

LORD TOLLEMACHE attained his eightieth birthday about a month ago, amid the hearty congratulations of all classes. If all landowners were to manage their estates in a similar manner to that of Lord Tollemache there would be no necessity to alter the land laws. His lordship possesses about forty-six thousand acres of land in Cheshire, and during the whole of the agricultural depression, from 1877 to 1885, he had neither a vacant farm nor a tenant in arrears. His estate has, during his lifetime, been cut up into farms averaging about two hundred acres in extent, his lordship considering that a thrifty farmer with sons and daughters could do excellently on a two-hundred acre farm, while he would suffer severely on a smaller holding. In order to break up his estate into farms of that size, he built, or rebuilt, between fifty and sixty farm-houses, at the cost of £148,000, each of these homesteads costing about £2,800. In addition to this Lord Tollemache has built two hundred and sixty cottages for the accommodation of the labourers, which has satisfactorily solved the labour difficulty on the Peckforton Estate.

Modern Society is of opinion that in the event of the return of the Liberals to power there will be brought about a renewal of those strained relations between the Queen and Mr. Gladstone which has of late years made the conduct of State business a trifle difficult at times. Mr. Gladstone, while leaving no room for complaint, made no concessions to Her Majesty nor pandered to her weaknesses in any way. The Queen retaliated by not troubling herself to expedite business. Thus these two excellent elderly persons have succeeded in quietly ruffling each other for several years; and now it seems they are likely to begin again.

THE *Philadelphia Record* says the Prohibition movement is making rapid strides in Kentucky, as in other portions of the South. Nearly thirty counties of the State have put themselves under "local-option" law. But it is related that Prohibition does not prohibit these more than in other regions where the experiment has been tried. While there are no licensed taverns and saloons, "drug stores" abound, and there is no trouble for the citizen to obtain all the liquor that he can buy.

NEW SOUTH WALES has stepped to the front as the chief source of supply of tin for the world's use. As long ago as 1849 the tin ores were found, but they remained undeveloped. Gold mining was the rage, and in digging for the yellow metal the baser metal was neglected. The mistake, however, has been discovered, and the tin mines are now extensively worked; and thirty-five million dollars' worth of tin ore was exported last year.

PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI, themorganatic widow of the late Czar, has now become renowned for the splendour and the style of her dinners, which unite the aristocratic and the literary worlds at her festive board. The return of the Princess to Paris is, therefore, always ardently anticipated, and this time she has, faithful to her wonted custom, immediately issued invitations for a series of grand "dinner receptions."

THE Czar, it is now asserted, regrets that the name of the Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was struck from the Army list. The Czar, it is added, will gladly avail himself of the first opportunity which offers to reinstate the Prince. Prince Alexander's father was punished in a similar manner, after his marriage, by the Emperor Nicholas, but was reinstated by Alexander II.

It is stated that there are 139 medical schools in the United States and Canada, containing about 12,000 students—viz., 10,000 regular, 1,200 homœopathic, 750 eclectic, and 50 physiomedical students. The total number of doctors is about 100,000, or on an average one to every 500 inhabitants.

THE Pope is said to have an income of £300,000 annually, and it is stated on the authority of Monsignor Capel that the Pope's personal expenses are limited to ten shillings a day.

THE Queen, it is said, has expressed her intention of going to London much oftener than she has lately done, and of taking a more prominent part in public ceremonies.

THE rumours that Mr. Goldwin Smith is selling his house and is about to sever his connection with *THE WEEK* are unfounded.

THERE is said to be a rage now in Paris to marry late at night. This teaches the bride to wait up for him.

"MOVE ON!"

'Twas Christmas Eve, and the happy bells
Rang out o'er the glistening snow,
And the north wind blew the golden curls
Which fell o'er a forehead low,
And the flick'ring lamps lit up a face
So haggard, and pinched, and white,
And childish, pleading tones were heard
By the passers of the night.
"Oh! I am so cold, and hungry, sir,
My mother is dead and gone."
But a voice, so harsh and deep, replied
"Move on!" The child moved on.

Wearily she pass'd the joyous crowd,
Heart-broken, alone, forlorn,
No one to pity the orphan waif,
They heeded her rags with scorn.
On thro' the pitiless blast of hail,
Thro' the drifting, blinding snow,
While tears fell from the heaven-raised eyes:
"Oh, mother! where shall I go?"
But as if in answer to the call
Of that homeless little one,
The dreaded voice again she heard:
"Move on!" it said,—*"Move on!"*

The gay Christmas bells rang out *"Move on!"*
As she pass'd by homes of state,
The babyish lips echoed *"Move on!"*
As she neared a churchyard gate.
"Oh, mother! where shall I go?" she cried,
Clasping a grave in the snow;
"I am so sleepy, and cold, and sad,
There's nowhere for me to go."
Then her voice in murmur died away,
Her spirit to home had gone,
Borne heavenward by angelic wings,
Where no harsh voice says *"Move on!"*

NORA LAUGHER.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS ON MUSIC.

THE agencies which influence the minds of artists, poets, and musical composers in producing their creations are indeterminable. It is well-known that architecture, sculpture, and painting are governed by certain fixed rules which must be adhered to by the artist; in poetry and music, however, no conception can fathom his deep emotions, nor can the human mind even penetrate the camera obscura of his heart.

To the architect, the sculptor, or painter, the outer world furnishes models according to which he reproduces his work in stone, marble or on canvas. The poet, however, who clothes his inspirations and the emotions of his inner world in words, creates works, which portray, in addition to animate objects, his own feelings. The musician has no words wherewith to express his thoughts, but from the inmost recesses of his heart spring musical sounds and harmonies. In musical compositions material things must disappear. The soul of the musician is the shrine from which emanate all his thoughts, thus music becomes the most sublime of the fine arts.

The question suggests itself, from what outward source does the musician draw his inspirations? Every human mind, no matter how low its rank in the scale of civilization, is influenced by outward impressions, and cannot but become refined by the so-called fine arts. And, as the musician, with his susceptible nature, certainly is no less easily moved by his surroundings, he is thus most prone to yield to the influences which the remaining fine arts may exert upon his soul.

The works of Sebastian Bach bear the imprint of deep religious feeling, and are dedicated to the service of the Omnipotent. In examining his "Passions," his motetts, masses, and organ fugues, it may at once be perceived that they were created in the lofty cathedral, amid the statuary of saints and paintings from Holy Scripture, and while he was yet inspired with the stanzas of the poets of the church. Joseph Haydn, the son of a simple peasant, in his early youth sang as a choirboy in the cathedral of St. Stephen, an edifice most artistic in its construction and filled with magnificent statuary, and with the noblest masterpieces of painters. These certainly must have produced a lasting impression upon his sensitive soul.

Mozart, as a small child, wandered about with his father from one court to another, and beheld the most splendid palaces; he exhibited his virtuosity before the Pope in the Vatican, and worshipped in that temple of the fine arts, the Sixtine Chapel. He was thus impressed with these sublime scenes in his early youth, and much of his great renown and success as a musician may be ascribed to these sources.

Beethoven, the greatest tone-poet, by his works plainly shows that he, too, was deeply stirred by the fine arts. What architect could erect a more lofty structure, what sculptor put more life into the cold marble, or what painter more vividly portray human life than Beethoven did in his symphonies! And what poet could reproduce more feelingly the tender