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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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

DISCUSSION is still rife in regard to the case of Professor Workman and the Board of Regents of Victoria University. It is evident that the latter assumed a very serious responsibility in placing the Professor in a position which compelled him to resign his chair for no other offence than that of honestly differing from the members of the Board in regard to certain questions of Scripture interpretation. We say nothing of the fact that the point at issue was one in regard to which, as our correspondent "Presbyter" indirectly made very clear in his letter of two weeks ago, Professor Workman had no doubt had far better opportunities for forming a correct opinion than any of those who condemned his views as heretical. But while it is clear that every such question between a teacher in a public institution and the board of management must be decided on its own merits, further considerations, suggested in part by "Presbyter's" letter, shows that the "merits" in such a matter may cover a much wider area than might at first thought be supposed. In the case in question, for instance, one consideration that seems to enter fairly into the merits, is that of the effect which the decision reached may, and indeed must, have in either encouraging or discouraging freedom of investigation and honesty of expression in the case of other teachers. In other words, it is impossible to dissociate the act of the Victoria Board in dismissing Professor Workman for the crime of having reached, in the opinion of the Board, a wrong conclusion in regard to a matter of interpretation, from the effect which that act is adapted to produce upon the minds of other teachers occupying similar positions. It is surely highly desirable in the interests of truth that those whose especial duty it is to investigate and to guide others in their investigations should be placed under the best possible conditions for finding and teaching truth, or what they believe to be such, without fear of consequences. Could anything be more disastrous to truth-seeking, and we may add with all reverence, more inconsistent with the example and spirit of the great Teacher, which have been the mightiest

inspiration of truth-seekers in every age, than to give every student and teacher in a given college or university to understand that the tenure of his position—to fit himself for which may have cost him many of the best years of his life—depends, not upon his faithfulness in searching for, or his honesty in expounding the truth, but upon his reaching certain conclusions absolutely in harmony with the cut-and-dried opinions of certain of those who have gone before him, or upon his scrupulously concealing from those who are looking to him for guidance the fact that he has reached different conclusions on certain points from those which he is under obligation to teach them as truth. Is not the dismissal of Professor Workman, under the circumstances, a distinct temptation to dissimulation, to others similarly situated—a distinct warning to all such that they must beware how they venture to examine and think for themselves, or must dissemble in the presence of others?

ONE of the most important subjects in regard to which legislation is promised in the rather meagre list of topics mentioned in the Speech from the Throne, with which the proceedings of the Ontario Legislature were opened on Thursday last, is that of payment of public officials by fees. We do not suppose that any very radical reform in the matter is to be looked for at the hands of Premier Mowat, who has, if we remember correctly, on a previous occasion expressed himself as favourable to the fee method within certain limits. Possibly the promised legislation may take the shape of an attempt to prescribe the proper limits. But it is encouraging to those who believe the whole system of payment by fees instead of by salary to be wrong in principle, to know that the subject is to be brought up for discussion in any form. The tendency of all such discussion is in the right direction. It turns on the light. It brings the subject before the minds of the thoughtful both within and without the House. There is something so manifestly unfair in the arrangement whereby one public officer receives from quasi public sources and by Government appointment say \$6,000 or \$8,000 for the performance of duties no more arduous, and requiring no higher order of preparation or of ability, than those for which another officer receives not more than one-third or one-fourth of that sum, that it is surprising that such an anomaly should have been permitted under popular government to exist so long. The only available argument in its support, so far as we can see, is that derived from the greater inducement to efficiency and faithfulness offered by the fee system. But this argument proves too much. Its logical result would be such an enlargement of the fee system as would not be contemplated for a moment by such an administration as that of which Mr. Mowat has so long been head. It is surely a libel upon public officials as a class to imply that they cannot be trusted to perform faithfully the duties of any position to which they may be appointed at fair salaries. We observe elsewhere, as well as in Ontario, some disposition to reform this old system gradually out of existence. A Bill has been introduced in the U.S. Senate to pay the district attorneys of the United States by regular salaries, instead of by fees. This is regarded as the beginning of a movement in that direction among our neighbours. We shall hope to see Mr. Mowat's measure taken advantage of to ventilate the whole question.

AS we expected, though to a greater degree than we expected, the Government has thus far been successful in the bye-elections. Up to date the Conservatives have lost but one seat of those formerly held, the Liberals four. The former anticipate, on apparently good grounds, further triumphs in those elections which are yet to come. Some of the causes of this change in the verdict of the constituencies are not far to seek, though we doubt whether it can be referred mainly to any one cause, or to the same cause or causes in the different constituencies. As a matter of course the too familiar cry of bribery of individuals and of constituencies is raised by the defeated party. Nor are the victors any less ready to account for any advantage gained by their opponents as due to the same kind of argument. It would be a happy thing for

the country were the indications such that the onlooker could safely ascribe these mutual accusations to party prejudice or malice. To do that is well nigh impossible. But leaving out of the question the uncertain operation of corrupt methods and influences on either side, it is not difficult to trace some of the more legitimate influences which have contributed to the result. Two are especially prominent. In the first place, there can be no doubt that the taint of disloyalty which the Government has, whether justly or unjustly, succeeded in fastening upon its opponents and their policy, has had a powerful and probably the most powerful effect in bringing about the changes. As an old-time Liberal observed the other day, the Liberal party has got itself into a position which is one of the most unfortunate conceivable for a political party, that, viz., in which its exponents find themselves obliged to place themselves upon the defensive the moment they take the platform. The second sinister influence, and one which has operated with scarcely less power, is that of the Mercier alliance of last election, viewed in the light of the recent revelations. No doubt the feeling of disgust, and in many cases of strong religious antipathy, which was stirred up by Mr. Mercier's Jesuit Estates Bill, and by his masquerading as the champion of Roman Catholicism and French Nationalism combined, intensified the effect, otherwise the prompt repudiation of him and his "boodling" by the leading organs of the Liberal party might have had more weight in the mind of the ultra Protestant portion of the electorate. Some of our readers may be disposed to think that in thus speaking we are ignoring the chief cause of the Government triumph, viz., its National Policy. They may possibly be right, but we cannot think so. The very fact of the presence just now of representatives of the Government at Washington for the purpose of ascertaining the terms on which a reciprocity treaty could be obtained is a convincing proof that the members of the Government themselves do not feel that they can rely on a policy of protection to secure the popular favour. Any other inference with reference to their object in going to Washington must be drawn at the expense of their sincerity and veracity. The loyalty cry and the Mercier revelations have been the chief forces in increasing the Government majority, and these forces will almost surely still further swell that majority in the contests yet to come.

THE decisive day is drawing near in Quebec. With its approach both parties are redoubling their efforts, and the contest is waxing hotter and hotter. We have not from the first concealed our opinion that the defeat of Mr. Mercier under the circumstances would be no easy matter, even with the damning evidences of his guilt before the electors. For that reason, as well as from a conviction that the spirit of the constitution was violated and an unfair advantage taken—unfair we mean from the party point of view—we have never ceased to regret the course which Lieut.-Governor Angers saw fit to take. We observe that some of those who most strongly approved his action on the ground that desperate diseases demand desperate remedies, are beginning to admit the possibility of Mr. Mercier's success at the polls. He himself declares that he has no doubt on the point, though that may be but the common expedient, used for effect. But suppose for a moment that he should win, what would follow? Mr. Angers would be placed in a most embarrassing position. Would he accept the situation, confess that his resources were exhausted, his usefulness gone, and retire, discomfited, from the field? Or would he strain the constitution still further by some other and yet more violent exercise of arbitrary power? To take the latter course would be to run a serious risk of civil war. The moral is that it does not pay to do even political evil that good may come. An English governor would, probably, have retained his faith in constitutional methods, even in the face of such a betrayal of trust as that perpetrated by Mr. Mercier and some of his colleagues. He would not have put the members of one political party into a position in which they would be compelled to choose between submitting to what they regarded as a gross outrage to thrust their party from power, and seeming to condone a great political and moral crime. If it be true, as cur-

rently reported, and as Mr. Mercier evidently believes, that the Lieut.-Governor has received a majority and a minority report from the Baie de Chaleur Commissioners and is withholding them from Mr. Mercier and the public, he is surely not only committing a great wrong but is putting a second and still more potent argument into the mouth of his late First Minister. By every principle of British justice the accused is entitled to know the verdict of the jury as soon as that verdict has been given. The situation has one redeeming feature. In case Mr. Mercier should return triumphant from the polls and be reinstated in the Government, in so far as the voice of the people could reinstate him, the occasion would furnish a crucial test of the sincerity of the Liberals of the Province in their condemnation of political dishonesty. Their opportunity would then have come to prove themselves determined to condemn those who betrayed their trust and robbed the treasury, by promptly expelling from the Legislature every ex-Minister found guilty. Would the Liberals of Quebec do it?

THE great lottery fight in Louisiana is over, if Mr. Morris, the President and chief manager of the notorious Lottery Company, and his associates are to be believed. Shortly after the announcement of the decision of the Supreme Court at Washington, affirming the constitutionality of the postal act passed by Congress at its last session, forbidding the carrying of the circulars, receipts, advertisements, etc., of lotteries by the United States mails, was received, Mr. Morris published a letter declaring that it was the intention of the managers of the Company to accept the decision and refrain from violating the law in any way. He even went so far as to affirm that they would now refuse to accept a renewal of the charter even were it to be proffered them "without the payment of one dollar of license tax." There is a good deal of difference of opinion amongst the opponents of the lottery as to the degree of confidence which can be safely placed in this declaration. While some of the most influential papers, such as the *Independent* and *Christian at Work*, think that Mr. Morris and his associates mean what they say, and that the danger is therefore over, others, including the *New Delta*, the most uncompromising and powerful opponent of the lottery in the State of Louisiana itself, are disposed to regard the letter as an attempt on the part of the Company to secure by guile what they despair of winning by open bribery. They fear the Greeks even when making obeisance to the will of the nation. Considerable ground for the suspicion was afforded by the fact that the pro-lottery press, which includes almost all the newspapers of the State, except the *New Delta*, immediately on the publication of the letter, took up the cry that "the lottery question is no longer before the people," and tried to persuade the anti-lottery party to break ranks. It is not a little ominous, too, that on the day following the publication of the Morris letter the Company imported twenty-six boxes of Winchester rifles and twenty-six thousand rounds of ball cartridges: a transaction which certainly gives much colour to the suspicion that, failing to carry their point either by bribery or by treachery, they are "determined to win by bullet." In the letter in question Mr. Morris recounts the history of the Company's offers to pay into the coffers of the State, in consideration of the renewal of the charter, first \$500,000, then \$1,000,000, and finally \$1,250,000. Its publication was followed by despatches from New Orleans, which were widely circulated, to the effect that the income of the Company had been so seriously affected by the anti-lottery postal law that it could no longer afford to pay the last-named sum annually for permission to carry on its operations. But from other sources it appears that, in spite of the crippling effect of the law in question, other States are still sending to Louisiana fifteen millions a year, from which the lottery campaign candidates will draw for the prosecution of the struggle. The wise thing to be done is evidently that which all parties opposed to the further legalization of this huge robbery seem resolved to do, viz., to persist in their demand for a law controlling express and telegraph companies, and forbidding the sale of lottery tickets beyond the borders of the State which may charter them. Such a law alone would enable the national sentiment to slay the serpent which the amended postal act has but scotched.

SOME of our American exchanges are moralizing upon the evidence afforded by the lottery struggle that the public has a conscience and that that conscience, once thoroughly aroused, is supreme in the councils of the

nation. "The omnipotence of the public conscience is," says the *Independent*, "the great lesson of the struggle. It was to this that the people of Louisiana appealed. They spoke themselves with great power." It is an interesting question to what extent this view of the case is correct. We should like to accept it without reservation. We should like to believe that the voice of the people, when once their consciences are fairly reached and a distinct moral issue placed before them, is the voice of God. But one consideration makes it difficult, we confess, for us to take so much comfort of this kind out of this victory as our New York contemporary is able to do. It is this. The battle in its moral aspects was peculiarly Louisiana's battle. The bribe offered was for her alone. Yet the virtuous among her citizens had to appeal to the nation for aid. There is no good reason to believe that they could have conquered without that aid. It is something, it is indeed much, that these better classes were sufficiently strong and sufficiently in earnest to appeal with power and success for the help of the nation. But so long as the only State which stood to be affected by the temptation was unable to resist it in her own strength it is impossible to say that the public conscience is "omnipotent" in that State. Nor, on the other hand, much as we could wish to believe in the omnipotence of the national conscience, can we overlook the fact that the nation, the State of Louisiana alone excepted, would have been the losers rather than the gainers by the operations of the lottery. No prize of \$1,250,000 was dangled before the eyes of the people of New York or Pennsylvania. On the contrary, millions upon millions of dollars are being drawn out of these and all the other States of the Union by the lottery every year. It does not seem that any great credit for conscientiousness is due to the people who have legislated to hamper the movements of the corporation which was draining them of their resources. This assumes, of course, that the number of individuals who were interested in the perpetuation of the lottery because they hoped personally to profit by investing in its tickets, however large in the aggregate, was not relatively numerous enough to affect very materially the view of the case we have presented. This is, however, but a one-sided view of the case after all. We have no doubt whatever that the majority of those, both in Louisiana and elsewhere, who worked so energetically and contributed so liberally to fight the lottery were actuated by much higher motives than any consideration of financial loss or gain. We gladly recognize the great and growing power of the "public conscience" both in the United States and in the Mother Country, for it is substantially the same impulse, or let us rather say principle, which has triumphed over the lottery abomination in the latter, which is manifesting itself from time to time in the former, in driving from the public service those whose private lives are immoral, no matter how great their abilities, and which will before many years decree the abolition of such national iniquities as the Chinese opium traffic. In spite of all the abounding public and private iniquities which often tempt one to despair of human progress, conscience, especially in Christian communities and nations, is a mighty and constantly increasing power, though it will be long we fear before it even approaches "omnipotence."

THE last experiment in capital punishment by electricity in New York has brought to the surface again the unsettled question of the comparative painlessness and propriety of this mode of "taking off" those who have been declared by a jury of their peers unfit to live. The question is a painful one to think about or discuss. It is one, nevertheless, which demands settlement, if settlement is possible, as soon as possible. The eyes of other countries are watching the operation of New York's unique law with profound interest. We question whether what is known of the results up to the present time is likely to convince many of the desirability of substituting the electric fluid for the rope, as an agency for inflicting the extreme penalty of the law. And yet it is very evident from the keenness with which every execution by the old method of hanging is scrutinized and criticized that the necessity for providing a substitute, if the death penalty is still to be inflicted, is becoming constantly more pressing. It is indeed questionable whether the state of feeling which makes the public of the present day so sensitive to any symptoms of suffering on the part of the victim of retributive justice, or exemplary justice, whichever it may be, will long be able to tolerate capital punishment in any form, since death by violence without a

certain amount of contortion and other evidence of suffering is probably impossible. The nearest approach to what is demanded would, it seems to us, be found in the action of some powerful drug, such as was used by the ancient Greeks. If euthanasia is what is sought for, as seems to be the case, to satisfy the modern feeling of humanity, surely modern chemical science could furnish an agent which would produce the required effect much more satisfactorily to the sentiment in question than is possible through the use of any external force. One thing seems pretty certain. If some means of execution, less revolting to the sight or conception of the sensitive or supersensitive public than any now in use, is not soon devised, the crusade against the infliction of the death penalty will become too powerful to be resisted. Whether that result would be so disastrous to society as many now think, is a question which it is, perhaps, impossible to decide otherwise than by experiment.

THE times are continually changing, and the currents of popular opinion are changing with them. In few things are the mutations wrought in a generation more strikingly apparent than in the contrast between the estimation in which trades-unionism is held to-day and that in which it was held a generation ago. Those who can embrace the events of a quarter of a century within their recollections will readily trace the gradual transition in public sentiment, which has taken place within that period, in regard to the legitimacy of these workingmen's combinations. It was, we believe, considerably less than twenty-five years ago that some union printers in this city were arrested on a charge of conspiracy for having dared to work together to secure a better rate of wages from their employers. To-day we find the foremost political economists, as well as the more intelligent and liberal-minded employers, not merely consenting under protest to recognize unionism as a bitter necessity, but welcoming it as a beneficent force—a force which has, it is true, been often unjustly used for tyrannical purposes, but which has on the whole been of great service to the workingmen, and at the same time beneficial rather than otherwise to employers. This result was not wholly unforeseen by a few of the foremost political economists long before the mass of employers of labour could see in unionism anything better than a foul conspiracy to defraud the capitalists and the public of the benefits to which they were fairly entitled from the operation of the beneficent law of competition. Not only so, but many of the workingmen themselves for a long time held aloof from union with their fellows on the ground that unionism was an interference with their freedom of contract; whereas the fact is, as most of them have since found out by experience, and as such far-sighted economists as John Stuart Mill perceived long ago, combination was absolutely necessary to secure for them that very freedom which they so highly prized. The presence of Professor Ashley as chairman of the meeting in the interests of labour which was addressed a few evenings since by Mr. P. J. M'Guire, General Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, was a significant reminder of the new order of things to which we have referred. The three advantages which Professor Ashley enumerated as derived from trades unions, viz.: that in proportion as they are well organized they render strikes less frequent, that they afford the most hopeful basis for arbitration and that they furnish the most efficacious antidote to revolutionary socialism, are all in accord with the facts of history as well as with the deductions of scientific sociology. Nor is their practical value as arguments in favour of the highest development of the union principle at all weakened by the fact that as arguments they seem at first thought to be somewhat of hibernistic, seeing that in the absence of unions there could be no strikes and there would be no place for arbitration.

THUS far there was substantial agreement between the views of Professor Ashley and the economists and those of the leaders of the labour movement, of whom Mr. M'Guire is evidently no unworthy representative. But there was, none the less, a broad contrast in one important respect between his speech and that of Mr. M'Guire. The difference was not so much one of divergence or direction, as of goal. The one seemed to begin where the other left off. It might also have been inferred from Professor Ashley's mode of treating the subject that he regarded the perfection of the union organizations as an end in itself rather than as a means to an end. It is impossible to

believe that this is really his point of view. Possibly he is so firm a believer in evolution that he is content to leave the developments to take care of themselves, though there could be no violation of scientific principles in a careful observance of tendencies and a philosophic forecasting of results. But whatever may be the idea of the economist as to the end towards which unionism is carrying us, the labour leader gave forth no uncertain sound. He made it clear that from the advanced labour point of view the perfection of unionism is but the marshalling of the forces for the next stage of the campaign. Whatever philosophers may imagine, it is evident that the organizers have no thought of being content with being able to squeeze from time to time a slight advance in wages from reluctant employers. The forward movement has but begun. It will not be ended until the wealth which is now accumulated and accumulating in the hands of the few shall be distributed among the many, in accordance with some principle which shall commend itself to the trades unions as fair. What they would regard as a fair distribution does not distinctly appear, save in Mr. M'Guire's allusions to co-operation. This is no doubt the dream of many of the advanced thinkers among the representatives of labour to-day. This is the goal to which the development of unionism is to carry the labouring masses. Does Professor Ashley deem it an unworthy ambition? We have seen on a previous occasion that he regards it as unattainable. But it is self-evident that it can be pronounced impracticable only on the supposition that the workingmen have not and cannot attain sufficient intelligence, patience and self-control to carry out such a system. The workingman is indispensable to production of any kind. Nothing can be done without him. And nothing can be clearer than that, if the mass of workmen employed in any particular line of production were to develop the qualities necessary to enable them to combine on sound principles, and put their savings in sufficient quantity into a co-operative establishment, carry it on on strictly business principles, at the same time refusing to work for any capitalist, the result must be to drive all capitalists out of the business. Such an outcome of combination is theoretically possible. Can we be sure that it is to be in all the future practically unattainable? Apart from the question of practicability, is it an unworthy ideal to be kept before the workingmen?

### THE ACADIAN FRENCH IN CAPE BRETON, ONCE ILE ROYALE.

IT is not only in the name of some headland or river or bay that we find memorials of the old French Régime on the once famous island of Cape Breton. Though Louisbourg is a grassy mound and St. Anne, St. Peter's and Inganiche are no longer known by their royal titles—Ports Dauphin, Toulouse and Orléans—still, on the storm-swept coast, in many a land-locked harbour and sequestered bay, or by the side of some lonely river, linger the descendants of the people who once owned Acadie and Ile Royale. War and its miseries, the animosity of the English Government, the trials and privations of a pioneer's life and all the difficulties of a rigorous climate combined for years to drive the French Acadians from Cape Breton and leave it entirely to the English settlers, but despite all the unfavourable circumstances that have surrounded them they have continued to increase in numbers and have attained a considerable degree of prosperity. It is safe to say that the fourteen thousand French Acadians who now inhabit the island of Cape Breton—about one-sixth of the total population—are the descendants of the seven hundred old French and Acadians who remained in 1758, after the fall of Louisbourg, and of the one hundred families or so—certainly not more than one hundred and twenty all told—that came into the island from 1758 to 1810. Always a prolific race, like the French Canadians, they have increased largely, and their numbers would probably be much greater were it not that in the course of time their young men and women have sought occupation in the New England States—the former as sailors and the latter as servants or operatives in the mills. Still despite this drain on the population—probably less than in the case of the Scotch and English inhabitants of some parts of the island—they show a slight increase from decade to decade in the two counties of Richmond and Inverness, where they have always been most numerous since the days of French occupation. I am informed by the best authorities I have consulted in different parts of the island, where the French Acadians still live, that in the county of Cape Breton, where Louisbourg is situated and the only district retaining the old French name, they are a very insignificant and apparently decreasing remnant. Louisbourg is deserted by its old possessors, and it is only in the pretty, sequestered settlement of French Vale, at the head of a creek emptying into one of the branches of Sydney harbour, and in the charming country, through which the arm known as the

little Bras D'Or connects the ocean with the great lake of that name, that we now find the descendants of the families who first made their homes in those picturesque and fertile districts many years ago. English is now the prevalent tongue everywhere, save in a few Acadian families, where a patois of English and French is still spoken. Even the French names are disappearing, and LeBlanc is now known as White, Le Jeune is Young, and Roy is King. All of them, however, appear to cling with tenacity to their old faith, though, as a venerable and well-beloved priest of Cape Breton writes me significantly: "In a few years there will not be a trace of French about them but their ill-pronounced and imperfectly understood prayers."

It is in the southern and western counties of Richmond and Inverness that we find the largest, most prosperous and best examples of the French Acadian race; for we may leave out of the account altogether the few families that still claim a French descent on the northern and eastern shores of the now purely Scotch county of Victoria, where on the hills of Ports Dauphin and Orleans once floated the lilies of France. Ile Madame and the adjacent coast of Cape Breton were always from the earliest times of historical record a favourite home of the French. The many bays, harbours and inlets of this section are well sheltered from the tumult of ocean, and the storms that rage so often on the eastern coast, and are relatively free from the dangers and inconveniences of the great masses of ice that come down the gulf between Cape North and Cape Ray in the springtime, and often choke up the eastern and south-eastern ports and bays. Here the facilities for carrying on the fisheries and engaging in the coasting trade have built up a large and industrious class of population.

In the county of Richmond there are five Acadian parishes of importance: Arichat, West Arichat or Acadia-ville, and Descousse are on Ile Madame, and L'Ardoise and River Bourgeois on the mainland. A small settlement also exists on the west side of the basin of the River Inhabitants. Counting these parishes and other places of minor importance there are probably eight thousand persons of French and French Acadian descent in Richmond. Descousse is now the most thriving settlement, and is outstripping Arichat and Acadia-ville in essential respects, chiefly owing to the fact, that the people own a fine fishing fleet which prosecutes the fisheries in the North Bay and elsewhere with enterprise and success. The shore fisheries, heretofore carried on in boats, have of late years become relatively insignificant, and this accounts for the prosperity of a place like Descousse which has shown enterprise in seeking fresh "sea pastures." Fishing and sailing are the chief occupations of the majority of the men, though there are few families who do not own their little farms or plots of ground which they cultivate. Their villages are neatly whitewashed, and have generally a thrifty appearance. As a rule, according to one who has long lived among them, and from my own individual observation, they are plain and simple in their habits. In this corner of the continent, remote from the great centres of industry and activity, "they know little of the wants of the great world outside, and consequently are content to live on in their frugal, simple way, not desiring, because knowing nothing of, the luxuries which are considered necessities by the wealthy and even the well-to-do classes elsewhere." Their dress is still very plain in the small settlements and villages, though new fashions have begun to creep in among the young women who visit the towns of the Provinces or of the United States. In places like Arichat, where they live alongside the English-speaking people, there is little left by which they are distinguished in dress from the people of other nationalities. In many cases, elsewhere, they adhere to the primitive attire of their ancestors, the traditional Norman Kirtle, which has many attractions on a pretty young girl with a well-formed figure. In their domestic life they have retained a good deal of the original simplicity of the Acadian French of old times. French is, of course, essentially the language of the home. They go to bed early and are noted for their habits of early rising. "I may say," writes the reverend gentleman to whom I am indebted for much information on this subject, "that when going or returning from a sick call about daylight I can distinguish at a distance the Acadian houses by the smoke curling skyward, while in all probability not a sign of life is visible in the homes of their English neighbours." While the men pursue their vocations as fishermen or sailors in the coasting or foreign trade, the women contribute by their industry their full share to the support of their families. They plant and sow, tend cattle, shear the sheep, spin and weave. In many families nothing is worn which is not the product of their own looms. As in all other classes, there are shiftless and improvident persons among them, but "on the whole they may be said to belong to that middle, and let me say happy, class, which, without knowing want, have little to spare of this world's goods, but are nevertheless content with their lot." All of them, it is hardly necessary to add, have adhered loyally to the Roman Catholic Church, and "rationalism" is a word unknown in their simple vocabulary.

Then we come to the adjacent county of Inverness, which stretches from about the middle of Canso Strait to the heights that end with Cape St. Lawrence, and includes the westerly section of the great northern division of the island, so remarkable for its mountains and rugged scenery. It is a county presenting few harbours of value compared with those in Richmond and Cape Breton. Between Mar-

garee and Cheticamp there is a considerable population of the same class, while in the latter district we meet with probably the best types of the Acadians, with all their simple, primitive ways, entirely free from the influences of the large Gaelic population that elsewhere, as in Cape Breton and Victoria Counties, and even on the Margaree, has intermingled with the Acadians and changed their habits and methods of life in many respects. The total French Acadian population of the county is probably over four thousand souls, and the number is not likely to decrease for the same reason as in Richmond. The majority adhere to the French language, especially in the Cheticamp district, though wherever they are in the neighbourhood of large English settlements they speak English with facility. Fishing and farming are the principal occupations of the people as heretofore, but, as one well-informed person writes me, "while thirty years ago not a single individual among them was engaged in trade, now they take a share in all the active pursuits of life, with energy, intelligence and enterprise, and are no longer the apparently subdued, timid people they were for many years after the possession of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia by England."

Enquiring into the intellectual position of this class on the island generally, I find that they are in this respect considered somewhat inferior to other nationalities. Though it is shown they are displaying much more energy and activity in the various industrial occupations of life, yet they seem, in the majority of places, to lag behind the English-speaking members of the community from an educational point of view. One reverend gentleman accounts for their educational deficiencies by the fact that in forming the Public School law of Nova Scotia, "the Legislature gave little or no recognition to the existence of this important element of the population, and the consequence is that the young Acadian children have to acquire knowledge in the Public Schools through the agency of an unknown tongue." They must begin their elementary education, it seems, "by one of the most difficult of all tasks, the acquisition of an alien tongue, and then with an imperfect knowledge of that language they must proceed to acquire through its medium an acquaintance with all the branches which form a course of education in the Public Schools." In other words, English is the only recognized language of the Public Schools, and the Acadians are necessarily subject to a great disadvantage compared with the English children who commence their education at the same time. Of course the well-to-do people, of whom there are a very insignificant number in Cape Breton, may send their children to special institutions, where they can pursue their studies with every facility; but the reference here is entirely to the Public Schools, to which the French Acadians as a class can alone have access.

The character of the French spoken by the Acadians depends, in a large measure, upon the locality of their surroundings. Where they are left to themselves they naturally speak better French, that is to say, with less admixture of the English, than where they are in constant intercourse with the other nationalities who use Gaelic or English. They speak it ungrammatically, of course, but still it is pure French, and not a mere patois, though some of the words in use amongst them are now obsolete in France as well as in the Province of Quebec. As a rule, they have no knowledge of grammar, and *j'avons, j'allons, j'irons, je serons* and the like are familiar expressions on all sides. Still they can perfectly understand their language in its grammatical forms and phrases. One gentleman who has had a good deal of experience among them "has no hesitation in saying that the uneducated Acadian speaks French just as well as the uneducated French Canadian habitant." Where these people live among the English, as in the town of Arichat, they mix common English words with their ordinary conversation. For instance, I have heard an Acadian lady say in my hearing, while on a visit to Arichat: "Quand j'étais à l'exposition à Halifax j'étais 'on the go' tout le temps, de sorte que quand je suis revenue j'étais complètement 'done out.'"

The Acadians, where they are in a majority, as in Richmond, are likely to hold their own for very many years to come; but should a stream of English capital and population come into the island, their language and habits, as a distinct race, must gradually disappear whenever they become a small minority—as is the case now practically in the district of Cape Breton—and the English tongue must prevail. The isolation of this interesting people in this remote island has been heretofore their protection, but eventually there must be an end of this when a wave of the world's great enterprise comes to Cape Breton, and alters its material conditions in essential respects. Still, looking at the very considerable number of this people at this time, and their tendency to increase despite emigration, it is obvious that their absorption by the mass of the English and Scotch population must be very slow, and, in the nature of things, a century hence there will be probably small settlements, like those at Cheticamp, still isolated from alien influences, which will recall the old days of Acadie and Ile Royale.

J. G. BOURINOT.

The University of Chicago has bought the stock of Calvary and Company, the well-known Berlin dealers in old books, forming a library of 280,000 volumes and 128,000 dissertations in all languages. Among these are 130,000 volumes of Greek and Roman archaeology and classics and 15,000 volumes of journals.

## ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS.

V.—FAREWELL VISITS.

A VISIT to Massachusetts in June when the mercury had suddenly mounted to 90° would have lacked one of its most attractive features without at least a glimpse of the sea, so far, alas!—from us in central Canada; and without a dip in its bracing waves, even though we were told on all hands that “the season” had not yet begun, and that, warm as the weather had become, such an anachronism as bathing out of the season might be followed by some indeterminate but fearful penalty! However, we were sure that, to any constitution which could stand the temperature of Murray Bay water in August, that of the ocean on the warm shores of Massachusetts Bay in June, would be both pleasant and innocuous. And so it proved.

The sea, though of course not visible from Boston in its long land-locked bay, is easily accessible at Nantasket Beach, even before “the season,” by the steamer which makes the trips daily to the Beach, and takes you down in about an hour’s pleasant sail. It was unfortunately a hazy day, but the haze—though limiting that view of boundless blue ocean which on a clear day is so delightful and inspiring—gave a certain dreamy softness to the distant shores of the bay which lent them with more picturesque appearance than they naturally possess. Leaving the dim outline of Boston, with its towers and spires, and the sails and steamers in harbour far behind us, we pass several islands and home bound crafts, and at length draw up at Nantasket pier. Hitherto the long sandy bar, which stretches between us and the sea, has, in the haziness of the day, completely shut the ocean out of view. But a walk of a few steps away from the pier took us across the bar to the long stretch of open sands where the mighty Atlantic, calm and gentle as an inland lake, softly lapped the beach at our feet in tiny waves that seemed scarcely to break, as they lightly curled over upon the shore. We walked some distance along the smooth and shining sands, enjoying the indescribable but unmistakable breath of the sea, the odour of the seaweed, and the wide grey expanse lost in the limiting haze, through which, however, we could distinguish distant vessels slowly bearing away northward or southward. There was a certain pleasant suggestion about it, that there was nothing between us and Europe, that Cape Cod lay south-eastward, some thirty miles away, almost in view on a clear day, and the Bay of Fundy north-eastward; and straight across that wide grey water stretched those shores of Normandy from whence came the first explorers of that indented coast, as well as the “Pioneers of New France.”

We had our dip, or rather two dips—both refreshing and invigorating, notwithstanding the unorthodoxy and the anachronism—enjoyed a picnic luncheon on the only rocks—to speak of—within sight; gathered seaweed, shells and pebbles, as everybody seems instinctively to do at the seashore, and inspected some of the seaside cottages, all ready for their summer tenants. Notwithstanding its one charm of smooth sands and open sea, Nantasket did not impress us with any ardent desire to sojourn there. It has nothing but the sea, is bare and hot and sandy, has no trees in sight and scarcely any vegetation, no picturesque crags, and landward is only a barren, sandy ridge, dotted with very unæsthetic cottages and summer hotels. On a hill, however, called Strawberry Hill—apparently from the absence of strawberries—there is a “Sea Rest,” maintained by the Woman’s Christian Association, where many a wearied working girl is treated to a week’s rest and sea-bathing free of cost. Such an instance of thoughtful Christian kindness would redeem a more uninteresting place than Nantasket Beach.

After a pleasant rest of a few hours, taking in all the sea air and “sea change” we could inhale, we had reluctantly to turn our backs on the soft, curling waves, with their lovely iridescent hues, and return to the steamer, whistling warning of her last trip. In a moment we were out of sight of sea again, with only the somewhat muddy and uninteresting Sound about us; its barren islands, the sails of passing boats gleaming white in afternoon sunshine, and by and by the distant city looming soft through the haze. Warm as the day had been, we had not felt it in the least oppressive on the steamer, or by the sea; but it was like coming into another climate to step on shore, into the stifling, heated atmosphere of the brick-built city.

There are two things which everyone interested in the American literature of the last thirty years would like to do before leaving Boston, and both we had the privilege of doing—namely, visiting the “local habitation” of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has so long represented the highest New England culture, and conversing with a man whose *bonhomie* and sparkling humour have won for him a wider popularity than has been the lot of some of his greater contemporaries. No man has been more identified with literary Boston during the last generation than Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose genial personality has so diffused itself through his writings that his friends are almost synonymous with his readers.

Though Dr. Holmes has not now any official connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*, his name has been so long almost identified with it, that our visit to the home of the *Monthly* seemed as natural a preliminary to our visit to him, as one to the habitation of *Maga* would have seemed to a meeting with “Christopher North.” And indeed, though utterly dissimilar in outward appearance, there are some points of resemblance between the “Autocrat” and his Scottish prototype.

The office of the *Atlantic Monthly* is on Park Street, lying across the foot of Boston Common, and looking out into its elms, and over what seems, in leafy June, almost a “boundless contiguity of shade.” Its pleasant, bright office, through which all the best modern books pass for review, is connected with the great publishing establishment of Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, whose “Riverside press” is familiar to all readers of classic American literature, and of classic *English* literature, too—in American editions. From the obliging editor we secure the address of Dr. Holmes, to whom we are fortunate enough to have an introduction from his old friend, Mr. Whittier himself; these two aged poets, who have survived so many of their contemporaries—so many broken ties of life, being linked together by a close, long-standing friendship.

Dr. Holmes resides on Beacon Street, which, for a long way up from Park Street, skirts the “Common” and the Public Gardens, while close behind it flows the St. Charles River. It is, as all Mr. Howells’ readers know, one of the fashionable streets of Boston; and its tall, four-storey brick houses, facing the park and gardens, are the homes of many of its wealthiest citizens. The abode of Dr. Holmes is in no way distinguishable from its neighbours, except by the number, though it is, perhaps, even more richly draped in the luxuriant “Japanese ivy,” which covers every inch of wall, leaving only the window openings. Will Dr. Holmes be within? we wonder—for already the Bostonians are beginning to seek their summer quarters. Happily he is at home. We are ushered into a reception-room on the lower floor, fitted up with book-cases—while Mr. Whittier’s card of introduction is taken upstairs. Then we are invited up to the Autocrat’s library, and there, in company with a young lady, his daughter-in-law, we find the Autocrat himself. And surely never was there autocrat so genial and gentle! Small in stature and unremarkable in *personnel*, Dr. Holmes is one of the most unassuming and unpretending of men. His gentle, unobtrusive courtesy makes his visitor feel at home with him at once, and the thoughtful, sensitive, and now somewhat saddened, face gains in interest every moment as he talks. He asks warmly for Mr. Whittier’s health, is clearly himself suffering from physical ailments, and feeling the depressing influence of illness and death among his own inner circle of friends. Doubtless the impending death of his friend, Lowell, was weighing on his mind, for the illness of Mr. Lowell was, even then, known to be fatal. And the last two or three years have taken from him the loved companion of life’s “long walk,” and the cherished daughter, whose cheering presence he might have hoped for to the end. “It seems to me everyone is either dead or dying” was the pathetic utterance of a feeling that one could see was just then uppermost in his heart. Yet he talked most genially, too, and sometimes even playfully; asked various questions about Canada, and responded brightly to a question as to the precise position of the “Long Walk” on Boston Common, which all lovers of “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table” will remember as playing an important part in the closing scene of that delightful book. He took some pains to describe it, and then added, with a smile, to his companion: “I should not wonder if that had opened the way to a good many proposals”; to which she rejoined that it was to be hoped all had had as happy a fulfilment as that celebrated question of the “Autocrat” to the “schoolmistress,”—“shall we take the long walk together?” Yet, alas, all long walks—even the longest—have their ending, so far as *this* life is concerned.

Dr. Holmes’ library is a spacious one, and the tall, carved book-cases are abundantly filled. He has told us how he grew up in a library, and how his love of literature was developed by early association with the *best*; and his first love is his last, for he evidently keeps himself supplied with the *best new* as well as *old* books. Busts, statuettes and engravings of some of the world’s best pictures add their charm to the walls, and the windows look out on the calmly-flowing Charles, with Longfellow’s “Bridge” in full view. He kindly pointed out this, and the various objects of interest on the opposite shore—Cambridge, east and west—the distant towers of Harvard—the vista ending in the Brookline heights. He watched the Harvard athletes rowing their “shells” vigorously past, and remarked that it did not seem so long since he, too, had been an oarsman. Finally he added the last touch to the genial kindness he had shown during the whole interview by presenting the writer with his latest book, “Over the Teacups,” with an inscription carefully written in his still clear and characteristic handwriting, which, it is needless to say, added much to the value of what, as his gift, will be, in any case, a much-prized treasure. No visitor to so kindly a host can fail to mentally echo the sentiment expressed by Whittier in his poem to his friend on his eightieth birthday:—

Long be it ere the table shall be set  
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,  
And Love repeat with smiles and tears thereat  
His own sweet songs that time shall not forget!

Of course no pilgrim to “classic Massachusetts” could leave Boston without a visit to Cambridge—now almost as venerated a name as its English godmother. Harvard, with its heterogeneous collection of academic buildings, some ugly, with the bare stiffness of old colonial days—some beautiful, like its grand “Memorial Hall,” with the profuse decoration of modern Norman Gothic—its broad *campus*, with its magnificent elms, and all its bustle and stir of academic life just before the festivities of “com-

mencement,” is of itself a sight full of interest. That interest centres, perhaps, in its Memorial Hall, with its beautiful Latin inscriptions and touching epitaphs on young sons of Harvard, who illustrated the old time-honoured legend, “*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*” Two fine statues of specially distinguished young warriors stand at the head of the long hall, which has all the dignity and solemnity of a chapel. Close by is a very different scene. In another long hall, hung with portraits, old and new, of all the celebrities of New England, from the colonial days downwards, not omitting, of course, several portraits of Washington, were spread the long tables at which several hundred young men sit down three times a day to their very social meals, quite undismayed by the portentous array of learning, statesmanship and Puritan “divinity” that looks down upon so different a generation to-day. The gymnasium at Harvard is one of its sights—so spacious, so complete in its arrangements and so lavishly equipped. Agassiz Museum we had, with much regret, to leave unvisited, for lack of time to do it justice.

Longfellow’s house, of course, every visitor sees, at least from without, and we had the privilege of standing for a few moments in the poet’s library, which has been made familiar to many in illustrated magazine articles. The massive carved chair presented to him by the children, made out of the “spreading chestnut tree” under which “the village blacksmith toiled,” catches the eye at once. In the hall, too, one notices instantly “the old clock on the stairs.”

Half way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands.

And we seem to see that massive leonine head bent over the round study table as he translates for us its ceaseless burden, “*forever, never; never, forever!*” It is evident that Mr. Longfellow was a lover of good pictures, as the rooms and corridors testify. A large picture that hangs near the door in the entrance hall, representing a Franciscan monk leading a donkey which draws a load of green boughs, attracts special notice, and suggests the probability that it may have suggested the image in the second stanza of the “Old Clock on the Stairs.”

The house, a spacious one, built of wood of a warm, cream colour picked out with white, and a white-pillared verandah at one side, stands

Somewhat back from the village street,

in a nicely-kept shrubbery, the gate flanked by lilacs and the door by rosebushes. At the time of our visit it was uninhabited by any member of the poet’s family—his daughter, who usually resides there, being absent in Europe. The house overlooks the River Charles, being divided from it only by the road and a strip of ground, once belonging to the poet’s property, now being planted with trees for a park to be called by his name. The river is not strikingly picturesque at this point. Doubtless the encroaching advances of commerce have tended to make it less so; still, there is enough of quiet, sylvan beauty about its winding course to enable us to understand the feeling that inspired the lines to the

River! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!

We pass on from the home of Longfellow; and, a little further on, in the quiet of the soft June evening, we linger wistfully for a few minutes at the gate of Elmwood, then *still* the home of James Russell Lowell. Embowered in its “overarching vaults of shade,” as Dr. Holmes has well described them—the quiet, old white homestead, with its spacious green fields and spreading elms, seemed an ideal home for such a man; and those who love his noble verse can often read into it the happy influences of this lovely and sequestered spot. As we look, a little golden-haired girl comes out, and stands petting a horse just driven into the ample court-yard. She is doubtless one of the poet’s grandchildren—such an one as he addresses in one of his sweetest poems. It is a pretty picture—seen in the soft evening light with the long shadows of the great trees stretching across the verdant lawn and about the quiet house. But the shadow of death is even then overclouding its summer beauty, and there is no hope of catching a glimpse of its suffering master, who is so soon to precede some of his older friends into the “Silent Land.” A charming, shady lane leads from Elmwood to the charmed stillness of Mount Auburn, close by, and in this lovely and sacred spot, where so many “long walks” have come to a close, we appropriately conclude our roamings in “classic Massachusetts.” Longfellow’s tomb is the first we notice, as we traverse the winding paths amid bright blossoming shrubs. It is a plain, grey sarcophagus, of Grecian style and decoration—Charles Sumner’s closely resembles it, though of different tint. Every now and then we come on some family name noted in the annals of New England. The tall, white obelisk that marks the grave of Charlotte Cushman seems to besit her pure and blameless memory. The turf is emerald velvet, and the shrubs and trees show the most untiring care; yet, partly perhaps because of its very trimness, Mount Auburn lacks the subtle charm of free, sylvan beauty which we find in Sleepy Hollow, with its cluster of venerated graves under the venerable pines that seem to sigh a perpetual elegy. The “Mount,” which gradually rises towards the centre, is crowned by a round tower, from whence there is an extensive and beautiful view over the picturesque, undulating country for many miles; and from hence we can trace the River Charles, winding like a looped, silver ribbon through meadow and

woodland, till it is lost in the smoky haze that hangs over busy Boston and its broad bay.

Reluctantly we bid farewell to lovely Auburn, its shady alleys, and tiny lakelets tenanted by happy ducks instead of swans, and return to Boston—baking in the heat of an intensely warm summer day. The slightly cooler eventide finds us steaming out of its spreading environs—the setting sun that streams in upon us reminding us that we are westward (and homeward) bound. And charming as our roamings in classic Massachusetts have been, we are by no means disposed to prefer even its beauty to our own wilder and more rugged land. A visit to New England does not make one a whit less a *Canadian*; but it does make us feel the tie of kindred, of true family feeling, that binds us to those who, despite all political changes, all foreign admixture, are yet *no foreigners*, but our *brothers* in tongue, tradition and literature! On all deep and vital questions the great Anglo-Saxon heart *must* beat in sympathy, whether in the country of Wordsworth and Burns or that of Lowell and Whittier—in the smaller or the greater Britain—the Old England or the New. We can live amicably side by side in the close commercial relations which seem the only natural and mutually beneficial ones for countries conterminous for so long a line of frontier, without any necessity or special motive for *political* union. And though many thoughtful Americans would prefer union with Canada to extension further south, they would have no desire to *force* it. Their territory is large enough already! But amicable relations we *must* have, and those who would hinder these by cherishing jealousies or animosities, can scarcely be considered truly loyal to our country's best interests, or to those of the commonwealth of nations!

FIDELIS.

## PARIS LETTER.

THE undertakers' men are discontented, and as they are associated with our latter end, their griefs command our attention. They complain that like waiters and lawyers they are not allowed to wear moustache or even whiskers in order to impart gravity to their features and solemnity to their looks. But this deprivation tells on their health, as they are exposed to the inclemency of the weather at all seasons. They do not complain of low wages, as their mortuary tips are on the whole fat. A sorrowful then, like a joyful mind, is liberal. During business hours, the undertakers' men must represent knights of the rueful countenance; must be in prime of manhood, and if of skeleton slenderness, so much the better. Falstaff proportions would suggest mirth at funerals. The salary of these "gentlemen in black," with coloured glaze hat to match, varies from 1,000 to 1,500 frs. a year. But they can follow any occupation when off duty—as extras in cafés and taverns, supernumeraries in theatres, and professional dancers at the barrier balls. In the pre-historic days of the Jardin Mabille, the leader of the cancan was a croque-mort. A municipal councillor demands a little variety in the doubly-dyed black costume of the undertaker man—a silver stripe for the trousers, and a number in silver work on the coat collar like the police. The "Ordonnateur," or master of the ceremonies, is the big gun at every funeral; he wears a cocked hat, and his office stick is an ebony cane. It is this functionary that comes, in the name of the law, to order the removal of the coffin and to open the funeral march. He represents the municipality. On arriving at the cemetery, he gives possession of the coffin to the guardians, taking a receipt for same. This official for the future will display the city arms in gold braiding on his uniform, and will wear a blue and red sash, the colours of Paris, as copied from Etienne Marcel's hat in 1358. The "Ordonnateur" has a salary from 2,000 to 2,500 frs. a year; there are eighty of them and divided into five classes, following majesty of presence. Their dignity precludes them from accepting a tip—but I never saw them decline one with thanks when offered. They are in much request as stately butlers at soirées, and as ushers at theatres. Most of them have belonged to the Cent-Gardes. The guild has its own sick and burial fund, and members are entitled to their coffin at half-price; they hold their syndicate meetings in the *Salle de la "Gaité,"* Rue Aumaire. Once the "body" had its official organ, *L'Outre-Tombe*, being a weekly record of interments and exhumations, but death claimed it when two months old.

The long-expected Bill, respecting the right of association, has at last been laid on the table of the House by the Minister of Justice. At present not more than nineteen persons can meet together, whether for prayer, praise or politics, without permission from the Prefect de Police. No public meeting in the open air is allowed, so France has yet some lee way to make up in the teaching of free nations how to live. The new law is manifestly designed to watch the religious orders; to control their organization; their inheritance of property, and the inspection of all convents and monasteries. But the weapon, if needed, can be turned against secular associations, wherein foreigners figure. If these latter predominate over natives, or have a foreigner for head, or if the association be a branch of a chief establishment outside France, it will be illegal. The clerical party has already taken to the war-path in full paint and feathers. Senator Léon Say must view this as unfavourable to his recently started party of political conciliation.

Perhaps more imperatively important is the Public

Decency League, under the presidentship of that omniscient philanthropist, Senator Jules Simon, and a galaxy of the best names in France. Parents, guardians, all who desire not to see the eyes of virtue ravished and obscenity triumphant, are invited to unite to put down the epidemic of pruriency and indecency, now audaciously flaunting in the face of every inhabitant of the city.

M. Monfalcone has written a little pamphlet, *Un péril national*, wherein he declares that the Principality of Monaco is Italian territory, and calls upon France to look out for squalls accordingly. The author has been labouring under a Rip Van Winkle nap. Monaco's independence is as secure as that of Belgium's, or the Republic of San Murino. In February, 1861, the reigning prince sold Roquebuine and Mentone, the chief communes of his dominions, to France, for the sum of 4,000,000 frs. and a few *et ceteras*. If he had sold the remainder of his realm—some eight square miles—the civilized world would be delighted, because that would be the best way to abolish the "universal" peril—the gambling tables. France might purchase the whole population of Monaco, 13,000 persons at the rate of 100 frs. per head, being seventy-five per cent. dearer than what Behanzin, King of Dahomey, sells his Black Watch for to the Germans. France is bound to incarcerate all the criminals sentenced by the assizes of Monaco. The army of the latter need not cause any anxiety to the peace of Europe. It amounts to 129 men, including two drummers, a bugler and a commander-in-chief.

There is a mania at present in Paris for founding theatres. A dozen of persons put their heads together; one of them writes a play, and *pis, poff*, a hall is rented, baptized a theatre and a quasi public audience beaten up to pay for the footlights. So long as the new ventures are not obscene, nothing is to be said against the crank; since the conviction of Chivac for his too realistic filth, morality stands a chance of securing a breathing time. A comedy has just been brought out at the Vaudeville theatre that is full of lessons for upholstery and toilette dramatists. "La Famille Pont Biquet" is a three-act vaudeville, by M. Bisson. The plot would have to be toned down for Anglo-Saxon ears. However, this is not the point I am alluding to, but to the fact that here is a play drawing crowded houses night after night, and that has not cost, it may be said, a single franc for mounting, for costumes, for decoration; that has no culminating scene or *clou* to captivate all the senses at once. The pivot is fun, dexterously worked up, yet methodically united and developed. It has a beginning, a middle and an end; keeps the attention of the audience on the *qui vive*, and provoking explosions of laughter by a succession of comical situations and humorous misunderstandings. But then the acting could not be excelled. How superior a piece like that in question is to eye-dazing extravaganzas and their inaptitudes, or to slices of life that some authors dish up. The "Deux Orphelines," a dozen pocket-handkerchief drama, is another illustration of a money-making play that costs nothing to bring out and only artists of talent to interpret.

Curiosities of natural history: the nearest approach to the breed of the goose that laid the golden eggs is that bird just purchased in the market of Montauban, having a purse containing three gold coins for sixty francs in its inside, and not intended as a *farce*. The woman who had killed a lot of her geese for the market died before sale day; she had selected one bird for her own table, and to mark it placed her purse inside it. The buyer returned the find. M. Douroff, the Russian rat-tamer, has now trained his troupe of 230 rats to take their places on a given signal, in first, second and third class carriages on a lilliputian railway. Rats of the same colour assembling in the same class of carriage. A locomotive, moved by clock work, drags three carriages and a luggage van. On the platform some rats pull with their teeth baskets and parcels into the van. An old fat rat, the station-master, superintends the work. Next, a rat climbs the signal post and sits on the disc, while another occupies the sentry box of a pointsman. At last a big white rat mounts upon the engine; a whistle is given, and round the amphitheatre on the stage whisks the train to the evident delight of the circular tourists. M. Douroff states that rats go mad from spleen, from too sudden transitions of temperature, from a fall, etc.; they become depressed, refuse to eat, decline to play, and positively starve themselves to death. They are very sensitive to inattention. An oyster we know can be crossed in love and dislike to be teased. Imagine then their feelings when in a trap. Z.

THE eyes are the windows of a woman's heart. You may enter that way.—*Eugene Sue*.

A MORE flourishing statement than that submitted to the shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company at its 29th annual meeting could not possibly be desired. After making allowance for all charges and the payment of two half-yearly dividends at the very satisfactory rate of 10 per cent. per annum, a large sum remained on hand, a portion of which was wisely carried to the Reserve fund. The shareholders ought certainly to be congratulated upon the able management of Mr. Walter S. Lee, whose ability to successfully carry on the Company's affairs these encouraging results amply testify. The Company is about to enter the 30th year of its existence and may be truly said to stand upon a thoroughly sound and staple financial basis.

## IN THE PINES.

In grey, dim lines  
In the tall pines,  
Slanting sunlight shadows fall  
Across the white  
Snow bleak and bright  
Over the low, ivied wall—

In the green gloom  
Of piny bloom  
Round and round the dark boughs groaning,  
On the wild hill  
The winds blow chill,  
Hear, O hear them, moaning, moaning—

All the day long  
With dull, soft song  
Over the thin, silent vines,  
O hear them calling,  
Through gold-light falling,  
Moaning spirits of the pines.

And legend tells  
Of song that swells  
At the silent, mid-night hour  
On the white hill  
When all is still  
In that lone, moon-lighted bower—

Like voice of spring  
When May-birds sing,  
Like the song of silver fountains,  
All day to run  
In the gold sun,  
Slipping down the purple mountains—

The voice of one  
Whose song is done,  
Lover of the hills and dales,  
Blossoms and bees,  
And birds and trees,  
Wanderer by many vales—

Whose life once bright  
As the rose-light  
Dawn soft piles on hills of snow,  
Was reft of gladness,  
So sunk in sadness,  
Lamentation and great woe.

For one most fair,  
Of beauty rare,  
One sweet day his wedded bride,  
To him more dear  
Than life's long year,  
In the night's lone darkness died.

And low they laid  
Her in the shade  
Of the pine-wood on the hill,  
Beneath the vines  
In the dark pines,  
By a blue, bright-flowing rill—

And here heart-broken,  
With vows soft-spoken,  
Came he from the world to die  
Alone at night  
In the dim light  
When the moon was in the sky.

In the lush bloom  
Upon her tomb,  
Ere the flowers pined away—  
Where sifts the snow  
And bleak winds blow  
Now from wildernesses grey.

And o'er her grave  
Where green boughs wave,  
When the bright moons wave and wane,  
A deep voice sings  
When midnight brings  
Phantom shadows in her train—

Now sweet and low,  
So softly slow,  
Exquisite as far, faint bells—  
Now clearer growing,  
Through starlight flowing,  
Over ebon pines it swells—

A song of greeting,  
Of happy meeting,  
Love among the golden stars,  
Drifting together,  
Even, for ever,  
Far beyond death's darkling bars.

Picton, 1891.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

THERE is no good arguing with the inevitable.—*Lowell*.  
ETIQUETTE has no regard for moral qualities.—*Douglas Jerrold*.

## ÆSCHYLUS AND THE BIBLE.

THE remarks of the Bishop of Durham on "the relation in which Æschylus stands to the Bible" add to recent qualifying indications that there are men among contemporary teachers of our Christian religion who take a more logical, not to say a more scriptural, view of Pagan writers than has been the custom of divines for nearly all the centuries which have passed away since the Apostles went to sleep. The modern use of the word "pagan" and "heathen" implies self-conceit to a far greater and more dangerous extent than did the word "barbarian" when applied by the Greeks to all that was outside Hellenic civilization, and subsequently by the imitative Romans to all outside what they considered Rome, and when applied by way of disparagement to Greek and Latin writers as compared with Hebrew and Christian overlays a godless fallacy. The God whom Christ preached as His Father and "your Father" must have exercised a providence over Greeks and Romans as surely as over Jews, and either His providence has no existence or it is as watchful over a Kaffir as over the pious lady dressed in the fashion of the hour, who, prayer book in hand, goes to hear a sermon on behalf of African missions, and swells the collection by the tenth of the value of her bonnet. Save that Æschylus believes in a hierarchy of gods, his plays might be appropriately bound up with Job—in the same volume as Isaiah. He teaches morality—the exceeding bitter fruits of iniquity, "the ineradicable taint of sin," as powerfully as most of the sacred writers; with Titanic power he preaches religion in all its great relations. Grant that God made man in His own image, that His watchful eye is over all His works, that we live and move and have our being in Him, and must not all come from Him? Must not the Greek sense of form and the Roman capacity for law and government be traced to Him? Is it not atheistical to look askance at what is called "human learning"? Nay, has not infinite harm been done by turning away men's eyes from a noble part of the revelation of Himself He has given and is giving us every hour? Short of the Gospels and the Epistles of Paul and Isaiah, I know no writing more calculated to raise a man, to bring heart and mind in closer touch with the Divine than the plays, especially the Agamemnon of Æschylus, nor is there a scene in literature, "sacred" or "profane," so full of terror as that before the palace, a scene which seems to tear away the veil between the material and the spiritual world. Its peer is not in Shakespeare. "The voice of law," says the Bishop, "addresses us even from Athens." Here we have the tone of disparagement towards the "heathen" writers which has always characterized, and as I think degraded, the pulpit. If God is God, must not His voice address us on every hand, from a star to a daisy, from man to an ant, above all in that city where the grandeur of the human intellect was made manifest as it was never made manifest, and has never been manifested elsewhere, save in Judea, when our Lord preached to a people who were too low intellectually and morally to appreciate Him, and who treated Him with the same ingratitude, persecution and murder which have been the wages paid in all times by the people to their benefactors. Witness Rome, witness Greece, witness Carthage, witness all the European nations. But only one other man that I remember was grand enough to close his career in the spirit of the words: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"—words which take us to an altitude above that to which the greatest hardly dare hope to be able to lift their eyes. Who can know God? "The God of the Bible" must be different—as conceived by different men. His nature is past our finding out—the way He is guessed at—conceived—is ruled and limited by the moral and intellectual character of the worshipper. Now there is plenty of evidence that the old Greeks had a very high conception of their Supreme God—a conception which sometimes differs from that of the old Hebrew for the better. Homer is a painter of manners and a theologian, who degraded the old religion, as well as a poet, yet, reading him, we cannot doubt that the Hellenes attributed to Zeus hatred of cruel deeds, providence, love for justice and righteousness, omnipotence—"for he can do all things"; readiness to answer prayer. It is not in a Socrates only that we find faith—the female slave in the Odyssey prays with confidence to "Father Zeus," first addressing him as "universal ruler," just as we hear a minister in his Sunday prayer do, then, showing faith in his providence and pity, begs of him to fulfil her prayer. Hesiod teaches the omnipresence and omniscience of Zeus, whose eye "sees all and knows all." He is for the Greeks "the Lord of Hosts," and Diomedes has confidence in his aid in battle just as the old judges in Israel had faith in Jehovah. The Bible tells us God makes His rain to fall on the just and unjust, the evil and the good, and Nausikaa, addressing a much afflicted man, says: "Zeus distributes happiness to the good and the bad, to everyone as he pleases, and to thee also he probably has sent this, and you ought by all means to bear it." Have we not here faith in a divine supreme Power? What can it matter whether the name is Zeus or Jehovah? There can be no two supremes. St. Augustine, though his writings breathe the same spirit of disparagement of Greek civilization in its religious aspect, has yet the breadth and liberality to say that there might be no harm in the multiplicity of divine names. The substance is everything—the name, the sign—what can this signify? And even in the Jewish Scriptures are there not different names for the same divine substance?

It is remarkable that this tone of disparagement was

not caught from the Apostles, but is the outgrowth, as is so much that has distorted Christianity of the wretched conceit of little minds—projecting their vast egoism over the heaven of heavens itself. The Apostle Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, and especially in one of his sermons in the Acts, indicates that the Greeks were not left without divine guidance, and that their highest minds—the great singers—taught divine truths, Kleantes and Aratus preaching the same truth that Christ preached that we are God's offspring. But equally striking and significant expressions may be found in other writers. Æschylus stands first and apart as an exponent of the religious yearning of the old Greek heart as well as the religious views of Athens at its highest. In the chorus of the Agamemnon we have the following prayer addressed surely to the same God as an enlightened Christian worshippers to-day:—

"Zeus—power unknown, whom, since to be called is thine own pleasure—I by that name address. When I ponder upon all things I can conjecture naught but Zeus to fit the need of the burden of vanity is in very truth to be cast from the soul. . . And Zeus it is who leadeth men to understanding under this law that they learn a truth by the smart thereof. The wound where it lies dormant will bleed, and its aching keep before the mind the memory of the hurt, so that wisdom comes to them without their will. And it is perhaps a mercy from a power who came by struggle to his majestic seat." Is not this the same as the teaching of the Apostle centuries afterwards that suffering at the time is grievous but afterwards bears the peaceable fruits of righteousness?

"Courage, courage, my child! there is still in heaven the great Zeus who watches over all things and rules. Commit thy exceeding bitter grief to him and be not too angry against thine enemies, nor forget them."

The faith thus expressed in the Chorus of the Electra is above what many a regular church-goer can attain to to-day.

I have often thought what immeasurable good will be done by the first preacher who will take divine truth wherever he finds it. Suppose a preacher to go into a pulpit one morning with a volume of Æschylus in his hand and explain to his congregation the Agamemnon, pick out the most striking divine truths in it, and show how God worked in the heart of the sublimest of Greek poets, what a new breath of power would be felt and how the lustre of all that is special and peculiar in the inspiration of the Hebraic books would be brought out. By means of comparison the mind of the congregation would see the value of Christianity.

Paul can be no bad model for a preacher. What does he do at Athens? He did not, to begin with, tell them they were too superstitious in all things. He was far too good an orator for that. It is the same Paul who, in the twenty-second chapter, addresses those who wanted to kill him and had been beating him a few minutes before (Acts xxi. 31) as "men, brethren, fathers," for no doubt he saw leading Jews among the crowd; the same Paul who, seeing that the council was composed in part of Sadducees and Pharisees, cried out he was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee, "of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question"; the same who addresses Felix in conciliatory terms (Acts xxiv. 10); who addresses Agrippa so courteously (Acts xxvi. 2); who, when rudely interrupted by Festus, addresses him as "most noble Festus," and here it may be said in passing that Paul's Greek must have been such as a well-educated man of that time would have spoken, or Festus would never have said "much learning," much reading had made him mad. Is it likely that this great man, who made himself all things to all men, standing in a strange city, in the university city of the then cultivated world of that day, would fall into the bad manners and gross rhetorical blunder of telling the most fastidious, the most cultivated, popular audience that at that period or since has ever been addressed by a public speaker, and this in the opening sentence, that they were "too superstitious"? What he did say to them was, that they were "somewhat too religious." This is the truer rendering of the phrase, but it is the only one the reason of the case and the context will support. If he wished to use an expression which would have more truly expressed his own idea, but which might have sounded offensively, he had it in the word in the sixteenth verse, properly translated "wholly given up to idolatry"; perhaps the very word used by Paul when speaking his feelings to his companion. Again in the twenty-third verse the word translated "devotions" is an honourable word. Perhaps the best translation of the twenty-third verse would be: "For as I passed by and beheld your sacred things" or "the objects of your reverence." But how would this consort with the previous sentence, if the phrase, *hos deisidaimonesterous* conveyed to his hearers the idea that they were "too superstitious." But this is by the way. What, however, was Paul's "text"? What his references? His text is what he saw on one of their altars, "To the unknown God"; his references to Greek poets who had proclaimed a great truth to which he now wished to call back their minds. Nor does he say: "whom therefore ye ignorantly worship," but "whom therefore not knowing ye worship." If he had said "ignorantly," they would probably not have listened to another word, for, though Paul was a highly educated man, we may be sure his Greek did not sound faultless to an Athenian ear, and that he spoke with an accent at once provincial and Jewish. But note how much is lost by the use of the word "ignorantly." He says he found an altar to the unknown God, and proceeds to tell

them they worship this unknown God ignorantly. This might mean they worshipped the God properly styled unknown in an ignorant manner, only for the word "therefore," which suggests the true meaning to be attached to ignorantly. But how much better if what he said is properly rendered:—

"Men of Athens"—*Andres Athenaioi*—the very words their fathers had heard from Demosthenes, the words they were accustomed to hear from any orators who then, in the days of their national degradation, might speak to them in the same tongue with which he culminated over Greece, and fought single-handed a great king battling for the national cause. "Men of Athens—I perceive that in all things ye are overmuch religious. And indeed, as I passed by and beheld the objects of your reverence, I found also (amongst that is many others) an altar to God unknown. Whom, therefore, not knowing ye worship; Him declare I unto you."

This altar Paul recognizes as erected to the true God—to that great Power of whom Æschylus speaks in the passage above quoted—the God whom reverent souls have worshipped in all times and all countries.

I will return to this subject again when I need recreation—the being taken outside and away from the depressing duties of the hour. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

## HUNT, KEATS AND SHELLEY.

IN THE WEEK some time ago the Rambler calls attention to sonnets written by Leigh Hunt and Keats on the grasshopper and the cricket, and he well points out the superiority of Leigh Hunt's work. There is, however, another occasion where the poets contended in friendly rivalry, with Shelley also in the lists. "The Wednesday before last," wrote Keats to his brothers, Feb. 16, 1818, "Shelley, Hunt and I wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile: some day you shall read them all." Lord Houghton quotes these words in his "Life of Keats" (1848), and gives "Ozymandias" as Shelley's composition on this occasion; but in the Aldine edition of Keats (1876) he rejects this sonnet and substitutes an entirely different one, with the following explanation: "Up to the discovery of this sonnet among Shelley's MSS., the sonnet entitled 'Ozymandias' was believed to be that written in competition with Keats." Readers who desire to investigate the subject further may consult the Notes in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets." Evidence may compel us to substitute the other sonnet in place of "Ozymandias," but the latter is incomparably finer in every respect. Both are given here:—

## TO THE NILE.

Son of the old moon-mountains African!  
Stream of the Pyramid and crocodile!  
We call thee fruitful, and that very while  
A desert fills our seeing's inward span:  
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,  
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile  
Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,  
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?  
O may dark fancies err! They surely do;  
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste  
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew  
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste  
The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,  
And to the sea as happily dost haste.—Keats.

## THE NILE.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,  
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,  
And times and things, as in that vision, seem  
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—  
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands  
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme  
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,  
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.  
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,  
As of a world left empty of its throng,  
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,  
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along  
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take  
Our own calm journey on for human sake.—Leigh Hunt.

## TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gathered rains descend  
Drenching yon secret Ethiopian dells,  
And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles  
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend  
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend,  
Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest dwells  
By Nile's aerial urn, with rapid spells  
Urging those waters to their mighty end,  
O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level  
And they are thine, O Nile—and well thou knowest  
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil  
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.  
Beware O man—for knowledge must to thee  
Like the great flood to Egypt ever be.—Shelley.

## OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.—Shelley.

A comparison of these sonnets makes us regret that Leigh Hunt did not write more poetry. He is here brought into competition with two acknowledged masters of English verse and expression, and he easily holds his own. I am glad that you have referred to him in THE

WEEK, for he deserves to be more widely known. He was a delightful literary critic. His Autobiography is a charming work of its kind.

LEONARD WOODS RICHARDSON.

### A VIEW IN SWITZERLAND.

UPON the Rigi's lofty height I stand,  
The drifting clouds reveal the plains below,  
The ice-crown'd monarchs of the Oberland\*  
Uplift their silent pinnacles of snow.

Three times two thousand feet beneath me shine  
The azure waters of thy lake, Lucerne!  
Disclosing, as their winding way they twine,  
Fresh joys and fairer charms at every turn.

The tiny craft that dot the distant waves,  
Seem slumbering in the noontide summer heat,  
So placid is the stream that gently laves  
The grassy banks, where vale and mountain greet.

Hard by yon shores—so time-worn legends tell—  
The archer-chief immortalized his name;  
There, battling for the freedom loved so well,  
The patriot Swiss achieved undying fame.

A band of peasant heroes they! In vain  
The tyrant Kaiser thrice essayed to bend  
Their stubborn wills; again, and yet again,  
From off their necks his iron yoke they rend.

Upward the steep I climb, thro' melting snows,  
To reach the summit; by the mountain rills,  
I pluck the edelweiss and alpenrose—  
Sweet, lonely flowers of the mist-clad hills.

Breathless, the very topmost point I gain,  
And gaze upon the scene with raptur'd eyes;  
Look downward on a seeming endless plain,  
That stretches in its beauty to the skies.

I view the distant prospect far away,  
Of quaint old cities, where some sauntering hours  
Erst did I spend—how bright the sunbeams play  
On shining roofs; on gilded domes, and towers.

There too, beside Schaffhausen's rocky home,  
So dim and faint that eye can hardly see,  
The vine-clad hills where Rheinfal's waters foam,†  
And toss their wanton breakers as in glee.

And Zurich's glassy lake—magician's wand  
Could scarce create a fairer scene—how near,  
Tho' distant far the wide champaign beyond,  
The Jura ranges 'mid the clouds appear.

There Jungfrau, ‡ snow-enshrouded, like a Queen  
Erects her stately head, as if in scorn  
Of lesser summits; there, a glist'ning sheen  
Reveals the glaciers of the Wetterhorn.

And nearer great Pilatus frowning stands,  
From whose proud eminence, in ages past,  
'Tis said that banish'd Pilate (he whose hands  
Were stained with sacred blood) his body cast.§

See where the shadows show the dark'ning lines  
Of trackless forests on the massy steep;  
See, girls his waist a belt of giant pines,  
And from his side the foaming torrents leap.

There, soaring Eiger crowns the matchless vale,||  
A wilderness of beauty wide-outspread;  
Like helmless ships before a rising gale,  
The fleecy clouds drift past his hoary head.

An hundred other peaks, Titanic each,  
Raising their mighty bulwarks from the sod,  
Pierce thro' the vault of Heaven, as if to reach,  
So high they climb, the very throne of God.

How changed the scene!—the hills are clouded o'er,  
And chilling mists conceal the plains below:

I gaze upon Lucerne's fair lake no more,  
Nor watch the silent pinnacles of snow.

Farewell, dear land! (tho' vanish'd from my view,  
Nor time, nor distance, can destroy the spell  
Of thy wild loveliness) a vain adieu—  
To scenes like thine I cannot breathe farewell!

ERNEST C. MACKENZIE.

\* The ranges of the Bernese Oberland.

† Falls of the Rhine.

‡ One of the grandest of the Swiss mountains—nearly 14,000 feet in height.

§ From this legend the mountain takes its name.

|| The beautiful vale of Grindelwald.

### THE RAMBLER.

DR. STERRY HUNT was a familiar figure to Eastern Canadians at least. Many a resident of Montreal will remember his personality, his books, and his lectures in the old Natural History Rooms. I think if I were asked, suddenly, to name the *happiest* man, I should as suddenly reply—the man of science, and even, when in colder blood I had reviewed all sorts and conditions of men, I believe I should still offer the same answer. Some philosophers will tell us that to be happy is not man's highest destiny here below, and if we are to believe the teaching of books written for children, such as "Queechy" and the "Wide, Wide World" and the "Elsie" books, to be happy is wellnigh impossible for anyone, so depraved and miserable are even the best of us. But if we take another view of life—say, the view heroic, breezy Charles Kingsley would have us take—we see no reason why we should not try at all events to pursue happiness even if we do not succeed in making it entirely our own. And taking this view, who but the man of science represents the highest ideal of earthly happiness attainable in this age? To begin with, the scientist—we *must* use this word, there is no way out of the dilemma—is a naturally moral man. The phrase "naturally moral" is one, I confess, calculated to arouse discussion, since most of us believe in original sin, but still we have the exceptionally virtuous—thank Heaven—in all ages just as we have the exceptionally vile. The man of science then is by nature a moral man. To quote Charles Kingsley—he has never thought about thinking nor felt about feeling. Happy state of unconscious moral health! Should we not envy him his immunity from self-examination and morbid introspection? But it may be whispered—the scientist is then an example of the Natural Man, the being none of us would be, unchanged, unsanctified, un-Christian! Well—in many cases he certainly answers to this description, but without any moral detriment to his soul. Secondly, he enjoys another immunity—care, the sense of responsibility, the need of or demand for money, sorrows, trials, disappointments, touch him not. Looking steadfastly at the egg, while he immerses his watch in the vessel of boiling water, he is superior to all domestic and social worries. He sits as it were, a very God, supreme and sublime in his dual superiority—conscious of the great orderly plan of Nature, and unconscious of himself except as part of that great plan. He is in most cases a positively sound and healthy man. His clothes, his food, his drink, do not concern him. Literally, he takes no thought for the morrow, and the only fault that you can find in him perhaps is, that at his death it is discovered that he has neglected to provide for his wife and children. And modesty—ah! here indeed, the man of science teaches us a great lesson. Such modesty as is his and which so well becomes him is not equalled by even that of the philanthropist, working good deeds in secret. Speak to him of fame—and he smiles; he has worked for the sake of work and for Truth, not for fame. He has reduced fame to its proper value—the diamond to the carbon, the gold piece to its common origin in the mine, the tint on beauty's cheek to certain compounds of well-known chemical agents. Yet there is nothing to him that is not sacred. Everything to him has some significance, some use, some form. A daughter of a great astronomer once said, "My father—when he saw that his advice was really needed—would lay aside his learning and his air of abstraction, and speak gently to us of our duties. At other times he seemed to exist in a happy world of his own in which there was no time, neither shadow of death nor presage of trouble. I think we all envied him and his thorough absorption in the universe, and he always exhibited the greatest calmness and self-control which no exciting or painful experience could affect."

The great Harvey—says Huxley—in one of his fits of choler, said that "man was but a great mischievous baboon," and yet for twenty years he kept silence and at the end answered Riolan with quite angelic mildness.

I must bear pleased testimony in common with many others to the delightful lecture in French delivered by Prof. Geo. Coutellier last week upon the French press and the journalists of Paris. From beginning to end the lecture was bright and graphic and treated of Parisian topics in a thoroughly masterly way. M. Coutellier sketched for us the Party Boulangiste, the Party Imperial, the persons of Rochefort, of Gambetta, and described various features of French journalistic life with much skill and some humour. Such an evening's entertainment is of particular value to many who are fond of French but who can find but few opportunities of hearing it in Toronto. The faults of American papers came in for a sharp hit now and then, while they were commended for their admixture of foreign news, and for the thoroughness of their "advertising columns." At the close of the lecture M. Coutellier spoke in very amusing broken English of the peculiarities of Canadian watering-places and society generally.

Paderewski has been heard and seen. A more irritable set of people than I met coming out of the Pavilion after the concert I cannot recollect. The musical cliques appeared to be divided into two hostile camps, one bearing aloft the name of De Pachmann and the other loyal to the fragile artist who was heard last Friday.

The libretto of the "Mountebanks" is at hand, and very charming it is too. How Gilbertian is this:—

We are members of a Secret Society,  
Working by the moon's uncertain disk;  
Our motto is "Revenge without Anxiety"—  
That is, without unnecessary risk;  
We pass our nights on damp straw and squalid hay  
When trade is not particularly brisk;  
But now and then we take a little holiday,  
And spend our honest earnings in a frisk!

"The Mountebanks" opens opposite an inn in a Sicilian pass, the period being the earlier part of the present century. A chorus of Dominican monks cross the stage and sing a sort of imitation of the "Dies Irae," this being not the only example in the work in which the sacred music of the Roman Catholic Church is imitated or parodied. After they have left, from behind each wall and terrace appear the twenty-four members of the Tammora Secret Society, otherwise a party of bandits.

And who but his satiric majesty himself could have got off this dialogue: "To be quite candid with you, I have often wondered what people can see in me to admire. Personally, I have a poor opinion of my attractions. They are not at all what I would have chosen if I had had a voice in the matter. But the conviction that I am a remarkably attractive girl is so generally entertained that, in common modesty, I feel bound to yield to the pressure of popular sentiment, and to look upon myself as an ineffective working minority."

The end of Guy de Maupassant is terrible but not surprising. He had not the physique of a Zola. The *fin de siècle* mind is a mind closely allied with the fine frenzy of Ibsen, Richard Strauss, Maurice Maeterlinck, masters of the morbidly dull, the unhealthily fanatical, the dehumanizingly gross. It is the age of Hoffmann, of Frankenstein over again, and when art turns to seek inspiration in the pest house, the asylum, or worse it is time for a new renaissance. It is time for a crusade in defence of what is true, pure and beautiful.

### ART NOTES.

IN music Rubinstein says that as "executants women can never get beyond the imitative. They have not the depth and power of thought or breadth of feeling which leads to creation. Although the emotion of love is so potent in them it finds no echo for them in music. No woman has ever composed a love duet or a cradle song." It must be admitted, also, says the *Art Amateur*, that no woman has ever painted a great emotional picture.

### COMMON SENSE IN ARCHITECTURE.

THE first point to be considered is, of course, the plan. In the actual process of designing a house, the plan cannot be separated from the elevation and sections; the architect's mind keeps playing backwards and forwards from the one to the other, so that the building grows up in his mind as an organic whole. To put it in other terms, while he is at work on the plan, he is constantly considering the effect of his plan on his elevation, and *vice versa*. The results of this work are duly displayed in plan, elevation and section; and this, no doubt, leads to the false impression in the lay mind that the plan and elevation can be considered apart, and are not in necessary relation to each other. As the plan is embodied in the elevation and sections—that is, in the actual walls of the building, the two must be considered together in practice. With this provision, there are one or two matters which more particularly concern the plan. The main points to aim at are simplicity and compactness of arrangement, and plenty of light. A long, crooked passage, with constant changes of level, may be very romantic, and admirably adapted to the habits of the "Decameron," but with the hurry of the modern household and the unadroitness of the domestic servant, it means cold dishes and disasters with crockery, and general discomfort and ill-temper. There has been a tendency lately to overdo the queer corner and the curious passage. I have a book before me, sent out by a well-known firm of furnishers, in which there are half a dozen or more designs for ingle-nooks and bays and recesses, which do not result from any necessity of the plan, but are placed at random with no particular object but that of looking queer. The real old ingle is quite delightful, with its great cambered oak-beam across the opening, fourteen feet wide or more, and its red brick floors, and the old muzzle-loader over the chimney piece, and the little lead-glazed lattice with its dainty curtain; but how far away from this is the affectation of a modern ingle-nook with its aggressive grate and mechanically-stamped paper frieze and frillings of "art-fabrics!" If you are going to have an ingle-nook, at least keep it plain and solid and comfortable, and have a hearth before which you can stretch your legs, and a fireplace big enough to burn a reasonable, good oak log. So, too, with the passages; let them be wide enough for two people to pass, and light enough to prevent their falling into each other's arms. In country houses the position of the sitting-room is usually determined by the aspect, and in a house of any pretension there is sure to be a good-sized hall and an ample staircase; but the hall is worth a sacrifice even in smaller houses. The first impression you form of a house is very often the last, and your first impression is formed in the hall. It is not in the least necessary that it should be two storeys high. Some of the most charming little halls in seventeenth-century and modern work are long, low rooms, sweet and



homely to live in, places never haunted by the *ennui* of magnificent dreariness. For a moderate house the one storey hall is rather an advantage, because it practically gives another sitting-room; and in quite small country houses, such as those that are used, say, for summer holidays, why not return to the plan of the yeoman's house of the sixteenth century and earlier, when one great hall was the general living-room, and at one end were the kitchen and offices and the servant's rooms, and at the other the solar and the rooms of the master and his family? A house costing less than a thousand pounds could then have room enough for a billiard-table or a dance, such as would be quite impossible in the stuffy, respectable house up the village built by the squire when he came of age. The reason for such a room would not be mere picturesqueness, but its manifold uses, its essential reasonableness; and the same reasonableness would not be afraid of the plainest work; of showing the rafters or the ceiling joists, or of lining the back of the fireplace with honest red brick.—*Magazine of Art for February.*

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE GRAND.

MADAME JARBEAU, who at one time was a reigning queen in comic opera, is visiting the Grand Opera House this week with a variety Company in the musical-farce "Starlight," which abounds in songs, dances and diverting comicalities. Mrs. Jarbeau's chief songs being her imitation of Madame Theo's rendering of "Where are you going my pretty maid?" and "The celebrated Spanish song."

NEXT Monday, Feb. 22, the August Pitou Stock Company, from New York, will appear in their most attractive plays, including "Geoffrey Middleton."

#### THE ACADEMY.

MR. R. D. MACLEAN and Marie Prescott gave every satisfaction in the production of Dr. Bird's tragedy "Spartacus" and Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra" during the week at the Academy of Music—the latter drama being much the stronger of the two, and affording every opportunity for the better display of Miss Prescott's histrionic powers. Mr. Maclean's fine physique and tragic acting showed off to fine advantage in his portrayal of the gladiator, winning universal admiration.

#### TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A FINE musical programme was rendered by the students of this institution on the evening of Thursday, February 11, in the Broadway Tabernacle, under the direction of F. H. Torrington, who played the closing organ number in a masterly style. Mr. Burden's organ playing, for one so young, gives great promise of future excellence. The vocalists of the evening sang with expression and in good style; particularly well rendered was the song, "Glory to Thee My God this Night," by Eddie Reburn. The varied programme held the interest of the large audience until the closing number had been played.

#### PADEREWSKI AT THE PAVILION.

ONE of the largest ultra-fashionable audiences ever assembled in the Pavilion greeted the famous Polish piano virtuoso, Ignace Jean Paderewski, on Friday evening last. The audience was also critical to a degree, but the genius and transcendent abilities of the performer soon asserted themselves and moved his critics to unbounded enthusiasm. Paderewski's personality is of unusual interest; a straight spare figure, above the medium height, rather small, delicately chiselled features, half-closed eyes, no hirsute growth except the maelstrom of shocked golden-brown hair, surmounting and enveloping his brow; with hands of delicate mould, whose fingers develop a marvellous dexterity, producing at times a tone-painting worthy of a Raphael or a Reynolds, all these attributes present the ensemble of an ideal modern pianist, who combines the rapid technical display of Rubinstein, with a more careful finish as to detail. The first number, Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, served to prove the classical research of the player, though perhaps the severe Beethoven student might prefer Von Bülow's Beethoven interpretations, yet Paderewski's individuality, ever present, may be said to somewhat atone for the variations of *tempi* he introduced; suffice it, that his execution of the difficult *bravura* passages was facile in the extreme. Schumann's "Papillons" showed with what delicacy and grace the player was endowed. The Chopin numbers only served to enhance the technique and soulful style of this great pianist; in the "Nocturne," he brought out several strongly contrasted *nuances*, introducing some wonderful left hand work; and his gracefully finished fingering and *rubato* effects in the "Waltz" wrought his audience into a fury of delight, which resulted in a second "Waltz" being given, in which he again exhibited the perfection of *cantabile*, coupled with an evenness of trills, runs and scale playing, all his own. Paderewski's compositions "Melodie," in which he produced charming double melodie effects with both hands, and the "Menuet" with its quaint melodious movements, stamped him at once as being a prolific composer of great merit and originality; his judicious use of the pedals was at all times tellingly effective. Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" brought out an amazing amount of hitherto latent force, the left hand sharing alike with the right in power and skill in rapid octave playing; the grandeur of the sustained chords contrasted with the ever present singing tone in the delicate melodic passages. In a word, this favoured poet of the piano dazzles, by his

astonishing finger work, the purity of his style, tender grace contrasted with an iron nerve, and by his display of wondrous fiery power in the various interpretations of the great masters. The audience had risen to depart, the while applauding the last number, when Paderewski once more, after repeated bows, sat down at the magnificent Steinway Grand and gave a masterly rendering of Liszt's "Campanella Etude." The soulful rendering of Liszt's compositions was a revelation to many and a lasting delight to all. Messrs. Suckling and Sons are entitled to the unsifted heartfelt thanks of the musical community, especially, for the enterprise that induced Paderewski to visit Toronto, and which must have proved to be a financial success.

#### THE HARMONY CLUB.

THE Toronto "Four Hundred" were conspicuously present at a performance of the "Beggar Student," by the Harmony Club last Friday and Saturday, presenting a radiant galaxy of good looks, and costly *toilettes*. It was a happy circumstance for our local club, as represented, that Millocker's *chef d'œuvre* had never been given here by a professional company, for disappointment would have been the inevitable outcome. Conductor Schuch did well with the material at his disposal, but surely Toronto musical circles could have produced a far superior display of amateur vocal talent had it been properly sought for, and the baneful influence of that abominable, priggish, society clique, eliminated. Music is essentially a catholic art, entitling its humblest scions to equal recognition with its more favoured monied devotees, and, until this becomes an established axiom, local amateur musical excellence must ever remain an unsolved problem. Musing over these performances with the score in view, excellent as they were, in a way, the vocal shortcomings are pertinently prominent, but a close musical criticism, not being considered *de rigueur*, on these occasions, a general summary must suffice. The chorus of fifty voices was somewhat weak in tone and lacking in *verve*, especially the male element; the gentlemen's silk stockings and the ladies' curtailed skirts scarcely can be said to have served the essential requirements. Another important element was, with perhaps one or two solitary exceptions, noticeable by its absence, that of a well-placed voice, showing sufficient cultivation to essay even comic opera solos. The music of Laura was acceptably well sung. Lieut. Poppenberg and Bronislava found the most natural interpretations, while General Ollendorff, whose interpreter acted as professional stage manager, suffered from lack of vocal powers to carry out his part more than satisfactorily. The dresses worn by the Company were imported from New York, and were handsome and appropriate; the setting of the stage, the stage business, and the humorous local hits, won the good-humoured encomiums of all. The committee of management must be congratulated for their enterprise in introducing "The Beggar Student" to a Toronto audience, which though not possessing the intrinsic musical value of many of Arthur Sullivan's works, yet is tuneful and sparkling throughout. The following was the cast: Laura, Miss Minnie Gaylord; Countess Palmatica, Miss Lash; Bronislava, Miss Harper; Eva, Miss Sybil Seymour; Poppenberg, Miss Edith Heward; The Beggar Student, Mr. T. D. Beddoe; Janitsky, Mr. J. F. Kirk; General Ollendorff, Mr. W. H. Rochester; Euterich, Mr. George Dunstan; Bogumil, Mr. J. H. Nelles; Sitzka, Mr. Gamble Geddes; Major Holtzhoff, Mr. W. W. Fahey; Lieut. Wangerheim, Mr. Harry Coburn; Lieut. Schweintz, Mr. Harry Hay; Captain Henrici, Mr. C. E. Rudge; Onouphrie, Mr. A. G. Foy; Ensign Richtofer, Mr. W. D. Muir; Puffke, Mr. J. F. Edgar; Prisoner, Mr. A. T. Nelles. The chorus was composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Nicholson, Misses Bostwick, Cassels, Lea, E. Cassels, Caniff, Heward, Horetzki, Kleiser, M. Lash, Lowndes, A. Mason, B. Mason, Maule, L. Maule, Mathews, McGillivray, Newbigging, Palmer, Pillsworth, Powell; Messrs. Bickford, Canniff, Cawthra, Cherry, Chisholm, Cassels, Duggan, Gray, Holcroft, Hulme, Jones, Lea, Martin, Mathieson, Minty, McLean, O'Reilly, Reed, Ridout, Stovel, Sweeney and Wilson.

ON Monday, February 29, the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, styled the silver-tongued orator of New York, will give his lecture on "Oratory," in the Pavilion.

THIS Friday evening the University Glee Club, who have been winning favours through Western Ontario recently, give a concert in the Pavilion, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Lavin, the latter better known as the beautiful and attractive soprano singer, Miss Mary Howe; Mr. Boscovitz, the pianist, will also assist.

MUSIC has played its due part in this week of gloom, occasioned by the death of the Duke of Clarence, and of many other distinguished persons through the prevailing epidemic. Memorial services have been held in thousands of our churches, and besides the marches of Mendelssohn and Schubert, the three notable dead marches by Handel, Beethoven and Chopin must have been played many many times. Their inspired solemn strains speak to us in a language far beyond the power of words to express, and it is an eloquent testimony to the value of music to know that they have brought comfort and hope to many hearts heavy with grief. At the funeral of the Heir Presumptive, the anthem selected was Sullivan's beautiful and impressive "Brother thou art gone before" from his "Martyr of Antioch," one of the gems of our great English School of Church music.—*Musical News.*

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE KNIGHTING OF THE TWINS, AND TEN OTHER TALES. By Clyde Fitch. The Drawings by Virginia Gerson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a delightful book for children; the tales are pleasantly told without forced morals or didactic pleasures. Some of the stories are of a pathetic nature; for instance, that entitled "An Unchronicled Miracle." "But the dreary, bare room was empty, and the bit of glass over the bed reflected nothing; for Leah, the wife of Simon the stone-layer, was dead. And still Ruth was not surprised." "Raphael's Black Days," a story of the poetic dreams of a blind boy, is perhaps the best in the volume. Raphael gives his ideas of colours which he has never seen: "Pink's when you kiss some one. you love very much on the lips, softly. Then there's white and black. They are the hardest. White's when you hear a bird singing early in the morning; and black—I'll whisper this just to you two, and you must never tell the others or they'd tease me—black is when you are blind." Can anything be more tender or more simple than this? Some of the illustrations are excellent and the publishers are to be congratulated upon a very neat volume.

CANON AND TEXT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Dr. Frants Buhl. Price, 7s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1892.

This book addresses itself to a class which is somewhat contracted, but it will be received with eagerness by those who are interested in the study of the Hebrew Scriptures. It will form a kind of a continuation to the work of Dr. Driver, recently noticed in these columns. Dr. Driver dealt with the literature of the Old Testament, seeking to ascertain its origin, date, authorship, and the like. Dr. Buhl addresses himself to the subject of the Canon and Text, enquiring as to the time of the adoption of the various books as authoritative, and as to the trustworthiness of the texts of the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Septuagint as we possess them.

Dr. Buhl is eminently qualified for this work. He is a Dane by birth, and in part by education; but after studying in Copenhagen, his native city, he went to Leipzig, after which he was appointed to a professorship in the University of Copenhagen. The fact that he has been called to fill a chair in the greatest of the German Universities, Leipzig, and to succeed the greatest Hebrew scholar in Europe, Dr. Franz Delitzsch, may satisfy the reader that he is fully equipped for this work, and a perusal of the volume will abundantly confirm this expectation. Dr. Buhl, in the first part, gives full information regarding the formation of the Old Testament Canon by the Jews of Palestine, by the Hellenists of Alexandria, and by the Christian Church. We are a little startled to find how late was the completion of the Canon. The second and larger part deals with the formation of the Old Testament Text, which, he shows, in all essential points "can be traced back to the first century after Christ, while we have sure witnesses to prove that in the time before Christ a form of text did exist which diverged considerably from the one we now possess." The learned apparatus which accompanies the exposition is of astonishing opulence. This book will be indispensable for critical Hebrew scholars.

THE EARLY CHURCH: A History of Christianity in the First Six Centuries. By Prof. David Duff, D.D., etc. Price, \$4. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1891.

This volume is a welcome sign of the increased and increasing attention given to the study of Church History by the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. The clergy and professors belonging to those communions have done good work in Apologetics and in Theology; but they have done hardly anything in Christian History, although the works of Hume and Robertson might prove that the nation was not destitute of the historical spirit. Apart from these considerations, Dr. Duff's posthumous work must be pronounced to have considerable merit.

A work which was probably never intended for publication, and which has not received the last finishing touches from its author, must always be more or less imperfect and unequal, and this is particularly true of the book before us. Indeed, some of the chapters are so very sketchy that the editor has properly headed them "Some Notes on Jerome, etc." Generally speaking the editor, Rev. D. Duff, has done his part not only with filial piety, but with good judgment, with a good deal of careful labour and with competent equipment of learning. The MS. was used by the author to lecture from to the students of the United Presbyterian College in Edinburgh, and underwent repeated revisions at the hand of the Professor. Some parts seem to have been mere notes.

The editor has wisely left the work very much in the state in which he found it. But he has divided it into chapters, he has given references in many places where the author had merely mentioned the book from which he quoted or to which he referred. He has also, in some cases, given translations of the documents quoted, and, in other cases, the original words.

This history gives evidence of its author's acquaintance with the original authorities, and also of an impartial and intelligent treatment of the same. The style, if not precisely animated or energetic, is yet good and lucid, and there are not many books which could be mentioned that

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would give the general reader a better notion of the great period with which it is concerned.

Some of the subjects are treated with greater completeness than others. For example, the chapter on Justin Martyr is very good, whilst that which is given to the Gnostics is, of necessity, less complete. Good, also, are the chapters on S. Clement of Rome, on Tertullian, on Cyprian, on the Arian Controversy. The chapter on S. Jerome consists of mere notes. The chapters on the Doctrine of the Person of Christ are excellent. The Lecture on the Development of the Doctrine of Papal Supremacy is correct and good as far as it goes, but the subject requires a less abstract treatment. It will be seen that this volume is by no means an unimportant contribution to Church History.

THE WHITE CANOE, and Other Verse. By Alan Sullivan  
Toronto: J. E. Bryant Company. 1891.

It is sometimes a very questionable kindness that is shown to young poets, when they are encouraged to believe that they possess the divine afflatus. We do not think, however, that we are doing wrong to Mr. Sullivan, or to those whom we may induce to be his readers, when we say that we have read this beautiful little book from cover to cover, and parts of it several times, and that we have discerned in its author the possession of real poetical gifts.

If poetic inspiration is akin to the oratorical gift, as we are inclined to believe, then Mr. Sullivan's endowments are lawfully come by, as he is the son of a Bishop who must be placed in the first rank, and whom many consider the very first, of Canadian preachers. The little volume which he has recently published, although containing only a small number of poems, yet displays a large variety of style and sentiment, but above all it shows that the writer has command of pure, vigorous and melodious language. He has the fundamental attribute of the poet, he can sing. The title of the poem is derived from the first poem and the last. The other pieces have no necessary connection with these, and are on a considerable variety of subjects. Love, religion, worship, common life, domestic relations, the sorrow of losing the dearest, these and other topics form, in succession, the subject of the verses. It is not quite fair to the author to quote a stanza or two which, at most, could illustrate only one phase of his genius; but we cannot do more. We should like to draw attention to "A Question," to the "Widower's Lullaby," and to other poems; but we must content ourselves with the two last stanzas of "Farewell to the White Canoe":—

She swam like a ghost thro' the ghostly night,  
That bowed but to her as queen;  
She sped like a wraith in the silver light,  
Or a spirit of things unseen:  
As a leaf in the autumn she sank to sleep,  
By babbling ripples caressed,  
And lay in the arms of the cradling deep,  
On the river's responsive breast.

The summer is dead, and alas! no more  
May we wander alone and free  
By still deep pools and the shadowy shore  
And the rapids' soft lullaby;  
Farewell, farewell, to the peace that lies  
In that solitude deep and blue;  
An answering voice from the great stream sighs  
"Farewell to the White Canoe."

THE THREE GERMANYS: Glimpses into their History. By Theodore S. Fay. Two volumes. New York: Walker and Company; Toronto: W. Briggs. N.D.

This is a very useful book indeed, giving a large amount of information for which the reader would, otherwise, have to seek in a good many volumes. Of the three Germanys described the first comes down to the fall of the Holy Roman Empire, the second to the proclamation of William the First as German Emperor, from which period the third Germany begins.

Mr. Fay tells us that he undertook the writing of his book because of the peculiar opportunities he had, since his first going to Europe in 1833, and during twenty-five years of diplomatic life in London, Berlin and Switzerland, of observing the extraordinary political changes which have taken place in Europe, particularly during the Revolution of 1848, and the German Wars of 1866 and 1870.

After a brief Introduction on "The World before Charlemagne," the author gives an account of the various imperial dynasties who ruled over what was known as the Holy Roman Empire. It may have been somewhat of a fiction to speak of some of the later Emperors of the House of Habsburg as Emperor Romanus, yet up to the time of Francis II. this was his proper designation; and it is distinctly inaccurate to speak of an Emperor of Germany or an Emperor of Austria before that time.

A careful account is given of the rise of the Reformation, of the state of the Empire at the time of Luther's appearance, and of the effects of the religious revolution—immediately in the War of the League of Schmalkalden, and more remotely in the terrible Thirty Years War. After this the author carefully traces the origin and growth of Prussia and the history of Frederick the Great. Next comes the French Revolution, then the Fall of the Roman Empire, followed by an account of the career of Napoleon, and so on, through the changes in the internal relations of France and Germany, the Danish War, the Austro-Prussian War (in 1866), to the great war of 1870.

Not the least interesting portion of these volumes is the narrative of the great struggle in which Napoleon III.

risked his imperial crown against the power of united Germany, and fell under a series of crushing blows hardly paralleled in history. The last two chapters describe the more recent events of German history, the Culture Struggle, the later days of William I., the death of Frederick II., and the accession of William II.

Mr. Fay says that he hardly aspires to the dignity of historian; and of course a narrative which deals with so long a series of events so important cannot possibly go into great detail. But the author tells his story accurately and lucidly, and the reader who masters the contents of these two volumes will have a very comprehensive knowledge of the history of the great German people, and will have all that is generally necessary for practical purposes. Moreover he will have a frame-work into which he can fit other treatises dealing in greater detail with particular portions of the history.

Mr. Fay is a little old-fashioned in some of his notions and modes of speech. We hear of Charlemagne, according to the ancient fashion, instead of Charles the Great, according to the modern; and this is the more remarkable, as the author knows perfectly well that the great Emperor was a German, a Frank, and not, according to the old fallacy, a Frenchman. But this and a few peculiarities of the same kind do not detract from the real value of the book, which is considerable.

THE APOLOGY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Rev. James Macgregor, D.D. Price, \$3.50. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1891.

This is a valuable contribution to the department of Christian Evidences. The author is favourably known to theological students as the author of "Handbooks on Exodus and Galatians" in the excellent series of Messrs. T. and T. Clark, and the present volume shows his fitness in a subject which is not specially his own, as he informs us he was never a professional teacher of Apologetics.

In a work on such a theme it would not be quite reasonable to expect much that is new; and yet Dr. Macgregor presents his material in forms which are his own, and in a fresh and striking manner. After some brief introductory remarks on the question to be discussed the author proceeds to enquire into the explanation of the fact that Christianity gained possession of the world in the second century, and in arriving at this position it has triumphed over great and powerful opponents, which he describes as "worldly magistracy," represented by Trajan, "worldly religions," principally the Jewish, and worldly philosophy, represented by Marcus Aurelius. There is, of course, nothing new in these points, but they are illustrated by Dr. Macgregor with a good deal of force and effect. In particular, we would recommend the part devoted to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius as a very seasonable exposure of the real character and conduct of that over-praised Emperor, whose writings have, with some foolish people, usurped the place of the Gospel.

From these external evidences the author proceeds to the internal, and shows that the Gospel not only was outwardly victorious, but inwardly regenerating. Here and there his ecclesiastical bias betrays itself, and this is rather a pity as the field of Apologetics is common ground. The general effect of this portion of the book, however, is excellent and convincing.

In the Second Book Dr. Macgregor considers, formally, the properly external evidences of the Christian religion, and, principally, the sinlessness of Jesus, the "miracle of manhood," the Words of Jesus, including the prophecy of His Resurrection, and His Works, and their evidence as miracles. All these points are brought under the first chapter of the Second Book, treating of Christ as the chief corner stone.

The second chapter has for its subject the Foundation of the Apostles, the Resurrection, and the third the Foundation of the Prophets. To this latter a full treatment is given, and an appendix is added on Unfulfilled Prophecy. The writer does not go with the modern opponents of prediction. We have already referred to one point as being admirably treated. We would also draw attention to some excellent remarks on the Resurrection at p. 345 and the following pages.

We conclude with two remarks of a critical character, one general and the other on a particular point. The book would be better for the purposes of a text book, if it were a little condensed. It is by no means prosy or wordy, but it might be reduced within narrower limits for the purposes of teaching. Another thing. It was rather a pity to import into a work of this kind a dispute on the question of the Incarnation occurring in case man had not fallen. We do not agree that such an opinion would involve such consequences as Dr. Macgregor points out; but we quite think that the discussion is very unprofitable. Man is a fallen and sinful being, and the Divine provision has reference to him as such. These remarks, however, are in no way intended to detract from the general excellence of the work.

PITT. By Lord Rosebery. London: Macmillan and Company. 1891. Twelve English Statesmen Series.

This little work, a book on a statesman by a statesman, is one that will win an important place among the various biographies of and treatises upon the great man whose fate—whose unenviable fate, Lord Rosebery shows—it was to be the head of England when the deluge of the

French Revolution burst upon Europe. Pitt's position is really an unfortunate one. The historical interest of that mighty quarter of a century centres upon the Revolution and Napoleon, and surrounding men and nations become of interest as they bear on that colossal movement of a people. Viewed relatively, Pitt is the Minister who clung with unwearied tenacity to the war, and opposed the incidental tyranny of the new movement towards liberty. He is too the head and forefront of the sweep of the cautious English nation back to Conservatism and political stagnation. Yet, viewed absolutely, the man is a peace Minister forced, desperately struggling against the necessity, into an enormous war; he is the economist, plunged into unprecedented expenditure; he is the reformer forced to stay his reforms, and die with them postponed for a third of a century. Surely an unhappy fate; yet this is the central fact of his life, and it is the merit of Lord Rosebery's book that he has pointed this out in clear terms.

As long as the nation was plunged in its death grapple with Napoleonism, as long as the glamour of the hard won hill of Albuera and the unbroken squares of Waterloo hung over it, so long was Pitt regarded as the saviour of his country from anarchy and dissolution. But when the long sad years after Waterloo had disillusioned men, when the battle of reform was won and men realized that the victory had been long postponed, a new generation arose that knew not Pitt; and for years he has been known to mankind as the implacable foe of progress, the retarder of liberalism. Until lately, that idea has prevailed; and as liberalism has grown, and as candid minds have owned that with all its blood and suffering the French Revolution was a boon to humanity, Pitt was in danger of going down to posterity as the bad spirit that stayed the tide in England, and consigned that land to an abyss of Philistinism. John Richard Green does justice to Pitt's position, and Lord Rosebery's work is an extension of Green's view, necessarily compressed, of Pitt's attitude to France. In Chapter VII. Lord Rosebery gives in a few words the key to the situation: "His enthusiasm was all for peace, retrenchment and reform; he had experienced the difficulty of actively intervening in the affairs of Europe; he had no particle of that strange bias which has made some eminent statesmen believe themselves to be eminent Generals; but he had the consciousness of a boundless capacity for meeting the real requirements of the country. Had he been able to carry out his own policy, had France only left him alone, or even given him a loophole for abstention, he would have been by far the greatest Minister England has ever seen. As it was, he was doomed to drag out the remainder of his life in darkness and dismay, in wrecking his whole financial edifice to find funds for incapable Generals and for foreign statesmen more capable than honest, in postponing and indeed repressing all his projected reforms."

Fault has been found with Pitt because when war was inevitable he did not retire, since his policy till then had been peace. We cannot see the justice of this. Pitt was at the head of England. England simply could not join the liberal movement in France; she had her reforms to work out, but they lay in a wholly opposite line to the French reforms; water and oil would sooner have mixed than English reformers and French conventionists. Now, France was determined that England should fight, either with her or against her. English spirit, English nationality, demanded resistance if insulted and attacked. Attacked England was, and she resented it. We cannot see wherein Pitt sinned in abandoning his peace policy when his country was assailed. The work is an able exposition of Pitt's life and work. The sin of too much detail is avoided, while the narrative is extended enough to be clear and interesting. It is a valuable contribution to Pitt literature, and as such will, we believe and hope, be successful.

THE *Manitoban* is the title of a new monthly magazine published in Winnipeg by the Manitoban Publishing Company. This unpretentious magazine deals mainly with matters relating to the young but virile country to the north and west. It proves that the literary spirit of our hardy Northmen is modestly assertive and progressive. We wish the *Manitoban* every success.

THE *Rural Canadian* for February, 1892, is a very good issue and should be read with interest by all who have any connection with farm-life. The St. Bernard Dog is taken up in this number, and an excellent portrait of the celebrated "Alton" is given. The number contains much of interest; special mention, however, should be made of "Devon Cattle," "The Brown Swiss," and "Orchids and their Culture."

THE February number of the *Bookman* is a bright one. The News Notes contain much that is of interest re such men as Mr. Kipling, Mr. Stephenson and Dr. Mahaffy. "Naenia Flosculi," by Y. Y., is a beautiful little poem. "The Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle" is continued. The celebrated "Dieu" of Victor Hugo is taken up in this number, though hardly in the spirit of Swinburne. *In toto* the number is a good one all round.

THE *Overland Monthly* for February opens with an illustrated article on "The Occupation of Mount Conness," by Professor George Davidson, whose portrait forms the frontispiece. It describes the difficulties which were met and surmounted in establishing an observatory in the Sierra Nevada, 12,600 feet above the sea. "An American Tin Mine," by Enoch Knight, introduces the reader to the "Temeschal" mine of California. Short stories, poems and other contributions complete the number.

THE February *Century* is a capital number. An article on "The New National Guard," with plenty of military pictures, leads off. "Characteristics," by S. Weir Mitchell, is continued; "Reffey," by Wolcott Balestier, the young American author who died so recently, is a powerfully dramatic tale of Western life. "The Naulahka," the novel of East and West, by Kipling and Balestier, is continued—things are becoming interesting. Titian is the subject of the art sketch of the month, his "La Bella" furnishing the frontispiece. A descriptive article, "The Jews in New York," the usual dialect story, the usual San Francisco sketch, and some information about the Gulf Stream fill out a very good number indeed.

A DOUBLE number of the *Illustrated News* with extra supplement was issued on the 6th instant. Prominent incidents connected with the life and death of the late Duke of Clarence form the larger part of both letter press and illustration. The double page illustration represents "The Funeral Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor." There are also full page illustrations of "The Service at Sandringham Church, Sunday, Jan. 17;" "The Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor," in which the remains of the Duke were reposing; "The Funeral Procession Leaving Windsor Railway Station"; "The Late Duke of Clarence"; "Prince George of Wales," and of "The Late Duke of Clarence as an Officer of the 10th Hussars." It also contains a portrait of the late Cardinal Manning.

It is easy to see the effect General Marbot's *Memoirs* have had upon the literary public in England. *Temple Bar* has the third review we have seen of that gallant Frenchman's adventures; and a very interesting one it is. The serial, "God's Fool," by Maarten Maartens, is continued at considerable length. "Humour," instead of being a disquisition, is a story, very short and very absurd. A translation of an epigram of Martial's and two ballads, one on the "Irish Hugheses," constitute the poetic part of the number, while Benjamin Robert Haydon is the subject of a biographical sketch, of which we have the first instalment. "Aunt Anne" and "The Secret of Wardale Court" complete the fiction list, and there are one or two descriptive articles.

To the lay reader the most interesting contents of the *Andover Review* for February will be "The Figures of Homer," by Miss Julia H. Caverno, and "Rembrandt as Educator," by H. C. Bierwith, Ph.D. The last is a most interesting review of a book with that title recently published in Germany, and emphasizing the Pan-Germanic spirit to the utmost. It is hardly a treatise of art-criticism; it is a treatise on national education, science, politics and culture. "Ethnic Religion in its Relation to Christianity," by Professor Gerhart, is the opening article. "Our Ethical Resources" bears upon the problems of the day, while "The Duty of Scientific Theology to the Church of To-day" has been translated from the German. The number is a good one, interesting even to outside readers.

WILLIAM EDWARD WEBER, the late celebrated German scientific discoverer, is the subject of the frontispiece of the *Popular Science Monthly* for February. "Personal Liberty" is discussed in a thoughtful and learned article by Edward Atkinson and Edward T. Cabot. David Starr Jordan pleasantly tells "The Story of a Strange Land"—a story of geologic interest and well illustrated. A very interesting illustrated article is that on "Stilts and Stilt Walking," by M. Guyot Daubes, translated from *La Nature*. "Musical Instruments—the Piano Forte" is ably treated by Daniel Spillane. "Electricity in Relation to Science" is a reproduced speech delivered before the Institution of Electrical Engineers of London, by Professor William Crookes. Other contributions and translations complete a good number of this excellent periodical.

Two celebrated Englishmen have contributed very able articles to the *North American Review* for February. "The Duty and Destiny of England in India" is from the pen of the poet-journalist, Sir Edwin Arnold, and "The Olympian Religion—I." from that of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Sir Edwin Arnold's very able article is a thoughtful and informing contribution and should be widely read. Another well-known Englishman, the Sea Romancer, W. Clark Russell, has an article entitled "A Claim for American Literature," which refers mainly to the writings of Richard H. Dana and Herman Melville and the hard life of the ordinary seaman. "A perilous Business and the Remedy," by the Hon. Cabot Lodge, and "A Year of Railway Accidents," by H. G. Prout, are timely. Other important subjects are ably treated.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for February is a most interesting number. "The Border State Men of the Civil War," by N. S. Shaler, is, to judge by the notice on the cover, considered the chief article in the issue; and a very interesting statement of the peculiar conditions of Kentucky it is. An archaeological article, "The Pageant at Rome in the Year 17 B.C.," is an account of recent interesting discoveries. Archibald Lampman contributes a short poem, "With the Night." F. Marion Crawford's "Don Orsino" is continued. "The Nearness of Animals to Men" contains much curious information in the course of an argument that animals are higher in the intellectual and even moral scale than is generally conceded. "What French Girls Study" will be interesting to advocates of higher education for women. A consideration of the short story as the distinctively American literary line, and two Venetian articles, one historical and one descriptive, and a war story, by A. M. Ewell, are other features of the number.

THE *New England Magazine* for February is a very fair number. "Corot, His Life and Character," by his godson, Camille Thurwanger, is most interesting. "Corot," says the author, "was eminently the painter of nature in a happy mood. His labour is a long dream of happiness; and he died on the 22nd of February, nearly eighty years old, as young and as bright as at twenty. Such minds have no age, for they have received from the grace of God the gift of eternal spring." "Stories of Salem Witchcraft" is continued in this number. "Some Letters of Wendell Phillips to Lydia Maria Child," also appear. "The Tribute of Silence," by James Buckham, is really pretty:—

O deep is silence—deep as human souls,  
Aye, deep as life, beyond all lead and line;  
And words are but the broken shells that shine  
Along the shore by which the ocean rolls.

"John Parmenter's Protégé," by Walter Blackburn Harte, is a little disappointing; we look for a problem in psychology and find in its stead a somewhat disconnected farce. "A Country Boy's Recollections of The War," by Albert D. Smith, is written in an able and clear manner.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. WARD'S new novel, "David Grieve," is receiving wide comment, and, on the whole, favourable criticism. Messrs. Copp, Clark Company are its Canadian publishers.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 11 in their Rose Library, "The Merry Bachelor"; translated from the French of A. R. Le Sage, with designs by R. De Los Rios, etc.

LIEUT.-COL. JAMES A. GRANT, C.B., who died on the 11th inst., will be remembered as the co-discoverer with Captain John Canning Speke of the Victoria Nyanza, one of the sources of the Nile, and the author of "A Walk Across Africa."

DR. J. G. BOURINOT, the well-known authority on Constitutional Law, has favoured THE WEEK with an article abridged from a work of his on Cape Breton, which will appear in the spring. We are satisfied that the forthcoming volume will be one of more than usual interest.

THE manuscript of a small volume of poems left by Lord Lytton is to be edited by his daughter and son-in-law. They will soon be published, with a short preface by Lady Lytton, and will be followed by Lord Lytton's "King Poppy," on which he had been engaged many years.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON, the well-known Canadian poet and short story writer, will read selections from her own writings this evening in Association Hall. We hope that all who are interested in Canadian literature will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing this talented lady.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY have in press a work by the late Ferdinand Praeger, entitled "Wagner as I Knew Him." The book, which is the outcome of Dr. Praeger's life-long intimacy with Wagner, is a remarkably clear, sympathetic and unprejudiced history of the man and the composer.

THE Cassell Publishing Company will publish in February "Across Thibet," by Gabriel Bonvalot, author of "Through the Heart of Asia," with upward of one hundred illustrations, made principally from photographs taken by Prince Henry of Orleans. This is a valuable addition to works of adventurous travel.

AT a Papyrus Club dinner, a few years ago, Mr. Lowell talked about his first book, the 500 copies of which did not sell and, being put away in a lumber-room, were destroyed by fire. "I learned recently," added the poet, "that a copy of the first book is worth \$30, and, in view of this fact, the advice that it seems most fitting I should give to all literary folk is to burn their first books!"—*N.Y. Critic*.

THERE is a generous rivalry among the London papers as to which shall say the best word about Thomas Hardy's new novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." "Not only good, but great," says the *Athenæum*; "Casts all his previous achievements in the shade," says the *World*; "The finest thing he has ever done," says *Black and White*; "The strongest English novel of many years," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

MISS AGNES MAULE MACHAR, so well known in our literature as "Fidelis," has in the press of D. Lothrop and Company, to be issued in the spring, a new story entitled "Marjorie's Canadian Winter: A Story of the Northern Lights." This story is in some respects in line with the stories of New France, though it is a modern story for young people, interweaving some of the old stories in an attractive modern form.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in press for immediate publication, "The Genesis of the Art Forms," an essay in Comparative Æsthetics, by George L. Raymond, Professor of Oratory and Æsthetic Criticism, Princeton College. In the Questions of the Day Series: No. 69, "Money, Silver and Finance," by J. Howard Cowperthwait; No. 70, "The Question of Silver," by Louis R. Ehrlich. They have also in press for early issue, "Methods of Industrial Remuneration," by David F. Schloss.

IN the February issue of *Belford's Monthly and Democratic Review* Erastus Wiman contributes a most interesting paper, entitled "An International Personality:

Goldwin Smith." After showing the effects of his personality in the United States, in Canada and in Great Britain, the author closes with these words: "Thus in the three great countries concerned in the question at issue, this intellectual giant, this wise philosopher, this learned scholar and most graceful writer plays a part peculiarly his own."

SPEAKING of Whitman, Mr. Burroughs, in his interesting paper on Mr. Howells' "agreements" with the poet, in this week's *Critic*, quotes Mr. Howells as saying that the original mind cannot conform to models, but "has its form within itself." Mr. Burroughs is an easy writer, but easy writing is sometimes hard reading—in manuscript; and, for the sake of the joke, one can forgive the printer who made the essayist say that the original mind "has its worm within itself"! The error was detected in the proof.—*The Critic*.

JOHN A. TAYLOR AND COMPANY, of New York, whose house was established to meet an expected new market, announce that they have already closed a large number of contracts for new stories by (amongst others) John Habberton, Margaret Lee, Julian Hawthorne, W. Clark Russell, "The Duchess," Hawley Smart, Mrs. Alexander, Dora Russell, F. C. Phillips, Adeline Sergeant, George M. Fenn, Mrs. E. Lovett Cameron, James Payn, Mrs. Kennard, J. Fitzgerald Molloy, "Rita," E. Phillips Oppenheim, Florence Warden, T. W. Speight, Mabel Collins, Grant Allen, Geo. R. Sims, etc.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for February has a number of interesting articles of varied excellence. The frontispiece is a pleasing photogravure of M. E. W. Sherwood, whose "Recollections" are by no means the least interesting article of the number. The fine martial tale, "Roy the Royalist," will add to Mr. Westhall's reputation. Julius Chambers' article on "The Managing Editor" is capital. "The Hackney Horse" will prove instructive to all who are interested in that noble animal. Numerous other articles and some very good poems make up one of the best numbers of this popular magazine that we have seen for some time.

GOODRICH BLISS ROBERTS, brother of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, and son of the Rev. Canon Roberts, of Fredericton, N.B., died suddenly at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, on the 4th inst. Mr. Roberts was a young Canadian of more than ordinary promise. A graduate of Kings College, N.S., an able contributor to the college journal, a writer of short stories and the editor, with Douglas Sladen, of "The Younger American Poets." Possessed of fine literary taste and culture, he would without doubt, had he lived, have won for himself an honoured name in Canadian letters. THE WEEK extends its sympathy to Professor Roberts and his family in their sad bereavement.

A BOOK-HUNTER has found in a stall of the quays a manuscript of Mme. Marbouty, known in literature as Claire Brune. The manuscript is a journal of her impressions, and contains this reminiscence of Balzac: "He came to Paris for business with his publishers. 'I have invited five persons to take breakfast with me to-morrow at Ville-d'Avray,' he said; 'but I have not even a cent for my dinner to-day, and it is five o'clock.' I opened my purse, and, taking ten francs from it, gave them to him. . . I yielded something of my principle never to advance money to him, because he was so shabbily dressed and seemed so wretched, in the most crowded corner of Paris where we stood."

A NEW volume of lectures on literary subjects by Thomas Carlyle is an event of the first importance in the literary world. The book is entitled "Lectures on the History of Literature." It consists of a series of eleven out of a course of twelve lectures which Carlyle delivered in London in 1838, covering the great figures, movements and works in literature from the time of Homer down to and including Goethe. Full reports of the lectures were taken at the time by Thomas Chisholm Anstey, a barrister-at-law and subsequently a member of Parliament; and this book is a transcription of Mr. Anstey's notes. It bears all the marks of Carlyle's style of expression and mode of thought. It has just been published by the Scribners.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce Vol. VIII. of Prof. Sargent's "Silva of North America," Bret Harte's "First Family of Tasajara," Rowland E. Robinson's "Vermont" in the American Commonwealth Series, "Miss Bagg's Secretary," by Clara Louise Burnham, and a new edition of the same author's "Next Door"; "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," by Prof. Royce; "The Early Renaissance, and Other Essays," by Prof. Hoppin of Yale; "Mark Hopkins," being Vol. VI. of American Religious Leaders, by Franklin Carter, President of Williams College; "Poems," by Maurice Thompson; "William Gilmore Simms," being Vol. XII. of American Men of Letters, by William Trent, Professor of English Literature in the University of the South.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Royal Templar Platform. 30c. Hamilton: Royal Templar Book and Publishing House.  
Crawford, F. Marion. Dr. Claudius. New York: Macmillan & Co.  
Harte, Bret. A First Family of Tasajara. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
Le Sage, Alain René. The Merry Bachelor. New York: Worthington & Co.  
Richardson, Chas. F. The Choice of Books. New York: Jno. B. Alden.  
West, B. B. Half Hours with the Millionaires. London: Longmans, Green & Co.



## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

CYCLONES originate in the tropics, and are chiefly found in five localities: The West Indies, Bengal Bay and the Chinese coast, north of the equator; and in the South Indian Ocean off Madagascar and the South Pacific near Samoa. In the Antilles there are not half a dozen on the average every season.

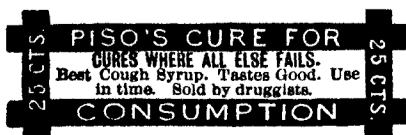
**SHARPENING TOOLS BY ELECTRICITY.**—An electro-chemical method of sharpening files and other tools is being used with satisfactory results, both from a practical and economical point of view. The files, which have first been thoroughly cleaned, are immersed for twenty minutes, suspended in a metal plate in a mixture of 100 parts of water, six parts of nitric acid and three parts sulphuric acid. The plate is placed in connection with a number of carbons immersed in the same liquid. The corrosion of the metal takes place in the cavities only, so that the edges are sharpened in exactly the same manner as if the operation had been performed by a file cutter.

On the roof of a meat store in Salem, Massachusetts, a clothes-line was stretched, and on it a wet handkerchief was hung to dry. This was seized by the wind and twisted around an electric wire; by means of its dampness, this handkerchief conducted the electricity along the wire, and brought it into communication with other wires, running along which it reached the water-pipes in the cellar. From these the electricity sprang to the stove, on which stood a kettle of boiling fat, to which it communicated so strong a light that a workman who was near thought the fat was burning. In attempting to take the kettle from the stove, he received an electric shock which threw him against the wall. Pale with terror, the man ran into a room back of the workshop. Another workman, trying to bring him a glass of water, turned the brass faucet of the water-pipe, and was immediately thrown against the furthest corner of the room. For several minutes everything appeared to be turned into a galvanic battery; the nails on the wall were red hot, the water pipes spouted out flames, and even the iron bands of the water pail showed signs of disturbance. Finally the cause of the commotion was discovered and ended, as soon as the wire was freed from the embrace of the wet handkerchief.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the St. Louis Anzeiger des Westens.*

## "August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,  
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.



Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

**THE Compagnie des Hauts-Fourneaux, Forges et Aciéries de la Marine et des Chemins de Fer** is experimenting with a new alloy for armour plates, projectiles and guns, viz.: a steel containing 1 per cent. of chromium, 2 per cent. of nickel and not more than 0.4 per cent. of carbon; the steel is first melted in an open hearth, and in the ordinary way. When the silicon and manganese in the metal have attained their proper proportions the nickel and chromium are added successively in the form of ferro-nickels and ferro-chromes, or in the shape of a double ferro-chrome and nickel.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

**THE SOPORIFIC EFFECT OF LETTUCE.**—It appears that the properties popularly attributed to lettuce (its soporific effects were known to the Greeks), are due to hyoscyamine. Mr. T. S. Dymond, in a paper read before the Chemical Society, explained that the mydriatic (dilation of the pupil of the eye) action of an extract of lettuce was suspected of being due to an alkaloid, and after treating in the usual way with chloroform he obtained crystals in the form of silky needles, having the same melting-point and other properties as hyoscyamine, the mydriatic alkaloid known to exist in belladonna, henbane and other plants belonging to the Solanaceae. The lettuce (*Lactuca*), however, belongs to the Compositae, and probably Mr. Dymond is the first to discover hyoscyamine or any other alkaloid of the mydriatic group in a plant not belonging to the Solanaceae.—*English Mechanic.*

**SELF-MEDICATION.**—With the recurrence of influenza a word of warning against the possible dangers of self-medication becomes once more imperative. Many regard this affection as trivial and transitory, and requiring little more treatment than merely remaining at home for twenty-four hours or so; while they are prepared either to ignore medicine entirely, or to fly in reckless, hazardous fashion to quinine, salicin, antipyrine, exalgine or to any substance which may be widely advertised either for the reduction of fever or the relief of pain. It cannot be too widely known that such a course is fraught with considerable danger, not only from the possibility of serious but insidious complications being overlooked until the case is perhaps moribund, but also from the fear lest any of the newer remedies should be employed in overdoses. The most casual reference to any work dealing with the synthetic compounds will show that, as a rule, they possess toxic properties, and this fact alone should cause those addicted to self-medication to pause before they act upon the assumption that statements in an advertisement, or even in the columns of the daily press, convey the whole truth. It is true that certain drugs relieve pain and reduce temperature, but it is equally true that, unless they are employed by persons who are properly informed, disastrous accidents will undoubtedly occur.—*The Lancet.*

**ARTIFICIAL OYSTER CULTIVATION IN FRANCE.**—The United States Consul at Bordeaux in a recent report describes the artificial cultivation of oysters in France. He says that in 1872 the increased price of oysters led to official investigation, and subsequently to the introduction of cultivation by artificial means. The modes of providing artificial beds vary with the nature of the bottom and the violence of the wind and waves. Tiles covered with cement and immersed along the sea-beach are found the most advantageous, for they present a surface to which the oyster can readily attach itself, and from which it can afterwards be easily removed. The tiles can also be transferred from place to place without difficulty, which is a matter of some importance, as the processes of breeding and fattening may require different temperatures. The Bay of Arcachon, one of the centres of oyster cultivation, was at one time crowded with natural beds, but owing to excessive dredging they became exhausted. The industry has revived there owing to artificial culture. The whole of the sea bottom that can be dredged, to the extent of 12,600 acres, is staked off into inclosures. In some instances nets are attached to the stakes to keep out lobsters and other fish. It is inside these parks, as they are called, that the tiles are immersed. These are usually fire-bricks covered with mortar, with a surface of two

square feet, and accommodate from 500 to 600 oysters. The latter grow so rapidly that the owner of the park has frequently to raise the tiles to the surface in order to scrape off the oysters for which there is no room, while he sinks more tiles to give them a home.

**PROGRESS IN ELECTRICITY.**—By means of electric currents alternating with very high frequency, Prof. Nikola Tesla has succeeded in passing by induction through the glass of a lamp energy sufficient to keep a filament in a state of incandescence without the use of connecting wires. He has even lighted a room by producing in it such a condition that an illuminating appliance may be placed anywhere and lighted without being electrically connected with anything. He has produced the required condition by creating in the room a powerful electrostatic field alternating very rapidly. He suspends two sheets of metal, each connected with one of the terminals of the coil. If an exhausted tube is carried anywhere between these sheets, or placed anywhere, it remains always luminous. The extent to which this method of illumination may be practically available experiments alone can decide. In any case, our insight into the possibilities of static electricity has been extended, and the ordinary electric machine will cease to be regarded as a mere toy. Alternating currents have at the best a rather doubtful reputation. But it follows from Tesla's researches that as the rapidity of the alternation increases they become not more dangerous but less so. It further appears that a true flame can now be produced without chemical aid—a flame which yields light and heat without the consumption of material and without any chemical process. To this end we require improved methods for producing excessively frequent alternations and enormous potentials. Shall we be able to obtain these by tapping the ether? If so, we may view the prospective exhaustion of our coal fields with indifference; we shall at once solve the smoke question, and thus dissolve all possible coal rings. Another tempting field for research, scarcely yet attacked by pioneers, awaits exploration. I allude to the mutual action of electricity and life. No sound man of science endorses the assertion that "electricity is life;" nor can we even venture to speak of life as one of the varieties or manifestations of energy. Nevertheless, electricity has an important influence upon vital phenomena, and is in turn set in action by the living being—animal or vegetable. In the study of such facts and such relations the scientific electrician has before him an almost infinite field of enquiry.—*Prof. Wm. Crookes, in Nature.*

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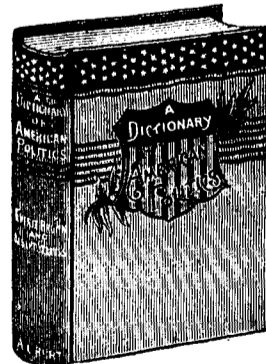
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