

most respectable papers in the States—as to the public life and moral character of the “Warwick” of United States politicians—the President maker—the “Republican Boss,” the renowned Matthew Quay.

One of the comments of the London *Spectator* on the singularly able retrospect by the New York *Nation* of the last twenty-five years in the United States is as follows: “A general survey, then, of the last twenty-five years, points to the fact that the political influence once wielded by the intellectual classes in America has passed into the hands of the plutocracy, and that, unless the present process is arrested, the United States, informally no doubt, but none the less really, will be governed by an oligarchy of millionaires.” And it refers to their practice of “owning (this is controlling) both the professional politicians and the Press,” and states that “in fact, the Senate is now almost entirely a plutocratic assembly, and it looks as if it would soon become as impossible to make a poor man an American Senator, as to make him an English Peer.”

Even the British Empire is not exempt from the meddling intrusion of the United States plutocrat into its public affairs. Mr. Erastus Wiman, a wealthy citizen of the Republic, has repeatedly crossed our border, and sought to mould Canadian opinion on trade matters to the advantage of his republican fellow-countrymen and the detriment of our Mother Land, and even to support the political party in Canada which reflects his commercial views.

Whilst we refer to the debased national tone and the dishonourable political practices of the neighbouring Republic, it is with a spirit of pity and compassion, that a people of English origin and speech should be content to wallow in the mire of national immorality, and in the broad daylight of Christian civilization to prostitute a lofty lineage and a priceless heritage to base and ignoble ends. We wish to live at peace with our neighbours, but the peace which we desire is that which was voiced by that great British statesman's lips—now stilled in death—“Peace with honour.” Canadian dealings with friend or foe are based on British traditions and accord with British practice.

Without vain pride but with supreme gratitude we acknowledge the fact that we are and shall ever remain part and parcel of the British Empire. The pulse of Britain's heart, like the sap of her sturdy oak, pervades and thrills in every branch and spray and leaf of her full-orbed growth. As well attempt to rend a huge oak branch from its parent stem as to divorce Canada from the British Empire. Do foreigners wish to know our Mother's estimate of the strength of the bond that binds us? Let them trace it in the noble words of the great Liberal statesman, Lord Rosebery, spoken in July last: “I cannot conceive the frame of mind in which a Minister would approach the British nation with a proposal that under certain circumstances Canada should be separated from the Empire. . . . He might be right or he might be wrong, but he would be damned by the nation. We never could part with Canada . . . except under a strain of anguish and agony which would break up the Empire.” Our neighbours have already begun more fully and clearly to realize this solemn truth, which those grand words of the patriotic Conservative Premier of our Empire to Mr. Blaine with reference to our rights in the Behring Sea so clearly emphasize, “That neither an Act of Parliament to give effect to seal fishery regulation nor an Order-in-Council to have naval vessels co-operate in the matter could be adopted until Canada is heard from.”

Yes! Messieurs, of the United States! when you place a hostile foot upon a Canadian deck it is British law you break and British right you defy; and though time and distance make the wrong more slowly felt, yet wrong and damage done to Canadian ships upon the open Behring Sea will stir the fount of British honour—perchance more slowly, but, as surely—as if 'twere done to English ships off English coast. And as England's heart responds to Canada's wrong, so, with the ampler justice of our broadening rule, *England and Canada join heart and thought together in considering the wrong and determining the remedy.* What nobler, truer evidence of British love, loyalty and unity and the advancing strides of British justice, cohesion and freedom within the Empire could be given?

And from these noble, prescient and statesmanlike words of our Empire's Premier, the millions of loyal Canadians say to Old England and to the world without the Empire:—

No foeman's hand
Shall raise his brand
To smite our dear old Motherland,
“Until Canada is heard from.”

Toronto, July 30, 1890.

T. E. MOBERLY.

THE NEW WOMANHOOD.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—A bright essay in the last WEEK (The Doll's House, by L. O'Loane) deals with the question of woman's future in a very interesting, optimistic way. It is encouraging to find that already there are those who speak of the woman whose sole ambition was to be, and make her daughters, what “the men like,” as a creature belonging to a past epoch. Truly, she is not yet extinct; but it takes a load off one's mind to find others also believe that, numerous as she still is, she is after all only a survival. Thackeray pays our sex the compliment of asserting that such women—the women he loved to paint—creature, whose so-called opinions were but pocket edition reprints

of those held by their, for the time, dominant male relatives father, husband or son, whose love throve on abuse, was never a favourite with other women. Of course he attributed it to jealousy. Thackeray's women, leaving out the clever, wicked ones, are composed of two-fifths jealousy, two-fifths servility, and one-fifth miscellaneous folly; but he thus unwittingly pays a compliment to woman's judgment. I must confess I think the fact that men do admire them shows “a bad side of (male) human nature.” It indicates a selfish desire to have everything their own way; a weak desire to be exalted in their own eyes by being perpetually flattered, to be believed in, no matter how contrary to facts the belief may to their certain knowledge be, as the greatest and rightest of mankind. Very natural all this of course, but surely not noble, not worth the sacrificing of woman's advancement to pamper it; not a sound foundation—though it has been so used—to erect the proof of man's superiority upon.

But, granting that the “reflector” woman is doomed and passing away, is he not a rash prophet who will assert what the woman of the future is to be? Herself? But what is herself? The world has yet to learn. Darwin, in emphasizing the undeniable fact that woman has been heretofore and now is mentally the inferior of man seems to indicate not obscurely his belief that she must always remain so. Such a conclusion seems out of harmony with his own demonstration of how little in the universe is even relatively immutable. Considering the relative advantages for intellectual development that have been given the sexes, a comparison of the numbers of men and women who have achieved distinction surely proves nothing. A century hence they will compare very differently. Yet it is the future alone that can try how far he was mistaken; and so long as opinions similar to his are not made pretexts for handicapping the mental progress of women, I would not, for my own part, deny to any such satisfaction as he may derive from holding them. Give to woman entire freedom in the development of all her faculties, and the result will take care of itself. She will become herself—her true self—how far like and how far unlike man it is impossible now to say. The change will not be, cannot be, confined to one sex. Their qualities will act and re-act upon each other, modify each other.

The man be more of woman, she of man.

Everyone, at least everyone optimistically disposed, inclines to believe in the future fulfilment of his own wishes with regard to society, and therefore the ideal woman of each is to him the woman of the future. But ideals, however superior to what we see in the world that surrounds us, are inevitably composed of the materials wherewith it furnishes us. In our boldest flights of imagination, we can soar only to worlds made of some combination of elements selected from that wherein we live. And as the methods of woman's mental training are more and more altered, more and more will her character develop along new lines. Thousands of influences now absolutely unreckonable will be brought to bear upon it. And yet, if the future womanhood is to be other than we can imagine, we may hope with much assurance that it will also be better. I should like to say that it will preserve all that is truly womanly; but that beautiful word has been so used as a kind of war-cry by the unfriends of woman's higher education; has been so often applied to

Parasitic forms

That seem to keep her up, but drag her down,

and which in her advancement she ever strives, for her own greater glory, to shake off, that it, too, has grown malodorous.

I shall conclude with a sentence from Guizot, which in connection with the present subject may be read to contain a prophecy. “Let but the natural order of things be observed; let the natural inequality of mankind freely display itself, and each will find the station he is best fitted to fill.”

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

PROPHETS OF UNREST.

IT was, I confess, very late, and only in dearth of other reading, that I took up the last, and, if popularity and circulation are the tests, the most successful of all the “Utopias.” I am little attracted by compositions of this class, either as fictions or as speculations. As fictions they seem to me inevitably insipid, whatever the talents of the author, since they deal with characters which are preterhuman. Speculation can no longer interest when it loses hold of reality and probability, and when, if you are so matter-of-fact as to attempt criticism, the hypothesis or project slips away into the inane.

An historical interest and a social importance of a certain kind these visions have. They are apt, like the rainbow in the spray of Niagara, to mark a cataract in the stream of history. That of More, from which the general name is taken, and that of Rabelais, marked the fall of the stream from the middle ages into modern times. Plato's “Republic” marked the catastrophe of Greek republicanism, though it is not a mere “Utopia” but a great treatise on morality, and even as a political speculation not wholly beyond the pale of what a Greek citizen might have regarded as practical reform, since it is in its main features an idealization of Sparta. Langland's vision of reform heralded the outbreak of Lollardism and the insurrection of the serfs. The fancies of Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre heralded the Revolution. Rousseau's reveries, be it observed, not only failed of realization,

but gave hardly any sign of that which was really coming. The Jacobins canted in his phrase, but they returned to the state of nature only in personal filthiness, in brutality of manners, and in guillotining Lavoisier, because the Republic had no need of chemists.

There is a general feeling abroad that the stream is drawing near a cataract now, and there are apparent grounds for the surmise. There is everywhere in the social frame an outward unrest, which as usual is the sign of fundamental change within. Old creeds have given way. The masses, the artisans especially, have ceased to believe that the existing order of society, with its grades of rank and wealth, is a divine ordinance against which it is vain to rebel. They have ceased to believe in a future state, the compensation of those whose lot is hard here. Convinced that this world is all, and that there is nothing more to come, they want at once to grasp their share of enjoyment. The labour journals are full of this thought. Social science, if it is to take the place of religion as a conservative force, has not yet developed itself or taken firm hold of the popular mind. The rivalry of factions and demagogues has almost everywhere introduced universal suffrage. The poorer classes are freshly possessed of political power, and have conceived boundless notions of the changes which, by exercising it, they may make in their own favour. They are just in that twilight of education in which chimeras stalk. This concurrence of social and economical with political and religious revolution has always been fraught with danger. The governing classes, unnerved by scepticism, have lost faith in the order which they represent, and are inclined to precipitate abdication. Many members of them—partly from philanthropy, partly from vanity, partly perhaps from fear—are playing the demagogue and, as they did in France, dallying with revolution. The ostentation of wealth has stimulated, to a dangerous pitch, envy, which has always been one of the most powerful elements of revolution. This is not the place to cast the horoscope of society. We may, after all, be exaggerating the gravity of the crisis. The first of May passed without bringing forth anything more portentous than an epidemic of strikes, which, though very disastrous, as they sharpen and embitter class antagonisms, are not in themselves attempts to subvert society. Sir Charles Dilke, after surveying all the democracies, says that the only country on which revolutionary socialism has taken hold is England. German socialism, of which we hear so much, appears to be largely impatience of taxation and conscription. Much is called socialism and taken as ominous of revolution which is merely the extension of the action of government, wisely or unwisely, over new portions of its present field, and perhaps does not deserve the dreaded name so much as our familiar Sunday law. The crash, if it come, may not be universal; things may not everywhere take the same course. Wealth in some countries, when seriously alarmed, may convert itself into military power, of which the artisans have little, and may turn the scale in its own favour. Though social science is as yet undeveloped, intelligence has more organs and an increasing hold. The present may after all glide more calmly than we think into the future. Still there is a crisis. We have had the Parisian Commune, the Spanish *Intransigentes*, nihilism, anarchism. It is not a time for playing with wild-fire. Though Rousseau's scheme of regeneration by a return to nature came to nothing his denunciations of society told with a vengeance, and sent thousands to the guillotine.

The writer of an “Utopia,” however, in trying to make his fancy plausible and pleasing, is naturally tempted to exaggerate the evils of the existing state of things. “Looking Backward” opens with a very vivid and telling picture of society as it is:—

“By way of attempting to give the reader some general impression of the way people lived together in those days, and especially of the relations of the rich and poor to one another, perhaps I cannot do better than to compare society as it then was to a prodigious coach, which the masses of humanity were harnessed to and dragged toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was hungry, and permitted no lagging, though the pace was necessarily very slow. Despite the difficulty of drawing the coach at all along so hard a road, the top was covered with passengers, who never got down, even at the steepest ascent. These seats were very breezy and comfortable. Well up out of the dust, their occupants could enjoy the scenery at their leisure, or critically discuss the merits of the straining team. Naturally such places were in great demand, and the competition for them was keen, everyone seeking as the first end in life to secure a seat on the coach for himself and to leave it to his child after him. By the rule of the coach a man could leave his seat to whom he wished, but on the other hand there were many accidents by which it might at any time be wholly lost. For all that they were so easy, the seats were very insecure, and at every sudden jolt of the coach persons were slipping out of them and falling to the ground, where they were instantly compelled to take hold of the rope and help to drag the coach on which they had before ridden so pleasantly. It was naturally regarded as a terrible misfortune to lose one's seat, and the apprehension that this might happen to them or their friends was a constant cloud upon the happiness of those who rode.”

And what are the feelings of the passengers toward the hapless toilers who drag the coach? Have they no compassion for the sufferings of the fellow beings from whom fortune only has distinguished them?

“Oh, yes; commiseration was frequently expressed by