

the new. The ice may imperceptibly gather over the surface of a stream until men make it a common highway, and roll their artillery over the hidden waters, but slowly and surely the concealed current will swell beneath, gathering force to contend with the obstruction, and fearful will be the rush and crash which shall accompany the breaking out of the imprisoned waters when the day and the hour of their power has struck. Over and above the social problems which the American Union shares in common with the old world, there remains the Negro question. Bancroft tells us that "the history of American Colonization is the history of the crimes of Europe," and the presence of the coloured race on this continent is a striking reminder of this observation. The American Negro cannot well be ignored. They are increasing in number, in education, in wealth, and consequently in political significance, and as it is neither likely nor desirable that they should become a part of the American people through natural absorption, the question of their future ought to take its place among the practical issues of the hour. Mr. Wiman might not unprofitably turn his attention to this question. The States have not taken any part in the struggle for territory in Africa, although Mr. Stanley has carried the flag of the Union through untrodden forest solitudes, over lakes that may be called inland seas, and given it to the breeze on mountain heights hitherto unvisited by civilized man. Like England, America aims, or should aim, at competing for the trade of the world, and were it not for her insane and suicidal tariff laws her success would be assured. It may be extravagant to expect, as some do, that Mashonaland may become the greatest gold field in the world, that the coffee plantations of the Shire Highlands may eclipse those of Ceylon and Costa Rica, and that the African trade with England may, in a few years, equal that of South America. It is enough that Africa opens up a new field for commercial enterprise, and an outlet for the superabounding human energy of the world. There are many and weighty reasons why the American people should take their share in the making of this new world. Africa opens up a possible solution of the Negro question, and incidentally some solution of other questions dear to the heart of Mr. Wiman. It would not be so vast an undertaking for a great people, rich, prosperous, and progressing, like America, to make it possible for the African race under their flag to return to their native soil, whence they were torn by the cupidity and stupidity of Christian Governments in time past. He would return to his fatherland nobly equipped for the work of redeeming his savage brethren, and lifting them up to his own level. That the American Negro has not yet outgrown the vices bred of slavery, nor the taints and tendencies of race, may be freely granted. In Africa he would not be in competition with the white man, but would take his place as an educator and civilizer among men of his own colour. The African has gained immeasurably through his intercourse with the superior race, and this gain constitutes him an important link in the chain of circumstances which points to the realization of Livingstone's hopes for the redemption of the Dark Continent, and working out on a fair and free field the destiny of the American Negro. The subject is, no doubt, many-sided, and presents difficulties as well as advantages, but I am persuaded the difficulties are not insuperable and the advantages would be very real indeed. Could such a scheme as colonizing some portion of that vast continent with American Negroes be realized on well considered lines of policy it would, indeed, be a noble undertaking. Whilst European nations are scrambling for territory, and framing treaties to secure their commercial interests, America would have a Policy of Humanity in the Dark Continent worthy of the fathers and founders of the Republic. If Africa can furnish peaceful occupation for the armed nations of Europe, and open a door of hope for the Negro race, David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley have not lived for naught.

D. KINMOUNT ROY.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND—V.

REPLY TO MR. PEDLOW.

IN discussing this subject I had planned to refute some of the stock errors and mis-statements relative to Irish landlords and rents. Several of those are repeated by Mr. Pedlow. After quoting Parnell's latest public utterance on the subject I will now confine myself to Mr. Pedlow's errors as to prices in the past as compared with present prices, and his statements as to tenants' improvements. A little reflection should convince any reasonable man that agricultural prices in Ireland must, on the whole, average higher than they did 111 years ago.

The following shows Parnell's belief as to the capabilities of Ireland: At a meeting of the Select Committee on Emigration last July, Parnell was examined as a witness. He stated "that the fisheries and internal resources of Ireland were almost absolutely undeveloped. That if the land of Ireland were properly cultivated it would be able to supply double the quantity of milk, butter and beef that it did at present."

Doubling the production of the land would mean an increase of hundreds of millions of dollars. Parnell corroborates my statements. According to Mr. Willis, formerly of the Munster Bank, the Irish farmers of 1886 had the enormous sum of eighty-three millions of dollars

lying idle at the Joint Stock and Savings Banks. No government can force people to be enterprising or industrious.

Mr. Pedlow states that since Arthur Young's tours (1776-1779) "the value of farm produce in Ireland has decreased to an alarming extent."

I quote Arthur Young's prices—giving Mr Pedlow the benefit of all doubts:—

ARTHUR YOUNG'S PRICES.		AVERAGE PRICES PER Dublin Warder, OF JANUARY, 1891.	
	per cwt of 112 lbs.		
Beef.....	23 s. d.	0-2nd quality Beef.....	53 9
Pork.....	30	0-Pork.....	36 6
Butter.....	58	0-Butter (3rds 117s., 4ths 90s) say.....	100 0
Wheat per cwt.....	23 7	0-Wheat per cwt.....	17 6
Barley per cwt.....	8	0-Barley.....	14 1
Oats per cwt.....	4	0-Oats.....	6 5
	146 7		228 3

The prices in 1891 average 56 per cent. higher than in 1889.

Not one per cent. of the farmed land in Ireland is now under wheat. Young observes that the then prices were much higher than during preceding years. See page 132—the average prices during the preceding 20 years—were for beef 14s., pork 19s., butter 42s. In 1779 eggs were four a penny, milk 7 pints for a penny, sea salmon 2d. each, a large cod a shilling, &c., &c.

Mr. Pedlow says that since 1779 rents have increased out of all proportion. The above prices speak for themselves. Young repeatedly states the rents in different localities. From painstaking calculations made some time ago, I reckoned that the various rents quoted by him would at a rather low estimate average 10s. 8d. or \$2.60 per acre. Curiously this exactly tallies with the rents shown by the subsequent and last Government report under the Land Act. Rents have been fixed by Government officials (appointed in the interest of the farmers) for one-half of Ireland. The average is now 10s. 8d. or \$2.60 per acre—exactly the same as I had previously estimated the average rent to have been in 1779. The average rent before reduction under the Land Act, was about 13s. 4d., so that the average reduction has been 2s. 8d. or 64 cents per acre.

Tenant-right value on the average sells for 12 years' of the rent. Therefore the 64 cents reduction equals \$7.68 per acre. Thus officials appointed in the interests of the tenants practically value tenants' improvements at an average of \$7.68 per acre. If more than that they have had their cake. Nothing has been allowed to the landlords for exhaustion of the soil by the tenants. Pilkington, a farmer and a landlord—an eye-witness of what he describes, states in his valuable non-political pamphlet, that prior to the potato famine, one-third of the soil had been "con-acred"—that is, burnt—yielding enormous profits for two or three years to the farmer, but ruining the landlord's property. The tenant took the oyster leaving the shell to the landlord—a typical case of landlord's oppression. In Canada we don't call exhausting the soil tenants' improvements. An Irishman once hired a wooden bedstead at a monthly rental from a furniture dealer. To eke out his own fuel he cut off the wooden legs and used them for firing. The creditor seized for non-payment of rent. But Pat, fired by a lively sense of his wrongs, brought an action against him for "confiscating tenants' improvements."

The Toronto Mail of January 27, quotes a Scotch agricultural statist, from whose figures, it appears, when compared with the number of cultivated acres, that the average yield of the United Kingdom for 1890—crops, cattle and dairy—was £4 16s. 4d., or \$23.43 per acre. He also states that "Ireland had not only the highest value per acre but probably the highest profit per acre." Is there any state or province in North America which shows as well. Compare this with "The Decline of Rural New England," in THE WEEK for January 30.

An infallible method for a truth-seeker to confute an Irish-grievancer is, always to hark back to the facts. The latter will excel in volubility and in plausible and groundless statements, but the truth-seeker, starting from rock-bottom facts will find that his superstructure will "stand four-square to all the winds that blow."

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

THE RAMBLER.

NOT a very large, but presumably an interested and representative audience, assembled in the hall of the Upper Canada College last Monday evening to hear a lecture given under the auspices of the Canadian Military Institute upon an historical subject. I am certain that the lecturer, Captain Cruickshank, did his best with the material at hand in connection with the Brook Campaigns and general incidents of the war of 1812; the room was comfortable and brilliantly illuminated, the audience attentive to a degree, and yet I think it was felt that the lecture might easily have been made more attractive. In the first place, the lecturer was very late in beginning—not altogether his fault, certainly, and although no one could carp for an instant at the Hon. Mr. Beverley Robinson's excellent remarks, which served as introduction and prelude, they rather retarded the reading of Captain Cruickshank's paper. Then we should have liked to have had some visible and outward sign—some map or some chart, some relics, some documents—any-

thing to bring that far-away Niagara Campaign more graphically before us. For it is a lamentable fact that there is an element of dullness in our Canadian history—and not even the presence of a score or so of brilliant laced and scarlet coats made us forget it the other night—which should never be allowed to dominate. I have frequently heard children at school complain of finding Canadian history dull, and personally I have often marvelled at those students in American Normal Schools and colleges, who devotedly address themselves to the "history" of their own country (at one time, you know, English history was not taught at all at some of these, or if so, then, barely, often falsely, outlined only), and reel off entire pages of, colourless campaign detail and accounts of fabulous battles, adorned with the equally fabulous monsters, General This and General That. Well, it is plain I am wandering far from my subject, but what I wish to say is this: Despite the lack of colour in our colonial history, there is, I think, as much of interest in it, if not perhaps more, as in that of the Republic, but it needs to be deftly set before us. Parkman, it is clear, is never dull, but then that wonderful Province of Quebec is so rich in event and tradition! We in Ontario need not, however, despair nor lag behind if we only see to it that our methods of putting history before all classes and ages—particularly the young—are up to the times, and bright and adequate; nothing should be easier, yet even if it be found a little difficult, hundreds of modern appliances are waiting to be called into requisition.

The black flag—say the contemporaries—is at length hoisted in the streets of Toronto. I walked parallel with it the other day on Yonge Street—by accident—until I discovered I was in danger of being taken for one of the Unemployed—then I retreated. The chief articles of difference between the Employed and the Unemployed are these: The Employed slouch, carrying a hod; the Unemployed swagger, hoisting a banner. Seriously, such a parade is disheartening and disillusionizing in the extreme, and the poor men really do not benefit themselves in the least, since the passers-by laugh—I am sure I don't know why, but they do—and perhaps make audible remarks and certainly fail to sympathize, saying aloud from the shallows of their inane hearts: "I should think such able-bodied men could get work to do quickly enough if they really wanted it"—and all that kind of remark. The whole trouble is the disregard of the injunction to "till the ground," and the consequent overcrowding of our cities.

Farmers' boys won't live on the farm, neither will the farmers' daughters. This breeds a distaste for and disbelief in country life. I believe the greater portion of these Unemployed are natives—not emigrants. But "whatsoever is under the moon is subject to corruption, alteration, and so long as thou livest upon earth look not for other," as Robert Burton says. "That which is necessary cannot be grievous," says another old writer. Can it not? This fallacious observation was perhaps made in the snug of some Latin closet where the outer noises of the work-a-day world hardly penetrate. The necessity for moral evil, and for the diseases and aggravations and poverties that go hand-in-hand with it, are no doubt very disheartening to upholders of the grandeur of our century and our new civilization. If one saw the so-styled Black Flag in the streets of New York, Chicago or London, for instance, the revulsion would not be great—in fact, there would be no revulsion. But here—there is a recoil, certainly, when side by side with the brightly-decked shops and fine equipages, and signs—not only of comfort but luxury—we meet this dismal procession. (N. B. A political friend, wearing a blue tie, has just come in. He says the procession was formed in the backyard of the Globe.) Well—I will let these remarks stand all the same. (N. B. B. Another political friend, with a red tie, has entered. He indignantly denies the statement of my acquaintance in blue—now, what am I to believe?)

Japan requires protection—at least in one sense. The Law appears to be the favourite profession there, and I append as a solemn warning the following statement: "Previous to the opening of the Diet the Japanese Bar was figuratively 'a public lounge,' at least outsiders were not unnaturally led to consider that any and every youngster with a fancy for legal argument had access to it, to judge from the annual number of candidates. Something like two thousand went up a few months back, but quite a small percentage passed, only 250, and even this modest number causes one a shudder of apprehension. Fancy unlucky chance should involve one in a lawsuit. 250 barristers annually! These happy-go-lucky-days are gone for the law, however, and legal aspirants of the future must examine their pockets as well as their brains ere they can hope to distinguish themselves in the courts of their country. A Bill—for the prevention of barristers it should be called—has just been successfully carried, making some of the most especial qualifications for the Bar to begin with cost a pretty substantial figure in the form of fees, besides a really stiff examination and a final condition that all candidates must be 'sound in mind and body' before being permitted to practice. This ought to keep the courts fairly clear. The title of barrister is not to be permanent either, but a made to take off arrangement; but the precise duration of time during which a man may and may not consider himself a full blown pleader has not been publicly announced."