

THE WEEK:

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TENNYSON AND GLADSTONE.

THE controversy between Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone is rather a battle between a dog and a fish; or to use language more decorous in the case of such august disputants, a discussion between two minds which are moving on different planes. Tennyson says that the soul of society is sick; that nobleness of character is departing; that power is lapsing into the hands of the unworthy. Mr. Gladstone replies by a copious, fervent, and impressive narrative of all the improvements—legislative, administrative, social, educational, and economical—which have been made in his time, including "the system founded by Mr. Cook, and now largely in use, under which numbers of persons, and indeed whole classes have for the first time found easy access to foreign countries." This is almost as if somebody had answered the denunciations and warnings of John the Baptist by pointing out that there had been great improvements in the Roman law, that the system of Imperial roads had been successfully developed, that the harbour accommodation at Ravenna had been increased, and that there had been a gratifying activity during a recent period in the building trade at Caesarea Philippi.

There is no use in trying to put off Tennyson's denunciations as "dramatic." His genius is not dramatic, and if he tries to be dramatic, he, like Byron, unconsciously projects himself. Nor will it do to say that he has grown desponding and pessimistic with advancing years. The passage in "Locksley Hall Fifty Years After" is the replica of a passage in "Maud," and is entirely in consonance with the general view of society, character, and life which pervades the works of the great poet. There are two Voices, one entirely jubilant over Progress, the other not so jubilant. The first finds utterance in the orations and essays of Mr. Gladstone, the second in the poems of Tennyson, and, with a more pronounced accent, through the apocalyptic trumpet of Carlyle. To attempt to decide between the two Voices would be to write a book on the tendencies of the age. We may safely say that in Carlyle, and in Tennyson so far as he chimes in with Carlyle, there is a good deal of exaggeration. Certainly there was, on the part of Carlyle, very great exaggeration in the comparison which he drew between the Present and the Past to the disparagement of the Present. What was Abbot Samson's life but a continual struggle with roguery, injustice, extortion, disorder, and all the evils which Carlyle treats as peculiar to our age? Were there not in those days, as in ours, usurers despoiling the people? Was not the ruler of the land King John? It is true that in our days the work of the builder and the plumber is not always faithfully done. The gospel of a good day's wage for a bad day's work, assiduously preached by Labour demagogues, has not wholly failed of effect. It is true also that, as Carlyle complains, there is a mutiny in the kitchen, and that the household arrangements consequently are at present perplexed, and are probably in a state of transition. But one has only to look over any one great department of industry or service, such as the railway service, the postal service, the marine, to see that the qualities which Carlyle values most, and the decay of which he is always bewailing, such as integrity, punctual and intelligent performance of duty, submission to reasonable discipline, do in fact still abound. Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, to reasonable discipline, do in fact still abound. Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, if all was not well in their surroundings, were considerably better off than

they would have been at Bury St. Edmund in Abbot Samson's day. Nor can we doubt that there has been a great advance in humanity, and in moral refinement, and all the gentler and more affectionate parts of character. The diffusion of material well-being among the people in itself both diminishes crime and fosters at all events the homelier virtues. Sir James Stephen, whose authority is great on ethical questions, thinks that men have fallen off in fortitude. The occasions for displaying fortitude are happily not so numerous as they were in the days of religious persecution and judicial torture; but the army, the navy, and the life-boat service surely show that the quality is not extinct. Carlyle was, as Tennyson is, a literary man with the sensitive nerves of genius, and the second speaks in the full-bodied language of the bard as the first did in that of the seer. Tennyson has also something of the lotos-eater in him; his visions are of a rather languid happiness, such as that of a loving pair with a fine old mansion and no family cares, like the Miller's Daughter and her husband. While to purge the world of its baseness he is invoking "War with a hundred battles, and shaking a hundred thrones," he, with his friend Morris, is quietly sitting over his wine at his villa in the Isle of Wight, and watching the men-of-war putting out to sea. Mr. Gladstone is a man of action, whose impressions are rectified by perpetual contact with his kind; and when he assures us that with some exceptions, such as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and the "devilish enginery" which he persists in saddling on the memory of poor Mr. Pitt, things have been growing better and not worse, we feel that we are hearing the verdict of a genuine experience, even though its expression may be somewhat rapturous, and not entirely free from what perhaps his illustrious friend and adversary would deem platitudes.

But there is a part of Tennyson's indictment with which Mr. Gladstone does not find it so easy to deal.

Nay, but these [the millions] would feel and follow truth if only you and your Rivals of realm-ruining Party when you speak were wholly true.

Ploughmen, shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find, Sons of God and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind.

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practised hustings liar; So the Higher wields the Lower, while the Lower is the Higher.

You that woo the voices tell them old Experience is a fool, Teach your flattering kings that only those who cannot read can rule.

The last line might seem to have almost a personal application. Tennyson perhaps here again may be somewhat fastidious, and may do scant justice to the demagogic system of government, but his perceptions are likely, on the whole, to be more trustworthy than those of Mr. Gladstone, who is just now in a frame of mind like that of the American politician, who being wedged in a somewhat unsavoury crowd on a hot day, exclaimed: "I love the smell of the dear people!" We must admit that the "Hustings liar" has gained considerable ascendancy of late, and few would contend that the public men of England, at the present day, were the peers of the Puritan statesmen, or even of the much less heroic, but still strong and patriotic men of less remote times. From Peel and his group it is surely a rather steep descent to anything that is now on the public scene. England has no Government, and all patriotic hearts in her are filled with perplexity and fear. Nor does Mr. Gladstone take notice of the menacing signs on the horizon, such as Political Socialism and Communism, Nihilism, the Black Hand, Dynamite, and Labour Journalism, instinct with class envy and hatred. He will not find that everything is purified and sweetened in that direction. His enthusiasm reminds us a little of that of a Girondist exulting in the dawn of universal happiness amidst the gathering darkness of the Reign of Terror.

It seems really impossible to say how this generation will appear to men three or four generations hence. Hitherto man has believed that he knew from Revelation the end, and with it the law, of his being. Suppose that faith departs, as it has already departed from the minds of some who are very closely associated with Mr. Gladstone, what will follow? On what foundation will society rest? What will restrain men from wrong, and keep them in the path of duty? What will prevent them from behaving like subtler and more dangerous wild-beasts? We trust and believe in our hearts that all will come right, but we do not see how; and unless Mr. Gladstone does, while there may be reason for his jubilation, there may also be reason for Tennyson's boding wail.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

ALTHOUGH the defection of Lord Randolph Churchill has afforded another opportunity for inviting the Marquis of Hartington to join the Conservative Ministry, nobody is the least surprised that he has declined the offer. If any doubts on the subject existed at first they were speedily removed by the conduct of Mr. Chamberlain, who lost no time in publicly announcing that Lord Randolph's retirement made it possible for the Liberal Unionists to go great lengths toward coming to terms with the Gladstonians—in other words he saw a chance of forming a united Liberal party strong enough to beat the Conservatives, minus Lord R. Churchill; and he did not scruple to avail himself of the opening. Had Lord Hartington, therefore, taken a seat in the Tory Cabinet he would not have carried all the Unionists with him, and would certainly have left Mr. Chamberlain master of the situation. So long as Lord Hartington remains head of the Unionist party, Mr. Chamberlain has no choice but to follow him, and the Union is safe; but left to himself there is no telling what he might do; and there was never the least prospect of his joining any Government of which Lord Salisbury is a foremost member. By the time this letter reaches you some explanation may be forthcoming to put a better light on Lord R. Churchill's conduct; but at present the unanimous verdict of the Conservative party is that he has betrayed them out of sheer vanity or wilfulness. Among the Radicals an attempt is being made to claim him as a sincere financial reformer who has retired from office rather than sanction expenditure contrary to his principles. But as Radicals have always insisted that he never had any principles, the apology does not count for much. I suspect that it will be found that the Cabinet were embarrassed by his public utterances, and, being honest men themselves, preferred to throw him overboard rather than profit by his speeches while refusing to act on them. As a Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will not be missed; as leader of the House of Commons, his place can be filled; as an independent member, he is not to be feared; and, as a partner of Mr. Chamberlain, he would carry nobody with him. On the whole the prospects of the Disruptionists are not much improved by Lord Randolph's retirement from office.

As to the question of retrenchment on which he is supposed to have resigned, there will be no difficulty in convincing the country that the present is not an opportune moment for small economies. The conviction is pretty general that an European war is at hand, and that for England to be less prepared than usual would be not only dangerous to herself, but treason to the nations of Europe who desire peace. Without English help, material as well as moral, they must either let Russia and France do as they please or fight a losing battle. Besides, Russia has put herself entirely in the wrong, and England is not now in the humour to let Constantinople fall into the hands of the kidnappers of Prince Alexander. As to France, if ever England felt any genuine friendship for her—which is really very doubtful—the sentiment has entirely died away. France has lost all title to be respected through her fickleness and instability, and she has wantonly provoked our ill-will by deliberate acts of hostility. I don't mean that there is any warlike feeling in England against France, any more than against Russia. England is never warlike until she is in the midst of the fray. But I am certain of this, that if events should necessitate a war with France, the English people would enter upon it with a light heart, and a perhaps pardonable alacrity to pay off some recent scores.

ALL the world has been wondering why we have allowed the Colin Campbell divorce case to be reported at such length in the newspapers. The stereotyped excuse that the demand for such stuff creates the supply is quite inadequate, and would answer just as well for the brewer who salts his beer. The real reason—though it may be no excuse—was this: The case was interesting, just as a French novel is interesting; the conflict of evidence and the uncertainty of the result were matters which a reading public naturally took up with curiosity and zest. The dirt was a mere accident; but it happened that the very essence of the case turned upon some incidents which were unfit for publication, but which, nevertheless, were published because the weight of evidence could not have been correctly judged without them. Once take the public into confidence on such topics as these, you cannot withhold the most essential details, be they what they may. Moral: The public have no business with such confidences. The divorce court should wash its dirty linen on the premises. The English people do not wish to assist in the process; but if compelled to do so, it is only fair they should know exactly what they are doing. ANCHOR.

London, 1st January, 1887.

A MAN deep-wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger.—George Eliot.

SAUNTERINGS.

WHAT we need in Canada more than the readjustment of the tariff or the total extinction of the Catholic population, more than the defeat of the present Government or the victory of the present Opposition, more than annexation or independence or imperial federation or any amendment to the British North America Act—is a renaissance. We may be said to be suffering for a renaissance.

It is not that we do not know that strong north-west wind blowing from Thrace, that we have not, with the bees, gathered honey in the garden of Theocritus, that we have not watched, with his silent friends, the hemlock pass the lips of the hero of the Phaedon, nor do we feel a desolating need of immediate Doric departures in our banks and court-house and legislative halls. The modern enclosure of banking, judicial, and legislative methods does not imperatively require, we all feel, a columnar dignity. Neither would we send our brothers of the brush indefinitely back to the classical point of faith in fauns and satyrs for their inspiration. It is not to any fraternity in letters, or in architecture, or in art existing among us that we should even remotely hint the regeneration of old principles and dust-hidden ideas. The implied reproach would be indignantly and justly resented. If one thing may be said to be more noticeable than another among any of these fraternities, it is the spirit of conservatism which, if it does not restrain them wholly within classic bounds, makes a mediæval approach to it that is very remarkable in these days of tumultuous progress. The envious, of the American Republic for instance, may gather and disseminate from this the impression that in the arts Canada is behindhand. This is manifestly untrue. We have simply not yet departed so far from the ways authorised by the traditions and practice of the past, as to feel the necessity of a renaissance.

It is we, the people, rather than those who minister unto our highest necessities, who stand direfully in need of a gracious quickening. It is we, the people, whose artistic perceptions and impulses have somehow been overcome by a binding lethargy—a somnolency that dreams happily of advances, and finds a horrid nightmare in a widening margin.

For we are the imported essence of British Philistinism, warranted to keep in any climate, and affording in our own proper persons a guarantee that it will increase in force and efficiency in this one. Any audacious attempt, indeed, to alter the compound by the intermixture of foreign elements is attended by such explosive circumstances as warn the intermeddler to beware, and persuade him to work out his social experiment under the more favourable conditions of Patagonia or Kamschatka. We may as well recognise this fact. Other people do, and not to see it is to give them reasonable inference for believing us blind, as well as halt. Yet we are the descendants and rightful heirs of a people who produced Shakespeare and Hogarth. We come from a land where the air is vibrant with greatness, a land where honour to achievement is hewn out of stone and set up in the midst of the people, a land that holds the "glorious glooms" and pulsing memories of Westminster Abbey! Therefore we should not be wholly irreclaimable. Therefore there should stir within us some germ of desire and endeavour responsive to the sun. Therefore against our stupidity the gods should not contend in vain.

BUT why this diatribe? you say. The fact is old. Some people date it 1867, others would have it contemporary with the death of Wolfe, yet in some manner consequent upon the defeat of Montcalm. It is quite a familiar fact. It has not been allowed to lapse into history. Why this recurrence to an unattractive theme?

In a measure Mr. J. F. Whistler, of London and Paris, is accountable for it, in a measure Mr. J. W. L. Forster, of Toronto. Mr. Whistler has been repeating, in his epigrammatic way, the somewhat well-established fact that "art happens," which sets one to wondering why it happens so infrequently in Canada.

Upon Canadian walls, gentlemen of the palette, I hasten to add, not in Canadian studios. And Mr. Forster has been giving, in a very clear and admirable paper, which the *Canada Methodist Magazine* somehow got possession of, his views upon the qualities of mind and heart necessary to art appreciation and criticism, which satisfy in a measure the spirit of speculation awakened by Mr. Whistler's epigram. Mr. Forster's article, as beseemeth the pen that is second to the brush as the vehicle of its owner's ideas, is purely theoretical. One is possessed, after reading it, of a pleasant ability to disprove the statement often made that an artist cannot write of the critical species of his own genus and not do so invidiously. The conditions under which the paper must have been written make this characteristic especially worthy of comment. Produced in Paris or London or even New York, its moderation would have been notable; in Toronto it

is simply to be regarded as illustrative of the milder methods of a growing civilisation, and a triumph of the new Adam who believes in moral suasion over the old Adam who probably believes in war, that should not be lightly regarded.

"Yes," said a prominent picture-dealer to me recently, "there has certainly been progress within the last decade in art feeling in Toronto. Ten years ago we sold more chromos, at twenty-five cents apiece, than anything else. There is no demand for them now. People like these carbon photographs, and will pay for good engravings. A hesitating patronage is being held out to Canadian men, and now and then a foreign picture is sold. When we say that vulgar taste is declining we say that true appreciation is looking up, for people must have pictures of some sort."

"Still," he said, "it is marvellous, the lack of sympathy with art that prevails here. You may count on your fingers the number of more than ordinarily valuable paintings in Toronto, on those of one hand the names of people known as art patrons upon the most limited scale. Fine houses, well planned and appointed, costly dinner services and trained servants, the cornicing and carpeting, upholstering, all quite magnificent, and on the wall—lithographs perhaps, family photographs, here and there, the dreadful results of the young ladies' instruction in art at the seminary.

"I have in my possession a water-colour by Turner. I never show it. It would be too disheartening. It is a small affair—only about eight by twelve—a weather-stained arch and some hills. It would provoke no enthusiasm. People would say what a pity it was it had faded, and turn from its breadth and atmosphere to something that—*isn't* faded. Eyes have they, but they see not."

One's own experience straightens the unconscious bias that might be suspected in this gentleman's views, and makes his statement of them run parallel with the facts.

"Down in Montreal" it is believed we do better. It is not long since a noble picture, the property of a gentleman in that city, was placed on exhibition here and in Hamilton, for the benefit of certain churches. And was it not a Montrealer who was last winter made to answer to the authorities for having in his possession a classical plaster cast?

Clearly it is in the direction of Montreal that the first stirrings of our renaissance may be looked for. And it would be a good and a gladsome thing to believe, that when our Society of Artists changes its undignified attitude in petitioning for a tax on foreign pictures, and our newspapers theirs in sending to "write up" an art exhibition reporters not necessarily or often qualified for such an undertaking, and our people theirs in gravely talking about a "Canadian 'etching' club," intended to encourage and promote the art of etching—on paper!—that when all this great and notable change shall come, we of Ontario also may share the burgeoning and the blossoming of the growth that will be national.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

RECENT MISCELLANY.

It is necessary only to note the publishers' name on the title-page to be fully persuaded of what sort is the volume which the Rev. Reuben Thomas has entitled "Grafenburg People." The Lothrop's, of Boston, seem to have undertaken a crusade against everything that makes for unrighteousness in literature, and to be carrying it on by the most effective method of assault possible—the constant publication of books that have a high moral aim, and teach a deep moral lesson. The author of "Grafenburg People" is evidently inspired by the one, and will doubtless succeed in the minds of many people in accomplishing the other. "Grafenburg People" is a story of village life in England, from the standpoint of a Dissenting minister. Its plot, if it contains anything so compromising, is constructed upon the relations of the respective pastors and flocks of Emmanuel Church and St. Barnabas—the latter being, it is needless to say, Episcopal. The relations are too agreeable for the dogmatic consciences of some of the Emmanuel people, and the result is the outburst of sectarianism which illustrates the motive of the book. The story is somewhat feeble in plan, and is pervaded by a marked element of priggishness, which is especially noticeable in the conception of the chief characters. Apart from this, the style is pleasant enough, although the Rev. Thomas is frequently more hortative than circumstances make necessary or desirable. The subordinate character work is on the whole very fairly done; and the book has the interest of marking the growth of a common cause among the churches.

"Brother and Lover," by Eben C. Rexford, is a short pathetic little story in blank verse that deserves, for the tender feeling in it, kinder treatment than its degree of poetic merit will probably obtain for it. A woman tells of the bereavement of her childhood when her mother dies, of the love for her brother she could not divide with his friend, of their going

away together to the battlefield where the brother was killed, and the lover sorely wounded, and of her visit to what may be, but is not, the hospital death-bed of the latter. A story in blank verse must avoid innumerable pitfalls of the commonplace which are evident in every page of "Brother and Lover." Nor is it redeemed from these by any striking heights or climaxes. Yet it is instinct with pure sentiment, and expresses everywhere a gentle sweetness that disarms the critic as effectually as the unpretending beauty and fragrance of a wood violet. (New York: John B. Alden.)

We have always paid the great Republic to the south of us the compliment of wanting to know more about her people than they have ever cared to learn about us. This desire, on our part, seems very likely to descend to our children, who will doubtless read Henrietta Christian Wright's "Stories of American Progress," published by the Scribners (Standard Publishing Co., Toronto), with a great deal of interest. In its various chapters upon "The First Steamboat," "The War of 1812," "The Purchase of Florida," "The Story of Slavery," "The Discovery of Gold," etc., etc., the book really makes a very fair compendium of the chief facts of American history. The choice of salient points is very good in the main; but the author has made the mistake of trying to be too comprehensive, thus weakening the effect of important episodes upon the juvenile mind. The stories are written with a careful eye to comprehension by the children, but apparently without great desire to entertain them—an important omission.

This desire is conspicuous in everything that Wm. O. Stoddard writes for children, and especially for boys, as the many readers, old and young, of "Dab Kinzer" will abundantly testify. It is evident no more in his juvenile romances than when he takes up a more careful pen to write seriously and historically for his youthful public. The two "Lives of the Presidents," which Mr. Stoddard has contributed to White, Stokes, and Allen's series, are written in a way that will delight the boyish heart, wherever the boyish intelligence is able to appreciate good work done for its benefit. The peculiar character traits of George Washington and Ulysses S. Grant are brought out in a way that will bring them home to the juvenile understanding in a fresh and forcible fashion, and the interdependence between these and the various incidents of history is distinctly shown. The books, which are brought out in rather an over-gorgeous binding of red and gilt, but are capitally illustrated, will form valuable additions to every boy's library. (Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.)

From the press of Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston, come three or four neat little volumes, all to be had in this city at Williamson and Co.'s. The first, "Beckonings for Every Day," is a thought calendar, arranged by Lucy Larcom. Miss Larcom belongs to that class of American women to whom American literature owes so much of the fineness and delicacy of texture which is more and more characteristic of it. Her poetry finds many readers here, and may well be considered typical of the graceful work in spiritual arabesques to which we refer. It is very beautiful, very gossamer, very suggestive of the infinite differentiation theory by which man, the present animal, shall become man, the future archangel. It expresses, in short, a very refined and lovely intellectuality, any exercise of which, in a matter of choice, could not fail to be happy in its results. As Miss Larcom's calendar does not consist of selections from her own works, this is important, and the reader of her "Beckonings" cannot fail to be struck by the truth of it. They are full of high and beautiful thought, drawn from many sources, familiar and unfamiliar. There is a never failing charm about these haphazard daily sentiments. Even the publication of an "E. P. Roe Birthday Book" could not cause their popularity to wane, which is about as severe a test as one could imagine them subjected to. Miss Larcom's "Beckonings" will go towards making them more popular than ever.

"The Silver Bridge" is the title of the initial poem in a small collection by Elizabeth Akers. The verses are chiefly love-songs, and vary much in value both of conception and execution. They are nearly all in the common minor key of women poets, and some are very graceful metrical productions indeed. The average of the verses would be about the same as that of the poetical contributions to any of the standard magazines for a year. The idea in most of them is almost too slight for its somewhat elaborate treatment; one receives an impression of immaturity of design. There is really no reason why rhyme and metre should be laid under contribution to express the following, for instance:

The grass is greener where she sleeps,
The birds sing softer there,
And Nature fondest vigil keeps
Above a face so fair—
For she was innocent and sweet
As mortal thing can be—
The only heart that ever beat,
That beat alone for me.

To me her dearest thoughts were told,
Her sweetest carols sung ;
To her my love was never old,
My face was always young.
Ah ! life seems drear, and little worth
Since she has ceased to be.
The only heart in all the earth
That never loved but me !

Yet it would be unfair both to Miss Akers and the reader to leave him without the impression of joy and colour and triumphant sympathy with Nature's mystery of the springtide that is conveyed to him in "When Lilacs Wave."

When lilacs wave their plumes in purple pride,
And dandelions star the country side,
And the trim catbird in her garrulous quest
Seeks straw and feathers for her careless nest,
Which seemingly she does not try to hide.

The redbreast's songs are jubilant and sweet,
The tender grass is velvet to the feet,
And nightmare Care sits lightlier on the breast
When lilacs wave.

The almond swings its wands of rosy-white,
The scarlet tulips trim their torches bright,
The crocuses, in gold and purple drest,
Wake, fresh and perfect from their winter's rest,
And love is heaven, and life is all delight,
When lilacs wave.

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

IN the history of the early days of Canada a personage styled the Viceroy is frequently mentioned. What were the origin and the nature of the viceroyalty, and by whom was the office held ?

When Champlain returned to France, in the autumn of 1611, it was with the object of forming a company which would have a monopoly of the fur trade. His plans met with the approval of President Jeannin, and, as the authority of Lieutenant-General of the King in New France, which De Monts had held, was insufficient to put a stop to the depredations of reckless traders, he advised Champlain to secure the protection of some powerful nobleman. This Champlain succeeded in doing, and Charles de Bourbon, Comte de Soissons, was appointed Viceroy on the 8th of October, 1612. He named Champlain his Lieutenant for New France, with power to seize the ships and merchandise of all rivals whom he might find trading with the Indians from Quebec westward. Champlain was on the point of publishing his commission in all the French seaports, when De Soissons died on the 1st of November, 1612. Nothing daunted, he applied to Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, who accepted the Protectorship of New France, the more readily as the title entailed no expense, and was to bring him from the company a yearly present of a horse worth a thousand crowns. By the new viceroy, and by his successors in office, Champlain was maintained in his rank of Lieutenant for New France. It would seem that the appointment of a viceroy, instead of contributing to the welfare of the colony, was, on the contrary, an obstacle to its progress. The stipulated payment was so much to be taken from the profits of the company, and served them as a pretext for their neglect of the colony, and, although comparatively small, it was yet sufficient to make the office one sought after for the sake of gain. On the 1st of September, 1616, Condé was arrested by order of the Queen Regent, Maria de' Medici. No sooner was he in prison than the position (with the lesser title, however, of Lieutenant-General) was granted, during the time of his imprisonment, to Marshal Pons de Lausière-Thémines, who proceeded to exact an annual payment of 4,500 livres. This the company dared not refuse for fear of losing their charter, although they anticipated that they would also have to pay Condé, as afterwards happened upon his release on the 16th of October, 1619. After being set at liberty, Condé did not long retain his position of Viceroy, and on the 10th day of February, 1620, he transferred it, in consideration of 1,000 crowns, to his brother-in-law, Henri II., Duc de Montmorency. News travelled slowly then, and nearly four months afterwards, on the 3rd of June, 1620, we find Father Dolbeau laying the corner stone of the first church built at Quebec, in the name of the King and of Condé, who was supposed to be still viceroy, and whose arms were consequently carved on it with those of the King. De Montmorency did nothing to improve the condition of the colony, and, although he formed a new company, the little settlement at Quebec remained under his viceroyalty in as precarious a state as it was before. In 1624 De Montmorency, to whom, according to Champlain, this office caused more worry than more important matters, sold it, as well as his interest in the company, to his nephew, Henri de Lévis, Duc de Ventadour. In March, 1625, he received his commission, and the same year sent five missionaries to Canada at his own expense. Three of these were the celebrated Jesuit Fathers, Lalemant, Brébeuf, and Massé. Upon the formation of the Company of the Hundred Associates, in 1627, Ventadour resigned, and the office remained vacant until November, 1644, when his brother, François Chrysostome de Lévis, Duc de Damville, was appointed. He was succeeded on the 30th August, 1660, by Isaac de Pas, Marquis de Feuquières, who resigned on the 5th of October, 1661, and was replaced by Godefroy, Comte d'Estrades. At his death, on the 26th of February, 1686, Jean, Comte d'Estrades, Marshal and Vice-Admiral of France, was named Viceroy as a reward for past services. It does not appear that he exercised any great influence on colonial affairs. He died on the 19th of May, 1707, and was

succeeded in all his titles by his son Victor Marie, Comte d'Estrées, who had no children, and with whom the title of Viceroy expired on the 27th of December, 1737. It does not seem to be generally known that Point Lévis and the Falls of Montmorency were named in honour of two of these Viceroys. Point Lévis is popularly supposed to owe its name to the Chevalier de Lévis, the victor of Ste. Foye ; but Champlain calls it Cap de Lévis as early as 1629. On his map of 1613 it is not named, and it may therefore be inferred that it derived its name from Henri Lévis, Duc de Ventadour, between 1625 and 1627, the period during which he was Viceroy. The Falls of Montmorency, it has been recently stated, were first mentioned by Champlain, and received that appellation from him "in honour of the Constable de Montmorency, one of the most famous men of the time of Francis I." But long before, in 1542, they were described by Roberval's pilot, Jean Alphonse. In Champlain's Voyages, edition of 1613, they are described but not named. In the edition of 1632 he inserts in his description the words : "which I named the Falls of Montmorency," and it is probable that he so named them on his first voyage, in 1608, in honour of the Duc de Montmorency, to whom he had dedicated the account of his voyage of 1603.

BERMUDA.—III.

THERE are few balls and dances, as the Bermudians do not entertain at all. Those given, with the exception of one public citizens' ball, are by the Admiral, the Governor, the Army, and the Navy. At the same time the residents are kindness and hospitality personified to those who bring letters of introduction, and tennis parties and five-o'clock-teas are quite an institution among them. In fact, their open air, out-of-door life, with its simple amusements, is one of the chief attractions of the Island. Cricket matches, pigeon shooting, and tennis, with a weekly performance of the regimental band in the Public Gardens, making them a lounge and rendezvous for afternoon tea parties, succeed each other with charming regularity for such as have the *entrée* to the social life of the place, which letters alone can satisfactorily ensure. The Tuesday tennis parties at Happy Valley, given by the regiment and engineers in garrison at Prospect, are always most enjoyable entertainments, for which the band and tea and cake are provided, as well as excellent play in two first-rate courts.

I have said that the first impression created by the Island is disappointing so far as its tropical nature and vegetation are concerned, but when you begin to travel over it you meet with an abundant growth of palmettoes, palms, oleanders, aloes, and bananas, which are immediately suggestive of the sunny south, and counteract the first sensations. The red cedar and sage bush seem to be the natural spontaneous productions of the soil, and each uncultivated hill and valley is clothed with them in all stages of development. The loose stone walls, dividing fields and enclosing roads, are covered with the graceful life-plant in every variation of its extensive scale of colour, from delicate crimson-tipped yellow through all intervening shades of green to the deepest emerald ; the bell-like blossoms rise far above the clusters of leaves and substantial stalks, which find their footing in every nook and cranny of these artistic walls. It is aptly named life-plant, for each broken leaf, if fastened up in a room, will put forth a tiny shoot from every point of its serrated edge, and the original plant will be thus strangely renewed. Many of the damp walls are tapestried with delicate maiden-hair ferns, like a moving, waving curtain, and in the month of May the whole island is brilliant with oleander hedges, a mass of pink and white bloom, marking the country in all directions with bright lines of colour. The soil, as I have mentioned before, is remarkably fertile ; in addition to the potatoes, tomatoes, and onions raised for the New York market, arrowroot is largely cultivated. The mills of Mr. James Fowle Tucker, about a mile from the town, will well repay a visit ; they are behind his house, which is large and handsome, situated in the midst of very extensive grounds, containing many interesting trees and shrubs (notably those of the *Hibiscus* family), and a wild luxuriance of roses, great and small. The arrowroot plant is of the lily tribe, and looks not unlike a straggling neglected calla, the leaf being similar in shape. The root from which the powder is prepared is a thin, straight piece, about the size of the middle finger, and double its length ; it is covered with a thin tissue, resembling the skin of an onion, and when this is stripped off by the women employed in the mills it appears a stick of the whitest ivory ; it will grow only in a rich red soil, which requires to be constantly manured with its own vegetable and rejected tissues, previously used as litter for cows and horses. There is but little arrowroot grown about Hamilton. Mr. Tucker draws his chief supply from Tucker's Town, at the east end, but the best quality is produced on St. David's Island. The demand for Bermuda arrowroot in London is very great. Sir Henry Lefroy, a recent Governor, said lately, in reference to its exportation, that the pure article could command any price, its digestive and nutritive properties in cases of illness being almost miraculous ; at the same time nothing is more adulterated and difficult to obtain pure from the grocers and agents, through whose hands it passes, unless imported direct from the Island. The cultivation of the Easter lily as an article of commercial value first originated five years ago with General Hastings, a retired officer of the American army, and he has realised very handsome profits from his aesthetic venture, which the English worshippers of the flower did not foresee ; there are many acres of them on his property, and other gentlemen have now followed his example, and fields of lilies of different ages and sizes, from the year-old plant, with its short stalk and single bell, to those of the second and third season, a couple of feet in height, and bearing proudly sometimes as many

as a dozen lovely white blossoms, are now one of the sights of Bermuda. Both flowers and bulbs bring good prices in the New York market, the former selling for 60 cents a piece for church decorations at Easter, and the latter from \$1 to \$5, according to size and quality. One small landowner made, I heard, over £90 one spring by his little patch. It certainly seems a refinement of agriculture to grow acres of lilies, and they are a most picturesque addition to the beauties of the Island, and ought to counteract some of the disadvantages which attend the production of the onion, or Bermuda violet, as it has been facetiously nicknamed. From the middle of March till the middle of June constitutes the crop season, during which time there is a weekly steamer between New York and Bermuda, and potatoes, tomatoes, and onions are shipped in large cargoes. In April the Island generally, and Hamilton in particular, reeks of onions; the iron freight sheds along the waterside of the town are filled from end to end with oblong boxes formed of wooden laths, through which the plump and juicy bulb appears, while the tops lie bleaching in the fields without, and everything smells and tastes of onions. The vegetable is powerful and ubiquitous. When you return home your clothes, which will have travelled in the steamer's hold with onions, will conceal the guilty odour obstinately for days, and defy all airing.

The water supply of Bermuda is entirely dependent upon the clouds, and is collected in large tanks attached to every house. The roofs of all buildings are kept whitewashed and pure, and the rain runs off them into the tanks below or is conveyed to them by pipes. In some places the side of a hill is sloped away as a roof for the tank below, and these curious white cuttings give a peculiar aspect to many localities, and sadly puzzle the uninitiated. Mark Twain compared the whiteness of Bermuda to the icing of a cake, and no better simile could be given; roads, houses, walls, all are like snow; these rain and the constant renewal of whitewash maintain in dazzling brilliancy, rather trying to the eyes. There is little or no attempt at architectural beauty in the Islands; the houses are all built of solid blocks of limestone sawn out of the native rock on any hillside, and cemented together; the offending angles being squared off by the workmen as if they were pieces of soap. The roofs slope in ridges, and the fronts of all the private houses and most of the shops are adorned with green two-story verandas. There are no shop windows, no advertisements, and no town clocks in Bermuda, time being no object in particular to any one. The Island is essentially healthy; there have been in past years scourges of yellow fever, but the disease was always brought from the West Indies, and since a thorough quarantine system was established, and the presence of a medical officer required on every incoming vessel from those parts to certify to a clean bill of health, there has never been a case. The town of Hamilton is free from all underground drainage, its streets are washed down by tropical sheets of rain, and its air is cleared by all the gales that blow over the Atlantic ocean. In the matter of insects and vermin Bermuda has been greatly libelled; there are neither centipedes nor scorpions of any kind, but plenty of large murderous-looking spiders, perfectly harmless, and numerous innocent cockroaches, the size of infant mice; the latter only frequent kitchens, unless food is taken to the bedrooms. A tiny red ant is a nuisance, and will cover anything eatable, but they are native scavengers, and do not patronise all localities. Mosquitoes are the greatest plague and nuisance, except during the three winter months. Nets for all beds are invaluable. L. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—From time to time I find you speaking of Imperial Federation, and in last week's issue you seem to have doubts on this vital and important question; and more, you seem to be impatient with those who believe in it. Why are you not willing to have the question discussed? It seems evident to me that the British Empire must form some sort of alliance for common defence in the near future, or become subject to other Powers.

I believe that Imperial Federation is the safeguard in the future, and that it will be cheaper, safer, and better for Britain and the Colonies to enter into such an alliance. Of course a great question like this cannot be settled in a few weeks. I pray you not to be in a hurry. Remember that all great and needed reforms ask time for discussion and resolution and legislation. Britain is literal Israel, and as such she has a great work to perform in evangelising and civilising the world. Providence has a work for Britain to perform which implies Imperial Federation. When I last wrote you about England and Russia going to war, I told you they could not; for Britain being Israel her course is marked out by the prophets. Rest assured Imperial Federation will come to pass.

Yours kindly, JOSEPH WILD.

[We insert this letter in token that we are not indisposed to have the subject discussed; but our distinguished correspondent will note that an "alliance" is not the same thing as a federation. An alliance is a tie between Independent States, whereas federation implies governmental and legislative control. There is already something more than an alliance between the Mother Country and the self-governing Colonies.—ED. WEEK.]

A WOMAN mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was.—ELIOT.

ROBERT BURNS.

ACROSS the hills of Time behold,
In hodden gray, a manly form
That, careless, fearless, strong, and bold,
Walks on in sun and storm.

A man who with his honest hands
An honest living barely earns:
A Scotchman known in many lands:
A poet—Robert Burns.

We see him in the lordly hall,
Beneath the scented birchen bough,
Amid the rocks where plovers call,
Behind the lowly plough.

And walk he where he will, the same
Firm step he keeps, nor ever stays
To doff his bonnet to a name,
Nor stoops to gather praise.

A trembling daisy, dying, turns
A glance that meets his eye;
That glance within his bosom burns;
The flower shall never die.

He meets a man of broken heart;
His own is saddened with the tale;
He blunts the point of sorrow's dart,
And stills the poor man's wail.

When Error fronts him on the way,
A lusty arm that levels walls
Is bared before the foe of Day,
And lo! the giant falls.

Then Freedom from her craggy seat
Drops laurels from her loosened hand;
And Wisdom, from her dim retreat,
Walks up and down the land.

Then merrily he laughs, and moves
Right onward to his lofty goal.
He meets a maid, at once he loves,
And love illumines his soul.

Yet on his happiest moments break
The bigot sneer, the bitter scorn.
He many a taunt is forced to take,
Nor is it always borne.

As 'mid the ice the boiling spring,
Choked by the dirt that fain would drown,
Afar the rotten mass will fling,
Then, sobbing, settle down;

So, when the filth of hate and wrong
Is heaped against his rugged breast,
Out gush the fiery founts of song,
And then his soul has rest.

Oh, wonderful this storm of speech
(Though often placed beneath the ban)
By which a peasant tries to teach
Humanity to man!

He sings the hopes, the joys, the fears
That beat in all the breasts around;
The startled world the music hears,
Enraptured at the sound.

His muse—an eagle—seeks the hill,
And, shrieking at the wind and rain,
Calls Liberty to waken, 'till
The glens resound again.

Or, dropping from the quiet sky
Within the vale, a tender dove
On snow-white pinion flutters nigh
The flowery throne of Love.

Then, mounting as a lark, oh! hear,
In melting strains of truth divine,
That homily to Friendship dear,
The song of "Auld Lang Syne!"

In far-off lands, thro' his renown,
The heather-bell a-gaily blows;
Ayr, rippling thro' his rhymes, adown
Full many a valley flows.

The miner toiling in the mirk,
The sailor on the frivolous foam,
The warrior at his deadly work,
The farmer at his home,

And all of tender heart and soul,
Opprest with care or crowned with fame,
Agree that, while the earth shall roll,
Shall live this noble name. ROBERT ELLIOTT.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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At the Evangelical Association, of which he has been deservedly elected President, Mr. Mowat complained that while there were special prayers for all other conditions of men there were none for the poor politician. But, suppose the prayers were offered and were heard; suppose, through the operation of divine grace, an end were put to corruption, jobbing, gerrymandering, boycotting, pipe-laying, and all the other tricks of the trade, what would remain of the politician? The idea of Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Mowat suddenly reduced, as the effect of prayer, to a state of primitive innocence, quite overpowers the imagination.

We said of *Secular Thought* that there was nothing in its language to which exception could be fairly taken by religious men, if they recognised the duty of free enquiry. It embodies, however, "Nine Demands of Secularism," framed by the Secularists of the United States, which, if they are not unreasonable, are impracticable. Collectively they amount to a demand that Christian civilisation shall at once divest itself of all public marks and expressions of its Christian character. The employment of chaplains in Congress, the army and navy, prisons and asylums, is to cease; the Bible is to be turned out of the public schools; the President or Government is no more to appoint thanksgivings or fasts; judicial oaths are to be abolished; all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath are to be repealed; so are all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality; and the entire political system is to be swept clear of anything Christian or religious, and administered on a purely secular basis. Secularists, generally, profess to be students and liegemen of social science; and if they are, they must surely know that, even supposing the falsehood of Christianity and of religion generally to have been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the *illuminati*, such a transformation as this is not to be accomplished in a day. They might take a lesson from the Comtists, who recognise, at all events, the necessarily gradual character of human progress, and the provisional value of religion. Of all their demands, perhaps the easiest to concede would be the abolition of the judicial oath, and the substitution of an affirmation, which is already permitted in the case of Quakers. Yet they must surely admit that it is very doubtful whether simple souls, if the solemn appeal to God were abolished, would feel themselves under the same obligation, as at present, to tell the whole truth. They propose themselves to establish affirmation "under penalties of perjury." How can there be perjury, if there is no oath? If conscience is religious, and religious in the great mass of mankind undoubtedly it still is, religious must be the appeal to it. The Secularists will have for a time to be tolerant of surrounding darkness, and for this condescension to the sluggishness of the human intellect their exclusive possession of the light ought to make them ample amends. They are in no danger of being burned alive, and every one who broaches new and unpopular opinions must be prepared to be in some way a martyr to the truth. Men whose political opinions are unpopular, as those of some very good citizens are, submit, as an inevitable consequence, to exclusion from the prizes and honours of public life. The only matter in which it can be pretended that the Christian constitution of society practically oppresses the Secularist is the judicial oath; and this grievance might be removed, without a general revolution, by simply putting a witness who avows himself a Secularist on the same footing with the Quaker.

To discuss the question of the Bible in schools while it was being whirled in the furious eddies of the Provincial election would have been simply to darken counsel. But this demand of the Secularists brings home to us the difficulty, which is likely to become more serious with the growing disturbance of the religious world. The sovereign whose subjects we all are still calls herself Defender of the Faith—a style, by the way, which we presume the Secularists would insist upon her doffing in all Canadian acts and documents. But the principle which we, like the other great community of the New World have adopted, at least in the British Provinces, is that of the complete separation of the Church from the State, and the perfect equality of all religions. The State, then, can no longer pretend to teach religion, or to determine which religion is to be taught.

It divested itself, in effect, of that responsibility when it secularised the Clergy Reserves, and left itself without an Established Church, and without any standard of true belief. It is practically disqualified for such a function, as well as theoretically debarred from it, since, everybody being alike eligible to all offices, we can have no security whatever for the orthodoxy of Legislatures, Governments, or even Ministries of Education. To revive the demand of Chalmers, who insisted that as a matter of religious right the whole Bible should be taught in schools, is to contravene the fundamental principle of society in the New World. Scotland, when Chalmers spoke, was a theocracy as decidedly, though not in so rigorous a form, as she had been a few generations before, when she hanged a man for denying the doctrine of the Trinity. The popular constitution of her Church did not render her the less theocratic. On the other hand, there is no reason, in point of principle, why the State should not cause to be taught in its schools Christianity as the received code of ethics without proclaiming the Bible to be inspired, or demanding the assent of the pupil to it in any other sense than that in which his assent is demanded to the established facts of history or science. Ethical truth is at all events not the less truth because it is Christian. In ordinary districts we shall probably get along well enough with selections endorsed by the ministers of all the principal denominations; but in cities, and where thought is more active and critical, we must expect controversies to arise. This is one inevitably weak point of our public school system, while another is the deadening of the sense of parental duty with regard to education. All was easy in a primitive New England community so limited in numbers as to be in fact but a large family, and entirely united in religion.

THE *Globe* may have had objects of its own, but they certainly coincided with the public good when it called upon the Governor-General to put an end to the state of suspense and agitation in which the country had been kept for months on the subject of the Dominion election. The Governor-General could not refuse an application for a dissolution till it was before him; but he could let it be known that the prerogative was in his hands, not in those of the Prime Minister, and that a dissolution of the national legislature would not be granted for the convenience of party strategy, but only for constitutional cause. For this, a word in the Prime Minister's ear would be sufficient. The attitude and language of the Prime Minister have implied, and the country has believed, and acts upon the belief, that he is master of the prerogative, and can, whenever it suits his tactics, order the Queen's representative to sign the warrant for dissolution as he would order a clerk, though with a little more of bowing and grimace. It is easy to understand the motives which prevail with Governors-General. They come out here only for a short time, and not one of them has ever returned to the country. Their natural desire is to get quietly through their appointed term, to avoid anything like a conflict, to incur as little as possible of adverse criticism, and to carry back with them to England the reputation of having been popular in the colony, which is the only test that the English people or the Home Government has of a colonial Governor's success. Thus, they have slid more and more into the position of mere puppets, and allowed all the authority which they hold for the benefit of the community to be usurped by a Prime Minister who represents not the community but a faction. At the bidding of a Prime Minister who was arraigned for corruption, Lord Dufferin prorogued Parliament, interrupted the inquiry, and transferred the case, of which Parliament was then seized, to a Commission appointed by the impeached Minister himself. Lord Lorne signed, after a faint show of resistance, the dismissal of his own representative in Quebec to gratify the vengeance of the Prime Minister's party, and without specific or legal cause assigned; for the vague words, "that his usefulness had ceased," were evidently not the assignment of a specific and legal cause. Now, as the whole country believes, and cannot help believing, the royal prerogative of dissolution has passed into the pocket of the party leader, and become part of the apparatus of political thimblerrigging. We look at these things, for our part, from an essentially conservative point of view: on the one hand, embracing democracy as the dispensation of our time; on the other hand, desiring real securities for its compatibility with order, stable government, private right, reasonable respect for authority, and genuine liberty. Sham safeguards are worse than none; they only veil the danger, and make people fancy that they have a real guarantee when they have none. Is the Governor-Generalship anything but a sham safeguard?

THE suspense, however, has at last been terminated, though by an act against which we once more, however fruitlessly, protest, as a degradation of the royal prerogative to the tricky uses of faction, as a violation of

constitutional principles, and as an aggression upon the independence of the Legislature. That the extension of the franchise was not the real reason, but a mere pretext, is proved, as has been said before, by the absence of any announcement at the time, and by the subsequent treatment of the question as entirely open. In the faction fight, for which the signal is now given, this journal, it is needless to say, stands entirely neutral. Whatever good or bad elements there may be in either party, each of them is a party, and neither of them represents the nation, while the national interests invariably suffer by their selfish and reckless struggle for power. The Opposition accuses the Government of maintaining itself in office by a system of corruption which is not only vicious and wasteful in itself, but subversive of national character, and ruinous to the moral basis of free institutions; and we doubt not that the accusation is founded in fact, whatever excuse may be derived from the difficulty of holding together, by other means than corrupt influence, a heterogeneous and ill-cemented confederation. Nor can any moral being fail to desire that such a system may, as speedily as possible, come to an end. On the other hand, what do we see? We see the Opposition, in direct contravention of its own antecedents, and of the emphatic words of its leader in a speech delivered only a few months ago, "trying to build its political platform with the planks of the scaffold, and to unlock the chamber of the future with the blood-rusted key of the past." We have a British party throwing itself into the arms of an Anti-British movement in Quebec, and of French Half-Breed rebellion in the North-west. We have men whose language is pitched in the highest key of political virtue, and whose reputation for integrity is the most vaunted, professing, for the sake of the French alliance, to believe that Riel was irresponsible for his actions, and, at the same time, with obvious inconsistency, to believe that he was entitled to impunity as a political offender, though for his first offence, which was just as political as his second, they had themselves loudly demanded his blood. It is difficult to imagine that the change from the first of these parties to the second will be a change from a reign of corruption to a reign of perfect probity and patriotism. With only this choice before him, what is one who cares only for the country to do? It is not for us to offer a suggestion, saving that where there is little ground for preferring one party to another, the country may, at least, be served by voting for the best man. There are also degrees of subserviency to party even among its nominees, and comparative independence ought to be a recommendation in patriotic eyes. As to the chances of the contest, we are just as little able to offer an opinion. Were it a contest of principle, or a struggle for any great and intelligible object, as the currents of public opinion are open to the observation of all, those who are not political experts might have grounds for forecasting the result. But, on the present occasion, the book of probabilities is open to the eyes of experts alone. Sir John Macdonald and his lieutenants have no doubt had before them all the information which a well-appointed service of agents and wirepullers could furnish, and they must have maturely considered their prospects in every quarter of the Dominion. They have shown by the step which, after long deliberation, they have taken, that they believe the chances to be in their favour, and we have before us no material for a revision of their judgment. They have, it is true, no material advantage to offer to the people, no N. P. wherewith to sweep the country as they did in 1878. But the Opposition is in the same case: it is afraid to touch the question of the tariff; it is afraid to unfurl the flag of Commercial Union, and it can only hold out general promises of administrative purity, to which the people, familiar with the pledges of parties, turns a somewhat incredulous ear, and for which, even if it confided in them, it would perhaps care less than might be desired. The battle will be one of local influences and sectional issues. In Quebec Government can hardly fail to lose ground, for the Conservative Ministry, though still on its legs, is too paralytic to help its friends. In Ontario it seems likely to hold its own: the result of the Provincial election is far from deciding that of the election for the Dominion, and some of the forces which sustained Mr. Mowat, notably the Catholics and French voters, are already shifting to the other side. In New Brunswick it seems the Government is strong. In Nova Scotia it is at present in the utmost jeopardy; but Sir Charles Tupper is descending on the scene, and magical effects are to be wrought by his presence. The North-west has absolutely no interest in the fray; win who may, it will be the Edom over which the Ottawa Government, Tory or Grit, will cast out its shoe, will continue to afford in its appointments a fund of patronage for the less presentable camp-followers of party, and to pay duties on its farm implements, its fuel, and its canned provisions, in order to win for the Ministry of Ottawa the support of the Protected Provinces. But, strange to say, the Machines seem to have been successfully set up on the prairie, and the Government Machine, with the C. P. R. at its back, though perhaps not actually interfering, appears to be

the stronger of the two. The new elements added to the constituency by the Franchise Bill were no doubt selected from the motive which always governs Party in dealing with this vital question, and are such as the Government had reason to believe would be under its influence, and vote in its favour. We may reckon on some accession to its strength from this quarter. The shrewdest observers of our acquaintance seem to think that the Government will be sustained. Their opinion must be ours. What is too certain is, that a month hence, when the fight is over, Government will be no better, national character will be somewhat worse, and in the auction to which the country is put up by the rivalry of parties, some local or sectarian influences will have grasped another instalment of power.

For some reason, not clearly explained, doubts are entertained as to the guilt of Sproule, who has been hanged for murder in British Columbia. The one valid objection to capital punishment is that it is an irrevocable penalty inflicted by a fallible tribunal. Fallible all earthly tribunals must be. Yet how many cases have there been in which, after execution, a man has been proved to have been innocent? We cannot ourselves recall a single case. Thus, through the extreme caution of judges and the unwillingness of juries to convict on any but the very clearest evidence, practical infallibility seems to have been attained, at least so far as the acquittal of the innocent is concerned; for instances of the escape of the guilty, even of the manifestly guilty, abound. We can mention, however, one case in which a man was left for execution, but was afterwards proved to have been innocent. It was that of a prisoner convicted of the murder of a sailor at Liverpool. Sir Robert Peel, who was then Home Secretary, after examining the case with his usual care, and satisfying himself of the justice of the conviction, went down to the King at Windsor, leaving directions with his Under Secretary that, without further reference to himself, all applications for a reprieve should be rejected, and the law should be allowed to take its course. After his departure the governor of the Lancaster Gaol presented himself at the Home Office, was admitted to an interview with the Under Secretary, and, after frankly saying that he knew he was come on a fool's errand, proceeded to state that long experience had taught him to distinguish the manner of the guilty from that of the innocent, and that he was firmly convinced from this prisoner's manner that he was innocent. He implored the Under Secretary to refer the question to his Chief. The Under Secretary pleaded his Chief's express command to the contrary. The passionate importunity of the governor, however, at length prevailed. The question was referred to Sir Robert Peel. Some circumstances throwing doubt upon the evidence happened to come to light at the same time. A reprieve was granted, and another man afterwards confessed the murder. All that can be said is that if, by any deplorable accident, an innocent man is put to death, he is one of many victims to that which, on the whole, is indispensable to the preservation of society; and in his case death has, at all events, no moral sting.

Mr. GEORGE's organ, the *Standard*, has just appeared at New York. Its first nine columns are devoted to vindication and eulogy of Dr. McGlynn, the Catholic priest who has got into trouble with his superiors by his agrarian and revolutionary sympathies. The Roman Catholic Church every now and then gives birth to one of these attempts to find a new basis for sacerdotalism in an alliance with social revolution, somewhat analogous to the "Tory Democracy" of British politics, which is an attempt to find a new basis for aristocracy in alliance with a mob. The most famous of these enthusiasts or tacticians was Lamennais, who proclaimed that "the future was worth at least as much as the past." He found, however, that in order to embrace the future he had to let go the past, and his star fell from its place in the Roman Catholic firmament.

FROM Jersey City comes the news that James McNeary, one of the coal-handlers beaten by the strikers at Weehauken, is dead, and that another named Sullivan, whose skull was fractured, is dying. For what have these men been butchered? Apparently for exercising the common right of labour against the command of a lawless and arbitrary organisation. Capitalists, then, are not the only tyrants.

IMMEDIATELY after our last publication came news of the death, tragic, because so sudden, of Lord Iddesleigh. To show what Party is, Radical journals insinuate that the old statesman's death was due to the unkindness of Lord Salisbury, who, by tendering him the Privy Seal instead of the Foreign Office, produced, it seems, fatty degeneration of his heart. It is not unlikely that some symptoms of Lord Iddesleigh's failing health and physical incapacity for the heavy work of the Foreign Office may have been observed by Lord Salisbury, and may have entered into his reasons for

making the change. Lord Iddesleigh has closed a career which in literature would have been called "a success of esteem." He was one of those for whom the phrase, *par negotiis nec supra*, seemed to have been specially invented. He received his early training as Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, and there can be no doubt that by conviction he was, like his chief, a Free Trader. Prudence, however, led him, in the schism between the Peelites and the Protectionists, to adhere to the Protectionists; and in a party which had been stripped of all its leaders by the schism, he found himself promoted to a place which otherwise he would certainly not have attained. By the most assiduous industry, and by undeviating fidelity to the wishes of his superiors, he crept steadily upwards till the confidence reposed at once in his discretion and in his docility led to his receiving, as the deputy of a Prime Minister relegated to the Lords, the leadership of the House of Commons. If he was guilty, as an accomplice after the fact, of the conspiracy against Peel, he expiated his faults at the hands of Lord Randolph Churchill, who in turn conspired against him, and assailed him with vituperation which was a manifest copy of the slanderous abuse heaped on the head of Peel by Disraeli. Lord Iddesleigh's department was finance; yet his name is associated with no great financial measure, and his book on financial history was commended and neglected. To make him Foreign Minister was more cruel than to relieve him of so unsuitable a post. His was not one of those powerful and versatile minds which, when transferred to a new sphere of action, make themselves at once masters of it; and it would have been a miracle if he had not failed. Industry, untiring and most conscientious, was his greatest quality, and that in retiring from the Foreign Office he "left no arrears" was his characteristic boast. England and Europe were still under the deepening shadow of a tremendous war, but the last despatch had been answered and docketed. The closing scene of Lord Iddesleigh's public life was not the brightest. His chief had twice offered to descend from the Premiership and take subordinate office under Lord Hartington, if thereby the country could be saved from its danger. Lord Iddesleigh's memory would have stood higher had he caught the generous inspiration, and declared himself ready, in the hour of national peril, to support his leader and the Queen's Government in any capacity which circumstances might require. But patriotism is almost a thing of the past. The death which seems so sad may have been opportune, if any display of resentful hostility to the Government which Lord Iddesleigh had quitted was impending. In private life his character was in all relations admirable; and while on the public scene his place will be easily filled, it will not be easily filled in the circle of his relatives, friends, and neighbours.

If the object of Lord Randolph Churchill's secession was to break up the Government, and bring about a new deal in his own favour, his success, so far, has not been signal, nor does his valiant threat of turning out Lord Salisbury and seizing the Premiership in a few months, seem likely to be fulfilled. Nobody has left the Government with him. Mr. Matthews, his special friend and nominee, remains Home Secretary. Mr. Forwood, his still more special friend and nominee, who came into Parliament distinctly as a Churchillite, has been defending the financial management of the Admiralty against him. It is not likely that he will have any following in the House of Commons, though a few sore-heads may, perhaps, abet him, for the purpose of wreaking their personal wrongs upon the Government, which has omitted to give them small places or shown itself indifferent to their crochets. Still "Randy" has powers of mischief, of which he evidently means to make full use. He is yet the favourite of the Music Halls, and also of that strange organisation of frippery, the Primrose League, which all rational Conservatives regard with contempt and misgiving. It will be fortunate if his influence is not felt in the opposition to Mr. Goschen at the Liverpool election. All this time the Government is in a minority in the House of Commons, and stands only by external support: a position which some narrow Conservatives wish, and think it possible that Lord Salisbury should maintain; as though it were feasible to keep a section of Liberals for ever in a state of isolation, as a crutch for a lame Conservative Ministry. The situation, with no sufficient basis for a Government, rebellion in Ireland, and war impending in Europe, is most serious, and it is miserable to see how faction and selfishness assert themselves without limit and without shame, in face of the national peril. Mr. Goschen's accession to the Cabinet is a great gain, but it is not enough in itself to give the Government the strength which is necessary to carry the country over such a crisis. Calamity, apparently, is at hand.

Is Constantinople worth fighting for? is a question which England is now discussing from a painfully practical point of view. But we cannot help asking, if it is not, why has there been so much fighting for it?

What is to be said about those graves at Sebastopol? What is to be said about the policy, so much vaunted at the time, which crossed Alexander II, whose disposition towards England was perfectly friendly, in the mid-career of conquest, and thereby brought him to his tragic end, and entailed upon England the deadly enmity of his savage son? To decide the question practically, however, Constantinople ought to be stripped of the glamour which lingers round her as the ancient capital of the Roman Empire, and the link between its eastern and western portions. She ought to be estimated according to her real value and importance, whatever they may be, at the present day. Rome, Cyprus, and the deposits of the Nile are other instances in which ancient renown and an importance which belongs to the past have had a misleading effect on the estimate of present value, and on the policy which that estimate has determined. That the advance of Russia with her cast-iron autocracy, so fatal to national life and freedom of development, into those regions will be injurious to civilisation is too probable. The best thing by far would have been a confederation of all these Principalities and small powers for the preservation of internal peace and for mutual defence, under the Sultan as their suzerain. But the opportunity for bringing about such a confederation has been lost, and Servia and Bulgaria have been allowed to fly at each other's throats. After all, it is not likely that Russia will succeed in permanently bringing all those communities under the despotism of St. Petersburg. They have tasted liberty, and they will writhe under the yoke; they have tasted independence, and they will revolt against annexation. Perhaps the contagion may spread to Russia itself. In devouring free communities, Russia may be like Milton's Eve, who "knew not eating death." Besides, inordinate bulk is weakness, and tends not to strength but to dissolution. The world is not going to be ruled from the shores of the Baltic.

A WRITER in the *Contemporary* remarks that though the British may not be a military nation, they are still a warlike people, and that the Soudan gave proof that the muscles, nerves, and hearts of the British soldier are as trustworthy as ever. Blunders, he says, were committed. In what war are blunders not committed? How many officers, however thoroughly trained, keep their heads perfectly, under fire? Besides, every one acts now under a blaze of criticism in itself almost sufficient to shake his nerves. How would the Duke of Wellington have fared after the retreat from Burgos if his camp had been full of newspaper correspondents, and a critical world had been following all his movements by telegraph? The military administration, though sensational journalists had proclaimed it utterly rotten, seems never to have failed seriously in the Soudan Campaign, while the French army, in which "not a gaiter-button was wanting," miserably broke down. Of course public arsenals and works, not being kept up to the mark by competition, require close watching, and watch them as closely as you will, they will seldom be so efficient and economical as private factories and shipyards. Nor is the substitution, upon which democracy insists, of stump oratory for administrative power likely to improve the administration. But the danger to the military position and security of England lies not in any falling off on the part of the soldier or in any mismanagement of the arsenal. It lies in the premature growth of an anti-military spirit among the industrial masses into whose hands political power has now passed. The factory hand generally cares nothing for national honour, and hates scarlet, which he still fancies to be aristocratic, though, since the reforms of Lord Cardwell and Lord Wolseley, the British army has become strictly professional. In China it is impossible to form an army. The amount of material at the command of the Government is boundless, and the people are lavish of their lives; but, through an exaggerated industrialism, the military profession and character are totally discredited, while there exists not the faintest sense of national honour. When the Chinese are invaded by Tartars or Mantchous they lie flat on their faces, and allow themselves to be conquered, caring not who governs them so long as their earnings are not reduced. The disposition of the Radical factory hand is pretty much the same, and political power in England is now wielded by Radical factory hands, not by Elizabethan heroes or by followers of Chatham. Possibly the view of the Radical factory hand may be destined in the course of ages to become that of the world in general. It is very far from being that of the world in general at present, and a defenceless England, instead of being, as some philanthropists flatter themselves, an object of moral reverence to the Gaul or the Cossack, would only be a tempting prey. Whatever may be the value of the Volunteers, British or Canadian, as a force, they are invaluable as the means of keeping up the military spirit and respect for the military profession in an industrial nation.

NO PRAYERS FOR THE POLITICIAN.

[At the annual meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Evangelical Alliance (the Attorney-General in the chair) the chairman remarked, "Whilst I find that prayers are offered for almost all the wants of the community, I do not find anything specific with reference to politicians, who, I venture to say, need prayers as much as any other section of the community."]

A TRUCE to Prayer! Of what avail are prayers
For native, honest worth, such as is theirs;
Prayer! for the gentleman whose only god
Is plunder, or a party leader's nod?

Did not a parted soul one day set forth
(A politician from the frozen North)
To pierce that unknown, dim, mysterious life,
Pregnant with bliss or woe, with peace or strife.

Two paths lay stretch'd before his eager gaze—
One broad, one narrow, pointing devious ways;
Which was the nicer? Well, at last, he made his
Pathway the one whose final goal is Hades.

He knock'd, and, doubtless, bribed the servant—poor fellow!
For Satan Blazes, with an awful bellow,
Yell'd out "Avant! Depart! Vamoose! Begone!
Leave these demesnes of mine, or I'm undone.

"Up with the drawbridge swiftly! Warders, ho!
Take in a politician? Not for Joe!
For if I did, he'd beg, or steal, or sell
Each timber limit in the shades of —."

Truce! Prayers for him whom Hades thus denies
A resting-place? 'Tis worse beyond the skies,
For, had they politicians "over there,"
Farewell to "Angels ever bright and fair." PORCUPINE.

AFTERNOON TEA.

How oddly a century or so will change ideas, traditions, even creeds! How long is it since the purer air of the American Republic was athrob with liberty, equality, and fraternity, from Maine to California? How long since the eagle screamed alike for all the doctrine of Democracy? How long since it was commonly proclaimed that the ancestor was a fossil unknown to American strata, spurned by American naturalists? Yet, to-day, a responsible American journal makes the broad, unvarnished statement that an Albany publisher will shortly issue a "large and valuable work" upon this extinct species, showing it to have lived and prospered for years in America about the Boston tea period of that country's history. The large and valuable work will be entitled "American Ancestry," and will be modelled upon the "well-known publications" of Burke. It would be interesting to know to what extent. Burke, we have always understood to be very thorough—a natural history of aristocratic, all but pre-historic man that is fully to be depended upon. And the American Burke is to be compiled upon data largely supplied by the ancestor's present representatives. This fact seems vaguely to militate against the trustworthiness of the volume, although why it should in the records of a nation whose model in candour is the signal juvenile achievement of George Washington, it is not easy to state. Another noticeable feature in the publisher's announcement of the volume is to the effect that it will be adapted to the conditions of American society. Does this mean that its editor will not cast too corroborative an eye over the annals of the past when he considers the statements of the present? Or may we gather from it that no invidious laws of precedence are to be laid down whereby the descendants of the honest oyster-man will be compelled to fall behind those of the honest oyster-man's patrons in the old colonial days? Whatever meaning may lie hid in the dark obscurity of its prospectus, and whatever utility in the large and valuable work itself, its publication will no doubt be regarded as one of the most interesting events in the field of American literary activity for some time past—all of which suggests again the melancholy moulting of the wings of the Democratic spirit.

PERHAPS you think you have exhausted the list of human ills in endeavouring to dispose of tickets for a charity concert, or to collect subscriptions for carpeting the vestry. It is an opinion you are very excusable in holding, but it is not based upon an experience wide enough to entitle you to express it unfalteringly. You have never attempted to collect statistics from any given number of your fellow-women upon which to devise a report as to their condition. I know you haven't, because such a report has never yet been presented for the consideration of any legislative body in this our broad Dominion. I have serious doubts as to whether it ever will be. I am a person qualified to have such doubts, inasmuch as in the preparation of such a report I had the honour of attempting to be a pioneer

It was very simple, I thought. It could be done in Boston, as a bulky volume testified, and why not in Toronto? Merely the gathering together of certain facts and figures regarding all women who earned money, the striking of certain averages and percentages, the tabulating of the same, and the adding thereto of such reflections and opinions as were deducible therefrom. Very simple. There were the school-teachers and the stenographers, the telephone operators, and the workers in the fine arts, the dress and mantle makers and all their subordinates, the young persons who act behind counters in different capacities, and the ladies of various ages who engage married women to pay that strict attention to all the little requirements of the finely-strung nervous organisation of the modern servant girl—these and many more who would all be willing, doubtless anxious, to share with me the honour of contributing to a document which should serve as a means of furnishing accurate information regarding their conditions. Very simple. As easy, in fact, as reaching the bottom of a toboggan slide after one has started, which is the easiest thing that will readily occur to the Canadian imagination at the present time. So with a light heart and a cheerful countenance, I betook me to a large down-town dress-making establishment of my familiar acquaintance to make a beginning.

Yes, the head lady was engaged just then, but she would be through in a moment: if I would just take a seat and look over the patterns.

"Curious," thought I, as the blondined young lady left me in contemplation of *Harper's Bazar*, "the bias of the feminine intellect toward affairs of the wardrobe! Here am I, entrusted with a design that originated in the legislative brain of this great Province, and coming in quest of information to further it—asked to look at patterns!" And yet, reflecting that I had never come heretofore for any other purpose, I looked at them.

I don't know a more agreeable being than a fashionable dressmaker. She is mistress of every art to beguile, and she exercises them all. She knows poor feminine human nature to its last weakness, and the person who wouldn't be flattered by her ought to wear robes of strictly angelic cut, and nothing tailor-made. This one approached me with her most seductive smile, and asked me if I had seen anything I liked.

"No—yes—I mean they're all very pretty; but I came to see if I could get some statistics."

"Oh!" she said, with a vague but still charming facial expression. "I think you'll find them downstairs, in the department to the right."

"Dear me, no! You don't understand me, I think. I said 'statistics.' Perhaps—perhaps you thought I said 'elastics.' Now, if you will be kind enough to look over this schedule, and answer the questions with your lead pencil, or anything, you will see their nature and object at once. I have been commissioned to make enquiry into the work and w— salaries of women in Toronto, and of course you see"—here I began to discover unaccountable difficulties in starting the toboggan—"there's no other way of doing it."

Miss X looked at me with a degree of frigidity I wouldn't have deserved if I had been a book agent with a vocabulary in seven languages. Then she adjusted her gold-rimmed eyeglass, and picked up the paper slowly, and in accents that two "radiators" and a Franklin stove could not prevent from congealing before they reached me, she articulated the following inoffensive queries:

"Name in full."

"Are you under or over sixteen years?"

"Occupation or trade."

"Where, and by whom, employed?"

"Amount of wages for week ending October 30."

"Number of hours employed in the week."

There were a number of other questions, but she stopped there.

"This seems," she said, "to be extremely personal. Extremely."

"Yes," I responded, with some timidity. "It is personal—it has to be, you know."

"For what object did you say it was?"

"For the Minister of— Oh, no! I beg his pardon! For the abatement of more thorough and judicious legislation on behalf of working women—I mean ladies in receipt of salaries."

"I don't understand why the Government should want to know whether I am over sixteen years or not. As a matter of fact, I am, but what difference does that make to Sir John Macdonald?"

"I don't think it makes any serious difference. But you see in order to arrive at the general facts as to the age of—of ladies in receipt of salaries, we must get them individually first. This information is requested in the strictest confidence. You will only appear in the aggregate. You don't mind appearing in an aggregate, do you?"

"I object," said Miss X with severity, "to appearing in anything before the Government. It is much too public for a lady; and I think you must excuse me. I suppose this has something to do with Woman's Rights. I am very much opposed to Woman's Rights."

I did excuse her, and went my way sorrowfully, leaving her, I know, possessed of the idea that the indefinite legislative body to whom, in her mind, were confided the destinies of our Dominion, was of an exceedingly inquisitive and impertinent turn of mind, and had commissioned a person of much the same disposition to attempt for them a wholly unwarrantable thing. I had stumbled upon the great fact that militates against the success of women in any and every department of money-making—their ignorance of business methods, their dislike to the financial facts of their struggle with circumstances being known, and their natural shrinking from the public gaze even "in the aggregate." This is all very foolish and very blind perhaps, but it is inalienable from woman nature, and naturally accompanies the violation of that unwritten law which says that woman shall not compete with man in the ways in which he earns his livelihood and should earn hers. The testimony was all alike in so far as I took it. Wonder, indignation, scorn, and contumely characterised it, according to the intelligence of the person who was invited to contribute it. Was it compulsory? It was not. Then they would have none of it. Nothing could drag from them what it cost them to live, or whether or not the time they lost through sickness was paid for. It was an insult that they should be asked. Men filled up such schedules every day, and thought nothing of it? Well, men might, but men did a great many things that women couldn't be expected to do, and wouldn't do under any circumstances.

It was a valuable lesson in the progress of the sex toward a rational idea of its own elevation in the scheme of political economy, and is here-with tendered to the public by one who would not be sordid or grasping in retaining such a privilege. It is put forth also in the hope that the next collector of similar statistics may be led to understand the gravity of the undertaking before she enters upon it, to approach it in a true missionary spirit, and to devote a lifetime to the task. GARTH GRAFTON.

NOTES FROM MONTREAL.

"THE Olde Folke Concert" took place in the Queen's Hall, Friday evening, January 7, and was repeated Saturday afternoon, drawing a full house at each performance, and proving a great financial success.

It is whispered that Lord and Lady Lansdowne have expressed a desire to be present at "The Mikado," so the date of the event remains unsettled at present, depending on their arrival in Montreal.

We can but anticipate one thing for "The Mikado"—success. Ticket-holders must cease all grumbling at the postponement of the performance when they know they will not only see the entertainment, but also the Governor-General, for a dollar!

To take a long jump from the last subject, are not street cars very unsatisfactory things? They so seldom appear at the right time, and when you, as by some lucky chance, catch one going the way you wish it, you hardly meet with unalloyed enjoyment. But the conductor is bland and smiling, "Plenty of room—move up, ladies," he cries, and his voice is full of confidence and encouragement.

Did ever a street car conductor refuse admittance to a weary pedestrian? No—his kindness of heart would not allow of such a thing. You appreciate his kindness when you happen to be the weary pedestrian, but only then, and you tumble in, over numerous feet and wraps, and breathe a prayer of thanksgiving when you find yourself safely wedged in between two occupants in the farthest corner. One neighbour has a large bundle on her knee, generally it is a baby, and the other neighbour has evidently a passion for bad tobacco or onions. Yes, it was very kind of the conductor to let you in, and you have only five cents to pay for all this luxury.

Printed up in the cars we see "Children on parent's knee not charged," but then we come to do some mental arithmetic: How many babies does it take to equal the weight of a person who would be charged? If our calculations are not entirely wrong, we should say six babies would, at least, be equal to a very little woman; but this question we are not much interested in. What we wish to know is—should you be charged when you have to permit a person—unknown to you, and a few years beyond the stage of infancy—to sit on your knee?

ONE realises every day that "it takes all sorts of people" to make a world. It is not the luxuriously equipped personages who pass driving, nestling in their snug robes, which strike our minds and fancies. These people may have cares, sorrows, disappointments, but as long as one turns a prosperous exterior to the world one is not to be pitied. It is the people

who are clad—not dressed, and barely clad—who carry the mark of life's continuous struggle in their forms and faces: which face one aghast with the problem of life—and rouse questions and theories within one, which must remain unknown and unanswered until the Day of Judgment.

Montreal, January 11, 1886.

FERRARS.

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

DIVERS moons have wax'd and waned since yon night my erring feet
Wander'd nigh a place of worship adown a quiet street,
And the good folks pass'd those portals—redolent of prayer and praise—
Pass'd in scores—nay, by the hundred—before my wondering gaze:
Curiosity's my weakness (a weakness which, be pleased to note,
Lures us as it fondly lureth the festive petticoat),
And I entered where the archway, aloft this legend bore,
"Welcome! Missionary Ship! Bound for far-off Labrador."

In a space, hard by the pulpit, there rode a model ship,
Mann'd and rigg'd in all the latest for her missionary trip;
Flanking either side were coffers—here the vulgar and refined
Left the tissued root of evil, or materials in kind.
Honoured he who gave a fiver—most honoured—saving when
Some rich sinner "went him better" with a greasy-looking X;
Till, as I view'd that oily pastor, methought that there were more
Poorer folk amongst my neighbours than the swells of Labrador.

Labrador being in the tropics, as every schoolboy knows,
May account for the abundant supply of summer clothes;
Sensible donations were they, so picturesquely light,
Breathing thoughts of airy noonings and the balmy hours of night.
And one dear, old, giddy spinster, who succours orphan cats,
Touched my heart to see her bundle, containing garden hats;
How the sultry youth and maiden, lingering by their native shore,
Hold her name in deepest reverence in sun-beat Labrador.

Now the only thing which troubled that noble-minded band
Was the somewhat handsome balance of cash they held in hand;
Parents in Israel they, to spend, "in kind," 'twere surely best
(For who can judge of Eastern wants like the good folk of the West).
Yes! this seemed the proper caper, and they bought a lot of those
Drab puggarees, mosquito-nets, fans, and other Arctic clothes;
And my blessing on that *pastry cook*, who 'umbly 'eld the floor,
And moved a ton of *ice creams* be bought for Labrador.

H. K. COCKIN.

MUSIC.

PERHAPS of all the arts the musical one most entices to humbug and deals in device. We certainly fail to recollect seeing in periodicals devoted to painting, decoration, or literature, any notices or advices similar to the curious and suspicious ones expressly drawn up for the reading of the musically unwary. The growth of peculiar, distinct, and novel methods of vocal and instrumental instruction is a modern fungoid, one which it would be of some service to the art to lop off. The simple "teacher of singing" is now represented by the "voice builders," the "voice placers," and the "voice developers." It is proper now to say voice culture as distinguished from singing, we hear, which, by the way, we always did consider separate, both in theory and practice. The voice builder makes much of the preliminary steps in teaching. If not actually following the example of the famous Italian master who, upon receiving a new pupil, frightened her half to death by ordering her to lie down on a sofa, place books upon her chest, a glass of water on the books and then asked her to sing a scale without spilling any of the water—if not actually doing this, he at least sets about in some equally startling manner. Perhaps he recommends gymnastics to strengthen the chest, and forthwith the pupil is caught at odd hours in a flannel jacket, no corsets, and a red face, practising dumb-bells and the horizontal bar. Perhaps deportment is his darling craze, and the young lady is trained to cultivate a soldier-like stiffness of bearing, or kept with her hands tied behind her for an hour at a time to ensure her shoulders being broad and low, and her bosom all it should be. If she be a fairly finished singer, be sure that the teacher who is only engaged in putting the last delicate touches will have his own ideas about diet, exercise, hours, and so forth. All very good, in fact, nothing can be wiser in the case of a superior and interesting pupil. Besides, it impresses even the dull pupils, and begets that curiosity and interest without which many excellent teachers go to the wall who teach only in traditional methods. Most certainly the "voice builder" is many degrees removed from the person who issues such a card as the following:

Throat difficulties removed, the voice strengthened, and all other diseases successfully treated through the application of Old Theology, or the understanding of God, by Dr. E. J. Arens, 33 Union Park, Boston.

With regard to teachers of the piano, whom we have always with us, and more of them coming in every day (the German emigrant-lines report daily increase in numbers), there is even more variety. There is always in every town, of course, the "professor" who "imparts the piano in six weeks." This includes harmony, counterpoint, and reading at sight. There is the more ambitious master still, who has a new and complete system of his own, chart, figures, animals, and dots, local association, arrows, and unlimited cheek, who teaches harmony in *one* lesson. What

are the triumphs of the Tonic Sol-Fa system to that? Follows the inspired, though inglorious instructor in the "art of refined piano-playing," who grandly dispenses with all technique. "That will come of itself," he says. "No scales, no exercises, no finger movement, no wrist dislocation with me. All nature, pure nature, and talent. We aid it, of course. We encourage it, but we never fatigue it, provoke it, or alarm it." And the refrain, "no scales, no exercises, no exercises, no scales," gets wafted about somehow to the ears of the inactive rich or the disheartened seedy, and gradually a knot of interested pupils is formed around the kind-hearted professor, who promises them so many good things in the name of emancipation.

There is next the teacher by proxy. This gentleman or lady (just as many nowadays of the latter) sends out a circular informing the public that he is a "pupil of —." It used always to be Liszt, or perhaps Thalberg. But now it has spread to Plaidy, Kullak, Köller, Moscheles, Hallé, Reinecke, Jadassohn, Macfarren, Sherwood, Maas, etc., etc., why swell the list? Besides that fact, he states no other qualification; he simply takes it for granted that it is quite sufficient, and in many cases it is, but the public must remember that a good teacher may send out a good pupil, who may yet turn out a bad teacher. There is finally the anatomical teacher who insists on his piano student making a study of the tendons, the muscles, membranes, and bones of the hand before they commence the practice of *technique*. The physiological side of the art is thus developed to a degree undreamt of by the mere teacher of notes, who, however, has usually a good deal to say for his own, and more generally accepted, method. It is most likely that the great *virtuosi* of the past, as well as of the present, have known painfully little about the physiological side of their art.

Of curiosities among music-dealers, commonly called the "trade," or among composers, or among critics, how many and various! The seedy German who "fixes up" your compositions, "chords down" your darling melody, the bandmaster who supplies "parts" in a back street at a nominal sum, the young lady who imparts the "Leipsic method" at \$2.50 a month, the decayed aristocrat who plays the upright piano in a slouched hat on fine days in the Park, the average musical reporter—with him shall the list stop.

THE Saturday Popular Concerts attract a certain number of visitors, despite counter attractions at the theatres. The idea is a good one, and the performance equally good; the names of E. W. Schuch, Churchill Arlidge, and Sims Richards being identified with the project.

AN organ recital was given on the Jarvis Street Baptist Church organ, last Friday, by the recently-appointed organist, Mr. Harrison. Notwithstanding its being a stormy night, a fairly large audience gathered to hear the excellent programme provided, which included the 4th Mendelssohn Sonata and an arrangement of Wagner's Lohengrin.

PROGRAMMES have reached us of a Christmas Carol Concert in Ottawa, and also of the first Philharmonic Concert of the season. Part-songs, a piano solo by Miss Lampman, and a song by Miss Howden constituted the evening's entertainment.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Harpers have secured the services of Mr. John Foord, who until a few weeks since was editor of the Brooklyn Union. Previous to assuming the latter position Mr. Foord was editor of the New York Times, and being well versed in literary matters he is a valuable addition to the Harper corps of writers and editors. Mr. Foord will be more specially connected with *Harper's Weekly*.

THE editor of the Boston Home Journal has succeeded in obtaining quite a valuable and interesting series of unpublished letters written by the poet Longfellow. The correspondence covers the last fifty years of the poet's life, and contains letters, many of them of great value and interest. The documents are to be published in a series in the *Home Journal*, the first of which appears this week.

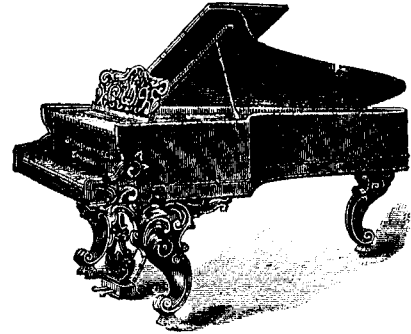
MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN has finished her maiden literary effort, and the article is to be printed in the February *Brooklyn Magazine*, under the title, "Young Women and the Stage." Miss Cayvan has written in answer to the question, "Can you advise young women to adopt the stage as a profession?" and her arguments pro and con. make most interesting reading. I have just finished an advance reading of the article, and it shows its author to be almost as clever a writer as she undoubtedly is an actress.

THE success which Canadian writers, dealing with Canadian topics, are meeting with among the leading American periodicals is very noteworthy at present. We have already drawn attention to the series of articles from the pen of Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa, now appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*. The same writer has two different series of articles upon our winter sports at present running in *Harper's Young People* and *Our Youth* of New York, the former being appropriately illustrated. We also understand that both Mr. Oxley and Mr. Duncan Scott (of Ottawa likewise) have been so fortunate as to place MSS. with the new *Scribner's Magazine*, while Mr. Farrar, editor of the *Mail*, is said to have entered the "charmed circle of the *Atlantic Monthly*," with an article upon French-Canadian Life and Manners.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE's work on the platform is almost at an end for this season, and it is his intention to devote the increased leisure thus allowed him to literary work. Mr. Cable is now reading the proofs of his story, "Grande Pointe," which is to appear entire in the *Century* for March. It was first designed to run this story in serial form, but this intention, it now appears, has been abandoned, and the reader will be able to read it at a single sitting. Mr. Cable's third and concluding story of the Acadian series will also be published in the *Century*, probably in the May or June number. Upon this story the author is now busy. It will be somewhat longer than either "Caranero" or "Grande Pointe," and will contain nearly all the same characters with which the readers of the two previous stories have become familiar. No title has as yet been given the story, but it will probably take its name from one of the regions occupied by the people it describes. The three stories have a connecting thread, and will make a complete novel to be issued in book form after the publication of the third story.

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The managers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY offer to the public their patient, painstaking effort to develop the best and most characteristic literature of the West. They find that the magazine is making friends everywhere, and that its circulation is steadily increasing. They are now able to announce the incorporation of a strong company of capitalists and literary men to carry the magazine forward to a still greater success.

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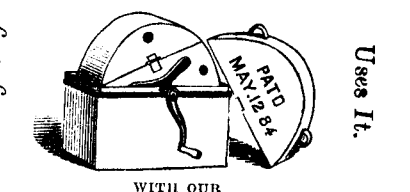
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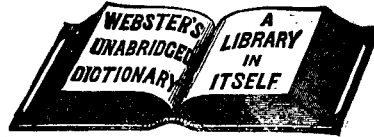
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