

that of Margaret, no such peculiar union of passion, simplicity, homeliness and witchery. I have no language in which to express its intense and overpowering effect. Certain lines linger in the mind, and stir it like the memory of deep pathetic music." I once met Miss Ellen Terry on the Lyceum stage, when the curtains had just fallen on "Faust." "Look at me," she said, "I'm shedding crocodile tears again. I've done the same every night for seven months." No amount of repetition could lessen the effect of this wondrous creation on the great actress who so completely identified herself with it. Goethe said to Eckermann that woman is the only vessel left to us moderns wherein to store any ideality whatever. Hence the excellence of his female characters. Hence, too, those two untranslatable little lines which so fittingly conclude the second part of "Faust," sung by the mystic chorus—

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

I need not recount the details of poor Margaret's story. It is an old, old story indeed, but one that never can lose its pathetic interest. To the end, through all her erring, she preserves that integrity of heart which can only find repose in virtue. How sweet her own simple story of her simple and innocent life, and her solicitude for her lover's religious welfare! Which of us but has known some such anxiety on the part of some blessed womanly soul? And Faust himself! What a fearful thought that the same lips which uttered that sublime reply to the poor girl's question—"Believest thou in God?"—could, in the next breath, make a request to grant which was her destruction. But how beautiful their early intercourse! How we love to linger over those garden scenes where the sweet young soul unconsciously unfolds itself! How we feel her horror of Mephisto! She cannot pray where he is. She is sure he never loved a human soul. With what ever-growing pity do we follow her through the anguish of her gallant brother's death by the hand of Faust, and to the cathedral where the presence of the accusing spirit forbids her prayers! The last terrible scene in the dungeon may be read a hundred times without losing the least of its pathos. Her native goodness asserts itself amid the wreck of her reason. She refuses to fly with her lover, and commends herself to the justice of Heaven. When the voice from above pronounces the words—"She is saved"—how fervently do our hearts echo them.

Those words close the first part of "Faust." Mephisto's wager would seem, at first sight, to be well-nigh won. His victim has become a betrayer and a murderer. Four lives have been sacrificed to his selfish guilt. But, throughout, he has loathed the infernal companionship to which he was given up. The wretched negative character of the fiend has come between him and his human delight in the works of God, between him and the purer part of his love, between him and all that the human soul most yearns for. He has eaten dust indeed, but not with pleasure. He has never been brought to call evil good. To no passing moment has Satan made him say—"Tarry, I pray, thou art so fair." He is still a living soul. THOMAS CROSS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SINGLE TAX A FALLACY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—All political economists agree that land and labour are the original elements of industry, or, as George puts it, land and the industries; and he believes he has the authority of J. S. Mill for claiming that a tax on land values would relieve the industries from taxation: that I accept as the origin of the Single Tax. But as no man, not even Mill, can be an authority for a principle, and, as I have never met with an adequate refutation of George's theory, I now purpose submitting the dictum of these philosophers to the old fashioned test of experience and reason.

It is self-evident that land exists independently of the industries, but the latter cannot do for a moment without the natural properties; the holders of lands, therefore, which are a necessity to the industries, will compel the latter to pay all charges for their use. Nineteen-twentieths of the value of city lots has been appropriated in this manner by the advantages the holders of building sites possess. The value of farm lands, on the contrary, is arrived at by capitalizing the value of the annual product; and as such lands are practically unlimited in quantity their price is reduced by competition, as is the case in Ontario now, by the occupancy of the virgin lands of the west. Land values are very different, being limited in quantity. Where, for example, in Ontario will you find such other business sites as those of the Bank of Montreal, the Queen's Hotel, and others that might be named? And if you object to the rental of any particular lot, there would be some difficulty in transferring a quarter-acre from a cheap locality, and placing it along side to cheapen your purchase. A tax on land values, as on all goods of limited quantity, only serves to increase the value to the users—the industries.

Again, in what respect does the Single Tax differ from any other charge, say for water, gas, or any improvement? It is a business principle that all charges are added to the price or rental, that is to say, outside of the law of supply and demand; and why the name Single Tax should exempt it requires George's explanation. Markets, it must be remembered, are not necessarily at the control of land owners nor industries, but follow the law of supply and demand. But were the Single Tax practicable, it would be a great injustice to spoliage the unearned increment of

land, and leave intact the unearned increment of the personality, as they have an equal bearing on the profits of industry.

George has evidently committed the blunder of confounding land values with lands, two things that are quite distinct, in the one being a limited quantity, while the other is practically unlimited; and the industries can never avoid paying all charges until a just principle of distribution be accepted and acted upon by the Legislature.

The aim of the Single Tax Society is not the occupancy of new lands, not at all, but the spoliage of land-values, their neighbours' property; and what is that but pure communism?

I remark in conclusion that Henry George has successively dropped every principle he started out with. He first claimed all the profits for the labourer, but that would not work, as the furnisher of supplies became the capitalist. His nationalization of land fell through in presence of the fact that every man in America could have all the land he liked to cultivate; and besides, the natural properties have no value in the exchanges, only the improvements. Then, the Single Tax which still fires the imaginations of his Canadian disciples has been forsaken by him for a new love he denominates "Free Trade," but what that means in the mouth of an American, who can tell?

THOS. GALBRAITH.

Port Hope, May 26, 1890.

LOVE'S BONDS.

THERE was a king in Argos, warrior-soul'd,
Whose mighty shield, sacred to Hera's name,
When he was dead, suffic'd, so great his fame,
To quell the peoples he had once controll'd
When held on high. So, too—though pride rebels
At such base slavery—thy power o'er me
Lives still, tho' love is dead, eternally.
I cannot yield to other woven spells,
For thought of those thy subtle hands did net
For me, a jewell'd gossamer, yet strong
To bind for life, for death, for right, for wrong.
Is there no place on earth where hearts forget?
No pitying nymph to see my pain, and bring
One blessed draught from some Lethean spring?

Z.

"THE BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT TOPICS.

WE have had a lesson on the blessings of government by faction as well as on those of government by corruption. Bad as the conduct of the party which re-elected Mr. Rykert has been, the conduct of its rival has been little better. Had the local leaders of the Liberals possessed a particle of patriotism, they would have refrained for this turn from nominating a candidate and allowed the Conservatives, to whom the seat belonged, the chance of purging their own honour and that of the country. But when did faction care for the honour of the country or for anything but its own selfish ends? Government by party, we are told, is the best and not only the best but the only possible system, though its logical outcome is the re-election of Mr. Charles Rykert; while the most upright and the ablest of men, if he were not the slave of a party and cared only for the good of the whole people, would not poll twenty votes in any constituency in Canada. Other reflections crowd on our minds. Is this, the sceptic will ask, the outcome of our monarchical forms and our orders of knighthood, which are supposed to do so much for the elevation of our political character above that of our democratic neighbours? Is this the outcome of all the churches and all the apparatus of religion with which we suppose Lincoln is as well provided as other counties? What could Yankees or heathens do worse?

The commerce of the United States and consequently that of Canada is threatened with disturbance by the influence of the Silver Ring. If that gang succeeds in imposing its policy on Congress, a result of the same kind will follow which would follow in the case of a large issue of debased coin, or of inconvertible paper currency. The good money, that is to say the gold, will fly, as it always does, before the bad, and general derangement will ensue. It is probable that though political economy is not as a rule the strong point of American politicians, most of them have the sense to see this and that in yielding to the pressure of the silver gang they will be sinning against light. Their weakness once more points the moral that with party government any compact and thoroughly selfish interest, by taking advantage of the balance of parties, may control legislation and gain its nefarious ends. Where is the optimist who will maintain that the world can be forever governed in this way?

Europe continues to watch with anxious eyes the eccentric movements of the German Emperor. That the Emperor's nature is not noble appears too plainly from his failure publicly to acknowledge at parting, by a single word of gratitude, the immense services of the great man who has placed the Imperial crown upon his head, and by whose heroic daring Germany has been made a nation. He seems to think that Bismarcks are secondary accidents and the wearer of the crown is all in all. Had his majesty's grandfather thought the same his majesty would be king of Prussia. He proclaims peace and increases his army. Very likely he does desire peace, but the mighty hand

which could impose peace on Europe is gone. The prevailing theory seems to be that the dismissal of Bismarck was caused by friction between him and the Emperor. We cannot help fearing, however, that there is also something in the theory that royalty and family feeling have contrived to revenge themselves for the overthrow of petty monarchies, especially that of Hanover. To those whose trade it is to be kings the greatest of all offences are those which affect the trade.

Mr. Gladstone's comparison of the killing of a single rioter at Mitchellstown to the Siberian atrocities is worthy of Mr. Gladstone, though it will be echoed by American Anglophobists who exulted over the slaughter of more than a thousand Irish in the Draft riots. But surely there can be no use in irritating the Czar when we cannot control him. Our protests are all taken as expressions of sympathy with Nihilism, the professed object of which is not to reform Russian Government, but to destroy the community, the moral law, religion, marriage and the family, while its instrument is murder. Nothing is so cruel as fear; no fear is so maddening as the fear of assassination; and the more the Czar is threatened by the dynamite of Nihilism the more savage his measures of repression will be. He may be goaded into war. We believe that as to the Russian prison system the sober truth is, as a trustworthy enquirer told us some time ago, that it is barbarous in proportion to other things in Russia, compared with more advanced nations, but not more.

In a recent issue of THE WEEK, Prof. J. Clarke Murray, of McGill University, enters a timely protest against the pestilent fashion of book-hawking, which not only degrades literature and is unfair to the legitimate book-trade but is a means of gulling and often of swindling the public. For one good book put in circulation through its agency, perhaps fifty indifferent, if not bad ones, are palmed off. In the case even of the good book, the buyer is often made to pay twice its fair price. Some day, surely, the system will be upset, and we shall see England throwing over the artificial and privileged library system, and this continent rejecting book-publishing by subscription. In this matter we would do well, as Matthew Arnold did, to look to France. The intrusion of the book-canvasser has become well-nigh intolerable; this, our publishers may as well acknowledge.

HOW BRITISH COLONIES GOT RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

(Concluded).

WHEN George III. reigned, that assiduous monarch dictated the Colonial policy of England, with the result, as we know, of what courtiers called "an unnatural rebellion," and the loss of thirteen Colonies. His second son, who now reigned, was of opinion that, though the king had ceased to be the legislator of the Colonies, he might still be their administrator with advantage. Before the new Governor started on his critical mission His Majesty was good enough to admit him to a private audience, and to give him instructions on the manner in which he was to employ the powers entrusted to him. Sir J. Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, a Minister of the Crown, enables us to overhear this important conference. The king said to Lord Gosford, "Mind what you are about in Canada. By G—d I will never consent to alienate the Crown lands, or to make the Council elective. Mind me, my Lord, the Cabinet is not my Cabinet, they had better take care, or by G—d I will have them impeached. You are a gentleman, I believe; I have no fear of you, but take care what you do!"

At the same time Sir Francis Head was sent as Governor to Upper Canada, with instructions to admit some of the leaders of the popular party to his Council, in order to bring the executive into better harmony with the representatives of the people. This experiment encountered its first difficulty in the character of the agents employed to carry it into effect. Sir Francis Head, an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, without experience in Colonial affairs or training in political life, or, as he frankly puts it himself in a lively narrative of his administration, "grossly ignorant of everything in any way relating to the government of colonies," was entrusted with the delicate task. Sir Francis, who was a man of agile and aspiring intellect, seems to have regarded himself in his new position, not only as a king, but as a king exercising arbitrary power. In England, William IV. was acting by the advice of sworn councillors selected from the political party who enjoyed the confidence of Parliament for the time being; but Sir Francis Head was of opinion that to permit the Canadian parliament to exercise any influence over the selection of his councillors would, in his amazing phraseology, "be unconstitutional and unjust, besides which it would at once connect with party feeling the representative of His Majesty, who ought" (as it seemed to the new Governor) "to stand unbiased and aloof from all such considerations." To entrust the management of local affairs to gentlemen connected by property, interests and affection with the province, instead of leaving them absolutely at the discretion of a governor from London grossly ignorant of everything relating to colonies, appeared to him to be "disrespectful to His Majesty, and a violation of his prerogative." "Can any three professional gentlemen of Toronto," he demanded in a public document, "intently occupied with their own paltry interests, presume to offer to Upper Canada the powerful protection and the paternal assistance which our Sovereign