

THE WEEK:

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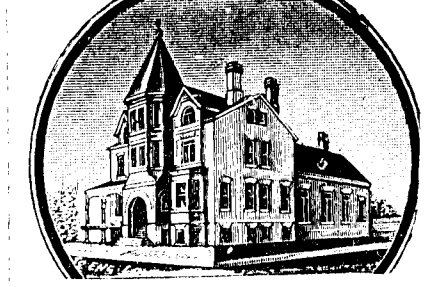
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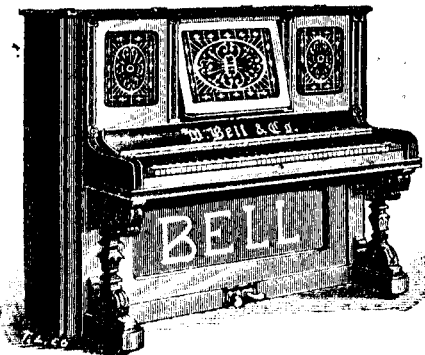
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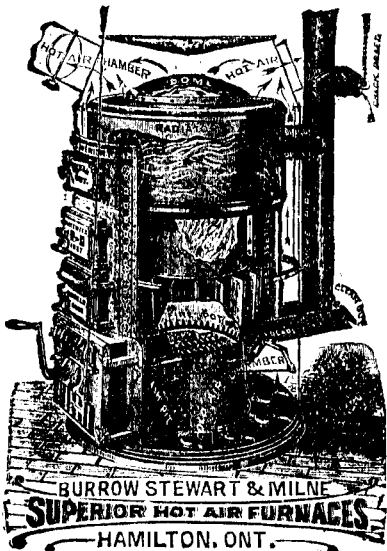
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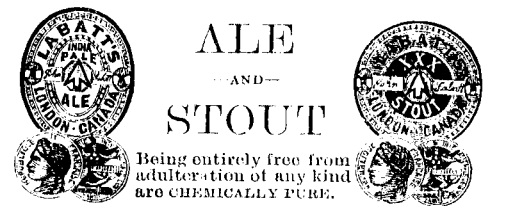
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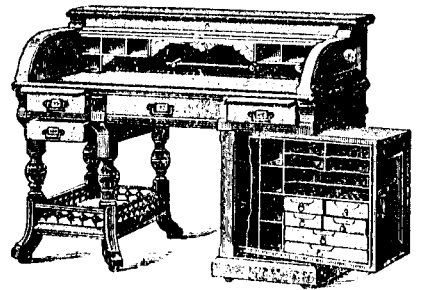
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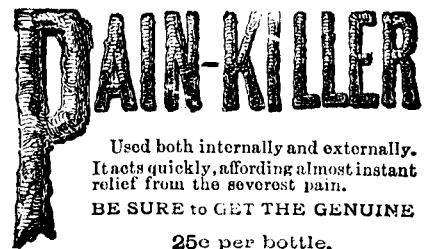
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PRIZES of \$50, \$30, \$20 and \$10 will be given for the FOUR BEST SHORT STORIES by Canadian writers only on subjects distinctively Canadian, on the following conditions:—

- 1.—The MS. must not exceed six thousand words and must be TYPEWRITTEN, and on one side of the paper only.
- 2.—It must be delivered at THE WEEK office, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, not later than 1st November, 1890.
- 3.—Each competing story must bear on the top of the first page a TYPEWRITTEN motto and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with the same motto and the words PRIZE STORY COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.
- 4.—All the MSS. sent in to become the property of THE WEEK.
- 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

THEORETICALLY, we suppose, all intelligent Canadians are now pretty well agreed that it is the right and duty of a free State to insist upon the elementary education within certain limits of all the children born or brought into it. Most of the Provinces of Canada have, we believe, in common with Ontario, compulsory clauses in their Public school statutes. A committee of the Trades and Labour Council of this city at a recent meeting presented a report to the effect that the compulsory provisions of the Ontario School Law are very defective in themselves, and are in practice a dead letter. In this particular the report but confirms a fact which is within the personal knowledge of all who have paid attention to the subject. The Trades and Labour Council have done well to enquire into the matter and press the facts upon public attention. Several defects combine, the report affirms, to make the law inoperative. In the first place the law is not properly compulsory at all, seeing that its enforcement is optional with school boards. These boards may appoint an officer whose duty it shall be to see that all the children of school age in the district are under instruction, but as a matter of fact the appointment of such an officer is apparently the exception instead of the rule. Another point is well taken by the committee, namely, that the period (between the ages of five and twelve) within which attendance is compulsory is too restricted. The committee suggests that the limit be placed at fourteen instead of twelve, a recommen-

dation in which we heartily concur. Again, the present statute makes the attendance obligatory for only 100 days in the year. The committee believes that the law should compel children up to the age of fourteen to attend all the time the schools are in session, and should also forbid the employment of children until they have reached the outer limit of school age. This would, perhaps, be carrying the compulsory principle too far. It cannot be said that moderate employment for a few hours a day is injurious to a healthy child of twelve to fourteen, and many poor parents could ill afford to be deprived of the help of their children during that period. We question whether it would not be better for all concerned that the limit should be still farther extended, say to sixteen or eighteen years, and parents simply required to secure for their children a certain minimum period of attendance at school at some time within that age. The half-time system has not, we believe, been found very satisfactory in England, yet if schools were properly adapted to the system we see no reason why it should not work admirably. Under competent instruction, we believe, a child might make as much genuine progress in his studies in three or four hours per day as he now ordinarily makes in six. All observation shows that the waste of time in most schools under the present system is great. Moreover it is, to say the least, doubtful whether three or four hours per day of real brain work is not quite as much as should ordinarily be required, even of the healthiest youth, during the period of rapid growth. We have little doubt that the day is drawing near when it will be practically admitted that three hours of study alternating with three hours of active physical exertion afford a vastly better training for the healthy development of power of both body and brain than is possible under the present arrangement with a five or six-hour school day.

WORDS of warning are being addressed from many influential quarters to the Executive Councillors of this city, while the fact that symptoms of typhoid are showing themselves here and there is calling upon them more impressively than words to bestir themselves and cleanse the city with all possible speed. Surely they do not propose to wait until they see whether the epidemic is likely to prove serious before moving in the matter. The causes of the trouble are easily discovered. They have again and again been very clearly pointed out. Such letters as that from Dr. Oldright which appeared in the city dailies a few mornings since cannot be disregarded with impunity. Foul pits and cesspools, bad plumbing, especially in old houses, drinking water temporarily impure in consequence of defective pipes, and the unspeakable pollution of the bay which skirts the city front and is constantly traversed by the citizens on their way to their favourite resort—these, all authorities are agreed, are the prime causes of the trouble. Every one of these causes is, it is easily seen, capable of being removed, some of them speedily, others only by means of considerable expenditure of time and money. But all must be removed, if the beautiful city of which we are all so proud is to retain its high reputation for healthfulness and maintain its wonderful rate of progress. To construct a system of drainage adequate for present and future needs, to erect crematories and get them in efficient operation and by these means to purify the waters of the Bay are of course large and expensive undertakings, and cannot be done in a day. But as all citizens must now be pretty well convinced that these are works absolutely necessary to the continued growth and well-being of the city, why should there be longer delay in setting resolutely about them? We assume that every effort is being put forth to discover and remedy the defects in the submerged water pipes. But the other sanitary measure named, the cleansing, and, as far as possible, closing up of the pits and cesspools, is one which might be decided upon and carried into effect within a month. Dr. Oldright puts this first, probably as most imperatively demanding immediate action. The observation and experience of many citizens will, we venture to say, prompt them to corroborate this opinion most heartily. What can be more unfair, not to say criminal, than that the families of those citizens who themselves appreciate cleanliness and observe sanitary laws, should be continually exposed to infection by the culpable ignorance or carelessness of

neighbours? Surely the civic authorities have a duty to do in regard to such matters and should do it promptly and effectively, without fear or favour.

A SWEEPING resolution was passed at the meeting of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress in Ottawa the other day in regard to immigration. The Congress denounces "the continued systematic and enormously increased expenditure of large sums of public money in aiding and encouraging to this country mechanics, labourers, paupers, indigents, orphans, and children of vicious, tainted and criminal tendencies from abroad, as a gross injustice to the people of Canada, and more especially to the working classes, and calls on the Federal Government to peremptorily abolish the same, and at the same time exercise due care in preventing the introduction into Canada of such paupers, indigents, orphans and children of vicious, tainted or criminal tendencies, whether they be sent under the authority of the Imperial Government or through any other channel." The first clause of the resolution will have pretty general assent, except, it may be, in regard to the question of fact involved in the expression "enormously increased expenditure," the public impression if not the fact being, we think, that the amount of expenditure for immigration purposes has been largely reduced within the last few years, and is now restricted almost exclusively to agricultural labourers. On the main question there is little room for difference of opinion. The injustice of taxing Canadian labourers for the purpose of bringing in competitors from abroad, especially when the labour market is already crowded with men seeking employment, is too obvious to need much argument. Such a course of procedure is especially inconsistent with the principle of protection to native industry, which is now the national policy. If such immigration is really being aided by the Dominion, or any local Government, it is but natural and reasonable that the Labour Congress should enter a strong protest and that labourers of all classes should unite and bring their great influence to bear in order to put a stop to so unjust a use of the public funds. On general principles, too, it is more than doubtful whether any policy of assisted immigration can ever be successful in a country located as Canada is with respect to the rest of the continent. So long as the balance of inducements in the shape of higher wages and a wider field inclines to the side of our neighbours, so long will large numbers of our assisted immigrants, or those displaced by them, go to swell the population of the great Republic. Whenever, on the contrary, the attractions of our own country equal or surpass those of the United States in those important respects, and the tide of population begins to flow in this direction, no assistance will be needed. Especially will this be the case if Canadian institutions, and the customs and social habits of her people, can be kept permanently on a higher plane than those of our neighbours.

THE second clause of the above resolution is, also, on its face, reasonable enough. That it is the duty of the Government to exercise due care to prevent the introduction of immigrants so tainted physically or morally that their presence amongst us would be a source of danger must, of course, be admitted. But taken in connection with the sentiments expressed by its supporters during the debate, it is pretty evident that the resolution is aimed against every form of assisted immigration, whether of children or of adults, and by whomsoever promoted. Here it is necessary to draw a line in the interests of freedom as well as of humanity. It is yet to be proved that the great majority of the children brought into the country by the agency of such institutions as those under the charge of Dr. Barnardo, Miss Rye, Miss McPherson, and others have as yet developed any such taint, either physical or moral, as would justify the Government of any civilized country in shutting the doors against them. The burden of proof rests upon those who assume the contrary. The same thing may be said, in substance, concerning able-bodied adults, not openly vicious or criminal, even though their emigration may have been aided by charitably disposed persons in the Mother Country. It may be the right and duty of the Government to set up a reasonable

standard of admission, and to use such tests or safeguards as are necessary to prevent the incoming of those who have marked tendencies to infectious disease, or who have shown criminal propensities. But there is a wide difference in principle between assisting pauper and child immigration from the public funds, and actually prohibiting such immigration or putting serious obstacles in the way of it, when promoted by private philanthropy. Indeed from the philanthropic point of view it is doubtful if there is any form in which the means of the charitably disposed can be used to better present advantage, or with better promise of far-reaching good results, than in rescuing indigent and orphan children from haunts of vice and misery, subjecting them to a suitable course of training, physical, mental and moral, and transplanting them to the fruitful fields and prairies of this wide, Western World. One can neither admire the logic nor envy the spirit of the man who would willingly obstruct such a work. It is true, as observed by one of the Labour Congress delegates, that there are all too many waifs in the streets and slums of our own cities needing to be thus rescued, trained, and cared for. But there is abundant room for all in the agricultural districts of this great Dominion, and the example of those large-hearted men and women who are striving to save the children of the Old Land should but stimulate the generosity of Canadian philanthropists to do the same for the children of their own country.

IN announcing the recent appointment of Dr. Chamberlain, of Dundas, to the important and responsible position of Inspector of Prisons and Asylums, the *Globe* enumerates the following among other qualifications of the successful candidate:—

He has been a fighting Liberal for a quarter of a century. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Dundas in the Commons, and ran three contests for the seat in the Legislature. In the general election of 1886 he was successful, and, notwithstanding that Dundas ranks as a safe Conservative constituency, he was defeated on other occasions by very narrow majorities. He has fought the battle of Liberalism all through Eastern Ontario, and ranked as one of the best platform speakers in the Province.

We have not a word to say against the gentleman referred to, who, so far as we know, may be well qualified for the position and in every way worthy of it. What interests us and should interest all friends of reform is the *Globe's* peculiarly frank avowal of the principle upon which appointments are made in the Civil Service in Ontario. We do not for a moment suppose that the present Government of Ontario is a sinner above the Governments of the other Provinces or that of the Dominion in this respect, though possibly the *Globe* is a little more outspoken than most of the other organs in its way of putting the thing. But looking at the matter from the point of view of plain common sense one may well wonder what is the connection between fighting-Liberalism, or defeat in a political contest, and fitness for the inspectorship of prisons and asylums. Probably we shall receive a satisfactory explanation about the same time at which we are clearly shown how it is consistent with economy, justice, or good government that a few favourites, the lucky appointees to certain special offices, should be paid by fees for their services at rates which assure them very large incomes, while many other public officers whose duties are no less arduous and responsible are obliged to content themselves with moderate salaries. Were the Province for the time being under the régime of a wicked Tory Government, steeped in traditions of favouritism and trained to regard the public offices as good things in the gift of the rulers for the reward of the faithful, there would be less occasion for wonder. But when we are reminded by the recurrence of the words "Liberal" and "Liberalism," in the brief article quoted, that the principle of appointment exemplified is that acted upon by those who claim to be the legitimate descendants of the old "Reformers" who fought so long and so stubbornly against the iniquities which were begotten and transmitted by the "Family Compact" system of earlier and darker days, the mystery grows dense. Is it not about time that we should have a new Reform Party, composed of genuine Liberals, and having, as one of the planks in its platform, a non-partisan civil service, with appointments on merit alone, and no tempting sinecures or consolation prizes for defeated candidates?

THE near approach of the day fixed for the trial of the man who has been for some months in prison at Woodstock, charged with murder most foul, may well suggest some reflections on our modes of procedure in such

cases. Whether the accused be convicted or acquitted, the evidence, so far as at present appears, will be purely indirect or "circumstantial." Whether evidence of this kind can ever prove guilt with absolute certainty may well be doubted. Yet in a very large proportion of cases it is the only kind of evidence available. That innocent men have sometimes been convicted and executed on circumstantial evidence, seemingly of the strongest kind, can scarcely be questioned. But, on the other hand, to argue that conviction and punishment should never be based upon such evidence is to plead that, in nine cases out of ten of deliberate murder, the murderer shall go unwhipt of justice. This, again, would mean that society should be deprived of its chief safeguard for the protection of human life. It is often said, somewhat thoughtlessly, we suspect, that it is better that a thousand guilty should escape than that one innocent person should suffer. Everything, in such an assertion, depends upon the meaning attached to the word "better," but it would be hard, we think, to define it in any ordinary sense, and maintain the truth of the proposition. Certainly if "better" is used with reference either to the well-being of society or the sacredness of the individual life, it would not be difficult to demonstrate that it is better both for society and the individual that each should suffer the almost infinitesimal risk of becoming the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence, than that all should be constantly exposed to the danger that would result from the impunity on which the assassin who should lay his plans with ordinary cunning could almost surely count, if he could not be convicted on circumstantial evidence. The sum seems then to be this: that among the postulates to which every individual may be assumed to give tacit assent, in order to enjoy the advantages of life in a civilized and orderly community, is that of the right of society to inflict its prescribed punishment upon him, whenever it shall be able to bring circumstantial evidence of a certain degree of strength to bear to convict him of crime. On the same principle alone can the imprisonment of a man, who according to the legal maxim should be accounted innocent as not having proved guilty, be defended; though it is clear that such imprisonment should be for the shortest possible period consistent with the interests of justice. Whether this axiomatic rule is always observed, or has been observed in the Woodstock case, is worthy of serious consideration.

ANOTHER thought of even greater practical importance than either of the preceding will have forced itself, we think, upon the minds of many, in anticipation of the forthcoming trial at Woodstock. It is pretty clear, as we have already intimated, that no human being, save the accused himself, can ever know with absolute certainty whether his hand or that of another committed the deed. So, too, no one but himself can know, with absolute certainty, how his time was spent on the eventful day on which the crime was perpetrated, or whether and for what purpose the journey, if he made the one which will be, we suppose, in evidence, was undertaken. Is it not, then, obvious that the statement of the accused himself might be of the greatest value in helping judge and jury to discover the facts and judge righteous judgment? If conscious of innocence, he would naturally be eager to give the explanation. Is there really any valid reason other than the purely legal one, why he should not be permitted to do so? Any danger that the jurors might be deceived by a flititious story is of the smallest. The cross-examination would almost surely detect the inevitable inconsistencies in the most ingenious fabrication. There is, we believe, a marked trend of thought in England, in the direction of allowing the accused to testify in criminal cases. Will it not be found, in the last analysis, that the hitherto prevailing objection is based largely upon the sentimental notion that there would be something wrong or horrible in allowing a criminal to be convicted out of his own mouth?

THE tremendous question of official precedence is again to the fore, this time in a very concrete form. His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau excused himself, at a late hour, from attending the State dinner given by His Excellency, the Governor-General, in honour of Prince George of Wales, at Quebec, though he had previously accepted the invitation. The Cardinal made no secret, it appears, of the fact that his change of mind was caused by the discovery that his place at table had been assigned, at a remove of three or four seats from that of the Prince. The claim is made on his behalf that, in accordance with the precedent lately set in England, in the case of Cardi-

nal Manning, and, as alleged, in accordance with the English order of precedence, "princes of the Church" should come next after "princes of the blood." The incident certainly does no honour to the unworldliness and self-abnegation of Cardinal Taschereau, and is strangely out of place in this democratic Dominion. It is, perhaps, just as well that the incident has occurred, as it may serve to call public attention to the anomalous fact that the Canadian order of precedence does assign a place—albeit only the fifth—to arch-bishops and bishops. As we have on a former occasion said, the giving of a place to prelates in England is the logical outcome of the existence of a State Church, though that fact gives to dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church no claim to official recognition. But as the table of precedence is arranged wholly with reference to State occasions and State officials, and there is in Canada no connection between the State and any Church, it follows that to give a place to arch-bishops and bishops is to make an unwarranted and invidious distinction between the clergy of religious bodies which are legally on a footing of equality. The simple and natural remedy is to have the table corrected, leaving clergymen, like other invited guests, to trust the courtesy of their hosts to assign them suitable places.

THE chief subject of discussion during the past week in political and business circles, on both sides of the international boundary line, has been the debate in the American Senate on the Tariff Bill. Space would fail us to describe at length the various propositions that have been made in the direction of freer commercial intercourse, especially with countries to the south. There is little doubt that Mr. Blaine's views, or some modification of them, will so far prevail as to limit, by some condition involving the principle of reciprocity, the provision of the Tariff Bill, as it came before the Senate, for admitting raw sugar free of duty. The amendment introduced by the Senate Finance Committee, the effect of which would be to put the whole matter virtually in the hands of the President by empowering him to suspend the provisions of the Act, in the case of countries imposing duties or other exactions deemed to be "reciprocally unequal and unjust," seeing that it would leave the remission or collection of a total of \$53,000,000 or \$54,000,000 of taxes at the discretion of the President, would probably be endowing the Executive with too much authority, even for the American system. As to the proposals in which Canadians are more directly interested, Mr. Hale's amendment, virtually empowering the President to establish free trade with all American countries, has so little chance of passing that it attracts attention only as one of the straws showing the new direction the wind is taking. The resolution of greatest immediate interest to Canadians, because of its directly practical character, is, undoubtedly, Senator Sherman's proposing free trade in coal between Canada and the United States, and offering to appoint Commissioners, to meet others to be appointed by Canada, to frame a general scheme of reciprocity. There is very little prospect, it is true, that this motion will, under present circumstances, be carried. In all probability tidings of its defeat will have reached our readers before this number of THE WEEK is in their hands. Nevertheless the fact that this and other proposals looking to freer intercourse with Canada have been made and seriously considered is significant. The tide of public sentiment in the matter of restricted trade is evidently turning. The Republicans of the New England States and the great American North-West are in almost open revolt against the policy which not only restricts their commercial freedom, but also prevents them from procuring at the cheapest rates the raw material necessary for their manufactures. Mr. Blaine's shrewd words, "I wish to declare the opinion that the United States has reached a point where one of its highest duties is to enlarge the area of its foreign trade," suggests that, in addition to the demand for cheaper raw material, there is also beginning to be deeply felt the need of wider markets in which to sell the products of their factories, which are now producing goods in many lines far beyond the capacity of their own people to consume.

PROBABLY, then, the day is drawing near when Canadian statesmen may have, if they desire it, an opportunity of seriously discussing with those of the United States some new scheme of reciprocity. It is true that Mr. Blaine, who now represents the most potent and aggressive political force at Washington, is represented as holding that a satisfactory settlement of the fisheries difficulties must precede any negotiations looking to closer trade rela-

tions. A more reasonable as well as hopeful position would be that the adjustment of these questions must be contemporaneous with, if not part and parcel of, any new commercial agreement. But what will be the attitude of the present Canadian Government, and the supporters of the National Policy generally, in case an opportunity should offer for extending our business relations with our neighbours? Sir John A. Macdonald is represented as saying that it will be time enough to speak of reciprocity when it is offered by the United States Senate. That is equivalent to saying that the advances must be made wholly by the other side—a position which would effectually put a stop to any overtures which might be contemplated. But do Canadians—meaning, of course, the majority who uphold the Government and the National Policy—want reciprocity? Mr. Blaine strives to satisfy his Protectionist friends by maintaining that a system of reciprocity is supplementary to, and not in conflict with, a protective tariff. There is at least plausibility in that view in the case of the United States, with which reciprocity with other American nations means exchange of manufactures for natural products. With Canada, as with the South American nations, it means, of course, just the opposite. Nothing is more certain that if any new reciprocity treaty is made, beyond, possibly, the exchange of a few specific natural products, such as coal, it must provide for the admission of manufactured goods. It is, to say the least, very unlikely that our neighbours would consider for a moment any other. It is clear, then, that preliminary to any such extension of Canadian commercial freedom must be a new settlement of the old issue, Protection or Free Trade. Are Canadian manufacturers prepared to meet American manufacturers on their own ground, or are the mass of the Canadian people prepared to sacrifice such manufactures as cannot survive in an even-handed contest in return for the other advantages to be reaped by commercial freedom on a continental scale? Then comes the question of discrimination against the Mother Country, and the further question of raising a revenue, to complicate the issue. Evidently an American offer of reciprocity would bring to the front some hard questions on this side of the line.

WE referred some months ago to the proposal of some "advanced thinkers" in England to establish a new Toynbee Hall in London for expounding and propagating the religious views developed in "Robert Elsmere." The scheme is making progress, and practical work in the new "University Hall," as it is to be called, is to be commenced in October next. The committee, with Mrs. Humphrey Ward as Secretary, embraces, consistently enough, the representatives of a pretty wide range of ecclesiastical thought and belief. It includes the Earl of Carlisle, the Dowager Countess Russell, Dr. Martineau, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and Miss Beatrice Potter. The institution is to be modelled largely after the Toynbee Hall pattern. A course of lectures on the Synoptic Gospels has been arranged by the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, Vice-Principal of Manchester New College. The Fourth Gospel is not, however, to be omitted, but will form the subject of a later discourse. In the Lent term, addresses are to be delivered in French by M. Chavannes on "The Religion of the Old Testament." It is stated that some eminent foreign scholars and theologians have interested themselves greatly in the experiment. The progress of this novel religious enterprise, especially in its effects on the faith and morals of the common people who may come within the sphere of its influence, will be followed with interested attention by many of all shades of religious belief. It will probably be the first serious attempt in history to make a philosophical (?) system do the work of a religious creed among the masses. Whether it will not be found that with the "supernatural" element the only power which can touch the heart and mould life and conduct has been eliminated remains to be seen.

PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN—III.

OUR Australasian brothers started in life later than we and the initial point of their departure was more advanced than ours. This has led to some striking contrasts well worth attention. They settled in Australia on absolutely vacant territory, for the Australian savages were too insignificant a factor to be considered. In Quebec the English found a civilization and a history of a type equal to, but diverse from their own, and, in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, the initial point of departure was made by the victims of a lost cause. Minimize this as we may the confiscations and the succeeding exile of an important element in the revolting colonies worked a political

change both in those who were exiled and those who remained. The southern colonists started on a clear field and their progress is full of instruction for us. In some respects they will appear to have reached, in advance, points to which Anglo-Saxon civilization elsewhere is tending more or less swiftly.

As has previously been stated political power in the southern colonies is in the hands of the artisans of the cities and their influence is on the side of social order. They are as a class intelligent, prosperous and well-housed, the owners of property and of stocks, fathers of families and members of churches. To a community of artisans a protective policy is as natural as to breathe and, therefore, they are consistent. They ask: "What have protectionists to do with export trade? We desire to keep our local markets, that is all." What have protectionists to do with exports? They are logical and clear-headed men who ask that. They are thorough and they see that the State socialism which regulates the tariff so well is able to do much more. They have not that dread of Government interference which is so marked among English people elsewhere. But this socialism is not revolutionary as in England and the United States. It is the State socialism of Bismarck and the Emperor—the socialism of the chair as it was once called from the number of college professors who led the movement. In Queensland and New Zealand Sir Samuel Griffith and Sir Robert Stout, both ex-Premiers, go farther and incline to the land-nationalization theories of Henry George; but the artisans for the most part are proprietors and will not listen to them. In New Zealand the Government, annoyed by the failure of some English life insurance companies, started a life insurance department which is in a flourishing condition and does more business than all the other companies united. In all the southern colonies the railways were built and are managed by the Government. The extravagance of competing lines side by side is not seen there. These national railways are now, in consequence of the settlement of the country, paying dividends upon their cost and might (excepting in the case of New Zealand) be sold for sums sufficient to pay the debts of the respective colonies; but the object is not so much to increase dividends as to accommodate the public, so that in some colonies children attending school, students at college, and all persons on public business receive free passes while general fares are kept as low as possible. To prevent official mismanagement and Government corruption the railways are managed by commissioners, capable and highly paid men, who are absolutely independent of the changing ministers—as independent as judges or as our auditor-general. In Victoria the city tramways are compelled to keep the streets in order. They are all paying large dividends, but the concessions are for thirty years, at the end of which period they all fall into the municipalities without purchase and without payment, also in the case of Melbourne together with forty miles of excellent wood-paved streets. So large is the traffic in Melbourne that the secretary of one of the companies receives \$15,000 a year. These Australians are not niggards in the matter of salaries. The chief justices of Victoria and New South Wales receive salaries of \$17,500 a year; the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States gets \$10,500 only.

The Australasian system of avoiding Government corruption by appointing permanent and independent commissioners is well worthy of earnest attention. The tramways of the cities of New South Wales are under the Railway Commission. In New Zealand they are trying the experiment of deputing to a Board the demarcation of electoral districts; probably they also have suffered from "gerrymandering." The plan is not definitely settled yet, but the idea is good and the movement will likely succeed. In Victoria the Civil Service Commission makes all the appointments and promotions, quite independently of the Government. At its inauguration it seems to have worked a good deal of hardship to individuals, for, in one gazette, known as *The Black Wednesday Gazette*, it dismissed several hundreds of unnecessary employes—a thing which no Government would have dared to do; concerning the justice of which at this distance one cannot form an opinion.

These independent Boards would seem to be a necessary adjunct to the State socialism whither we all are inevitably tending. Their defects will in time appear; but the system is an immense advance at least upon the United States Civil Service System. These Australasian experiments in State socialism, as portrayed in Sir Charles Dilke's book, should be carefully studied by every statesman. America has recently been startled by the growth of the Astor estate, founded by John Jacob Astor, who died as recently as 1848. It consisted of real estate which, chiefly by "unearned increment" in the course of two lives, attained the enormous sum of two hundred millions, and passed unbroken last year into the hands of a grandson. Our Australasian sociologists have been looking forward to such cases, and in all the southern colonies taxation is aimed at large estates by graduated succession duties ranging from one to ten per cent. An estate of two hundred millions would under their laws return into the public treasury twenty millions at each succession. Absentee taxes are now in process of ex-cogitation and will, no doubt, be enacted, for they seem popular in theory and will check the tendency to hold land in large blocks for a rise. New South Wales is in some respects more backward, for it is as much opposed to direct taxation as the Province of Quebec, and is using as revenue the capital from its sales of land.

The colony of South Australia has a population of only 320,000, but to it we are indebted for the best system of land transfer ever devised—the Torrens System. Woman Suffrage in municipal matters is general in Australia; but, in South Australia, women vote for the members of road Boards and narrowly missed obtaining the political suffrage. To the same colony also is due the credit of inventing the "closure" for stopping parliamentary obstruction. They have not required it themselves, but other legislative bodies have been glad to adopt it. Their "Upper House" is of interest to us in view of the gradual suffocation of our Senate. As is the fact in Victoria, also, it is elective, and one-third of the members go out every three years, but, in the case of an absolute dead-lock, the Governor in South Australia may dissolve both Houses and thus settle the dispute by an appeal to the people.

It is worthy of remark that an attachment to the Mother Country is strongest in Victoria, the most protectionist colony. In New South Wales the "Australian Natives' Association" is indifferent, and in Queensland "national" has come to mean independent. This last is the colony which started the idea of sending back unacceptable Governors. Oddly enough the Conservative party—the national party in Queensland—is disunionist, opposed to any scheme of Imperial Federation and presses for independence. It was a Conservative Premier who quarrelled with the Colonial Office about Sir Harry Blake's appointment. It is a revelation to a Canadian to find one of the leading papers in New South Wales urging separation in view of a probable war between England and Russia on account of India, "because Russia might prove the best friend to Australia as she is now to the United States." Sir Charles calls attention to the sudden popularity of the United States in Australasia, resulting from the stand they made against Germany at Samoa. The Australians look upon the Germans in New Guinea and the French, whose escaped convicts from New Caledonia infest their shores, as intruders in the Southern Ocean. One of their leading men in an address before the Federal Council suggested that the Pacific Ocean should become an English lake under the protection of the United States of America and the United States of Australasia. In Canada we see the rough side of the United States. Sir Charles, in referring to the Behring Sea question, thinks that probably the United States are putting forth their extreme pretensions as a sort of object lesson to demonstrate how wrong the Nova Scotians were in their "headland" theory, prior to 1854. This is far fetched. That old question was settled long ago in the Atlantic, according to the United States contentions; but, as soon as we arrive at the Pacific, it must be settled the other way; the law must be reversed in each ocean, because United States' interests are reversed; and then, as regards that special piece of water in Behring Sea, the very claims which the United States denied when made by Russia they now assert against Canada. Canadians cannot help observing that no matter which way the water runs the lamb always troubles it when he drinks. The Australasians are not drinking at the same stream.

The future of Canada, Sir Charles points out, lies in the fertile plains of the North-West. There, he thinks, will be the wealth centre of the Dominion, and from thence will emanate a new prosperity. Every Canadian will assent to that; but when he says that there the European immigrant lives, but does not grow rich, and that those only make money who move on from Ontario, one feels disposed to think that Sir Charles has been listening to pessimists. No doubt the settler from Ontario will do better, for his whole training has been fitting him for such a life, but it is too much to say the European will barely live. We have incurred a great debt for the North-West, and we are a little disappointed that settlement has not been more rapid; but as the wheat area of the United States has reached its utmost development population must flow over from the South. This, those people who are pressing their drastic remedies upon us clearly foresee, but if our Governments, Conservative or Liberal, will be content to develop the resources of the Dominion throughout its whole extent, without startling the people by sensational politics, the movement of population from the South into our yet untouched wheat-growing area must soon grow into a steady stream. If the population in Australia centres in a few sea-board cities it is because the interior of that continent is a vast waterless desert. The true National Policy of Canada is to diffuse population, and create many centres. The steadiness of prosperity in Montreal and Toronto depends upon the speedy settlement of the North-West. As for disadvantages arising from our Colonial position they are felt by a few only in the cities. They are more sentimental than real, and do not disturb the mass of the people. We should not improve a whit upon our Governors by being compelled to an option between two men chosen by party caucuses.

It is difficult to lay down Sir Charles Dilke's book, so many are the thoughts suggested by its teeming pages. One dare not ever so lightly touch the chapters on Education or Religion, for just now in Canada these subjects are explosive. A Quebecer is sorely tempted by the Cape Colony with its parallel problems of the Dutch language, law, and nationality; but space is wanting. Then there are Fiji and Mauritius and endless other colonies, and the West Indies whither we are sending a commissioner—who is really going. All these have "problems" attractive by their variety and intricacy, but the southern colonies most excite the imagination by the strong contrasts to everywhere we are familiar with in our Northern land. How

strange it would be to turn one's back for ever on our clear frosty skies and the brilliant train of jewelled constellations which nightly follow the Great Bear around the northern pole—to swelter in heat at Christmas—to miss that restful time when Nature quietly gathers up her forces to make another sudden outburst into summer, never to see again those expanses of snow from which the ever-changing colours of the sunset are reflected in tints of white so varied and delicate as to seem like the spirits of the colours of the rainbow—surely that would be a sore trial. Then again beautiful and stately as New Zealand must be with her innumerable fiefs and her glacier-crowned mountains, we, of the Dominion, when hurrying over the wide, dry, stony riverbeds, in dread of their sudden and destructive torrents, would long for the still and abundant waters of our Canadian home. The gardens of Sydney and Melbourne and the tropical luxuriance of Queensland, the unbroken round of vegetation make the burdens of life easy, wherever there is water; but the gaunt gum trees, single-tufted, shadeless, shedding their bark in long strips could not replace for us the cool, leafy recesses of our own varied forests. The red, coppery, cruel sun and the fiery mists; the weird, monotonous and melancholy landscape; the river-beds of baked mud in summer, the illimitable stretches of thirsty land where no water is—all these by their profound contrast startle our imagination, even in description. It is something after all to dwell in a land of "rivers of waters," of lakes innumerable, and to be familiar—winter and summer—with water in all its lovely forms. Our brothers in the South have many advantages; it is pleasant to read of them and admire their capacity and versatility; but, with all our drawbacks, there are some weighty "problems" we have not to solve. The hand of the Almighty has irrigated our land, the cool and crystal springs bubble up from our hillsides, our cattle pasture in fresh meadows, and the tranquil flow of great rivers gives us access to the remotest recesses of our country.

S. E. DAWSON.

Montreal, Sept. 9, 1890.

GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

How died that day our Hero saw it last?
Be sure his heart went Westward with the sun,
Swift circling on to England, till he won
From alien airs, that mocked him as they passed,
A breath of English bowers; and the vast,
Waste, desert stretches were as they were not.
Dreaming of England, he awhile forgot
The brooding cares that turned his thoughts aghast.
Careworn,—God's breast was nearer than he knew,
A step beyond the Arabs' bloody rage,
Dark ways turned golden, life's perplexing page
Grew luminous, as shone the glory through.
Immortal Dead! for Death could not undo
This kingliest heart God gave a gold-cursed age.

EMILY McMANUS.

LONDON LETTER.

WE were speaking of him only last night. At least the Rector talked and I listened, listened as the scent of the creeping clematis filled the verandah, and the far off sound of the sea waves at the foot of the cliff beat across the garden.

The table between us was littered with books. "Ideal" Ward was there, so that I might hear the carefullest account of the movement, an absorbing topic to this old Oxford soldier, scarred I take it in the fray, though he will not own to his wounds. At hand was "Froude," and I was guided to the pages of the essay on Newman, and I listened to Kegan Paul with his notes of remembrance. From the shelf came a volume, opening of itself at tract No. XC. Then the "Apologia," a cherished first edition, bound in parts, with margin notes of value. So back from the literature, poetry and prose of the men out, as Ward says, in the '45, to the fathers, teachers of that Prince of the Church lying dead at the Edgbaston Rectory.

"I can give you no fair idea of those times at the University," said my host "for I was in the middle of it all, and too easily swayed, I see now, to be unprejudiced. One has known many who went through the Indian Mutiny, but hardly one of those care to talk of their experiences. It is so with us; I mean with those who endured what we *did* endure during those years of miserable unrest and trouble. Newmanism, declared Arnold, would end in popery. We of that immense absorbed congregation at St Mary's would not allow ourselves to think that; and I shall not forget the shock when I read in his own words that our old leader had been received into the Church of Rome.

"I think when you were away from him much of his influence vanished. Absence is an extraordinarily fine test. I hardly look at his sermons now; it was his personal fascination, the power in his voice, in his attitude, his glance, that did every thing for them. In themselves they are not much; and his "Apologia" is by no means a great literary work. Given to protesting, to defending himself, he has too much of a woman's emotional nature, and the womanish love of leading captivity captive is one of his foremost traits. He was always wanting to impress you, to make you like him, whether you were worth it or not. He has the faults that go with a parcel-honest character of that sort. He could not bear this or that should be reputed of

him—as if it mattered! He must retort, must excuse himself, but all the time it seems to me he isn't man-like enough to be really angry with his enemy. He is vexed you and I should misjudge him, but even against Kingsley he felt but a sham righteous indignation; his words don't ring true, somehow. He says of his opponent in a letter I've seen: 'I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death,' an attention that must have made Kingsley smile if he knew of it.

"Sometimes I was one of Oakeley's congregation in the little church in Margaret Street. How long and long ago! An eternity! And yet they make out life is short! I am sure, on looking back, most of us were in an unwholesome state, and Richard Hurrell Froude's journal makes one ashamed when I remember how like my own was to his. As long as we are mentally healthy we are never self-conscious. We only begin to analyze our feelings when something is amiss and we have moral measles or whooping cough. That clever 'Diary of a Prig,' published only the other day, is hardly a caricature of what went on in the university in my own day, and what is going on, to a smaller extent, now. There have always been a serious set; when Newman was at Oxford that set was much more powerful.

"Newman was, I suppose, an anachronism. He should have lived any time before the Reformation. Maybe he is in his proper place, out of the nineteenth century world. Indeed I believe he was wise enough to know his own faults, and turned from an army of followers whom he wasn't strong enough to govern. He was not strong enough, poor soul, to guide himself, let alone us, when the hour came to act.

"Think of old Manning, the energetic working saint. Think of his life in London, and the practical good that man does every hour of the day. Remember Pusey at Oxford, dear Keble at Hursley. These were made of different stuff, far more serviceable. Stanley's epigram on Newman's ignorance of German, and Carlyle's cruel little speech about the quality of Newman's brain have been repeated till one is sick to death of them; I believe them to be true.

"To shut yourself from the world; to live back in the early centuries with the fathers; to forget the ties that bind you to your own century; to forget that to labour is to pray—is this the right way of doing one's duty in that state of life and in that period of the world's history in which you find yourself? Is it common sense? It is possible to discover much to like, to interest one, in such a character, but little enough to respect, my friend, little enough to respect. It is braver to stay and fight it out. I tell you I believe that many a half-educated parish priest or curate trudging out and about among his village folk has made of his life and his work something better than has the great Prince Cardinal with his in his lonely cell at Edgbaston.

"Yet because he is a bit of my youth I love the sound of his name. I never see the snupdragon on that garden wall but I think of him, never go back to the spires and domes of Oxford but I remember that pathetic regretful sentence you have read in the 'Apologia.' When he dies the papers will be full of his memoirs, written no doubt by followers whose feeling for him personally is very real and true, and by those who love him, as I do, because he belongs to their youth. And people like yourself to whom he is nothing but a name will want to know what he has done. What *has* he done, forsooth, that he should be made a saint of? There are his volumes behind you, and among them you'll find 'The Grammar of Assent.' Personally he has never been in the least convincing since I left Oxford. Most of us can preach you know; but it requires a stout heart to fight a good fight in the world, and practise, in the midst of sin and sorrow, what is preached. Once he seemed a lighthouse, our Eddystone. But to me he was only a will o' the wisp and I have left unheeded his flame this many a year."

Across the Rectory hedge stands the old church, grey and ghostly in the starlight. I could see from where I was sitting the great west window with its painted knots of true-love ribbon, put up in memory of that dear and only child drowned, says the inscription, the year of the Spanish Armada. On the gravel path beyond me there show out long shafts of coloured light from the oratory, beflowered for our daily evening service, a pious custom learnt in those High Church Oxford days. The piano had ceased. A quiet had fallen on the house. With the lamp the Rector went to his shelves, took down a book, opened it, and read: "What is the truth? Show it me. . . . I see it. . . . in that man, who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth impelled, to the Enemy, in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier—I see the truth in that man, as I do in his brother, whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes, and hands up to Heaven, his revolt and recantation."

"Thackeray is speaking of Newman," he says as he puts "Pendennis" back, "of Newman and his brother Francis, the Professor."

This morning as I come down to breakfast the *Times* is unfolded, and someone says "Newman is dead," and

then begins to read from the columns, five, six, in which his career is set forth. Many an old country parson, Oxford-bred, is looking over his breakfast table and listening, with just the same indescribable expression as my host wears to-day. "Dead! and you and I were only talking of him last night," he said, nodding at me. "Dead! Well, in all humility, I cry, Peace to his ashes."

WALTER POWELL.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Duc d'Aumale, who is touring in Holland, received a few days ago, when at the Hague, a sort of legal *défi*, on behalf of the Naundorff family, from their lawyer, to prove that they, the Dutch Bourbons, were not the legitimate heirs of Louis XVI., by his son Louis XVII. It was claimed for the latter that he had escaped from the Temple Prison—alive, understood—and taken refuge in Holland, under the name of Naundorff, where he set up as a clock-maker. Louis XVI. was an amateur locksmith himself.

In those days when nothing is but what is not, when even it is claimed for Joan of Arc that she was never burned, but escaped from the Inquisition and the English, married a gentleman farmer and reared up a prosaic family, it is not less extravagant to maintain that Louis XVII., the lad king, did not die in the Temple Prison from rickets, diarrhoea, and ultra-democratic treatment at the hands of the gaoler Simon and his wife. The Naundorff, who worked the legend when he arrived at the heavy father age, did resemble the vulgar and over-fed looking Louis XVI. But he was never able to produce any other "human documents" than these to support his pretensions to the throne of France. A large head and a flabby phiz, however, were not considered by a Paris jury as sufficient; they rejected his claims at best but platonic.

The Duc d'Aumale was never challenged in his life before; but he sent one to Prince Jérôme Napoleon, who declined the coffee-and-pistols-for-two ordeal, fearing, that if hit as the Duc de Montpensier hit Prince Henri de Bourbon, the Bonaparte dynasty would be cut off for want of male succession. The Salic law still reigns, both under Monarchy and Republic, since no woman can rule over France, though, in a collective capacity, the fair sex dispose of the destinies of the country. The Duc d'Aumale is respected, rather than popular. In case he obtains centennial honours, he might by then drift into a subdued popularity, the more so since he has withdrawn from politics and keeps his nephews—the Comte de Paris and his son the Duc d'Orléans—at pretenders' arm's length. It is no secret that the duke believes France will keep to the Republic and will, "with all its faults, love it still."

This explains why he has stopped all supplies to his nephews for restoration propagandism. Danton said, when going to the scaffold, that it were better to be a poor fisherman than to govern France. And Louis Philippe, when he landed in England as "Mr. Smith," after the 1848 revolution, declared he felt as happy then as if he were at Coire, in Switzerland. The latter incident is interesting. After the battle of Jemmapes where Louis Philippe fought bravely as Duc de Chartres, the plan of General Dumouriez was discovered, to play the *role* of a monk and place a monarch on the throne. To enable the General to escape arrest, the Duc de Chartres lent him his horse to fly. Not long after Louis Philippe had himself to decamp; he reached Switzerland; all his fortune then consisted of 200 francs and his valet. He gave the money to his sister, Adelaide, who had followed him, and later obtained her admission into the convent of Bremgarten. Next he and his valet concealed themselves in the Alps during four months to allow the Terrorists to consider him as dead. Both were disguised and had to live on thirty sous a day.

Leaving his hiding place, Louis tramped to the college of Grisons, at Coire, and under the assumed name of "Corby" applied for the advertised vacancy of "usher and grinder in mathematics." The director examined him as well as the other candidates, but Louis Philippe obtained the berth. He lived nearly one year in the college, where he taught Geometry, History, French, English and German. He gained the esteem of the head master, and was offered the private tuition of a student, whose father was a mortal enemy of the Orleanists. Offer declined, and the disguise maintained. On leaving, the principal of the college gave him a certificate, attesting his talent and exemplary conduct. That "document" is framed and hangs now in Chantilly. Louis Philippe was at the college from 1793 till the middle of 1794, when Robespierre was executed. Then he made himself known to his friends and lived in a very humble cottage, as Duc d'Orléans, in Switzerland; with his sister, Adelaide. He had a painting executed, and which is in the possession of Duc de Nemours, his eldest son, representing himself giving lessons as Professor Corby, at Coire college. In 1795 the Duc d'Orléans sailed from Hamburg for America; he was joined at Philadelphia by his two brothers, Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais; they all agreed never to separate again, and never did. They lived as exiles in England. In May, 1807, the Duc de Montpensier died in London of consumption, aged 31. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the epitaph sets forth the deceased was "received with great hospitality by the English nation, and now reposes in the Asylum for Kings." In 1817, when living as an exile in London, the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Schoolmasters' Society, invited Louis Philippe to the

annual dinner; the duke wrote that he was unable to attend, but asked to be enrolled a member, and stated that the "happiest days of his life were the months he passed as schoolmaster at Coire," and begged that his donation would be accepted by his *confrères*. Every year, even when king of the French, he sent his donation, and his health was ever drunk at the annual dinner.

The African treaty with England will soon be ancient history. The French are content to have made England pay for snubbing her in the affair of Zanzibar, and John has paid, in a kind of *monnaie de singe*, with the Sahara. The making of a railway across that desert to Lake Tchad will be left for execution to posterity. M. Le Myre de Vilers, who has a sound colonial head, insists on the whole colonial system of France being recast. Functionaries should be taught to regard their appointment to a colony as an embarking for a new country, whose wants, resources and language, they ought to study, instead of, as now, viewing themselves as simply birds of passage. There are functionaries, natives of the colony where they exercise office, who obtain sick furlough to come to France to repair their health, compromised by a residence in their native colony.

One-half of the colonial officials, it seems, are always on the road, either going to or returning from duty, so that the budget has to estimate a proportion of 2½ employés for one post. It is not surprising, then, that travelling expenses, under this head alone, annually amount to 12,000,000 francs. Following M. de Vilers, while the governor of a colony can involve France in a local war, so encased is he in red tapeism, swaddling clothes, that he has less administrative liberty than the mayor of the humblest village in France. So long as the colonies are not defended by a fleet they rest absolutely defenceless. Their defence depends on a supply of coal; how expect a supply of coal at Obock and New Caledonia when there is none even at Brest!

France, adds M. de Vilers, possesses only three stations, Saigon, Martinique, and Dakar, affording accommodation for coaling and repairing ships—the latter of a very inferior character. None of these stations are armed to suit the times; to make them effective, including New Caledonia and Diego-Suarez, in Madagascar, 19,000,000 francs have been voted to be expended over fifteen years.

The *Petit Moniteur* is indignant that the State expends millions yearly on rewards to farmers for breeding horses, but withholds pecuniary inducements to parents to produce large families. Herodotus states that the kings of Persia sent every year presents to those of their subjects who had most children. Queen Victoria and President Carnot only notice the mothers of triplets. Monsignor Labelle, the Bishop of Quebec, is quoted as the authority, that many French Canadians have 25 to 30 children. Here is clearly a time to act as Canning once did: Call in the new world to redress the old.

Z.

A MORAL OF THE CRISIS.

SOME of us imperial federationists have been for many years convinced that—besides a fuller national life and a widening of national thought, besides a reciprocity of rights and obligations, besides the status of a peer instead of a subordinate—Canada would gain, by federating with the Empire, the very material advantage of increased security. In other words we felt that to federate would be to issue a salutary notice to the nations of the earth that the states and provinces owning allegiance to the British crown had gone into partnership to defend, at their joint expense and by their joint power, the just rights of each partner from foreign aggression. It would be a general notice that all the federated members of the Empire would ungrudgingly give to each member in its need an aid which it was pledged to reciprocate in their need. It would be a special notice to our neighbours that Canada was no longer a subordinate province, but a state of the Empire, co-ordinate with England, Ireland or Scotland; one of the directing partners, contributing and voting; not a "dependency," a "mere colony," one of the *Possessions Anglaises*, as it is classed by the postal department of France. It would be a warning to certain blatant haters of Britain that in future, if needs be, their *octopus* would fight with all its tentacles as well as with its jaws.

In an article by the present writer entitled "Paying the Insurance," which appeared over a year ago in THE WEEK and was reproduced with THE WEEK's comments in "Imperial Federation," the following paragraph occurred: "And will Imperial Federation make our American neighbours more disposed to settle the questions in dispute between us? I should certainly fancy so, for it would give them an assurance, which they do not generally feel now, that Britain will fight for Canadian rights, and not Britain alone, but Britain plus Australia, plus New Zealand, plus South Africa, etc. Politicians will probably find it impossible to make political capital by bullying Canada and worrying Britain, when their constituents clearly see war staring them in the face. For this increased security from war it would be worth paying something. A marine insurance policy does not insure the merchant against all possible loss of his merchandise, yet the prudent shipper insures his goods year after year, nor does he think shipwrecks obsolete because he has never experienced one."

Does not the lately published diplomatic correspondence amply prove that Mr. Blaine calculated upon bluffing England, and that, if he has brought his country into the unpleasant predicament of having either to fight in an unjust cause or to back down, this was owing to his false confi-

dence that Britain would never imperil her vast commerce for an unrepresented and uncontributing province? More than once he betrays his surprise and indignation at England's risking his displeasure in defence of the rights and in deference to the arguments of a "dependency," a "mere colony." He frets at "the interposition of the wishes of the British province against the conclusion of a convention between two nations." He feels that "Lord Salisbury would have dealt more frankly," and saved him from sad embarrassment, and the countries from the risk of a fratricidal war, "if he had informed Minister Phelps that no arrangement could be made unless Canada concurred in it."

There is reason to hope that in the present dispute the good heart and sound sense of the American people may constrain their politicians to submit to arbitration or to abandon their preposterous claim. But would it not be wise to avert, if possible, a recurrence of the dangerous misapprehension that Canada can be bullied with impunity? Or is the false and mean argument to prevail that, as Britain in this instance acted effectively if slowly for us, without our paying anything towards her imperial establishments, we would, therefore, be foolish to assume such unnecessary (?) burdens for merely sentimental reasons (?) in the future?

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

WOODLAND ECHOES.

As birds on wing so sweetly sing,
While nestward, restward flocking,
In deepest shade of forest glade
I hear an echo mocking.

In shady nook, the woodland brook
To its own murmur listens;
Through leafy slits a sunbeam flits,
And on its surface glistens.

Where flowerets chance bright insects glance;
As echo hears their humming,
A slumber deep doth o'er her creep,
Her drowsy senses numbing.

But threatening breeze sweeps through the trees,
I hear the distant thunder;
The forest shakes, dull echo wakes,
The rocks seem rent asunder.

Then dying wail of summer gale,
The last keen flash of lightning,
And echo sighs as I arise,
For all the world is bright'ning.

Montreal.

ERIE.

A MODERN MYSTIC—IX.

THE Mystic, like mortals less sage, it seems, must rusticate. On the morning of the 26th ult.—eventful day—Mr. Duncan McIntyre, the great railway magnate, with a number of distinguished men, called on me: Professor Sillito, of the Tamworth Agricultural College, my friend Mr. Robillard, M.P., and Madame Robillard—all astonished, glad, "feeling good," as we Canadians say, at our magnificent crops. I had accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. McIntyre, whose brother is here one of our leading farmers, and whose vast field of oats pleased the critical eyes of Professor Sillito. I sat down to work when the boy came and said some gentlemen were in the office and wanted to see me. "Bring them here"; and who should come in? There was my guide, philosopher and friend, McKnom; there that other half of my soul, Helpsam; and, bringing up the rear, Glaucus, Rectus, Hale. Greetings over, Glaucus began to survey the little library not wholly incomplete, where the poor owner, let what tempests arial or political blow outside, can always find a safe retreat and live like the worm in the apple, in the midst of perpetual sweetness, to borrow a simile from Jeremy Taylor, who, however, uses it—ungallant divine!—to express the life of the bachelor. The theme was the crops! the crops! the crops! and the visitors were told the high opinion of that practical and capable man, Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of the fruitfulness of what he calls "the Regina Plain," stretching from Qu'Appelle to forty miles west of Moosejaw, and from the boundary to the Saskatchewan. Why did they not bring the ladies? The ladies were here; were away over the prairie gathering the wild flowers.

"By Jove!" said Helpsam, "what a song Burns or Wordsworth would have sung of some of those flowers. Your prairie rose is the sweetest and most delicate thing that ever met the eye or saluted smell. The prairie is a vast odorous sea of varied beauty. Those large daisies, with deep brown hearts and pink and yellow eye lashes, are the most beautiful things I ever saw. From Chaucer and the old poets down to Burns and Wordsworth, the muse of song has done full honours to the English daisy. Shall this prairie daisy be unsung?"

"Daisy!" I said, "We think that the prairie sunflower. It is certainly more beautiful than its tall overgrown tame rival. It would seem that all the wild fruits and flowers are smaller than the cultivated. We have wild strawberries, currants, raspberries—very small, but when cultivated they grow twice the size."

"I prefer," answered Helpsam, "to regard it as a daisy. Only an Oscar Wilde could go into enthusiasm about our

sunflowers—but looking on this beautiful prairie daisy, so rich in colouring, so graceful in form, memory can have, as Wordsworth said, a 'flight,' and from the chords of association rises up a chime of fancy."

"But is not the daisy a sunflower? Does she not spread her leaves—or, as Helpsam calls them, her eye-lashes—does she not open these when the sun rises and close them as Wither says, 'when Titan goes to bed?'"

"But how is it," said Glaucus, "I do not hear your frogs?—I thought they were very vocal—I read as much."

"Water is their Melpomene. *O mutis quoque piscibus donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum!* You should have heard them during the wet June weather—I must say that they are so far like swans that their sweetest song was the last."

Glaucus: "That's a fable."

McKnom: "Plato in his Phædon says the swan sings sweetly when about to die."

Glaucus: "Yes, and so does Aristotle, and Horace takes the notion from these, and Ovid says beautifully that the swan sings his own funeral dirge, and Moore is captivated with the idea. But Pliny had long ago declared it to be untrue."

"But," replied McKnom, "Ælianus says he heard the dying swan sing."

Glaucus: "McKnom, like Cicero, you would rather err with Plato than walk in paths of truth with others. You can never improve on Milton, seldom equal him, and no poet has spoken so finely of the swan, and he says nothing about singing:—

With arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, rows
Her state with oary feet.

There are two words there no other poet would have used, 'mantling' and 'oary,' and how much they add to the picture!"

Helpsam: "Is it not 'mantling proudly'?"

Glaucus: "No; but I am not surprised at your impression, for the idea of pride is conveyed as well as that of grace and style—style as of a handsome queenly woman, conscious of her beauty and how well her dress sets it off."

Hale: "I think Goethe leaves Milton behind. You remember in the second part of 'Faust,' where the hero finds himself transported by night to the margin of a siren-haunted lake in Greece. There is a moon. Do you all know German? No. Well, I will give you a translation. From out the moony shadows:—

Lo, a wonder! hither steering
Swans from creek and cove appearing,
Move majestically pure;
Soft consorting, stilly drifting,
Proud withal and head uplifting
In complacent state secure.

But exulting o'er his brothers,
One strong sailor through the others
Boldly breasting drives apace;
Puff'd his plummy bulk advances;
On the wave a wave he dances,
Hastening to the holy place.

It is not bad, but 'On the wave a wave he dances' does not equal *Welle selbst auf Wogen wellend*."

Glaucus: "I see you have a good edition of Rabelais' here. I think we want a Rabelais more than a Plato in Canada, if Mr. McKnom will permit me."

McKnom: "A Rabelais! and why, pray?"

Glaucus: "Because we need two things badly in Canada—criticism—genuine criticism and satire. There may be some criticism, but there is no satire; the political writings, when dealing with persons, oscillate between abuse and adulation, just as with Horace, Hannibal was a cunning scoundrel, and Augustus a god, though to do Horace justice he does indirectly give wise counsel to the master of the world. Or if one cannot resurrect Rabelais I shall be content with Swift. 'A Tale of a Tub,' or some other vessel is badly needed."

McKnom: "Rabelais—Rabelais—I honour Rabelais. He was a student of Plato. He saw the evils of his time, and satirized them. Who had a finer satirical touch than Plato, or the late Cardinal Newman? After you left (turning to the writer) we had a whole evening discussing Newman. We little thought his death was so near. Miss Gwendolen took notes of it and of other meetings. Satire was the only form in which, in his day, Rabelais could have uttered the truth that was in him. There is not a nobler piece of writing in French literature than his prologue, and in the opening paragraph he gives a fine sketch of Socrates, which might apply to himself—a casket with the head of a Silenus on the cover, but containing within the most precious things."

"I remember," said Helpsam, "Sainte Beuve in one of his delightful papers says that if we could visit the sixteenth century and speak with its great authors, some would go indifferently from one to another; some would go straight to Molière without even stopping to say a word to Bossuet."

Hale: "Why, both Molière and Bossuet belong to the seventeenth century."

Helpsam: "You are quite right. It was a stupid blunder. I think Sainte Beuve says, on our way back to the sixteenth century—of that century and in French literature, he rates Calvin, Rabelais, Amyot and Montaigne as the four great *prosateurs*. All the world, he says, would wish to go to see Montaigne, but if they were shut up to one author, a certain group, far from contemptible either in number or quality, while regretting to have to make a choice, would go straight to pay their devotions to Rabelais, in their love for whom there is more than admiration, there is the curiosity excited by the unknown and mysterious. We know almost beforehand how

Montaigne would look—but Rabelais! There has been much discussion on his life and real character. But of one thing we may be sure that those who would picture him from his books, a jovial buffoon, always junketing and half drunk, would find themselves very much disappointed. He was a true original, who concealed the boldness of his views beneath an extravagant form. Only the sixteenth century could have produced such a monstrous agglomeration of learning and grossness, a fine and noble moral perception side by side with a loathsome depravity; where he is bad, as La Bruyère says, he goes far beyond the worst; where he is good he rises to excellence and beyond. He has morsels the most delicate—on the next page, cats-meat; here we listen to notes from the empyrean—there it is the inspiration of the gutter and the dunghill; now he stoops ravenously over carrion—in a moment his sail-broad pinions are spread and soon he is lost in the distant clouds."

Rectus: "I read a great deal on and in Rabelais before I turned my back on the gardens of the Hesperides. But, Glaucus, in sober seriousness, do you suppose if Rabelais lived to-day that busy, rushing mankind would give the time to solve his riddles? Little paragraphs are what the men of the nineteenth century want, and humour such as is ground out at two and a-half dollars a column. Ghastly trade!"

Glaucus: "Rabelais would adapt himself to the time."

Helpsam: "Then he would not be Rabelais."

Glaucus: "Yes he would. His satire perhaps would be less obscure."

Hale: "Born to-day he would have little in common with the Rabelais we know. In the first place he would not have entered the church. He would have been a railway man, or a barrister, or it may be a journalist. His curiosity was great, and he had the passion for expression and communication of the literary character. It was not the custom among the Franciscans of Fontenay-le-Comte, where he passed through the various degrees to that of priest, to study Greek profoundly, but Rabelais, contrary to the spirit of his order, made himself master of ancient literature."

Helpsam: "The fact is Rabelais belonged to an enduring type. He was of the class who think for others—find a pleasure in living for others. To this class belongs the true literary man, the true politician, the true minister or priest. But scepticism of the current religion was forced on Rabelais, as it was on Luther and Erasmus, and hundreds of others, by abuses. Erasmus, like Rabelais, a priest, says in his 'De Contemptu Mundi,' that 'the convents of the time were places of impiety rather than religion, where everything was done to which a depraved inclination could lead, under the sanction and mask of piety; and where it was hardly possible for any one to keep himself pure and unspotted.' In the sixteenth century the word 'convent' was applied indifferently to religious houses, where men or women were housed, and Erasmus is clearly speaking of what we now call monasteries."

Glaucus: "Well, I maintain we want a satirist."

McKnom: "Have you not got Grip?"

Glaucus: "Grip is good, but he necessarily deals with the surface of things. We want a genuine satirist who would apply his humour to tear the mask from calculated hypocrisy and humbug, and open the eyes of the gulls; then we should have a laugh that would clear the air from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Rectus: "You have a fancy picture of Canada before your eye. Why do you not do this great work yourself?"

Glaucus: "I have not the genius, not the fun, not even the *seva indignatio*. But I—"

Here a tap came to the door, which opened; in rustled Madame Lalage and her two young friends, made more fresh and beautiful than ever by the prairie air. They were laden with flowers. Now conversation became a charming hubbub, through which the music of the women's voices was clear. "Flowers—never saw anything more beautiful." "Broncos! I'd love it." "Do they buck very badly?" "Mr. McKnom, not a word of that dreadful Plato during our holiday." "And a great crop!" "O yes!" "Appetite? I'm ashamed."

What was there and then arranged must be left for the future, if, indeed, it will ever be made known. I begin to perceive—but unlearned in such matters I may be at fault—I begin to perceive the glances of Gwendolen and Rectus meeting, and there is a wonderful difference in the manner of Helpsam to Irene, and even McKnom—but in his case if there be any love it is sure to be Platonic.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE extent of the passion for stamp-collecting is indicated by the presence of over a hundred members of the American Philatelic Association at its annual convention in session in New York last week. People who have never been taken with the stamp-collecting fad may be surprised to hear that there are several collections valued at \$30,000 to \$40,000 in this country, among them that owned by Mr. Van Derlip, of this city, and that a number of American stamps rule as high as \$500, and a few at \$1,000 each in the philatelic market. The largest and most valuable collection in the world is said to be that of Philippe Le Renotere de Ferrary, of Paris, worth from \$300,000 to \$400,000. For one stamp in his collection he is said to have refused \$10,000, showing that when the fever takes hold of a man he is apt to have it hard.—*Boston Herald*.

A DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE.*

THIS is not only a very valuable work, but it is, as far as we know, the best book of the kind in existence, and the most sensible. A dictionary of medicine might be a dangerous possession, and it needs to be compiled by men who are not only learned and experienced in medicine, but who have the practical knowledge of the capability of ordinary laymen. A book like this may be said to be a necessity in every country; because, in the most favourable circumstances, there may be some delay in procuring medical assistance. But, in a country like our own, where medical men are often many miles away, a good book of this sort is invaluable; and we can confidently recommend the one before us as of the highest excellence.

In the first place, the publisher has obtained an editor of the greatest eminence, whose supervision of the whole work is a guarantee of its being brought up to the latest researches of medical science and practice. The editor, too, is singularly happy in his colleagues, among whom are nearly all the most eminent of the rising physicians and surgeons in the English metropolis, besides some outside London. As they number more than forty names, it is impossible to enumerate them here, and a selection from them would be invidious; but we believe that those who are acquainted with the English medical world will justify our characterization of them.

All the more important subjects comprised under the head of Practical Medicine are here dealt with concisely, but, for the purpose of the book, adequately. And the editor tells us that, in the selection of the subjects and in the manner of their treatment, practical utility has been considered rather than completeness of detail, "in the belief that such a work will probably be more often referred to with some immediate object in view than used for systematic reading."

The editor has very properly excluded all subjects belonging to surgery, with the exception of one class of subjects on which it was necessary to give practical directions. Generally speaking, any attempt at surgical operations by untaught and inexperienced persons would be distinctly dangerous; and all that a book of this kind should attempt is the guidance of persons, in cases of necessity, until a surgeon can be procured. This course has been wisely followed.

The editor has hit the mean between a mere dictionary with the briefest notices of the subjects and a formal treatise, by bringing the lesser subjects under the greater; and any inconvenience in the way of reference that might arise from this method has been obviated by a very full General Index of all the subdivisions of the articles, and all the subordinate subjects, placed at the beginning of the volume.

The present treatise has one advantage over most of its predecessors in its giving not merely the symptoms and the origins of the various diseases treated of, but also "the exact doses and combinations of the various drugs recommended," which will certainly add greatly to the value of the book, and to its usefulness to the practitioner. The editor mentions this particular use of his work; and we have no doubt that it will prove a boon to many a young practitioner whose time for study is limited; but we believe it will also prove of the greatest value in the family.

THE RAMBLER.

POOR Boyle O'Reilly! One was too busy at the time of his sudden taking off to remember even a single line of those fervid poems which were so widely read in the year 1881. There was a promise in that volume, feverish, glowing and all uncertain, but still a promise. But like many similar Milesian volumes it came to little. With ballad-making, lyrical and dramatic instincts in plenty, the poet either had not the leisure nor the sustaining power to hold with his verse the public of these teeming latter days. Every Irishman, it is to be supposed, is a politician first. Milesian literary failures are very common. The beacon of political fame allures those restless, surging, choleric, active temperaments and in the struggle the delicate poet's wings get maimed, bruised—perhaps burnt.

To fill the sand-grain place among the stones
That build the social wall in million sameness,
Is life by leave and death by insignificance.

This very Matthew Arnoldian sentiment is O'Reilly's own. Something of that monotony of existence (was he not in later life a hard-working, trained journalist?) sapped, I imagine, that richness of fancy and exuberance of diction which mark the poetic Irishman. The wild hysterics of the Celt were perhaps there, too, but fairly well leashed. "From the Earth a Cry" is a fine poem but utterly lacking in the virile directness of Mrs. Browning's "De Profundis," for example. Take, in memoriam of a noble if perverted spirit, these few lines called "Wheat Grains."

I.

Benevolence befits the wisest mind;
But he who has not studied to be kind,
Who grants for asking, gives without a rule,
Hurts whom he helps, and proves himself a fool.

II.

The wise man is sincere, but he who tries
To be sincere, hap-hazard, is not wise.

*A Dictionary of Practical Medicine: Edited by James Kingston Fowler, M.A., M.D. Price 21 shillings. London: J. A. Churchill. 1890.

The dearth of Shakespearian performances in our midst has already been noted by several leading journals. It is a most certain calamity. If the Drama is any use at all, either as a mode of depicting human nature and history for the young, or as a pleasure and recreation for the old, surely the plays of William Shakespeare have the foremost claim to performance in an English-speaking country. The truth of the matter seems to be, that among actors themselves there is less and less love of the Drama for its own sake, and more, very much more love of the individual. The rush to the stage has been so great of recent years that emulation and competition at the present moment are unprecedented. This state of commotion in the profession does not conduce to easiness; it breeds disunion and discord, strife and contentions, and in the race for reputation only one thing is thought of and provided for, nameily, novelty. Poor souls—if they only knew how much of what they call new is the very oldest of matter—furbished and garnished at great expense and set forth for our enjoyment under many, but not very seductive, guises. I think it a genuine pity, for example, when children of fine minds and lively imagination are not taken before the ages of thirteen or fourteen to see such plays as "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." The unimpeachable morality of Shakespeare, the historic picturesqueness, the altitude of thought and the grace and skill and eloquence of good acting are all lost to many of our boys and girls, condemned only to read Shakespeare, and perhaps not to see him till they have entered upon a critical and unimpassioned age. For bear in mind that the so-called modern comedy is a dangerous mental food for youth. The plot nearly always turns upon marital infidelity, more or less explained away and condoned. The young as well as the old are called upon to admire the *Risqué*. I drew attention some two seasons ago to the curious fact that whereas dozens of people stayed away from M. Coquelin's performances on the ground that they were chiefly the production of French comedies, the same people flocked and will flock again to see "La Tosca" and "Camille." This anomaly is of course due to ignorance, but, then, there has always been so much ignorance! I say that modern society plays are amusing, very, but unhealthy, most decidedly. Send an intelligent lad of twelve to see "Othello," and he will come back horrified at the amazing vileness of "Iago." All women are henceforth as Desdemona to him; virtuous, wronged, patient and despairing. Take him to "Peril" or "Nancy and Co," repeating the process as often on Saturday afternoons as you can, and you must not be shocked to find his morals considerably weakened and his mental vision completely blurred and deadened. Of course, we need not all, for we cannot all, be like Sir Roger de Coverley, who, at one time of his delightful life, had not seen a play for twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was 'The Committee,' which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church-of-England comedy." Now, a "good Church-of-England comedy" does not sound attractive to us, partly because we have seen the "Private Secretary," and are tired of it, and partly because, I fear, the fun may have been the least bit slow. Still, we can admire the good old Knight's principles, and resolve not to expose our young people at least to the faults of a play-going but not play-analyzing age. We who, it may be, are

Never the worse for a touch or two
On our speckled hide,

can be suffered to sit out the hysterical improbabilities of the modern society play. Some of us by our calling are compelled to. But the children, O, the children, that

The first flock fall on their wonder of white must unswan, undo.

If we cannot give them Shakespeare and good healthy pantomime and a little harmless melodrama now and then to stir the young blood and waken the latent chivalry,—my advice is, Give them no Drama at all.

The melodrama was and is, always superlatively virtuous. The Modern Society play is subtly bad. This vicious tendency may have come to us through the French, yet the Germans are to-day the purveyors of comedies, and we usually attribute very honest virtues to the Germans.

The quarrel between Gilbert and Sullivan still goes on, and now it is all about—money. Gilbert's pugnacity and obstinacy are decidedly shameful. One would think that a decade since, in the first days of collaboration, the authors would have had plenty of opportunities for skirmishing, all of which, however, would have come right by this time. To end worse than we began is always a little pitiful. And Mr. Gilbert's wit is so gentle, so generous, so refined, his sarcasm so honeyed, and his heart (in serious work like "Charity" and other plays) so large, that one is terribly disappointed at him. Samuel Johnson once said: "What would so soon destroy all the order of society and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompense for imagined injuries."

SOME passions cannot be regulated, but must be entirely cut off.—*Seneca*.

NATURE is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.—*Bacon*.

THEY understand but little who understand only what can be explained.—*Marie Ebner Eschenbach*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTI-SEMITIC TENDENCY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Editorials on what is termed the "Anti-Semitic Question" have recently appeared in many of our contemporaries, and as far as we have observed the balance of opinion has been against the Jewish race; that people as a whole are set down as labouring under an increasing dislike in all parts of the earth; reference is made to the scene on Calvary; they are usurers of the most exacting and unfeeling disposition; they cultivate habits of trade decidedly unpopular with other classes; they relentlessly insist upon the pound of flesh, and that all these and other charges inharmonious with public opinion render them aliens and enemies at all times, and so on, and so on.

We have a word to say on these very serious counts of indictment, and although they have found acceptance and punishment therefor has been relentless for the last two thousand years or so by the self appointed administrators of divine vengeance, let us see how these other races that now claim a state of high civilization and privilege and who existed as hordes of mere barbarians hundreds of years after the brilliant periods of Jewish history, let us see how they, even now, compare with the race they delight to denounce.

Had not the Semitic race been the most capable and of the highest type of intellectual organization of all the human family that race would never have been the recipients of the oracles of God. To no other people, canonically speaking, has the divine intercourse been vouchsafed; hence, ecclesiastically, must all other races take an inferior position.

If that deplorable and horrible scene on Calvary cannot be justified by any standard of equity, have the nominal followers of the Christian system been guiltless of equal intolerance? Have not whole kingdoms and countries been desolated by one sect of believers at variance with another sect for the mere reason that they would not adopt their particular views of Christianity? and is not the contention as virulent even down to the present day? If not carried on to the extreme of physical cruelty, such as was common a few decades ago, yet the violent animosity that pervades the literature of the different sects towards each other confirms the charge that the same amount of intolerance still lives, human nature being the same in all ages.

We deny that the Jew is held in increasing dislike in all parts of the earth; to take the cruel and despotic policy of the autocrat of all the Russias as being an argument in point is unreasonable. In respect to the residence of Jews in that slavish country the fact is that they present there a state of civilization in perfect contrast to the swinish, arrack-drinking, gluttonous, mixed race of northern barbarians, who willingly dispose of all their substance to this better class of people for the means of indulging their vices, and then seek to exterminate the race in question by way of payment.

The charge of usury was patented for succeeding ages in the "Merchant of Venice," and is very effective in a drama, and forms quite an authority on this question of racial greediness; and also in the realm of romance. Your London money-lender is the shrewd and wary Jew who advances large sums on exorbitant terms to the profligate scions of the aristocracy and wealthy class wherewith to dissipate, but if the truth were admitted there is an unfailing supply of sharpers in the money-lending fraternity, not of that race, who out-Herod Herod; and even in "this Canada of ours" examples of extortion the most extreme and cruel suggest themselves to all connected with business, perpetrated not by Jews. However, under any circumstances, these loans for the most part are not forced on the borrower either by Jew or Gentile, and if the methods of trade are so objectionable as practised by the race, why are business transactions carried on with them unless the advantage is supposed to be mutual?

And what of their cosmopolitan influence? Does not war or peace rest on the fiat of their financiers? Have not the English generously ennobled many members of this race? And well are they warranted in their liberality, as the enlightened and wise policy of the late Lord Beaconsfield added more lustre and advantage to British supremacy than the present generation of "grand old men" can appreciate.

Napoleon the great, a consummate judge of men, found in this race his best generals, Marshals Massina, Soult, Davoust and others being Jews. In the highest class of musicians and the grandest masters in the science and composition of music are the Jews, and it is necessary only to name Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn to illustrate the fact. Then, again, who so easily take a double first at Oxford and Cambridge?

We contend then that much of the bitterness that has ever been shown and existed in regard to the Semitic race greatly springs from the common hatred and jealousy that has ruled in all ages of the world in the minds of the bad against the better, in every race and country, and is still prominent in the ignorant, brutal and meretricious, against the superior and refined, from the time of Sodom and Gomorrah to Daniel, and from him to the present period of the world's history.

KLEIC.

Bancroft, Ont.

It is unsafe to measure one man by another man; measure all men by immutable standards.

A MEMORY.

HER eyes so blue and gentle
Look out with tender light;
Her throat among the laces
Is exquisitely white;
Her hair is caught upon her head
In little curling tresses;
Her lips illumined with a smile
That she alone possesses.
The sunlight stealing through the leaves
Drops gold upon her hair,
The sprig of balsam on her breast
Exhales a perfume rare;
And at her side upon the grass
Am I who love her so,
Awaiting till she speaks the word
That bids me stay or go.

Said I at any time her eyes were blue,
And looked from out their depth with tender light,
Or put in words the rapture of her smile;
Or said her throat was exquisitely white?
I may have said it, but it seems so long
Since that last time I looked upon her face,
That in my life she lingers like some dream
A sleeper has of heaven's holy place,
That falls from out the night upon his soul,
And fills him with the glory of its light;
Then leaves him, till he starts upon his couch,
And wakes to find that all it leaves is night.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

RUSSIAN PRISONS.

FROM a lengthy and intensely interesting paper upon "Russian Prisons: The Simple Truth," by E. B. Lanin, in a late *Fortnightly Review*, we have extracted the following:—

I would venture to point out that the almost exclusive attention paid in the question of prison treatment to the hard lot of political prisoners, whom in Russia it is often difficult to distinguish from ordinary criminals, has the effect of narrowing the issue to an extreme degree, and making us entirely lose sight of the extent and the root of the evil. Moreover, some allowance should surely be made for that peculiar irritation which the government of an autocracy must necessarily feel towards political conspirators who threaten its very existence, and who, before embarking in such unpromising ventures, may be taken to have carefully counted the cost. No state, ancient or modern, republic, monarchy, or theocracy, has ever shown much consideration for its political prisoners, and from the days of Darius Hystaspes, who tells us in his off-hand way how he mutilated and chopped up the malcontents who disturbed his peace of mind, down to the present year which has witnessed the death by flogging of Madam Sihida, there is little to choose in the way of clemency. For this reason I have thought it advisable, not only not to restrict my remarks to the treatment experienced by political prisoners, as has been done by most of the writers on Russian prison life, but to treat the latter merely as a part, and a not very considerable one, of the vast army of criminal and innocent people of all ages and both sexes who are always brutalised and often tortured to death in the prisons of Russia.

A short summary of some of the official data published by the Russian Government in 1885 will enable us to form a more correct idea of the life that throbs within these terrestrial hells than any rhetorical description. During the year ending in 1885, in addition to the 94,488 convicts who remained since the previous year, no less than 727,506 prisoners arrived in the various places of detention in the empire. Of these 116,998 were deported convicts; 324,807 were criminals on their way to their respective destinations; 11,631 were prisoners of other categories, and "administratives," and 52,904 were of their own free will accompanying the convicts. That same year 722,021 were taken off the list, of whom 103,453 were exiles deported; 319,375 were being forwarded to various destinations; 10,939 were "administratives," and 50,054 were, of their own free will, accompanying their relatives, who were convicts. Consequently during that year there passed through the *étapes* and the various forwarding prisons of Siberia 506,340 prisoners.

When we reflect that a large proportion of this army of half a million criminal nomads—about 300,000—are every year being sent backwards and forwards, we can form some idea of the difficulty of the problem which a humane Russian government will sooner or later be called on to solve. To regulate the conduct of legions of desperadoes who are here to-day and gone to-morrow is a task for the execution of which something more than good intentions combined with brute force is indispensable. There is not a prison in Siberia that does not contain from twice to four times the maximum number of prisoners for which it was constructed. The effects of this overcrowding are far more horrible than anything that can be realised by readers who have never seen prisons on the associated system moderately filled. It is the cause of inconceivable human misery; the rooms are transformed into loathsome cesspools, hotbeds of every species of disease, physical and moral; the stench of the noisome air is intolerable; the clammy, clinging vapours which poison the body seem to

eat into and dissolve the very soul; and to all these miseries is superadded a torture akin to that the mere anticipation of which seemed to Shelley's Beatrice a more terrible hell than any that priests or prophets ever conjured up to terrify guilty consciences with; the hated presence of human fiends, who are killing the souls as well as the bodies of the majority of the prisoners.

Internal prison control on the part of the authorities is a fiction; inspectors and inspected strike upon an agreement in virtue of which the forwarding prison becomes, for the winter, a semi-independent oligarchy governed—or mis-governed—by a few desperate villains amongst the worst class of the so-called tramps. These few ringleaders, resolved to live as comfortably as they can till marching time begins again, take the reins of government in their hands, organize and put in motion all the complicated machinery that takes every prisoner in hand and shapes his life and slightest actions, and turning the prison into a hell, enjoy the rights and privileges of devils.

Their first step is to get storehouses in which all their contraband property is hidden whenever a sudden search is made, and the remarkable success which they usually attain in disguising these secret strongholds is due to an amount of energy and inventive power which one seldom sees employed by free men engaged in the ordinary callings of life. A "good" prisoner is able, in a perfectly empty room, which has just been repaired, swept out, and put to rights, to stow away spirits, tobacco, tools, and even arms, and to hide them so effectually that their discovery can only occur as the result of treachery or of pure chance. Whole window-sills are taken to pieces, stone walls (when they exist) are scooped out to an incredible depth, planks in the floor are deftly removed, the posts that support the plank beds are drilled and made hollow—and all this is done so thoroughly, so artistically, as almost to defy detection.

The next care of the members of the prison oligarchy is to establish regular communication with the outer world, mainly in order to smuggle in spirits, cards, tobacco, tools, and "materials." In this matter the warders and the sentries who guard the prison from the outside render them inestimable services. Wares that are not very bulky are brought directly into the prison, in spite of the circumstance that persons coming in are always searched; large objects are thrown over the wall at a place agreed upon beforehand, spirits being poured into tin vessels, which are rolled up in straw or rags and flung over. *Maidans*, or prison clubs, are founded for the sale of greasy cards, wet tobacco, and poisonous spirits; a "common" fund is formed—always for the sole benefit of the oligarchs—from the monthly subscriptions, something in the nature of the "garnish" levied in old English prisons before Howard's time, which every prisoner who receives food-money is compelled *volens volens* to pay, and from the exorbitant tributes extorted by barbarous methods from the unfortunate wretches who pass through the forwarding prison on their way elsewhere. One, and not by any means the worst, of these inhuman practices consists in compelling all new comers, even though they pass but one night in the prison, to pay *three roubles* (about seven shillings) for the use of the *parasha*, or night vessel. The oligarchs select a complete staff of officials to carry on the work of "governing": "elders," "bakers," "cooks," "guardians of the *parasha*," etc., etc. Immorality is practised on a scale unsuspected in the very worst of over-civilised European countries, and contemplated only in the penal code of the Old Testament. Were it otherwise one might feel shocked enough to learn that not only do the prisoners succeed by means of bribery, cunning, or violence in gaining access to the female half of the *ostrog*, but they also organize, wherever possible, a Persian harem. Not only are these things connived at by the authorities, but the prison officials frequently outbid the convicts in unnameable immorality.

Lastly, a prisoner's committee of safety is formed—an institution which, in some respects, reminds one of the redoubtable "Vehmgericht" of the Middle Ages, terrible by the absolute, uncontrolled power it wields, by the Venetian suspiciousness with which it regards most men, and by the inexorable cruelty with which its decrees are executed. The life of every prisoner is in its hands. For acts which convicts call "light crimes," and free men term indifferent, seeing that they are devoid of moral guilt or merit, they are beaten with knotted handkerchiefs; for treachery or even neglect in executing commissions the penalty is death, and the sentence is immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and as sure to be carried out as a decree of fate.

The *Maidan*, or club—and some prisons are provided with several—has a canteen attached in which tea and sugar, cards, spirits and tobacco are sold at exorbitant prices. All the news is reported and commented upon in the *Maidan*, all questions of interest to the prisoners are discussed and solved there, and always in accordance with the wishes of the omnipotent oligarchs. The prisoners have numerous amusements in which they indulge by order of these ringleaders, and more barbarous, filthy, hellish pastimes it would be difficult to imagine. They cannot even be darkly hinted in a Russian review read only by specialists, and which publishes things which cannot be alluded to in this country. Among the few prison games that are not of this kind may be mentioned the "Belfry," which consists in the prisoners getting upon each other's backs in two rows, and every four such hauling up a fifth by the beard or by the hair of the head, and swinging him about like the tongue of a bell, crying out the while, "Bom! bom!" Another popular pastime is "Horse selling:" a

convict is hoisted upon another's back and carried round the room, being mercilessly beaten with knotted handkerchiefs all the time. He often suffers quite as much from this amusement as from a sound flogging by the executioner. "The Prisoner's Oath" is a pastime which in cynical blasphemy outdoes all the others: it cannot be described. "The Sewing of the Caftan," by its obscenity and the exquisite torture it inflicts on the victim, has nothing else to match it."

It is not necessary to have incurred the serious displeasure of the oligarchs to be subjected to these kinds of punishments. For "serious" offences death is the penalty, and the executioners do their bloody work with perfect impunity. In the prison of Tsh . . . ski I saw a young man for whom they had "sewn the caftan" the day before, and I shall never, as long as I live, be able to blot out from my memory the image of that martyr's face! He shortly afterwards died of the results. "As as a matter of course, the investigation that ensued brought nothing to light."

If, in the course of this or any other investigation a prisoner should say too much, if his reticence or his admissions compromise his fellows, if, generally speaking, he is of a talkative disposition, or a boaster, he is set down as a "heathen," and is mercilessly persecuted, beaten, tortured. If he informs on his colleagues, death is his portion, and the authorities are powerless to save him.

No matter how well a spy is screened and protected in secret cells, his fate will overtake him sooner or later. The greater the injury he inflicted on the convict corporation, the crueller their vengeance. I was acquainted with a convict condemned to deportation to Eastern Siberia, who, for the sake of lucre, had informed on three of his companions. Thanks to the efficient measures taken to screen him, he got as far as Moscow and in the Kolymskny courtyard was interned in a secret cell. That very night the lock was picked by some person or persons unknown and the spy beaten within an ace of his life. After several months of careful medical treatment he recovered and was forwarded on. In Kazan, in the forwarding prison he was tortured and would have been killed outright had he not been torn out of the prisoners' hands in time. Put in hospital under the doctor's care, he was poisoned and his life was with difficulty saved. He then feigned madness, and was placed in the Central Hospital for the Insane where, thanks to his extraordinary ingenuity, he succeeded in remaining for about a year. Sent on along with the first spring gang of convicts, he reached the forwarding prison of Tiumen, where he was crushed to death "by persons unknown." This is by no means an exceptional instance and the most horrible feature of such executions is that they sometimes take place on mere suspicion.

One has no difficulty in understanding the reluctance of prisoners, under such circumstances, to complain of the pain and misery inflicted upon them by their brutal colleagues, who really rule them. They are as little disposed to complain of the abuses for which the authorities are directly responsible, some few of which it may be well to point out.

A Russian gentleman named Ptitsin was sent some time ago in a purely official capacity to Siberia, where he acquitted himself in a most conscientious manner of the difficult mission with which he was entrusted, carefully examining the prisons, many of which Mr. Kennan never saw. He drew up a lengthy report, which was duly pigeon-holed, as such reports usually are, part of which he recently published with the permission of the authorities, accorded with a very bad grace. This unimpeachable document is a complete confirmation of the report inserted in the *Law Messenger*. Notwithstanding the statistical brevity and lack of consecutiveness which characterize the style of both these documents, a few extracts from them are better calculated, I believe, to convey to Englishmen a correct idea of what prison life in Russia really is than the most vivid description given by the most impartial of their countrymen.

The Sookhovsk forwarding prison, M. Ptitsin informs us, consists of two cells, "almost pitch dark," made to accommodate ten men. The majority of the prisoners live on alms alone. The same story is told by the author of the report on the prison system which appeared in the *Law Messenger*. To begin with, we there read:—

"The prisoners have no clothes to put on them. I examined their linen, clothes, and boots in scores of provincial prisons, and I was always struck by impracticability in the conception and dishonesty in the manufacture of these articles of necessity. The underclothing was always old, torn, and with very faint traces of having been washed. The cut of it was invariably absurd: the drawers, for example, are sewn out of two pieces of cloth into a perfect triangle, so that unless you rip it up, it is impossible to get inside of it or put it on; the legs below the knees are uncovered; the shirts, not meeting at the collar even on the slenderest neck, leaves the entire chest and the arms below the shoulders unprotected. The boots are mere slippers as shallow as goloshes. The clothing for the most part consists of one tunic, a parody on the Biblical tunic, which buttons nowhere, and in which no man can work.

The Kirensk prison (974 versts from Irkutsk) is a wooden building surrounded by a palisade. It is so cold and dilapidated that were it not propped up with wooden supports it would tumble down immediately. A convict stuck his finger into the wooden wall, into which it entered as into butter or soft snow, so rotten was it. The ceiling fell down in 1883 and buried a prisoner, who was fortunately dug out alive. The inspector complains that since 1882 the convicts receive no prison garb, no socks,

no warm goloshes, no clothes of any description, so that they can neither work nor walk. The prisoners complained of the overcrowding of the rooms, so that they frequently have to sleep not only on the ground but under the plank beds: thus in room No. 1 six convicts slept under the plank beds; in No. 2 five; in No. 3 nine; in Nos. 4 and 6 eleven. There is no hospital; the sick are located in the civil hospital, which is described in the Governmental report as surpassing in filthiness anything that was ever seen or heard of even in Siberia. The floor of the corridor through which the patients have to pass to the water-closet is covered with a thick coating of ice, which is soaked through and through with the foul liquids that flow from the water-closet, which is never cleaned. The sick and dying lie generally on the floor, which is so thickly strewn with them that there is no passage through the room. There they lie crying and wailing, and complaining of their specific suffering and of the cold—for they are almost naked and have not wherewith to cover themselves. The visitor standing in the room with his furs on and his head covered found the cold barely tolerable. One room was occupied by male and female syphilitic patients thrown together indiscriminately, and under a table in a corner of the room two small children, about two or three years old, were crawling about like little puppies. There was no room for them elsewhere. The convicts who come here have to remain in this corridor, as there is no accommodation for them in the rooms.

Prisoners and their gaolers become reconciled to all imaginable privations and extortions, so that they be allowed to do just what they please. . . . The "forbidden fruit" of the prison (the *volka* with its foul-smelling fusel oil) is transformed by their imagination into a heavenly nectar, and it must be admitted that Russian prison life is in the last degree desolate and weird for people with sober brains. At first the money given for food (whenever money is given) is spent in the purchase of spirits, afterwards the prisoners' clothing is disposed of, and then both guards and convicts go begging for alms. . . . Thus the day is spent and night draws nigh, and the *étape* prison is metamorphosed into a terrible hell upon earth. The poisonous fumes turn every one's head. Neither age nor sex is recognized or respected in the wild gluttony of brutal instincts. Every attempt at resistance is speedily overcome by dint of blows of the fist and strokes given with the butt end of rifles. If, during the scuffle, a convict runs away, on the morrow a general hunt is organized, and the wretch when caught is beaten to death. It also comes to pass, as in Orenburg in the spring of 1881, that when those who run away are not overtaken, one or more of those who remained behind are deliberately killed, and a report drawn up setting forth that "three ran away, shots were fired at them, and one of the three was killed, while the other two escaped."—*E. B. Lavin, in The Fortnightly Review.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MRS. COSIMA WAGNER, relict of the great Richard, intends soon to visit friends in London. The length of her visit is not indicated.

MRS. CECILIA SERLE has died at Genoa in her seventy-eighth year. She was a daughter of Vincent Novello, and once sang on the stage.

Mlle. DEVERE is in Europe, but will return to New York in time to sing at the Worcester Festival in September, and at the first Philharmonic concert in that city.

THE *London Stage* publishes an item stating that Lilian Russell is to sing in the Lyric Theatre in that city; but she is also announced to return to the Casino in New York.

MADAME STRAKOSCH, the widow of Maurice, lives in London, and still retains her rich contralto voice. Years ago, as Amalia Patti, she was one of the pets of the New York public.

MR. GEORGE LYDING has been engaged for next season as leading tenor for Rice's "World's Fair" Company, now rehearsing in New York, and to open early in September in Philadelphia.

MADAME ANNA DE LA GRANGE, in her recent career as a vocal teacher at Paris, has had many American pupils. She always recurs with gratification to her long series of lyric triumphs in this country.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN has completed a new opera entitled "The Unfortunate," which will be produced at St. Petersburg. The subject is based upon the love adventures of a Russian prince of the twelfth century.

THE first week's engagement of Miss Emma Juch proved the most successful ever known in the history of Denver. The gross receipts, which far exceeded that of the Patti Company, amounted to nearly \$30,000.

MR. ABBEY has completed arrangements for the engagement of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for a tour through the United States under his management. "Cleopatra," by Emile Morceau and Victorien Sardou, will be her main card.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH has gone to Switzerland to spend her vacation in the Alps. She has received offers to sing in the United States, Russia, Spain or Italy, just as she may decide, but will come to no conclusion on the subject at the present time.

MR. EDWARD SOTHERN met with an accident at New Rochelle lately while in bathing, which will prevent his

attendance for a week or so at the rehearsals of the new play "The Maister of Wood-Barrow." He is staying at Bronson Howard's cottage.

THE asp used by Mrs. Potter in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" is said to have died from lack of nourishment. Fanny Davenport states that her asp will be trained by Sardou himself, who recommends that it be applied to the arm.—*Dramatic Mirror.*

GLUCK once said of his "Armida," with an indomitable sense of power and a daring sense of satisfaction: "I have composed this piece in a manner which will prevent its getting old." He said to Marie Antoinette: "Madame, the opera is finished, and indeed it is superb!"

THE farewell performances of Madame Materna, the famous Wagnerian soprano, will take place next winter at Vienna. She will then gracefully sink into the inevitable fate of all great *passée* artists—become a vocal instructor. Patti and Cary seem to be the only two exceptions.

THE following somewhat remarkable statement is vouched for by *Harper's Bazar*: "Although Mr. Edwin Booth has so identified himself in the popular mind with the part of 'Hamlet' that all other 'Hamlets' stand or fall by comparison with his personation, and although he has himself played it some thousands of times he has never yet seen the play as a spectator."

MAX HAMBURG is the name of a ten-year-old boy pianist who lately appeared in London, and played Beethoven sonatas with much delicacy and refinement. Paderewski admires him, but a London critic thinks that he is one of "those abhorred prodigies who have little claim to be judged by any high canons of art." Probably the writer of this remark was a stupid youth himself, who, remembering the fact, cannot forgive brilliant precocity in others.

RUBINSTEIN, who is sojourning at Badenweiler in the Black Forest, is engaged in composing new and interesting works. A collection of piano pieces has just been finished by him, consisting of five characteristic compositions intended for a young lady pupil who is to perform them the first time at her *debut*. Her name is Sophie Posnanska, and the collection is called "Second Akrostic for piano, op. 114." Bartholf Senff, Leipzig, will publish the collection.

GERMAN military music is henceforth, we hear, to be printed with the variations in *tempo* and signs of expression not as hitherto, in Italian, but in the language of the Fatherland, the war minister having pronounced that the use of Italian is unpatriotic. Surely the object of adhering to one set of expressions should be that all may understand them, for if during military operations musical directions are never to be given in an enemy's language, compositions must be published for the occasion whenever a war breaks out.

THERE is a rumour afloat that Tamagno will soon leave the stage, but there seems no reason for his doing so while his voice is yet fresh and vigorous; and as he is very fond of making money it is not probable he will throw away the ample opportunities to this end which his voice and popularity offer him. Tamagno, by the way, is a very strong man physically—strong enough to be a wonder in a museum as a lifter of heavy weights. The strength of his hands and wrists are said to be something absolutely phenomenal.

ONCE upon a time the celebrated contralto, Trebelli, (it was at Riga in 1861) sang a tenor part. The regular tenor was ill, and she, in order that the performance might not be abandoned, undertook a portion of the music of "Almaviva" in "Il Barbiere." Madame Trebelli had been cast for "Rosina," but another artist was able to sing this part, and, in order that Madame Trebelli should be heard in the lesson scene, Rosina turned round to "Almaviva," saying, "And you, Don Alonzo, will you not sing also? I should like to hear my new master," whereupon "Don Alonzo" sang an extra solo.

THE great Alboni—the contralto of the world—is still living in Paris, well-to-do, comfortable and happy. When she sang in opera in England, "so many years ago," Signor Sangiovanni was the tenor, and he is the same Sangiovanni who is now the celebrated vocal teacher at Milan. He had a light, flexible voice, and was at home in florid music. Rossini's "Cenerentola" has not been sung entire in England since the days of Alboni at the old, old Broadway Theatre, near Leonard Street, nor has there been since that period her equal as a contralto.

AT a recent "annual service" concert by the Royal Society of Musicians in Westminster Abbey, the programme included choruses from "Saul," and selections from "Belshazzar," "Theodora," "Samson," "Jephtha," and "Judah." The artists were Nordica, Patey, Kearton, Lloyd, and Hilton, who, as if inspired by the solemn beauty of their surroundings, sang admirably. Madame Nordica's best performance was that of "Let the Bright Seraphim," the trumpet obligato, to which was finely played by Mr. Solomon; but the finest thing of the evening was, beyond question, the superb rendering by Mr. Lloyd of "Sound an Alarm." The choruses were given throughout with wonderful precision and effect, Dr. Bridge conducting.

IN a Sicilian town lived a poverty-stricken music teacher, Pietro Mascagni by name. Some manager offered a money prize for an opera, and Mascagni sent in a manuscript of a half-forgotten operetta. It

was a hit. "From Italy," writes a London critic, "we hear of nothing but the success of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and the honours paid to its composer, Pietro Mascagni. One might almost imagine that Italy was still in the days of Paesello and Cimarosa, for not one of Rossini's early operas gained for its composer any such triumph as this lucky little one-act opera." A new work from the new celebrity is now anxiously awaited. Nothing succeeds like success.

In her later days Jenny Lind never went to theatres, balls, or operas. She went to hear Patti sing once, but she left the hall before the performance was over, saying that Patti could act but she couldn't sing. She was rather sensitive on the subject of her rivals. She attended once a garden party given by Lady Burdett-Coutts. In the course of conversation a gentleman speaking of Christine Nilsson, called her the "Swedish Nightingale." Instantly there sprang up from a seat close by an aged, thin woman, who pointed her finger at the speaker, and exclaimed in a voice quivering with rage: "You are wrong, sir, you are grossly wrong; I am the 'Swedish Nightingale.' I am Jenny Lind!"

It is again stated that Pauline Lucca is about to retire from the stage after a series of farewells in Frankfort and Munich. Lucca is, however, not yet by any means a veteran. She is supposed to have been born in April, 1841, and she certainly was a very youthful chorister in the Karlskirche in 1856. She afterward took an humble part in the chorus at the Vienna Opera before her debut in "Ernani" in 1859, and in London in 1863. Like Mrs. Patti, Lucca has erected a small private theatre at her country house at Traunsee. But the Austrian prima donna uses the stage exclusively for the tuition of her pupils, to whom, after her retirement, she proposes to devote her entire energies.

A CURIOUS story comes from Rome by way of Germany. In South Italy there is a little city, Cerignola, and in it resided a very poor composer—that is a poor composer in this world's goods, not in music—Pietro Mascagni by name. So poor was Mr. Mascagni, who has a wife, children, and 100 lire salary a month, that he literally had no piano (and it's a very poor musician indeed that cannot afford a piano nowadays with Kimball in the field) on which to play. Seeing that Sonzogno, owner of the Milan music journal *Secolo*, offered a prize of 3,000 lire for the best one-act opera, Mr. Mascagni sent him an opera (composed without piano) called "Cavalleria Rusticana," which was a tremendous success when it was produced at the "Teatro Costanzi," in Rome, and Sonzogno immediately ordered of the lucky composer two other operas, who is now in the seventh heaven of delight because he can buy his wife a new bonnet, the babies new frocks, and himself—a piano.

The following is a specimen of a Strauss programme: Overture to the Opera "Mignon" (Thomas), "Merry Tales," Waltz (Eduard Strauss), Prayer from the Opera "Der Freischutz," Transcription by F. Lux (Weber), Harlequin Polka (Johann Strauss), Barcarole Oriental (Edward Strauss), "Morning Papers," Waltz (Johann Strauss), Potpourri from "The Mikado" (Sullivan), "O Beautiful Time of Youth," Polka (Eduard Strauss), "Visions of a Dream," Idyl (Albert Jungmann), "Life in America," Waltz, dedicated to the people of America (Eduard Strauss), Serenade, arranged by Eduard Strauss (Franz Schubert), "Story in Love and Dance" Polka (Eduard Strauss).

"FAUVETTE" AT THE ACADEMY.

"Fauvette," as performed here, is an English adaptation by B. E. Woolf and P. M. Field, of Andre Messager's new comic opera. The music is light, and some parts are extremely pretty, but there is nothing calculated to impress the memory for any length of time. It lacks that attractive power so necessary for the prolonged success of operas of that kind. The plot, like all comic opera plots, is but a secondary consideration, and is briefly as follows:—"Fauvette," a French village maiden, possessing a beautiful voice, is in love with a young swain, who drawing an unlucky number is sent off to spend seven years with the French army in Africa. The damsel inconsolable meets a teacher of singing who promises in three years to bring her out as a *prima donna* and to pay the 2,000 frs. necessary to provide a substitute for her lover on consideration that she will bind herself to him for that period. She consents, but the lover will not accept the 2,000 frs. and he goes to Africa with his regiment, she to Italy to study under her master. In the second act they are transported to Africa, captured by Arabs, released by the lover, and the opera ends up agreeably to all. Elsie Warren, the "Fauvette" of the piece, has a clear flow of voice, evidently trained for a much higher class of music than any contained in the opera. It would be well could she confine herself to singing, for when she opens her mouth to speak the village songstress is transformed into a Yankee dame of the most pronounced type. The life of the piece is the "Joseph Abrail" (a French barber) of Mr. Frank B. Blair. This gentleman is a well finished low-comedian, and were it not for his versatility and brightness the opera would lag in many places. Lloyd Wilson, as Ahamed, sang well and the other minor characters are fairly good. It is a great pity that for the sake of making the scenes more attractive to the eye, a company like this does not procure a chorus just a little younger and better looking, for when women of over 50 appear as peasant girls it rather spoils effects that might otherwise be well appreciated.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

[FROM SCHILLER.]

HONOUR the women! Life's pathway of duty
Strew they with roses of heavenly beauty;
Hover around them the Loves' happy band;
Modestly veiled, yet the Graces revealing,
Bright they keep ever the pure fires of feeling,
Fed with unwearied and reverent hand.

Truth's fixed limits ever crossing,
Man's wild spirit deviates far;
On rough waves of passion tossing,
With some dream for guiding-star.
The unattained he seeks, but never
Finds contentment unalloyed;
Phantoms false would lure him ever
Onwards through the starry void.

But with eyes' witchcraft the truant pursuing,
Back at her beck woman brings him, subduing
By her sweet presence his impulses wild.
Reared in her mother's neat modest dwelling,
Modest her manners, her charms praise-compelling,
Pious Dame Nature's most dutiful child.

Man is ever fiercely striving,
Fighting Fate with dauntless breast,
Onward down Life's avenues driving,
Without halting, without rest;
Some new phantom ever chasing;
Planning, only to undo;
Like the Hydra's head, replacing
Ruined plans with projects new.

Women, while shrinking from Fame's noisy comment,
Pluck with enjoyment the flowers of the moment
From the home-plant of affections strong;
In their combined operations the freer;
Richer than man, be he savant or seer;
Queens in the limitless realm of song.

Strong and proud and self-reliant,
Man's cold bosom ne'er can prove,
(While of Beauty's power defiant)
The divinity of Love.
Sympathetic feelings tender
Ne'er his eyes with tear-drops fill;
Life's stern conflicts only render
His hard nature harder still.

But e'en as when to the Zephyr's soft sighing,
Prompt is the Aeolian harp in replying,
So 'tis with woman's compassionate soul.
Tenderly grieved even at sorrow's seeming,
Throbs her warm heart, and from eyes softly beaming
Tears, precious pearls, heaven's dew-drops will roll.

In the sphere of Man's exertion
Insolent Might doth Right prevent;
Scythian thus oppresses Persian,
Using swords for argument.
Men, in bitter feuds engaging,
Passions fierce and wild display,
And war lords it, hoarsely raging,
Where the Graces once held sway.

But with sweet pleading and gentle persuasion
Woman directs the true life of the nation,
Calms the world's discords—its fever and fret,
Forces at strife of their hatred beguiling,
And to each other in love reconciling—
Making lost Eden a vague regret.

Windsor, Ont.

WM. KAY.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CRICKET. By Hon. E. Lyttleton. BOXING. By R. G. Allanson-Winn. The All England series. London: George Bell and Sons.

These two little manuals, part of the All England series which is to comprise all the different branches of athletics and games practised in the Old World, are by acknowledged authorities on their respective subjects. Lyttleton is a household name in the cricket world, and Mr. Allanson Winn's name is familiar to many an old Cantab as one of the best amateur boxers that ever donned the mittens for a friendly bout. While all theory and paper instruction is useless without hard practice it yet may be fairly said of these little manuals that they will give many a useful hint and afford short-cuts to excellence when the former are applied by earnest practice.

HOW TO COOK WELL. By J. Rosalie Benton. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Among the more obscure of the daily benefactors of humanity there are few more worthy of respect and honour than a good and thoughtful cook—and we are serious when we say this. Where is the dyspeptic *litterateur* who will deny it? Practical good sense is the *sine qua non* of a cooking-book as well as of a cook and we are glad to find that this indispensable quality is found in Mrs. Benton's book. It is full in detail, not despising even the

simplest of culinary processes, but at the same time demands a moderate use of brains in its users. It demands that as much care should be used in the choice of materials as in the cooking, recognizing the truth of the proverb that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. "How to Cook Well" is sure to be welcomed to every *economical* housewife, which is more than can be said of the generality of cookery books.

THE MERRY CHANTER. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Company.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Stockton's placid humour reached high water mark in his initial volume, "Rudder Grange," even though he takes the "Merry Chantier" boldly out on salt water, and with the help of a very high tide settles her firmly on a sand bank in Shankshank Bay. It is a truly Republican company which is gathered together in the ancient schooner that gallantly sails away from Asa Cantling's wharf at Mooseley, bound for Boston. This eventful voyage has none of the stirring movement or daring adventure of Clarke Russell's tales of the sea, though the vivid description of *The Merry Chantier's* figure-head at page 9, and the recountal of the heroic deeds of the crew of captains at pages 20 and 21 raise great expectations. Those who delight in a quiet, easy moving humour that now and then provokes a smile, but never arouses a hearty laugh, will find it in the pages of *The Merry Chantier*, and will do well to follow the fortunes of the whilom Lava Anylist and his wife Doris, the captains, one and all, the sententious butcher, the stowaway school-master, Lord Crabstairs and the love-compelling Dolor. We commend the seemly spirit of the author in awarding Dolor's hand to the brave and cheery Crabstairs rather than to the worthy butcher. It seems to us that the ship-owner expressed true American sentiment when he said "that a marriage with a British peer would be of much more advantage than a marriage with a butcher." Griscom Brothers coincide by the remark that "Title is bound to get ahead of meat," and Sister Lizeth accords when she says: "I don't believe in monarchies, nor in kings, nor in crowns and sceptres, nor in aristocracies, nor in peers and realms. I am a plain, free born, independent republican, and look down upon empires and thrones. . . . But if he really is a lord I suppose he can have you." [The italics are ours.]

TWO RUNAWAYS; and other stories. By Harry Stillwell Edwards, with illustrations by E. W. Kemble. New York: The Century Company.

One of the most interesting and instructive fields which invite the attention of the poet and novelist lies outspread before them in the remotest hamlets and by-ways of their native land. In many a far off valley, on mountain slope, by river side, or in woodland scene are to be found distinctive types of men and women, simple in their mode of life, uncultured in manners, and speaking dialects peculiar to themselves. Here are to be found in man, as in the soil he treads, mines of virgin ore, rich, rough and ready to be wrought by brain and hand of skilful worker to high and noble purposes. The dictum of the poet that "the proper study of mankind is man" has a deep but varied meaning. The field we have indicated has been tilled in Canada by our own "Sam Slick," Judge Haliburton, and in the United States by such gifted writers as Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, George Cable, and we now welcome the volume of attractive tales first published in the *Century* and *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. Edwards. No one who has read them can deny that their author is an artist in story-telling, with a keen sense of humour, a tender and pathetic touch, and a full knowledge of the traits of character and modes of speech of the types he portrays. His style is clear and pleasing, and his descriptions are vivid and effective. Exception might be taken to the probability of the wealthy though eccentric planter, Major Worthington, leaving his home to forage for days by swamp and forest stream with his slave Isam, subsisting mainly on the corn and watermelons that they could steal from a neighbour's fields. But none could be taken to the irresistible drollery of the narrative of the Major and Isam's encounter with the buck. It is simply overpowering.

The contrast between the "Sister Tothunter" who, by the aid of a mattress and three hundred fleshly pounds, "sweated the whiskey" out of her meek and inoffensive "Colonel" for the whole afternoon of a southern day in July, and who exacted from the same meek person by the aid of the pressure of the same three hundred pounds, against a door, against the said Colonel's outstretched neck—"terms that were not liberal for the Colonel" and the same "Sister Tothunter" who nursed back to life Mrs. Riley's baby is great, very great indeed.

"Tom's Strategy" is a quaint and humorous illustration of how by subtlety the best of men may be led astray, and to our mind "De Valley an' de Shadder" is a tale of unusual simplicity, beauty and pathos. The illustrations are capital, and the paper and printing, etc., are excellent.

EARLY REVIEWS OF GREAT WRITERS. Selected and edited with an introduction by E. Stevenson. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

"Critics Criticised" might make an appropriate headline for a review of Mr. Stevenson's collection of early reviews. The only profit that can be drawn from these

reviews is one of caution—in seeing how easily and sometimes ludicrously even the great reviewers of *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Quarterly*, and other magazines fell into glaring error. It is hardly likely that the general opinion of Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey or Keats will be much influenced by the republishing of these early criticisms. The difference in the tone of modern reviewing, and that of the early part of the century comes strongly out in the perusal of the criticisms reprinted here. We are not so savage, nowadays; there is more of the milk of human kindness and an endeavour to give credit to honest work and honest belief, even though it should be utterly distasteful to us. The reviews reprinted that will probably attract most attention are Brougham's famous slaughtering of Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which provoked such a bitter retort from that erratic genius, while it in all probability was the incentive to much of his best work.

The review of Keats from the *Quarterly* is reproduced, but why is the article in *Blackwood's*, infinitely more bitter, omitted? Jeffrey's article on Southey's "Thalaba" in which that somewhat dogmatic writer takes the opportunity to review the whole romantic school, which was then comparatively young, is given. It is curious nowadays to read of the new school that its character was a splenetic and idle discontent with the existing institutions of society. In fact, according to Jeffrey, the new school was paradoxical in its morality, discontented with everything existing, and, Rousseau-like, yearning for some impossible state of pleasure and perfection. We are more impressed by Jeffrey's dogmatism than aught else. Few reviewers would care to write anything so bold as his opening sentence: "Poetry has this much in common with religion, that its standards were fixed long ago by certain inspired writers whose authority it is no longer lawful to call in question." Evidently dissent from these standards appeared to Jeffrey much as dissent in religion appears to the bigoted High Churchman. It might be expected that these reprints, since they can exercise but little influence now, would be heavy reading, and to a certain extent it is so. But they are entertaining in many respects and, to those who care to wade through stuff that has lost its reality, helpful in some degree. The introduction is not without mistakes. John Stuart Mill's father was James Mill not John Mill. Moreover Hunt (was it not?), who first reviewed Shelley and Keats, is omitted. This and some other omissions deprive the volume of a representative character.

WE have received from William Bryce the Canadian edition of Oscar Wilde's novel lately printed in *Lippincott's* and rather strongly criticised. It is entitled "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

JOHN B. ALDEN has sent us numbers nine to twelve, inclusive, of "Knowledge," the new and extremely useful little weekly published by him, as a supplementary to the latest cyclopedias.

THE Editor's article on the "Canadian Tourist Party in Europe," and the eighth paper, dealing with Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," are the *pièces de résistance* in the September *Methodist Magazine*. There is a sketch of Miss Willard, an article on Prison Reform, papers by Revs. Price Hughes and Guy Pearse, obituary of Dr. Rose, and much other matter of general and denominational interest.

Poet Lore for September has an interesting short paper by Dr. Sinclair Kosner on "Shakespeare's Inheritance from the Fourteenth Century." Other articles are "A Recent Renaissance," by Maria Elmendorf; "Antonio's Revenge," and "Hamlet," by L. M. Griffith; "Humour—Carlyle and Browning," by Jessie M. Anderson, and "The First American Editor of Shakespeare," by J. Parker Norris.

In the current *Contemporary* Sir C. Gavan Duffy concludes his account of "How the British Colonies got Responsible Government," dealing principally with Victoria. Holman Hunt describes his picture of "Christ Among the Doctors" of which a very fair engraving is given, and "The Limits of Ritual in the Church of England" are treated by Rev. R. E. Bartlett in a caustic manner. Digby Pigott, C. B., has an interesting paper on bird-nesting in the Shetlands and the most important of the remaining numerous papers is that by Frederick Greenwood, entitled "Britain—*Fin de Siècle*."

THE *Overland Monthly* for August is a readable number. The lighter papers comprise a short story by Flora Longhead entitled "The Loan of a Name," improbable enough but readable; "Deer Hunting in California" by James Robinson, attractive in matter but stilted in style; "The Truth about Gerald James," sensational enough for anyone, and "Parson Fourbits" an amusing mining sketch by Henry Brooks. The weightier articles are "Unconscious Cerebration" by J. Preston Moore; "Position of Labour among the Hebrews" by G. A. Danziger and several others.

WELL printed and well illustrated the *Cosmopolitan* for September in no way falls behind its usual attainment of interest in respect of matter. An article of peculiarly American *timbre* (to borrow from music) is "Transplanted American Beauty." Other interesting articles are contributed by S. G. W. Benjamin on "Court Life in Persia"; by Henry Clews on "The Ethics of Wall Street," and short stories are sent by Julien Gordon and Edgar Fawcett. "Marie Bashkirtseff" is resurrected by Edwin Royle in a somewhat turgid poem, and Murat Halstead sends the usual pithy review of current events.

SWINBURNE'S rather bloodthirsty ode, "Russia," prefaces the current issue of the *Fortnightly*, and is followed by Dr. Luys' second paper on "The Latest Discoveries on Hypnotism." Sir Rowland Blennerhassett advocates a more decided blending of the ethical element with politics, and Austin Dobson writes of Hogarth's five days tour, in 1732 from London to the Isle of Sheppey. "Armenia and the Armenian People" is interestingly treated by one well qualified for the task, E. B. Lanin, while Colonel Knollys considers "War in the Future." "The Change of Government in Germany" is an unsigned paper of great interest, evidently by one familiar with the inner workings of German polity. A good number.

SINCE it came under the administration of the Sabiston Company *The Dominion Illustrated* has maintained its usual high standard of merit. Attention seems to be especially devoted just now to summer sports, particularly yachting and canoeing. The illustrations of Toronto yachts, of the Camp of the Canoe Association at Ile Cadieux, the views of the Montreal Field Battery (Col. A. A. Stevenson, commanding) on St. Helen's Island, and other engravings in a late issue are both reasonable and excellent. We hope the Sabiston Company will receive encouragement and support in this new venture. The president, we learn, is Mr. Richard White, Mr. A. Sabiston being managing-director.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY'S recent article on Africa in the *Nineteenth Century* elicits a reply in the September issue of the same journal from H. H. Johnston, the British Consul at Mozambique. A remarkable paper is that entitled "A Voice from a Harem," by Adalet, who evidently speaks from the standpoint of experience and with sagacity. R. H. Bakewell contributes a somewhat tedious dialogue on "The Loyalty of the Colonies," and expresses some convictions about Canada's attitude which the facts do not justify. Other papers are by E. N. Buxton, "On the Rim of the Desert"; a consideration of "The Hebrew Hell," by James New; "Domestic Service," by Mrs. Frances Darwin; "Primitive Natural History," by Geo. J. Romanes.

THE first of three articles on the American navy appears in the September issue of *Scribner's*. These articles are by a special correspondent, R. F. Zogbaum, who was on the flagship of the White Squadron. Other papers are Donald G. Mitchell's very richly illustrated paper on "The Country House," which is written in his most charming style, and is full of his love for rural life; Thomas Stevens' discussion of the commercial importance and relations of the River and Lake systems of Africa—the fruit of his journey to meet Stanley; a description of Heligoland (recently ceded by Great Britain to Germany), by one who has visited that picturesque island, and one of several papers by Professor N. S. Shaler (author of "The Aspect of the Earth"), describing the effects which physical conditions have had on the character of the populations of various States.

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for September is contributed by Katharine Pearson Woods, author of that remarkable book, "Metzerott Shoemaker." Miss Woods, like Mr. Edward Bellamy, has won sudden and wide fame by the advocacy of certain forms of socialism, and this, her latest novel, is directed against the "Sweating System," a system which has been exciting a great deal of antagonism both in America and England, and which stands greatly in need of reform. The story is entitled "The Mark of the Beast," and has that power about it which springs from an earnest purpose, while it is crowded with strong scenes and dramatic situations. It is a story that everybody will want to read. A sketch of Miss Woods, by Hester Crawford Dorsey, appears in the body of the magazine. In an article entitled "The Art of Interviewing," Frank A. Burr, the well-known journalist, relates his varied experiences as an interviewer of celebrated men. Julian Hawthorne and Anne H. Wharton present short essays on Oscar Wilde's remarkable novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray." There are some charming poems in this number; notable among them are "Homeward," by Florence Earl Coates, and "To a Poet in Exile," by Maurice Francis Egan.

IN the September issue of *Harper's Monthly* is an interesting paper by Theodore Child, describing a journey made in January of this year, along the line of the great trans-continental railway from Buenos Ayres to the Pacific. This article is the first of a series on South America. Russell Sturgis describes several of those remarkable discoveries of painted sculpture in Greece, which have given rise to such speculations among artists and students. The American Middlesborough is described by James Allen, and with it is an account of the recent wonderful development of all that rich mineral region in which it is situated. Henry James Version, of Daudet's novel, "Port Tarascon," occupies the post of honour, and the poetry is contributed by Messrs. Hall, Rodd and Tomson. Several other articles and short stories flank the papers already noticed, while in the "Editor's Drawer" is to be found a short lecture by Charles Dudley Warner, on the unaccountable attractiveness of things disagreeable. The sea lions who bask off the coast of Monterey furnish an object lesson. There are also some very apt remarks, by George William Curtis, on the state of feeling at present existing between Americans and Englishmen. "There is a political game," he says, "always playing in this country, of which abuse of England is one of the counters. But the intelligence, the conscience, and the love of liberty in America are America, and they do not hate the same qualities over the sea, which are the England from which America sprang."

THE September *St. Nicholas* devotes the opening paper to Oliver Wendell Holmes, a visit to the poet being appreciatively described by Annie Isabel Willis. The illustration showing Dr. Holmes in his library is especially good. W. J. Henderson, of the *New York Times*, shows that "Great Ocean Waves," whatever they may be, are not properly called "tidal waves." A very strong drawing by Taber skilfully depicts the appearance of an enormous head wave as seen from the deck of an ocean steamer. Richard Harding Davis tells the exciting and clever story of the "Great Tri-Club Tennis Tournament," and another excellent story, by Kate W. Hamilton, describes the rescue of an Alaskan child from superstitious members of her own tribe who were about to put her to death as a witch. Ernest E. Thompson writes the "True Story of a Little Gray Rabbit," and explains by a careful diagram just how the hound was thrown off the track. Professor Roberts describes his experiences in a lumber camp, and incidentally explains the trick called "Chopping Him Down," which the lumbermen tried to play upon him, but to their own discomfort owing to the fact that a panther joins in the game. Boys will enjoy the story of a sharp bit of base-ball strategy, "My Triple Play," by Thomas Worthington King. Other amusing or bright contributions are: "A Little Contraband," by Charles McIlvaine, which is both humorous and pathetic; "Wooden Shoes," an article beautifully illustrated by the author, Anna Page Scott; "Two Surprise Parties," by John Clover, and a great number of clever bits of verse and artistic pictures.

The Arena for September is noticeable for the strength and variety of its contributions. The opening paper is by Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, on the "Race Question," a striking presentation of the problem from the standpoint of a Southern statesman. Rev. Samuel W. Dike, LL.D., contributes a paper on "Marriage and Divorce Laws." Dr. Dike is considered the highest authority by conservatives in the divorce controversy by virtue of his scholarship and the immense amount of research he has given the subject. "Psychical Research," by Richard Hodgson, LL.D., is a notable paper treating the subject of apparitions of the living and the dead, and haunted houses in a critical and scientific, but very entertaining manner. One of the strongest features of this issue, however, is found in Prof. Chas. Creighton's paper on "Vaccination." Dr. Creighton wrote the papers on pathology and vaccination for the ninth edition of "Encyclopaedia Britannica." He has been for many years professor of Comparative Anatomy in Cambridge University, England, and may be considered one of the highest authorities in the medical world; yet in this exhaustive essay the learned Doctor attacks vaccination as being inefficacious. "Robert Owen at New Lanark" is a most delightful paper contributed by Walter Lewin, another well-known English essayist, and forms another of *The Arena's* valuable papers on the "Labour Question." "The Dominion's Original Sin" is an attack on the methods resorted to in order to bring about the present Canadian Confederation. "Divine Progress," the No-Name poem this month, is a reply to "Progress and Pain." It is said to be the work of a leading Liberal writer. "The Greatest Living Englishman" is a brilliant and entertaining sketch of the life of Gladstone by J. Realf, Jr., as entertaining as fiction, yet very instructive.

THE uppermost topics in politics, economics, and literature find adequate treatment in the pages of *The North American Review* for September. On all these questions *The Review* affords an opportunity for the frank and full expression of men, who speak as having authority. "The Federal Election Bill" is discussed by its framer, the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, who, in a moderate and well-tempered article, presents the arguments in its favour; while on the other side Mr. T. V. Powderly, General Master-Workman of the Knights of Labour, gives his reasons for believing that the measure threatens our republican institutions. Every reader of *The Review* has followed with interest the discussions of the tariff which have formed so prominent a feature during the year. In this number the effects of "The McKinley Bill in Europe" are considered by M. Gustave de Molinari, the chief editor of the *Journal des Economistes*, Paris. The importance of "Our Fur-Seal Fisheries" is set forth by Mr. D. O. Mills. An article of uncommon interest is that of Reginald F. D. Palgrave, C.B., on "The Recent Crisis in Congress." Mr. Palgrave is the Clerk of the British House of Commons, where for thirty-six years he has watched the course of British legislation. His criticisms on the methods of voting in the House of Representatives and on the recent action of Speaker Reed will command very wide attention. The same may be said of the review of the work of the recent International American Conference by M. Romero, the Mexican Minister to the United States, the first instalment of which appears in this issue of *The Review*. Representative Bland, of Missouri, writes vigorously of the recent silver legislation, which he pronounces "a two-faced monstrosity." Col. Ingersoll wields a free and vigorous pen in his paper on "Tolstoi and 'The Kreutzer Sonata.'" Gail Hamilton contributes a striking essay on "Society Women of the Time of Christ," following her somewhat similar paper in the previous number. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer gives some good advice to architects and those who employ them, and Mrs. Campbell Praed contributes an entertaining sketch of "Literary Women in London Society." In the Notes and Comments special mention is due to Rossiter Johnson's correction of some exaggerated statements about the earnings of authors and to Oscar Fay Adams' essay on "The Mannerless Sex"—meaning women.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE novelist Friedrich Spielhagen, the completion of whose autobiography was announced some time ago, is lying dangerously, though not hopelessly, ill at Berlin.

ERRATUM.—In the article entitled "Reply to Professor Huxley," in our last issue, the words "Creature God," towards the end of the fourth paragraph, should read "Creator God."

THE October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, beginning the eighth volume, will contain the opening chapters of a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, entitled "The Witch of Prague."

DR. J. M. MILLS, of New York, has been for several years studying the relation of eye-strain to headaches, etc., among children, and publishes a summary of his findings in an illustrated article in *Babyhood* for September.

MR. ARGENT, of Liverpool, announces a series of "Young People's Orchestral Concerts," the programs based upon a progressive plan, and the whole to be interspersed with short verbal descriptions of an historical and analytical nature.

THE September issue of the *Contemporary Review* will contain an article covering some twenty-five pages, by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Enlightenment of Pagett, M.P.," which, in the form of a story, is a trenchant criticism of the National Congress Movement in India.

THE WEEK wishes all contending competitors for the "Short Story" Prizes to understand that the stories must be typewritten. Those competitors therefore who have already sent in their stories without complying with the above condition are requested to send for their MS., as it cannot be admitted unless typewritten.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEPHENSON will probably return to London in October. About that time he will completely wind up his affairs in Scotland. He intends, it is now said, to sell off his house furniture, carry his books with him, and fix his home permanently in Samoa. His island estate is said to be very lovely, with no less than six waterfalls on it.

DR. ALBERT SHAW, who recently contributed an interesting article on Glasgow to *The Century*, is to write a series of papers for that magazine during the coming year on "Municipal Government in Europe and America." He will give studies of Metropolitan London and Paris, the municipal system in Berlin and other German cities, recent progress of Italian cities, etc.

INDIA is to have its "Men of the Time." Babu Ram Chandra Palita, a literary Bengali, is engaged upon a series of biographical sketches of native celebrities of his country. The selection is to include some of the leading Maharajahs and other Indian worthies, and will be illustrated with autotype portraits from photographs sent to England for reproduction. Only native notabilities will be included.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. announce that they will have ready for publication in the early part of September, a book by John Fiske, entitled "Civil Government in the United States, considered with some Reference to its Origins." In this book Mr. Fiske aims to set forth the principles and methods of civil government as understood and exemplified in the Republic of the United States and in the several States, and he traces the rise and development of the various forms of government of towns, counties, cities, states, and the nation, with their relations to one another.

THE Paris *Ménestrel*, which is not usually addicted to praising Englishmen, says, *apropos* to the prize list of the Brussels Conservatory: "Mr. Rotondo, for a performance on the violoncello, displayed exceptional qualities which showed him to be a virtuoso of the first order. It was the same in the violin class of Mr. Cornelis, who has put forward a young Russian, Miss Von Stosch, and in that of Mr. Ysaye, where Mr. Ferdinand Hill, an Englishman, whose rare aptitude I pointed out at the preceding competition, has carried off one of the most brilliant first prizes which has been recollected since a very long time. The former certainly will be, the latter already is, an artist."

DONALD G. MITCHELL (Ik Marvel), in his article on "The Country House" (*Scribner's* for September), gives the following reminiscence of Washington Irving: "Mr. Irving certainly had the rural instincts strongly developed; he loved the things of the garden: not the flowers only, and the little trap of a green-house he had improvised in a corner, but the trim rows of vegetables as well. With what a rare gusto (if I may play the reporter upon the weaknesses of a host) he looked upon the yellowing melons, bathing in the sunshine, and on the purple glories of the egg-plants! 'Not like them (with a wondering lift of the eyebrows)! Why, a broiled slice of one is richer than a rasher of bacon.'"

The *Polytechnic* is the name of a new magazine to be published in Chicago, the initial number of which will be issued next month. Like the London magazine of that name it will be the organ of a Polytechnic Institute, which in this case has been lately started in Chicago, and will be modelled after the famous London institute of similar name, an interesting account of which was given in the *Century* for June. The first number will be largely descriptive of the work of the institute, especially its Trade Schools, a peculiar feature of which is that students may earn their expenses while in attendance, and can learn almost any trade. As this promises to solve the vexed apprenticeship question, all Master Associations are warm supporters of the movement.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

INTEMPERANCE AND INSANITY.

INTEMPERANCE is a form of insanity and there is no use denying it, and an intoxicated man is, for the time being, morally irresponsible. The poison has slowly but surely deprived him of the power of thinking and acting with judgment, and when actually intoxicated, a man of excitable temper is capable of any crime, and should scarcely be held responsible for the misery he inflicts on others, nor for the outrages of which he is guilty. The confirmed drinker is one stage further advanced; and, instead of being occasionally unable to control himself, he is always insane, and on his forehead the seal of madness is impressed. The occasional drunkard may sometimes—the confirmed inebriate can never—be regarded as retaining the power of acting and reasoning sensibly. The former, as soon as he is sober, deserves, and should receive, condign punishment not for the mischief done during his fit of temporary madness but for willfully destroying his moral responsibility, and making himself a terror to his neighbours. The latter, on the other hand, must be treated as a confirmed criminal, convicted of a repetition of serious offences against society. But he is a source of evil, and capable of injuring others; and it would only be right to himself, as far as he is concerned, and just to the community, to remove him from the temptations which he lacks the power to resist, and lock him up in an asylum, where he would have the chance of being reformed. Medical men of the highest standing state, from long experience, that not five confirmed drunkards in a hundred can be reclaimed and cured, whatever the care and skill given to the treatment. By inebriate they mean a man who has been incessantly drinking for years, and so has destroyed his moral responsibility, and undermined his self control, so that the sight and smell of stimulants make him forget every good resolve. As long as he can resolutely pass the open door of the public house, or remove a glass of wine from his lips without tasting it—so long that is, as he can restrain his appetite and be abstemious, though only for a day—he cannot be called a confirmed drunkard, although he may be seriously injuring himself by excess, and may frequently be intoxicated. Not so very long ago I always felt indignant when I heard intemperance called a disease; it seemed to me to imply that the drunkard was regarded with too much levity and that the danger would arise of drunkenness being commiserated rather than condemned. A friend tells me that an inebriate in his neighbourhood, having heard of the new theory, has been encouraged to drink with redoubled persistency, urging in extenuation of his conduct that he is the victim of a disease, not of a vice. This is a danger which medical practitioners must not overlook; and the excuse that intemperance is a disease must not be allowed in all cases—nor, indeed in any case, unless the particular circumstances show the plea to be well founded. At the same time, the conviction is gaining strength that whatever inebriety may be at its commencement, it certainly develops—sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly—into a disease wholly beyond the unhappy sufferer's control, and then it becomes a terrible disease. The steps by which the moderate man descends are only too easy. Strict moderation is in many cases followed by occasional excess; one stage more, and he is sometimes seen intoxicated; a little later, and he is an habitual drunkard. Still, he can at first control himself by a strong effort. This power soon deserts him, and he becomes an irresponsible inebriate, possessed by an uncontrollable craving for the poisonous liquid; to obtain it he sacrifices wife and family, position and friends, even his own body and soul! In the meantime, he becomes poor, miserable, and neglected. But he does not repent. Madness and disease claim him, and tighten their hold till they drag him to a premature grave. In Great Britain and Ireland it is said that from thirty to seventy thousand persons directly or indirectly every year sink into the drunkard's grave—victims of a sensual, ruinous, and degrading appetite. Let us take the smaller estimate; it is large enough to fill one with horror. This fearful termination of a long career of vicious indulgence is, only the grand climax; years of reckless intemperance generally precede it. Probably it would be within the mark to allow that eight years, on the average, intervene between the formation of the habit of drinking to excess, and its appalling termination in death. Therefore, there are at least 560,000 drunkards in this country at this moment, who will die prematurely—the wretched victims of an uncontrolled appetite. Dr. J. J. Ridge, however, in a calculation of his which I saw a year ago, puts the figure at a round million. In addition, there are, perhaps, as many persons who occasionally drink to excess; Dr. Ridge also estimates the number of these at another million. Many of them eventually swell the ranks of that degraded class from which they would now turn with loathing. My attention has of late been drawn to a pitiable case, that of the son of a well-known clergyman, whom I placed in a house in the neighbourhood where I reside. As this man caused me extreme annoyance, I could not help watching him with great care. This inebriate had sacrificed to his vice all that makes life most precious; he was cast off by his relatives, and literally regarded (and with perfect justice) with loathing by them all. His mother's sad death a few months ago made no impression on him or, at any rate, only for a few days; and he then went off drinking for three weeks. He looked healthy, strong, and well, and seemed not to have any appearance of the drunkard about him, though he had been intemperate fully a dozen years. As for self-control he appeared to me to have it unimpaired; but as far as I could judge

he revelled in the horrible delight of drinking. He was a confirmed villain, without one redeeming trait. When he chose, he could do without drink for days, though he would deliberately begin to drink just when he chose to do so. Without any moral sense, or good feeling, or principle, he seemed much to resemble an animal. He used to boast that if he chose to drink he would, and he would defy anyone to control him. That was, unfortunately, only too true. On the other hand, he could abstain altogether, or leave off just when he liked, after one glass, or five or ten. What would Dr. Norman Kerr call such a case as this? Hardly disease, certainly not insanity; and yet even I, though I loathed the fellow, could not feel sure that he was thoroughly responsible at all times for his conduct. We doctors are never tired of talking of our own benevolence and self-sacrifice. Well, I do not call on the profession to sign the pledge, and betake itself to the temperance platform; but surely a larger proportion of us might show by our exhortations, and in our personal practice that we thoroughly understand what a disastrous thing intemperance is.—An "Old Oceanian," in the *Provincial Medical Journal*.

THE HEIGHTS OF WAVES.

ALL sorts of nonsense has been written about waves "mountains high." The truth is that when a ship is plunging down the back of one wave and is at the same time heeled over till her rail is close to the water, the next wave looks as if it would sweep completely over the vessel and therefore appears as big as a mountain. Lieutenant Qualtrough says: "We find reports of heights of 100 feet from hollow to crest, but no verified measurement exists of a height half as great as this. The highest reliable measurements are from forty-four to forty-eight feet—in itself a very remarkable height. Waves having a greater height than thirty feet are not often encountered." The height of wind waves is governed by what is called the "fetch." That means their distance from the place where their formation begins. Thomas Stevenson, author of "Lighthouse Illumination," and father of the well-known writer of our day, Robert Louis Stevenson, gives the following formula as applicable when the fetch is not less than six sea miles: "The height of the wave in feet is equal to 1.5 multiplied by the square root of the fetch in nautical miles." Let us suppose that in a gale of wind the waves began to form 400 miles from the ship you are on. The square root of 400 is twenty, which multiplied by 1.5 gives thirty feet as the height of the waves around the ship. Now, it is well known that in every storm there are occasionally groups of three or four waves considerably larger than the others. Captain Lecky is of the opinion that these are caused by the increased force of the wind in the squalls which are a feature of every big blow. Now, waves travel at a rate which is the result of their size. Waves 200 feet long from hollow to hollow travel about nineteen knots per hour; those of 400 feet in length make twenty-seven knots; and those of 600 feet rush forward irresistibly at thirty-two knots. Let us suppose, now, a wave 400 feet in length and thirty-eight or forty feet high rushing along at twenty-seven knots. It overtakes a slower wave making about twenty knots, with a height of twenty-five feet and a length of 200. The two seas become one, forming at the moment of their union an enormous wave. Just at that moment they meet one of those steamers called "ocean greyhounds," which, as every one knows, never slacken speed unless it is absolutely necessary for safety. She is butting into the storm at the rate of say eight knots an hour. She runs plump against a great wall of water which seems to rise suddenly out of the general tumult, rushing at her with a height of forty-five feet or more and a speed of over thirty miles per hour. There is a fearful crash forward, accompanied by a deluge, and as the tons of water roll off the fore-castle deck, it is found that damage has been done, and the officers on watch enter in the log the interesting fact that the steamer has been struck by a "tidal wave."—From "Great Ocean Waves," by W. J. Henderson, in *St. Nicholas* for September.

STANLEY'S WORK-ROOM IN CAIRO.

It was in that part of the hotel farthest removed from the street that Mr. Stanley took up his abode. Here he had a fine suite of rooms on the ground floor, very handsomely furnished in the Oriental style. A large, lofty reception-room and an equally large and handsome dining-room. In these he received some of the most important or persistent of his many callers; but as a rule he shut himself up in his bedroom, and there he wrote from early morning till late at night, and woe betide anyone who ventured unasked into this sanctum. He very rarely went out, even for a stroll round the garden. His whole heart and soul were centered on his work. He had set himself a certain task, and he had determined to complete it to the exclusion of every other object in life. He said of himself, "I have so many pages to write. I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me, I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, and play with you, or ride with you to your heart's content; but let me alone now, for Heaven's sake."—From "How Stanley Wrote His Book," by Edward Marston, in *August Scribner*.

A GOOD word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

THE PECUNIARY SERVITUDE OF WIVES.

MEN who are rated as honourable, upright citizens dealing justly with their fellow men, will, when a question of money comes up, treat their wives, the mothers of their children, with less honesty than they do the tax assessor, and with much less consideration than they do their office boys. The children, when not granted a certain weekly allowance, are "tipped" occasionally, but nothing goes to the wife without some haggling, duplicity, or humiliation on her part. Let it be understood that references is made solely to the pitiable state of things which so widely prevails in the disbursing of moneys in the household, and the wife's private purse. Here is an instance: For twenty years Mrs. Brown had been a faithful wife and mother, a prudent, industrious housekeeper, and a woman much beloved and respected by all her friends. Mr. Brown was rated as a prosperous business man, and as generous as most men. But all this time Mrs. Brown had no money that she could absolutely call her own. The credit system prevailed, and if by any unusual means a piece of money passed into her unaccustomed palm, it had to be scrupulously accounted for to the chancellor of the domestic exchequer. She was a long-suffering woman, but her soul had chafed and worn against the yoke till it was sick and sore. Still, she had too much self-respect, even under these degrading conditions, to wheedle, lie, or descend to small deceptions to gain her ends, and she abhorred a "scene" as much as any man living. So the little gifts she felt like sending to a friend, the few flowers to an invalid, the bit of damask to cover a chair seat, or the small surprise for the children, had to be passed by with sometimes a rising lump in her throat, which even at times developed into "a good cry" in private. Still, she made no remonstrance. She was proud in a certain way, and she believed the existing state of things irrevocable.—Alice E. Ives, in the September Forum.

GLADSTONE'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

Now, whatever may be the ultimate verdict of history on the motives of England in the Crimean War, it can hardly be denied, even by the warmest admirers of Gladstone, that in dealing with it as a public problem he displayed the disinclination of conscious incapacity, and in all his foreign experiments the same curious infelicity has attended his most strenuous efforts. England's internal development, her commerce, her finance, have found in him a successful champion; but whenever he has attempted to deal with anything really outside of England it would seem as if the proverbial insularity of the Briton had become intensified in his case; had become a narrowing ring of granite round the tortured head of Britain's loftiest son. It is as a financier, a commercial statesman, a conservator of the middle-class whence he sprung, not as an extender of empire, or a helper of democracy, that his rank, as a practical statesman, it seems to me, will be finally fixed; for, if the brilliant Budgets of 1853 and 1860 had not already ranked Gladstone with the great financial ministers of the past, his statement of 1861 would certainly have put him there. As a writer in the Daily News remarked: "The audacious shrewdness of Lancashire married to the polished grace of Oxford is a felicitous union of the strength and culture of liberal and conservative England, and no party of the House, whatever its likings or antipathies, can sit under the spell of Mr. Gladstone's rounded and shining eloquence without a conviction that the man who can talk "shop like a tenth muse, is after all a true representative man of the market of the world."—The Greatest Living Englishman, in Arena for September.

THE TRUE VALUE OF ARTLIES IN CHOICE OF SUBJECTS.

It is idle to talk about the lofty and the ideal in an art unless the subjects upon which that art is exercised are worthy. There must be a subject which demands the artist's best powers for its expression, the treatment of the subject must be in a measure governed by the emphasis laid upon its poetic elements, and the artist himself must have that seer's insight which reveals to him the deeper meanings in all that his art is exercised upon. It is said that Millet imposed upon himself a "mission;" that he felt impelled by strong convictions of duty to paint the sadness and dignity of agricultural life; that he read his Bible nightly and believed what he read. That a man should paint under the influence of such impulses, and paint pictures of striking power, seems to a technical critic not only distasteful, but incomprehensible. Indeed, one of the modern critics, in despair at such a phenomenon in the French art-world, is driven to express his opinion that this peasant with his Bible-readings, his convictions, his love of the labourer, and his wooden sabots, must have been a good deal of a charlatan, and all these things a kind of pose. But if Millet had a "mission," let us hope that more artists will be inspired in the same way. There are none too many prophets willing to go into the wilderness and endure hardship for the truth's sake. The world needs such in art to protest against mere cunning imitation, and to insist upon offering to man's love of the beautiful something better than sensuous beauty, something which is not only beautiful to the eye, but lovely to the thought, inspiring to the imagination, charming to the fancy, and uplifting to the spirit.—From "Millet and Recent Criticism," by Walter Cranston Larned, in September Scribner.

PITY makes the world soft to the weak, and noble to the strong.—Edwin Arnold.

BLACK MAILERS ON ENGLISH COMPARTMENT CARS.

THE stories about the advantage taken of the compartment system in English railroad cars by female adventurers are not greatly exaggerated. In London, on the sulphurous and cavernous underground railroad, one day while I was a passenger there, an Englishman told me of two instances of attempted black-mail that were fresh in his mind. In one he played a conspicuous part. Happening to be left alone with a woman in a compartment, she raised an outcry when the train slowed up at one of the stations. He asked her what was the matter, and she said that unless he gave her a sum of money she intended to have him arrested. He defied her, and she screamed again, continuing her cries until the train stopped and a guard came to the door. To him my acquaintance told the plain story of what had occurred, and it chanced that the guard believed him. "I've seen you travelling a bit too often up and down the road," the guard said to her; "and I advise you to say no more, but leave before you get into trouble." This gentleman said that very shortly after this happened he was travelling on the same line when he noticed a man and woman get off at a station and go to the lunch counter. She followed behind her companion, insisting that there was not time to get whatever he wanted. He was very complacent and leisurely, however, and just as the guards were shutting the doors he urged the woman to run. She did so, and he helped her into the car as it began to move. Then he slammed the door and remained on the platform, while the train sped away. "That was a narrow escape," said he. "That woman and I were together in a compartment, and she insisted upon talking to me. I am certain she is a black-mailer. I flatter myself I outwitted her pretty neatly."—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

We know from the history of Spain and from part of the annals of France how detrimental the policy of religious persecution ultimately is to the State which practises it. We know from the piteous appeals which now reach us what terrible suffering it inflicts on the victims at the moment. What is wanted is to bring these considerations home to the hearts and minds of the most influential Russians. The voice of the generous and enlightened British press has begun to make itself heard, and perhaps may effect something; but if no improvement is obtained, and that rapidly, we must bethink ourselves whether a large scheme of emigration from Russia to countries where new settlers should be welcome, as perhaps the Turkish Empire and Palestine especially, or the less peopled portions of America might not be organized. If the evil is allowed to go on too long the oppression from which they suffer will end by degrading the Russian Jews physically and mentally to a point at which they may cease to be suitable for emigration.—Jewish Chronicle.

IMPROPER DEFINITION.

It is a singular fact that of all things bought and sold, light alone should be without any definite basis for quantitative measurement. Our standards of weight, of time, of length, of electrical energy, current and electromotive force are quite satisfactory. Even our standards of heat and temperature are good, but measurements of light are badly muddled. To be sure we have a defined absolute standard of light, but it is about the most impractical one ever devised by the mind of man. In default of anything better the candle is the usual refuge here, and English practice is divided between the Methuen screen and the Pentane standard. Further than this, there is no generally accepted method defining the power of a light in terms of any standard whatever. We have candle-power, maximum, mean spherical, mean horizontal, and taken at all possible azimuths. It is to be hoped that, before long scientific men, and practical men will join forces, the former to give us a definite practical standard, the latter to put it into use. At present, to say a light is of a certain candle-power is about as scientific a description as it would be to characterize a cat as twice the size of a kitten.—Electrical World.

Most men resolve to enjoy life, but no man ever yet enjoyed life who had so resolved.—Mortimer Collins.

The strongest women must have their tears, the absinthe of the eyes.—Mortimer Collins.

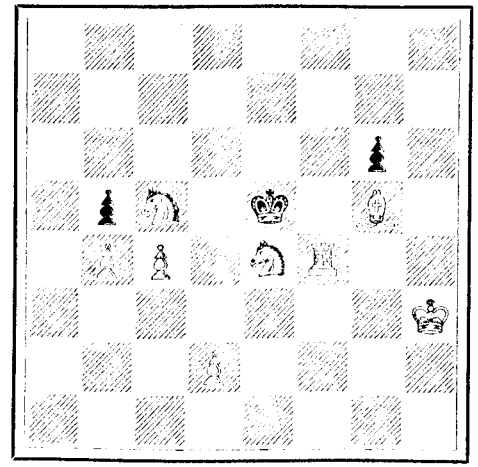
A PRIZE of thirty guineas is offered by the Glasgow Society of Musicians for the best concert overture or symphonic poem delivered to them by the 1st of November. The competition is limited to Scottish-born composers, or those having resided for three years in Scotland, and is open to both sexes. Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. F. H. Cowen have consented to act as judges.

FOLLOWING the announcement of the invention of smokeless and noiseless gunpowder comes the report of another invention which promises to do away with powder altogether. This is a "liquid gas rifle" which the French military authorities are now testing. It is the invention of M. Paul Giffard, of Paris, and he has spent many years and a fortune of 1,000,000 francs in bringing it to perfection. The advantages claimed for this new rifle are cheapness, a perfect weapon costing but \$5; rapidity of action, it being possible to fire 350 times in less than three minutes; force, exceeding that of gunpowder, and absence of noise and smoke.—Boston Globe.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 495.

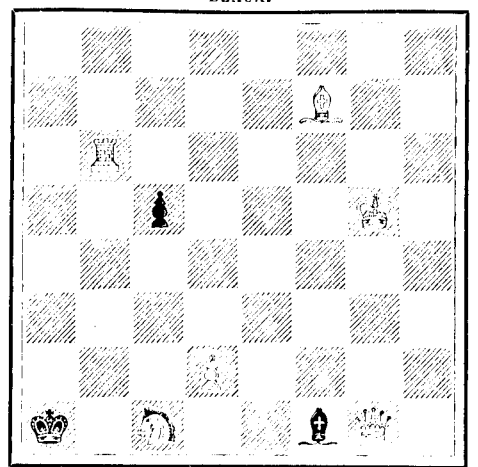
By Editor Glasgow Herald.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 496.

By Otto Wurzburg, Grand Rapids, Mich.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 489.

- White: 1. P-Kt7, 2. Q-KKt6, 3. Q-Q3 mate. Black: 1. K-B6, 2. moves, if 1. K-K6, 2. moves. With other variations.

No. 490.

SEVENTH GAME IN THE MATCH BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Table with 4 columns: Blackburn White, Lee Black, Blackburn White, Lee Black. Moves listed for both sides.

NOTES BY GUNSBURG.

- (a) This move can be dispensed with. (b) This is often good - As Black has all his pieces on Q's side and as White threatens attack on K's side, Black wants his K B P on B2 or 4th for defence. (c) Not advisable as Q is brought within the range of attack of White's minus pieces. (d) Somewhat dangerous but best move for attacking Black on King's side. (e) To avoid Black's intended sacrifice Q Kt x P, then P Q 5 opening B on R. (f) Bold but probably best. (g) Position is interesting. (h) A sound and useful move. (i) Black seems to get what he wanted, but with Blackburn as an opponent one is never safe. (j) The initial move of a magnificent combination, all the more remarkable on account of the danger under pressure of which the conception arose. (k) Really splendid play when it is considered that the whole combination consisting of forced moves must have been preconceived. Of course if P x Kt then Q Kt 4 + wins. (l) If P Kt 3 then 30, R x P +, K x R; 31. Q x P + and mates next move. (m) This was a mistake - P R 3 would have been better. (n) If B Q 2 then White plays Q K 7. (o) Unnecessary though harmless generosity.

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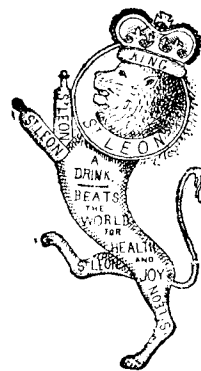
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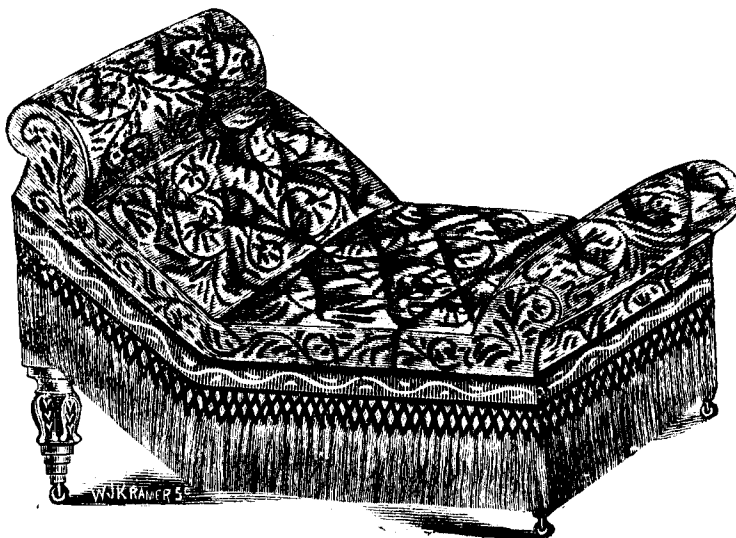
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