work is of the greatest value to those specially interested in the study of theology, it will be much relished by all intelligent readers who desire to possess an accurate idea of the progress of what is recognized as one of the mightiest factors in the history of civilization.

AMONG the delightful papers marking *Lippincott's* for August as an unusually bright number may be mentioned "Recollections of George W. Childs." Glimpses of Charles Dickens, Lady Franklin, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and the late Duke of Buckingham, appear in these crisp and charming letters. The complete novel, "An Invention of the Enemy," is the tale of a patent, and it is well though not exactly powerfully written. A fine and flowing bit of verse is Daniel L. Dawson's "Rhyme of Old Song." Albion W. Tourgee gives us his rather curious story "With Gauge and Swallow;" "Verestschagin and His Work" is a timely paper, the characteristics of the great Russian artist being amply considered. Altogether the issue is well varied and up to the general work of this popular periodical.

THE *Andover Review* contains a kind of article without which no periodical seems to face the public just now—the "Psychology of the Modern Novel," by Prof. George S. Ladd. The paper bristles with arguments and deductions, some akin to the subject, others, miles removed from it. Schopenhauer, George Eliot, Mr. Huxley, E. P. Roe and Gladstone, are severally quoted, and Prof. Ladd takes up most of his time in dealing rather with the question—Shall we read novels at all?—than with the novels themselves. Prof. Shaler contributes a short and trenchant paper on "Chance or Design." "Primitive Buddhism," by Dr. Clark, is a clear and definite statement of the claims of that fascinating religious system, closing with the words, "The Light of Asia is not the Light of the World." The book reviews, dealing mainly with ethical and historical subjects, are exceptionally thoughtful and well sustained.

Scribner's contains, as prominent features, two photograph portraits of Tennyson, and several illustrations of his houses and their surrounding scenery. Two of the American periodicals have thus contributed towards the enthusiastic admiration with which all lovers of the great exponent of the century hail his eightieth birthday. A pretty story is told of how keenly Tennyson felt the death of Lord Byron. He walked out—away from the rest of the world—he tells us, and kept repeating to himself, "Byron is dead, Byron is dead," and he doubtless thought that with the departure of that fervid and gifted spirit also departed much of the glory of the British Muse. And yet the mourner was the future author of "Locksley Hall," and "In Memoriam!" "Form in Lawn Tennis," should attract the attention of all lovers of the game, it being accompanied by instantaneous photographs of the Sears Bros. and Pettit, three noted players. Four complete short stories, "Electricity in Lightning," and "Tarpon Fishing in Florida," by the novelist Robert Grant, are the remaining important articles. The Tarpon is a gigantic creature, sometimes weighing as much as 132 pounds. Mr. Stevenson's serial is continued—this instalment being laid in colonial New York, and it will run till October. The "Master of Ballantrae" is conceived in the author's serious mood, and is in his highest but not cleverest vein.

Outing has not contained for some time past so delightful an article as the opening one of the last issue, on "Moose Hunting in Aroostook," by Arthur James Selfridge, who would appear to be thoroughly versed in the beauties of the Maine woods. The sketches are very well done, especially the reproduction of a former illustration—that of the head of the Bull Moose. This initial paper has, as a kind of pendant, one entitled "Camp and Namping for Women," by Emily S. Thackray. The "Canoe Meet at the Thousand Islands" will interest many Canadians, and "Among the Basques and Navarrese" introduces even travelled readers to a new and picturesque corner of the Continent. The charm of local colour, scraps of French and general novelty conspire to furnish an unusually interesting paper which enthusiasts will be glad to know, is to be continued. "American Brook Trout Fishing," rings many charming and instructive changes on a prolific theme dealt with in a gently humorous vein. What can be more suggestive than the concluding paragraph? "A handy thing to carry in camp is a German boot-jack. No camping party which expects to be away for a long time should be without a tackle with one double and one single block. It is useful for a dozen purposes, and is always coming into play." The appearance of this popular magazine is always pleasant, but doubly so in summer, when it carries with it assuredly some flavour of the fresh and beautiful spots and healthy manly sports in the interests of which it is used.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for August has for its initial article "Social Life at Ottawa," by W. Blackburn Harte, of the *Mail* staff. The paper—superficial as it is—is cleverly written, and accompanied with illustrations, which include portraits of some society belles, notably Miss Bessie Hotchkiss, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and Mrs. C. H. Tupper. These ladies' charm of manner and taste in dress are enthusiastically dwelt upon by the writer, and the originals will be no doubt delighted to read that their "friendships are not easily broken," and that their "conversation is impregnated with a femininity that is all the more charming because it is not of the orthodox and inane description." With reference to some of Mr. Blackburn Harte's facts, it is

certainly news for us to learn that the Hon. Geo. Foster, Minister of Finance, "is a bachelor and a sort of social Diogenes." We imagined that he was married. Upon what grounds does the writer further assert that Sir Adolphe Caron—one of the most brilliant Frenchmen in the Dominion and a capital entertainer, fond of musical parties, dinner parties and all kinds of parties—is "out of the social world"? Another fact is the somewhat remarkable one that "despite the severe Puritanism of the social atmosphere in Canada," small and select tobogganing parties have been given at Government House on "Sunday afternoons." An analysis of Lord Stanley of Preston begins by stating that he is a "wholesome British aristocrat—indeed he was generally known in transatlantic society as the 'first gentleman in England.'" We are told that he is by no means "brilliant," that "there is nothing of the patrician about his appearance," but that he is still "a perfect gentleman in the large sense of the word as it is accepted in democratic America." Lady Stanley, is too, "a woman particularly adapted to supplement her husband's intellectual and moral being, and a product of the British civilization and social system." There can be little doubt that this paper will throw light upon various interesting aspects of society at the Capital, the "exuberant" hospitality of which long-suffering town the writer has partaken of—some time ago. Among the remaining papers is one on the "Grand Prix," profusely illustrated by pictures taken from French periodicals. An equestrian figure of Gen. Boulanger shows him to be a short, well-knit dapper little Frenchman. The stables of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld are described as possessing marble walls, boxes and mangers, in old oak, set off with silver. Articles on rural life in Norway and provincial France are beautifully illustrated, and the magazine is quite as entertaining as ever.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL is writing a novel, which is to appear shortly, entitled "Darell Blake."

THE taste for novel-writing has infected the Duke of Argyll. He is preparing a three-volume novel.

THE publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, are about to transfer their business to London.

A PRETTY conceit in literature will be "The Book of Wedding Days," to be illustrated by Walter Crane and dedicated to the Princess of Wales.

THE English Socialist magazine, *To-day*, has changed its title with the July number to the *International Review*. It will be edited by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, and be issued at sixpence.

MACMILLAN & Co. will publish in September a revised edition of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." It is said that 10,000 copies of this work have been sold in the United States.

FREDERICK TENNYSON'S poems are shortly to be reprinted in London. They originally appeared in 1854. Charles, Alfred and Frederick were the three most highly gifted of a clever family of twelve.

A SISTER of the late Maria Mitchell will prepare for the press the "Life and Letters" of the distinguished teacher. Her correspondence is said to be very rich in letters from Herschel, Humboldt, and others.

THE London *Athenæum* says that serious fears are entertained for the safety of Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, son of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the well-known publisher. Mr. Macmillan, who has been travelling in the East, undertook the ascent of Mount Olympus, and has been lost on the mountain.

THE D. Lothrop Company's books have found many admirers at the Paris Exhibition. The bound volumes of *Wide Awake*, and the rendering by wood-engraving of monotone drawings by Chase, Sandham, Church and others, have awakened much genuine admiration among visitors, who perhaps more particularly admire the photogravure edition de luxe folios of Tennyson.

HENRY GRÉVILLE'S latest novel, entitled "Nikanor," has a remarkably fresh plot, turning upon the peculiarities of the Russian marriage laws among priests. A Russian priest is compelled, it seems, to marry before he can take charge of a parish, but if he has the misfortune to lose his wife, he may not marry again. The tragic tale, founded on this curious legal quip, appears to be one of the well-known author's best efforts.

ANOTHER illustrated weekly makes its appearance, this time in New York, devoted to literature, the arts and sciences, politics and general topics. It is called *La Nouveau Monde*, and addresses French-Americans and speakers of French in Canada, Mexico and the United States. In this connection the steady progress of our own French journal, *Le Canada Français*, should be mentioned, containing as it does articles and *feuilletons* of varied interest and mostly good execution.

THE Boston *Literary World*, in reviewing a recent volume of verse by Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, makes the mistake of alluding to her as *Miss Pfeiffer*. The authoress in question is well known in London circles, her best work being a long poem, interspersed with narrative, entitled "The Rime of the Lady of the Rock." Mrs. Pfeiffer may be said to divide with Augusta Webster and Graham Tomson (also a lady) the honours of English verse at present among women.

THE author of "Micah Clarke," the historical novel recently published by Longmans, Green & Co., is an English physician who is only thirty years old, and who has been a writer of magazine stories for ten years past. Dr. A. C. Doyle is a tall, athletic young man, who not only attends to a good practice and writes novels, but is a famous cricketer. He has, moreover, seen service on the West African coast and has roughed it in a whaler. He is a nephew of Richard Doyle, the *Punch* artist and illustrator of "The Newcomes."

A THIRD series of "Tales from Blackwood" has been begun in the issue of a handy volume in paper, containing a half-dozen of the best short stories which have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. A companion volume begins a series of travel, adventure and sport, containing Captain Speke's "Discovery of the Victoria Nyanza," Lawrence Oliphant's "My Home in Palestine," "A Sketch in the Tropics," and Sir Stafford Northcote's "How I Caught My First Salmon." The volumes are just right for the hand and pocket, are beautifully printed and contain fine specimens of writing. They are published by White and Allen, New York, at 40 cents each. Such a publication will give the critical public a chance of comparing English and American short stories. The older "Tales from Blackwood" were certainly equal in power and freshness to much that we get in these latter days in the pages of American periodicals.

UNDER the head of "Discrimination in Criticism" might come the following notices. The first is from *Public Opinion*—the American journal of that name; the second from *The American*, published at Philadelphia. "The Story of Helen Davenant," by Violet Fane, appears in Appleton's "Town and Country Library." (1) "It is an exceedingly well-told and effective account by Helen Davenant of the misunderstandings and alienations which grew up around her, and which bore their usual fruit of sorrow and unfulfilled hopes. We are getting in this library a quantity of writing for summer use of a comparatively high order. One can hardly miss an interesting hour in any one of the volumes." (2) "The Story of Helen Davenant," by Violet Fane, is a reprint from a low and objectionable class of English fiction, which we are surprised that a house like that of Messrs. Appleton should countenance. It is probably the fact, however, that the demands of these many short interval 'Libraries' are so insatiable that to provide them with matter really worth reprinting is an impossibility. But that being the case, does it not seem in point to suggest that the periodical fiction business is badly overdone, and that a halt may be properly called in what is really a demoralizing proceeding? 'The Story of Helen Davenant' is a flashy, silly (or worse than silly) story, in the manner of Rhoda Broughton, but without any of that writer's ability. We dare say that Messrs. Appleton would never have accepted it upon merit."

THE following "Fairy Tale" from the *Saturday Review* has been suggested by the Howells onslaught on Sir Walter Scott: "It can scarcely be denied that, considering his heavy-pated generation, Scott created more characters whom we remember, who are familiar friends of half the world, than any other author, save Shakespeare and Molière. That counts for something, in spite of his universally confessed blemishes of careless and clumsy style. Nor is he really so dangerous, we hope, as Mr. Howells thinks to American youth. A fairy tale of the old sort might be written to this effect: Once there was a Rich American Merchant who had Three Daughters. All were beautiful; but the youngest, the Bud, was his favourite. On his death-bed he called them together and said: 'My dear daughters, I am busted up on Chicago Preferreds. I have nothing left for you but these three books. To you, Morlina, I give Monsieur Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." "It is one impassioned cry of the austere morality," Mr. Howells says: and, my dear girl, you need it all! To you, Felicia, I present "The Quick or the Dead," by Miss Amélie Rives. She is "our American female Shakespeare;" I read that in the papers. Follow her maid, called Barbara—*vous irez loin*. And for you, Emmie, I have kept a bad old book; but you will not be harmed by it,' he said, addressing the Bud. 'It is "The Heart of Midlothian," by a man who had a wicked feudal title, Sir Walter Scott. I should be very culpable if I did not warn you that the author was a blind Jacobite, and intensely devoted to the institutions of his country and his time. But you are warned.' Here the Merchant expired, and the Fairy Tale would trace his daughters' adventures. Which young lady would you prefer to follow through life?"

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NIGHT SINGERS.

ALMOST any bird heard singing at night is popularly set down as a nightingale. This shows a deplorable want of knowledge of British birds, for among them are quite a number of night singers. Besides these, there are others which are active and assertive through the hours of darkness, and which make the woods resound with their crying and calling. Standing in one of the rides of a woodland glade just as day is departing, one is pierced and thrilled by a perfect storm of song. This loud-swelling volume of sound softens as the darkness deepens, and then only the polyglot woodthrush is heard. The stem of the silver birch has ceased to vibrate to the blackbird's whistle, and as darkness comes a new set of sounds take possession of the

night. Crake answers crake from the long grass, wood-owls hoot, and herons scream. One of the greatest night-helpers to the gamekeeper in staying the depredations of poachers is the lapwing. It is the lightest sleeper of the fields, starting up from the fallows and screaming upon the slightest alarm. Poachers dread the detection of this bird, and the keeper closely follows its cry. A hare rushing wildly past will put the plover away from its roost; and when hares act thus in the darkness, there is generally some good cause for it. Many times have we heard the round, full, lute-like plaintiveness of the nightingale—sounds which seem to seize and ingrain themselves in the very soul, that "make the wild blood start in its mystic springs." To us, the delicious triumph of the bird's song is in its utter *abandon*. The lute-like sweetness, the silvery liquidness, the bubbling and running over, and the wild, gurgling "jug, jug, jug!" To say this, and more—that the nightingale is a mad, sweet polyglot, that it is the sweetest of English warblers, the essence and quintessence of song, that it is the whole wild bird achievement in one—these are feeble, feeble! This "light-winged dryad of the trees" is still "in some melodious spot of beechen green and shadows numberless, singing of summer in full-throated ease"—and there she will remain. Unlike the songs of some of our warblers, her's can never be reproduced. Attempt to translate it and it eludes you,—only its meagre skeleton remains. Isaak Walton, in his quaint eloquence, tries to say what he felt:—"The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight . . . should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet decants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say,—'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"—*The Spectator*.

AN AUGUST DAY.

THROUGH green-winged boughs, which bend before the breeze,
I see a distant farmhouse glimmer white,
As though a snowy cloud grown tired from flight
Had settled down among those shady trees;
Near by me hum the honey-laden bees,
And, where the new rail fence draws o'er yon height
A long and jagged line of dazzling light,
The clovered hills lift high like foamy seas.
But, ah! now strikes the fiery noontide heat
On burning field, while over all the land
A sudden silence falls. With joy I gaze
Across the winding strip of ripened wheat
That seems a broad and glaring, golden band,
To streams beyond and pleasant woodland ways.
Herbert Bashford in the Cosmopolitan.

A DAY'S SHOOTING WITH THE SHAH.

WHEN the day's shooting has been decided upon, the Shah leaves his lodge on horseback early in the morning, accompanied by a small retinue, among whom the most noticeable figure is the Mirakhor, or Lord of the Manger (practically the Master of the Buckhounds of Persia). This most interesting dignitary has charge of all the Royal stud. He looks after the greyhounds and the hawks, and on these special hunting occasions is the person of consequence. He is certainly a wonderful old man—I was told he was seventy-five, and yet he is still as active and as keen as a boy. Perched high upon his Persian saddle, and riding a horse of admirable stamp and quality, with most extraordinary walking and cantering powers, he seems able to go for ever. He wears a quaint hunting costume, reminding one of the pictures of old French sportsmen, a longish Persian frock coat, high boots over the knees, and a regular hunting cap with a peak that can be pulled round or off if required, with a telescope slung across his shoulders. Away go the hunting party, the Mirakhor leading. After an hour's riding or so up wind, in whatever district may have been selected for the day's sport, a halt is made, the old man is off his horse in a minute, his glass out of its case, and he is spying the ground like an ordinary Scotch stalker. At last he stops, holds up his hand, and then one of the attendants takes the Shah's horse, and the rifle is produced from its case. A few steps forward, and the Mirakhor crouches down and slowly moves to the verge; one quick glance reassures him, and beckoning to his imperial master he places the loaded weapon in his hand. The Shah is now in his element; a splendid sportsman, big-game shooting is his one great passion, and every Englishman must readily feel with and for an Eastern potentate who, unlike so many of his brother Sovereigns, despising the effeminacy and the miserable *dolce far niente* of Eastern life, takes his pastime like a man, loving horse, hound, and rifle as well as any Briton of us all. He crawls with the utmost care to the edge of the ravine, and there, 150 yards below, lies the old ibex that has lately been seen so often by the watchers and proclaimed as having an unparalleled head. It is a moment of intense excitement. The ibex lies half asleep in the sun, on a ledge of rock, unsuspecting and confident in his safety, surrounded as he is by his wives, and safe, as he thinks, like a good Persian. The Shah takes aim and fires. The ibex springs high in the air, and falls headlong from his perch. His Majesty gallops rapidly to the spot, and in a few minutes the long, yellowish form of a Persian leopard creeps from among the grass, and canters up the hill. Like lightning the Shah is off his horse, his rifle in hand; the distance is great, but a well-calculated sighting shot gives him the range, and the left-

hand barrel plumps a bullet with a thud behind the shoulder. The mimic war is not, however, waged against ibex, leopard or wild sheep only. Bear and tiger have fallen to his Majesty's weapon, and many are the tales told among the wild mountaineers how the Shah-in-Shah has stood alone and faced the most savage brutes—calm, cool, and collected—when his attendants had fled like curs.—*New Review.*

POSSESSED OF A DEVIL.

The *Chinese Times* translates the following curious story from the *Kuang Pao*:—"A certain Mrs. Pau, resident at Canton, was last year suddenly taken possession of by a demon. Her speech was most strange and incoherent, and the mention of devils and spirits was constantly on her lips. Left to herself, however, her strange behaviour began after a while to amend, and, finally, she seemed to return to her sound mind again. This year the demon has returned to her, and she is practising all manners of queer antics; though illiterate, she reads with the greatest facility, and though ignorant of the first rudiments of music, she handles the lute with precision and sings with perfect harmony. Aside from her miraculous behaviour, however, she did not appear to be much the worse for being inhabited by a demon, though her features present a pallid and emaciated appearance. With the view of restoring her to her sanity, her people engaged the services of an aged and famous priest, who possessed the art of exorcising spirits. When the demoniacal woman saw the priest, she exclaimed, 'What have I to do with thee? Art thou come to destroy me with thy art?' The priest then wrote three charms, and having reduced them to ashes put them in a bowl of water, and gave it to the woman to drink. Having drunk this draught, the woman soon began to exclaim incessantly, 'I am now in the power of the priest! What am I to do?' Seeing her pitiful condition, her people again sought the services of the priest to liberate her from the power; but he, with a mean avaricious heart, demanded an exorbitant sum, which being beyond the means of her kindred, her malady is still unremoved."

THESE ARE PRE-EMPTED.

BEFORE other writers gobble them up, I hasten to inform all concerned that I claim the following titles, and all rights to same, to books now going through the mill, and soon to be published:

- "Robert Elsmere's Mother-in-law;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Wife's Little Sister;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Chambermaid;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Aunt's Grandfather;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Big Brother;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Great Aunt;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Godfather;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Coachman;"
- "Robert Elsmere's Grandfather's Yellow Dog;"
- "Robert Elsmere's First Son's Second Baby."

I may add, also, that I reserve the right of dramatization to each and all of the above works.—*Wm. H. Siviter, in Puck.*

SHIPPING OXEN OFF THE LOWER CALIFORNIA COAST.

AN hour before we were ready to sail they brought four big oxen on board, bound for Guaymas. How did they get them to the ship, standing out a mile from shore, with deep water between? By the barbarous method common on these coasts, as follows: The cattle are driven into shallow water and tied by the horns to a row-boat, two on each side. Then another boat, manned by six stout rowers, takes the lead, towing the former with its odd "outside passengers," which are goaded into the water by sharp spears. The poor, frightened animals—with heads just above the water, eyes turned skyward full of terror and surprise, legs sticking straight out and trailing along the billows—are pitiable objects, apparently more dead than alive when they arrive at the ship's side. Then a long wait ensues while a tackle is being prepared for hauling them on board, during which they have ample time to drown at leisure, and would certainly do so were not their heads fastened back and upward close to the sides of the boat, in a position which must of itself be excruciating torture. At last all is ready. A rope is lowered to which an iron hook is attached; the latter is inserted in a rope tied around the horns of the ox, and then the fastenings which secure him to the boat are cut. He drops like lead down into the deep sea, and for a moment bystanders believe that he has surely gone to make a meal for sharks and fishes; but the tackle is slowly getting in its work, and presently the dripping animal is hoisted high in air, swinging round and round and dangling for a space, like Mahomet's coffin, and is then let down through the hatches into the hold.—*Philadelphia Record.*

WHAT FRENCH WRITERS THINK ABOUT ENGLAND.

In the *St. James' Gazette* of July 6, it was recommended to M. Jules Lemaitre that he should employ his spare time in learning English. The same advice might be given to many other leading French writers. It may be of interest to know the opinion of some of these distinguished gentlemen on the matter. As for M. Jules Lemaitre, he was once asked to write an article for one of the most important London periodicals. "What for?" he

answered. "I don't care about acquiring any reputation in England. They don't want to know what I think, and I don't want to tell them." The same request made to M. Alexandre Dumas met with this reply: "Bother the English! They take our plays, make a mess of them, and never pay us a sou." Emile Augier observed: "Pooh! I don't like the idea of writing for people who don't understand cooking." Renan said: "I profess the deepest interest and respect for England, but I really feel it a duty to devote to my own country the powers which age and infirmities leave me." Said Alphonse Daudet: "How could I write for a country where there is hardly any sun at all?" Paul Bourget, on the contrary, is quite a literary "Anglomane." He dreams of rehabilitating the contemporary English novel, which is rather looked down on just now in the country of Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Zola. This tendency has drawn on its head a severe rebuke from the two leading French critics, M. Jules Lemaitre, already mentioned, and M. Brunetiere, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "Very pleasant books, indeed, those two volumes of 'Etudes et Portraits,' they wrote—or words to that effect; "but why does M. Bourget take so much to English ways and customs?" As for M. Guy de Maupassant, he considers English literature uninteresting, not excluding the works of Shakespeare, which, to speak truth, he scarcely ever reads, as he happens not to know a word of English, and does not think much of translations.—*St. James' Gazette.*

CORNISH LULLABY.

OUT on the mountain over the town,
All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
Bearing their packs and crooning a song;
And this is the song the hill-folk croon
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon:
"Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves,
All night long, all night long;
None but the peering, furtive elves
See his toil and hear his song;
Merrily over the cavern rings
As merrily over his pick he swings,
And merrily over his song he sings;
"Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed,
All night long, all night long—
Happy to smooth thy curly head
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song;
'Tis not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,
Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,
And the burden it beareth is not of gold;
But it's "Love, love—nothing but love—
Mother's love for dearie!"

—*Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

THE PRICES OF PICTURES.

THE sum of £22,120 paid for Millet's "Angelus" is the largest sum at which a picture has ever been knocked down in a sale-room, with the exception of the £23,440 paid by the French Government at the Marshal Soult sale, in 1852, for Murillo's "Conception of the Virgin." Larger sums than these have often been paid by private contract both in England and elsewhere. The reader will remember the £70,000 paid for our Raphael, the £20,000 paid by Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, for Munkaczy's "Christ before Pilate." Since 1875 the auctioneer's hammer has in London fallen six times at sums ranging over £7,000. They are as follows—1875, Turner's "Grand Canal," £7,350; 1875, Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," £10,605; 1878, Raphael's "Vierge de Nozar," bought in at £20,475; 1886, Ruben's "Venus and Adonis," £7,200; 1887, Gainsborough's "The Sisters," £9,975; and 1887, Boucher's "Madame de Pompadour," £10,395. Eleven works have been knocked down above £6,000, including two Turners, two Landseers, and one each of Claude Lorraine, Carlo Dolci, Velasquez, Meissonier, Greuze, Gainsborough, and Edwin Long; while twelve have fetched over £5,000. These comprise four Turners, four Landseers, two Reubens, and one each of Millais and Rosa Bonheur.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

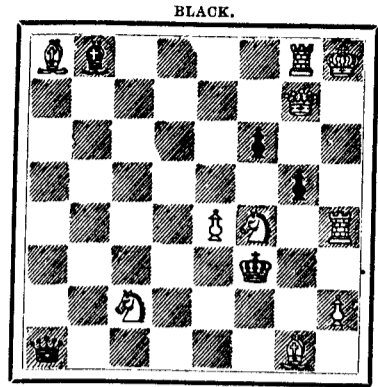
ORIGIN OF A FAMILIAR WORD.

THE manual occupation of spinning, so indispensable in early times, furnished the jurisprudence of Germany and England with a term to distinguish the female line, *fusus*; and a memento of its former importance still remains in the appellation of *spinster*. King Alfred speaks of his male and female descendants by the term of *thes pear-side* and the *spindle-side*; and the German jurisprudence still divides families into male and female by the titles of *schwertmagen*, "sword-members," and *spinnmagen* or *spindelmagen*, "spindle-members." The term "spinster," a single woman, in law, is now the common title by which an unmarried woman is designated. "Generosa," says Lord Cole, is "a good addition for a gentle-woman; and if such be termed *spinster* she may abate the writ." This, however, is not so now, for the *spinster* is applied in England, as well as here, to all unmarried women, of whatever rank or condition.—*Lippincott for August.*

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 381.

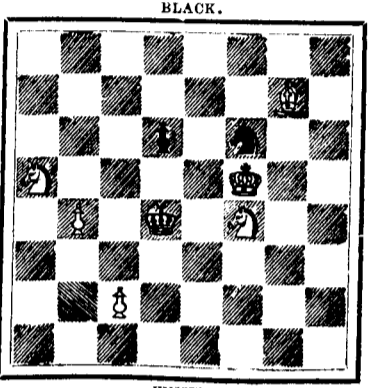
By J. P. LEA.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 382.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| No. 375. | | No. 376. | |
| White. | Black. | Q-Q Kt 8 | |
| 1. Kt-Q 6 | K-B 4 | In this Problem there should | |
| 2. Q-K 5 + | K-Kt 3 | be a white Kt on White's K Kt | |
| 3. Kt-B 8 mate. | | 7, instead of a K. | |
| | If 1. P x Kt | | |
| 2. Q x P + | K-B 5 | | |
| 3. Q-Q 5 mate. | | | |
| | With other variations. | | |

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB,

MAY 20TH, 1889.

Between Mr. A. T. Davison, of the Toronto Chess Club, and Mr. Friedenweld.
KING'S GAMBIT.

Mr. Friedenweld.	Mr. Davison.	Mr. Friedenweld.	Mr. Davison.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	20. P-Q 6	B x P
2. P-K B 4	P x P	21. B-B 4 +	K-R 4
3. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	22. R-B 5 +	P-B 4
4. B-B 4	Kt-R 3	23. R x Kt P	Kt-K 6
5. Castles	P-Q 3	24. Kt-Kt 3 + (b)	K-R 5
6. P-Q 4	B-Kt 5	25. R x B P	B x R
7. Q-B x P	B-K 2	26. Kt x B +	K-R 6
8. B x Kt	P x B	27. R-Kt 3 +	K x P
9. B x P +	K-Q 2	28. B-K 6	K-R-K 1
10. P-Q 5	Kt-Kt 5	29. P-Kt 6 +	K-R 8
11. Kt-K 5 +	P x Kt	30. R-R 6 +	K-Kt 8
12. Q x B +	K-Q 3	31. Kt-Q 3	Q-R-Q 1
13. Q-K 6 +	K-B 4	32. B-R 2 +	K-B 7
14. Q x P (a)	Q-Q 3	33. Kt-B 2	R x P
15. Q-B 3 +	K-Kt 3	34. R x Q R P	R-K B 5 (c)
16. Kt-Q 2	Q-B 4 +	35. P-R 4	R x Kt
17. K-R 1	Q x Q	36. B-K 6	R-Q 8 +
18. P x Q	Kt x B P	37. K-R 2	R x P +
19. Q R-Kt 1 +	K-R 3	38. K-R 3	R-R 8 mate

NOTES.

- (a) P-B 3 appears better, and should win in a few moves.
- (b) Not good.
- (c) All this is well played.

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The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

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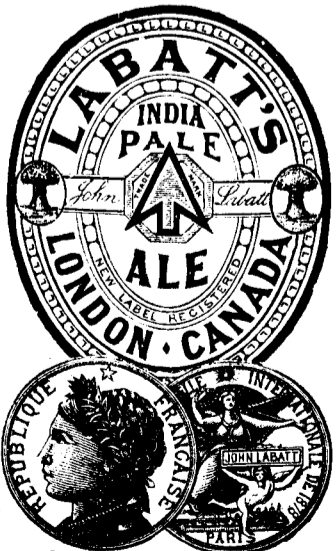
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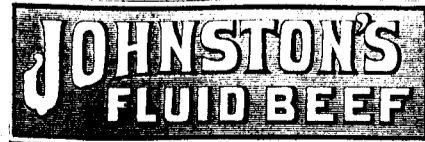


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