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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.

THE published minutes of a meeting of the Senate of Toronto University, held on Friday, the 13th inst., contain some strange and not very creditable revelations, especially with reference to the manner in which provision was made at large expense for the accommodation of the new Medical Department in the biological building. The history is still shrouded in a haze of mystery, so far as the responsibility for the construction and internal arrangements of the additions to the said building are concerned, and it is clearly the duty of some one to insist on having fuller light on the subject. From the information furnished in reply to questions asked by Mr. MacLean, it appears that though the rooms, or some of them, were being constructed mainly, if not expressly, for the use of the Medical Department, this fact was carefully concealed from the Senate, when the plans were submitted for its approval. These plans contained no indications that any portion of the building was intended for medical purposes. Indeed, in a letter to the Registrar, dated May 11, 1892, the architect wrote: "I was instructed not to put names on the rooms used for anatomical purposes, because, as I understood, of a possibility of objection being made by the residents in the neighbourhood." Who was responsible for these directions, and for this not very honourable attempt to deceive, does not appear, though the architect says: "My instructions were generally received through Professor Ramsay Wright." A letter from the Minister of Education, read at the same meeting, seems to imply quite distinctly that the Minister was misled in regard to the alleged facts which induced him to give his sanction to the lease of the lots on College Street for hospital purposes. It is unnecessary to say that it is of the utmost importance, if a public institution is to retain the confidence and sympathy of the people and their representatives in the Assembly, that everything in connection with its management should be open and above board. It is pretty clear that in this case the zeal of some one in the interests of the newly-established Medical Department overstepped the bounds not only of discretion but of common candour. So much having been brought to light,

neither the Senate, the Legislature, nor the public should be content until the full history of this somewhat mysterious business is made clear, and the responsibility placed upon the right shoulders.

CANADA'S political reputation was not too high before, and some of the scenes which were enacted last week in Committee of the whole at Ottawa will scarcely improve the estimation in which our Government and Parliament are held abroad. Nor do they tend to increase our self-respect at home. It is hard to know just what to say in reference to such unseemly contests as those which took place over the appropriations for public buildings at La Prairie, St. Henri, etc. The opposition cry "Bribery!" and the Government supporters cry "Obstruction!" and both cries seem to be well founded. That it is impossible to defend, on any sound principle, such appropriations as those referred to can hardly be denied. In fact serious defence was, so far as appears from the newspaper reports, scarcely attempted. What is the duty of the Government's critics in such a case? What course would a dignified and strong Opposition, like that in the Mother Country to which our public men are so fond of looking for precedents, take, under such circumstances? It is impossible to say, for no such case could arise in England. It is simply inconceivable that an English Ministry could lay itself open to such a charge as that of using the public funds either to purchase or to reward political support. Believing, as even the more independent supporters of the Government, such as Col. O'Brien, do, that such a use of public funds is wrong and indefensible, it is clearly the duty as well as the pleasure of the Opposition to denounce and oppose it to the utmost of their ability, by all proper and constitutional means. Whether they would not better serve their own ends and make a better impression on the country, by putting their remonstrances and denunciations on record in a few vigorous speeches and then reserving their oratorical thunder for the public platform, is a question worthy of their consideration. The rejoinder which was made by more than one friend of the party in power, that the cost of the prolonged debate is greater than that of the objectionable items, is of course no answer to the Liberal arguments. But it catches the ear of the people, who do not always stay to make even obvious distinctions. One thing is made very clear to the independent mind, and that is the radical defectiveness of the system which makes it the duty of the partisan Ministers to distribute the public funds in this way. It is easy to talk about their responsibility to Parliament and to the public, but where the final decision is reached in every case by the party vote, to what does the responsibility amount save that "to the victors belong the spoils"? Does any person really suppose that the public money is now expended in the localities where it is most needed?

THE Civil Service Commissioners, in their report now before Parliament, make several recommendations which must commend themselves to all who desire to see the baneful influence of partyism as far as possible eliminated from the public service. The two principal changes recommended—the establishment of a permanent Civil Service Commission, and appointment by open competition—could scarcely fail to work a most desirable reform in every department of the service. It would be a happy omen should the leaders of both parties consent for once to give over their bickerings and put their heads together to perfect a system the effect of which would be to relieve the Government of the day of the patronage which must now be one of the greatest vexations as well as one of the chief temptations of an honest Minister, and to permit the business of the Dominion to be transacted on purely business principles. We fear, however, that this is too much to hope for at present. As to the proposed Board of Commissioners, it is hard to see on what ground reasonable objection can be made, unless on that of expense. But can anyone doubt that such a Commission, if properly constituted, would save the country many times the amount of the salaries of its members? The statements made in the report in regard to the methods of doing work, and of making promotions and increases of salary, which now prevail, are very suggestive on that point.

There are, perhaps, more serious objections to appointment of officials on the competitive principle, inasmuch as many other qualities are needed to make an efficient officer or clerk, besides those which can be ascertained by a competitive examination. Yet the results of such examination, combined with a proper regard to experience and proved efficiency in making promotions, would, probably, afford on the whole the best practicable method of securing the most efficient service. All parties would now, we think, admit that the appointment of an Auditor-General wholly independent of the Ministry was one of the best administrative reforms ever made in Canada. There is little room for doubt that the appointment of a Civil Service Board, with a thoroughly qualified officer at its head, to work in connection with deputy heads, all alike independent of the Ministers of the day, would prove still more advantageous to the public service of the country, in proportion to the wider sphere of its operations.

SINCE the paragraph on "Bribery and Obstruction" was written, our attention has been directed to one of the minor recommendations of the Civil Service Commission which is of special interest in that connection. Calling attention to "the system pursued of erecting buildings for post offices in comparatively small places," and the unwarranted expense involved, the report proceeds: "Your Commissioners would submit this matter for the consideration of the Government, so that some system may be adopted, limiting the erection of such structures to places only where the revenues collected warrant the outlay." Nothing could be more reasonable or just than to lay down some fixed principle, such as that thus recommended, and adhere to it. Why not go a little further and remove this detail of administration also from the control of Ministers and put it into the hands of the Civil Service Commission? As the time of these Commissioners would not perhaps be very fully occupied, they could ascertain the necessary facts connected with each application, and the Government, in recommending to Parliament only such outlays as had received the approval of the Commission, after due investigation, would be freed from the suspicion of and temptation to favouritism and other partisan motives in making such recommendations. Rightly viewed, the appropriation of the public funds for such purposes involves very serious responsibilities from which conscientious Ministers would, one might suppose, gladly be relieved. Few things in politics or morals are more surprising than the readiness with which men who, in private life, would make the administration of trust funds a matter of the most scrupulous care and conscientiousness, will violate in the most open manner the clearest principles of justice and fairness when the money belongs to the public and partisan interests are at stake. Had the Premier and Sir John Thompson retained their first ardour for reform, as exhibited last session, we should not have been without strong hope of seeing most of the recommendations of the Commission for the reform of glaring abuses readily adopted, with excellent effect upon the tone of political life in the Dominion. In view of the manifest cooling of their zeal for purification, we shall, we confess, be agreeably surprised if the more important of the changes recommended by their own Commission be found to receive their approval. We doubt whether a more open avowal of an utterly indefensible principle of distribution of Governmental administration was ever made by a responsible Minister than that enunciated by the Minister of Public Works when he declared, if correctly reported, that "when in office the Liberals had served their friends first, and there was no objection to that course. This Government also proceeded upon the same principle, which was one the public would not condemn." Will not the public condemn it? If not, alas for such a state of public opinion and morals!

AMIDST many discouraging tendencies, there are signs on the political horizon which are distinctly hopeful. Amongst these is the fact that not only have the independent journals with refreshing unanimity condemned the Redistribution Bill now before Parliament, on account of its amazingly ugly "gerrymandering" features, but

several influential Conservative papers are joining in the demand for its withdrawal and the adoption of the British and honest plan of having the work done by an independent commission. The *Hamilton Spectator* and the *Regina Leader* have done themselves honour by taking this manly stand. From Ottawa, but, unfortunately, from the wrong side, that is the outside, of the Government enclosure, comes a rumour that the Government itself is seeking a place for repentance and may withdraw the Bill for the session. It is very doubtful, we fancy, whether the Constitution would admit of the holding over of the redistribution till next session. At any rate, Sir John Thompson has announced that the Bill will come up either on Wednesday or on Friday of this week. In the former case its fate may be decided before this paper is in the hands of its readers. The more closely the measure is examined, the clearer it seems to be seen that it is grossly unjust and partisan. In accordance with our optimistic principles, we shall continue to hope until the last that the more high-minded Ministers will become ashamed of it and refuse to be parties to the taking of so mean an advantage of their opponents, to say nothing of thereby proving themselves unworthy of a great trust. The fact that a number of their own friends are dissatisfied with the ruthless manner in which it is proposed to carve and disjoint their constituencies, affords an additional ground of hope. It would be a grand thing for the Abbott administration to have its name go down in history as having done away with an old abuse and established the precedent of having the decennial redistributions made by a non-partisan commission.

FROM Ottawa comes the probably reliable report that the Government have decided to submit the names of Judges Routhier and Tait for appointment as the Commissioners to take evidence in regard to the charges against Sir Adolphe Caron. So far as we are aware these gentlemen are of high standing, though their respective records are likely to be much better known to the public in a short time than they are at present. At the same time we cannot refrain from saying what must readily occur to every non-partisan mind, viz., that it is a pity that both should have been chosen from the list of these known as Conservatives, and that one should have been a former partner of the Premier. One would have expected that the Government, if it were really desirous of a thorough investigation, would have been scrupulously careful to choose at least one of the Commissioners from the Liberal ranks and to avoid all possibility of suspicion on grounds of personal intimacy. After recent events, such as the double report of the first Quebec Commission and the London election case, it is quite too late in the day to ask anyone to accept the old theory that our judges, even after long terms of honourable service, are able to divest themselves of party bias. Should the gentlemen named be appointed in this case, it will at once be open to the Opposition leaders to say that, seeing that they were willing to have the investigation go on before a committee containing a large majority of the friends of the accused Minister, the least that Minister and his colleagues could have done, had they wished a full and impartial enquiry, would have been to choose one Commissioner from amongst their political opponents, or those who at least were not known to sympathize strongly with the political party to which the accused belongs. It is a pity to have to speak of party politics in connection with a judicial enquiry, and we blush to do so, but facts are stubborn and must be recognized.

MEANWHILE it may be said that the *personnel* of the Commission is of less consequence, seeing that the accusers have distinctly declared that they will not appear before the Commission to prosecute their charges, and are already carrying out their threat to carry the case before the tribunal of the reading public, in other words, to institute a "trial by newspaper." In pursuance of this policy—a policy for which they can hardly be blamed, and which it is morally certain their opponents would have resorted to under similar circumstances—the eyes of the readers of the *Globe*, not only in Canada, but wherever in the whole world a copy of it may be found, are being made familiar day after day with *fac-similes*, or, as the *Empire* calls them, "alleged" *fac-similes*, of documents over the signatures of Sir Hector Langevin and Sir Adolphe Caron, which those gentlemen, it is safe to say, never intended should see the light. What have these documents proved up to date? They have proved, what

was pretty well known before, viz., the existence, during the elections of 1887, of a very large Conservative fund for political purposes, of which fund Mr. Thomas McGreevy was custodian, and which was most lavishly dispensed over a wide field to the party candidates and their accredited agents and friends, at the order of one, or the other or both of the Ministers above named. What has not so far been proved is that which constitutes the *gravamen* of Mr. Edgar's charges, viz., that a large part of this fund was public money voted by Parliament for the construction of one or more railways, and feloniously misappropriated for election purposes. What evidence in support of this part of the charge may be to come, we of course know not. This, however, must be said. Assuming the genuineness of the published letters and *fac-similes*, which has not, so far as we have observed, been disputed, the following inferences, seem to be warranted: (1) That several allegations solemnly made before the Committee during the investigation last session, by Sir Hector Langevin and other Conservative members, were simply and grossly false. (2) That the accounts of election expenses in Sir Hector's and other constituencies, submitted in accordance with the law, were false and misleading. (3) That the sums distributed by order of the Ministers named in several constituencies were so large in proportion to the number of voters in those constituencies, that it seems impossible that the amounts should have been used for legal or honourable purposes. If the various documents which on their face clearly carry such meanings are not genuine and authentic, Ministers and members of Parliament should take action at once for the vindication of their own reputations and for the honour of the Canadian Commons. The people of Canada should insist that their representatives should not lie under such imputations for a moment longer than is absolutely required to put the machinery of justice in operation for the vindication of their own honour and that of their country. Do the people of Canada really take the trouble to look into such matters, or have they become case-hardened?

THE people of the Maritime Provinces are naturally a good deal moved by the determination of both parties in the Commons to cut down expenses on the Intercolonial Railway, or rather by the tone of the debate which was had in connection with that matter. They complain, very justly, of the disposition of some of the Western members, especially on the side of the Opposition, to forget that the building of this road was one of the conditions on which the Maritime Provinces consented to enter the Confederation, and without which they would not have consented to enter it. There can be no doubt that a failure to provide for the operation of this road would be a violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the original compact. If the East and the West are to be kept united, even by the very slight bond of intercourse which now exists, the maintenance of the road is indispensable. But, even if we admit the necessity of not only maintaining the road in good working order but keeping it in steady operation, deficit or no deficit, it by no means follows that it should not be run, as far as possible, on commercial principles. There can be neither justification nor excuse for the employment of unnecessary labour or the carrying of goods at rates that fail to pay the expense of carriage. It is by no means probable that the road can be made to pay expenses at any early date, now that it has such formidable competition in the shorter and more direct lines. It does not follow on that it may not have been a good investment. The union was surely worth paying for. But neither in letter nor in spirit can it be shown to be any part of the public duty to make it an instrument for Government patronage by supporting more employees than are fairly needed to do the work, or by charging less than fair rates for the traffic done by means of it. The new Minister of Railways has done well in determining to manage it henceforth on sounder principles.

AN important discussion took place in the Commons, a few days since, on the Government's policy in the management of the Indians of the North-West. The discussion arose over the item in the estimates for the maintenance of the North-West mounted police. Some of the computations seemingly reliable, made by Mr. McMullen, are somewhat startling and may well awaken serious misgivings as to the wisdom of our methods of dealing with the Indian population. There are only 17,000 or 18,000 of the Indians, all told, and yet it costs the Dominion over

three quarters of a million dollars annually to maintain the Mounted Police to keep them in order, though they have made no warlike demonstrations and do not seem in the least likely to do so, so long at least as they are fairly treated. Their maintenance during the last eight years has cost nearly eight millions of dollars. Summing up the total expenditure on their account, Mr. McMullen tells us, and his figures were not challenged, that it costs the country \$501 a year to feed, clothe, and keep in subordination, a family of five Indians in the North-West, or over \$100 apiece. Nor is the Government able to hold out hope of material reduction of the outlay at any early day. We are not quoting these figures because we think the people of Canada should grudge any expense necessary to fulfil to the utmost our treaty and other obligations to these unhappy people, but to enquire whether these statistics do not warrant the inference that we have not adopted the wisest methods of dealing with them. Reference was made in the course of the debate to the Indian policy of the United States. That policy was one to be ashamed of during the long "century of dishonour," and we have every reason to be glad that Canada has much better kept faith with the unfortunate aborigines. But this fact should not prevent us from asking ourselves whether we could not now take a leaf out of our neighbour's book with very great advantage to all concerned. The American people have at last awaked to a sense of their injustice and cruelty, and are nobly making amends for past shortcomings.

THE friends of the Indian in the United States have come to see that the reservation policy is itself a blunder and a crime against both Indians and white men. The new policy which has been inaugurated and is now in vigorous operation seems likely to prove gradually successful. Indeed, it could hardly fail, because it is the policy of common sense. Might not its two chief features: compulsory education for every Indian child in the nation at the earliest practicable moment; and the breaking up of the Reservation system by giving to every able-bodied Indian a farm of his own, and investing the balance of proceeds from sale of reservations for their benefit, well be copied by Canada? If not, why not? If it is necessary and statesmanlike to require that every white child of whatever nationality in the country should be provided with the means of receiving a common school education, and required to take advantage of those opportunities, surely there is at least equal need that no less should be done for every Indian child. If this were done in Canada, would not the Indian problem be settled in a generation, and settled in the best possible way, by transforming the young Indians into intelligent citizens? We grant that the education alone would not accomplish this, even were it possible, as it is not, so long as the tribes, or large numbers of them, are expected to spend a considerable part of the year in hunting and fishing expeditions. It would be necessary that the other half of the new American system should also be adopted, viz.: the assignment of lands to the heads of families in severalty, instead of in blocks or reservations. This change could not, of course, be made without the consent of the Indians themselves, but the experience of Commissioner Morgan, on the other side of the line, proves that this consent is not hard to obtain when the advantages of the plan are clearly understood. In fact, the promoters of the change over there are now fearing lest the change should be made too rapidly. Patience and caution would of course be necessary. Oversight and in many cases assistance would for a time be necessary. But the end would be the destruction of paganism and barbarism, which the Reserve system seems specially designed to foster, and the civilization and uplifting of the Indians on the most rational and effective of all educational principles: that of "learning to do by doing."

LORD SALISBURY'S partial renunciation of free-trade principles, as hitherto applied in Great Britain, has naturally caused quite a flutter in the ranks of his political adherents, especially the Liberal-Unionists. Looked at from the point of view of practical politics it appears to us to give a clearer indication than any other utterance we have seen from the Government side that defeat at the approaching election is regarded as a foregone conclusion. It is impossible that the astute Premier, however sincere may be his conviction of the soundness of the new principle he has laid down, can for a moment hope to be able to bring around a majority of the British electorate to his new and startling view, in the course of the few

brief weeks which now remain before the high court of the people will be called on to choose between the rival aspirants to national favour and confidence. This declaration, especially when put beside that reckless prophecy and apparent sanction of an armed rebellion of Ulster Protestants, on which we commented in a previous number, sounds more like the desperate boldness of a leader who anticipates present defeat and is already laying his plans for renewing the contest on new lines with a view to future victories. On its merits, as a matter of political expediency rather than of profound economic principle, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the view which has drawn forth such a chorus of disapproval from all quarters. The proposal to raise a larger part of the revenue from a tax on luxuries could hardly fail to commend itself to the democratic majority which is rapidly becoming the determining factor in British legislation. Again, there is something in the proposal to put the Government in a position to retaliate on the continental rivals who are now somewhat meanly striving to turn the very magnanimity of Britain's policy to her injury and their advantage, which will appeal powerfully to the belligerent instincts of the multitude. But, on the other hand, it will not be very difficult to make it clear to the more thoughtful that, as Britain is more completely a trading nation, and more absolutely dependent on her trade, than any other, so she is the one which is sure to suffer most in the end from the war of tariffs for which Lord Salisbury's new policy would be the signal. Meanwhile it is obvious that, so far as the Premier's speech has any relation to the Imperial Customs Union movement, it is distinctly unfavourable, inasmuch as he declares frankly that any tax upon raw material and food products, which are the very commodities which Canada at least has to dispose of, is out of the question. In a word, it is clear that, rightly or wrongly, Lord Salisbury recants nothing in respect to his free-trade principles, but only maintains that a mistake is being made in their application. Like many others, he sets out on the easy descent by proposing to impose a retaliatory tariff in the interests of freer trade, just as many statesmen are found advocating increased military armaments in the interests of peace.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE little holiday which we at present enjoy is most acceptable to all concerned, as it affords a breathing spell before the bitterest fight of the session. By the time this letter reaches you the House will have been three months in session, and really very little has been accomplished for the time spent. In a previous letter I drew attention to the fact that the Opposition was going in for obstructive tactics. But the obstruction of last week was far more thoroughly carried out than hitherto. Ever since the Redistribution Bill was brought down there has been a not unreasonable disposition on the part of the Opposition to prevent the estimates being passed. From a Government standpoint this is an inexcusable waste of time, but, to those who are not endowed with Conservative spectacles, the obstruction which has been so effectually carried out is not without reason.

There is no doubt about it that the Opposition is in a very angry mood. According to their lights, they think the Government has acted towards them and the country in an entirely wrongful manner. The Caron investigation has been blocked, the London election case shelved, and to add to these two misapplications of justice, a regular gerrymander is proposed for the concurrence of the Opposition. One of their most prominent members told me the other day that if that Bill should pass in its present form it would have the effect of practically wiping out one of the great political parties.

Several deputations have waited on the Government protesting against the Bill, and there is a general opinion that it will be modified to such an extent as to make it much less objectionable to the Liberals than as proposed on its first reading. This is, however, only surmise, and may be entirely wrong. If it is not changed it will be fought very bitterly by the Opposition. If the Government can show that the Bill is based upon equity and justice, and is not the result of party demands, well and good. But the honest electors of the country, whether they be Tories or Grits, are most thoroughly opposed to an attempt to interfere with the expressed opinions of any constituency. What honest man is there who does not respect the Oxfords in Ontario, because they remain true to their political convictions, or Cumberland in Nova Scotia, which seems as though it always would return a Conservative, or a Carleton County in New Brunswick, which will on no condition be seduced from its Liberal allegiance?

During the past week the Opposition did well in exposing a distinct and glaring grievance. The way in which postoffices are strewed over this country is nothing less than a sin and a shame. The public should know, if they

do not, that Dominion public buildings are erected only in those constituencies where Government supporters are elected. When the members of the Ministry objected to the discussion on this question, because the various items had been already fully debated, they gained no credit. The principle is a wretchedly wrong one, and the gentlemen who held in House all through the night before they would pass the various votes did a good service to the country, and deserve the thanks of the electors. The sad feature about it all is that we fully expect that should these gentlemen reach the treasury benches, they would be quite as bad or even worse than those whom they would supplant.

There is an old story told of the Crimean War which it may not be amiss to relate here: A soldier mortally wounded was lying in great agony on the field of battle. The weather was extremely hot, and a host of flies swarmed over his body and throve on his life blood. A comrade was about to drive them off, when the dying man said: "Oh, do not do so. These flies are full now, if you drive them away a new lot will come, hungry and eager, and will cause me more suffering than those which are now repleted." So, some people think that if the Liberals come into power, there long abode in opposition would have so hungered them that their capacity would be enormous. At present it is their duty to be very virtuous and to declaim against the iniquity of their opponents. If we were called upon to lay any failing to their charge as a body, we would say they are a little too much inclined to cant. But perhaps this is not to their blame. They must profess virtue even if they in reality do not practice it.

It is hard to say what will be the result of the Caron commission. The notice of motion recommending to the House that Judges Tait and Routhier be appointed the commission will be made on Friday. Mr. Edgar and his friends complain that the charges have been so altered as to make their entirety different from those originally prepared, and it is quite within the range of probability that they will decline to be responsible for the indictment as amended by the Ministry.

A long night's session is a wearing thing, and, although there is lots of fun during the early hours of morning, by the time the sun comes out the fun is over. Let not the country for an instant imagine that it gains anything by its representatives worrying themselves out of a night's sleep. The public interest is not one whit better served. In fact, if there were an arbitrary rule that the evening session should end at midnight, just as the afternoon session ends at six, it would be both wise and humane. All-night sessions completely demoralize the members, and the worst of it is that they become so sleepy and so wrathful that they are incapable of any serious work for nearly a week after.

T. C. L. K.

MY LADY.

My lady is not over tall,
In sooth a little maiden she,
Yet I who am beneath her thrall
Am more content therein to be.
Than ever subject yet, I ween,
To bow before his rightful queen.

My lady hath an eye of blue,
That bears its shading from the sky,
And purposes so pure, and true,
Within her timid breast do lie,
That every thought arising there
Doth deep the blue as with a prayer.

My lady's hair is like the light
Illuming a falling mist;
It floats adown her shoulders white
In waves that nothing can resist,
Yet minds her very lightest touch
When straying o'er her face too much.

My lady's voice hath said to me
The sweetest words that one may hear,
Yet had I every simile
That to the poet's heart is dear,
I could not liken it to aught,
With so much music is it fraught.

I love my lady, not as those
Who sip the fragrance of an hour,
For every moment doth disclose
In her some yet more priceless dower,
And if it bring me weal or woe
I care not for I love her so.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

At a dinner of the Cobden club a good many years ago, I sat next to an English member of Parliament. A well-known man, Mr. John Bigelow of New York, a personal friend of mine—then United States Minister to Paris—was called upon to reply to a toast. "Who is this?" asked my neighbour, the well-known member of Parliament. "Mr. Bigelow," I answered. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I must hear his speech—I am so glad to listen to the author of the 'Bigelow Papers.'" I told the story both to Mr. Bigelow and to Mr. Lowell.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XII.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Macenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., Archibald Lampman, John Cook, D.D., LL.D., Grant Allen, Rev. Doctor Dewar, Chief Justice Sullivan, Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald, D.C.L., LL.D.

THE RIGHT REVEREND JAMES WILLIAM WILLIAMS, D.D.,
FOURTH BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

Born September 15, 1825; died April 20, 1892.

A YOUNG Dominion like ours draws its life-blood from many sources; some of our leading men are born in the country, others come to it in early youth, or in adult maturity, and when these last devote to the highest interests of the people at large, or to any considerable body amongst them, earnest attention and faithful work, these are entitled to be regarded as Canadians like the rest. The subject of this sketch had been Bishop of Quebec for twenty-nine years; he has lived less than sixty-seven years, and of these years close upon thirty-five have been spent in the Province of Quebec.

Bishop Williams was the son of an English clergyman, the Rev. David Williams. He was born at Overton, Hants, in 1825; afterwards his father moved to the Rectory of Baughurst in the same county, that containing Winchester with its ancient cathedral and famous school, Southampton with its great steamship traffic, and the lovely glades of the New Forest. The two godfathers of the boy were men of note. The first was Isaac Williams, a saintly poet and learned divine. He was one of Newman's ablest lieutenants, but distrusted that leader for some few years before his secession to Rome in 1845. The soul of singleness and retiredness, he was surprised at the commotion caused by his Tract on "Reserve in communicating religious knowledge"—the first of the famous Tracts for the Times, which excited the suspicion of Anglicans. Isaac Williams was a true Anglican, nevertheless. The other godfather of the boy was Sir George Prevost, afterwards Archdeacon of Gloucester. A reverend baronet is not altogether rare in England. This one was the son of that Sir George Prevost who was Governor of Canada from 1812 to 1816. He was recalled to answer some paltry charges, but died before the matter could be investigated. The Prevost family had been very friendly in Quebec with the first Bishop of Quebec, Dr. Jacob Mountain, and his son, afterwards the third Bishop, Dr. George Jehosaphat Mountain. It is thought that Sir George Prevost's advice may have helped to determine the path of Mr. Williams towards the Province of Quebec, in which he was destined to be so prominent a figure. These were two noble godfathers, and the godson proved worthy of their sponsorship.

Though benefited in Hampshire, the Rev. David Williams was of a Welsh family. He was a good scholar, and gave his son solid classical instruction. The boy became at quite an early age familiar with Horace as well as with Virgil. In 1839 he was sent to the grammar school of Crewkerne, a little old market town in Somerset. This school, though overshadowed by Sherborne and Tiverton, was one of the best known schools in the west of England, and was then under the rule of Dr. Penny, an old Oxford Don of Pembroke College. The boy remained here for three years and laid a good foundation of scholarship. But the years which the aspirants for university distinctions usually spend in the sixth forms of schools under the careful training and drilling of able headmasters were very differently spent by young Williams. In 1842, when he was seventeen, he went out to New Zealand with a party of engineers. Here he encountered many adventures, and graduated in the art of "roughing it." This last was no special preparation for college honours, but an admirable apprenticeship for the Labrador voyages and back township experiences, which are part of the regular routine of the life of a Bishop of Quebec. One object of the journey was to avert a threatened delicacy of constitution, for more than one of the Bishop's brothers died young. The Bishop always looked massive and strong, but had an incipient delicacy of the lungs and heart, and this proved fatal to him at last.

It so happens that the writer of the present sketch, at a tender age, sailed along the east coast of New Zealand in a voyage from Tonga to Auckland. The first land sighted is the North Cape; then the Bay of Islands is traversed, and on by a lovely coast the voyage continued. The fertile slopes seemed green down to the very water's edge. The islands appeared like gems, set now in azure, now in emerald. It seemed indeed a "delectable land." The writer once asked Bishop Williams whether his recollection of the beauty of the scenery along those capes and coves was in accordance with his own boyish memory. The reply of the Bishop amply confirmed the childish impression of loveliness, and the Bishop added: "I was myself

once very nearly drowned when bathing in one of those very coves." While in New Zealand young Williams met Bishop Selwyn, who had recently entered upon his work as first Bishop of New Zealand. Transplanted from Eton to Auckland, he became the intrepid pioneer of missionary work amongst the Maori people, as well as the chief pastor of the English settlers. We have all heard the romantic accounts of his exploits in swimming rivers, piercing dense forests and voyaging amongst the Melanesian Islands. Little did young Williams then think that in 1867 he should sit down with Selwyn in the first Pan-Anglican Synod. But New Zealand was not to claim Williams as a citizen. In 1845 he returned to England. The voyage was in a sailing vessel, and round Cape Horn. In one of his two voyages the ship called at Rio Janeiro, where young Williams was impressed with the beautiful scenery and also with the festivities held in honour of the marriage of the liberal-minded, ubiquitous and ill-fated Dom Pedro II., ex-Emperor of Brazil.

We find Williams now reading with his father recovering lost ground in classics, refurbishing the rusty weapons preparatory to his Oxford course. He entered Pembroke College in October, 1847; the College was then under the rule of Dr. Francis Jeune, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. He was a university reformer and was known as of the "hard church." He is said to be author of the following advice to his clergy as to their attitude towards Nonconformists: "Neither curse them at all, nor bless them at all." Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, whose bearing towards the same bodies was so different, was still tutor of University College; Liddon was student of Christ Church. The Liberal reaction consequent on Newman's secession had set in. Men like James Anthony Froude and Mark Pattison were conspicuous examples of the rebound from discipleship of the Tractarians towards decided freethought. Clough had resigned his Oriel fellowship from religious scruples, men as diverse as J. W. Burgon and Matthew Arnold were linked together in the Oriel common room. In Pembroke itself the two most brilliant names of the period were Bartholomew Price, author of a great mathematical work on the "Infinitesimal Calculus," and the gifted George Rolleston, afterwards Professor of Anatomy, one of the most captivating speakers and one of the ablest naturalists of his day. Through Oxford J. W. Williams passed, she left a life-long impress upon her son, as she always does. Williams took a third class in the Final Classical School, the same as that attained by J. H. Newman, and by the author of the "Laws of Thought," Archbishop Thomson. In the first class of the same year were Bishop Ridding, of Southwell, and (in mathematics) Dr. Isaac Brock, ex-President of King's College, Windsor, N.S. University honours are very desirable things, but they belong to the first heat of life's race, and many who are not placed there win the chief distinctions of time. It was so to a certain extent with Williams, who probably lost ground through the New Zealand episode; he was not we think greatly affected one way or the other by the Liberal reaction or by the Tractarian movement. In after years he was perhaps more in sympathy with the best features of the Oxford movement, but the bent of his mind in church matters was from the first somewhat comprehensive, and was never partisan.

In 1852 Mr. Williams was ordained deacon by the great Bishop Wilberforce, then and for many subsequent years a leading power in the English Church. It is perhaps not generally known that Wilberforce during the primacy of Archbishop Longley (1862-1868) was practically his Prime Minister. Mr. Williams was at first curate of High Wycombe, Bucks; here he had as a near neighbour at Hughenden Manor the famous Benjamin Disraeli, just then leader of the House of Commons for the first time and for a brief while; long afterwards the sixth of the Prime Ministers of England who hailed from that small county of Bucks. For two years after this Mr. Williams was an assistant master in Leamington school, where he taught *inter alia* those two subjects, the merits of which as an intellectual training he was never tired of asserting—Latin Prose Composition and Euclid's Elements of Geometry. The experience gained at Leamington was the determining factor in the future career of Mr. Williams, for it was through this that he was chosen in 1857 to be the Rector of the Grammar School at Lennoxville, Quebec. Before this, however, he had become curate of Huish Champflower, a village lying amidst the Redstone hills of West Somerset, not many miles from Sydney Smith's old vicarage of Combe Florey, and close by the old market town of Wiveliscombe. Here the Huish curate met Miss A. M. Waldron, who became his wife. Mrs. Williams, who survives the Bishop, has been to him for thirty-eight years a true helpmeet; she has taken a leading part in all charitable and church work in Quebec diocese and city, and notably in the Woman's Auxiliary for Missions. Two sons were born to them; Lewis, who died in boyhood, and the younger who is now Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, the Rev. L. W. Williams. The Bishop was ordained priest by Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in 1855.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, on coming to Canada, took up their abode in a large house standing in the village square of Lennoxville. The Bishop has been heard to confess his ignorance of Canadian geography. Before his arrival he knew of the existence of Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, but thought that Lennoxville was a suburb of Quebec. The Bishop's College School in Lennoxville had been established in 1842, but in 1854 it had dwindled into a state of

suspended animation, and had thus been in abeyance for three years. There were, however, better days in store for the school. The large house in the square soon became too small. In this house the arrangements were somewhat primitive; we have heard the Bishop say that he used to go round early in the winter mornings to see if the water in the jugs, or the boys themselves, perchance, were frozen. Under these somewhat Spartan conditions, a fine race of Canadian boys was produced. The school attracted boys from Quebec and Montreal, from distant Provinces and from the United States. A new, large school with a fine hall was built close by the site of Bishop's College, between the rivers St. Francis and Massawippi, and was occupied in 1861. There was also a rectory for Mr. Williams. Though like the Norman conqueror, "exceeding stark to those who resisted his will," such was his power of command and of conciliation, such was his thorough ability in the class-room, his organizing power, his sympathy with boys in their play, his knowledge of their ways that no rector has ever been more respected and beloved by his pupils than Mr. Williams. Many old boys followed him to his resting place in the beautiful burying ground of Mount Hermon on April 23. Mr. Williams transplanted to Canadian soil the ideal of the English public school and was very successful in this. These schools are mainly large boarding schools, and have noble and honourable traditions. A certain liberty is accorded to the pupils, for the right use of which they are responsible. The prefect system, which worked so admirably under the great Dr. Arnold, is carried out, and the sense of responsibility in the boys is developed. The system is carried on, not only at Lennoxville, but also at Port Hope, King's College School, Windsor, St. John's School, Montreal, and at Ridley, St. Catharines. These schools are promoted by members of the Anglican Church, and also represent the principle of religious education. The Upper Canada College in its newer development as chiefly a great boarding school is doing the same kind of work, but apart from the predominating influence of any one religious body. Such schools as these fill an important part in the temple of Canadian education. The exigencies of the Church, however, did not allow Mr. Williams to stay long in his new rectory. He occupied this in 1861. Early in 1863 the third Bishop of Quebec, the Rt. Rev. Dr. G. J. Mountain, died, and a special Synod was held to elect a successor. This was the first time the Diocese of Quebec had been called upon to elect a Bishop. The Anglican Church had been disestablished in 1854, despite the stubborn and stalwart resistance of such men as Bishop John Strachan of Toronto. The motives of such men, honest fighters for the prerogative or privilege they believe to be right, are just as pure and patriotic as those of their opponents, who plead for the equality of all. John Strachan knew nothing of the soft paths of expediency or compromise. An opportunist, religious or political, he would have looked upon with scant favour; he trod the thorny path of controversy, and, though he was defeated, he claimed and won men's respect for his consistency and courage. Through much tribulation often men attain to moral victory, so commonwealths pass through many sharp contentions before they reach the due apportionment of privilege and power, the true balance of duties and rights.

The disestablishment of the Church led after a while to the establishment of Diocesan Synods, then in 1861 came the Provincial Synod, a body chosen from the Diocesan Synods. One of the most important prerogatives retained by the Diocesan body was the election of the Bishop. The Quebec Synod held a meeting to choose a successor to Bishop Mountain, that devoted and saintly man, who, nominated in 1836 to assist Bishop Stewart just before that noble missionary's death, had served God faithfully in his high office for twenty-seven years. Bishop Mountain's journeys extended from Labrador to Rupert's Land; at first his diocese included these far-separated limits and all the intervening territory. A diocese containing Upper Canada, with its see city at Toronto, was formed in 1839. It was found at Quebec in 1863 that the Synod was divided, and the clergy wished to elect the Rev. Armine Mountain, son of the third, grandson of the first, Bishop of Quebec. The laity preferred Dr. Anderson, who, since 1849, had been Bishop of Rupert's Land. After a number of fruitless ballots, the name of Williams began to receive adhesions from both clerical and lay elements. At the seventeenth ballot Mr. Williams received the requisite two-thirds majority of both orders, and was thus elected fourth Bishop of Quebec. Thus was illustrated in his own case a saying of his own, publicly uttered at an important juncture of the history of the Canadian church, "Not he who seeks the office, but he whom the office seeks, is the proper man for the post." The high office had sought the Rector of Bishop's College School, and he became Bishop Williams, one of the ablest and one of the best beloved of our Bishops. He entered upon his responsible position at the early age of thirty-seven, but his work at Lennoxville had been so solid, his judgment had been so mature, his self-possession so great that he was not regarded as a "novice" by any, even of the elder clergy over whom he was thus unexpectedly called to rule. The foundations of church prosperity had been already well and wisely laid by the second Bishop Mountain; he had in 1842 founded the Church Society, which meant the members of the Church organized for aggressive work within the borders of the diocese; he had fashioned the Quebec scheme, improved doubtless under his successor, whereby the disagreeable burden of collecting his own salary is removed from the

incumbent and placed with a disinterested and business-like Central Board, which assesses the missions according to their means. He had founded the college and school at Lennoxville. He had established many diocesan funds. All these institutions or measures Bishop Williams maintained or administered by his able government and statesmanlike wisdom. It was reserved for him to found the Clergy Pension Fund, a wise provision both for the clergy and from another point of view, for the laity. In another matter, which concerned the well-being of six church educational institutions in different Provinces, the Bishop showed a wise initiative. This was in proposing the Canon on Divinity Degrees passed by the Provincial Synod of 1889; by this canon a scheme satisfactory to all the six institutions was obtained whereby a common standard was fixed and a board of examiners formed in which each of the institutions had a representative. This is known as the Bishop of Quebec's canon.

The result of this work was a reconciliation of interests which had been by many regarded as discordant. In his own diocese his broad manliness and large-heartedness, his comprehensiveness and charitable spirit, his genial humanity, his sobriety of judgment, his firmness, tact and urbanity, caused a like spirit of conciliation to prevail. As the representatives of all opinions within the Church instinctively gave the Bishop their confidence, so he had the sincere respect of those without who differed from the Church. Sound in doctrine he looked upon conscientious differences with an eye of liberal sympathy, but his tolerant disposition never verged upon indifference as to vital matters. Firm and resolute as a ruler he never could be overbearing; and if ever he found he had made a mistake in opinion or in act he was ready generously and frankly to acknowledge it. He was completely magnanimous; he was a complete stranger to vindictiveness. He could upon occasion tell a man an unpleasant truth without flinching from the disagreeable duty, but also without venom. His wishes were commands; on the rare occasions on which he reproved or admonished it would be done without crushing the offender and without depriving him of hope of recovery or of self-respect. With his clergy and with the laity, for he was equally at home with both orders, he was the genial companion, the *bon camarade* and yet no one would ever dream of taking a liberty with him; his kindness bridged over the distance he would never allow to exist. His noble presence was inspiring; it was the reflex of a noble mind, the symbol of a great soul. He moved with equal grace and simplicity in the circle of the Viceroy, or in the company of the fishermen whom he visited on the bleak coast of Labrador. The older and the younger claimed him as their friend in all circles. The number of the clergy in the diocese was never large, about sixty in all; these were, however, very widely scattered. To perform the summer visitation of Labrador and the Magdalen Islands in 1891 the Bishop travelled 2,800 miles. The diocese is laborious; it consists, besides the two outlying stations just named, of three pieces of territory, separated from each other by intermediate French-speaking districts: the Gaspé region, the city of Quebec with the parishes near the St. Lawrence from Three Rivers to Fraserville, and third, the Deanery of St. Francis of which Sherbrooke and Lennoxville form the centre. Here are the educational establishments of the Church, at Lennoxville and Compton. In the Eastern township and border region extending from Lake Memphremagog to Dixville, a district of the extinct volcanoes of dead nominalism in religion and of the relics of a devitalised Puritanism, it was the happiness of Bishop Williams to see growing up a number of churches of his own communion in which reverence, faith, personal and historic, and good works have gone hand in hand. In this region of the Eastern townships the figure of Bishop Williams was just as well known and his presence just as welcome as in his own city of Quebec.

The history of his episcopate is the history of steady progress and solid work. There have been no sensational events, no revolutionary changes, no spasmodic and casual efforts to record. The statistical record, both of the twenty-nine years of this episcopate and of the half century of the Church society's existence, proves satisfactory. What no statistical record can show however is the universal respect and love for and confidence in Bishop Williams, whose estimate of his worth has caused the Communion of which he was a loyal and leading example to be more highly respected in regions where it was formerly unpopular.

Bishop Williams had admirable qualities of generalship. He would guide the eager without repression, he would stimulate the slow without hectoring or harshness. Schemes originated by subordinates he would look into carefully and sympathetically; he would invariably place his own impress on those schemes he approved, and if the subordinate found his proposal modified he always felt it was for the better. In another important particular was the Bishop a skilful and successful general. He commanded the respect and confidence of very diverse men, of men who could not have worked together except through himself. If he had been a Prime Minister he would have been able to harmonize discordant elements in his Cabinet, but without that *finesse* which we understand is sometimes used in the political sphere.

In his opinions the Bishop combined much of what is best in the three historic schools of English Church thought. In this comprehensiveness and in a certain robustness of mind he resembles a great Bishop the Eng.

lish Church has recently lost, Harvey Goodwin. Like the late Bishop of Worcester, he had a "horror of irresponsible talk," and in Synods or meetings over which he presided, for he was the best conceivable chairman of a meeting, he would make short shrift of incipient bores, and would, in a few words of writing, express the pith of hours of debate, and thus he would at once mould and interpret opinion. His ability might have led him to become the prophet of a nation, but he was as free from ambition as he was from self-consciousness. He was content to dwell amongst his own people, and he possessed his soul in peace. A great personality, a strong and strenuous patriot soul, a true friend, a genial host, a man catholic-minded as a scholar and literary critic, an able divine, a preacher of solid and terse sermons, full of great power of contrast and antithesis, full of reverence and deep appreciation of revealed truth, a promoter of education (for many years he was President of the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction of Quebec and of the Lennoxville Corporation), a man wise in speech and in silence, he has passed away before the eye grew dim or the natural force abated. If he will not be classed with the great pioneers of the Church, with such men as Selwyn and Mackenzie, he is worthy to be enrolled as a peer in the list of those who have preceded him in the See of Quebec. He leaves behind a sense of loss and the conviction that it will be difficult indeed for any one man to succeed him efficiently. We remember for our encouragement that, though the workmen be buried, the Divine work will be carried on, and that "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

THOMAS ADAMS.

Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

MEANWHILE Coristine and Mr. Errol were taking one another's measure. The lawyer recited to his companion the conversation between Marjorie and himself relative to Timotheus. He found that Errol knew Marjorie, who had often been in his church and Sunday school in Flanders. "She's a comical little piece," he said; "her Sunday school teacher asked her who killed Goliath? and what do you think was her reply!"

"Give it up."

"It was 'Jack,' no less than Jack the Giant-Killer."

"The darlin'!" cried the lawyer, with admiration, and straightway won the minister's heart.

"Marjorie has a cousin stopping at the house of Mr. Carruthers, one of my elders, since last Tuesday night, as blithe and bonnie a young leddy as man could wish to see. While she's here, she's just the light of the whole country side."

Mr. Coristine did not care for this turn in the conversation.

"Tell me some more about little Marjorie," he said.

"Ah," replied the minister, "then you know that her cousin is called Marjorie, too! Little Marjorie went to church once with Miss Du Plessis, whom Perrowne had got to sing in the choir, that was last summer, if I mind right, and, when the two rideclus candles on the altar were lighted, and the priest, as he calls himself, came in with his surplice on, she put her face down in Miss Cecile's lap. 'What's the trouble, Marjorie?' asked Miss Du Plessis, bending over her. 'He's going to kiss us all good-night,' sobbed the wee thing. 'No he is not, Marjorie; he's on his knees, praying,' replied the young leddy, soothingly. 'That's what papa always does, when he's dressed like that, before he kisses me good-night, but he takes off his boots and things first,' and she sobbed again, for fear Perrowne was coming to kiss them all, put out the candles, and go to bed. If Miss Du Plessis had not been a sober-minded lass, she would have laughed out in the middle of the choir. As it was, she had to hand Marjorie over to a neighbour in a back seat, before the bit lassie would be comforted."

"Ah! did you ever now? the little innocent!"

"It's not that improbable that there'll be a marriage in the church before long. Perrowne's just clean daft and infatuated with his occasional soprano. He's sent her the 'Mirror of Devotion' and the 'Soul's Questioner,' and a lot of nicely bound trash, and walks home with her whenever he has the chance, to the scandal and rage of all his farmers' daughters. It's very injudicious o' Perrowne, and has dreven two of his best families to the Kirk. Not that she's no a braw looking lass, stately and dequified, but she has na the winsomeness of Miss Marjorie."

"Is that your quarter, Mr. Errol?"

"Hech, sirs, I'm an old bachelor that'll never see five and forty again; but, as we say in Scotch or the vernacular Doric, 'an auld carle nicht dae waur.' There's not a more sensible, modest, blithesome, bonnie lassie in all the land. It's a thousand peeties some young, handsome, well-to-do, steady, God-fearing man has na asked at her to be 'the light o' his ain fireside.' Gin I were as young as you, Mr. Coristine, I would na think twice about it."

"Avaunt, tempter!" cried the lawyer, "such a subject as matrimony is strictly tabooed between me and my friend."

"I'll be your friend, I hope, but I cannot afford to taboo marriages. Not to speak of the fees, they're the life of a well-ordered, healthy congregation."

A neat turn-out, similar to that of Mrs. Thomas, came rattling along the road. "That's John Carruthers' team," remarked the minister, and such it turned out to be.

"Maister Errol," said its only occupant, a strong and honest-faced man with a full brown beard, "yon's a fine hanky panky trick to play wi' your ain elder an' session clerk."

"Deed John," returned the minister, relapsing into the vernacular; "I didna ken ye were i' the toon ava, but 'oor bit dander has gien us the opportunity o' becomin' acquent wi' twa rale dacent lads." Then, turning to the lawyer, "excuse our familiar talk, Mr. Coristine, and let me introduce Squire Carruthers, of Flanders." The two men exchanged salutations, and Perrowne, having turned back with Wilkinson, the same ceremony was gone through with the latter. They were then all courteously invited to get into the waggon. Errol and Perrowne sprang in with an air of old proprietorship, but the two pedestrians respectfully declined, as they were especially anxious to explore the mountain beauties of this part of the country on foot and at their leisure.

"Aweel, gentlemen," cried the squire, "gin ye'll no come the noo, we'll just expect to see ye before the Sawbath. The Church and the Kirk'll be looking for the wayfarers, and my house, thank Providence, is big eneuch to gie ye a kindly welcome."

The parsons ably seconded Mr. Carruthers' peculiar mixture of English and Lowland Scotch, on the latter of which he prided himself, but only when in the company of someone who could appreciate it. Wilkinson looked at Coristine, and the lawyer looked at the dominie, for here they were invited to go straight into the jaws of the lion. Just then, they descried, climbing painfully up the hill, but some distance behind them, the Grinstun man; there was no mistaking him. "Hurry, and drive away," cried Coristine, in an under tone; "that cad there, the same that stole Muggins, is going to your house, Squire. For any sake, don't facilitate his journey."

"I'll no stir a hoof till ye promise to come to us, Mr. Coristine, and you, Mr. Wilkins, tae."

"All right, many thanks, we promise," they cried together, and the waggon rattled away.

"Now, Wilks, over this ditch, sharp, and into the brush, till this thief of the world goes by. We've deprived him of a ride, and that's one good thing done."

Together they jumped the ditch, and squatted among the bushes, waiting for the Grinstun man. They heard him puffing up the rising ground, saw his red, perspiring face in full view, and heard him, as he mopped himself with a bandanna, exclaim: "Blowed if I haint bin and lost the chance of a lift. Teetotally blowst that hold bass of a driver, and them two soft-headed Tomfools of hamateur scientists ridin' beside 'im. I knew it was Muggins, the cur I stole, and giv a present of to that there guy of a Favosites Wilkinsonia. I don't trust 'im, the scaly beggar, for hall 'is fine 'eroic speeches. 'E'll be goin' and splittin' on me to that gal, sure as heggs. And that Curystone, six feet of 'ipocrisy and hinsolence, drat the long-legged, 'airy brute. O crikey, but it's 'ot; 'owever, I must 'urry on, for grinstuns is grinstuns, and a gal, with a rich hold huncle, ridin' a fine 'orse, with a nigger behind 'im carryin' his portmantle, haint to be sneezed hat. Stretch your pegs, Mr. Rawdon, workin' geologist hand minerologist!"

"By Jove!" cried Coristine, when the Grinstun man was out of sight; "that cad has met the colonel, and has been talking to him."

"A fine nephew-in-law he will get in him!" growled Wilkinson; "I have half a mind—excuse me Corry."

"I thought you were very much taken with the old Southerner."

"Yes, that is it," and the dominie relapsed into silence.

"It's about lunch time, Wilks, and, as there's sure to be no water on the top of the hill, I'll fill my rubber bag at the spring down there, and carry it up, so that we can enjoy the view while taking our prandial."

Wilkinson vouchsafed no reply. He was in deep and earnest thought about something. Taking silence for consent, Coristine tripped down the hill a few yards, with a square india rubber article in his hand. It had a brass mouthpiece that partly screwed off, when it was desirable to inflate it with air, as a cushion, pillow, or life-preserver, or to fill it with hot water to take the place of a warming-pan. Now, at the spring by the roadside, he rinsed it well out, and then filled it with clear cold water, which he brought back to the place where the schoolmaster was leaning on his stick and pondering. Replacing the knapsack, out of which the india rubber bag had come, the lawyer prepared to continue the ascent. In order to rouse his reflective friend, he said, "Wilks, my boy, you've dropped your fossils."

"I fear, Corry, that I have lost all interest in fossils."

"Sure, that Grinstun man's enough to give a man a scunner at fossils for the rest of his life."

"It is not exactly that, Corry," replied the truthful dominie; "but I need my staff and my handkerchief, and I think I will leave the specimens on the road, all except these two Asaphoi, the perplexing, bewildering relics of antiquity. This world is full of perplexities still, Corry." So saying, the dominie sighed, emptied his bandanna of all but the two fossils, which he transferred to his pocket,

and, with staff in hand, recommenced the upward journey. In ten minutes they were on the summit, and beheld the far-off figure of the working geologist on the further slope. In both directions the view was magnificent. They sat by the roadside on a leafy bank overshadowed with cool branches, and, producing the reduplication of the Barrie stores procured the night before at Collingwood, proceeded to lunch *al fresco*. The contents of the india rubber bag, qualified with the spirit in their flasks, cheered the hearts of the pedestrians and made them more inclined to look on the bright side of life. Justice having been done to the biscuits and cheese, Coristine lit his pipe, while the dominie took a turn at Wordsworth.

With musical intonation, Wilkinson read aloud:—

Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong:
But verse was what he had been welded to;
And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable man with large grey eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Depress'd by weight of musing phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe;
Yet some did think that he had little business here.

He would entice that other man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery:
And, sooth, these two did love each other dear,
As far as love in such a place could be;
There did they dwell—from earthly labour free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen:
If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a maiden queen.

"That's the true stuff, Wilks, and has the right ring in it, for we love each other dear, and are as happy spirits as were ever seen; but not a large grey eye, pale face, or low-hung lip between us. Just hear my music now, and view my imagery with your mind's eye:—

Far down the ridge, I see the Grinstun man,
Full short in stature and rotund is he,
Pale grey his watery orbs, that dare not scan
His interlocutor, and his goattee,
With hair and whiskers like a furnace be:
Concave the mouth from which his nose-tip flies
In vain attempt to shun vulgarity.
O haste, ye gods, to snatch from him the prize,
And send him hence to weep—and to geologize!"

"The rythm is all right, Corry, and the rhyme, but I hope you do not call that poetry?"

"If that isn't superior to a good many of Wordsworth's verses, Wilks, I'll eat my hat, and that would be a pity this hot weather. Confess now, you haythen, you," cried the lawyer, making a lunge at his companion with his stick, which the latter warded off with his book.

"There are some pretty poor ones," the schoolmaster granted grudgingly, "but the work of a great poet should not be judged by fragments."

"Wilks, apply the rule; I have only given you one stanza of the unfinished epic, which unborn generations will peruse with admiration and awe, 'The Grinstun Quarry Restored':—

I have striven hard for my high reward
Through many a changing year:
Now, the goal I reach; it is mine to teach.
Stand still, O man, and hear!

I shall wreath my name, with the brightness of fame,
To shine upon history's pages;
It shall be a gem in the diadem
Of the past to future ages!

Oh, Wilks for immortality!" cried the light-hearted lawyer, rising with a laugh.

Looking back towards the ascent, he perceived two bowed figures struggling up the hill under largish, and, apparently, not very light burdens.

"Wilks, my dear, we're young and vigorous, and down there are two poor old grannies laden like pack mules in this broiling sun. Let us leave our knapsacks here, and give them a hoist."

The schoolmaster willingly assented, and followed his friend, who flew down the hill at breakneck speed, in a rapid but more sober manner. The old couple looked up with some astonishment at a well-dressed city man tearing down the hill towards them like a schoolboy, but their astonishment turned to warmest gratitude, that found vent in many thankful expressions, as the lawyer shouldered the old lady's big bundle, and, as a minute later, the dominie relieved her partner of his. They naturally fell into pairs, the husband and Wilkinson leading, Coristine and the wife following after. In different ways the elderly pair told their twin burden-bearers the same story of their farm some distance below the western slope of the mountain, of their son at home and their two daughters out at service, and mentioned the fact that they had both been schoolteachers, but, as they said with apologetic humility, only on third-class county certificates. Old Mr. Hill insisted on getting his load back when the top of the mountain was reached, and the pedestrians resumed their knapsacks and staves, but the lawyer utterly refused to surrender his bundle to the old lady's entreaties. The sometime schoolteachers were intelligent, very well read in Cowper, Pollock, and Sir Walter Scott, as well as in the Bible, and withal possessed of a fair sense of humour. The old lady and Coristine were a perpetual feast to one another. "Sure!" said he, "it's bagmen the ignorant creatures have taken us for more than once, and it's a genuine one I am now, Mrs. Hill," at which the good woman laughed, and recited the Scotch ballad of the "Wee Wifukie coming frae the fair," who fell asleep,

when "by came a packman wi' a little pack," and relieved her of her purse and placks, and "clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang." This she did in excellent taste, leaving out any objectionable expressions in the original. When she repeated the words of the Wifukie at the end of each verse, "This is nae me," consequent on her discovery that curls and money were gone, the lawyer laughed heartily, causing the pair in front, who were discussing educational matters, to look round for the cause of the merriment. "I'm the man," shouted Coristine to them, "the packman wi' a little pack." Then Mr. Hill knew what it was.

CHAPTER V.

Conversation with the Hills—Tobacco—Rural Hospitality—The Deipnosophist and Gastronomic Dilemma—Mr. Hill's Courtship—William Rufus rouses the Dominie's Ire—Sleep—The Real Rufus—Acts as Guide—Rawdon Discussed—The Sluggard Farmer—The Teamsters—The Wasps—A Difference of Opinion.

It was very pleasant for all four, the walk down the mountain road; and the pedestrians enjoyed the scenery all the more with intelligent guides to point out places of interest. The old schoolteacher, having questioned Wilkinson as to his avocation, looked upon him as a superior being, and gratified the little corner of good natured vanity that lies in most teachers' hearts. Coristine told the wife that he trusted her daughters had good places, where they would receive the respect due to young women of such upbringing; and she replied:—

"O yes, sir, they are both in one family, the family of Squire Carruthers in Flanders. Tryphena is the eldest; she's twenty-five, and is cook and milker and helps with the washing. Tryphosa is only twenty, and attends to the other duties of the house. Mrs. Carruthers is not above helping in all the work herself, so that she knows how to treat her maids properly. Still, I am anxious about them."

"Nothing wrong with their health, I hope?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir; in a bodily way they enjoy excellent health."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hill," interrupted Coristine, "for saying that your perfectly correct expression calls up that of a friend of mine. Meeting an old college professor, very stiff and precise in manner and language, he had occasion to tell him that, as a student, he had enjoyed very poor health. 'I do not know about the enjoying of it, sir,' he answered, 'but I know your health was very poor.' Ha, ha! but I interrupted you."

"I was going to say, sir, that I have never been ambitious, save to keep a good name and live a humbly useful life, with food convenient for me, as Agur, the son of Jakeh, says in the Book of Proverbs, in which, I suppose, he included clothing and shelter, but I did hope my girls would look higher than the Pilgrims."

"You don't mean John Bunyan's Christian and Christians, and Great Heart, and the rest of them?"

"Oh, no!" replied the old lady, laughing, "mine are living characters, quite unknown to the readers of books, Sylvanus and Timotheus, the sons of old Saul Pilgrim."

"Oh, that's their name, is it? The Crew never told me his surname, nor did Captain Thomas."

"You know Sylvanus' captain, then? But, has he many sailors besides Pilgrim?"

"No; that's why I call him The Crew. It's like a Scotch song, 'The Kitty of Loch Gail,' that goes:—

For a' oor hail ship's companie,
Was twa laddy and a poy, prave poy.

Sylvanus is The Crew, who goes on a cruise, like Crusoe. O, do forgive me, Mrs. Hill, for so forgetting myself; we have been so long away from ladies' society," which, considering the circumstances of the preceding day, was hardly an ingenuous statement.

"I am not so troubled about the elder Pilgrim and Tryphena," continued the old lady, "because Tryphena is getting up a little in years for the country; I believe they marry later in the city, Mr. Coristine?"

"O yes, always, very much, I'm sure," answered the lawyer, confusedly.

"Tryphena is getting up, and—well, she takes after her father in looks, but will make any man a good wife. Then the elder Pilgrim has good morals, and is affectionate, soft I should be disposed to call him; and he has regular employment all the year round, though often away from home. He has money saved and in the bank, and has a hundred-acre farm in the back country somewhere. He says, if Tryphena refuses him, he will continue to risk his life among the perils of the deep, by which the silly fellow means Lake Simcoe." Here the quondam schoolmistress broke into a pleasant laugh that had once been musical.

"And Miss Tryphosa, did I understand you to say you apprehend anything in her quarter from the Pilgrims?" enquired Coristine.

"Please say Tryphosa, sir; I do not think that young girls in service should be miss'd."

"But they are very much missed when they go away and get married; don't grudge me my little joke, Mrs. Hill."

"I would not grudge you anything so poor," she replied, shaking a forefinger at the blushing lawyer. "You are right in supposing I apprehend danger to Tryphosa from the younger Pilgrim. She is—well, something like what I was when I was young, and she is only a child yet, though well grown. Then, this younger Pilgrim has neither money nor farm; besides, I am told, that he has imbibed infidel notions, and has lately become the inmate of a disreputable country tavern. If you had a daughter, sir,

would you not tremble to think of her linking her lot with so worthless a character?" Before the lawyer could reply, the old man called back: "Mother, I think you had better give the gentleman a rest; he must be tired of hearing your tongue go like a cow-bell in fly time." Coristine protested, but his companion declined to continue the conversation.

"The mistress is as proud of wagging that old tongue of hers," remarked the dominie's companion, "as if she had half the larnin' of the country, and she no more nor a third-class county certificut."

"Many excellent teachers have begun on them," remarked Wilkinson.

"But she begun and ended there; the next certificut she got was a marriage one, and, in a few years, she had a class in her own house to tache and slipper."

"Your wife seems to be a very superior woman, Mr. Hill."

"That's where the shoe pinches me. Shuparior! it's that she thinks herself, and looks down on my book larnin' that's as good as her own. But, I'll tell ye, sir, I've read Shakespeare and she hasn't, not a word."

"How is that?"

"Her folks were a sort of Lutheran Dutch they call Brethren. They're powerful strict, and think it a mortal sin to touch a card or read a play. My own folks were what they called black-mouthed Prosybrians, from the north of Ireland, but aijewcation made me liberal-minded. It never had that effect on the mistress, although her own taycher was an old Scotch wife that spent her time tayching the childer Scott, and Pollok's 'Course of Time,' and old Scotch ballads like that Packman one she was reciting to your friend. Now, I larnt my boys and gyurls, when I was school tayching, some pieces of Shakespeare, and got them to declaim at the school exhibitions before the holidays. I minded some of them after I was married, and, one day when it was raining hard, I declaimed a lovely piece before Persis, that's the mistress' name, when the woman began to cry, and fell on her knees by the old settle, and prayed like a born praycher. She thought I had gone out of my mind; so, after that, I had to keep Shakespeare to myself. Sometimes I've seen Tryphosa take up the book and read a bit, but Rufus, that's the baby, is just like his mother—he'll neither play a card, nor read a play, nor smoke, nor tell lies. I dunno what to do with the boy at all, at all."

"But it is rather a good thing, or a series of good things, not to play cards, nor smoke, nor tell lies," remarked Wilkinson. "Perhaps the baby is too young to smoke or read Shakespeare."

"He's eighteen and a strapping big fellow at that, our baby Rufus. He can do two men's work in a day all the week through, and go to meetin' and Sunday school on Sundays; but he's far behind in general larnin' and in spirit, not a bit like his father. Do I understand you object to smoking, sir?"

"Not a bit," replied his companion, "but my friend Coristine smokes a pipe, and, as smokers love congenial company, I had better get him to join you, and relieve him of his load." So saying, Wilkinson retired to the silent pair in the rear, took the old lady's bundle from the lawyer and sent him forward to smoke with the ancient schoolmaster. The latter waxed eloquent on the subject of tobackka, after the pipes were filled and fairly set agoing.

"There was a fanatic of a praycher came to our meetin' one Sunday morning last winter, and discoursed on that which goeth out of a man. He threeped down our throats that it was tobackka, and that it was the root of bitterness, and the tares among the wheat, which was not rightly translated in our English Bible. He said using tobackka was the foundation of all sin, and that, if you counted up the letters in the Greek tobakko, because Greek has no c, the number would be 483, and, if you add 183 to that, it would make 666, the mark of the Beast; and, says he, any man that uses tobackka is a beast! It was a powerful sarmon, and everybody was looking at everybody else. When the meetin' was over, I met Andrew Hislop, a Sesayder, and I said to him, 'Annerew!' says I, 'what do you think of that blast? Must we give up the pipe or be Christians no more?' Says Andrew, 'Come along wi' me,' and I went to his house and he took down a book off a shelf in his settin' room. 'Look at this, Mr. Hill,' says he, 'you that have the book larnin', 'tis written by these godly Sesayders, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, and is poetry.' I took the book and read the piece, and what do you think it was?"

"Charles Lamb's farewell to tobacco," said Coristine wildly:—

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The Old World were sure forlorn,
Wanting thee.

"No, sir; it was a 'Gospel Sonnet on Tobackka and Pipes'; pipes, mind you, as well—all about this Indian weed, and the pipe which is so lily white. Oh, sir, it was most improvin'. And that fanatic of a praycher, not fit to blacken the Erskines' shoes, even if they were Sesayders! I went home and I says, 'Rufus, my son,' and he says, 'Yes, fayther!' Says I, 'Rufus, am I a Christian man, though frail and human, am I a Christian man or am I not?' Rufus says, 'You are a Christian, fayther.' Then says I, 'What is the praycher, Rufus, my boy?' and Rufus, that uses tobackka in no shape nor form, says, 'He's a consayted, ignerant, bigitted bladderskite of a Pharisee!' Sir, I was proud of that boy!"

"That was very fine of your son to stand up for his father like that. You can't say that your foes were those

of your own household. In such cases, young people must do one of two things, despise their parents or despise the preacher; and, when the parents go to church, the children, unless they are young hypocrites, uniformly despise such preachers."

"Yes, and to think I had never told Rufus a word about the 'Gospel Sonnets of the Sesayders!' It's a great pleasure, sir, to an old man like me to smoke a pipe with a gentleman like yourself."

Coristine replied that it afforded him equal satisfaction, and they puffed away with occasional remarks on the surrounding scenery.

Meanwhile, Wilkinson was striving to draw out the somewhat offended mistress.

"Your husband tells me, Mrs. Hill, that you are of German parentage," he remarked blandly.

"Yes," she replied; "my people were what they call Pennsylvania Dutch. Do you know German, sir?"

"I have a book acquaintance with it," remarked the dominie.

"Do you recognize this?"

Yo een fayter in der ayvigeye,
Yo een fayter in der ayvig-eye,
Meen fayter rue mee, Ee moos gay
Tsoo lowwen in der ayvig-eye."

"No; I distinctly do not, although it has a Swabian sound."

"That is the Pennsylvania Dutch for 'I have a Father in the Promised Land,' a Sunday School hymn."

"Were you brought up on hymns like that?"

"Oh, no; I can still remember some good German ones sung at our assemblies, like:—

Christi Blut und Gerechtigkei,
das ist mein Schmuuck und Ehrenkleid,
damit will ich vor Gott besteh'n,
wenn ich in Himmel werd 'eingeh'n."

Do you know that?" asked the old lady, proud of her correct recitation.

"Yes; that is Count Zinzendorff's hymn, which Wesley translated:—

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

The translation is wonderfully free, and takes unpardonable liberties with the original."

"Graf Zinzendorff revived our Brethren when persecution had almost destroyed them. He was in America, too, and had his life saved by a rattlesnake. The Indians were going to kill him, when they saw him sleeping with the snake by his side, and thought it was his Manitou."

"I hope that is not a snake-story, Mrs. Hill. I had a boy once in my school who came from Illinois, and who said that his mother had seen a snake, which had stiffened itself into a hoop, and taken its thorny tail in its mouth, trundling along over the prairie after a man. The man got behind a tree just in the nick of time, for the hoop unbent, and sent the thorny tail into the tree instead of into the man. Then the man came out and killed it. That was a snake story."

"I give the story as I heard it from our people; you know, I suppose, that there is a Moravian Indian Mission on the borders of the counties of Kent and Middlesex. I once thought of going there as a missionary, before I fell in with Mr. Hill."

"I knew a lady who married a clergyman, with the express understanding that he was to become a foreign missionary. His church missionary societies refused to accept him, because of some physical defect, so he had to settle down to a home charge. But his wife never went to hear him conduct service. She said she could not listen to a fraud who had married her under false pretences."

"It is a great pity he married such a woman. If a wife has not the missionary spirit in her own house, how can she expect to acquire it by going abroad? Besides, there is so much mission work to be done in a new country like this. A few years ago, this place was almost as bad as Peskiwanchow, but now it has greatly improved."

"There was a young man we met there, Mrs. Hill, in whom my friend and I were much interested," said the dominie, and proceeded to give an account of the exploit of Timotheus. He also narrated what Coristine had told him of his hero's attitude towards the catechism, as accounting for his present position. The old lady relented in her judgment of the younger Pilgrim, thought that Saul, perhaps, was too severe, and that the catechism could stand revision. Wilkinson agreed, and, the ice being completely broken between them, they also proceeded to view the scenery in a poetic light, or rather in two, the dame's a Cowperish, and the dominie's a Wordsworthian reflection. Suddenly, the latter saw the father of Tryphena and Tryphosa open a gate, and turn into a side road, along which the lawyer seemed not quite disposed to accompany him. The elder smoker, therefore, came back to the gate, and waited for Wilkinson and the old lady to come forward.

"Mother!" said the old man, as the pair came up to the halting place, "you've got a soft blarneying Lutheran tongue in your head—"

"Henry Cooke," she replied sharply, "how often must I tell you that Lutheran is wrong, and that I am not a Lutheran, and have ceased even to be a United Brother since I cast in my lot with you; moreover, it is not pleasant for an old woman like me to be accused of blarneying, as if I were a rough Irishman with a grin on his broad face."

"Well, well, mother, I don't care a snuff if you were a Sesayder or even a Tommykite—"

"A Tommykite?" cried Coristine, anxious to extend his knowledge and increase his vocabulary.

"It's a man called Thomas," answered the interrupted husband, "that made a new sect out our way, and they call his following Tommykites; I dunno if he's a relation of the captain or not. Give a dog a bad name, they say, and you might as well hang him; but the Tommykites are living, in spite of their name."

"Henry Cooke, your remarks are very unnecessary and irrelevant," said his wife, falling into bad English over a long adjective.

"I was just going to say, mother, that I wanted you to try and keep these gentlemen from going beyond our house to-night, because you can put it so much better than I can."

The old lady, thereupon, so judiciously blended coaxing with the apology of disparagement, that the only alternative left the pedestrians was that of remaining; for to go on would have been to treat the disparagement as real, and a sufficient cause for their seeking other shelter. The house they entered was small but neat. It consisted almost altogether of one room, called a living room, which answered all the purposes of eating, sleeping and sitting. Outside were a summer kitchen and a dairy or milk-house, and, a short distance off, were the barn and the stable, the sole occupant of the latter at the time being a cow that spent most of its leisure out of doors. Supper did not take long preparing, and the travellers did ample justice to a very enjoyable meal. The dominie engaged the hostess in conversation about German cookery, Sauer Kraut, Nudeln and various kinds of Eierkuchen, which she described with evident satisfaction.

"Mrs. Hill and Wilkinson are regular Deipnosophists," remarked Coristine to the host.

"That's too deep for me," he whispered back. "But tell it to the mistress now; she's that fond of jawbreakers she'll never forget it."

"We were remarking, Mrs. Hill, that you and Wilkinson are a pair of Deipnosophists."

The old man looked quizzically at his wife, and she glanced in a questioning way at the dominie.

"My friend is trying to show off his learning at our expense," the latter remarked. "One Athenæus, who lived in the second century, wrote a book with that name, containing conversations, like those in 'Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianæ,' but upon gastronomy."

"I was not aware," said the hostess, "that they had gas so far back as that."

Wilkinson bit his lip, but dared not explain, and the lawyer looked sheepish at the turn affairs were taking.

"It's aisy remembered, mother," put in the quondam schoolmaster.

"Think of astronomy, and that'll give you gastronomy; and a gastronomer is a deipnosophist. That's two new words in 'one day and both meaning the same thing.'"

The hostess turned to the dominie, with a little shrug of impatience at her husband, and remarked: "The life of a deipnosophist in gastronomical works must be a very trying one, from the impure air and the soft coal dust; do you not think so, Mr. Wilkinson?"

That gentleman thought it must, and the lawyer first chewed his moustache, and then blew his nose severely and long. Fortunately, the meal was over, the host returned thanks, and the party left the table. The old man took a pail and went to water the stock, which seemed to consist of the cow, while the wife put away the supper things, and prepared for the evening's milking.

The pedestrians, being told there was nothing they could do, strolled out into the neighbouring pasture, and pretended to look among the weeds and stones, at the end of the fence farthest away from the stock-waterer for botanical and geological specimens; but, in reality, they were having a battle royal.

"Corry, you ass, whatever put it into your stupid head to make a fool of that kind little woman?"

"Sauer Kraut and Speck Noodle, what did you begin with your abominable Dutch dishes for?"

"I had a perfect right to talk German and of German things with Mrs. Hill. I did not insult her, like an ungrateful cur, I know."

"I never insulted her, you blackguard, wouldn't do such a thing for my life. I had a perfect right, too, to talk Greek to the old man, and it was you put your ugly foot in it with your diabolical gastronomy. I wonder you don't pray the ground to open up and swallow you."

"I consider, sir, an apology from you to our host and hostess absolutely necessary, and to be made without any delay."

"I'll apologize, Wilks, for the deipnosophist part of it, but I'll be jiggered if I'll be responsible for your nasty gastronomy."

"That means that you are going to put all the onus of this hideous and cruel misunderstanding on my shoulders, when I explained your expression in charity to all parties, and to help you out."

"Help me out, is it? I think it was helping me into the ditch and yourself, too."

"Will you or will you not accept the responsibility of this whole unfortunate business? Here is my ultimatum: Decline to accept it, and I return to Collingwood this very night."

"Wilks, my boy, that would never do. It's dead tired you'd be, and I'd hear of you laid up with fever and chills

from the night air, or perhaps murdered by tramps for the sake of your watch and purse."

"It matters nothing. Right must be done. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.* Every law of gratitude for hospitality cries aloud: 'Make restitution ere the sun goes down.' I understand, sir, that you refuse." So saying, the offended dominie moved rapidly towards the house to resume his knapsack and staff.

"Wilks, if you don't stop I'll stone you to death with fossils," cried the repentant lawyer, throwing a series of trilobites from his tobacco-less pocket at his retreating friend. The friend stopped and said curtly: "What is it to be?"

"Wilks, you remind me of an old darkey woman that had a mistress who was troubled with sneezing fits. The mistress said: 'Chloe, whenever I sneeze in public, you, as a faithful servant, should take out your handkerchief, and pretend that it was you; you should take it upon yourself, Chloe.' So, one day in church, the old lady made a big tis-haw, when Chloe jumped up and cried out: 'I'll take dat sneeze my ole missus snoze on myself,' waving her handkerchief all around."

"I did not delay my journey to listen to negro stories, Mr. Coristine."

"It has a moral," answered the lawyer; "it means that I am going to take all this trouble on myself, and hinder you making a bigger ass of yours. I'll apologize to the pair of them for me and you."

"That being the case, in spite of the objectionable words, 'bigger ass,' which you will live to repent, I shall stay."

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

IN my far corner of the world, in the city of Adelaide, in the Province of South Australia, the work of your compatriot Mr. O. A. Howland struck a chord in unison with what I have felt about the Empire, and the duties devolving upon its subjects. The "New Empire" having been originally noticed in the columns of the *Toronto WEEK*, it appears to be a fitting channel through which to pour any helpful or warning words from our Sunny South. The Australian colonies, including New Zealand, contain more people and infinitely more wealth than the thirteen American colonies at the time of the Revolution. They have not been overshadowed, as the Dominion of Canada has been, by a mighty republic like the United States. They have on the whole been very well treated by the parent State, and their development has been in some ways different from yours. We are all alive and steadily growing.

South Australia was the first province founded in Australia quite free from the convict element. Victoria and Queensland were originally portions of New South Wales, the original convict settlement, and Tasmania, under the old name of Van Dieman's Land, was still more emphatically a depôt for the criminals of Great Britain and Ireland. The convict taint is, however, wearing itself out. All the colonies have long had the advantages of excellent education in State schools, but the cost is borne differently from that of England, America and Canada. In all except New Zealand public education is a charge on the general revenue, and in New Zealand the local provinces bear a small proportion of the cost and take more share in the management, in consequence, this is a survival of the original provincial origin of New Zealand. In England the general revenue has shared the expense, but the rating powers for School Boards raise a large amount. Across the Atlantic, in the United States and in Canada, local rating does it all. I have heard that the Province of Ontario has carried local self-government to the highest perfection. On the other hand, the province in which I live, which at present has but 320,000 souls in a central territory extending from the north to the south coast, is the most centralized and socialistic in its organization of all the Australian colonies. Not only has it State-built and State-managed railways like the others, and State-managed telegraph lines—the line connecting us all with the rest of the world passing through her territory and constructed at her expense—not only are our schools all on one system and directed by one head, not only are our city waterworks and our irrigation works the charge of the general revenue, but charity itself in South Australia is a Government responsibility. It is the only one of the colonies which has adopted the most socialistic principle of the English poor-law, that absolute destitution should have legal relief. It is not that the other Australian revenues do not give more money, in proportion to population, for the relief of the poor, but they give it indirectly through voluntary societies and charitable workers, and are not, as in South Australia, directly responsible for its distribution.

The Destitute Board of unpaid members, with a paid Chairman and auxiliary Boards in the country, distribute out-door and in-door relief according to recognized rules, and comparisons show that through help being given to keep poor families together, the number of old people and of children altogether thrown on public and private charity is less than in the other colonies. It may be well for the most centralized and the least centralized of the British provinces to exchange notes. South Australia was the first to adopt the simplification of land titles by registration. Torrens' Act has been copied all over Aus-

tralia and is held up for imitation. South Australia is at present the only community where the principle of land taxation preached by Mr. Henry George has been initiated. For over six years a tax of a halfpenny in the pound of assessed value of land, irrespective of improvements, has been levied on all land, whether it is city block of an eighth of an acre, or a vast estate. I think Henry George would have made much greater progress with this principle if he had not mixed it up inextricably with free trade. There is a vast number of people who can see that this method of raising revenue has two good effects—it encourages improvements on the land and discourages speculative holding; who, nevertheless, are not desirous that land should bear the whole burden of national expenditure. When Mr. George was here, he was surprised to find that many of his supporters were protectionists. We did not want to be merely growers of wool and wheat and wine and oil; we desired a more varied development, and infant industries need protection. People point warningly to America where industries no longer in their infancy clamour for increased protection as in the McKinley Bill, but I have some hopes that our manufacturers and monopolists will not be so powerful as in America. The fact that they own neither railroads nor telegraph lines, and that all over the colonies efforts are constantly being made to check large holdings in land, will make it easier for a people's parliament to reduce or abolish protective duties if they press too hard on industry. In Australia, too, the eight hours' day for most industries capable of such limitation and the example of the Government, the largest employer of labour, tends to restrain the greed of private employers.

At a test election for a city of Adelaide constituency recently, the programme of the conservative or capitalist candidate was of the most liberal character. He approved of the halfpenny land tax, and was favourable to its being doubled. He was willing to make it optional for municipalities to render their rates on unimproved land values. He approved of the eight hours day; only he disapproved of the action of the Trade Union who have it in their power to paralyze all the producing industries of Australasia by forbidding dock-labourers and seamen from handling wool shorn by other than union men. This liberal capitalist was beaten by a working man—chiefly by the temperance vote—which went solid for one who supported Sunday closing. I think that a shearer's union should content itself with working on fair conditions for itself, good pay, good food and decent housing, but it is an avocation which does not last more than a few months of the year, and to forbid non-union men to shear is an unjust exercise of power.

The shipping strike two years ago was one more far-reaching than any ever before known, and it has led to stronger organization on the part of the capitalist and producing classes. The strikers feel that the battle must be fought at the polls, and the return of three labour members for the South Australian Upper House, and of more than thirty for the Assembly in New South Wales, has emphasized the position. New South Wales and Queensland have the Upper House nominated; in Victoria and South Australia the members are elected in larger districts, and the elector must have a small property qualification. If the South Australia Legislative Council had not voted themselves the £200 a year which they had opposed on principle for the Assembly, they would not have had their hall invaded by the horny-handed. In South Australia and in New Zealand there is "one man, one vote." In the other three colonies, which were originally parts of the mother colony of New South Wales, there has always been plural voting. A man holding property out of the district in which he lives could vote for it, and often exercised many votes. The last Victorian Ministry went in on this question, and carried "one man, one vote" through the Assembly, but it was lost in the Council, the Ministerial members themselves voting against it. The Council offered as an amendment to give a dual vote—one for person and one for property, freehold or leasehold, or even for thrift, saved money in any way—to be exercised whether the elector lived on his property or held it elsewhere. By the dual vote the capitalist party hope to enlist the small farmers and selectors on their side, and by means of majorities in smaller county constituencies to neutralize the majorities of labour candidates in large town and city districts. To my mind, to pit capital and labour against each other as enemies in every constituency of Australia is even worse than pitting Republicans and Democrats against each other in America. The cry for one member constituencies, which both parties have set up, is only that the fight may be closer and the duel more bitter. What Australia and Canada and the United States want most of all is the grouping of several constituencies together to be represented by the single transferable vote. Mr. Hare adapted this perfect instrument to too vast a field, and retarded the progress of the idea by taking the United Kingdom as a single constituency. Districts grouped so as to return from six to ten members would enable any considerable minority to be represented, and, what is still more important, it would paralyze the party tactics that fasten on a wavering and indifferent or a corruptible fringe of voters, who turn the elections under the present exclusively majority representation. The indirect benefits would far outweigh the direct. Would the "Spoils" system or the monstrous pension lists in the United States last a session under that equal representation which I call Effective Voting? These are party

tools, known and used by both; neither can guess how they would fare without them. Is not the chief reason why Woman's Suffrage has not been imitated after the example of Wyoming, because the wire-pullers do not see what would be the effect of doubling the constituencies by the admission of new voters who care more for temperance and social purity than either the Republican or the Democratic ticket? There is little use in the Australian ballot if the party still guides the nomination, prepares the ticket and divides the spoils.

Now that I see two parties—Labour and Capital—facing each other, and preparing for offensive and defensive warfare, I feel that the time has come for more radical reforms than tinkering at the franchise and opposing the country as a conservative force against the domination of the town labour party. Town and country are as naturally friends as labour and capital, and if by our political machinery we shut out all but two issues at elections, we are going in that downward way which led to one terrible war in America, and which is not unlikely to lead to another.

The younger daughters of our great Mother England, Canada and Australia, may, if they are true to their better and wiser instincts, solve a problem which has not been rightly met by the great Republic—how to make a State grow in material and moral prosperity together; how to make general well-being increase and without feeding the greed of plutocrats; how to make politics interesting without a pitched duel between two parties, and how to raise the idea of political honour and honesty from its present low estate. To read the American newspapers one could not suppose that the American people are so honourable and excellent as they are.

This may not be regarded as Australian news, but the family of the English races scattered over all quarters of the habitable globe are of one blood, and if representative government and institutions are bleeding to death under bloodsuckers and dishonest corporations in America, do we in Australia not feel the loss and the shame?

Adelaide, South Australia, 1892.

C. H. S.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

THE question of currency reform in the United States has come to stay, and a study of both views, as put by prominent Americans, can hardly fail to be of interest to Canadians, who, sooner or later, will feel the effects of the agitation through their commercial interests.

It is necessary to understand the following facts: (1) Silver has depreciated thirty per cent. since 1873; from \$1.33 per ounce to ninety cents. (2) The output of silver has more than doubled, from 63,000,000 ounces in 1873 to 140,000,000 ounces in 1891. (3) European nations have for fourteen years discontinued the coinage of full legal tender silver money. (4) The exchanges of the world are everywhere settled in gold, or, if in silver, at its gold value.

The controversy takes the form of "The Free Coinage of Silver" on the one hand, and "Limited Coinage of Silver" on the other, but there are other questions involved, such as the substitution of States banks for National banks, and the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on the issues of the former.

The present coinage law which rules in the United States was passed on July 14, 1890. It requires the purchase monthly of 4,500,000 ounces of silver at market price, of which 2,000,000 shall be coined monthly into silver dollars; after that only such dollars shall be coined as shall be needed for the redemption of the treasury notes issued for the purchase of the silver. The coinage of the silver dollars has been stopped in conformity with the law, while the monthly purchase of silver has been continued.

On the other hand, we have the proposed "Free Coinage Bill" introduced by Senator Bland, which may be defined "as the right of any one to deposit silver at any mint of the United States, and have every 371½ grains stamped, free of charge, into a dollar, which shall be a full legal tender at its face value for debts and obligations of all kinds in the United States."

Both of the laws have the same object in view, to raise the value of silver compared with that of gold. The measure passed in 1890 has failed to accomplish its end, because when the coinage of the silver dollar, which competes with gold as a tool of industry, was suspended at the end of the year, gold again became the sole valuator, and its price was enhanced by the greater demand, which was again increased by the fact that the notes issued for the monthly purchase of silver are treated as gold notes. The warehousing of this silver has not increased the value, as holders of stocks of silver, afraid that the U. S. treasury might sell, hastened to put their supply of the metal on the market, thereby lowering the price. Thus the divergence of the value of gold and silver has been increased.

The advocates of free coinage claim that the adoption of their measure would enhance the value of silver. They hold that, if the Government buy all the silver brought to it at \$1.29 per ounce, and coin the same into dollars, the demand thus created would send up the price of silver; and the trade and industry of the country would benefit by the increase in the circulating medium.

It is admitted by all parties that the passage of a free coinage law would cause a rise in the value of silver, but the anti-free silver party claim that this rise in price would only be temporary, as, unless the European countries

adopted free coinage also, the world's surplus stock of silver would be poured into America, and the price would go down as before.

The question whether the European stocks of silver, and by this, coin as well as bullion is meant, would flow into America is the great bone of contention. The free silver men maintain that Europe would not sell its silver to America at its gold value, because the sale would entail a loss of three or four per cent., equivalent to the difference between the coining rate in America and the coining rate in Europe, together with the cost of shipping and insurance. The answer to this argument is well worthy of attention.

The stock of full legal tender silver coins in Europe is approximated at \$1,100,000,000. The actual value of these coins is thirty or forty per cent. below their face value, and they are mainly used by the banks as a basis for the issue of paper money. Now, by the action of the free silver party the price of silver and the actual value of these coins would be raised about twenty-five per cent., and it is extremely improbable that the banks would neglect the opportunity of exchanging these coins, at such an increased value, for gold. The amount of paper money the banks can safely issue on the gold value of these silver coins, which is now a declining value, is not as great as the amount of paper money that can be issued on that same value when represented by gold coin, which is the sole European valuator. As a practical refutation of the argument that a loss of four per cent. would prevent the sale of European silver coins to America, the example of Germany and Roumania is quoted; the former country adopted the gold standard, melted down and sold its silver at a loss of ten per cent.; Roumania did likewise at a loss of twenty-five per cent., and now Austria-Hungary is making preparations to follow suit at a loss of forty per cent.

Finally, it is advanced that the free coinage of silver in America, while it would temporarily raise the price of silver, would also raise the price of gold, by enabling the European countries to dispose of the silver, adopt the gold standard, thereby increasing the demand for gold and aggravating the very evil complained of, the dearness of gold.

D. GREGORY.

IDEALS.

How often in the weary way of life,
Have we beheld before us near it seemed,
That we might reach it soon, with steady strife
That nature that we've longed for: fancies teemed
Of true and noble heart, of eyes that beamed
With gladness at the thought of doing good,
Of all that prophets taught or poets dreamed
To raise men up and teach them brotherhood.

And feverish on we've pressed, but still as far,
Or farther, seemed we from the dear ideal,
As though a sailor steering by a star
Hoped ever on its shores to strike his keel.
Yet better onward press than idle drift,
There may come fulness after life's poor shift.

Cobourg.

W. J. S.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Parisians replied to the May Day manifestation in favour of eight hours work per diem, by remaining twenty-four hours hermetically sealed within their apartments. The real working classes may be said not to have put in any appearance, either in the streets or at the few quasi-public meetings held. It is a most curious fact, the absence of the usual spectators from the various theatres, both at the matinées and the soirées representations. Occasionally could be encountered, like fish out of water, some waifs and strays, belonging rather to the "submerged tenth" than to the operative classes; the latter remained prudently away from the meeting held at the Salle Faire, in the Belleville quarter, where the big palaver came off, declining to be confounded with the anarchists. Indeed those who attended this meeting, 7,000 strong, including men, women and children, looked in coming away to have undergone a "heavy sell," of not having got the worth of their money—three sous entrance fee: It was "Daisy Day" for hundreds of young women, who wore that flower pinned to a red sash. The eloquence was anything but dynamical; not a single chair was smashed or a bone broken; not an enthusiast came up to even the arresting standard for police attention.

Other phenomenon of the day: though everyone remained within doors, not a face was visible at windows; even the occupants of nurseries were not allowed to flatten their tender noses against the panes of glass. Ex-communist and wooden-legged Lisbonne, at his weekly dynamite ball, declared that the first of May would be a *Journée des Dieux*; so little did he anticipate trouble that he wore for that ball expressly his "Carnot costume"; that is, the evening dress in which he once appeared at the Elysée Palace to pay his respects, in the midst of the *grande monde*, to the President. Indeed Lisbonne added to the attractions of his subscription ball by organizing a tumbola, where the chief prize of the lottery was a donkey, called "Prudhomme," to symbolize the inanity and ineptitude of the bourgeoisie. There is but little danger where there is much fun.

The political, the social, the moral consequences of the

pacific triumph of common sense and administrative authority on May Day cannot be over-estimated. Extreme politicians and reformers were completely isolated, shunted aside. M. Loubet, the Home Minister-Premier, was on his trial; he scored success. He had a positive luxury of military and police preparations; he did not "display" the soldiers, etc., as did his predecessor last year, but had them under lock and key, invisible to the naked eye, but ready to appear at the first note of a bugle call. The police may be said also to have been conspicuous by their absence, and the few samples to be met with were models of civility. At nine o'clock in the evening the curfew bell tolled the knell of departing Manifestation Day till next year. A capital experiment has been made—that of allowing Paris demonstrationists to demonstrate how little in favour their wild schemes are with citizens, and to place on them the onus of keeping the peace under penalty of severe repression from the public force, always in a jack-in-the-box state of readiness.

But easy-going public opinion must not apply the flattering unction to its soul, that the labour world is content either with capitalists or employers; it is unanimous to remain aloof from anarchists and violent solutionists; it does not rally unanimously to the eight-hours-a-day battle flag, but remains not the less enrolled in the army of industry, that has now its annual spring manoeuvres, which mobilizes its units and rehearses that grand strike reserved for the unknown future, where international labour will come to grips with capital, if the cataclysm be not timely conjured away by international statesmanship.

The Salon of the Champs Elysées is not remarkably rich in pictures this year; the display of sculpture on the contrary is superb. The visitor, that is the lover of art, must not be led away by the exhibits of the famous painters, but try and find out the new talent, developing to replace the age-worn victors. In the catalogue of 1718 pictures exhibited, one is struck with the number of foreign artists that figure therein; and next, on studying their paintings, how real is the progress, how close they are to the heels of the bench. When English artists—superior already in design—are able to colour as relatively well, their French confrères will have much to fear, or to regret. The big pictures, as a rule, are anything but big successes. The gems of the Salon are: Bonnat's portrait of M. Renan, among the best, in point of workmanship, the artist has ever executed, though, paradoxical as it may appear, it is not quite Renan; the attitude is excellent, but the eyes lack their cynical humour, the content springing from his played-out doubts: a kind of Voltairian Mahatma. "Fille d'Eve," by Jules Lefebvre, is a *nu* picture, a model of careful drawing and inimitable colouring. William Bouguereau's "Guepier" has several foes and many friends; it represents a finely-drawn young woman, attacked by cupids, who indulge in all their proverbial wicked tricks till the maiden surrenders; the drawing is faultless, the play of colours admirable, and the impression of the ideal, real. A kind of camp-fire, generating an inexhaustible supply of cupids, adds nothing to the general ideal. The portrait of "Colonel Brunet," by J. P. Laurens, is a type of military energy and virility—eyes that at once threaten and command. "Juin" is, as usual, a charming idyll, by Jules Breton, full of rustic calm and labour happiness, symbolized by hay-makers of both sexes at rest. Wallen, a Swede, contributes a *maison mortuaire*, where a baby is being waked, and a group of Breton village girls watch, and, in turn, pray. It is a lovely piece of colouring, where natural attitudes are feelingly expressed. Frank Bramley, an English artist, in his "For Such is the Kingdom of Heaven," is the counterpart of Wallen's picture; an English funeral; a procession of English girls, singing a hymn as they wend along a jetty; the figures are true to nature, the scene soul-touching and full of harmonious unity. Another English artist, Frank Braugny, has a fine sea subject, "All hands shorten sail." The story is a robust actuality; the spectator can almost sniff the breeze and the briny. The seascapes and landscapes, in point of excellence, are not many, nor are the promises of better things encouraging. M. Petitjean's "Florémont," a Lorraine village, is full of originality, pleasing incidents and happy colouring; his pupil, Mr. Peter Gross, an American artist, depicts the village of "Essegney" with spirit, careful drawing, full of local colour and successful play of light and shade. The battle pieces are few. Ed. Detaille's "Huningue" represents the surrender of that heroic garrison in 1815, with the honours of war, to the Austrians. The subject will draw the crowd, but the execution appears stiff, lacking in animation, and fails to make the impartial observer feel sympathy with the work. It suggests a scene copied from a wax-work gallery.

The sculpture exhibits are very successful; few but merit the tribute of a good look. Taste is divided about Gerome's coloured bronze and ivory "Bellone"; frankly it does not create a pleasing impression; what he loses in sympathy by the furiously-screaming goddess of war, is amply compensated for in his charming group, "Galatée et Pygmalion." Antonin Mercier's "Le regret," destined for the sepulchre of Cabanel, unites all the excellencies for a mortuary statue. Bartholdi's "Washington and Lafayette," a bronze group, does not convey the impression of any marked effusion on the part of the American patriot's greeting of his newly-arrived ally. Boucher's "Le repas" is a statue full of grace and quiet beauty. Rouleau contributes a group in plaster, "Jeanne d'Arc." Perhaps it would be flat blasphemy to demand: Has French art yet produced the ideal Joan that every reader

of the heroine's life paints or sculpts in imagination? Perhaps that want may be supplied when the symbol of French unity and patriotic mysticism shall have been canonized.

The report is current that the English intend to establish their Protectorate over all the Atlantic sea board of Morocco, free to the Sultan to concede. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Company work 5,620 miles of road; it has 42,000 employees on its pension list, and pays annually 9,172 pensions. As the fund is not sufficient, the Company intends to pay eight instead of six per cent. on the four per cent. deducted from salaries out of its own strong box. The Company, in addition, aids the formation of co-operative stores, provides ordinary and technical schools, orphanages, female workshops, and gives facilities for Tolstói refectories, but supported by their own hands. Z.

THE RAMBLER.

It happened curiously enough that I had never read it. His other works I had read, but it was in earliest childhood—I need hardly say that accordingly that reading goes back a very long way indeed, somewhere in the thirties or even twenties—and by a singular chance the "M" had never fallen into my hands. What is a penny-a-liner to do sometimes when the potboilers pall, or worse—refuse even to come into existence, and when relaxation can no longer be found in the pages of the analytical hero of the hour? What such a one wants in books is exactly what some people expect of the drama. It is not so much the vain cry, or the cry of the vain, for mere amusement; it is rather the demand that what we read and what we engage to look at shall be in itself worth the time spent upon it by the author or the playwright. In itself the story of the "M" is worth telling, and so I found it the other day. Beginning at seven o'clock in the evening I read on, oblivious of time and other pursuits, read until one o'clock, for this was a book that had to be finished.

How many contemporaneous writers lay this obligation upon their readers? Needless to say, the author of so fascinating a book was Wilkie Collins at his best, for critics dead and critics living have concurred in the fact that "The Moonstone" is one of the best-sustained books of its kind ever written. In the first place the antiquity, the nationality, and the history of the jewel itself is profoundly interesting. The selection of an oriental gem of historic import, guarded by Hindoos of high caste, for the central point of a story, is exceedingly happy. Local colour is at once obtained and the effect of sharp contrast. Then the absence of the Lurid, of the Vile and of the Supernatural makes this clearly a remarkable book, since modern experience teaches us that in order to concoct a work of similar enthrallment and power we cannot do without obscenity, improbability and sensationalism.

When a work on "The Minor Novelists" comes to be written, it will be seen that there is unset blossom, promise unfulfilled, in this department of work as in others. Do any of my readers recollect a novel entitled "A Modern Minister," which appeared, at least the first part did, several years ago, but which was, I believe, never completed? It is possible that the sequel or conclusion may not have come into my hands; still, I do not remember hearing of it in any connection. Then there was a really remarkable novel of London studio life, "Miss Brown," at the authorship of which there were many shrewd guesses. What becomes of these minor novelists? Are they one-book people, or do they get discouraged at the treatment of the tribe of indolent reviewers, or do they die? Take the "Boudoir Cabal" for example. Where probably in the whole range of British fiction shall we find equally graphic portraiture of degrees of caste: Mayrose, the Pennywoddles, Leech, and Lady Azalea Carol? Yet it is a book forgotten by many, and its author's name, while brilliant, is certainly only to be found among the minor writers of the Victorian era.

With Mr. S. M. Barrie's popularity one has no quarrel. It is the popularity of Baring-Gould over again, and of Fargeon and of F. M. Robinson. The little systems have their day, and so do all healthy, honest, attractive books, especially when a good foundation of character sketching is laid, assisted by the colour Mr. Barrie knows well how to give. But why do we talk so much about novelists? We are not in training for an article on "The Future of Fiction," or "The Decline and Fall of the Novel," or "A Plea for Plot and Passion," or "Tolstói—the Greatest of Novelists." Not at all. It may be provincial, but we in Canada are greatly given to taking everything that comes our way and taking it as it comes. I have often thought that, despite the grievances of certain individuals, we are not badly placed in Canada with regard to observation and reflection, when the objects are people and things, men and manners outside ourselves. We can sit apart and watch both our neighbours and the lands across the seas and thereby attain a wisdom and penetration perhaps denied to *ces autres*, or we like to think so.

Mr. Jas. P. Murray's letter to the *Mail* touching an Art Museum is timely. It does not, however, put any obstacle in the way of the Loan Collection I have suggested. The latter would cost very little to arrange, and

from the number and class of visitors, if properly made known and advertised, would assist the projectors of the Museum in making definite plans. As Mr. Murray remarks, the artisan, and even the skilled and thoughtful artisan, is among us and has come to stay. It is expedient that we do all we can to help him. Any suggestions of a practical nature will be gladly received by the writer.

In many directions, there are signs of artistic and literary enfranchisement in Toronto. The best of our artists think it no disgrace to make their abode with us, helping the cause of Beauty by æsthetic studios. We have not many *litterateurs* by profession, it is true, but the few we have we endeavour to conciliate and show appreciation of. Your true literary man hates patronage like poison, but he basks in generous and genial admiration. Sensitive souls—these poets, essayists, pamphleteers, but 'tis the afflatus in the marrow that does it. We welcome then any effort on the part of wealth and culture to weld together the possibly inharmonious constituents of Toronto society. Why should not the elements of law, science, art, music and literature be fused into a pleasing whole here as elsewhere? In the meetings held on Monday evenings at the house of Mrs. John Cawthra, this has been largely the case during the past season. The quality of the essays read, notably one on "George Meredith," by Mr. Greer, and another by Mr. O. A. Howland, was remarkably good, and taken altogether, the *réunions*, which partook of the charm of the French salon, made famous by many a beautiful and witty woman, were pronounced a great success.

A REMINISCENCE OF BADEN-BADEN.

I REMEMBER, many a month ago, one morning blithe and gay,

With some merry friends I clambered up the height,
That o'erlooked the winding valley where the quiet city lay,
In the radiance of the sun-illuminated light.

I remember, in the dewy dawn, the wild and wooded hills
As they raised their lofty summits to the blue—
What a flood of recollections all my restless being fills,
As those scenes again, in memory, I view!

O, the morn was glad and joyous (but the mountain path was steep,
And it seemed to weary toilers very long),
While the minstrels of the forest, new awakened from their sleep,
Made the liquid air melodious with song.

As we climb I view the plains afar where flows the winding Rhine,
On its long and rapid journey to the sea,
And the hillsides soon to blossom with the ripening of the vine,

And the peasants slowly trudging o'er the lea.

Still I hear from up the vale an undulation as it swells,
Like the rhythmic measured cadence of a rhyme,
From the sweet and mellow music of the churches' matin bells,
As their silvery throats ring out the sacred chime.

And I see the Ducal Palace by the city's ancient wall,
With its banner gaily flaunting in the breeze,
And, beneath, the stately towers of the old Cathedral tall,
And the Colonnade's wide avenue of trees.

With many a turn the glancing stream winds thro' the willowed meads,
And the sunbright emerald valley to the plain,
Where it joins the mighty river that with eager impulse speeds,
To the free and boundless waters of the main.

And uplifted on the topmost crag above the smiling scene,
Is the stern old Castle crumbling to decay—
There, by its mouldering battlements o'ergrown with ivy green,
Do we while some idly happy hours away.

We retraced our tired footsteps as the sun, with dying glow,
Sank beyond the purple highlands in the west,—
While from up the valley came the strains of music faint and low—
And the deepening shadows veiled the mountain-crest.

Oft in musing mood I wander, led by Fancy, o'er the main,
Where a city lies the wooded hills among;
And with merry friends I clamber up the mountain-side again,
To the ivy-mantled tower of my song.

Ah how sweet in pensive thought it is a mystic band to wind
Round the cherished scenes of happy days gone by;
And amid the feverish stir of life a fond enchantment find,
In the fellowship of tranquil memory.

ERNEST C. MACKENZIE.

POVERTY is the stepmother of genius.—H. W. Shaw.

THE DEAD GOETHE.

THE morning after Goethe's death, a deep longing came over me to see his earthly shell once again. His faithful servant, Frederick, opened the door of the room where they had laid him. Stretched upon his back, he lay like one asleep, power and deep peace upon the features of his sublimely noble face. The mighty brow seemed still busy with thoughts. I longed for a lock of his hair, but reverence forbade my cutting it. The body lay nude, wrapped in a white sheet. Frederick threw the sheet open, and I was amazed at the godlike magnificence of those limbs. The chest was exceedingly powerful, broad and arched, the arms and thighs full and muscular, the feet of perfect form, and nowhere on the whole body a trace of superfluous flesh or of emaciation or shrinking. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me, and admiration made me for the moment forget that the immortal spirit had left such an habitation. I laid my hand on his breast—deep silence all around—and turned aside to give free course to my pent-up tears.—Translated for THE WEEK, from Eckermann.

ART NOTES.

It is announced that the Pope has directed that specimens of the beautiful mosaic pictures, made at the mosaic works in the Vatican, shall be exhibited at the Chicago Exposition, and at least one picture shall be made expressly for the Fair.

MR. E. WYLIE GRIER, of Toronto, has had the distinction of having at the Royal Academy his portrait of Miss Cawthra, of Beverley Street, hung in the central hall just above a picture of the President, Sir Frederick Leighton. This is an unusual honour for a Canadian artist, and none the less merits unusual praise.

ON SLOW FORD'S monument to Shelley it is said will be set up in the garden of University College, Oxford, on Aug. 4. It is thus described by the *Athenæum*: "Mr. Ford has designed a whole-length statue, rather more than ordinary life size, of somewhat warmly tinted white marble, lying at full length, and quite naked, upon a slab of pale sea-green Irish marble, which is carved in a broad and obtrusive fashion so as to suggest, without exactly representing it, the shore on which the poet's corpse was found. The figure reclines on the left shoulder and slightly backwards; the head rests on the ground amid the flowing masses of its long hair, which are as if the sea had left them so; the noble face is upturned, the eyes are closed, the lips are slightly parted, and the expression is that of a happy and painless death."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

NOT to be behind the equine elements of this our local Jockey Club race week, the management of the Grand Opera House have presented its patrons with Neil Burgess and his scenic play, the "County Fair," in which a live horse-race is introduced on the stage and many beautiful mechanical effects give additional interest to the stirring stage production from the Union Square Theatre. The incidental scenes of the play are real and startling surprises. The company comprises some fifty carefully-selected people who render a good account of themselves. The usual Saturday matinee will be held.

THE ACADEMY.

THE famous Black Hussar Band and Star Orchestra have been very successfully presenting their comedy, "A Social Session," at the Academy of Music this week. The play is somewhat original in construction and surroundings, and abounds in unique humour. Many melodious strains are interspersed, helping to retain the interest of the audience.

On Friday, June 3rd, one of the best of the Madison Square Theatre successes, "Esmeralda," will be given at the Academy by the St. Alphonsus Club, a local aggregation of amateur stars, under the direction of Mr. H. S. Clark. It is a quiet homely romance, touching and natural, with fresh and unconventional dialogue, well calculated to please the most refined taste.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

GOUNOD'S masterpiece, "The Redemption," quite befittingly brought to a successful close the twentieth season of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, and Mr. F. H. Torrington has to be awarded a just meed of praise for his untiring efforts in bringing about so good a musical result. The chorus, partly, perhaps, through a greater familiarity with the work—this being its fourth presentation in Toronto—excelled their efforts of the previous evening, in "Callirhoe"; the male voices showing up to much greater advantage, especially in the choruses "Lovely Appear" and "Unfold, Ye Portals." The orchestra seemed also to play *con amore*, the composer's beautifully wrought-out and poetically-inspired instrumentation; the conductor, Mr. Torrington, holding his entire forces well in hand during most of the performance. The choruses, "Unfold, Ye Portals" and "For Thy Love as a Father," Mrs. Parker singing the solo in the latter, were both enthusiastically redemanded and repeated. Mrs. Parker also sang with a sweet cultivated though not strong voice, the music allotted to Mrs. F. G. Cox, who was absent through indisposi-

tion. Mr. Warrington, whose fine baritone voice was occasionally muffled in tone, sang the lines of "Jesus" in a satisfactory manner, without, however, receiving any special recognition for his good work on the part of the audience, perhaps because his voice may be rather light for the rôle. Mr. Kaiser sustained his previous reputation as a conscientious artist by his sympathetic narration of the acts describing the surroundings of the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension of the Saviour; in this he was ably seconded by the manly tones of Mr. Schuch, as the bass narrator. Both of these gentlemen received due recognition from the audience for their effective efforts, though there was a marked absence of sympathy between the two voices in the duetts, owing to an evident divergence in tone production. Mr. Schuch's enunciation is distinct, though his vowel quantities in some words suggest a simulation of an alien tongue. Mrs. Petley could hardly be said to have filled the rôle of *Mary* to satisfaction, her voice lacking the evenness and volume demanded by the subject matter, and the full, sustained character of the music contained in this minor part. The other lesser parts were creditably sustained by the Misses Patterson, Flint and Mortimer, with Messrs. Shaw and Curran in the quartette. The orchestra did especially good work in the delineation of "Darkness" and "The Earthquake," the playing of the chromatic passages by the strings revealing a well-defined distinctness of tone; indeed, unstinted praise is due to our local orchestra, which has not the superior advantages that naturally accrue to those in the large cities, whose constant *ensemble* work and association goes far towards establishing perfection. Four harps were introduced, which gave a specially fine finish to several of the accompaniments. Mr. Bowles played the incidental organ part on a Mason and Risch vocalion organ, with care and precision. It is to be hoped that this parent society will be enabled to bring about the much discussed festival of 1893.

THE TORONTO ORCHESTRAL SCHOOL.

MR. TORRINGTON and the members of the above school desire publicly to acknowledge the kind recognition of His Worship the Mayor and City Council in consenting to become patrons of the first concert of this public institution, to be held on June 7, and in voluntarily granting the free use of the Pavilion for the entertainment. This concert is given partly to show what advance has already been made by the present students, and, furthermore, to add to the fund used in meeting the incidental expenses of the school. This is a worthy object, and should be assisted in every possible way by all lovers of the art divine. The Pavilion should be well filled on the evening of Tuesday, June 7. It is intended to establish free scholarships when the funds will permit.

MR. THOMAS HURST'S CONCERT.

A BENEFIT concert has been tendered the veteran handler of musical merchandise, who, regretted by all who ever came into contact with his genial personality, is retiring from A. and S. Nordheimer's music store, intending to settle down in England, his native country. The following numerous list of local lights have kindly volunteered their services for the occasion when a bumper house should be seen in the Pavilion, June 2nd: Queen's Own Band, Royal Grenadiers' Band, Frederick Boscovitz, Bengough, Fox; Mesdames D'Auria, Scrimger-Massie, De Garrett, Blight and Ramsay; Misses Gaylord, Hillary, Severs, Bonsall, Patterson; Messrs. Ebbels, Smiley, Taylor, Gorrie, Richards, Lye, Warrington, Blight, Schuch, Baugh, Rich, Ramsay, Torrington, D'Auria, Kuchenmeister, also the beneficiary in choice selections and the Orpheus Quartette. Reserved seats at Nordheimer's, May 30th, fifty cents.

CHURCH CHOIR FESTIVAL.

TWENTY-THREE choirs, numbering over six hundred voices, assembled in St. James' on Friday evening, 20th inst., to inaugurate the first annual festival of the Toronto Church Choir Association; Mr. Harrison acting as Conductor. The surpliced choirs completely filled the chancel seats, overflowing into the front seats of the congregation, and behind whom the non-surpliced singers were ranged. The Cathedral was thronged with an immense concourse of people, filling up the isles, halls and doorways, hundreds going away for lack of room. Among the many representatives of the clergy were the Revs. Provost Body, Canon Dumoulin, Professor Huntingford, Dr. Langtry, Canon Sweeney, Septimus Jones, Charles Inglis, F. G. Plummer, John Pearson, R. Harrison, G. Lewis, Street Macklen, A. J. Broughall, G. J. Taylor, L. J. Smith. Mr. E. W. Phillips, of St. George's, presided at the organ. The singers marched to their places singing the hymn "Light's Abode Celestial Salem," then the Rev. John Pearson, of Holy Trinity Church, who intoned the service throughout in clear and distinct accents, commenced the evening service as prescribed in the "book of common prayer"; Tallis's service being used for the responses, the Psalms for the evening being chanted in full, the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" being sung to Goss's service in A. The anthem was De Stainer's "Leave us not, neither forsake us" for Ascension-Tide. The lessons were read by the Rev. Septimus Jones and the Rev. Chas. Inglis. Then the choir sang the hymn "Praise my Soul, the King of Heaven." The offertory hymn being "All Hail the Power of Jesus's Name," in which the vast congregation joined with impressive effect. The "Te Deum" was next chanted, after which Canon Dumoulin

gave a short but stirring address from the pulpit, in which, after expressing regret on the part of the Lord Bishop of the diocese for being absent, owing to an unavoidable previous engagement, he told his hearers how glad he was to witness the first meeting of the combined choirs of the Church in Toronto, to bring about which, great diligence and care had to be constantly exercised, and it was exceedingly gratifying to notice that it had been brought to so successful an issue and that the citizens of Toronto had by their attendance showed their deep interest in the good work. The service was simply following in the footsteps of the psalmist David and the 4,000 musicians and singers who offered their praises to God in the olden Scriptural time in His Temple. These services were revived in England early in this century, their being now seventy-nine such organizations in the old land, consisting of about 20,000 choirs, the services being in every way beneficial; the last, held in St. Paul's Cathedral, numbering 150 choirs and 1,000 voices; Canterbury, 68 choirs, 659 voices; Exeter, 76 choirs, 1,585 voices; Salisbury, 220 choirs, 1,953 voices, etc. The service was brought to a conclusion with the singing of the recessional hymn "Saviour, blessed Saviour." The massed congregation evidenced the deep appreciation of the proceedings by their reverential and devotional demeanour throughout the entire service.

THE DAMROSCH ORCHESTRA.

THE devotees of orchestral music had their innings on Thursday, 19th, when Mr. Damrosch's fine band of sixty-five musicians, every man a soloist in his special line, fairly delighted a large and representative audience which assembled at the Grand Opera House, and which constantly paid unmistakable tribute to the genius of the conductor and the splendid execution of the several choice gems on the programme. To many the Mendelssohn *Concerto* for violin and grand orchestra was the *piece de resistance* of the evening; in this, Mr. Brodsky proved himself to be a violin soloist of the first rank, his tone being rich and smooth, his execution, more especially noticeable in the *chromatics* and *trills*, being facile and clean, the *finale* being taken at a rapid *tempo*; the orchestral accompaniments being played in perfect accord with the talented solo artist. Raff's beautiful symphony, "Leonore," was executed to perfection, the description of the story being accurately portrayed by the musical setting, and, though the absence of a Beethoven selection was a regretful incident, yet this fine composition of the more modern musical giant gave evident satisfaction. Schubert's stirring and characteristic "Marche Militaire," arranged by Mr. Damrosch, was re-demanded, while the variations of the "Austrian National Hymn," by Haydn, for string orchestra, gave every opportunity for a display of lights and shades, as well as delicacy of execution, which evidenced the charming virile tone of this section of Mr. Damrosch's forces. The Tchaikowski number brought to a close a memorable musical event. Miss Pevuy sang the "Styrienne" from "Mignon," for which she was recalled. This lady's voice is a strong mezzo-soprano, a little thin in the highest register, but otherwise full and rich; her trilling and execution of *flouriture* is somewhat stiff and laboured, yet she seemed to please. Mr. Shepherd must be greatly complimented for the enterprise that brought Mr. Damrosch and his artistic associates to Toronto, the impression left behind them being a universal desire to again enjoy so pleasant an event in the near future. The fine *ensemble* playing of this orchestra is marvellous, when it is known that only a year ago Mr. Damrosch induced several New York millionaires, including W. K. Vanderbilt, Andrew Carnegie, D. O. Mills and C. P. Huntingdon, to establish a guarantee fund of \$50,000 to place New York on an equal musical footing with Boston and Philadelphia, and which is already an accomplished fact.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SAN SALVADOR. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Price, \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1892.

A very pretty book in every way, telling the story of a new, a lovely, and, we fear, an impossible Utopia. Why cannot men be something like the people we find in this charming San Salvador, shut off from the world? we ask. But we can only answer: Not yet, if ever. The heroine is a girl whose grandfather dies in Venice, and bids her go back to the place from which her mother came, which she finds after a period to be this lovely city of San Salvador, hidden away among the mountains of Spain. There she makes the acquaintance of people almost perfect, and of the hereditary ruler—yet hardly ruler—of the commonwealth which his forefathers had created. It was not the first time that he had seen Tacita, the heroine, and soon he asks her to be his wife. What difficulties had to be surmounted and what dangers threatened the peaceful community the reader must learn from the book itself.

OUR LORD'S SIGNS IN ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL. By Rev. John Hutchison, D.D. Price, 7s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1892.

Dr. Hutchison is already favourably known to the religious public by his lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians and to the Philippians; and these "discussions exegetical and doctrinal on the eight miracles in the

fourth Gospel" will sustain his reputation. He has brought together a quantity of valuable matter, which could not be got at without a good deal of trouble on the part of the student. His book has a double aim, first, to give a very careful exegesis of each narrative, and, secondly, to set forth what each sign, as recorded by the Evangelist, is designed to teach or emphasize. In doing this, he has set himself to find out the central point of view from which each sign ought to be considered. This work he has accomplished with great success. The book will be most valuable to preachers. We would draw attention to the second lecture, on the "Healing of the Courtier's Son," as a good example of the successful treatment of a difficult subject.

BELLEVILLE, Ontario, has a publication which calls for the warmest sympathy and encouragement. It is the *Canadian Mute*, an extremely well-printed and interesting journal.

THE *Queries Magazine* for May has, apart from its characteristic department, other matter of interest. "Mulum in Parvo" treats of a variety of subjects; and Science, Electricity, Industry and Literature receive attention.

H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES appears in portrait and letter-press in the *English Illustrated* for May. The Dean of Gloucester contributes an interesting article on "The Vanished Abbey" of Evesham. "On Muleback in Morocco" is a glimpse of Eastern travel, with appropriate illustrations. "A Day in a Spice Factory," and "Match-box Making at Home," are two industrial articles; and "Some Musical Performers" is an article of critical merit, by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

Blackwood for May opens with a second article by some modern Juvenal, who, under the caption "Civilization, Social Order and Morality in the United States," excoriates the model Republic. "The Yarrow of Wordsworth and Scott" is a delightful piece of descriptive writing. Opium-smuggling in India is amusingly referred to. The interesting tour in Palestine is continued. The eight hour question and the double-shift system are explained, and the fiction of the number is, as usual, good.

University Extension for May opens with a very hopeful and informing article on "University Extension in Canada," from the scholarly pen of Principal Adams, of Bishop's College. It refers to the rise and growth of this important movement in England, and its recent development in Canada. The learned writer wisely says: "The work, as a rule, should not be done by members of a college staff—for their own proper work is, in general, quite sufficient—but by a class of men set apart for the purpose."

IN the *Westminster Review* for May, Matthew Macfie writes of "The Great West" of Australia. Evelina Fairbairn's article on Laurence Oliphant will interest many readers. Clement M. Bailhache argues for Land Nationalization. Frederick Dolman has an interesting literary study on "The Social Reformer in Fiction." Henry W. Wolff writes on "The Remnants of a Great Race." The fragment, "Two Early Romances," is of especial interest, and gives a modern connection to a classical subject. The departments are as full and varied as usual.

"DON ORSINO" maintains its interest in the *May Macmillan*. Mrs. Ritchie's delightful "Memoirs" bring the artist John Leech and other well-known men before the reader. Mr. C. B. Roylance Kent has some serious thoughts on "The Next Conclave," in view of the attitude of the present Pope to the kingdom of Italy. Walter Pater discourses learnedly on Plato, whom he considers not too much an originator as an adapter of other men's views. Mr. Rennell Rodd describes the Greek Mainotes, a fierce and troublous people, under the heading "The Land of Evil Counsel." Henry James' "Lord Beauprey," glides on towards completion; and "The Stranger in the House" ends a capital number of this excellent magazine.

Poet Lore for May has a number of Browning articles, the most remarkable of which is that by Daniel G. Brinton, M.D., entitled "Browning on Unconventional Relations," in which he puts in print the monstrous assumption that John Milton "and all the great poets—and Browning among them— . . . declare war against the conventional relations between men and women," and seeks to establish the sweet reasonableness of that view by referring to the scandalous state of the laws relating to marriage and divorce in the States of the Union, and the 60,000 annual divorces in that country. Surely the writer of *Blackwood's* leader for this month has an "undesigned co-incidence" in the pages of the current number of *Poet Lore*.

IN THE *Contemporary* for May Mr. Poulteney Bigelow makes a dashing attack on the leading article of last month, "William," under the caption "Bismarck." The argument *tu quoque* is applied with force to the man of blood and iron. The veteran Sir Henry Parkes in the article "The Protectionists of New South Wales," threatens his opponents with "the next election." "Pitt's War Policy," by "A. Foxite," is a bit of historical colouring. Arnold White's strong argument from personal knowledge in favour of the Russian Jew is worth considering. The Bishop of Colchester begins a series of replies to Professor Driver in defence of the Old Testament. The Rev. H. Haws contributes a readable article entitled "Vignettes in Spain."

MR. W. H. MALLOCK tries a tilt with the Elsonian theologians in his able paper on "Amateur Christians" in the *Fortnightly* for May, and we think unhorses his opponents. A Christless creed can scarcely claim to be called Christian. Mr. T. Bent narrates his journeyings in Bechuanaland, a very poor country; "Khama," the chief, is a conspicuous combination of civilized advancement and savage nobility and shrewdness. Sir R. Temple argues that "The Victoria Nyanza Railway" is a necessity of British commerce and civilization. The late General Sir Lewis Pelly's "Glimpses of Carlisle" will be read with a melancholy interest in view of the General's recent death. Precentor Venables' "Reminiscences of E. A. Freeman" will find many historical and other readers.

THE *Art Amateur* has, by its intrinsic excellence, won for itself an enviable position among art journals. Apart from its value to art students, every lover of the beautiful must look upon it as one of the most welcome visitors to his home. The April and May numbers are full of instructive and pleasing matter. There are five colour plates, "Water-Colour Sketches," by Hubert Herkomer; "A Pony's Head," by Helena Maguire, in the first-mentioned; and "A Quiet Smoke," by O. H. Spiers; "Swallows in Flight," by Helena Maguire, and "Cupids and Roses," by M. Sargent Florence—not to mention the varied reproductions of sketches and pictures of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Raffet, Herkomer and others; as well as the suggestive notes, instructions and supplemental designs. The taste, skill and enterprise shown in this beautiful and useful publication are worthy of hearty commendation.

RICHARD H. DANA begins his opening article in the May issue of the *Annals of the American Academy* with the significant question: "Is a Republic a permanent form of Government?" and, farther on, he says, "The United States, as a Republic, is now on its trial. What will be the end?" It seems the best-informed writers of the United States are not so well satisfied with the present condition and future prospects of their Republic as are many outside admirers. The article referred to deals with the "Practical Working of the Australian System of Voting in Massachusetts." Charles C. Benney shows how far the ballot has impressed the United States mind in the second article, which refers to its working in Pennsylvania. F. W. Blackmar writes on "The Indian Problem" from the standpoint of education, and says: "The Indian must be drilled, trained and placed in an occupation which offers protection on the one hand and restraint on the other."

THE *Scottish Review*, published by Alexander Gardner, Paisley, and the Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York, is one of the ablest of the quarterlies. Though the more popular monthlies, especially those that excel in illustrations, have come into great prominence, there is an important field still left for a good quarterly in whose pages thoughtful and scholarly men can treat exhaustively subjects in which intelligent readers have more than a passing interest. The *Scottish Review* through almost every number devotes some space to subjects connected with Scottish history, antiquities or literature. "Heraldry, British and Foreign;" "The Canary Islanders;" "David Duke of Rothesay," by the Marquis of Bute; "A New Religion," "John Major, Scottish Scholastic;" "Hymnology of the Christian Church;" "The Death of Gustavus Adolphus," and "The Anthropological History of Europe" are among the principal contents of the number for the current quarter.

MR. T. WEMYSS REID has an amusingly confident article in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, in which with great satisfaction to himself he proceeds to foreshadow the coming Liberal ministry. Prince Kropotkin refers to advancements in "Recent Science." "Studies of New York Society" affords Mr. M. W. Hazletine an opportunity to extol the merits of "Julien Gordon's" novels, and to assert that there is a species of American *grande dame*. Surgeon T. H. Parke argues that "How General Gordon was really lost" was through the delay of the troops at Metammeh for about three days, and not through the prolonged delay of the Gladstone Ministry in starting a relief expedition. Mrs. Mona Caird makes a lively dash at Mrs. E. Lynn Linton in "A defence of the so-called 'Wild-Women.'" "Lost in the Rockies" is well told by W. H. Grenfell, and J. W. Wightman's "One of the 'Six Hundred' in the Balacava Charge," is a spirited and stirring contribution to the literature of that famous event by one of the charging lancers.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

COLONEL A. K. McCURE lost, in the Philadelphia *Times* fire, his valuable political library which he has been collecting for fifty years.

A VOLUME of public addresses by Mr. Henry Irving, including the one delivered to the Harvard University students, will be published this spring.

AN exact reprint of Lord Mahon's edition of Chesterfield's "Letters" is announced by Lippincott. It is to be in five octavo volumes, printed from pica type.

MISS CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS, late of the editorial staff of that well-edited paper the *Halifax Critic*, and an occasional contributor to THE WEEK, is visiting Toronto.

DR. SANDERS' mammoth lexicon of the German language—the work of thirty years—cannot, it is said, find a publisher who is willing to risk publishing so expensive a work.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY are about to publish a new edition of Miss Austen's novels from entirely new plates, with a few illustrations, the set to be complete in ten volumes, issued monthly.

UNDER the title of "A Rolling Stone that Gathered no Moss," will soon be published a fresh novel dealing with theatrical life in London and the provinces. The author is Mr. John Coleman, the actor.

THE promised reprint of the original edition of William Caxton's "Golden Legend," which is being edited by Messrs. F. S. Ellis and William Morris, is almost ready for publication. The work will be in three volumes.

RECENT researches in Bible lands afford Sir J. William Dawson, Principal of the McGill University, of Montreal, a theme for two articles which he has written for the *North American Review*. The first is announced for the June number.

A CRITIC, whose opinion we respect, says the *London Literary World*, writes thus in a private letter: "Have you read that wonderful book of Florence Marryat's, 'There is No Death'? If but one-hundredth part of it be true, it is a marvellous work. If it be fiction, it is very good fiction. If it be lying, Munchausen is superseded."

ANOTHER book by the famous Spanish novelist, Valera, the author of "Pepita Ximenez" and "Dona Luz," is to be published immediately by D. Appleton and Company. The title is "Don Braulio," and the book has been translated from the Spanish of Pasarse de Listo by Clara Bell. It will appear in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

MME. ADAM claims to have christened Julien Viaud's story, "The Marriage of Loti"; but it is also said that the name Loti was first given to the author by his fellow-officers in the French Navy on account of his modest and retiring disposition, *loti* being the Japanese for violet. When looking around for a pen-name he adopted Pierre Loti as a fairly good one.

UNDER the title, "The Retreat of Theology in the Galileo case," the successive steps taken by the Catholic Church in getting out of the unfortunate position which it took in that case will be recounted by Andrew D. White in the *Popular Science Monthly*. The excuses for the persecution of Galileo that were invented in the course of two centuries testify to great ingenuity on the part of the theological apologists.

THE annual report of the librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, at Stratford-upon-Avon, is a very interesting document. It tells of the steady accumulation of mementoes of Shakespeare. In the past year no fewer than twenty-five new editions of the great master's works have been added to the library, making the total number of editions 272, and the number of volumes included therein 2,563. During the year there have also been added seven volumes of works upon the life of Shakespeare, and thirty-four which are critical, explanatory and illustrative of his plays and poems.

TOLSTOI'S manuscript, says the *New York World*, is full of interlineations and erasures, and the handwriting is small, fine, and hard to read. The Countess transcribes it for the printer, and one year, it is said, she made fifteen copies of one of her husband's books. From the same source we learn that Lieutenant Julien Viaud is so much pleased with his literary pseudonym, "Pierre Loti," that he has made it his legal name. He is always addressed in private life as "M. Loti," his wife is "Mme. Loti," and his little boy, now three years old, is "Samuel Loti." The name Loti, in the Tahitian idiom, means a flower.

THE *Athenæum* says that Samuel Davey has obtained possession of a journal of Victor Hugo ("Journal de l'Exil"), consisting of about 2,000 closely-written pages, as well as nearly 1,000 letters addressed to the poet, "which were included in six large bundles of miscellaneous papers, which Mr. Davey's late son purchased some years back, and which seem to have been sold out of Hauterville House as waste paper." The journal begins in July, 1852, and continues until 1856. It is a minute record of the conversations of Hugo with his family, friends and distinguished visitors, which seem to have been taken down day by day.

WILLIAMSON AND COMPANY with commendable enterprise offer to the reading public Francis Parkman's latest work, "A Half-Century of Conflict." This work takes up the narrative at the close of the author's "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," filling the gap between that work and "Montcalm and Wolfe." It completes the series of historical narratives, "France and England in South America," the publication of which was begun in 1865. All who are familiar with the preceding volumes from the brilliant pen of the great historian, who imparts to history the glow and movement of romance, will hail the advent of this book, the closing volume, of a famous series.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "Barrack Room Ballads" has the following dedication to Thomas Atkins:—

I have made for you a song,
An' it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell me if it's true;
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure an' your pain,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you.

Oh, there'll surely come a day
When they'll grant you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you.

FROM the *Book World* we take the following: It has been generally believed that the first printed newspaper, properly so called, is the *English Mercurie*, published in 1588 by Lord Burleigh, with the sanction of Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of rousing the national feeling against Spain, and of allaying popular alarm at the time when the Spanish Armada was in the Channel. A French writer, M. Dubief, has, however, lately called the statement in question. He maintains that the early numbers of the publication, still to be seen in the British Museum, are in some parts only a literal translation of some Dutch "Gazettes." He, therefore, claims precedence for his own countryman, Theophrastus Renandot, alike distinguished in medicine, literature and philanthropy, who first published the *Gazette de Paris* in 1631, and dedicated the first number to King Louis XIII.

THE *London Literary World* says that Jonas Lie, the most popular (according to Mr. Edmund Gosse) of Scandinavian novelists, began life as a lawyer, and it was not till he had reached the age of thirty-two that he made any effort to distinguish himself as a man of letters. By that time Ibsen and Björnson, who had been fellow-students with him at the University of Christiania, had achieved fame. Roused to emulation by their success, he abandoned the law and took to poetry and journalism. His place in literature was not won without a long, hard struggle. Ten or twelve years ago he achieved local fame, and now, close on to his sixtieth year, he is said to hold the first place in the affections of Norwegian readers. His special subject is the depicting of marine life. His inside acquaintance with naval matters was obtained during his residence at Trömsö in his early boyhood, and later, when he went through a course of study for a cadetship, which he failed to obtain on account of the shortness of his sight. For the last twenty years he has lived abroad, spending his winters in Paris and his summers in Bavaria.

AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, THE EMINENT HISTORIAN.

COMPLETING HIS CANADIAN HISTORIES

A HALF-CENTURY OF CONFLICT,

In Two Volumes, 8vo, Cloth, Price, \$5.00.

THIS work takes up the narrative at the close of the author's "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," filling the gap between that work and "Montcalm and Wolfe." It completes the series of historical narratives, "France and England in North America," the publication of which was begun in 1865.

Each work of the series has been received with the utmost favour by both press and public, at home and abroad; and no historian of the century can be said to have received higher praise than Mr. Parkman, praise which a reading of his works amply confirms. His "Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada" (a sequel in point of time to "France and England in North America") was pronounced by Prof. John Fiske "one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that has ever been written by any historian since the days of Herodotus."

The publication of "A Half-Century of Conflict" makes the series which bears the general title of "France and England in North America" now form a continuous history of the efforts of France to occupy and control the American Continent.

"His place is alongside of the greatest historians whose works are English classics."—*London Athenæum*.

"Mr. Parkman has long since won a high reputation for the vigour and incisive brilliancy of his style, and nowhere is he seen to better advantage than in the glowing pages of the volume before us ('La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West')."—*Toronto Daily Globe*.

"It has been left for a citizen of the United States to produce the best historical narratives relating to Canada which have come from the press during the century."—*Toronto Mail*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE largest telephone switchboard in the world is that in the exchange at Berlin, where 7,000 wires are connected with the main office.—*Public Opinion*.

A BOSTON man has invented a disk carbon, the perimeter of which is of spiral form, the object being to produce an even consumption of the carbon.

COOKING by electricity is becoming a fad in the fashionable quarter of London, several of the West End flats being fitted up with electric cooking stoves.

Two Swiss astronomers, Lemstrom and Tromholt, by means of a network of electrical currents between two mountains, succeeded, it is said, in producing artificial auroras.

THE electric car has reached India, a road being projected between Nannoya and Nuwara, the power to generate the necessary current being found in a neighbouring waterfall.

THE Steinways are making a sounding board for a piano of aluminium as an experiment; if successful, this will greatly reduce the weight of these ponderous household articles.—*Public Opinion*.

THE forty-fifth session and the forty-ninth anniversary of the American Institute of Homeopathy will this year be held in Washington, D. C., beginning on Monday afternoon, June 13, and continuing until Friday, June 17.—*Public Opinion*.

MEANWOOD Church, Leeds, England, is to have an organ controlled by electricity in a novel manner. The keyboard will be detached from the organ, enabling the performer to play from any part of the church. The organ will contain twenty-nine stops and 1,385 pipes.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a new ribbon loom which works automatically and needs no surveillance. If a thread or warp breaks, the shuttle is stopped instantly, and the attention of the weaver, who could by this system attend to many looms, is called to the defect.—*Manchester Union*.

DR. H. T. WEBSTER, of Oakland, Cal., has cured several cases of persistent snoring by cutting off the uvula and tonsils. When these organs are too large, and when relaxed in sleeping, the passage of air through the mouth causes them to vibrate, and noise results.—*Scientific American*.

STATISTICS show that 47,000,000 of people die every year, and that to each and every one of these 47,000,000 must be allotted 2x6 feet of ground, making a total of nearly twenty-one square miles of the earth's surface that is each year taken up for burial purposes.—*New York Medical Record*.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

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

A NEW penny-in-the-slot machine has been fitted up in England for the collection of letters. It is an electrical connection with the postal telegraph office opposite the station. On dropping a penny into the slot and pulling out the slide, a brown coloured envelope containing another envelope and a card appears. The act of withdrawing the slide sends the call signal to the telegraph office, and a messenger is at once despatched to the station to take the message.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

FREDONIA, N. Y., had a well of natural gas in 1821. In that year a woman went to a spring to draw water, and as the night was dark she took a lantern. On setting the lantern down on the bank the rising gas took fire, to her great alarm. The gas was collected for use by inverting large pots above the spring, but after a short time it was carried to a small tank made of copper, and was supplied from that to several houses, including a tavern that was lighted by it when Lafayette passed through the village in 1824.—*Minerals*.

THE prevalent notion that the mistletoe is injurious to the apple or other tree on which it grows is disputed, says *Nature*, by Dr. G. Bonnier, the professor of botany at the Paris Sorbonne, who maintains, not only that this is not the case, but that it is actually beneficial to its host, the relationship being not one of simple parasitism, but rather one of symbiosis. He determined from a series of observations on the increase in the dry weight of the leaves, that, while in summer the mistletoe derives a large portion of its nutriment from the host, in winter these conditions are reversed, and the increase in weight of the mistletoe is less than the amount of carbon which it has obtained from the atmosphere—in other words, that it gives up to its host a portion of its assimilated substance.—*Science*.

It is reported that the Volucere will transport about one hundred pounds of mail between two cities with a hitherto unattained velocity. It consists of a shell composed of aluminium, the interior, except the chamber for the mail and for the electric motor, being filled with compressed hydrogen gas to overcome the weight. It has a buoy-fan toward the front, operating on both sides, and side wings and propeller in rear. Two large trolley wires, supported on arms attached to posts and elevated to a suitable height, are placed from four to six feet apart, and between and below these the car or shell is situated, suspended on the wires by pulleys. The electricity from the wires communicates through the motor inside the car, and sets into rapid motion the front fans, the wings on either side and the turbine wind-fan in the rear. The wings are shaped like an umbrella divided in the centre. These close when propelled forward and automatically open, pressing forcibly against the air in the backward and downward stroke, and operated by a crank and piston, to which the wings are attached. The front is surmounted by an electric light. When coming into port the machine engages in a current breaker, and subsequently draws up a suitable weight until it is brought to the point for unloading. It is then reloaded, turned on a turn-table, the connections made, and it is sent on its mission. It may have many stations.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

ALL methods of sterilization that are in use in this country have the disadvantage of giving to the milk the taste which is peculiar to boiled milk, and also of rendering it less easily absorbed by the body. In France and Germany a method has been adopted which accomplishes the purpose without injuring the taste of the milk. Machines are in use in Paris and some other cities which will heat great quantities of milk to a temperature of about 155° Fahr. for a few minutes, and then cool it rapidly to a low temperature. The method has been called the pasteurization of milk. It does not kill all the bacteria, but it does destroy so many of them that it greatly increases the keeping properties of the milk. Moreover, it almost entirely destroys the danger from disease germs in milk, since nearly all forms likely to occur in milk are killed by this temperature. The advantage of this method is that the temperature of 155° Fahr. does not give to the milk the taste of boiled milk, which most people find unpleasant, and does not render the milk difficult of digestion. These pasteurizing

machines have not yet been introduced into this country, and the opportunity exists for some one to develop a thriving business by furnishing pasteurized milk in our large cities. A little experience with its superior keeping properties, and a little knowledge of its greater wholesomeness, would soon create a demand for it in America, as it has already done in the larger cities of France and Germany.—*From Bacteria in our Dairy Products, by Prof. H. W. Conn, in the Popular Science Monthly*.

IF you ask that convenient fiction, the Man in the Street, what sort of plant a cactus is, he will probably tell you it is all leaf and no stem, and each of the leaves grows out of the last one. Whenever we set up the Man in the Street, however, you must have noticed we do it in order to knock him down again like a nine-pin next moment: and this particular instance is no exception to the rule; for the truth is that a cactus is practically all stem and no leaves, what looks like a leaf being really a branch sticking out at an angle. The true leaves, if there are any, are reduced to mere spines or prickles on the surface, while the branches, in the prickly-pear and many of the ornamental hot-house cactuses, are flattened out like a leaf to perform foliar functions. In most plants, to put it simply, the leaves are the mouths and stomachs of the organism; their thin and flattened blades are spread out horizontally in a wide expanse, covered with tiny throats and lips which suck in carbonic acid from the surrounding air, and disintegrate it in their own cells under the influences of sunlight. In the prickly pears, on the contrary, it is the flattened stem and branches which undertake this essential operation in the life of the plant—the sucking-in of carbon and giving-out of oxygen, which is to the vegetable exactly what the eating and digesting of food is to the animal organism. In their old age, however, the stems of the prickly pear display their true character by becoming woody in texture and losing their articulated life-like appearance.—*From a Desert Fruit, by Grant Allen, in the Popular Science Monthly for May*.

WHEN you buy your spring medicine you should get the best, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It thoroughly purifies the blood.

So great has been the development of the petroleum fields in Peru that pipe lines have been run from the main wells to the coast. The opinion is expressed that the Peruvian field will soon be able to supply the demand of all the west coast of South America.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

YOUR BLOOD undoubtedly needs a thorough cleansing this season to expel impurities, keep up the health-tone and prevent disease. You should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and system tonic. It is unequalled in positive medicinal merit.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

DYNAMITE has been superseded in Sweden for blasting purposes. Electric wires are introduced in the rock and then heated. The sudden heating of the rock rends it in pieces, quietly and effectively, without peril to human life.—*New York Ledger*.

A FAMILY FRIEND.—No family should be without Perry Davis' Vegetable PAIN-KILLER. It can be given to the infant for the Colic, and to the adult for Rheumatism. There is scarcely a disease to which it may not be beneficially applied. It contains no deleterious drug, but may be used for the various ailments of mankind. Get the Big 25c. Bottle.

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Where other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache.

A. COPPEN JONES, writing from Davos Platz, Switzerland, to *Nature*, says: "In 1889 a French naval surgeon, M. Ledantec, published in the *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur* the result of some investigations he had made into the nature of the arrow poison of the natives of the New Hebrides. Wounds from these arrows give rise, as is well known, to tetanus, and M. Ledantec was able, by the subcutaneous injection of the scraped off poison, to kill guinea-pigs under typical tetanic symptoms. He learnt from a Kanaka that they are prepared by smearing the arrow-heads (which are made of human bone) first with tree gum and then with mud from a swamp, which mud he found to contain numbers of Nicolaier's tetanus bacillus. As far as I am aware, this has been recorded only of the natives of the New Hebrides and some of the neighbouring groups (the arrow poison of Stanley's dwarfs is certainly not the same), and I was therefore much interested some days ago by coming accidentally upon an old record which seems to show that the natives of the Cape Verd coast were accustomed, more than three hundred years ago, to get rid of their enemies in a similar manner. In Hakluyt's "Voyager's Tales," published in 1589 (I refer to the little reprint edited in 1889 by Henry Morley), is the narrative of one Miles Phillips, in which occurs the following passage: 'Upon the 18th day of the same month (November, 1567) we came to an anchor upon the coast of Africa at Cape Verde, in twelve fathoms of water, and here our General landed certain of our men, to the number of 160 or thereabouts, seeking to take some negroes. And they, going up into the country for the space of six miles, were encountered with a great number of negroes, who with their envenomed arrows did hurt a great number of our men, so that they were enforced to retire to their ships, in which contest they recovered but a few negroes; and of these our men which were hurt with their envenomed arrows, there died to the number of seven or eight in a very strange manner, with their mouths shut, so that we were forced to put sticks and other things into their mouths to keep them open.' In the language of modern medicine, they succumbed to tetanus traumaticus. The voyagers left the coast soon after, and there is no further mention of the natives or of the wounded. There is, of course, no proof that the arrows were poisoned with mud or earth, but the probability is considerable. The chief interest lies in the age of the record, which forms in some manner a pendant to the researches of M. Bossano (*Comptes rendus*, 1888), which showed the tetanus bacillus to have a very wide distribution in space. It is a curious consideration that this and the other famous arrow poison, curare, both kill by their action on the voluntary muscles, the action of one being diametrically opposed to that of the other."—*Science*.