

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I., No. 37.

Toronto, Thursday, August 14th, 1884.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 7 cents.

## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	577
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Current Events and Opinions.....	<i>A Bystander</i> 578
Here and There.....	580
Mr. Blaine and His Accusers.....	<i>A Canadian in the U. S.</i> 582
Asiatic Cholera.....	<i>W. C.</i> 583
Party Politics.....	<i>J. W. Longley</i> 583
Country Acquaintances.....	<i>J. M. Loes</i> 584
CORRESPONDENCE.....	585
LITERATURE—	
A Plaint.....	<i>Seranus</i> 586
The Brook.....	<i>Leonard D. Ardill</i> 586
Thomas Gibson Bowles on Newspapers.....	586
The Business of Pleasure.....	586
THE SCRAP-BOOK.....	587
PERIODICALS.....	589
BOOK NOTICES.....	589
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	590
CHESS COLUMN.....	590

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptional in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than FIVE lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It is worthy of note, now that the excitement on the boundary award has somewhat abated, that the great weight of expert opinion is on the side of observers who aver the 88,000 square miles of disputed territory upon the right to which so much oratory and so many dollars have been spent, are a vast wilderness of rock with nothing on it worth growing and nothing in it worth digging for. One witness, who is exceptionally well acquainted with the country, who is fully competent to judge, and whose veracity and impartiality are beyond question, has declared that the territory which Sir John A. Macdonald was to have portioned out in huge timber limits to his supporters, if the award went in favour of the government, is "not worth one cent an acre." From within seventy miles of Winnipeg right through to Port Arthur the land is described as literally and absolutely barren and valueless. The half-breeds, who alone have had the hardihood to thoroughly explore the country, report that it is one monotony of rock, stubble, and water from end to side. However, it has answered Mr. Mowat's purpose well: it gave him a good party cry, and enabled his administration to pose as the champions of Ontario, as well as to deal another blow at Sir John Macdonald as a constitutional lawyer.

EVEN the more level-headed observers who are inclined to take the *Globe's* anti-N. P. reports with the usual grain of salt, cannot help seeing that the manner in which it is sought to impugn those statements serves rather to confirm the unfortunate tidings of trade depression. Could the N. P. be personified, one could easily understand how it might pray to be saved from its friends. The latter attempt to howl down the *Globe* returns by accusing that journal of unpatriotic conduct and of attempting to ruin the trade of the country for party purposes—a charge which, "not to put too fine a point upon it," is cool coming from the party which awarded similar treatment to Mr. Mackenzie. But, we are virtually told, one man may steal a horse whilst another must not look over the hedge. Everybody knows that the *Globe's* object is to discredit the Government's policy, and apart from the political morality of the scheme, in doing so it merely returns a Roland for an Oliver. But the clap-trap about ruining the credit of business men is too absurd to deceive the most superficial. Would the N. P. defenders wish us to believe that the exact financial condition of every firm mentioned is not known to the banks and to the mercantile agencies? How, then, could a newspaper report affect their commercial

standing? Whilst not asserting the *Globe's* accuracy, he who runs may read how patently so-called rebutting statements made in Tory organs are beside the mark, and how by quibbles the writers endeavour to misguide the public mind. The real patriot is not he who glosses over his countrymen's weaknesses or denies their faults, but rather is the man truly loyal who vigorously protests against a mistaken policy, and endeavours to show what is ultimately best for the community at large.

THOSE who remember the miserable revelations of poverty and distress amongst "Tuke emigrants," in Hamilton and elsewhere, last winter, will incline to rejoice that Mr. Tuke's fund has ceased to be used for emigration. The Duke of Bedford, in announcing this decision of the committee of which he is chairman, says the prospect of a good harvest in Ireland, and the lessened demand for labour on this continent, render a temporary cessation of the work advisable. In three years Mr. Tuke's fund had assisted 9,482 persons to emigrate. The average cost per head, including all expenses, was £7 4s. 6d. The total cost of the operations has been £68,500, of which £44,000 has been received from the Government. What has been done has benefited not only those who have been sent away but those who remain behind. It has led to much consolidation of holdings too small when separated to support life in decency and comfort. Mr. Tuke says what is wanted in Ireland is a permanent board of emigration, which with a suitable staff both in Ireland and America, would from year to year deal with a limited number of applications for emigration, and to advise in each case as might seem for the best. In the meantime, one would like to hear what hope there may be of migration accomplishing any good work.

INTERVIEWED immediately on his landing at Plymouth, Mr. H. M. Stanley, the intrepid African explorer, declared that General Gordon may leave Khartoum whenever he chooses, and that he has three routes of escape open to him. He remarks that General Gordon is a great and distinguished man, that he is a soldier but not a traveller. He is sure he will never leave Khartoum ingloriously. He can escape by the Congo; secondly, by means of the Nile; and thirdly, across the desert, and thence to Zanzibar. He can take either of these routes, and may go with the army in Khartoum to Bahr-el-Ghazel, where he would meet Lupton Bey, the commander of the Egyptians. He could force his way through the country, because the people would be afraid of an armed body of men. Mr. Stanley says that Gordon is perfectly well supplied with stores and ammunition, and quite strong enough to meet the Mahdi. Mr. Stanley laughs to scorn the suggestions for sending an expedition to Khartoum, and says the men would die like flies. He adds that General Gordon only requires to act like a soldier, as he believes he will, to settle the whole difficulty.

IRRITABILITY has always been said to be a characteristic of the literary race, and editors consequently have their troubles. The Editor of this journal has evidently given unpardonable offence by the rejection of somebody's article on the Temperance question, and his crime is visited on the head of another gentleman, who, though a valued contributor to this journal, is not its editor, and never has been. Twice the grievance has been aired in print, and, as if this was not enough, it is embodied in a vengeful cartoon. We are accused of breaking our promise of "an open field" by rejecting papers in favour of prohibition while we accept those which are against it. We can plead guilty to nothing of the kind. We have a waste-paper basket, it is true; but it is the impartial receptacle, in this, as in every other discussion, of papers on both sides which had no interest except for their writers. Papers on both sides of the prohibition question have been rejected; letters on both sides have been inserted, while other letters on both sides have been declined. In no case has the rejection been on account of opinion. The subject, though important is trite, and interest can be imparted to it only by freshness of treatment. A perfectly open field for free and courteous discussion THE WEEK is and will always be; it has never pretended to be an open dumping-ground for rubbish.