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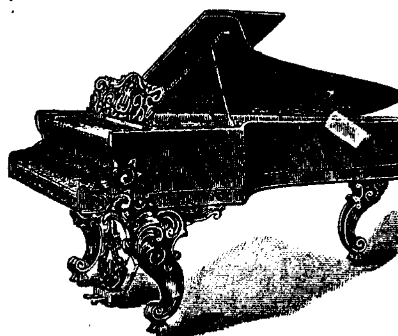

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

PAGE

Railways in Manitoba ... *James Douglas.* 623
Nation Building.—III. ... *John Reade.* 624
Tendencies of French Art ... 625
The Queen of England ... 626

Correspondence—
The Art Union Lottery ... *A Lover of the Fine Arts.* 627

Topics—
The *Globe* and the *Habitant* ... 628
The Situation in Manitoba ... 628
American Parties and Commercial Union ... 628
The Margin of Profits ... 629
Special Correspondents ... 629
The Tithe-Rent Charge Bill ... 629
Proclamation of the National League ... 629
Poverty, and the Henry George Movement ... 629

"Home Papers, Please Copy" (Poem) ... *Bliss Carman.* 630
Muskoka ... *J. H. Menzies.* 630
Book Reviews ... 631
Art Notes ... 632
The Stage ... 632
Current Comment ... 633
Literary Gossip ... 633

RAILWAYS IN MANITOBA.

The railroad controversy which threatens to embroil Manitoba with the Federal Government has an economical as well as a political side, though in the heat of political strife the former and more important phase is liable to be quite occluded by the latter.

Secession, which a few in Manitoba and British Columbia talk of, will never be seriously contemplated by the people, when they realise that they could be admitted to the Union only in the dependent position of territories; for if Dakota, with its population of over 150,000, begs in vain for the privilege of Statehood, on what plea could Manitoba, with only, say, 75,000 inhabitants, expect successfully to claim the boon denied to her wealthier and more populous neighbour?

While a very few of the disappointed and dissatisfied may preach Annexation, the many doubtless prefer less drastic measures. But the people at large seem to be favourable to unlimited railroad construction; and yet it is very doubtful whether the public good would be really advanced thereby. The results of legitimate and, as with us, reckless railroad building, can best be studied in the history of the Rocky Mountain railroads south of the line.

Within the Rocky Mountains since 1863, when the first sod of the Union Pacific was turned, there have been built over 20,000 miles of railroad. Of this mileage about 10,000 miles may be allotted to the trunk lines and 10,000 to their branches. The trunk lines may be said to converge on the Pacific to San Francisco, but where they run parallel, across the great Central Plateau, and over the ranges of the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada Cordilleras, they are hundreds of miles apart.

The Southern Pacific is built almost within sight of the Mexican frontier. Two hundred miles to the north the Atlantic and Pacific Division of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad traverses Central New Mexico and Arizona. The Union Pacific and its extension, the Central Pacific, cross the Rocky Mountains through Southern Wyoming, Northern Utah and Nevada, about four hundred and fifty miles to the north of the Atlantic and Pacific. The Northern Pacific, again, intersects the Mountains about four hundred and fifty miles to the north of the Union and Central Pacific. Only about two hundred and fifty miles still further to the north is the parallel line of the Canadian Pacific. Intermediate between the Atlantic and Pacific and the Union Pacific the Utah Division of the Denver and Rio Grande spans the Rocky Mountains from the Plains to the Great Valley; and the Oregon Short Line runs diagonally through Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon, between the Union and the Northern Pacific. But these two have heretofore been local rather than through lines. Counting them as one, the through traffic of the continent west of the Great Lakes, and of the Lower Missouri and the Upper Mississippi within the United States, may be said to be divided between five parallel roads, each of which should drain a section of the western half of the continent about one thousand five hundred miles long and two hundred and fifty miles wide. Their influence in developing the West has without question been paramount, but the return they have paid to capital has been very small. And yet it would seem that the traffic drawn from a tract of country as large as the whole of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario—for such is the size of each of the sections in question—covered with pasturage, though scanty, and teeming with mineral wealth, should support profitably one trunk line and its tributaries; and so it would had the trunk lines parcelled out the local traffic as prudently as they have divided the through traffic among themselves. But instigated by rivalry and spite, rather than impelled by business motives, adjacent lines have generally competed for intermediate traffic and run branches from opposite directions into the same district, dividing into several channels the comparatively small stream of freight which flows from even the largest centres of Western industry. To take two notable instances: Leadville, in Colorado, lies in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, between the high Eastern Range and the Continental Divide. When lead carbonate ore was first mined there the nearest accessible point on the Denver and Rio Grande was Pueblo, one hundred and fifty-eight miles off; the nearest on the Union Pacific was Denver, one hundred and fifty-one miles off. Both companies built branches into it. The roads, carved out of mountain sides and spanning deep cañons, were costly to build. Running over steep grades and round sharp curves, and paying high rates of wages, their operating charges are heavy, and the total freight and passenger traffic of both the roads has proved to be insignificant as compared with that of a single Eastern road. The result is that freight and passenger rates are necessarily twice as high as they should be. A single road, enjoying all the traffic, could not carry it at Eastern rates; two roads, dividing it, must charge more than double rates. I say dividing it, not competing for it; for in nearly all these cases the opposition roads, in order to make running expenses, must come to an understanding, and must agree to charge living rates, which are about twice what profitable rates ought to be. Leadville, with two roads, pays $9 per ton for coal, where $5 would be a high price.

Now the Leadvillites are jubilant over the advent of another railroad from the Plains, the Colorado Midland Railroad, which is going to right every wrong. It is being built at frightful cost over hill and gorge, straight from Colorado Springs, over the high Eastern Range, into the valley of the Arkansas, where it occupies a shelf on one side of the cañon facing the Denver and Rio Grande on a shelf on the other. And beyond Leadville both roads are struggling to see who can first reach Aspen, a new camp of great promise but necessarily uncertain future. The probability is that Leadville will positively suffer from the advent of this third road, as she will have to support three instead of two corporations. Both Leadville and Aspen could exist only by the grace of a railroad, but one road could support both and prosper while charging fair rates of freight. Three roads will starve, and as a consequence starve their customers.

Butte, in Montana, offers another case in point. It is the second most important freight centre in the mountains. For some years it was tributary to the Union Pacific, through the Utah and Northern Narrow Gauge Railroad, the most profitable feeder of the Union Pacific system. The Union Pacific possessing the monopoly of its traffic, oppressed it shamefully. The Northern Pacific at length passed within striking distance to the north. It divided the freight and reduced the Union Pacific profits, but conferred very little benefit on the Butte industries. Now a third road proposes to share its freight. One road could certainly thrive on the traffic of Butte, and supply it with cheap salt and cheap fuel, and carry away cheaply its copper and silver bullion. Three will be obliged to charge extravagant rates, and none of the three will prosper. One road could, but one road if left to itself certainly *would not* adopt a reasonable tariff. The United States public is beginning to mutter *must*. But to fix rate tariffs and yet permit unlimited competition is a palpable wrong.

It is certain that unlimited railroad building and unchecked competition work positive harm. The periodical crises which mow down crop after crop of bankrupt railroads prove how much capital is wasted in unnecessary railroad building, and the very high local rates charged on all Rocky Mountain roads, even at competitive local points, shows also that competition does not necessarily mean cheap transport. In fact as soon as the facilities for transport are in excess of the available freight, increased facilities, which cost money, necessitate increased freight charges, out of

which to pay the operating expenses of so many idle roads, and so many empty trains, and interest on superfluous capital. A distinction must be made between terminal, or through, and local rates.

The trans-continental railroads meet water competition at terminal points, and must adjust their through freights accordingly. Moreover war is occasionally declared by one or other of the pooling roads, and passenger and freight rates are cut for a time to vanishing figures, to the serious damage of the railroad companies, and the disturbance of trade generally. These excesses however are not habitual; but comparatively cheap through rates, and excessively high local rates are habitual, and are unavoidable, as has been virtually admitted by the commissioners under the Interstate Commerce Bill. A mileage rate from sea to sea, on both through and local freight, low enough to compete with water rates, would be ruinous to the railroads. Consequently the railroads are still allowed to charge low rates on through freight and high rates on local. This leads to such incongruities as shipping nails from New York to the Pacific Coast, transferring them to other cars and shipping them back over six hundred miles of the same road, at a lower rate than the same could be shipped direct from New York to the point of destination. The fact is that local freight on the largest of the Pacific roads is so light that very high freight and passenger rates are necessary to cover local administration and operating expenses and return any profit on capital, and if this limited amount of traffic is subdivided, the high rates must be raised to exorbitant rates, if actual ruin is to be averted.

When these considerations are applied to the Manitoba railroad question, the enquiry at once rises—Is the main line of the Canadian Pacific sufficient to carry the freight drained from the whole region through which it passes from the Pacific to the Ottawa, were all freight fed to the main line by a sufficient number of branches? If it is sufficient, then its capacity for cheap carriage will be reduced by deflecting any of its natural supply of freight to the Northern Pacific, or to the Montana Central; and the true policy of the Western Provinces and Territories is not to build opposition and depleting lines, but to swell to its utmost capacity for carriage, the traffic of the Canadian Pacific; and while doing so, to compel the Canadian Pacific by proper legislative enactments to carry that freight at a fair rate. The agitation should be in favour, not of opposition roads, but of as low rates as freight and passengers can profitably be carried for, till the existing road is overburdened by traffic, which it certainly is not now.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

New York.

NATION BUILDING.—III.

THE subject with which I have undertaken to deal does not call for any profound research into our prehistoric annals, the share allotted to the aborigines in the building up of our Canadian nationality being comparatively meagre. I referred to the Basque theory and to the story of the Northmen's visit to these shores in order to indicate some of the by-paths into which such an inquiry would lead us.* It would take some time, indeed, merely to enumerate the hypotheses that have been framed to account for the presence, type, and condition of the American Indians on their own continent. Not a few have believed them to be the lost tribes of Israel. Others have assigned them a Phœnician origin. Egyptian analogies have been discovered in abundance. Catlin was sure that in the Mandans he had come upon the remnant of the Welsh colony of Madoc. Dr. Le Plongeon pronounced the language of Yucatan to be nearly half Greek. Others have attributed the partial civilisation of the Aztecs to Buddhist missionaries, while the Hivites and the Hittites have in turn been made responsible for one or other phase of aboriginal language, polity, or religion.

In 1882 some coins turned up in Vancouver Island to which a Chinese source and a remote antiquity were ascribed. They travelled across the continent, and became the property of a learned society in Philadelphia. Being again submitted to experts, their Chinese origin was confirmed, and they were pronounced of dates ranging from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. How they reached the interior of Vancouver Island is unknown, nor are we likely to hear much more about them. The archæological fraud business is becoming profitable in the new, as in the old, world. If it has not yet begun to pay in Canada, it is not so much that Canadians are more clear-sighted than their neighbours as that they are indifferent to archæology.

Happily not all of them, however. A valuable and entertaining little library might be brought together of Canadian works, French and English, entirely devoted to the mysterious, romantic, and melancholy story of our Indian tribes. And what, it may be asked, are the Indian tribes that are distinctively Canadian? It is almost needless to say that the national or tribal divisions of the aborigines do not follow artificial boundary lines. If, for instance, of the eighteen great groups into which Mr. A. H. Keene divides the Indian population of the double continent, we survey the six to which all our own Indians belong, we shall find that not one of them is altogether in Canada. Those six are the Hyperborean races (including the Esquimaux or Innuit), the Algonquin family, the Huron-Iroquois, the Dakota or Sioux, the Athabascan or Tinné, and the Columbian races. That classification—in part ethnological, in part geographical—is not very explicit, but it will serve well enough for general purposes. It is practically the same as that which Latham adopted some forty years ago in his "Ethnology of the British Colonies." Of the groups just mentioned, the eastern branch of the Hyperborean or Esquimaux family (by some ethnologists not recognised as Indian) was the first to come into contact with Europeans, being the Skraelings of the Norse records. Admitting the identification, we must accept the view that at one time they extended much farther southwards than any point at which they have been met with during the period of Canadian history.

It was with tribes of the far-spreading Algonquin race and with those of the Huron-Iroquois that the French explorers and settlers, as well as those of England, Sweden, and Holland, became first acquainted. Mr. H. Hale has made it clear that the Blackfeet are of Algonquin kinship, and Latham sets down the now extinct Bethucks, of Newfoundland, as of the same stock. Members of the same race dwelt around Lake Nipissing (and to them the name Algonquin was first given), and outposts of it were found in the Carolinas, and even in Tennessee. In the United States it included the famous tribes of the Pequods, the Delawares, the Narragansetts, the Mohicans; in Canada, the Crees, Ojibways, Montagnais, Abenakis, and other tribes, living or extinct. Of all the Indian families, it has the greatest range, and is the only one which at once sailed the sea, roamed the forest, and scoured the prairie.

Environed on all sides by the Algic clans were the Huron-Iroquois, who dwelt of old on the Lower St. Lawrence, but afterwards dissolved the partnership implied by their compound name. In both groups of this interesting family, the annals of Canada are closely concerned. As to their primitive history, it will suffice to refer to the admirable sketch in Mr. Hale's "Iroquois Book of Rites."

Canadian missionaries made the acquaintance of the Sioux (Ojibway, Nadouessioux, enemies) in the latter part of the seventeenth century. They call themselves Dakota, and some divisions of the nation range as far as the Rocky Mountains. A good deal of valuable information concerning them, as they appeared to the early priests and explorers, is contained in Parkman's "La Salle; or, the Discovery of the Mississippi." The best storehouse of knowledge as to their actual condition and modes of thought and life is the "Tahkoo-Wahkan, or the Bible among the Dakotas" of the Rev. Stephen R. Riggs.

The Algonquin, Huron-Iroquois, and Sioux are the three groups with which Canada had most to do, whether as friends or foes, under the old *régime*. Of the three remaining groups of Mr. Keane's classification—the Hyperborean, the Athabascan or Tinné, and the Columbian—the two latter pertain almost exclusively to Canada. A good deal of fresh light has been shed on their affinities, traditions and usages, by Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, who has also—in co-operation with Dr. Fraser Tolmie—collected vocabularies of many of their languages and dialects. Dr. Franz Boas divides the Indians of Vancouver Island and the mainland into four principal groups—the West Vancouver, the Tshimpshian, the Selish and the Kwakiutl. Father Petitot, who was for many years a missionary in the extreme north, composed monographs on the Dené-Dindjie (of the Athabascan or Tinné family), and on the Esquimaux Tchiglit (of the Hyperborean group), which have been translated into English by Mr. Douglas Brymner, of the Archives Bureau, Ottawa. In their English version those treatises, which are full of curious and suggestive folk-lore, were published in the *Dominion Monthly* (1878). Much valuable information regarding the nearer tribes is contained in "The Treaties of Canada with the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territories," by the Hon. Alexander Morris, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. As to their prehistoric relations "The Mound Builders" of the Rev. Prof. Bryce may be consulted, and there is also an instructive chapter (with bibliography) on the general question of our aborigines in the same author's valuable "History of the Canadian People," reviewed some time since in THE WEEK.

* As to the early relations of the Portuguese with the Canadian Atlantic seaboard, the reader will find much that is of interest in a paper by Senhor Luciano Cordeiro, in the *Compte-Rendu* of the Congrès des Amèricanistes for 1875, and in an article by Mr. R. G. Haliburton in the *Popular Science Monthly* for May, 1885. The latter was read before the Geographical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Montreal. See also the Rev. M. Harvey's "Newfoundland," and Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America." Vol. II.

According to the latest report of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs there are in the Maritime Provinces (Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick) 4,037 Indians, of whom six hundred and forty-four (all in New Brunswick) are Amalecites, and the remainder Micmacs. All these are of Algonquin stock—mixed, doubtless, with other elements, and not lacking European blood. In the Province of Quebec there are 12,286 Indians, comprising Huron-Iroquois and Algonquins, as well under that general name as under the tribal designations of Amalecites, Micmacs, Montagnais, and Muskapees. In Ontario there are 17,267 Indians of the same general stocks as in the foregoing enumeration, but with tribal differences, such as Chippewas, Ojibways, Muncees, and Mississaugas, of the Algonquin, and Mohawks, Oneidas and Wyandots, of the Huron-Iroquois family. In Manitoba and the North-West Territories there is a total of 30 578 Crees, Blackfeet, Sioux, etc. In Labrador, Eastern Rupert's Land, Athabasca, and the Mackenzie and Peace River districts there are 2,554 Indians, mostly Chippewyans and Esquimaux. Finally in the Province of British Columbia there is an Indian population of 20,422, classed under a great variety of tribal and communal names. Thus all the Indians in the Dominion of every race and tongue number only 128,761—an inconsiderable figure compared with the population of the Dominion. It is, nevertheless, greatly in advance of several European nationalities mentioned in the census report and, in its proportion to the whole, comes sixth on the list. Is it doomed to perpetual isolation, or, like other races, does it stand a chance of absorption into the general mass? In order to answer this question, it will be necessary to ascertain what has been its experience in the past.

This brings me to one of the chief points in this inquiry—the extent to which the Indians have mingled their blood with that of the French or English settlers in bygone times. On such a question there is sure to be difference of opinion. Until within the last few years the impression certainly prevailed that the Indians had had a considerable share in the development of the Canadian type of Frenchmen. It was taken for granted by writers in Old France that French-Canadians and Indians had frequently intermarried, and the supposed fact was mentioned or alluded to without any apparent consciousness that it implied reproach. Some of them seem to entertain that notion still, being evidently unaware of any controversy on the subject, or of the conclusions to which it led. Only last year M. P. Joppicourt, writing in *L'Expansion Coloniale* concerning certain social usages in New Caledonia, asks: "Has not South America been entirely peopled by the crossing of Spaniards and Indians? Yes! Those *mestizos* have formed powerful and respectable nations. And in North America too was it not by allying themselves with the willing daughters of the Abenakis that the sons of France created that vigorous Acadian stock whose patriotic spirit has more than once kept at bay the proud rulers of Old and New England? 'What a pity,' said the Indians, after the capitulation of Quebec, 'that the French were conquered! Their young men used to marry our daughters.' Those mixed marriages used to give us faithful allies and enabled our colonists, abandoned by the mother country, to make head for a century against the inexhaustible forces of Great Britain."

M. Rameau, one of Canada's best friends across the Atlantic, wrote to much the same purpose, as of a matter well ascertained, in "La France aux Colonies." M. Benjamin Sulte discoursed in the same tone, not of Quebec, but of Acadia. Dr. Daniel Wilson, in "Prehistoric Man," devotes several pages to the subject. He there maintains that the Indians had been disappearing as a race largely by the same process which, in a generation or two, fuses the German, Swedish, Irish and other immigrants to the United States in the general stock. At Sault Ste. Marie, which he considers a typical border settlement, he saw few individuals that had not Indian blood in their veins. But it was not in such localities alone that he noticed the signs of twofold descent. "I have recognised," he says, "the semi-Indian features in the gay assemblies at a Canadian Governor's reception, in the halls of the Legislature, among the undergraduates of Canadian Universities, and mingling in selectest social circles." He adds that in Lower Canada half-breeds and men and women of partial Indian blood are constantly met with in all ranks of life, and cites with approval the statement that "in the neighbourhood of Quebec, in the Ottawa Valley, and to a great extent about Montreal, there is hardly among the original settlers a family in the lower ranks, and not many in the higher, who have not some traces of Indian blood." When Dr. Wilson wrote thus, the controversy innocently started by M. Rameau, and of which the last word—a convincing word, I must believe, seeing that it has won over M. Rameau, not to speak of M. Sulte—has been uttered by M. P. Poirier, had not yet begun. But the revelations brought out by that controversy must be reserved for another issue of THE WEEK. JOHN READE.

TENDENCIES OF FRENCH ART.

THE Salon has become of late years so important a factor in the development of cosmopolitan art, that its yearly exhibition attracts universal attention. Gallic influence, with its realistic tendencies, is exciting almost as much discussion between the old and the new schools of art as between the romantic and realistic schools of literature. Mr. Saulter has treated the subject with his usual ability in a recent number of the *Contemporary*, of which the following synopsis is made. There is not only a difference of degree, there is a distinction in kind, between the annual exhibitions of pictures in France and England known as the Salon and the Royal Academy. The former is not only a national but an international show; the latter, though admitting specimens of foreign work, is practically a collection of English paintings, and is chiefly the expression of the prejudices and sympathies of our own people. Paris is still the great art school of the world, and the pupils who study under Parisian artists are drawn from every country to that great centre. Here they learn their business, and imbibe their art principles; and to the great annual art exhibitions they send their works long after their student days have passed away, secure of space for their pictures, and confident of the liberal consideration of what is, after all, the greatest artistic community in the world—the community of French artists.

The defect that is most frequently urged against the Salon, especially by Englishmen, is that it includes, not excludes, too many pictures; the size of some of the paintings, and the interminable length of the galleries, also prove another fertile source of complaint, and are the prevailing causes, I fancy, why so few English people are at all just in their estimate of the Salon, and why, also, we so frequently hear it spoken of with a passionate dislike almost personal in its intensity. The pictures cannot be looked at under an appreciable amount of time, and it is even more difficult to pass without looking.

A collection of paintings where a work such as Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Samson and Delilah," the largest picture in this year's Academy, would appear but of ordinary size, is apt to be very glaring in its imperfections; and it must, at best, demand an amount of consideration and attention such as few people who are not extremely interested in pictures are ready to bestow. If the tendencies of modern art, however, are to enlarge its sphere of subjects, and to modify the technical methods and aims of the artist, it is the business of all those who care to consider the matter seriously, to examine the object and manner of the new departure, to see how far they can be reconciled with the finer qualities of ancient art, and whether they hold out reasonable promise for the art of the future. The Salon affords a good opportunity for making this investigation, as it contains examples of the most modern developments of painting. It must be remembered, to begin with, that a certain *parochialism* has always distinguished English art. It has, like the upper or middle classes of our country, been considered estimable, but not of the highest social importance. The French, as a nation, have always been free from this colored glass style of art; there has consequently seemed to most of our countrymen to be a certain violence, and, so to speak, nakedness of statement about our neighbours' fiction and painting. We must not therefore be surprised if, in the Gallic pictures of the present day, which are most in accordance with the ideas of the advanced school of painters, we find a choice of subjects such as at first sight appears to be even more abnormal, even more opposed to the reticences and conventions of English painting, than of old. For the great change which is coming over the feeling of artists, and is in one way or another modifying all they touch and do, is a change in the direction of reality. They draw the subjects of their pictures more and more from the occurrences of every day life, and admit into the manner of their representations less and less modification of the manner in which these occurrences took place. It is to this cause that we owe many of the pictures in the present Salon—pictures which deal better with such conventionally unpictorial subjects as a bedside lecture in a hospital, the interior of a restaurant, even the contents of a butcher's shop.

I am not saying whether this new development be right or wrong. I am simply at the present moment engaged in stating a fact, and seeking to suggest the cause. The French naturalist painters, as they may be appropriately called, are and have been, for the last twenty years, getting rid of their traditional swaddling-clothes, and trying to walk about the world alone, and unaided by their old conventionality. It is curious to note that this revolution, which has slowly accomplished itself, started—as did the revolution of English painting—in the department of landscape. The school of Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and D'Aubigny, which practically rules the whole of French landscape art at the present day, was firmly established long before the new school of figure painters received recognition; and indeed, at the present hour, the conventional characteristics of French figure-painting are still in preponderance amongst the majority of artists.

Like most other popular movements, the work of the new school ran into a thousand extravagances, and gave much occasion to its enemies to blaspheme. Not content with clinging to the new truths which they had caught sight of, they disdained all other means of support, and would accept nothing less from their adversaries than the entire remodelling of ancient practices, and a confession that the only saving grace was the one which had been so recently discovered. They prepared, in other words, to sail their ship without compass or rudder—simply with the one bran-new sail of "atmospheric truth." With Mark Twain's friend, the negro, we may say of atmospheric truth, that though it may be our brother, it is "not our father and mother, and our uncle and our aunt, and our wife's relations down in the country." We are to disregard all ideas of a sub-

ject, all desire for beautiful arrangement, all notions of composition, and simply accept, as the one sufficient subject of a picture, a piece gouged out of Nature, as it were with a cheese-scoop, from the first place to which the artist came. This, or something like this, is what our new artists would have us believe. It doesn't matter if they paint a picture of a crucifixion, or a disc of lights (there is actually in the Salon a picture of this subject of the very largest life size), so long as they represent it as it is. This theory, however implied, is tacitly accepted by a very considerable number of connoisseurs and picture fanciers; and surely, but very slowly, this conception of art is making its way amongst our English artists, and so needs to be dealt with as a potent factor in contemporary art. It is the development of this theory to the utmost extent which has given rise to the so-called "impressionist" school in France, and to that English modification of it of which Mr. Whistler's painting is the most notable example. It is one that will refute itself in time, and already it is losing its hold over the best of its followers. The naturlist art of such men as Durer, Gervex and others, which is the most prominent characteristic of the present Salon, is only but faintly allied to the ultra school of which I have been speaking. The most popular picture in the Salon is by M. Gervex, and shows a clinical lecture by Dr. Pean in the ward of a hospital.

Now, what are the essential qualities of pictures, if not to give pleasure and to delight the mind and the eye? Not to be a scientific record and exponent of the facts of life, but to endow them with something invisible to our duller eyes by the exquisiteness of the artist's perceptions. He is to interpret beauty for us, to find it in out-of-the-way places of humanity and nature in which we should pass it by; and it is above all things necessary that he should be eager in his search and very human in his emotions.

It is these considerations which prevent me caring greatly for M. Gervex's picture; and they seem to me applicable to much of the modern French painting, which is at once profoundly skilful and as profoundly heartless. The power, the skill, and the industry shown in this present exhibition of the Salon are simply incredible in their extent; and, despite of them all, the visitor to the gallery goes away, fatigued and depressed, conscious of a multitude of paintings of consummate ability, and scarcely remembering half a dozen beautiful pictures.

It is hopeless to speak at any useful length of the general landscape work which we find in the Salon; it is, beyond all comparison, finer than our English work in the same department, whether we regard it from the points of view of style, of truth, or of technical accomplishment. Such painters as Harpignies, Durez, Rapin, Noyal, Vernier, Laurens, Flandrin, Penet, Hanstean, and perhaps above all (if only for his beauty of colour) La Roux, have no analogues at present in English art. They are simply miles and miles beyond us not only in their technical skill, but in the scale of their impressions. They see the scene as a whole, not in detached bits; they see the scene as it is, not as it prettily might be Not pictures at all are nine out of ten English landscapes; studies for pictures they frequently are, but rarely more. They are bits taken here, there, or anywhere, without relation, combination, or object.

One cause, no doubt, of the superiority of French landscape painting is the superior thoroughness of their artistic education, and the habit of working on a large scale. The subjects are frequently horrible, it is true; but why? Because they are wholly unconventional; because they cover, or attempt to cover, the whole ground of human interest. We who go on repeating from year to year our Vicars of Wakefield, our Georgian costumes, our pictures of Scotch moor and Cornish coast, our silver birch tree and shining wave, are safe enough from such a condemnation; but the safety is on the whole an inglorious one. The material of our artists is, I believe, as fine as that of any nation; but their training—its narrowness and blindness—its absence of all encouragement and all guidance—is contemptible, and unworthy of a great nation.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

On a Sunday, in the Jubilee, I attended a historical American church, owning some allegiance to Canterbury, which for a time was made over to St. George. The solid Englishman who preached on the occasion seemed to me adrift in seas of mental confusion. He invited us to leave contemplation of the Queen and consider her excellence as a woman. He pronounced her the "typical wife, typical mother, typical woman," but none of his anecdotes or illustrations warranted any inference that Alexandrina Victoria was any better than hundreds of good women, wives, and mothers around him. A cynical critic might have interpreted such personal eulogy as a sarcasm on royalty, as implying wonder that even ordinary womanly virtues could co-exist with it. We were also called to admire because Victoria sent sympathetic messages to Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield. What marvellous self-sacrifice! The prayers and lamentations of millions of ordinary people, in many countries, may pass without notice,—but think of these royal regrets! What are Presidents that the Queen should be mindful of them!

Unquestionably it is not for the woman—who long ago passed her fiftieth birthday without parade—but for the Queen that peculiar honour may be claimed. Yet, when we turn from colonial canonisation of the woman to Celtic denunciations of the Queen, we find the latter equally phantasmal. The Queen has officially as little responsibility for the sufferings of Ireland as Mrs. Cleveland. To ascribe to the English monarch powers similar to those of an American President is a delusion into which many migrate when they reach this country. It is our constitutional superstition. The Mayor of New York declared that he paid honour to the Queen because, while visiting England during our war, he learned that the non-intervention of England was due to Her Majesty's personal friendship for us. Now, I was there, too, and am certain that the non-intervention was due to the friendship for us of the English masses, and of their leaders—Bright, Cobden, Peter Taylor, and others. The Mayor's theory, if true, would justify personal animosity to the Queen on the part of all censors of English wrongs. If she could successfully intervene in behalf of the American Union and emancipation, why has she not intervened against British oppressions in Ireland, Egypt, the Soudan, Burmah? If she could control the hand of Palmerston, why not that of Salisbury?

The Queen has no power of that kind at all. That she has made her throne the tomb of every last relic of personal authority is the immediate jewel of her crown. The royal prerogative has been exercised once by Gladstone and once by Disraeli, but never by Queen Victoria. As the greatest writer on the English Constitution has said, the Queen would certainly sign her own death-warrant were it laid before her by the Ministers. On her accession, contemporaneous historians remarked that the youthful maiden followed the instructions and words of her Ministers with an intent exactness; the literal fidelity at that ceremony has been followed by fifty years of intelligent fidelity to the constitution. It needed but such a reign to sum up and consolidate all the results of English revolutions, to embody the liberal progress of a thousand years, to send all arbitrary laws to their fossil bed, to make England what its Laureate has claimed, the Crowned Republic.

The last time an attempt was made to utilise the Queen politically is especially memorable as bearing upon her sex. In the agitation for female suffrage some of the American advocates of that measure had spoken of the Queen as representing the principle of the participation of woman in political power, and this notion found some echo among the more ignorant friends of that cause in England. But a few years ago, when the subject was before Parliament, a member read an extract from "Our Life in the Highlands," in which the Queen declared women unfit for politics, and that good women will leave these things to men. There were cries of "Order!" throughout the House of Commons, even the majority, to whom the sentiment was agreeable, recognising that it was unconstitutional to bring influence from the throne to bear on a debate in the Legislature. But the arrow had sped to its mark. The woman's declaration against the political aspirations of her sex was even feathered by cries of "order!" which recognised the throne's abdication of political power. At the same time the many eminent and worthy women now claiming the franchise in England felt sore about the incident. The question naturally suggests itself whether submissive readiness to sign measures passed by Parliament, however repugnant to herself, is consistent with the highest character. No one can doubt that the Queen has often done this, and that she would have signed Gladstone's Home Rule bill as promptly as Salisbury's Coercion bill. To those who realise that every assertion of personal prerogative, even on their own side, forges a precedent that may be used on the other side, and restores a weapon which has normally proved fatal to human liberty, it will appear that the wisdom of Victoria as a woman is reflected in her strict constitutionality as a Queen. This is the open secret of the homage paid by the English people to a Queen who is neither beautiful nor brilliant, and whose withdrawal of the throne from all political power has not been accompanied by its usual lustre as a social centre. For though to Puritanism and prosaic Radicalism the Court in mourning has been agreeable, as showing the needlessness of any Court at all, the majority of the English people desire a splendid Court, and have felt aggrieved by its long eclipse. Also the leading political thinkers of England place a high value on the throne, especially since it has ceased to be a political institution. What is that value?

To the superficial view England appears made up politically of ancient and mouldy institutions, trying to maintain themselves in an age that has outgrown them. A nearer study reveals the fact that this apparent antiquity is unreal, and that amid archaic walls, names, decorations, machinery of a modern and even advanced kind is at work. It is true that this implies that each institution is turned to some work for which it was not originally intended, and in some cases the adequacy to modern exigencies is doubtful. But an American is apt to look for such defects where they least exist; in the House of Lords, for instance, where under a delusive show of hereditary legislation sits a Supreme Court not inferior to any in the world. The throne also, from which England was so long ruled, is now turned to other purposes altogether. Its political purposes may be fairly, if paradoxically, described as the reverse of that for which it was founded: the throne is England's defence against monarchy. Were the throne abolished this year it would surely be succeeded by some monarchy, either of the German or the American type, planted by a revolution. Evolutionary ages have determined that complex England cannot be ruled by any individual. By alternate revolutions and bribes the English people have turned their throne to a historic symbol, and the royal family into its guardians. A royal family, by intermarriages and hospitalities, can surround the politically vacant throne with entrenchments of international interest and etiquette which no foreign despot will pass for its seizure. In this direction it is fortunate for England, in the epoch of the consolidation of the German Empire, that its throne is already occupied by a German family. And the same circumstance is advantageous as a check on the royal family itself. It is a guest in England, and feels that it reigns by sufferance. When to this timidity of alienage is added the feminine timidity, it will be seen how, under this Guelph lady, the people have been able to surround their throne with such walls of precedent that no future monarch will be able to break through them. That is, so long as the country is at peace; for if a great war should find a military genius on the throne there might be a relapse from the progressive work of generations. At present there is no such perilous prospect.

A royal family defends England from internal as well as foreign ambitions. By gathering the supreme social lustre around a non-political centre, political offices are thrown into a sort of atrophy, so far as glory is concerned. No politician will seek office for the sake of any social splendour. It cannot be found there. The statesman or the minister must depend on his services for his renown. Only by intellect, toil, patriotism, can he be great. The tinsel and the powers of chieftainship are bestowed in separate estates. The artificial glories are permanently monopolised; there remains open to personal ambition only the lustre that emanates from personal qualities and deeds. Thus, while the British throne is the gilded sepulchre of monarchy, its occupants,—non-elective, alien, depositories of all fictitious honours,—guard that sepulchre against any resurrection of monarchy from without or within.

Carlyle raised his lamentations over this grave of kingship, but it was an intolerable evil in England, chiefly because it could only exist by preserving the militant age in which it originated. The resources of England were of old seen to be immeasurable could it only enter on an industrial age. What it needed was domestic peace. It mattered not how many of its roughs and plumed captains might go off to fight in Russia, India, Africa; the more the better for itself; England was drained of them and left free to develop its science, literature, and arts. England's two literary ages bear the names of women, and alike were the products of peace. The greatness of the Elizabethan age was based on its forty-five years of rarely interrupted peace at home, and therein the Victorian age is like it. An age of great generals cannot produce a Shakespeare or a Darwin. Elizabeth, more a king than a queen, was yet not really interested in anything outside of England. She compelled religion to speak English and to respect an English Pope. From her time the people were left but one throne to deal with—their own; this they have steadily shaped to their own ends, however rough-hewn to others by this or that occupant; and all the thank-offerings now surrounding it are really to an island divinity, ideal embodiment of the average comfort of England. It is this divinity the Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed the jubilee thanksgiving for "the abundance of dominion with which Thou hast exalted and enlarged her empire." The Gods of other nations are idols. The cost of maintaining this composite English divinity is considerable; it is, however, not mere commutation money; it is a bribe by which the imperial wolf, which used to ravage the fold, has been domesticated, induced to accept a jewelled collar, and to guard the flock against invasion of the wild race from which it sprung. The English throne has long been the traitor to the European family of crowned heads; it has harboured and protected the conspirators against them; it has patronised a literature and science which undermine every throne. It has equally betrayed the privileged class it originally created, signing away its powers, until the House of Commons, once petitioners at its lordly door, now holds the purse and the sword of the nation. Nothing but the divinity that doth hedge about a legitimate member of the royal fraternity of Europe could have restrained these powerful classes at home and abroad from arresting this steady reduction of their privileges, and transfer of their powers to the people.

As to the mere pecuniary cost of the throne, it must be borne in mind that the greater part of it returns to the people. The castle, the palace, the park, the royal paraphernalia, besides supporting many lives, constitute a distributed museum of antiquities with many useful and agreeable adjuncts. But a few closets are reserved for individual persons amid the magnificence. Emptied of political power, the throne is turned to the functions of landscape gardener, social impresario, and festive masquerader for their Majesty the People. The only serious cost of the throne is moral—the snobbery it engenders. But, if distance lends enchantment to some views, it may occasionally lend horror to others. The traditional American prejudice against the aristocracy of birth is derived from a period when there existed in England an hereditary legislature. The House of Lords has now been reduced to a debating society; its power to alter or defeat an act of the Legislature has been changed to a mere right of demanding reconsideration. It cannot even require that the measure it temporarily suspends shall be repassed by an increased majority. Now and then, indeed, the peers are permitted to exercise their antiquarian privilege in defeating some non-political measure of infinitesimal interest, such as marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The exception proves the rule. The hereditary political and legislative power being thus extinct, we may view with impartial calmness the English aristocracy.

An aristocracy of birth is, at least, not so vulgar as that of wealth, which seems the only alternative in a democratic age. In the natural influence of high breeding there is something scientific, at any rate, something Darwinian; it will be easier to evolve an intellectual aristocracy out of that than from an upper-tendom of millionaires. Just now, when the English nobility are ignobly fighting for a landlord interest with which their class is historically identified, to the sacrifice of humanity, they appear to the worst advantage. It cannot be forgotten, however, that many members of the aristocracy have espoused the cause of Home Rule, and that even Lord Salisbury has brought in a land bill for Ireland which would have been deemed radical by his ancestors.

An aristocracy of birth, relieved of any discredit on account of political or landed privileges, would be a phenomenon not without philosophical interest in this time when the "survival of the fittest" has become a familiar law, while survival of the unfittest seems a no less familiar fact. The conjunction of the Queen's jubilee and our Constitution's centenary may remind us that some things which the English have found unfit to survive, save in name, survive among ourselves in all except name. As regards snobbery, it is doubtful whether we can safely throw stones.

A member of the English aristocracy, also of the House of Commons, familiar with and friendly to society in America, expressed the opinion that more attention is paid to precedence in Washington than in London. Such is my own impression after residence in both cities. Recently an eminent American author, lecturing before a fashionable audience on "Literature in the Republic," spoke with almost passionate horror of the precedence given to title over scholarship on ceremonial occasions. He seemed to think that literature must deteriorate under such conditions. Apart from the non-justification of his theory by the facts, the lecturer showed an amusing unconsciousness that he was manifesting an interest in "precedence" unknown to English scholars. The fact that such ceremonial etiquette in England has been settled for ages, that for centuries it has ceased to be any test of merit or esteem, while conveniently relieving hosts of the responsibility of making distinctions, deprives the arrangement of such serious interest as that which attaches to it in this country. The same lecturer, when presently referring to complaints of under-payment among American authors, admonished them that they ought not to expect to attain the wealth gained by those who devote themselves to making money. Business men have their reward, literary men theirs, and these ought not to ask the gains of the others. An English author would have paralleled the reasoning. The hereditary nobleman, he would say, has his reward; he goes in to dinner first. But that is not the kind of advantage we are seeking. That does not interest us. For a lord to precede Browning to dinner is, if anything, a compliment to the poet; if he were supposed to be so commonplace as to aspire to the first place on that plane of baubles, he would not be invited. Not only Carlyle, but many literary men, might have had such decorations for the seeking. Tennyson refused title for many years, accepting it at last only because it seemed selfish to withhold the social advantage from his son and daughter-in-law,—his expressed wish to have the title pass to them first being inconsistent with the regulations.

The right way in which to estimate England is to study it as a developement out of certain conditions of its own. It can no more be transmuted to our America than its chalk cliffs can be changed to granite hills. Its political and social system has been built by slow working ages, and refashioned by the genius of the people in necessary obedience to the material given them to work on. Inside feudal walls they have cultivated the fruits of liberty, they have established a republic with decorations of royalty, they have evolved a free-thinking church amid symbols of ecclesiasticism. These facts have become recognised, and have been assured, mainly during the last fifty years; and, because they represent the genius of the English people, in whose face no individual can glory, they are all the more strikingly symbolised in the homely representative of a disfranchised sex whose common sense and unostentatious character have left her nation free to govern itself without interference for this memorable half century.—*Moncure D. Conway, in the North American Review.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ART UNION LOTTERY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—When the Ontario Society of Artists obtained special legislation from the Local Assembly to enable them to establish an Art Union, and hold annual drawings for prizes, no one objected, but on the contrary everyone thought that the impetus given to art financially would result in the holding of regular exhibitions, and would in various ways benefit the public. The Art Union tickets, sold at five dollars each, were exchangeable for a sketch nominally valued at the price of the ticket, and four admission checks to the Annual Exhibition of the then current year. In addition the purchaser of a ticket had a *chance* of obtaining a prize at the Annual Drawing, and the number and value of the prizes given were in fixed ratio to the number of tickets sold. Up to last year this plan worked satisfactorily, but at the Industrial Exhibition of 1886, the Committee of the Society of Artists inaugurated a scheme which is nothing more nor less than a lottery, and a lottery without any guarantees or restrictions at all. An unlimited number of tickets are disposed of at twenty-five cents each by agents who make any representations they like, and the prizes, very few in number, are over-valued to an absurd extent. Though very numerous complaints were made by persons who were deluded into taking tickets last year by the previous good record of the Society, it is announced that the same thing is to take place at the Combined Exhibition in September next.

This action of the Ontario Society of Artists in prostituting their Charter to cover the common lottery scheme, is unworthy of the original aims of the Society, and is distinctly detrimental to the cause of art in Canada. When people win a picture marked $500, with a twenty-five cent ticket, they are not likely to have a very high opinion of the value of the prize or the discrimination of the persons who marked the high figures on it.

Some of the members of the Artists Society were much opposed to the idea of the lottery, and one at least of the oldest and most prominent members resigned rather than countenance such a proceeding. It is to be hoped that the artists will realise that the policy they are pursuing, though seemingly remunerative now, will do a lasting injury to the progress of true art, and the growth of art-feeling; and that even from a pecuniary point of view the present clap-trap style will result in destroying all confidence of the public in the reliability or true value of Canadian works of art.

Yours truly, A LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.

FROM 1800 to 1820 the poetry of Wordsworth was trodden under foot, from 1820 to 1830 it was militant, from 1830 and onward it has been triumphant.—*Thomas De Quincey.*

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher.*

THE *Globe's* righteous championship of *le Canadien* is one of the most interesting and instructive spectacles presented by modern journalism. Even in the past of the profession parallel instances of devoted zeal are rare. As a general thing very real and tangible evils are required to rouse the spirit of the crusader; but in the heat of its enthusiasm the *Globe* rushes daily into an imaginary fray, creating enemies for its *protégé* the *habitant* for the pure pleasure, it seems, of destroying them. It does this by assumption—the usual way. The *habitant*, according to the *Globe*, is the Ishmael of the Dominion. Poor, wretched, friendless, and despised, he is regarded with animosity and spoken of with a curse (*vide* the *Globe*) by every English-speaking Canadian politically unbeholden to his Church. He is hated for many reasons, but chiefly for his piety, his politeness, his industry, and his honesty. The *Globe* however is free from these widespread prejudices, and has set itself the task of combating them. That it is no easy task everybody who has observed the energy and persistence of the *Globe's* devotion to it will readily believe. It is quite possible, however, that the *Globe's* high-purposed course in this matter may shed a deep gloom upon the spirit of many of its readers. That the *Globe* has readers of moral rectitude we do not for a moment doubt, and all such persons must feel, and feel deeply, that they are not opposed to piety and politeness and industry and honesty, even in the Church-ridden *habitant.* They must believe the Liberal organ the victim of a misconception. They must also see in the misconception a decided reflection upon the average Canadian's common sense.

THAT is one way of accounting for it. There are others. The people of Ontario are aware that the *habitant* as a moral or social entity does not cross their minds twice a year. When he does, the sentiment that accompanies is usually one of pure pity. The combined wrath or malevolence that exists in Ontario toward the race would not, it is safe to say, seriously disturb any member of it could it be directed against him. They are equally sure that the anachronism of a Church-controlled State is a problem to which they are bound to give an amount of thought and anxiety which is not lessened by the spectacle of the great Liberal party allying itself to perpetuate this anachronism. The attitude of every right-thinking person, not only in this Province but in the Dominion, is antagonistic to the present secular supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, recognising in it a relentless foe to the progress of all within its sway, and an instrument of oppression not only to French Catholics but to every tax-payer in the Dominion. "Is it not," queries the *Globe*, "the patriotic, the Christian, the humanitarian part to let bygones be bygones?" Truly. Let bygones be bygones by all means, let precedents be precedents, let what has happened in the past not be without warning and illustration to us as to what may happen in the future. The exercise of forgiveness for injuries past by no means implies that we should not defend ourselves from injuries to come. And the individual who can read the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec, with an eye upon its influence upon Dominion Legislation, without learning to expect such injury must be a very unsuspicions individual indeed.

WE know that it was not always thus. We all remember the time when the *Globe* was not obliged to invent enemies for the *habitant* but fought for his welfare, even as his best friends are doing now, against the influence which makes for his ignorance and impoverishment more than all the other hard conditions of his life together; when not only for its lack of truth, but for its ludicrous absurdity, its recent inference that the clergy of Ontario are quite as influential as the clergy of Quebec in the secular affairs of their flocks would have been inadmissable to its columns. Various explanations of the change occur to the uncharitable, but to the open-minded among its new adherents the *Globe's* conversion must seem little short of miraculous. "*Est ce que*," one imagines them saying in their simple wonder, "*ce journal a envoyé un representatif à Ste. Anne de Beaupré!*"

IF any doubt existed in the beginning that the construction of the Red River Road to Manitoba's American boundary would prove an episode of grave importance in the history of Confederation, recent events have banished it. Those who foresaw the immediate suppression of the scheme by the Dominion Government, those who predicted the impossibility of proceeding with it for financial reasons, and all others who prophesied forebodingly for the completion of the road, find their expectations set at naught by actual facts. The road is built, and the situation must be faced. It is in all respects a peculiar, and in one respect a paradoxical situation. In view of the very large extent to which Ontarians are out of pocket by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the other fact that its exclusive control of North-West business is undoubtedly beneficial to Ontario, strong opposition to the boundary road might reasonably be expected here. Instead of which we see and hear on all sides the most cordial sympathy with the scheme—so cordial indeed that the utterances of more than one organ seem directly prompted by a desire to incite Manitobans not only to maintain their rights, but to go beyond them. Any action, one might easily infer from them, is justifiable that antagonises the present Government. Recognising that something must be excused to the ardour of controversy and the heat of enthusiasm in the cause of the weak against the strong, we must, nevertheless, deprecate the tone of the Opposition Press upon this matter. Its motive is doubtless far from being that of bringing about another rebellion, yet the persistence with which it places that possibility before the disaffected element is about as well calculated to produce it as any of the influences so threateningly at work at present. The C. P. R. has managed to make itself somewhat unpopular in this quarter of the Dominion, and the people of Ontario know too well what it is to struggle for Provincial rights to withhold sympathy from a sister Province similarly struggling; but neither Ontarians nor sensible Canadians of any Province desire to see a struggle in which Federal dignity would suffer the disgrace of defeat in addition to its present humiliation.

FOR there is no use in attempting to evade the fact that Federal authority is and will be humiliated, regrettable as it is in itself and disastrous as its consequences may very possibly be. It is admitted on every hand to be insanity to attempt to thwart the Manitobans in their present temper, and in face of the opinion of the majority both there and throughout the Dominion, of both parties. The action of the Norquay Government in carrying the case before the Privy Council is wise and praiseworthy, in that it shows a desire for the approval of the Crown, but it is exceedingly doubtful if the Crown's disapproval, presupposing the expression of an opinion, which is not at all certain, would prevail to move the people from their present attitude one inch. Decisions of the Privy Council form admirable *derniers ressorts* for Provincial and Dominion disputants in probably ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but where they clash with the direct interests of an entire provincial population acting in accordance with what they believe to be both their moral and their legal rights, we are afraid that they would represent opinion and authority alike foreign and impotent. Pending the decision and events that follow it, about the only conclusion that can be drawn from the unfortunate state of things in Manitoba is that the Government cannot be congratulated upon the policy that made it possible.

BOTH the Republicans and the Democrats have recently published their programme at conventions held in the State of Ohio. Addressed to the electorate of the Republic, these utterances are important as indicating the general trend of political thought in a near neighbour, whom some among us desire that Canada may become connected with still closer. A glance at the views of each party does not reveal anything particularly encouraging to the Commercial Unionists. The Democrats, it is true, demanded a reduction of the tariff, which might remove some Canadian objection to Commercial Union; but the Republicans are not likely, if they can help it by any means, to permit their rivals to profit by any such *coup d'état.* For the reason that it would perhaps strengthen the Democratic party they would reject it and everything that tended to it; and so would the Democrats in the reverse case. The Canadian Unionists, when once the subject gets into American politics, will certainly have not only their Canadian opponents to contend with, but also one or the other of the two American parties. The platform of the Republicans does not, however, seem to favour Commercial Union at all. They have declared for a maintenance of the tariff, being opposed particularly to any reduction of the present duties on wool and woollen and worsted goods. This is important to note, because the Canadian *Journal of Fabrics* points out that the moment we are obliged to adopt the American foreign tariff our Cape wool, our Australian wool, and dozens of items of mill supplies will cost double their present prices, and up must go the cost of manufacturing,

and the price of goods to our own people. A grade of Cape wool which sells at 28 to 30 cents in Boston can be got at 15 to 16 cents in Montreal. If we had to adopt the American tariff our woollen mills would be forced to go to Texas for a wool less suited to our purposes and higher in price.

It is not often that capital concerns itself directly in the affairs of labour. It would be better for all parties if it were. As a rule capital, secure in either the morality or the practical unassailability of its position, or both, simply dictates to labour a policy of contentment with its lot, advises industry, and makes certain broad assertions about its own rights, which it does not take the trouble to justify or explain. In view of the vast amount of this sort of thing which the developments of the last two or three years have compelled us to hear and read, it is as refreshing to the rest of the reading public as it must be instructive to the classes immediately concerned, to find the labour agitation sifted and analysed from a capitalist's point of view as Mr. Edward Atkinson has sifted and analysed it in his "Margin of Profits," a publication consisting of an address delivered by Mr. Atkinson before the Central Labour Lyceum of Boston, a reply by Mr. E. Chamberlin, and a rejoinder by the former gentleman. Mr. Chamberlin's reply is little more than a summary of the statements with which labour organs have made us familiar, and a somewhat awkward adjustment of them to an attempt at refuting Mr. Atkinson's argument. The value of the book lies chiefly in the latter's contribution to it. Mr. Atkinson very sensibly uses plain language in every sense. He does some hard hitting, and he does it in Anglo-Saxon. If the logic he employed was without effect upon the body of men who heard it, hope of their emancipation through their intelligence must be given up.

Mr. Atkinson also deals with some ancient arguments, but he deals with them so trenchantly that they acquire a new significance. He speaks of the debt owed by labour to capital, but he does not put the creditor in the old familiar position of giving the debtor a chance to exist by graciously building railroads and factories for that purpose. He deals with the labourer as the great consumer, and shows him clearly what a vast proportion of the annual product of the mills and factories is produced for him, and how insignificant the percentage of benefit to his employer is compared with the percentage of benefit to him. By such facts as that with the price of two days' work the labouring man can buy enough cotton to last him a year, which would cost twenty-five days' work without the assistance of capital, and be a very inferior article at that, Mr. Atkinson shows unerringly the vast saving effected for the labouring man by the capitalist he hates so cordially. He brings these great verities strongly to bear upon the suggestion that capital is quite entitled to what it gets by the law of right, no less than by the law of might. He even convinces us that capital serves labour at very small cost. And he proves beyond a doubt that whatever the personal feelings of the labourer and the capitalist may be, labour is not at war with capital, and never can be. The book, which is well worth a wide reading, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is, we understand, about to send a special correspondent of some repute through Canada, with a view, it may be supposed, to the complete enlightenment of the British public as to the somewhat complicated state of affairs here. It is exceedingly improbable that this end will be attained. Special correspondents have special uses, and should have special fields. When the matter to be described and explained is so limited as to be reasonably within one man's vision and easily within his understanding, the version of the special correspondent may be accepted by his public without serious question. But where problems have arisen which are the growth of centuries, and disputes which have their roots deep in the national life of the country, and anomalies that require much of both study and actual contact to make them comprehensible—in such case, which is our case, the flying trip of a special correspondent is not quite adequate to its object. Upon many subjects it is likely that the *Pall Mall Gazette* and its readers will be informed much as chance or diplomacy makes its representative indebted for his enlightenment to various interested parties here.

The Tithe-Rent Charge Bill is admitted upon all hands to be the most regrettable abandonment which recent events have forced upon the Home Government. As people familiar with its provisions are aware, the Bill simply places the tithe-charge upon the shoulders of the land-owners, who really should bear it, instead of upon those of the tenants, who mainly support it as things are. It is, of course, not difficult to see the reasoning which explains that the tenants are simply the landlords' agents in paying tithe, that their payment of it is considered in their present rents, and that, if the landlords assume it, the rents must go up to meet the new drain upon their pockets. It is nevertheless hard to believe that in many cases higher rents could be obtained, in which case the change would be, as the tenant now believes, a direct and unqualified benefit to him. At all events it is impossible to change his present opinion, that tithe is a grievous oppression to him, especially where it is paid for the support of a Church to which he does not belong, and with which he is quite out of sympathy. No matter who pays it indirectly, the direct transaction leaves him out of pocket, and it is hardly reasonable to expect any other argument to go so far with him as that which so forcible an illustration enables him to construct for himself. We repeat that, in view of the growing agitation against tithe in Wales, which the well-known Welsh characteristics of spirit and determination render a little formidable; in view, also, of the fact that little or no Radical opposition was really to be feared to a measure bringing even partial relief to so great a number of Radical constituents, it is particularly unfortunate that the Session should close without the passage of this Bill.

Every loyal Englishman and every Irishman who adds to the sentiment of loyalty a very reasonable regard for the sanctity of his home, the welfare of his family, his own skin, and his own self-respect, will rejoice that by Proclamation of the Irish National League the English Government has given power to the hitherto impotent arm of the law to suppress such branches of that organisation as may be proved guilty of offences now charged upon the League at large. Nor is it to be doubted that many outside the loyal classes, many who openly curse the action of the Government, will secretly regard it with satisfaction, as affording some prospect of relief from a tyranny which, whether its ultimate object was approved or not, must have been in many cases intolerable. Certainly none but miscreants can fear anything from Proclamation, for we have no reason for believing that wherever the League uses legitimate means to accomplish its ends it will be interfered with in accomplishing them. Intimidation and violence, however, are declared now, as they should have been declared long ago, methods which the Government of the United Kingdom is determined to suppress, even if used in an attempt to give an impoverished and demoralised country an opportunity of working out its own destruction with Home Rule. To say that its history does not justify the stigma that has been officially cast upon the League is to give voice to an imbecility. Further than placing upon it this well-deserved opprobrium the Government does not, however, take action upon the past of the organisation. It simply prepares itself for action when conflicts, such as the history of the League warrants it in expecting, shall occur. It rests with the League to remove the stigma, and to make such action unnecessary. In the meantime, to resist Proclamation is to make clear the necessity for it. If, as we are informed, murder and outrage will rally to the service of their old masters in protest against a measure that is intended only for the suppression of murder and outrage, and all connected therewith, it will do much to justify Coercion in the minds of those who have hitherto held it in abhorrence. Meanwhile we may expect this laudable end to be furthered by much practical help from emancipated Hibernians in New York and elsewhere, and in both the United States and Canada partisan newspaper indignation on behalf of the oppressed National Leaguers *ad nauseam*.

There is one disturbing element in the question of poverty in our country, says the New York *Forum*, which should be met by legislation in the sternest manner. This is the emptying of foreign almshouses upon our shores. It is now a system, the name of pauper being saved by a temporary pecuniary help, but the pauper still remaining. This form of poverty has nothing to do with the main question. It is an irregularity that should not be allowed and which need not be allowed. The foreign pauper arrives here in filthy laziness and immorality, and is at once a burden on the nation and on society. He degrades labour and fosters crime. He is not the product of any commercial or economic principle in operation among us, but a deranging factor thrown in by base design. Nothing can be argued from his appearance against the general prosperity of our country or the opportunities of the industrious poor. In our view, the conclusion of the whole matter is this, that poverty, as a calamity in our country, is (with the exceptions above noted) the result of persistent improvidence on the part of the poor, partly criminal and partly through the lack of exercise of the virtues of self-denial and self-control. While we believe that laws should restrain the rich (whether individual or corporative) from partiality and injustice toward the poor in financial matters, and while we know the poorer classes have a righteous ground of complaint in this direction, at the same time we assert, as at the beginning, that the increase of riches does not increase poverty, but only increases the envy which is at the bottom of the Henry George movement.

"HOME PAPERS, PLEASE COPY."

"English yet"—and English ever!
Time shall not make love forget.
Leagues of sea are weak to sever
English yet.

Half a world shall fail to set
Limit to the strong endeavour
Hands shall wield: one generous debt

Fills all hearts, though far, and never
Quite will free them of regret
Till they beat more near forever,
English yet.

England, to thee we turn and go,
With hands that brave the northern sea,
To bear what gifts the years bestow,
England, to thee.

For wide Canadian hills are free,
And ripe Canadian valleys know
What love of Motherland may be.

Her we love first and best, but show
Reverence and deathless loyalty,
Knowing thy heart from long ago,
England, to thee.

Mother and home! Holy and dear,
The words drift down the winds that roam
Out of the North, grown mild to hear
"Mother and home."

Surely across the brightening foam,
With tender, strong young hands to cheer,
And loving eager lips not dumb,

The Canada, whose eyes revere
Thy beauty, evermore shall come—
To find in thee, where is no fear,
Mother and home.

Fredericton, N. B. Bliss Carman.

MUSKOKA.

Some hundred miles or so north of Toronto, at a few hours' distance by boat and rail, is a tract of country as large as Belgium, which, from its elevation above the general level, is aptly called the Highlands of Ontario. Like the Scottish Highlands, the land is one of lake and woodland: numerous sheets of water, varying in size from the lakelet to the miniature sea, dot the well-timbered expanse; but from out the number a group of three only stand prominent for considerable size, being also not very dissimilar from one another in extent. These are Lakes Muskoka, Joseph, and Rosseau, which crown the Highlands, covering an extent of some forty miles in length by ten in width.

No majestic mountain keeps watch over the dark waters of these lakes; from no cloud-wrapt giant can we survey the scene of marvellous beauty that lies here. The bosom of these lakes is studded with islet-gems strewn thick on the limpid waters. But to see them we must traverse the watery paths that are spread before the traveller's feet from Gravenhurst to Port Cockburn on the one hand and Rosseau on the other.

Let us, leaving the bleak and wan shore at Gravenhurst, and passing Lake Joseph, go on to the farther end of Lake Rosseau, where, opposite the village of that name, at the distance of about a mile, is a bold promontory jutting out into the lake, from which may be had such a view of the neighbourhood as may serve to convey as good an idea of the character of the Muskoka region as can be obtained anywhere.

From Maplehurst we overlook many a wood-crowned islet and cape, whose rugged sides and huge rocky gables frowning at the waters laving their base bear in the finger-prints of the floods the marks of hoary age. Near by are "islets on islets still," while the far distance is crowned with ranges of pine-clad hills. As becomes the domain of a young democracy, no one hill there rears its proud top over others—all are on the same plane.

No "haughty peerage of attendant mountains" guard these lakes, thrusting their proud fronts into the rain-charged clouds; yet hills there are of considerable elevation, whose valleys, however, are hid from sight. The traveller indeed passes by a watery path from hill-top to hill-top; while beneath the waters at his feet, hundreds of fathoms down, at the level of Lake Ontario, are spread valleys whose too copious springs have drowned what else were meadows. Very rich must these submerged bottoms be. The rains of ages have left the rocky summits of many of the hills bare, washing the rich soil into the hidden valleys; yet wherever the wooded heights have held sufficient soil a remarkable and almost tropical luxuriance of vegetable growth is seen. Turning for a moment from the lake we see patches, small it is true, of excellent arable land, embedded in forests of maple, birch, bass, elm, and oak, whose lofty tops attest a remarkable degree of fertility in the soil; while the richest and most tempting pasturage is spread before grazing cattle. A marked feature, however, of Muskoka is the prevalence of enormous rocks or boulders scattered over the land, which meet the eye in most unexpected places, and detract much from its agricultural value. Yet the abundance and purity of the water throughout this whole district, the clear sky, and bright sunshine, tempered by the brisk-moving waters of the lakes, may make it for beast as well as man the envy of many much lauded districts to the south of Canada.

There are times when a mantle of mist obscures the distant ranges of hills and islands, veiling the landscape in a slate-coloured haze. The sun, looming up red like a fiery eye, strikes a golden path athwart the waters. If the wind changes to north or north-west, as it usually does in the early morning, a bright, fresh, bracing day follows; but if the wind comes from the south, and the mist is owing in any measure to the prevalence of fires in the neighbouring woods, lit by Nature or by man, the smoke singularly enough not being discoverable by taste or smell then is it a favourable opportunity, descending from our post of observation, to go among the near-by islands. Skirting the shore along Maplehurst, in one of the gondolas that are almost a necessity of life in this Canadian Venice, we strike across a shallow bay, past a small cape, into another and larger bay, whose entrance is guarded by two islands, now but dimly seen through the mist. The shore beside us is here and there strewn with rocks, torn into fragments by uprooted trees, to which they have once afforded in their crevices a scant though secure hold: here is one of these ungrateful children of the forest, overturned in some storm, holding aloft in its roots a mass of rock, as if in triumphant mockery. No storms greatly disturb the placid waters of these lakes; yet in the course of ages the margin has been strewn with the *débris* of many an elemental war.

The character of the whole region is peaceful and restful, rather than imposing or magnificent. In this bay, however, on this misty afternoon, a grand sight greets us. The scene has a Turneresque effect, resembling a well-known picture of an early foggy morning. The land, the water, the sky, are harmoniously blended in varying shades of gray, presenting a most weird appearance; while a boat, creeping along in the shadow of the hither shore of an island—a shadow scarcely distinguishable from the substance—stands out as if suspended in mid-air.

On a still day a similar effect is seen to perfection on a small river that falls into the lake, on the opposite side from Maplehurst, winding inland for some miles like a silver thread between its green banks. White Oak Creek, or Shadow River as it is locally named, is in itself alone well worth a visit from afar. To those on the spot, its surpassing loveliness in places, new scenes of surprising beauty breaking on the view at almost every turn of the river, is a lasting attraction. A peculiarity that distinguishes it besides is indicated by its second name. As in the late afternoon we glide along its silver surface, marking for a moment the heavy flight of a crane overhead, which our approach has disturbed, we are dazzled by an illusion caused by the reflection of the trees and luxurious undergrowth beside the stream, which show in the still water like a hanging garden, the moss and fern-covered verge duplicated and reversed, the trees striking their tall tops into a nether sky, so that it is next to impossible to distinguish the water line, and puzzling to find the channel out of this Elysium. Nature indeed appears so lovely here that in very pride she reflects her own beauty in this mirror.

Beside the entrance to Shadow River, on the right, is a pine grove, whose scented air and cool shades are a delicious refreshment on warm afternoons. In the woods, too, about Maplehurst are several delightful walks through green lanes, where numerous partridges, started from their covert by our tread, whirr in all directions about us; while deer afford excellent sport later in the year. The numerous woods and lakes in the neighbourhood, being out of the beaten track, are practically unhunted and unfished. It is thought that the game has been driven into this district, where are no railways nearer than twenty-two miles, by the opening of the C.P.R. to the north.

The sound of the "lapping wavelets," grown familiar during a fortnight's stay here, will continue to echo pleasantly in memory when the writer is far from Muskoka; the scenery he has here attempted to trace in outline will, though distant in time and space, abide, crystallised as a delightful mental picture. And in closing this paper he would commend these fair and noble lakes to the attention of all able to appreciate the glory and beauty of nature, confident that in few other places in Canada will both be found in so great abundance. J. H. Menzies.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Prominent among the living writers of verse familiar to readers of American literature is the honoured name of Margaret J. Preston. Her fugitive verse seems, generally speaking, to have more than ephemeral significance and importance about it, and her collected poems furnish the text for genuine criticism and analysis, rare as it is delightful. Her latest volume, issued by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., contains a vast number of sonnets and of poems in the ballad metre.* The sonnets are, for the most part, conceived in the spirit of the modern æsthetic school, recalling the experiments in that direction made by Mr. Oscar Wilde. Of these the best are "Keats' Greek Urn," "In the Uffizi Gallery," "Attar of Roses," and "Dante Gabriel Rosetti." Another sonnet, entitled "Circumstance," contains a figure of speech that reveals an endeavour to master those details of material existence so incomparably worked into Tennysonian literature.

> Yet round each life there crowds an atmosphere
> Of strong environment for woe or weal,
> That proves to one a joyous fostering power;
> To one a fateful force subversive drear;
> *As damps, that nurse to perfect bloom the flower,*
> *Rust to corrosion the elastic steel.*

Richness and variety of mental culture are shown by another group of sonnets, in which such diversified subjects as old English churches, the genius of Philip Bourke Marston, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Bayard Taylor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and certain abstract ideas as "Horizons," "Art's Limitations," and "Human Providence," all receive vigorous and comparatively original treatment. Six sonnets, entitled "Medallion Heads," testify in their absolute perfection of form and delicacy of description to the author's rank as an æsthetic poet. Fourteen "Colonial Ballads" are written in the simple rhyming quatrain that Longfellow and Whittier have made so famous, and others before them. The most effective are naturally those which enshrine the best story, the most taking legend. One of these is undoubtedly the First Proclamation of Miles Standish, 1620, when upon the deck of the *Mayflower*, he ordered the Pilgrim Mothers

> "On a Monday," the record says,
> To start for their new-found England
> The first of her washing-days.
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Do the thing that is next" saith the proverb,
> And a nobler shall yet succeed:—
> 'Tis the motive exalts the action;
> 'Tis the doing and not the deed;
> For the earliest act of the heroes
> Whose fame has a world-wide sway
> Was—to fashion a crane for a kettle,
> And order a washing day!

More pretentious are such noble poems as "Compensation," "Calling the Angels In," and "Even-Song," poems which recall the gentle utterances of Adelaide Procter, who first taught women how much there was to say about every-day life, its failures, achievements, and purposes, which could be so much better said "by women than by men." "Same-Sickness" is the very ugly title of a poem which reads altogether too much like Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality, and "Before Death" has been evidently suggested by Edwin Arnold's famous "After Death in Arabia," or else the following lines are simply an instance of that unconscious kleptomaniac propensity abroad at all seasons in the literary world:—

> The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
> And somewhere away among the stars:

Perhaps the most charming, and certain to be the most popular little group of poems in this volume, is that entitled the "Childhood of the Old Masters." Bright with the warm, generous colouring of sunny Italy, and revealing the grace of those mediæval homes in Bologna, in Florence, in Freiburg, or at Rome, the different stories are told with rare charm of diction and much dramatic force. Gifted with a warm, enthusiastic temperament, a lively imagination, and a strong abiding belief in the greatness of Nature and of God, Mrs. Preston occupies a position midway between the writers of merely literary or æsthetic verse on the one hand, and the moulders of secular hymns and religious abstractions on the other. More sprightly, gay, entertaining, and widely read than Helen Hunt Jackson, and more serious, elevated, and spiritually-minded than Ella Wheeler Wilcox, she yet lacks the extreme sensitiveness and sentiment of the former highly impressionable soul, and the somewhat masculine, downright passionate directness of the latter's indubitably modern individuality.

From the same house comes a new, thoroughly revised and conveniently bound edition of "Rural Hours," a mixture of delightful field and forest gossip, literary chit-chat and philosophical meanderings from the pen of Susan Fenimore Cooper.† In the form of a diary, it indicates a profound acquaintance with both fauna and flora of North America, and an astonishing lot of information is given in an offhand, cheerful, thoroughly unpedantic strain which proclaims the author at once a woman of unusual acquirements and uncommon good sense. The "harvest of a quiet eye" and eager ear and cultured brain are all here in this one volume, which contains a remarkable account of the different aspects of the seasons, of the natural sequence of the flowers, of the habits of animals, of insects, reptiles, and birds, of the many incidents connected with farm and village life, spread over one year. In roaming by the side of stony brooks, wandering about in flower-decked fields, the appreciative and enthusiastic writer has gleaned many seemingly trifling facts which are, however, afterwards remembered with keen pleasure, and reappear in this entertaining book for our comfort and delectation. She tells us how the wild bee, called the *upholstery* bee from its habits, lines her cell in the ground which she has bored herself with the petals of the scarlet poppy laid down for all the world like a carpet. In gathering a bunch of Cardinal-flower at the river side—the *Lobelia Cardinalis* of the botanists—she tells us that the Russian word for *beauty* and for *red* is said to be the same—*Krasnoi*—according to M. de Ségur. In walking through the deeply-yellowing woods of autumn she is reminded of the golden gardens of the Incas, in the vale of Cuzco. She gives at length a letter from Charles James Fox, on the subject of the nightingale, which ends in a quaint assertion to the effect that he finds such researches more to his taste than attending the House of Commons. She describes the country store as a place where you can buy at the same counter "kid gloves and a spade; a lace veil and a jug of molasses; a satin dress and a broom; looking-glasses, grass-seed, fire-irons, Valenciennes lace, butter and eggs, embroidery, blankets, candles, cheese and a fancy fan"—probably Japanese. Humour, vivacity, no inconsiderable literary experience and ability, a keen faculty of observation, and the restraining influence of a noble Christian mind render this book one of the most important of recent publications. It is inscribed very respectfully, gratefully and most affectionately to the author of the "Deerslayer." Originally written about 1868, the present edition closes with a couple of paragraphs dated 1886, and the last entry contains the remark that the European lark and nightingale may yet become members of our bird flock on this side the Atlantic. We are told that this is possible. The lark has been introduced into New Jersey and the nightingale into Virginia, with what success cannot yet be known.

* "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets and Other Verse." Margaret J. Preston. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston and New York; Williamson and Company, Toronto.

† "Rural Hours." Susan Fenimore Cooper. Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Williamson and Company, Toronto.

Two of the "Story of the Nations" series lie before us, the "Story of Assyria"* and the "Story of Alexander's Empire."† The real life of the ancient Macedonians and Assyrians has been fully entered into, and they are brought before our view as they actually lived, laboured, and struggled, as they ate and drank, fought, wrote, and amused themselves. The volumes will not be issued in strict chronological order, but when entirely completed will be expected to furnish a comprehensive and connected narrative of the chief events in the history of the world. It cannot be expected nor desired that such text-books, even though compiled by such writers as H. Jahnar Boyesen, S. Baring Gould, Sarah Jewett, Prof. Mahaffy and Hon. Emily Lawless, shall supersede the older and more minute historical compilations so long in use. We shall probably continue to turn to Grote for the best pictures of ancient Greece, and to Guizot for certain stormy episodes in the life of modern France, to Green, Alison, and Macaulay for other engrossing scenes in the histories of England and Europe. Still, the existence of these capitally condensed volumes will no doubt prove of immense value to the student and the professor, and by virtue of their easy style and handsome illustrations, even to the general reader. Excellent maps and indexes accompany each volume, and they are sold separately at $1.50 each. It is needless to state that each volume is also a pattern of exquisite taste in paper, letter-press, and binding.

Another book on China!‡ Happily, the author, James Harrison Wilson, late Maj.-General U. S. Army, etc., etc., foreseeing that it might be objected that there are already too many books on China, has taken the sensible course of telling us in his preface that the present volume has been written with a distinct end in view, namely, to treat of progress in that country, to endeavour to show, by statistics and all procurable data, what China and the Chinese were before foreign influences had materially changed them, what foreigners have done for or forced them to do and what remains for foreigners to do, with the prospect of their doing it. As a new field for American enterprise, skill, and capital, the writer went to China to try and see for himself whether or no that country is ready for railroads, canals, and other modern improvements. Gen. Wilson seems to have found a considerable difficulty in arriving at any correct estimate of individual wealth in China, nor has he been able to arrive at any accurate statement of the expenditures of the Chinese Government. In conference with a distinguished native, Li-Hung-Chang, First Grand Secretary of the Empire, who practically conducts the entire affairs of the nation, under the nominal rule of the energetic and peculiar Empress-Dowager, Gen. Wilson found that the chief obstacle in the way of starting furnaces, rolling-mills, railroads, mines, and canals, was the absence of ready money with which to pay for them. The Chinese are slow to lend to their Government, and the Government itself afraid to negotiate foreign loans. The conclusion of the matter is about this, that while their leading statesmen want railroads, and distinctly see how the country will be benefited by them, they are not willing to have them on terms which may possibly increase European influence in China. There is, even at this late day, a very great apathy in the "Middle Kingdom," and hundreds of Chinese youths who cross over to America to be educated, or spend long enough in England to become civilised, find, on their return to their native country, no places at their disposal, no posts awaiting them, and themselves regarded with indifference and distrust. Gen. Wilson's book will no doubt be read with much interest by us in Canada, and as a whole it can be honestly recommended as a painstaking survey of modern China from a purely American standpoint, though no admirer of "Chinese Gordon" will

* "Alexander's Empire." Mahaffy. Story of the Nations.

† "Assyria." Ragozin. Story of the Nations. Putnam, New York and London; Williamson and Company, Toronto.

‡ "China: Travels and Investigations in the 'Middle Kingdom,' With a Glance at Japan." Wilson. Appleton and Company, New York.

enjoy the review of the situation which first made Gordon famous, and which contains some extraordinarily absurd statements. First, to the effect that Gordon formed himself upon Ward, the "intrepid Yankee sailor," and who, it will be remembered, was the predecessor of the notorious Burgeoine; secondly, that Gordon was subject to the orders of Li-Hung-Chang, and made no campaign except under his control; and thirdly, that Gordon had a Chinese *adlatus*, who had as much to do with the force as he himself, and that there is every reason for believing that he (Gordon) was not *wholly trusted, either by Li-Hung-Chang or his lieutenants.* The governing class in China appears to be sensible, conservative, cautious, and possessed of quiet literary tastes. In peaceful arts the Chinese may yet make great and surprising progress. In war they are not likely to succeed, and it is to be hoped that the proximity and the yearly increasing advances of Russia may not end, as many think and a few openly assert, in the conquest of her unthinking and unsuspecting neighbour of Eastern Asia.

A NEW edition of Emile Souvestre's well-known work, "Un Philosophe Sous Les Toits,"* edited with notes and a vocabulary by W. H. Fraser, B.A., French and German master in Upper Canada College, is issued by Copp, Clark and Co., Toronto. The book itself is so well known that it requires no praise, criticism, nor explanation in this age of the world. It is curious that the French literature, notorious for including books of doubtful conception, also includes a few books of the present type superior to many English ones for calm, high teaching and unsullied thought. Souvestre, who, though totally unlike the gifted Rousseau, resembles him in having tried many ways of making a living, having been an editor, a barrister, and a professor of rhetoric, was a man of gentle and refined nature and of high literary attainments. The present edition is, of course, nominally intended for students; the work of editing a book so full of idioms and new turns of thought has been exceedingly well done, and the publication is in every way a credit to Canada.

ART NOTES.

THE August number of the *Magazine of Art* contains an interesting notice of Turner in his association with the Fawkes family of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire, an incident so intimately connected with the life of the great painter it seems unaccountable that all mention of both friends and home should have been omitted from Mr. Hamerton's "Life of Turner." The celebrated artist visited Yorkshire for the first time in 1797, and very shortly afterwards the friendship with Mr. Walter Fawkes was developed. Up to the date of his death in 1825, Turner was almost a constant guest at Farnley Hall; his abruptness of speech is still remembered in the family. A genuine love of art inspired all the Fawkes, and one of the daughters, anxious for his criticism, ventured one day timidly to lay before Turner a water-colour drawing of her own. His comment was: "Put it in a jug of water." Her momentary chagrin was great, but on turning the advice over in her mind she became persuaded that in one pregnant sentence the great master had revealed one of his secrets. He certainly worked in what may be called a sloppy manner. Only once did he relax his usual secretiveness, and let Mr. Fawkes see him at work. At breakfast one morning the conversation turned upon war ships, and Mr. Fawkes, handing a small bit of paper to Turner, said: "Show me the size of a man-of-war on that." The idea tickled the painter. He took his host to his room, and in his presence and before the end of the morning produced the highly finished, marvellous water colour now hanging in the saloon at Farnley, called "The First Rate Taking Stores." The same ship is repeated three times at different angles and different distances, with every detail accurate and clear. It was a wonderful feat of memory and speed, but the method of working was no less remarkable. The paper was soaked, blistered, daubed, scratched with the thumb nail (kept hideously long for the purpose) until at length beauty and order broke from chaos. In May and June, 1819, Mr. Fawkes exhibited his Turner water colours at his house in Grosvenor Place, and for this a special catalogue was prepared, which was partially illustrated by Turner himself.

MR. WATTS, R.A., is painting a portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, which, with characteristic generosity, he intends to present to the Royal Academy. In this large square picture the President is shown seated at the left looking towards the right, clad in the gown of his degree, the opposing colours of which are most skilfully harmonised. The picture, which is not quite finished, is extremely rich, vigorous, and pleasing, while as a portrait it ranks for truth and thoughtfulness among the best works of the artist's prime.

THE owners of the great pottery works, the Messrs. Doulton, have lately employed their most gifted artist, Mr. George Tinworth, to produce a gigantic terra-cotta panel weighing a ton or two (it is twenty feet long and eight feet nine inches high), in which the figures are life-size, and the work is modelled in very high relief in the usual manner of Mr. Inworth, who is beyond all doubt a genuine artist, and one of a kind England could ill afford to spare.

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY, having completed his engagements in Australia, whither he emigrated to supply the figure subjects for an ambitious serial publication on the same plan as *Picturesque America* and *Picturesque Canada*, is now spending the summer in France. His health, which was almost shattered when he departed to the antipodes, has been much benefited by his tour of the world.

*"Souvestre: Un Philosophe Sous Les Toits." W. H. Fraser, B.A. Copp, Clark and Company, Toronto.

MR. W. S. LATHROP, an American etcher, is completing a large plate after the "Evening in a Hamlet of Finisterre," by Jules Breton, which Mr. John Mitchell, of Milwaukee, paid $18,200 for at the Seney sale. This, it may be remembered, was the beginning of the boom in Jules Breton, which resulted in such extravagant prices for his pictures at later sales. The etching in question is being executed for Mr. Klackner, who is also the owner of Hamilton's etching after Breton's "First Communion," proofs of which are now selling at a large advance. The "Evening in Finisterre" was etched by Salmon, on a small scale, for the London *Art Journal* some years ago, and quite a successful plate was made of it.

A PAINTER who has produced some spirited and vividly imaginative marine pictures has lately taken also to etching. This artist, Mr. Reginald Cleveland Coxe, has finished plates which display a refinement of treatment, an appreciation of light and air, and a harmony of effect even more striking than his pictures in oil. No etchings of marine subjects approaching these in quality have been made in the United States. The strong effectual works of Messrs. Platt and Parish become mere sketches beside them.

THE bottom seems to be dropping out of the Munkacsy boom. According to Mr. Marks, in the *Art Amateur*, Mr. Sedelmeyer's talented journeyman has gone into the manufacture of pictures by wholesale. It must be gratifying to Mr. Wanamaker, after paying over $100,000 for the "Christ before Pilate," to learn that a replica of it is on show in London and for sale. The widow of Mr. Wilstack, of Philadelphia, who bought Munkacsy's "Last Day of a Condemned Man," has also discovered that her picture has been reproduced.

THE STAGE.

MISS GRAE HAWTHORNE'S managerial career at the Princess's Theatre opened in the end of July with the performance of the new American drama, entitled "The Shadows of a Great City." In spite of the great heat in London a large audience assembled in honour of Miss Hawthorne's first season, and the reception of the play was so cordial it will rank among the successes of the year. It is in five acts, by two well known authors, Messrs. S. R. Thewell and John Jefferson, the celebrated impersonator of Rip Van Winkle, and is as full of the most thrilling incidents and comic situations as the most ardent admirer of melodrama could desire.

SELDOM does a matinée produce so lively and effective a piece as the dramatised version of Mr. Rider Haggard's "Dawn," given recently at the Vaudeville. Mr. C. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Stanley Little have done their work admirably, and it will not be surprising to find that "Devil Carefoot" has made quite a sensation in the theatrical world. It must certainly command attention wherever it is played, and, when it is presented in a more careful manner than at its first performance, it contains possibilities of great success. In connection with its author we see that the dramatisation of "She" proved such an attraction in San Francisco that arrangements have been made to adapt Mr. Haggard's latest novel, "Allen Quatermain," for the stage. It will be first produced in New York.

THE last performance of "Lady Clancarty" at St. James's Theatre took place during the final week of July. This revival has proved so extremely popular that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal propose to take the brilliant historical drama into the provinces; during their tour the part of Lady Betty Noel, played by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, will be undertaken by Miss Blanche Horloch, who has been engaged by Messrs. Hare and Kendal for their next season.

FINAL performances are now the order of the day, and two more houses, the Opera Comique and the Olympic, are about to close their doors. "As in a Looking-glass" is to be taken from the former house for presentation to provincial theatre-goers; while at the latter, the "Golden Band," which from the first exhibited no very strong sign of vitality, is already approaching the natural termination of its career.

IN the beginning of August "Civil War" at the Gaiety gave place to a version of Octave Feuillet's well known and often adapted drama, "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre." Mrs. Brown Potter impersonated the heroine and the character of the impecunious but romantic hero, identified in America with the names of Lester Wallack and Henry J. Montague, fell to the share of Mr. Kyrle Bellew.

THE leading manager of a Philadelphia theatre has informed a New York reporter that he refused to play Mrs. James Brown Potter at either of his houses. Mr. Nixon considers Mr. Miner is demanding much more than his star is worth, namely, 80 per cent. of the receipts for a two weeks' engagement. He was willing to try her for one week, but no more, as the manager of the Boston theatre had written him that Mrs. Brown Potter was a failure in London, and would prove a failure in the States.

A WELL-KNOWN society paper, modelled on Mr. Labouchere's, says of Mrs. Langtry: "I am credibly informed that Mr. Langtry has made up his mind to contest his wife's application for a divorce, even in this country, and that he has already placed himself in communication with an eminent firm of New York lawyers. It has always been his set determination not to grant a divorce under any consideration, and he intends to fight her present effort."

LOTTA'S new play, we hear, "Pawn Ticket No. 1," is an adaptation of that rather entertaining book, "Court Royal." There is an excellent Jew in "Court Royal"—good enough to have been a creation of Charles

Dickens'—and this character Mr. Clay Green has given particular scope to in the "Pawn Ticket." John Hawson, a very excellent actor, has been engaged to play the part of the Jew, and Lotta may be congratulated on her selection.

It is a trifle odd that "Ruddigore," which proved unquestionably a failure in the United States, should be still played to crowded houses in London at the Savoy Theatre. The American press attributes its want of success on this continent to the people sent over by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who are pronounced unequal to their parts. We should rather attribute it to the fact that, being a burlesque upon the old school of melodrama thoroughly familiar to English audiences, it misses its point in America where that school is hardly recognised at all.

CURRENT COMMENT.

UNREST.

All day upon the garden bright
  The sun shines strong,
But in my heart there is no light,
  Nor any song.

Voices of merry life go by
  Adown the street,
But I am weary of the cry,
  And drift of feet.

With all dear things that ought to please
  The hours are blest,
And yet my soul is ill at ease,
  And cannot rest.

Strange spirit, leave me not too long,
  Nor stint to give;
For if my soul have no sweet song
  It cannot live.

—*A. Lampman, in Lippincott's for September.*

If genius is not the same as force of character, or heroic temperament or force of expression, then what is it? In return, we would ask another question. Is genius merely a word used to convey different meanings in different cases, or has it some one property which invariably characterises and differentiates it from everything else? Shelley and Wellington were both men of genius, yet it would be almost impossible to conceive of two human beings more apparently diverse. Had they, then, one particular mental characteristic in common, or had they not? If they had not, we are at once driven to the conclusion that genius is simply a word—a sound; it has two meanings—it may have twenty. But if there really was some peculiar mental quality in common between the soldier and the poet—then what was it? If we can find that out, we shall have defined genius. At this point, however, personal bias comes in once more. Every one will be ready with his answer; no one will be contented with that given by anybody else. Perhaps one way of meeting the difficulty would be, to say that the essence of genius is creative power—a creative power working in strict accordance with nature and the fitness of things. In "King Lear," however terrific, and however much beyond our own experience the outbursts of despair may be, we feel (it is a trite observation) that they are nevertheless essentially and fundamentally true to human nature. In something of the same way there is in Shelley, however absurdly incongruous (as in the "Revolt of Islam") we consider the machinery of his plot, an essential naturalness without which he could never touch our hearts. From the chords he fingers he evokes new tones of beauty and pathos which vibrate still. But is it possible that we shall find traces of the same creative spirit which distinguished Shelley in a mind so thoroughly unlike as that of Wellington? In making such a comparison we have taken an extreme instance; but, however ridiculous the assertion may seem, we believe the similarity may be found. In his own sphere Wellington's mind, like Shelley's, was creative. The power of inventing new combinations precisely answering to the changing circumstances around him marks the existence of ability of the same nature as that which distinguishes a great dramatist or a great musician. And if an identity in this respect between these curiously contrasted beings be allowed to exist, then we may almost say that a definition of genius has been discovered.—*St. James' Budget.*

It is not my purpose to enter into any discussion as to the credibility of miracles, whether wrought at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, or by one of the innumerable host of faith healers that nowadays would fain persuade us to throw physic and physicians to the dogs. Neither do I feel called upon to express my own opinion in the premises. I have sought to tell the story of Ste. Anne with such fulness and accuracy as might be attainable, and, having cited some of the most noted wonders that are claimed to have been done there, I would leave the whole matter to my readers, inviting them to form their own conclusions thereupon. In 1662, as Abbé Casgrain tells us, a young man named Nicholas Drouin, from the parish of Chateau Richer, who was tormented with a very grievous form of epilepsy, obtained complete and permanent relief, as the result of a *neuvaine*, or nine days' mass, at Ste. Anne. Two years later, one Marguerite Bird, whose leg had been badly broken, on being carried to the sacred spot, was there made whole and strong again. Elie Godin, brought almost to the grave with an incurable dropsy, while receiving the eucharist felt his sickness depart from him, and sprang up shouting, "I am healed." To Jean Adam was the precious privilege of sight restored after many years' darkness. In 1841 Dame Geneviève Boudrault, having long endured the horrors of epilepsy and convulsions, had herself borne to the shrine, and there, whilst praying before the main altar, the ineffable sensation of returning health stole swiftly upon her, and she went forth praising God for her deliverance. About two years ago, a lad of sixteen, named Fiset, from Springfield, Massachusetts, came to Ste. Anne. For seven years his whole body had been covered with horrible sores, which defied all efforts to heal them. Moreover, his right leg was so distorted that he could not move without crutches. Kneeling before the altar, he was permitted not only to kiss the saint's relic, but to press it to his breast. Instantly an extraordinarily delicious tremor thrilled through his frame. A kind of ecstasy seized upon him, and in that supreme moment his sores began to heal, his crooked limb straightened out, and he went away with joyful steps, leaving his crutches at the altar. A month later a young girl from Glen's Falls, New York, received her sight whilst standing, in rapt adoration, before the statue of Ste. Anne, whither she had been led by sympathising friends. The following incident I have upon the testimony of one of the most intelligent and well-informed French-Canadians I have ever met, who witnessed it with his own eyes, and related it to me: Three years ago a well-to-do farmer, living about ten miles above Quebec, who had been dumb but not deaf, from his birth, determined to try if Ste. Anne would vouchsafe him relief. Accordingly, bare-footed, bare-headed, coatless and fasting, he walked the entire distance to her shrine. Fainting, but full of faith, he wrote out his confession upon the slate he always carried, attended mass, received the communion, and then lay down to rest. Next morning he was one of the first at the communion service. The church was crowded with reverent worshipers. Suddenly the service was broken in upon by a strange, half-articulate shout that startled every one. All eyes were turned toward the spot whence it came, and there, with countenance whose exultant brightness transcended all expression, stood the mute, a mute no longer, giving vent to his emotions in joyful ejaculations that filled the edifice. Thenceforward he spoke freely, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said to my informant: "Ah sir, won't my boys be glad to hear my voice!" With these and a hundred like marvels to kindle and sustain their faith, one can readily conceive with what sincerity the myriad pilgrims, scorning the logic of unimpressionable rationalism, chant their canticles in honour of their patron saint.—*J. M. Oxley, in the August Cosmopolitan.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. William Black's forthcoming book, "The Strange Adventures of a Canal-boat," is said to follow in its plan his "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton."

Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous novelist, will reach America about the 1st of September. He will go at once to Newport, where he will remain for some weeks.

Grammar School is a bright little monthly published for boys and girls all the way from three to thirteen. It is edited, as all such publications should be, by a woman, Mrs. May Macintosh, who apparently knows what children like, and is able to give it to them. The list of contributions is particularly good.

Though charges of gross corruption have frequently been made against the Canadian Government, no prominent representative of the Government has ever made reply. The Minister of the Interior, the Hon. Thomas White, is now taking up the cudgels, and in the September number of the *Forum* will undertake to show that the public affairs of Canada are honestly and wisely administered, and that the Canadian people are making healthy progress toward a strong and homogeneous nationality.—*Exchange.*

Lippincott's for September is occupied to a greater extent than usual by its monthly novel, entitled this time "The Red Mountain Mines," by Lew Vanderpoole. "The Red Mountain Mines" is the sort of story that is sure to attract a very large and admiring circle of readers. Its tone is spirited, its action vigorous, and its plot novel enough to give it additional zest. Its literary merit is undiscoverable however. The editor's controversy with some correspondents upon the subject of literary success is the most entertaining of the magazine's remaining features.

Recent reports that the health of Harriet Beecher Stowe was failing have led to the publication of the following private letter from her, the handwriting being her own and "firm and regular:" I was seventy-six on my last birthday, and have all my bodily powers perfect; can walk from three to seven miles per day without undue fatigue; have a healthy appetite and quiet sleep every night. In view of all these items I scarcely think that I am a subject for lamentation. I do not lament over myself. It is true that I do not intend to write any more for the public. I always thought that authors should stop in good time, before readers stop reading, and I think I may say I have done my part and ought to leave the stage to younger actors."

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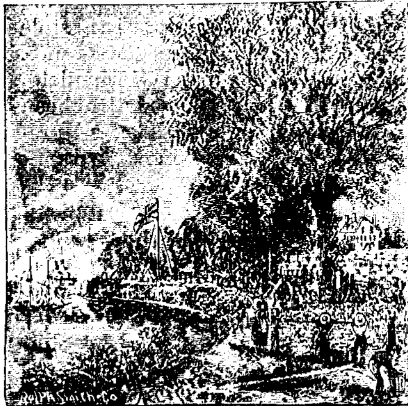

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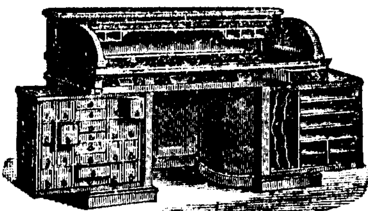

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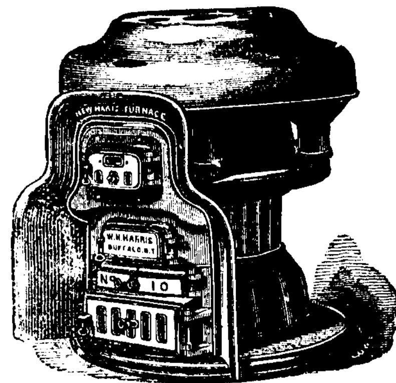

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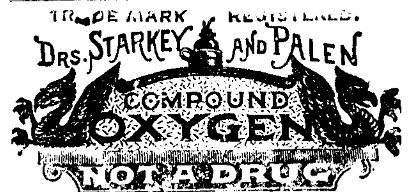

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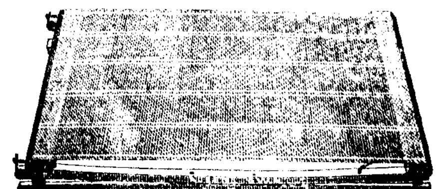

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