

Mr. Raney may rest assured that the intelligent Canadian farmer or citizen will very clearly see the bearing upon the matter under discussion of my reference to the enormous mortgage indebtedness of the farmers of the United States, and to the comparative increase in population of Canada over the land of his adoption.

I am afraid that the zeal of the advocate has led Mr. Raney, in the words of Shakespeare, to "out-herod Herod," when he writes with sublime temerity, "So far from assigning any cause, probable or otherwise, for the decaying industries of New England, I thought I had denied flatly, and emphatically that there were any decaying industries."

I may say that my reference to "the decaying industries of the New England States" was simply directed to an alleged state of facts in the New England States, and was based on information supplied by United States newspapers of good standing. Had I, however, been aware of Mr. Raney's excessive fondness for literal interpretation, I might have provided an explanatory note to each reference to such decaying industries, etc., as follows, "The above does not include the surviving industries," etc., even at the risk of wearying the general reader, whose taste for extreme technical particularity is not so pronounced.

Time and space do not admit of lengthened quotations from my sources of information. It will be instructive, however, to contrast a few of them with Mr. Raney's "flat and emphatic denial."

"The Boston *Globe* looks back despondingly upon a long array of local industries that have gone from there. The once great copper smelting factories, and vast stone industries are almost blotted out. The tanneries, it says, have mostly departed to the North West, and the once flourishing woodenware industry has mostly gone to Minnesota and Michigan. It finds millions of dollars scattered in the debris of iron foundries." The above is a comment by the St. Paul *Globe*, on the Boston *Globe*'s comment. The italics are mine.

The Boston *Herald* says, "The prestige of Massachusetts as an iron manufacturing state has gone. Her furnaces are cold in desuetude. The chimneys of her foundries are smokeless, and save where an occasional iron-master still struggles on hoping against hope, her rolling mills no longer re-echo to the whirr of machinery and the trip of the hammer. To day the business has diminished almost to the point of annihilation." (Italics are mine).

The New York *Times* of May 4th, 1889, says, "A Massachusetts town bereft of its glass industry. . . . is dead beyond recall. It ends a manufacturing business of fifty years, once thriving but of late years moribund and about the only mechanical industry of the town of Sandwich." (Italics mine).

A very able correspondent, G. W. A., in The New York *Nation*, Jan. 2nd, 1890, writes: "Thirty years ago we had a flourishing foreign trade, with a large merchant marine; we had a large and prosperous class of small farmers; we had a fairly homogeneous and thoroughly American population throughout our Northern States. . . . We have now very little foreign trade, almost no merchant marine, a ruined yeomanry and a heterogeneous population composed largely of the dregs of Europe."

As to the farming industry which was the means of employment and support of such a large portion of the population of the New England States in by-gone years. In the last mentioned paper, Nov. 14, '89, G. B. writes of "The Suicide of New England," and says: "The decline of prosperity in Vermont and New Hampshire is one of the most important and instructive phenomena of the time."

In the *Nation* of Nov. 28, '89, W. C. Frost writes on "Deserted Sites in New England," and says "Two years since I . . . found that there are not less than twenty-three old farm-sites within (the radius of) one mile of the old school house." He also refers to another decayed industry when he says in effect that the sound of industry is silenced in every ship-yard along our New England seaboard.

In the *Nation* of Nov. 21, '89, (Judge) Charles C. Nott, under the caption of "A Good Farm for Nothing," not only surpasses the previous correspondents but emulates Oliver Goldsmith in providing for our warning and instruction a deserted village. The Judge's words are: "Midway between Williamston and Brattleboro a few years ago I saw on the summit of a hill . . . what seemed a large cathedral. Driving thither I found a huge, old time, two-story church, a large academy, . . . a village with a broad street perhaps 150 feet in width. I drove on and found that the church was abandoned, the academy dismantled, the village deserted. . . . Here had been industry, education, religion, comfort and contentment, but there remained only a drear solitude of forsaken homes."

But why weary the reader with further references to, or quotations from, the United States press? Suffice it to say that well known and reputable paper from which I have so largely quoted, the New York *Nation*, in an editorial of over two columns, headed "The Decline of New England," of Dec. 5, 1889, says:—"In one way or another . . . has the New England farmer been ruined or driven from the soil."

Mr. Raney's historic parallel might not inaptly close this necessarily short and incomplete record of "decaying industries."

It is on such representations as the above, made by prominent, and one might be pardoned for thinking,

reliable, United States papers, that my reference to the "decaying industries," "deserted factories," "ruined foundries," "abandoned farms," etc., of the New England States in my letter to THE WEEK of 15th November last was based. It is evident that those influential and well known journals, the New York *Times* and *Nation* and the Boston *Times* and *Globe*, have not as yet extended their circulation to Saco, Maine—as, had they done so, I submit with due diffidence, that Mr. Raney would long ere this have compelled the withdrawal of their "hyperbolic" assertions and have completely restored "the decaying industries" to which they relate by an interesting series of "flat and emphatic denials."

As to Mr. Raney's comparison of the increase of population of his adopted country with that of Canada, to the evident disparagement of his former home, he writes of himself as "a Canadian." His best reputation is in Mr. George Johnston's (our Dominion statistician's) statistics referred to in my last letter, which shew that in population "Canada has increased ten times and the United States but nine times" within a stated period, and to the very important fact, quoted from a speech of the late Hon. Joseph Howe—"Let it ever be borne in mind that the United States were a century in advance of us in point of time, and that they came into possession of all the property that the Loyalists left behind them."

Canada has an intelligent, sturdy, self-reliant, progressive and steadily increasing population, not "composed largely of the dregs of Europe," the vast majority of whom estimate at their true worth all disparaging comparisons that are made of her with the United States by those who style themselves "Canadians," whether they live within or without her borders.

I protest that Mr. Raney's interpretation of part of the last paragraph of my letter of December 13, which he epitomises in the sentence, "The Canadians who come to New England may be bereft of their senses," whilst it enables him to impute a personal tone to my letter, and to refer me to a quotation from Mr. Boswell's "Johnson" about calling names, is by no means the true meaning which my words convey to the candid and impartial reader. I have personal friends of Canadian birth engaged in some of the industries of the New England States which have as yet survived decay, of whom I do not say an unkind word, but I have yet to hear of a sensible Canadian who is wasting his life on one of the "decaying industries" referred to.

Mr. Raney complacently writes from his home in Maine of "the man who wishes Canada well." It seems to me that the Canadians who are content through love of Canada to live and labour for her; to carry on the grand work which their loyal forefathers began; to cheerfully yield the choicest gifts of heart and mind and body which God has given them, to her service; whose love of home binds them in life, aye in death, to her soil, *are the men who wish Canada well, in deed and in truth*; they are the men who have a single eye to their country's purest, highest, noblest welfare. They do not envy the constitution, manners, morals of the United States, nor do they seek to meddle with them. They justly resent the meddlesome interferences of United States citizens or presidents in Canadian affairs, and they fully appreciate and try to live up to the injunction given by Carlyle to the students of Edinburgh University:—"I warmly second the advice of the wisest of men:—'Don't be ambitious; don't be too desirous of success; be loyal and modest.'"

Mr. Raney surely remembers that when Archbishop Whately, illustrating the length to which argument could be carried, undertook to demonstrate that Napoleon Bonaparte had never existed, even that consummate master of reasoning tried to prove his case by something more substantial than "a flat and emphatic denial."

In conclusion, Mr. Raney will pardon me if I recall to his recollection a striking quotation from Boswell's "Johnson," to which work he directed me in the closing paragraph of his last letter; it is this:—"One of Johnson's principal talents [says an eminent friend of his] was shown in maintaining the wrong side of an argument, and in a splendid perversion of the truth." T. E. MOBERLY.

Toronto, January, 1890.

THERE are few characters in the literary world more amusing than the suspicious author. Her mind filled by hearsay and gossip, she has convinced herself that her manuscript will not be read by the editor to whom she send it. With an energy worthy of a better cause she proceeds to find him out. Carefully she transposes the pages of her manuscript, so that page 52 will follow page 3, and 119 is carefully glued to page 24. Or wafers are adopted, and folios are securely adhered. Sometimes, that which Nature intended should beautify woman's head and not her manuscripts is resorted to, and a rich golden or brown hair is innocently inserted between two pages. And thus is the unwary editor to be trapped. Every trick or device is resorted to. This is at one end. At the other, is the editor who looks over the manuscript and wonders why so much energy has been misplaced. Fondly he wishes the manuscript itself had inherited some of the cleverness of the devices. For, as a rule, the manuscripts of the suspicious author have but little to commend them. The devices, which are always quickly detected, at once prejudice the editor against the manuscript, and brilliant indeed must prove the production before the injury done at the outset is removed. Literary tricks, as tricks of any kind, only defeat their own object. And she is a wise author with her best interests at heart who learns this lesson early and well.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"THE INNER LIFE."

THE lonely myst'ry of the inner life;
Unseen, unknown, unguessed by all around:
Making no sign and giving out no sound,
Deep hidden, far from all the outward strife
Of voice and speech, and formulated thought
(Which in the sounding, weakly loses force).
Nebulous, vague, yet with *most* meaning fraught.
For here all thought and action has its source.

This fount to keep pure, clean and free from taint
Of selfish, weak, or hard'ning influence,
Our skill, our waking strength must never faint,
But even after failure, yet commence:

Then, though to others, our success seem frail,
In our own hearts we shall not feel to fail.

AMY BROWNING.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Imperial Russian Musical Society, of which Anton Rubinstein is president, has elected Verdi an honorary member and sent him a telegram of homage.

In a recent concert at Weimar a new symphonic poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, was greatly applauded. The composer directed the performance in person.

A MUSICAL club has been organized at Florence, with elegant accommodations, various halls, and a theatre. The club, of which the Marquis Laiatico is president, numbers already six hundred members.

At the orchestra rehearsals of Massenet's "Esclarmonde," at the Monnaie at Brussels, the professors amused themselves by taking notes of the formulas and modulations borrowed from Wagner, and laid bets that no one could find in "Esclarmonde" an original melody. Now that the opera has been performed, people there call Massenet "Mademoiselle Wagner."

RUBINSTEIN's latest opera, "Gorusha," first produced in St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the author's jubilee, consists of four acts. The libretto is by D. Averkieff. The characters are: a prince, aged fifty; the princess, his second wife, aged eighteen; Dashutka, an orphan, brought up in the house of the prince; a poor nobleman, steward of the prince; Polteff, a boiar; a Steegol, the fool. Time: end of the seventeenth century. Place: first, second, and fourth acts in the country-house of the prince; third act in the country-house of Polteff.

THE concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, on Thursday evening the 16th, the Pavilion, attracted a large audience, chiefly subscribers, although a fair sprinkling of the general public was noticeable despite the prevailing epidemic. A number of vacant seats on the platform attested to the presence of *la grippe* among the members of this excellent society. Mr. Haslam had selected some very charming part-songs which went remarkably well, the finest of them, Leslie's "Lullaby of Life" being accorded the dignity of an encore. But it is a pity that Mr. Haslam confines himself so completely to English compositions of a certain school; we are confident that a more generous interfusion of Mendelssohn and some of the modern English writers would meet with favour at the hands of the public. There is a certain monotony about Leslie and Pinsuti that after any very sustained hearing of their compositions invariably brings its result. Viewed in this light the Mendelssohn "Motett" was indeed a delight to many, being, for the most part, very well given, and the soloist, Miss Hortense Pierce, singing her part as well, if not better, than her other items on the programme. This young lady—of beautiful stage presence—was nevertheless over-weighted greatly in the celebrated "Polonaise," from "Mignon," and even in her other songs traces of too great effort and strain were observable. Miss Clench, our rising Canadian artist, played like an artist in our rising and unlike one in several others. She has a delightful tone, and evidently finds no difficulty in memorizing and interpreting the most finished selections in the violin repertoire, but altogether more force and fire are needed before she can command the undivided attention of a critical audience; nevertheless she has great gifts that only need experience to ripen into the perfection of public performance. Of Miss Etelka Utassi, the pianiste, it may be said that she was a diminutive Carreno of inferior gifts, displaying, however, good technique if not extraordinary power and sympathy. The accompanists were three in number, and Mr. Haslam conducted in his usual unaffected and genial way.

HENRY MARET, editor-in-chief of the Paris *Radical*, and an unbeliever in "the music of the future," takes advantage of the recent revival of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" to defend the Italian masters in his journal:—"All the abstracters of musical quintessence will shriek in vain, this is the real dramatic music. A short, interesting opera, in few scenes, with beautiful melodies will charm you, which move you, which find the way to your heart without passing through the reasonings of your brain, and which the deafening tumult of an emphatic orchestra does not prevent you from hearing—that constitutes the theatre, which has nothing in common with the symphonies in C or in D, which God keep me from depreciating, for they have their special beauty. Furthermore we must have a human libretto. As earthly passions lay hold of me, so your quarrels of German gods