

# THE WEEK:

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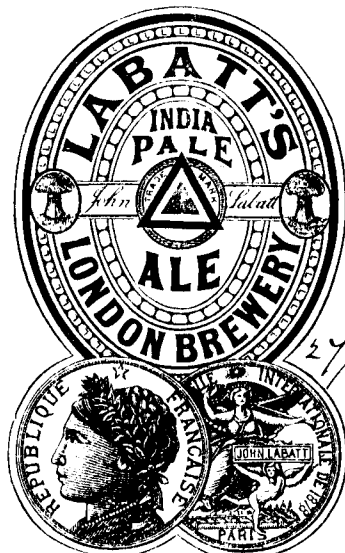
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Toronto, Thursday, June 17th, 1886.

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## CLERICAL INCOMES.

It is possible that the ordinary reader may pass over this brief paper as of no importance to himself. If these first lines should catch his eye, we will entreat the favour of a hearing. The subject in hand is by no means one which concerns the clergy alone, of whatever denomination. Doubtless, it concerns them as a class; but it concerns no less the whole body of the laity, who receive most of their religious instruction and influence from the ministers of the churches.

No one can doubt the profound influence which the clergy of any particular period exercise upon its religious life. And the importance of this consideration is not diminished by the corresponding truth that the clergy are themselves, in a great degree, the expression of the religious life of their time—no doubt in its higher forms and expressions, but still in such a way that the teacher is partially made by his age, even as he helps to make his age. We are members one of another. Each one partakes, more or less, of the life of the whole body.

If this is a true statement of the case—which will hardly be denied—then everything which affects the condition of the clergy, affects and should interest every member of the Christian Church, and, less directly, of our whole social system. An important place in this respect must be given to the subject of an adequate provision for the temporal needs of the clergy and their families.

Let some things be clearly understood at once. We are no advocates for overpaying the clergy, so as to enable them to live in luxury. Nor do we wish to see them entirely independent of their flocks. Partial endowments are good and useful; but we believe it tends to make the relations between ministers and people more living and sympathetic, that there should be the means of expressing the value which the people set upon the services of their pastor.

But these things are quite apart from the main purport of this paper. What we have specially to note is the utterly inadequate provision which is now being made for the ministers of the Christian Church, and more particularly, it is said, in the Church of England. If this is so, the matter is very serious, very terrible.

What must be the effect of this insufficient provision? Loss of power, loss of self-respect, loss of all those high qualities, intellectual and moral, which make the ministry of divine truth of any value. Let us grant that there are men who have the spirit of heroes and martyrs, who will increase in spiritual power as their outward man is crushed or perishes. All honour to them! They are the salt of the earth.

But it will not be reasonable to expect a spirit so exalted in the majority, even of those who have consecrated themselves to the high work of ministering the Word of Life. Circumstances will help to mould them as they mould other men, and they will be better or worse, as they are helped or hindered by their surroundings.

We venture to think that the clergy, as a rule, display an amount of self-denial which would be very surprising to the ordinary layman, if he were to become acquainted with it. Granted that some of them get into debt, and that a still smaller number of these take tortuous ways of meeting or evading their responsibilities. It is easy to find fault or condemn.

These men are not heroes or martyrs. But are those laymen heroic, who, amply provided with the good things of this life, make no effort to alleviate the distress of which they can hardly be unaware?

If they do not know this—if the laity are ignorant of the deep poverty of many of the clergy—they are only a degree less guilty than, if knowing it, they give no heed to it. If the gospel of Jesus Christ be true—and our argument is addressed only to those who believe it,—then they will have to answer for this to their Lord; and it will be a heavy reckoning when it comes.

A short time ago the Toronto *Globe* did a very useful work by publishing, under the head of "Pastors' Salaries," a statement of the amounts paid to the various ministers in Toronto. The heading of the statement ran as follows:—"The Presbyterian and the Methodist bodies the most liberal, and the Baptists and Congregationalists not far behind; the Episcopalians indifferently remunerated." We infer from the reports given of the incomes of the various ministers that the above summary is accurate, that the clergy of the Church of England are the worst paid of all the ministers in the city of Toronto.

The other day, the writer of these lines received from a Rural Dean of the Diocese of Toronto a few items of information respecting the incomes of the clergy in country places, which were very astonishing to the recipient of the information. A clergyman of the one Church of England congregation in a town of some size (containing a population of 4,000 or 5,000) receives \$600. Another, who has a wife and five children, receives \$800. Another, who has a wife and seven children, and has to serve six stations, and therefore has to keep a horse and buggy, has \$720. Another, who has a wife and family, has \$600. These were not instances gathered from a large area in which there were many others better provided; they were lying side by side, and represented the ordinary provision made for the clergy of the English Church in the locality to which they belong.

Are the well-to-do laity acquainted with these facts? And, if so, do they weigh their import? Do they reflect that, while the prices of most things necessary for actual existence are rising in this country, the stipends of the clergy remain the same; that the struggle for life is becoming, day by day, more arduous and more bitter? Do they consider what must be the necessary result of these things?

Young men are refusing to enter a profession which gives them no prospect of a decent maintenance. Others are crossing the border and transferring their ministerial labours to the United States, where, it appears, there is among the laity some sense of the importance of the sacred office, and some readiness to provide for the needs of those who fill it.

Some of the laity cannot understand this at all. To them it is very shocking that there should be such care for "loaves and fishes," and so little "love of souls." Yes, it is strange, is it not?—very strange to the wearer of "purple and fine linen" that those ministers of Christ should object to wear patched garments, or to see their children without shoes?

We do not plead for a luxurious clergy. We plead for decency. And it is indecent when the laity can spend profusely upon their persons, their houses, their families, and yet can look on and see the holders of the most sacred office on earth degraded and unfitted for their exalted work.

It is difficult to speak the simple truth on such a subject without seeming to be guilty of extravagance. There is not an Anglican ecclesiastic in Toronto (if we except one case in no way dependent upon the offerings of the people) who receives an adequate income. Let the wealthy laity of the diocese go through the list. Let them begin with the Bishop, who receives about \$4,000 a year, and has to pay all his own expenses of travelling, and has continually to put his hand in his pocket to meet calls upon his charity or his duty—let them begin here and go down through the list, and let them consider how they can satisfy their consciences on this subject, and how they will answer the Lord of the conscience.

It would appear that the other denominations, although in a better condition than the Church of England, are taking measures to wipe away the reproach of underpaying their clergy. We have no present means of following these endeavours. To whatever communion we belong, we must rejoice that all Christian teachers should be protected from that grinding penury which is destructive of self respect, and therefore of all real moral power. Unless our teachers can freely speak to us what they believe, and unless they can have perfect liberty in studying the truth which they proclaim, their ministrations must be comparatively useless. C.

## ONE VIEW OF THE FISHERY DISPUTE.

IN an article upon the subject "Newspapers," prepared for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* two years ago, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, manager of the *New York Tribune*, predicted a great change in the character of the metropolitan press as the result of the reductions in price, that had then lately been forced upon the great dailies by competition among themselves and the increasing number and circulation of diurnal penny-dreadfuls. The Cleveland-Folsom wedding and the Fisheries controversy are the latest, but far from the only, proofs of the anticipated decline in character. College and banquet lecturers on journalism are indeed correct in saying that the metropolitan press has passed out of the stage of development typified by the *Eatonswill Gazette*; but substituted for it, we have that "melancholic personal gossip," which Mr. Matthew Arnold, speaking as the guardian of sweetness and light, has denounced as the bane of the American press, and, still later, that toadying to class interests and feelings which is at present the greatest obstacle to journalistic righteousness. Under the former head, nothing preceding it has been quite so shameless as the situations, actions, and speeches, invented outright for the President and his bride; and the consequences to the subjects of such gossip may be realized by considering how two apparently sensible and modest persons have been driven to attempt to cover their simplest acts and purposes with secrecy in order to keep down, so far as might be, the floods of lying nonsense and calumny written about them as facts of their daily existence. Under the head of class toadying, the treatment of the Fishery Question is a grave example. Simply stated, the facts appear to be these: Canada has valuable fisheries, to which she is willing to admit the United States, on the basis of a *quid pro quo*. The United States concede that they have not a right of free admission to those fisheries. On each side, the Government naturally takes its cues from that fraction of its subject population more immediately concerned in the fishery interest. Canadian fishermen, reasonably enough, want the highest price that can be got for the privileges that American fishermen desire, and the latter, as reasonably, seek to get the lowest possible quotation before closing the bargain. So far, this is but the haggling of the market, accompanied by the usual number of shop lies, on the part of both seller and buyer; as for example:—on the part of the seller, that American fishermen must fish within Canadian limits, if they are to make any profit, and, on the part of the buyer, that the best fishing lies outside those limits, and that admission to the limits is more a matter of convenience than necessity. Collaterally with this main question of the value to Americans of the Canadian Fishery privileges, runs another—namely, of the extent and character of those privileges. Canadians, relying on the treaty of 1818, say that American fishing vessels have no right, without Canadian consent, to buy ice and bait in Canadian ports, to aid their fishing operations on the common grounds. Americans say that the treaty has been superseded by universal usages of commerce that have attained the force of public law since that treaty was enacted, and this position they seek to strengthen by reference to a commercial treaty, antedating that of 1818, but which they contend, is in *pari materia* with the latter. This, with the addition of the question of headlands, as affecting the three-mile limit, is the controversy, compounded of questions both of law and fact; and if we mention that, pending the closing of the bargain, impatient or unscrupulous buyers are disposed to snatch at what they can within the limits; and that the sellers are alert and desirous to prevent such shoplifting, under the cover of legitimate shopping, we have fairly stated the situation of the parties as well as the issue. In this issue, or this situation, there is nothing to occasion a bad quarter of an hour to any diplomat or international jurist who may be called upon to deal officially with it. What malign or distorting influences may be operating upon Canadian functionaries, to give false colour or direction to the course of affairs, the writer does not know, or pretend to know; if there be any. THE WEEK, as an independent, critical journal, may doubtless be trusted to expose and denounce them, conformably to its obvious duty and responsibility. It is with such influences upon this side of the boundary that this letter is meant to deal. In the first place, the politicians in and out of Congress whose lines are cast among the towns and communities that constitute what has been herein called the buyer, are "working the thing for all it is worth" (to use a current vulgarism), with an eye to their personal interest in connection with the approaching autumn elections; in the second place, the whole body of Republican leaders in the country, intent upon reversing the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives at those elections, are "working the thing" to discredit the administration, which is also Democratic; in the third place, the now unprosperous "blanket sheets" of the great cities of the East, hungrier for the united pat-

ronage of the populations of Massachusetts and Maine interested in the fishery occupations, are scrambling over each other in truckling to sordid opinion born of selfishness; and, in the fourth place, according to the current canons of journalism, the incidents of the fishery dispute, viewed simply as topics of news, are entitled to be "boomed." Assuming this to be a fair statement of the American side of the situation, it is an affair of stumblers, reporters, and an almost infinitesimal proportion of the population and capital of the United States, which in a natural order of events would, as a subject of agitation, die of inanition in a few months, producing nothing but harmless noise while it lived, and would shortly afterwards be entombed in a reasonable settlement by the constituted authorities. If the affair should now exhibit unusual life and vigour, and intensify and prolong itself, it will be because of the literal and rigid enforcement of the doubtful provisions of the treaty of 1818, without a prior effort to obtain a mutual interpretation thereof. Even now, if the Canadian authorities would confine their cruisings and capturings to protection of the inshore fishery, including land-locked waters if they choose; protesting against the right of American fishermen to obtain bait and ice in Canadian ports, and keeping an account of all ice and bait so obtained as the foundation of a claim to compensation for the privilege if the treaty of 1818 should be diplomatically sustained, they would cease from aiming blows in aid of the opponents of President Cleveland's Administration, and from fostering that ferocious appetite for State protection of purely personal interests, as against the public good, that is so manifest in the doctrines and doings of the Knights of Labour, and the principle of the Oleomargarine Bill that has just passed the House of Representatives. Except as evincing an alarmist spirit not justified by the calmness of all but a trifling number of our people, it might be added that a moderate course on the part of the Canadian Government would make it sure that present empty mouthings grew to nothing more substantial. It is a high price to pay for a spirited foreign policy on the part of Canada, that the hand of so just and conscientious a publicist as Secretary Bayard should be forced, and mischievous importance conferred upon so shallow and unprincipled a demagogue as Senator Frye.

Washington, June 5, 1886.

## NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

IN the month of July, 1884, we took occasion to point out, through the columns of THE WEEK, the utter inefficiency of our quarantine regulations, and from personal observation we were enabled to give the following description of the examination to which an ocean steamer is liable on her arrival in the port of Quebec: "When the steamer has moored alongside her wharf the quarantine doctor goes on board for the purpose of examining into the health of the passengers. The examination in the main consists of the interchange of civilities between the quarantine doctor and the ship's doctor. Esculapius of the sea assures Esculapius of the land that 'everything is all right;' a hasty glance into the rigging, around the smoke-stack, and over the bulwarks, confirms the statement, and the medical examination is over." The article from which we have quoted was a very serious indictment against the whole system of Dominion Quarantine, and ought to have produced an immediate remedy, and possibly would have done so if it had not been for the curse of our political system, which assumes that every evil pointed out is the work of a political adversary and intended primarily to damage the Government as a whole, or some individual member of it in particular. Indeed, the moment the indictment appeared the *Sanitary Journal* rushed to the defence of the Hon. Mr. Pope and characterized our remarks as "very erroneous and misleading." We happened to know the facts better than the *Sanitary Journal*, and we hinted that if our object had been political the case would have been presented in a far more aggravated form. Almost two whole years have passed since then and matters continue pretty much as they were. The port physician draws his salary and keeps up the profitable farce of examining the incoming steamers and passing them quite irrespective of their sanitary condition. But if the port physician should at any time become conscious that he owed a duty to the public and place an embargo upon a steamship, the company to which it belongs is sure to have sufficiently strong influence at Ottawa to have it removed. Quarantine only exists in name at the port of Quebec and it is not unreasonable to suppose that a similar state of things exists at our other ports of entry, and therefore a large sum of money must be spent annually for purposes that can hardly be described as other than fraudulent. The Allan Company has repeatedly offended against the sanitary interests of the country, and impunity appears to have emboldened it to the verge of utter indifference to public opinion. There is at this moment



a house placarded for small-pox on "the Cape," the most respectable part of Quebec; this contagion was brought to our doors by the Allan Line Mail steamer *Parisian*, and the vessel quite naturally passed Grosse Isle, was declared all right at Quebec, and went straight to Montreal. This was too much even for our Board of Health, and that is saying a great deal. "At a meeting of the Health Committee, held in the City Hall on Friday last, the report of Drs. Parke and Morin, Health Officers, was read, referring to the recent importation of small-pox by the steamer *Parisian*. The report is as follows:—1. That the steamer *Parisian*, of the Allan Line, on her last trip from Europe to Canada, brought to port a person suffering from small-pox; That the Port Physician of Quebec did not only not force the steamer to return to Grosse Isle quarantine, but allowed the patient to land at Quebec, and allowed the other passengers coming off the infected steamer to continue their route to Montreal, etc., without submitting them to the necessary disinfection, greatly to the detriment of the inhabitants of Quebec and Montreal; That it be resolved that this commission protest against the conduct of the Medical Inspector of the port of Quebec, and that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the Ministers of Marine and Agriculture, and praying that immediate steps be taken to enforce the quarantine regulations so that the public health may be protected."

Our astonishment is profound that even this much has been done, and we suspect that it is owing to the energy of Dr. Parke that the whole case has not been covered up and hidden, as other cases have been time and again hidden from public view. We shall be still more astonished if this praiseworthy action on the part of the Health "Committee" has any result whatever, and if we had any reliable information as to the political affinities of the Health Committee, and its medical staff, we could predict to a certainty what the result will be. If they are Rouge or any of their friends even to the third generation, then the whole thing is a base and reprehensible attempt to throw discredit upon the excellent Minister to whose department this is supposed to belong. On the other hand, if they are Bleus, their zealous interference will be properly rebuked and the whole thing quietly hushed up.

The *Montreal Star*, which is thoroughly independent, has taken the matter in hand and is very outspoken on the subject, and, as it is a question which concerns the whole country, it will not be out of place to reproduce our contemporary's opinion on the matter:

The Quebec Board of Health has very properly protested against the action of the Dominion Health officer at that port, who recently permitted the *Parisian* to land a patient suffering from smallpox there, after which the vessel at once proceeded on her voyage to Montreal. The passengers were landed and permitted to proceed upon their respective ways, without being subject to detention, or even disinfection. After the experience this Province has had of smallpox, the people expect that public officers, charged with the duty of preventing the introduction of infectious diseases, should exercise their office with the utmost vigilance. What condemnation, then, should be meted out to an officer who neglects his duty, as the health officer of the port of Quebec has done? Surely a due regard for the safety of the people should prompt his instant dismissal and the appointment of a more prudent and conscientious man in his place. If, as happened recently, a terrible epidemic, carrying off thousands of lives, may grow out of the sickness of one patient insufficiently cared for, how many sources of epidemic might have been scattered through the Dominion by the passengers of this one steamer? Fortunately, no harm seems yet to have resulted, but a due regard must be had for the future. The English papers tell us of the existence of smallpox in several sections of Northern England and of Scotland. Emigrants from these districts may very easily bring with them the seeds of the disease, and owing to the length of time it takes to develop, the nature of their sickness may remain undetected until the ocean voyage be almost over, if indeed then. From this danger there is but one safeguard for the country, and that is to enforce a rigid inspection of all vessels at the Grosse Isle quarantine. Then if disease should develop, after that station has been passed, the health officer at Quebec or Montreal should have power to order an infected vessel back to Grosse Isle, there to be detained until the period of smallpox incubation is over. These are the precautions which the most ordinary prudence dictates. If the Government fail to take them and another epidemic is caused through their neglect, they will have a terrible reckoning to make with the people.

If the *Sanitary Journal* had exerted its influence to have the port physician removed when we called attention to the matter two years ago, we should not have been exposed to the present danger. As matters now stand, the public has no security against the importation of disease from abroad, and the experience of Montreal last year ought to convince the most sceptical that epidemics are not calculated to promote business enterprise in any shape or form.

There is another topic to which we have drawn attention with precisely the same result as that which followed our remonstrances on the subject of quarantine—that is, nothing has been done. We refer to the

mail service. It would be difficult, even if inefficiency had been reduced to a science, to surpass our present arrangements. The Allan Company appears to have entered into some arrangement with the Dominion Line for the conveyance of the mails, but it has not increased the efficiency of the service in any way, and merchants whose business requires some measure of expedition are compelled, in self defence, to send their mail matter *via* New York. A Quebec merchant can mail his letters two or three days after the departure of the Canadian mail, and, although the distance by way of New York is some 700 miles more than by way of Quebec, the letter sent by New York will, in nine cases out of ten, be delivered before the one mailed in Quebec. As an illustration of the present state of things it may be mentioned that the incoming Mail Steamer left on the 13th inst, and although it is now the 24th, her mails have not at this writing been delivered in Quebec.

It is a great mistake to continue the mail service as it is and we are quite sure that some of the great lines running into New York would accept the present subsidy and give the public an efficient Ocean Mail Service in return. There is no use in disguising the fact, that if it were not for the splendid mail service from New York, which helps to minimize the inconvenience, our merchants could not stand the present Royal Slow Coaches for a month.

NEMO.

### THE STORY OF THE UPPER CANADA REBELLION.\*

In this volume the promised "review" by Dr. Rolph of certain accounts of the rebellion published by Mackenzie is given. It was written some time between the flight of Dr. Rolph from Toronto, just before the battle of Montgomery's Farm, and the time when he petitioned to be allowed to return under the amnesty. The fact that this production was written in the third person shows that it was not intended to go forth as the work of Dr. Rolph: the tone assumed throughout is that of a spectator who could be perfectly impartial, if not indifferent. Dr. Rolph is spoken of in a way to convey the impression that he and the writer were different persons; and lest there should be a suspicion that the writer might be a British subject, he spoke of the revolutionists of 1776 as "our forefathers." But Dr. Rolph shrank from publishing the "review" even in this form; and if he were to return to the world to-morrow, it is very doubtful whether he would thank his literary executor for removing the veil behind which the writer concealed himself. The motive for writing it appears to have been a desire to combat the statement of Mackenzie that Dr. Rolph was the sole Executive of the insurgents. The most effective way of doing this, and the only one that could be successful, would have been to re-state the facts, correcting errors by the way, and to bring forward proofs in support of the new version of rebellion history. The method pursued is a very different one: criticism takes the place of narration, and the argument is almost purely hypothetical. The criticism is searching and acute, if not always candid; the logic, if we concede the correctness of the premises, is generally sound; but the facts, which the "review" assumes the necessity of re-establishing, are provokingly withheld. The literary dexterity of the document we admit; but it is impossible not to deplore its want of historical significance. The impression which the reading of it produces is that of a man who, when called upon to defend his reputation from a serious imputation, answers by producing an essay which might prove his qualification as an intellectual gymnast.

The writer of the essay does not appear to have intended that any one should discover from it what part Dr. Rolph did play in the rebellion. "On the whole," he says, "they [Rolph and Mackenzie] appear to have been a co-executive, possibly with others." How easy it would have been to say whether Dr. Rolph and Mackenzie did form a co-executive; whether the executive was dual or multiform. But this direct and simple method was avoided, and a hypothetical statement made, professedly deduced from facts already known. Why was this tortuous course taken when the direct road was open? Why are we left in doubt when certainty was most needed, and when the writer, who makes us a present of a series of hypotheses, was the man of all others who could tell us the precise fact?

On the lines of the "review" Mr. Dent has raised the structure of his argument. He more than once copies the hypothetical style of Dr. Rolph; he is excusable when he uses it to supply the want of direct evidence; but it is tempting fate to go further, and assume that evidence does not exist because it is unknown to him.

Mr. Dent has the frankness to tell us a great deal more about Dr. Rolph than Dr. Rolph, when he wrote the "review," or at any other time,

\* The Story of the Upper Canada Rebellion. By John Charles Dent. Vol. II. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

was willing to tell about himself. He does not complete the elaborate portrait of which the first volume gave promise. The hero of the first volume ceases to be heroic in the second: when the author found that he had pitched the opening eulogy in too high a key, he was fully justified in beginning a descent towards the region of sober reality. But the undertone of adulation, once adopted, is never abandoned. Rolph, if less seraphic, never ceases in Mr. Dent's hands to be great and noble; nor Mackenzie to be vile and despicable. If Mr. Dent has left unfinished the portrait of Dr. Rolph, of which he drew the outlines in the first volume, he has at least furnished the material out of which a picture can be made; not a full-length portrait, but sufficient to give us a tolerable view of the public side of the man. More than this is not desirable; but should the necessity for more arise, the materials are not likely to be wanting. Rolph, it is admitted, joined the insurgents; but in excuse we are told that the strong man was led astray by Mackenzie, the weak man. Rolph was to take no active part; and yet, it is admitted that he "advised"—Mackenzie says ordered—the change in the day of the rising. Rolph was to await in calm expectancy the hour of triumph, while Mackenzie and others did the fighting; and in the moment of success Rolph was to hasten to claim the chief prize of victory. Mr. Dent, with a frankness which does him great credit, divulges the fact that Dr. Rolph so arranged matters that Mackenzie, once success had been obtained, was to be thrust aside, on the pretext that he was dangerous, and even placed under arrest to ensure the elevation of Dr. Rolph to the presidency of the provisional government. In all the charges made against Dr. Rolph, from first to last, there is nothing that will prove to be so lasting a stain upon his memory as this statement, the accuracy of which there is no reason to doubt. But, while Mr. Dent is entitled to credit for bringing this damning fact to light, his failure to condemn the intrigue shows the extent of his devotion to the offender.

In the matter of the flag of truce, Mr. Dent fights valiantly for a desperate cause. But we cannot for the life of us see what the quarrel is about. Mr. Dent admits that Dr. Rolph, sent by the Government with a flag of truce to the insurgents, took advantage of his contact with them, so gained, to urge them to come into the city at once to overthrow the Government in whose service he had been a minute before. By no process of moral bisection could the ambassador be, at the same moment, true to the Crown and to the insurgents; and in playing a double part he imperilled the success of the venture on which so many lives were staked. If the advice or order was not given on the first visit of the flag, so much the greater would be the peril of discouragement in the ranks of the insurgents when they saw in the service of the Government, without any explanation, one to whom they had looked as a leader and a friend; but if, as Mackenzie, Lount, and others alleged, the advice or order was given on the first visit, then was Dr. Rolph unfaithful to the Government by whom he had been entrusted with the flag. There is really no choice of alternatives; and it is puerile to attempt to find justification in either.

Mr. Dent has laboured under the difficulty of having to deal with evidence got up, under peculiar circumstances, for the purposes of exculpation and recrimination. The evidence of a design to get up this evidence takes us back to the first half of 1838. Dr. Rolph conceived the plan, and Dr. Morrison aided him in its execution. The latter, in a letter which Mr. Dent has printed, was, in May, 1838, employed in getting up evidence "for future use," and by no means for present publication when all the witnesses were living, and any misstatement made could be readily corrected. Another letter, with which Mr. Dent has made us acquainted, shows that Dr. Rolph, as late as 1854, was still opposed to the immediate publication of anything respecting which counter evidence could be brought. Nothing beyond a general denial of Mackenzie's version of the rebellion was to be ventured upon. In the meantime, evidence was to continue to be got up for future use. We cannot here go into the evidence, the fruit of these labours, which Mr. Dent has, in this volume, given to the public; but a word as to the methods employed in collecting it is necessary. The business of evidence-making thrives best when Dr. Rolph was Commissioner of Crown Lands. On three of the witnesses, if not four, Dr. Rolph, in the disposal of the patronage of his Department, conferred office. One witness, and the most important of all, who had been among the first to echo Mayor Powell's charge that Dr. Rolph was a double traitor—a traitor to his fellow-insurgents, as well as to his Sovereign—now found no difficulty in giving him a clean bill of health; another, from being an intense admirer of Mackenzie, became his severest censor. One witness lays himself open, to the suspicion of having fabricated evidence. "General" McLeod, of the Patriot Army, on whom Dr. Rolph, when Commissioner of Crown Lands, bestowed an office, contributes a military order which purports to have been signed at Lewiston in 1838, its avowed object being to prevent

the destruction of public monuments and private property. But the real object is revealed by the private circular, which is made to appear as if it had accompanied the order, and in which Mackenzie is charged with having carried a keg of powder on his back to be used in blowing up "a public work on the Welland Canal." All the facts about the blowing up of the work on the Welland Canal are known to the minutest particulars. Mackenzie was not within three days' travel of the scene when the explosion took place. An officer, who served under McLeod—for all the witnesses are not dead—writes to a friend who has handed his letter to me: "I never heard of such a circular; certainly it was not sent to the officers or read in their presence." And he adds: "I know, as far as it is possible for any man to know a negative fact, that no such circular was issued." The date, "Lewiston, 1838," no month being given, creates suspicion, which the signature "Ashley, Adjutant-general," the given name being omitted, will not lessen. His official signature, of which specimens are in existence, was "R. W. Ashley, jr., Adjutant-General, R. S. R. U. C." "I think," says the correspondent, "that when McLeod was procured to sign the order and circular, he had forgotten Ashley's mode of signature," and signed it in the form presented. Whether these facts amount to positive proof of fabrication the reader can judge. The "evidence" which it contains against Mackenzie, of his carrying a keg of powder on the Welland Canal, when he was at Rochester, is certainly false. This general glance at Dr. Rolph's mode of getting up evidence for future use, when all who could contradict it might be dead, shows the necessity of subjecting the product to a searching criticism. Mr. Dent is not to be held responsible for these very peculiar methods of getting up "evidence for future use," but he often looks upon the result with too friendly an eye, and seeks to invest it with an importance which it does not possess. And in dealing with the evidence he does not always hold evenly the scales as between Rolph and Mackenzie. Take an instance: when he has barely turned the hundredth page, the author has repeated no less than five times that Mackenzie drew up, for signature by another person, a statement bearing on the controverted facts, as if it were a rule of evidence that the person who is to make an affidavit or declaration must draw it up himself; but, while he invokes this fictitious rule against Mackenzie, he excuses, or at least fails to condemn, its violation by Rolph in a case in which the witness who, under prospect of official reward which he did actually receive, flatly contradicted a statement which he had voluntarily made many years before.

It would be affectation to pretend not to see that Mr. Dent is frequently unjust to Mackenzie. The payment by the Government to Mackenzie, after his return from exile, "of a considerable sum by way of recompense for services rendered in connection with the Welland Canal," and another sum by the county of York as "back wages," now called "indemnity," as a member of the Legislature, Mr. Dent characterizes as "benefactions." The former amount was one which no Government could have refused to pay; this debt, due for services as Commissioner in the Welland Canal investigation, was not paid at the time it became due because the supplies were withheld, principally at Mackenzie's own instigation. For the same reason Mr. Papineau, when he went into exile, left behind his unpaid salary as Speaker of the Lower Canada House of Assembly. When he returned, the arrears were paid by a Tory Government. Mackenzie's claim stood on precisely the same footing. His claim for unpaid indemnity was one which, in the opinion of an eminent counsel who was soon after appointed judge, could have been collected through the Court of Chancery. Is it fair to represent these just debts as "benefactions"? These statements are only samples of many others that might be quoted.

In the final sifting there is, in the new evidence, much that will be rejected; but there will still remain a valuable addition to the materials of Dr. Rolph. Of these, whatever tells against him may be accepted without question; the witnesses for the plaintiff will probably undergo cross-examination and have to face rebutting evidence which may sometimes come from no less authority than themselves.

"The Other Side of the Story," a pamphlet of one hundred and fifty pages, by Mr. John King, barrister, of Berlin, contains a number of criticisms which Mr. Dent's first volume provoked. This *brochure*, being devoted almost exclusively to criticism, is not, in a literal sense, "the other side of the story"; but it shows very distinctly that there is another side. On the whole, it is a favourable specimen of pamphleteering—lively, incisive, sparkling, dealing hard blows without being merciless—but it does not pretend to furnish a complete reply to the "Story of the Upper Canada Rebellion." Still, in the two books we have the bane and the antidote, and whoever reads one will not do himself justice if he does not read

the other. Mr. King insists strongly upon the existence of "proofs of Rolph's treachery to Mackenzie." When he reads in the second volume the admission that Rolph formed a plot for arresting Mackenzie, in case the rebellion succeeded, as a preliminary step to his own assumption of the Presidency of the Provincial Government, perhaps he will give Mr. Dent credit for putting the world in possession of some of those "damning proofs." This is, take it all in all, one of the most effective pamphlets which Canada has produced for many years. It was written under strong provocation, of which it bears the marks; for Mr. King distinctly puts himself in a fighting attitude, though he evidently keeps a reserve of ammunition.

THORPE MABLE.

### LONGFELLOW.\*

THERE is little room to cavil over the Longfellow Biography from a mechanical point of view. Internally and externally, in so far as the art of printer and publisher could bring it about, the work is a distinguished success. The type is large and excellent, the margins broad and inviting. We have been given the thick, rough-edged, creamy leaves, which it has been our pleasure to demand of late, and the deep-red cloth binding of the big, responsible-looking volumes is in the best possible taste. Clearly, with Messrs. Ticknor and Co., we have no fault to find. Nor is it easy to say, with the calmness of conscious justice, that Mr. Samuel Longfellow is in any respect blameworthy as to the matter of his production. In many respects he is distinctly above criticism. He has subordinated the author to the editor to an extent as unusual as gratifying. We get as little, indeed, of the author's individuality as if the book had been generated by steam or electricity. Immensely painstaking also is the labour which has presented us, not only with the broad facts, issues, and incidents of the poet's life, but with the minutest detail that in any way affected him, from the cradle to the grave. An eminent sense of propriety governs the compilation of the volumes; not a name is given, not an incident related which the author of "Evangeline" could not have read with equanimity in the *Boston Post* any morning at the breakfast table. So careful indeed is Mr. Longfellow of contemporaneous sensibilities that in more than one case the name of a lady incidentally mentioned by the poet as being beautiful is indicated by a dash, and whole letters, of no especially noteworthy character, are given to the public anonymously. The narrative is always clear and pertinent, the style easy and flowing, with here and there descriptive passages that are almost graphic. These passages usually refer to the circumstances and scenes that surrounded him, and not to the subject of the biography himself. If Mr. Samuel Longfellow's writing appears to evince at times almost an oppressively solemn consciousness of the importance of its theme, the world will find the fault easy to forgive in view of the tender relation the labourer bore to his task, perhaps also in view of the substantial benefit of faithful execution which such a consciousness brings.

About one-fifteenth of the nine hundred pages that form the volumes is occupied by Mr. Samuel Longfellow in direct communication, the very large fraction remaining being given over to the poet's journal, and to letters written and received by him. Among the latter are many that will be read with avidity, many that bear the unmistakable stamp of the genius of their authors—of their idiosyncrasies at least; letters from Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sumner, Bayard Taylor, Dickens, Thackeray, Emerson, Whittier, and scores of others. Here, however, as in many other places, was room for a discrimination which has not been used. Some of these epistles express simple personal regard. Some make arrangements for unimportant events, couched in phrase as commonplace as possible. Others flash new rays into unthought-of places in natures that are dear to all of us. But why we should be expected to care whether Carlyle wrote with a bad pen or a good one, or to be interested in Hawthorne's apology for breaking his Sunday dinner engagement at the Longfellow's, is quite impossible to imagine. Weeding is even more desirable among Longfellow's own letters, and through the pages of his journal, however, than among those of his friends. His biographer has had a vast and voluminous quantity of material to select from, and apparently, to the dismayed perception of the reader, he has selected it all! It sounds like heresy, but we have two bulky volumes to bear us out in the assertion that little of Longfellow's writing here, either to his friends or in his diary, rises above the simple natural transcription of the surface-thought of a kindly cultured soul, with a tendency to poetic expression; and much of it drops from this average to a commonplace that kinship or friendship alone could invest with a particle of interest. Of fully one-third of it this is a fair sample, to his father:—

"I promise myself great pleasure from my visit to England. You know that I am to stay with Dickens while in London; and besides his own agreeable society I shall enjoy that of the most noted literary men of the day,—which will be a great gratification to me. I hope to have time to run up to Edinboro' this time, never having penetrated into Scotland. That, however, must depend upon circumstances." Or this from his journal:—"I went to little Freddy's funeral. A Lynn clergyman said a few words of consolation and a prayer. Then the undertaker said in a tone to grate upon every tender feeling, 'An opportunity now presents itself to see the corpse.' The father, mother, brothers and sisters, passed from one room to another to take a last look. It was very affecting. There were two children's parties in the afternoon."

This is disappointing to say the least of it.

The book is full of the candid records of a simple, uneventful, and, for the most part, happy life, but the most vivid impression left by them is that the recorder found his task anything but a felicitous one. Again and again Longfellow proclaims himself no letter writer, and his journal jottings are easily seen to be chiefly of a very perfunctory nature. Here and there is a picture, a witticism, a tender thought, but not of occurrence frequent enough to characterize the book. And while we would not fail of gratitude for the nine hundred varying pages, we cannot but feel that Mr. Samuel Longfellow has been too liberal, and that we might have been better content with a smaller dole.

Moreover, Longfellow's life must have held a story apart from its mere circumstances and vicissitudes. This story his biographer has failed to tell us, for all his most conscientious endeavour. Relationship is unfortunately not *rapport*. Happily the story may yet be told. Somebody has suggested Mr. Lowell for the gracious task. Surely there are none fitter. To fully know that strange creation, a poet,—an entity so independent of its fleshly garment—one must be akin in a different sense from Mr. Samuel Longfellow's relationship. In the meantime, while we wait for bread, we may accept these comparative husks with a strong reverence for what they once meant to America's sweetest singer, and to those who loved him best.

JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

### MR. GLADSTONE.

WE are all too ready to be interested in somebodies, and all too careless of principles, whether great or small. So far, I believe, Mr. Gladstone's latest essay in destruction is rather a personal triumph than not. That he proposes to break up the Empire, and buy the Irish out of Westminster and the opportunity of obstruction, seems to have awakened very little excitement and not much indignation. The great feature of the situation is that here is a man who at seventy-seven is able to speak for three hours and a half on end. That said speech is a complete and absolute contradiction of over half a century of public life, is little or nothing to the purpose; as little is it that he is commonly reported to have passed the narrow line by which great wits are divided from madness, and to be practically no longer responsible for his actions; as little that his ministers have left him one by one, and that he is alone against England, save for a doctrinaire like Mr. John Morley and an adventurer like Vernon Harcourt. He is really a "miraculous Premier;" and that is sufficient. At threescore and seventeen he can talk for four hours at a time; and the man who can do that is privileged to behave as he lists, and make ducks and drakes of the universe, if his humour that way inclines. Into the great question involved in the matter of this prodigy of oratory the nation does not seem disposed to enter. It may be right; it may be wrong; it is enough that it is Gladstone.

It is on this point of oratory that Mr. Gladstone is able to hold his own against the four corners of the state in arms. He has the oratorical temperament, the orator's voice, the orator's mind. He is irresistibly persuasive; he projects himself upon his audience in the same way with a great actor, and convinces them not through their intellects, but only through their emotions. For the moment your belief in him is an enthusiasm; it is only next morning, when you come to read in cold print what before you had but heard, that you discover your error, and recognize that what you mistook for culmination of reason, argument, statesmanship, is no more than an effect of voice and manner and personality—in a word is only William Ewart Gladstone. It is a magnificent quality; but it is not without its defects. I think it has made Home Rule at least distantly inevitable, and civil war a possibility the opposite of improbable or remote; and I cannot help wishing it had been better bestowed, or that its possessor had died ten years ago.—London Letter in the *Critic*.

HENRY CLAY once accused John Randolph of being an aristocrat. In a voice whose shrill, piercing tones penetrated every ear in the House Randolph exclaimed: "If a man is known by the company he keeps, the gentleman who has just sat down is more of an aristocrat than I claim to be; for he spends most of his nights in the company of kings and queens and knaves."

\* "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Edited by Samuel Longfellow. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Co.

## The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE New England fishermen and their friends in Congress continue to play their antics. Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, has taken the wind out of Senator Frye's sails by introducing a Bill repealing the present law, and taxing "fresh fish for immediate consumption,"—to the immense delight of the fish dealers of Portland. To their no less delight, a rather contradictory petition is being circulated, asking that Congress prohibit the importation into United States markets of any Canadian fish, either salt or fresh, until the commercial privileges awarded English vessels be awarded American fishermen calling at Canadian ports; that in case Americans are prohibited "from landing and transporting in bond such products of their industry as may be necessary to forward to the United States (which means bait shipped by their agents overland, to evade the law) the same privilege be denied all products shipped from any part of Canada through the United States in bond to any of the other provinces or any countries whatsoever; and, finally, that Canada be required to serve any vessel fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or the waters adjacent to Canadian coasts, with a copy of the requirements of Canadian marine law and the penalty attached thereto, before the said vessels can be liable to seizure,"—which is very like requiring a policeman to read the Larceny Statutes to a shoplifter before arresting him.

THE Cleveland Convention of Knights of Labour has rejected the platform of the trades-unions, and resolved to adhere to their own original plan of organisation. This decision is due in part to the natural disinclination of any association to commit suicide, and in part to a desire among the unskilled members of the Order to retain within it the influence of the skilled. The two demands made by the trades-unions—that the Order should not interfere with any trade having a national or international organisation, and that it should revoke the charters of all assemblies having a union of their own—were certain to be rejected by men desirous to perpetuate their own influence; and the failure of the street-car strikes in New York and elsewhere showed the unskilled branches of the Order the impossibility of their successfully standing alone, without the co-operation and assistance of the skilled trades. Skilled craftsmen possess a power over their employers beyond the reach of the unskilled employé. For when an artisan of any description goes out on strike, his employer's business is stopped, if all other workmen of the same trade strike too, because there is no one to take his place; but in the case of a car conductor or driver, stableman or hostler, as was seen in the recent car-strikes, these men's duties being easily and quickly learned by any man of ordinary intelligence, there is no difficulty in replacing them, in great cities where the labour market is filled with the unemployed. Owing to this defenceless position, the employés of railway corporations and all other similar employments where artisan-skill is not an essential factor in the performance of the duties, may be expected to belong to the Order of Knights of Labour; but whether skilled artisans will continue for long the onerous service of protecting them in their contest against the operation of the law of supply and demand, to which they are naturally subject, is very questionable.

THERE cannot be any solidarity of interest between members of all trades and occupations; and though the glamour of the name "Labour," thrown around certain branches of industry, may blind the lower class of labourers to the truth that the higher class—designated "Capital"—are also labourers, the fact remains that contests with so-called "Capital" are more injurious to industry than to property, and that each trade, for its best advantage, must pursue the same line of independent action that individuals pursue. It is, for instance, to the interest of coal miners that coal should produce a high price; of butchers, grocers, tailors, drapers, that their commodities should fetch a high price; but the interest of every consumer, as such, is quite the reverse. Yet the Knights of Labour have undertaken to identify the opposed interests of buyer and seller—to produce a solidarity of interest between the housekeeper and the butcher, which is about as possible a feat as to ride two horses at once, each bent on going in a different direction.

THE proposal of the Knights of Labour that Congress shall establish loan offices all over the country, at which money may be borrowed by whoever (with sufficient security) chooses to ask for it, is the most ludicrous yet. Why should Government go into the pawnbroking business? For this only is what the proposal can mean. The banks throughout the country are congested with funds, available for every legitimate purpose; and rates of interest are low enough, when the security is undoubted, and the transaction of a commercial character. It will not enure to the advantage of workingmen to afford them facilities for borrowing money, which will generally lure them to their ruin. Doing business on borrowed capital is precarious at the best; but cheap credit is ruinous to the inexperienced. The ease with which they might borrow would tempt them to embrace many doubtful ventures which now they would look askance on; and such an embrace is a wedlock that cannot be got rid of at will, especially if the bride turns out to be "all worse and no better."

WE don't believe for a moment that any considerable number of Americans approve of the enterprise shown by their newspapers in reporting the particulars of the engagement and wedding of the President. Of course so momentous an event in the life of so prominent a man is of great interest to all; but no decent persons' curiosity, we are persuaded, can have been so overpowering as to excuse to them the utter want of common decency, to say nothing of right feeling, shown by a great many newspapers throughout the proceedings, from the announcement of the engagement—when every police-court reporter felt constrained in his columns of balderdash to speak with Old Bailey familiarity of Miss Folsom as "Frankie"—to the departure of the President and his bride on their wedding trip, when the chief newspapers hunted them down with a staff of reporters, as though they had been a pair of curious animals kept at the White House for the amusement of the nation. Take this as a specimen of the manner in which the gentlemen of the Press sought to promote the comfort of the Chief Magistrate on his wedding day:—"It was expected that the President would try and slip away unobserved, and in order to prevent this a number of newspaper men stationed themselves near the south-west entrance to the grounds with carriages convenient to follow the President in case he should make his exit by that gate. This was reported to the President, so he instructed his driver to go out of the grounds by another and almost unused route, and in that way he avoided the reporters altogether." And again:—"The train moved off at once towards Deer Park, where the couple hope to pass their honeymoon in quiet. . . . The Chicago 'Limited,' which followed the President's special, carried a number of special correspondents, who will reach Oakland about sunrise. None of the hotels open at this season, and the question of providing the journalistic pilgrims with food and shelter will have to resolve itself when the unexpected colony invade the mountain precincts of the President's retreat." Literature seems to have run to seed considerably in the States, if its hodmen can with approval play such pranks with ordinary decency.

WHEN, on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone had finished his speech, Cardinal Manning, sitting in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, surrounded by Irish members, said to them, referring to their proposed exclusion from Westminster: "We cannot spare one of you." Now, it is not to be supposed that, as a dignitary of the Church and an Englishman, His Eminence meant to imply that the mass of fifth-rate ward politicians who now represent Ireland in Parliament could not be spared; that he was affectionately solicitous to retain at Westminster Mr. Parnell, the bosom friend of Henri Rochfort, Mr. Harris, who has declared he had no objection to see landlords shot down like partridges, or Mr. Redmond, who hopes the Russians will stable their horses in London, and we infer that the Catholic Church is at length awakening to the true nature of the great mistake it made when it appointed a Nationalist agitator to the Archbishopric of Dublin and threw its influence on the side of revolution. When it took that fatal step and declared for Home Rule, it doubtless gained immediately a great accession of influence in Ireland, and hoped to gain the like among the Irish in America and the Colonies; but, on the other hand, it lost England and the aid of English influence the world over. The dream of creating a Catholic State in a small island sunk in ignorance and amenable to priestly influence was very tempting; but the advisers of the Pope did not see that the realisation of this dream would be purchased at the expense of Catholic influence throughout the Empire and especially in England, whose House of Commons, the Irish members being withdrawn, would contain only two Catholics. They rashly chose the small insular field rather than the world-wide Empire; and now that their error is becoming



manifest, it is not surprising that they are changing front as rapidly as may be. English Catholics, as well as the Irish gentry, are practically disfranchised by the return of such a set as the Parnellites to Parliament: the proper representatives of Ireland in the House of Commons are its Catholic gentry, and very frequently English Catholics have been elected; therefore it will not be at all surprising, now the true effect of Mr. Gladstone's scheme has become manifest, if a strong attitude is taken against Home Rule in the approaching elections both by the hierarchy in England and the better class of the priesthood in Ireland.

MR. PARNELL'S really admirable speech on the last night of the Home Rule debate would be most reassuring if we could forget the antecedents of the Nationalist party, or believe that any promises they may make now would be observed by the Irish-American Government to be established at Dublin. But we can do neither; first, because so sudden a conversion of the accomplice of outrage-mongers into a conservative statesman is in itself suspicious; and, secondly, because we believe Mr. Parnell is perfectly well aware both that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, which he professes the Nationalists now recognise, was impaired by Mr. Gladstone's Bill, and that the provision for Two Orders in the Dublin Parliament, which he characterises as a very salutary provision, is, in fact, an utterly impracticable one. He knows, and he probably intends, that all the strength of the National League will be at once bent on depriving the First Order of the conservative character intended to be given it by the new constitution—that in fact the £25 electors who were to choose the representatives to that Order will take the place of the landlords in the regard of the National League, and that its weapons of boycotting and outrage will be used to ensure the return of men of the same way of thinking with the majority of the members of the Second Order, whose rash legislation and immoderate action the First was to hold in check. Moreover, the present Irish representatives have no power whatever to bind Ireland or the Nationalist Party; they are a set of men sent to Parliament for the one purpose of obtaining Home Rule if they can; there is no party or other reputable organisation in existence to be bound by their promises; and a Parliament at Dublin would laugh at the gullibility that parted with real power for so slight a security as the word of Mr. Parnell.

It is a pleasure to learn from the *Mail's* Dublin correspondent that the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union will be in a condition at the coming election to oppose the Terrorist League in every constituency in Ireland. At the last election the Union was a new and comparatively undeveloped organisation. It ran forty-eight candidates in the three southern Provinces, but its resources could carry it no further: now, however, it has developed into a rich and powerful organisation; funds are flowing in; its membership has increased to enormous proportions; and consequently it is strong enough to undertake a contest in every constituency in Ireland. This is well: if the organisation do not carry a seat, the electors will be relieved in many cases from the terrorism practised by the Nationalists at the last election; to that extent we shall have a better knowledge of the true feeling in Ireland about Home Rule; and finally a strain will be put on the financial resources of the National League which must cause some little inconvenience to their Irish-American paymasters. To make it hot for these in any legitimate way is surely a patriotic duty.

THE Premier admitted in his speech that he suspected Imperial Federation "was beset with more difficulties than have yet been examined and brought to light;" yet he had the temerity to introduce a bill which was "unquestionably a step, and an important step, in the direction of Federation." This is very like the enterprise of the G.O.M. of France, who has, as is commonly believed, brought the greatest disaster of the nineteenth century on his countrymen, through proceeding, at a cost of many millions of their savings, with the construction of a canal which there is too much reason to believe can never be finished. Nature (if the engineers be correct) forbids it, and, for aught Mr. Gladstone knows, nature forbids the Federation of the Empire. Yet, with light heart he takes an important and irrevocable step in that direction. A subsequent passage in his speech, however, explains his attitude of mind. To illustrate the advantages offered by his scheme, he cites the cases of several fifth-rate Powers, where local independence has been granted without being followed by severance. Turkey and her dependencies—Crete, the Lebanon, Samos; Norway and Sweden; Denmark and Iceland; Russia and Finland,—these are the exemplars for which England is to break the continuity of her history of a thousand years, and copy. Truly, when she does, she will deserve to descend to their rank. She emerged from that stage of political development when the Heptarchy was replaced by the monarchy; and it will be very hard if the first act of the new democracy is to reduce her again to the impotency of such a confederation.

THE Gladstonians appear to base their hope of carrying the elections on the Caucus. Mr. Schnadhorst, its chief, has pledged his reputation that the country will return a majority in favour of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy; and doubtless the screw of the "Machine" will be put on hard whenever possible. But the Caucus, though powerful, is not omnipotent. There is a feeling of repugnance towards it among English people; it is felt that its working is despotic, and people of independent thought ask wherein is the difference between a man elected and kept in power by votes under this machinery, and a despot kept in power by bayonets? The machinery of the Caucus will secure the votes of professional politicians and thick-and-thin partisans, but not of any one that attaches any value to his vote as a means of good government. And it is these independent voters, the fringe of the great electoral body, whose fluctuating vote causes such surprising reversals as were seen in the last two general elections in England, and in Canada in 1878,—it is this intelligent vote, based on the merits of the question of the hour, that will determine the present contest between the Unionists and Separatists.

By means of the new and ingenious little instrument known as the hyalolypotype, or hot pen, drawings can be made on glass or glassy substances, with a waxy composition, which is solid and somewhat hard at ordinary temperatures. The pen is so contrived that it can be heated by either gas or an electric current, and the waxy material flows easily from the heated pen, setting so quickly on the glass that cross-hatching can be done more rapidly than with ordinary pen and ink, without risk of blocking up the angles; corrections, too, can be made with the greatest ease by means of a penknife, which afterward leaves the surface intact. After the drawing has been made, the plate is etched by fluoric acid, and when complete it can be either electrotyped, stereotyped, used direct, or applied to any purpose for which engraved surfaces are required.

MM. C. WEIGERT, O. SACRE, and L. SCHWAB, publish in *Biederman's Central Blatt* the results of their valuable experiments on the injury to fisheries and fish culture by sewage and industrial waste waters. An idea of the character of experiments made will be gained from a statement of a few of the results. Chloride of lime, 0.01 to 0.005 per cent. chloride, exerted an immediately deadly action upon tench, while trout and salmon perished in the presence of 0.0008 per cent. of chlorine. One per cent. of hydrochloric acid kills tench and trout. Iron acts as a specific poison upon fishes. Alum has the same injurious action. Solution of caustic lime has an exceedingly violent effect upon fishes. Sodium sulphide, 0.1 per cent., was endured by tench for thirty minutes. The hurtfulness of putrid sewage depends on the poisonous gases and the deficiency of oxygen. Numerous analogous results are recorded in the paper.

THE Alien Land Bill just passed the U. S. Senate and sent down to the House, contains three main sections; (1) prohibiting the acquisition hereafter of lands in any of the Territories or in the District of Columbia, by aliens who have not duly declared their intention to become citizens, or by corporations not created under United States, State, or Territorial laws; (2) making a like prohibition against corporations or associations, more than one-fifth of whose stock is held by aliens; and (3) prohibiting any corporation, except railroad, turnpike, and canal companies, from acquiring hereafter over 5000 acres of land, in any of the Territories, while even railroad, turnpike, and canal companies are only to hold lands for the operation of their routes, except where other lands have been granted by Congress. The report of the House Committee accompanying the Bill gives an incomplete list of alien owners of large tracts of land in the west and south; by which it appears that these holdings aggregate 20,557,000 acres in the hands of twenty-nine alien corporations and individuals.

It has been stated, says the *British Quarterly Review*, that the flower of Turcoman chivalry, if we may call it such, perished neck and crop at Geok Tepe; but the fibre is left. What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh, and a young race of desert warriors would be formidable antagonists indeed. These are no white-livered slavery-cowed, conquest-smitten wrecks of manhood, such as sop rice in India, or digest lentils by the Nile, but fierce, daring warriors, inured to the dangers of blood and field from the cradle to the grave. Than the men of Dantli, Col. Stewart "never saw finer specimens of humanity." Their horses perform wonderful feats of endurance. He heard of one covering 100 miles in twenty-four hours, carrying rider, body clothing, and every thing. The Turcoman himself habitually sleeps on the snow with only a poshtin or long sheep-skin coat on. What chance would Bengal lancers have against a troop of such cavarly? In forty-eight hours they could strike from the proposed terminus at the Caspian line Herat, and in half that time they could march to it from the Bolan Pass.

## DAPHNIS.

WHEN Daphnis comes adown the purple steep  
From out the rolling mists that wrap the dawn,  
Leaving aloft his crag-encradled sheep,  
Leaving the snares that vex the dappled fawn,  
He gives the signal for the flight of sleep,  
And hurls a windy blast from hunter's horn  
At rose-hung lattices, whence maidens peep  
To glimpse the young glad herald of the morn.  
Then haply one will rise and bid him take  
A brimming draught of new-drawn milk a-foam ;  
But fleet his feet and fain ; he will not break  
His patient fast at any place but home,  
Where his fond mother waits him with a cake  
And lucent honey dripping from the comb.

E. C. LEFROY.—*Echoes of Theocritus.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK  
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.  
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

BRITISH IMMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago the Toronto *Evening Telegram* published the emigration statistics of Great Britain for the month of May last. The figures were : English, 8607 to the United States, and 2592, less than one-fourth of the total, to Canada ; Scotch, 1903 to the United States, and 656, rather more than one-fourth of the whole, to Canada. Upon the strength of these figures, doubtless accurate, and almost identical with the figures for May, 1885, the *Telegram* undertakes to doubt the loyalty of the British people. "English and Scotch immigrants," it says, "might naturally be expected to follow the flag, yet the larger proportion of them go to the American Republic—they prefer the Stars and Stripes to the Union Jack." The *Telegram* remarks that these facts are not very encouraging to Canadians, and asks why the tide of emigration should not be turned this way. No ; the facts are the reverse of encouraging to all Canadians who wish to see the Dominion prosper, but they appear to be the necessary outcome of the policy of certain Canadian journals, which journals are now very generally and very frequently complaining of the evil they have created. There are few days during the year that there may not be remarked in some one or more of the city papers a covert sneer or a direct insult applied either to Britons collectively or to some individual Briton. The acme of Canadian humour, judging from the alleged representative in this city of that commodity, appears to be to paint the educated Englishman as carefully misplacing his h's, and to ridicule generally his accent, manner and dress. Naturally, the Englishman does not regard this as intensely humorous, although he may fairly lay claim to be not slower-witted or less perceptive of things humorous than his Canadian fellow-subject.

On the same evening that the figures and remarks above alluded to were printed in the *Telegram*, there appeared in the local columns of another evening paper an attack on Sir Geo. Errington, who, during a trip through the country, spent a day or two in Toronto—an attack so stupidly scurrilous and insulting that it may without hesitation be pronounced thoroughly disgraceful ; and the attack was made on no other ground than that the gentleman was well-dressed, spoke polite English with an English accent, and declined being bored by a reporter.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. The English accent, the English dress, English manners, English customs and English people are almost daily held up to ridicule by every puny scribbler that has access to the columns of a newspaper. Meantime the scribblers' countrymen read English books, sing English songs, listen to English operas, gaze at English plays, borrow English money, beg English subsidies, use the English flag, and seek English protection when they involve themselves in a fishery quarrel. This anti-British feeling is happily prevalent only among a small section of the Canadian people ; but that small section appears to dominate the larger portion of the Canadian press ; and with so assiduous a cultivation of the feeling on the part of these journals, it may naturally be expected to grow more and more general.

This is one reason why the stay of so many of the great number of British people who come to Canada is but temporary. Englishmen and Scotchmen come to Canada intending to settle under the old flag. Canadian newspapers sneer at them, ridicule them, and tell them there are already too many people in the country. Then they go across the line. There they expect no sympathy, and if their country and their countrymen come in now and then for a bit of abuse, why, so do all other countries and peoples in due course. There they are welcomed with a heartiness that almost compensates them for the loss of the old flag. Many an Englishman and Scotchman exiles himself from the dominion of the British flag rather than continually hear that flag reviled and sneered at. It is a small matter, and the philosophic Briton would treat it with indifference, for philosophy and patriotism do not go hand in hand ; but Britons are patriotic and not philosophic, and act accordingly.

Let Canadian newspapers exhibit less narrow-mindedness in speaking of their English and Scotch fellow-subjects, and they will get a larger proportion of the thousands that annually leave the shores of the old country and form such desirable and welcome settlers in the United States.

A BRITON.

## TO THE BOBOLINK.

PLUMED troubadour, from sunny south,  
With voice retuned, and tropic-clad,  
Returning to thy northern home  
Thou comest with the springtime glad.  
Thy joyous lay, now carolled sweet  
As silver bell or golden lyre,  
Proclaims thy sojourn brief begun.  
Thou warbler best of Nature's choir,  
Where dwelledst thou when fierce winds—keened  
By breath of Boreas—blew so cold  
That tree and shrub hibernal slept,  
While earth had half her circuit rolled ?  
Didst southward wing thy pilgrimage  
Through orange groves to Mexique Bay ?  
There trill thy love's aerial song  
In vibrant glories all the day ?  
Or did thy pinions waft thee o'er  
The foam to that isle-spangled sea  
Where Cuban rice-fields thee allured  
To festal joys, a roamer free ?  
Where restedst thou in far-off clime,  
Encamped within thy grassy tent,  
While we who now thy welcome sing  
In frost-bound land were pris'ners pent ?  
Did friends thee greet more joyful where  
Such fadeless verdure, fruit, and flower  
Combine to make an Eden bloom  
Around thy fragrant foreign bower ?  
Thy spring-song's swelling raptures thrill  
As flutt'ring wing besprays the dew ;  
Enfranchised Nature thee salutes—  
All hail, blithe pilgrim ! come anew.

—Peterboro'.

WM. BEATTIE.

## TWO NIGHTS.

[Translated from the German of HACKLAENDER for THE WEEK.]

THE SECOND NIGHT—1848.\*

THE peaceful waves of the Adda, undisturbed by busy steamboats and merchant vessels, the quiet home of myriads of fishes, flowing so clearly and calmly between its green banks—beheld a wonderful panorama unfold itself on the first of August, 1848.

It was at Formigara. The victorious hero and field-marshal Radetzky was awaiting the completion of a pontoon-bridge over which the first and second divisions of the army would pass in pursuit of the flying column of the enemy, everywhere retreating before the victorious hosts of the Austrians. Hardly did the Piedmontese general gain a position, hardly did they open their strong batteries on the enemy, than confusion grew to frenzy in the Italian ranks. Troops, once the bravest of the brave, turned at the approach of the white columns and fled before the talons of the eagle that ruthlessly pursued them ; the cavalry abandoned their position, the artillery rattled away, long lines of infantry broke in dire dismay, and in many single companies the men actually threw themselves prone upon the ground and refused to obey the voice of their commanding officers, if it bade them turn and face the foe.

No greater or livelier picture of military movements could be more vividly painted than this one on a background of gently sloping riverbanks. Everywhere there moved a restless host arrayed in the most varied uniforms and accoutrements, and the sun, as it occasionally burst through the torn clouds, shone on the countless arms, the bayonets, and the gold and silver lace of the uniforms ; everywhere reigned the inspiring *pêle-mêle* of war.

The artillery men stood beside their gun-carriages ; hussars, dragoons, and uhlans held their horses by the bridles, and great masses of infantry lay at ease on the white sand, their knapsacks on the ground beside them and their arms stacked.

In the meantime the engineers were drawing long planks and chains down to the river, and aides from each army corps pushed their way through the merry throng carrying orders to the pontoons who were working with all possible despatch. With marvellous rapidity the pontoons were dismounted, pushed into the water, anchored and chained. The bridge grew momentarily under one's eyes and stretched itself ever farther across the stream ; each fresh addition was greeted with loud huzzas caught up by the soldiers beyond and joyfully echoed on all sides.

The source of all this activity and the reason for the extreme exertions of the pontoons became apparent when one followed the gaze of many of the unemployed soldiers—less interested in the operations on the banks of the Adda than in watching the summit of a hill overlooking the river. From this point came the aides with their commands to those on the shore, and to this centre were sent the reports of the engineer officers below. The officers on the hill, chiefly mounted, formed a huge half-circle around a small man in the grey uniform of a field-marshal, his right hand resting on his hips while the other held his sword and helmet. The little man, who had dismounted from his horse, followed with absorbed gaze the movements beneath him and on the shore, one moment turning to speak to an officer, the next waving his hand encouragingly to the soldiers, who responded with prolonged *evvivas* and huzzas. The little man with the

\* NOTE.—The First Night should have read 1844, instead of 1884, as printed.

snow-white hair and the loving eyes was no other than their beloved Father Radetzky, who had ousted the Piedmontese out of one position after another, had now returned to the plains of Lombardy—flushed with victory,—and at whose coming Milan trembled, remembering how he had seen her weakness during one terrible night of this year.

The officers belonging to the field-marshal's staff stood in various groups; some watched the opposite shore through their field-glasses, others leaned against their horses and discussed the past campaign or the welcome which was awaiting them on their entry into Milan.

About four in the afternoon, loud and prolonged cheering announced the completion of the bridge. The field-marshal mounted his horse and then gave the signal for a general move. Regiments, battalions, companies, drew quickly into line, aides flew in every direction, and each division, on receiving the command, marched in the direction of the bridge. It was a grand, an inspiring pageant; the bands thundered forth in unison the National Anthem, and the chaos of brilliant hues gradually formed into masses of superb colour—infantry, cavalry, artillery followed each other in quick succession.

Like a skein of many-coloured silks, gorgeous, fantastic, mixed with threads of bronze and gold and silver, the long line of troops wound over the bridge and through the fields on the other side of the Adda, singing, shouting, trampling, rushing—in short, a hubbub that could be heard a league away. At last their skein grew smaller and less brilliant, and finally ended in a long line of waggons. After them came the field-marshal and his staff, and now nothing remained on this side of the river but a few battalions, left as rear guard, a few squadrons of cavalry and some artillery.

On the river-bank, quite close to these troops, stood a small house—that of the ferryman—who in former days was innkeeper as well. To escape the overflow of the Adda, which sometimes rose somewhat alarmingly, the house had been built on a terrace, a simple cottage, containing one room for mine host, a dining-room, rather larger, opening on to a terrace overlooking the river and shaded with an awning of rustic wood and lattice, which, like similar ones everywhere in Italy, owe their picturesqueness to an arbitrary fancy. Luxurious grape vines covered this unique frame work, and hanging from the corners swayed lightly to and fro on every passing breeze. Under this natural roof two young officers sat at a wooden table and filled their glasses from a straw-bound foghitta. Their orderlies waited just below the terrace with their horses. At a little distance, a dragoon was tightening the girdle of his saddle, and a guardsman, both hands crossed on the back of his horse and holding a wine glass in one hand, stood waiting to give his comrade the remaining half of its contents. On the other side of the balcony, infantry and cavalry marched up and down *à deux* exchanging opinions as to whether they had better follow their brother officers or bivouac here. Soldiers sat on the ground, their muskets between their knees, grenadiers took off their heavy bear-skin caps, and groups of sharpshooters lay at full length, their arms crossed under their heads. A drummer, evidently "gone back in fancy" to the last engagement, softly played an advance march as he sat on an overturned barrel.

A little farther on were groups of Piedmontese prisoners guarded by grenadiers, the soldiers lying exhausted on the grass, while their officers stood about and gazed gloomily after the departing forces. This lively *ensemble* was completed by herds of cattle which were driven after the battalions, and by heavy carts drawn by oxen and holding huge wine-casks. From the opposite side of the river could be heard, now and then, the beat of a drum and high single notes from the band; behind one, a horn signal, a gay *soldaten-lied*, and loud laughter, mingled with them all the deep lowing of the cattle.

The officers on the terrace belonged to various corps; one was a captain in the hussars, the other a guardsman. The latter was just in the act of opening a small letter-case, which he usually carried fastened to his saddle and which contained his cigars. Both men were covered with dust, their heavy swords, cartouches, and shakoes lay on the table near.

"Thus far have we come," said the hussar, casting a satisfied glance beyond the river; "safely arrived at the threshold of our possessions, and they will hear the heavy knock of our fine old general at the portal, before ten of the night is past."

"I hear that Carl Albert will retire to Milan," answered the other, as he lit his cigar, "and I for one should rejoice were we to have one good, decisive fight with him."

"Bah!" exclaimed the guardsman, "they will never come to blows. At the most they will put up a couple of batteries, issue proclamations, urge the people to a little furious and fruitless demonstration, *et voila tout*. I am convinced that in two or three days we shall march over the Cathedral square. I already see the faces of the people as they hear our bands playing "God save the Emperor."

"All that is very fine; but what I am thinking of is the destruction in our quarters in Milan. Oh, my magnificent arms! and all my silver!"

"Well, as for the last, that can be mended," laughed the hussar; "what grieves me most is the probable loss of that portrait of Juliet which hangs over my divan. If only they have not stolen the original from me! But I fear the poor girl has suffered for her devotion to the Austrian cause."

"I doubt it," smiled the other; "I hear many fled from the town during those five terrible days; one of the scouts told me that streams of people, chiefly women and weeping maidens, and carriages of every sort and description, trunks and bundles, passed out of the town gates."

A loud call from the foot of the terrace interrupted the conversation; both men sprang from their seats and hurried to meet a young officer, who, in a low cap covered with green plumes, was pushing his way on horseback through the crowd.

"Grüss Gott," shouted the hussar as he recognized the rider, "where do you come from? O, you are going to headquarters. Well, make this a relief-station for a few moments; come up here."

The officer dismounted, and throwing the reins to a dragoon ascended the terrace steps.

"What an age since we have met! Not since the old Verona days, I think. How are affairs progressing with you, and what are you doing?"

"As you see, waiting patiently here for permission to cross the river, confound it!" answered the guardsman. "Perhaps you have brought us orders!"

"Something of the kind," laughed the new-comer; "but there will be no crossing to-night, however. You will have to remain here till the morning; but with such a lovely night as it promises to be, and with such good wine, I don't think you are much to be commiserated."

"Diable!" grumbled the hussar; "for the last four days we have been kept in the rear, have not seen as much as the tail of an enemy's horse; as for real fighting, that is a dream that is past."

"Those ahead," laughed the other, "are not much to be envied; horses' tails are plentiful enough, also cannon-mouths, but at an immeasurable distance."

"And we must really wait here till to-morrow?" asked the guardsman.

"In all probability. But I am expecting every moment an adjutant from headquarters; fancy I see something moving on the bridge now." He sighted his glass for the river, and continued, "right, it is a hussar, he has the orders, and if I am not greatly mistaken it is our friend Count S. See how carefully he keeps to the regulation pace over the bridge. Yes, yes, it is he! Now he is over and gives the horse his head."

The horseman—it was in truth Count S.—flew up the hill to the house. "E'schan!" he called joyously, as he recognized the three on the terrace. "More than happy to see you all again! Can you tell me where to find the field-marshal's lieutenant? But pour me out a glass of wine, I shall be back directly."

"Ride a few yards around to the right," answered the hussar, as he heartily returned the other's greeting. "You will find him in the first farm-house, if he has not already ridden back to San Basano. Come back as quickly as you can. By-the-bye, must we remain on this side?" and he shouted after the vanishing rider; the latter nodded a "yes," and presently disappeared behind the hill. The others returned to the table, ordered a fresh *foglietta* and took up the broken thread of their late adventures. In less than a quarter of an hour Count S. joined them. "Grüss Gott again," he called, gaily, both hands out stretched. "What a pleasure! But alas! I am off again in a moment; have orders to return immediately to headquarters. But what about yourselves? All safe and sound?" "All right again," laughed the other hussar. "I was slightly wounded at Curtatone, nothing serious, was soon up again; and you—it seems a century since we have met. Do you remember when we last saw each other?" "If I remember aright, it was in Milan, at our farewell dinner, the night I left for Rome and Naples. Don't you remember, too, how ardently we wished for war, and now we meet again in the very midst of it, all the old clique, almost."

"True," and the guardsman lifted his glass; "but two are missing from your regiment, poor M—— lying sorely wounded in Mantua, and our merry dragoon."

"Well, the latter is advancing rapidly now to the heights of fame. But how is M——? Is he mortally wounded?"

"He has a heavy wound in his side, but they hope to bring him through; let us drink to the poor fellow's health."

All lifted their glasses and drank to their comrade's speedy recovery.

"Then and now!" exclaimed Count S., as he poured out another glass; "since that time only four years have passed and yet how much they have taken away, how much they have brought! Then how pleasantly the days flew by; so, although the wine here is not bad, and the salmi not to be despised, I prefer a dinner of the old times; we certainly have not fared sumptuously during the last few days. Then, a comfortable travelling carriage before the door and the drive through the exquisite night—now, the saddle of my tired horse, and the prospect of tearing about the country till the small hours. There has been a perfect rain of despatches lately; and always at night it seems to me. One would imagine that it was merely to please the adjutants that questions to headquarters pour in about sundown, and have to be answered before the morning."

"And yet you have the best of it. Where you bivouac there is always shelter, or rather you only bivouac where there is shelter; you have a roof over your heads, and either hay or straw for a couch, and not the bare ground."

"No doubt" replied the staff-officer, "but we pay for our lodging with constant duty. No sooner do I present myself to headquarters than—you have the second, or third, circuit to-night; perhaps something unforeseen calls one of the adjutants away, and I have a ride of from six to eight hours before me. But after all" he ended, laughing, holding his glass towards the sunlight—"I would not give to-day for an old yesterday, and the god of battles grant we may have a long campaign!"

"No use hoping this, the comedy is over to-morrow, or at furthest the day after. Milan is a brilliant spectacle at the end of the play, then the curtain falls upon Carl Albert and his army."

"Well, *mes amis*," interrupted Count S., "we must say farewell for the present; I must return to headquarters and that at all speed, for I see suspicious-looking clouds over there on the horizon."

"Sapristi!" exclaimed the others as they looked at the rising clouds,—they were obliged to camp in the open; "we shall have a regular down-pour. Perhaps a bloody one to boot: General Barca has advanced with a

portion of his troops to Pizzaghettono to protect the small fortress there from a sudden attack and to keep the defile open for the passage of his artillery. If, however, our advance guard arrives in time, there will be something of a fight."—"Stuff! nonsense!" cried impatiently the hussar; "there is a great difference *selon moi* between blood and rain; I should not complain if I had to fight the whole night through, but it's the devil to be here wet through hour after hour. However, the will of God and Father Radetzky be done!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the staff-officer as he donned his green plumes; "but now let us reconnoitre; I fancied I heard cannon in the direction of Pizzaghettono—I should not be surprised if the Piedmontese were bringing up a fine lot of guns to cover the right bank of the Adda."

"In my opinion," said the guardsman, as he watched the light gray clouds slowly crossing the deep blue of the sky,—“in my opinion that is thunder from heaven.”

"Well, I must be off,—adieu—or rather *auf Wiedersehen* in Milan!"

(To be continued.)

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### BOAR HUNTING.

In India, when out shooting from an elephant, I once shot a boar, paralysing his hind quarters without killing him. I had been having good sport, and had only two or three bullets left. With the prospect of still needing these, I did not like to waste a ball on an animal unable to move and thought of getting down to despatch him with my knife. "Stop," said the mahout, when he learned my intention: "that is quite unnecessary. I will tell the elephant to kill him." The mahout accordingly communicated his instructions to the elephant, who evidently did not relish them. The more the mahout urged him to advance on the boar the more the latter showed his angry tusks, and the more the elephant backed away from him. Suddenly, as the result of repeated goading, the latter seemed to make up his great mind. He wheeled sharply round, backed upon the boar, got him between his hind legs, and fairly ground him up—I heard all his bones cracking.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

#### WOMAN.

If men are always more or less deceived on the subject of women, it is because they forget that they and women do not speak altogether the same language, and that words have not the same weight or the same meaning for them, especially in questions of feeling. Whether from shyness or precaution or artifice, a woman never speaks out her whole thought; and moreover, what she herself knows of it is but a part of what it really is. Complete frankness seems to be impossible to her, and complete self-knowledge seems to be forbidden her. If she is a sphinx to us, it is because she is a riddle of doubtful meaning even to herself. She has no need of perfidy, for she is mystery itself. A woman is something fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical, and contradictory. A great deal of forbearance ought to be shown her, and a good deal of prudence exercised with regard to her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it. Capable of all kinds of devotion, and all kinds of treason, *monstre incompréhensible* raised to the second power, she is at once the delight and the terror of man.—*Amiels' Journal*.

#### LE SAGE'S "GIL BLAS."

FRENCH humour seems in general to tend either to harden into the grim and sardonic, or to effervesce into sparkling levity. But Le Sage's humour has body as well as brightness, breadth and geniality as well as shrewdness and point. He thus displays qualities which we are inclined to think peculiarly characteristic of English humourists—a fact to which the popularity of his work in this country may be in a measure attributed. . . . Le Sage possesses the art of describing, in a fresh, pure, and simple style, that which is not pure, and of touching the evils of his time lightly, but always on the weak spot. Gil Blas tells his own adventures and relates his illusions, his struggles, his failures, and successes, with unimpaired cheerfulness and good-humoured philosophy. He dilates and reflects on all he sees, and exercises his wit as well on his own history as on the actions of the persons among whom he lives. His narrative is simple and drawn from the life; and yet there is hardly a picture which does not aim at satirising the folly of mankind. Gil Blas spares nothing and nobody, and even his own shortcomings are exposed with sparkling drollery and vengeful frankness, though he gives himself credit—and others as well—for the upwellings of a better nature. He is a true type of man, kindly disposed and not evil-intentioned, but withal weak in the flesh and unable always to resist temptation, even whilst he knows that he will repent of it afterwards.—*Introduction to Van Laun's Translation of Gil Blas*.

#### RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

On the Russian frontier it once happened that an officer, commanding the piquet de garde, was playing at cards with a friend, when a Jew was trying to smuggle himself into the Russian Empire without proper visé of his passport. The sentinel on guard arrested him and reported to the officer. "All right," said he, and continued his lansquenet. But it is to be feared that luck did not attend his venture, and he lost heavily. Just as he was going to recoup himself and seemed to win, hours having passed since the first report, the sentinel again appeared at the door, and asked what

he was to do with the Jew. Everybody knows the superstition of gamblers who, being disturbed, immediately fear to lose "la veine"—a very common idea. The captain, furious at being interrupted just as his luck returned, shouted, "Why, d— the Jew, hang him!" The Russian soldier is the most mechanical machine in the world—I do not say that to his disparagement, because it is well-known that a great French General said with regard to a Russian soldier, "It is not sufficient to kill him, you still have to push him before he falls, though dead"—I only mean that a Russian soldier never reasons, as we shall soon see. The captain went on playing until the morning, when suddenly remembering the prisoner, he called the soldier and said, "Bring in the Jew!" "The Jew!" said the amazed soldier; "but I hanged him as you ordered!" "What," said the captain, "you have committed murder?" He arrested him, and the judgment—death—went up to the emperor. Inquiring, before signing so serious a document, and learning how matters stood, the emperor decided that the soldier who, without reasoning, had implicitly obeyed so extraordinary an order of his superior, was to be made a corporal; that the officer who, while on duty, for the sake of gambling had given the murderous order, was to be sent to Siberia, and that his pay was to go to the family of the poor Jew who had so iniquitously been murdered.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

#### LAWN TENNIS.

WE spoke last week of three different clubs which tended to improve the mental qualities of our *jeunesse dorée*; this week we will speak of another, which, though divided in name and degree, is yet united in object, that object being the development of their physical powers.

We believe the noble game of Lawn Tennis was introduced into England more than fifteen years ago by a military man, who brought the idea with him from India or the East; it soon became extremely popular, and rapidly supplanted the then fashionable game of croquet—the refuge of budding curates and mature spinsters. Tennis was pronounced a manly exercise, while croquet was condemned as an effeminate amusement, and its fate was sealed. At first men alone played tennis, and we think it was some time before it was recognised as a game in which ladies could join; but, this discovery once made, its success was assured. The fair sex rejoiced in a legitimate field for the display of shapely figures, pretty gowns, and graceful motions.

About twelve years ago Lawn Tennis found its way to Toronto, and the establishment of a club was mooted and agreed upon. The present grounds of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, on the north side of Front Street, between York and Simcoe Streets, were secured, and several of our prominent citizens who were public spirited and open handed subscribed sufficient money to meet the necessary outlay of preparing and sodding the courts, and stood sponsors for Tennis, so to speak. A constitution was formed, rules and regulations drawn up, and the Club bloomed into exist, ence as an organised institution. The entrance fee in its early days was placed at a high figure, and even at the present time is far from a low one, \$25 representing the first admission, with a yearly subscription of \$5. The members are all elected by ballot. The success of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club has been fully established for several years, and we hear that its finances are in a flourishing condition.

Three years ago, the original ground was much increased and improved by the addition of a large piece of land on the east side, the new ground was laid down in cinder courts (one double and one single court), so that the club now possesses five courts in all—one double and three single grass courts and the two cinder courts above-mentioned. The latter have been found to answer admirably the purpose for which they were designed, namely to enable the members to play tennis after rain has fallen, when the grass courts are unavailable, and to secure an early opening and late close of the season, the use of cinders making a difference of three months in the amount of play which its courts offer. The only difficulty the Club has to contend with is the undrained condition of the ground; the clay soil in its low-lying situation absorbs any amount of moisture, and retains it, and for the last two years the grass courts have been unfit for use before the first week in June. All games played are paid for at the rate of 10 cents a single set and 20 cents a double set. Ladies are admitted as members of the Club, upon payment of a nominal fee of \$2 (no entrance fee being charged), and are allowed the use of the courts every morning of the week from ten a.m. to two p.m., and on Monday afternoons during the season. Invitations for the Monday afternoons are issued by the committee and members, requesting the company of their friends at the club grounds on a certain Monday and "subsequent Mondays throughout the season at four o'clock." On these occasions there is often a gathering of the representative beauty and fashion of Toronto, who meet, some to play, but the majority, we must confess, to look on and talk, and partake of the refreshments of tea and cake, provided by the members in a rustic arbour remote from the range of stray balls. Indeed the grounds of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club present quite a brilliant appearance on a fine Monday afternoon, with a number of ladies and gentlemen either seated on the raised benches which command the courts, or grouped about the arbour, while various young men and maidens flit over the grassy sward—many arrayed in the effective colours of the Club, crimson, blue, and brown; and merry peals of laughter mingled with the dull thud of racquets and balls rise on all sides.

At one time there was quite a large contingent of lady members, representatives of the noble game, but for some reason or other, their ranks are sadly reduced at present. We hear that the Club, being essentially masculine in element and admitting the fair sex more from a sense of social



duty than otherwise, has laid down the above-mentioned rules concerning morning play, which do not meet with universal satisfaction, and some fair dames have partially deserted the Club, and others who would have joined it have bestowed their patronage elsewhere, it being generally agreed that during our warm summer months the morning hours between eleven and two are neither the most agreeable nor the most advisable to practise in. Some few years ago the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club instituted tournaments open to all. These annual meetings have been found to answer admirably and to give a great impetus to the game. During the tournament week, tickets are sold to the public, and each succeeding year finds a larger audience upon the ground as a knowledge of the game, and an interest in it, has been increased and developed among us. Some very handsome prizes were offered last year for the contested matches, which were carried off as usual by American players. In fact, tradition has it that for some time past none have been retained in Toronto. It must, we imagine, be somewhat aggravating to the ambitious and energetic members of the Club to suffer defeat after defeat at the hands of their rivals; but we believe they console themselves by the reflection that the successful competitors are idle men who have both time and money to devote to the perfection of their skill, and who spend the whole season in a course of training and practice, which places them totally beyond the reach of our busy youths with their office work and their limited incomes.

The Park Club, familiarly known as the Nursery, was established some four years since, on a very pretty bit of land in the Queen's Park, described as the corner of Bloor Street and Park Road (west side.) Its situation is particularly attractive, the ground being surrounded by fine trees, which have been judiciously cleared to make room for the courts, leaving a noble group on the western boundary, through which a glimpse is caught of the red walls of McMaster Hall. The Park Club admits of four courts—two double grass courts, one single court and a cinder court, (laid down this spring and not yet in use). These courts cannot naturally compare with those of the Front Street Club, which not only have the advantage of age, but of the attention and experience of a first-class caretaker, who prides himself upon the perfection of cinder and sod he can offer to the members. This Park Club also issues yearly a neat little volume containing the names of its members, the constitution and rules of the Club, with the laws of Lawn Tennis as interpreted by the best English authorities. The list of names shows two life members, fourteen honorary members and sixty-six ordinary members, of whom thirty-one are ladies, and about fifteen of these latter, players. Ladies are allowed the use of the courts on every playing day throughout the season up to one o'clock and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons. On the last named day refreshments are provided by the Club. There is no charge for games or balls; the entrance fee for ladies is \$2, with an annual fee of \$3; gentlemen \$5, with an annual fee of \$5; honorary members pay \$15, life members, \$25.

In conclusion, we will add a few words on the subject of tennis as a legitimate exercise for ladies, many people contending that the requirements of the game are such as to imperil the health. As far as we can judge, Lawn Tennis is a perfectly natural, healthy recreation, provided it be not overdone—that three, or at the most, four sets are played at one time, and these not during the heat of the day. No doubt the game when well played demands violent exertion, and therefore, should not be attempted by any person not in possession of good bodily health; this condition granted, it can hurt no one. It must be remembered, however, that youth is an essential factor in the formation of a tennis player. A girl must begin to play in her teens. It is an exercise which tends to develop a graceful walk and easy carriage. Heels are tabooed, and the muscles of the feet and legs developed as they should be. Indeed, all fashionable arts and devices must be sacrificed upon the shrine of Tennis, and the limbs and lungs allowed free play. Nature, thus encouraged and stimulated, will reward her youthful devotee for the time and exertion she has spent upon Lawn Tennis.

L. C.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**BURGLARS IN PARADISE.** By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

Everybody who reads "An old Maid's Paradise" will welcome any further account of it with unalloyed delight, which the perusal of Miss Phelps's last story will, if possible, enhance. No one has mastered more thoroughly than this author, the art to charm. While the spell lasts she holds in complete and fascinated subjugation her reader's whole moral and intellectual being. The range of her operation upon human sympathies and emotions is remarkable; and the grace with which she effects the transition from sombre to sparkling moods is the most captivating thing in modern writing. "Burglars in Paradise" is only a series of chapters from the life of a middle-aged spinster and her most unromantic domestic, in the seaside village of Fairharbor, yet it is fuller of life and character and colour and inimitable reflection, than any novel that has appeared this year. One closes it with the memory of picture after picture of sea and shore; of a glimpse into the tender depths of a clear, sweet consciousness; of having spent an hour or two in the sunny, breezy leisure of a very delightful person indeed. It is difficult to define the precise virtue of Miss Phelps's writing. It consists in a very special idealization which is quite her own, and must be experienced to be understood.

**BUGLE ECHOES.** A collection of poems of the Civil War: Northern and Southern. Edited by Francis F. Browne. New York: White, Stokes, and Allan.

One's first impression concerning "Bugle Echoes" is a sense of astonishment that a quarter of a century should have slipped by, without bringing it to our library shelves long ago. It is so eminently a book worth possessing as to provoke an instinctive review of the multifarious publications of a different character which have fallen from the press of American enterprise thick and fast as autumn leaves, while the compilation of this one was so long deferred. It may be, however, that twenty-five years are not too many to cool the resentment that would once have burnt from cover to cover the book that bound Northern and Southern war-songs together, that the publication of "Bugle Echoes" from Shiloh and Manasses may mark an era in the national good feeling of the re-United States, and that both sentimentally and financially wisdom is justified of Mr. Browne.

Truly, this is a notable book—a book that will make sad havoc of the grave-yards where dead memories are lying—a book that will re-ignite all the camp fires from Sumter to Appomattox. Men handled the pen as well as the sword with unaccustomed, unsuspected power in those days, and many a heart-break found passionate vent in the corners of a local newspaper, was raised on the surge of events for a day, and forgotten. Cheers and protests, tributes and bitter cries of hatred, a woman's wail, a poet's plea for peace—all this and much more Mr. Browne has found in his search among the dusty files, and has bound into immortality in "Bugle Echoes." Some of it is bad poetry, of course, but even the worst is inspired and controlled by so noble a phase of emotion as to transfigure its commonplace expression into beauty, and lend the music of responsive heart-strings to its faulty rhyme and rhythms; nor is its value paled by the light of the great names that shine out on every other page—Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes.

Always truest, best, most richly worth preserving, are the lyrical records of any national movement. In the very midst of her sore baptism of fire and blood, sprang up all over the great republic the flowers of poets' thoughts. The gathering and preserving of this pathetic bloom of minstrelsy is a work worthy of the warmest appreciation.

**THE MIDGE.** By H. C. Bunner. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. H. C. Bunner, author of "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere," has written a novel, and it is precisely the novel which the author of Arcadian airs might be expected to write. It is a simple little story, told with much grace and piquancy, and a great deal more art than is evident. There are only three people of any consequence, a middle-aged good fellow, the waif he adopts, and a blue-eyed young artist to whom the waif is finally joined in holy matrimony. The story takes a pleasant, placid, descriptive course through the French quarters of New York, making no attempt to rise to the heights of human experience scaled so easily in the average novel, until the last chapter. Nothing melo-dramatic greets us there—only a common page of a common misery, ennobled by silent endurance, and heightened by sharp contrast with unconscious joy.

There is some dainty and distinctive writing in the book. The local colouring is admirable, and the minor characters are clever studies. The middle-aged hero is the only conception upon which the author has apparently bestowed any trouble. He is a faithful transcription, and may be duplicated in almost anybody's acquaintance. But the waif and the artist, though of attractive exterior, are physically much too sketchy to bear him fitting company. The book is thoroughly permeated with the author's very agreeable individuality, and for the sake of this we are disposed to forgive much, however. Mr. Bunner has not exhausted this story's possibilities, nor evidently his own. His book may by no means be regarded as indicating his limitations, and while he has not accomplished much, he has accomplished a little so charmingly that he is entitled to public gratitude for at least a whole summer.

**HOLD UP YOUR HEADS, GIRLS.** Helps for Girls, in School and out. By Annie H. Ryder. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

Very seldom among books written distinctively for girls, even among such books from the Lothrop press, do we find one bearing so undeniably the stamp of genuine merit as this of Miss Ryder's. There is no story to make the didactic decoction taste well, there is no confectionery sentiment, no maudlin idealization of the future of average girlhood. The book consists, as its title indicates, of a series of plain talks to girls about themselves and the possibilities of their development, mentally, morally, and upon strictly business or professional lines. It is the dictation of a well balanced mind, a wide experience, and the kindest spirit imaginable.

The book is written in a serious mood, but is never dull, and here and there Miss Ryder shows a humorous perception that is very entertaining. Her work can hardly fail to bring a tonic benefit to every girl of ordinary intelligence to whom it is given. Such a healthful and invigorating contribution to a class of literature so generally namby-pamby in its character deserves a signal success.

**ASPIRATIONS.** By Helen Hays. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

This story opens by the sea shore, where the old Abners live, and to whom a little curly-headed boy "chattering Italian" had been brought by their sailor son on his last home voyage; from the next he had never returned, and to them it remained an unsolved mystery, "who the child was," and "whence he came."

The boy "Tillo" shows early a wonderful talent for drawing, and though reprov'd for his "scrawling" by the old woman, he manages to indulge his fancy, and reproduces various sketches on all things available.

Mr. Barclay, a childless widower, and a man of fortune, appears at "The Neck," discovers the genius of the boy and the attractiveness of his disposition, and tries all in his power to make him consent to be his adopted child.

Just at this point the old man dies, and Tillo gives up all his ambitions, freely deciding to remain with his other adopted parent, and, as she wishes, learns *house painting*.

Here other persons are introduced to the reader; and Mr. Barclay is left the care of "Ruth," the child of an old friend. When Mr. Barclay returns once more to "The Neck" he finds the brown house shut up, and learns that old Mrs. Abner had died, and Tillo gone, no one knows whither. Ten years later they meet in Florence, where Tillo is working at his art.

The characters possess strong individuality. Grace, who expands under misfortune; May, whose sunny nature remains unscathed; Ruth, who goes through many misunderstandings and trials, and Miss Alden, who finds it a "great responsibility" to have the care of two marriageable nieces!

The book holds evidence of depth of thought and fancy:

"There is this similitude of force in all living, growing things,—it will have its way; from that of the tiny seed pushing up through the black mould, and spreading out its small green fibres, to the power in a human being's brain, expanding, pushing out into the ideas that demand sun and air."

"Day dreams, hopes, aspirations, which the boy could not have uttered, had he wished to, so impalpable and unformed were they; and yet so entirely did they sway his thoughts, that the air suddenly seemed intoxicating, and this somewhat gray-haired man an angelic presence."

How Lillo makes his way, and who he proves to be, is shown as the book goes on. The story is drawn out a little too lengthily, interest flagging towards the end, but it rouses up for the finale. The book closes with "chimes" for a double wedding. Who the happy couples are, the readers will learn.

**HOW THEY LEARNED HOUSEWORK.** By Christina Goodwin. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

This is an excellent presentation of the time-honoured theory that every maiden should receive a kitchen diploma as well as such a document from a fashionable boarding-school. The endless iteration of this principle in small salutary volumes like Miss Goodwin's, which well meaning persons insist upon printing year after year, can find justification only in a very wide-spread neglect of domestic education. We are willing to believe that such neglect exists, that this little volume with its innumerable sisterhood is not without a mission or the ability to perform it, but among the blissful accessories of the domestic millenium we shall be disposed to consider the absence of this especial form of literary philanthropy.

**A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS.** By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

Margaret Sidney is so well known as a bright writer for the youth of her own sex that to say that her last book quite sustains the vigorous tone, practical teaching, and piquant individuality of her earlier efforts, is to endorse it as heartily as possible. The "New Departure" is the occupation of universal mending—a very sensible hint to the hundreds of young women who periodically appear in the daily newspapers as courting starvation at shirt-making and other unremunerative employments. It is neatly bound in paper, and its form places it within the reach of the most impecunious shirt maker. Mrs. Sidney's suggestion is not precisely in the line of higher education, but if it accomplishes that whereunto it is sent here will be a great thanksgiving among the housekeepers.

**THE LAND OF BURNS** and other Pen and Ink Portraits. By J. Campbell. Seaforth: *Sun* office.

To lovers of the poet, Dr. Campbell's "The Land of Burns" will be especially interesting. The "defence of the poet" is well and forcibly written, bringing to light the best attributes of his character. The book also tells of journeyings through Scotland.

We quote a stirring passage, where the author and his companions stand in Calton Hill burying-ground.

"And as we looked abroad and saw the High School where our own George Brown had received his early training, we thought that if he could answer the roll call from over the sea and the others rise from their graves for a few minutes, what impressive advice they would give? It would be worth a thousand sermons. It would be like the trumpet tongues of the angels! We would never forget it! What would the advice be? It would be work! work!! work!!! while it is called to-day, for the night of death cometh when no man can work."

The book contains many historical reminiscences, and some pretty descriptions of Scotch scenery.

**BEATON'S BARGAIN.** A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Holt and Co.

Admirers of the especial kind of fiction which Mrs. Alexander produces so voluminously will be glad to hear that she has added the thirteenth to the list of unobjectionable little novels which appear in Holt and Co.'s Leisure Hour Series. "Beaton's Bargain," like the rest, is a pleasantly mediocre story, admirably adapted, as innocuous literary diet, to the needs of the average young ladies' seminary. There is the usual number of selfish worldlings, carefully balanced by a corrective proportion of the elect of Mrs. Alexander's imagination. "Beaton" is one of the selfish worldlings, makes a mercenary "bargain," and is very properly disappointed. The moral is excellent and obvious, the plot quite unexciting, and there is just enough naturalness about the very ordinary people and their rather dull dialogue, to save the book from the dead level of the commonplace.

**MR. ISAACS.** A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford.

**DR. CLAUDIUS.** By F. Marion Crawford.

(Macmillan's Summer Reading Series.) New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company are issuing in a convenient form for summer reading, a new and cheap edition of several of the choicest books on their list, of which "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius" are the two first numbers. These will be followed weekly by others of the like character, a list of which is published, the whole forming a very entertaining course of light reading, with which the pleasures of the summer may be much enhanced.

**"QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE."** Words by John Imrie; music by J. F. Johnston. Toronto: Imrie and Graham.

A patriotic song and chorus, five stanzas, in honour of the forty-ninth anniversary of the Queen's accession; the solo for tenor or soprano. In the chorus, the word "Liberty" is made to rhyme with "Free" and "Jubilee," the last syllable being sung to a long note, the result may be imagined. The expression "Victoria the Free" seems inappropriate, as our queen has not more freedom than other sovereigns. The unaccented syllable of "emblem" is sung to a long accented note.

We have received also the following publications:—

**MUSICAL HERALD.** June. Boston: Musical Herald Company, Franklin Square.

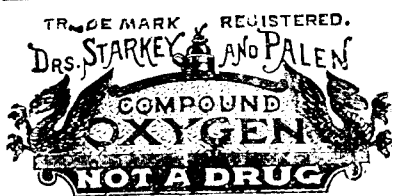
**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.** June 12. Boston: Littell and Company.

**FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.** July. New York.

**FINDING LIST OF BOOKS IN THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY (CENTRAL).** Toronto: James Murray and Company.

**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.** June. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

THE elder Pitt was for many years member for Bath and oftentimes resorted thither to seek relief in its waters from attacks of his constitutional malady. He lived at No. 7 Circus, and there it was that, on the day preceding his embarkation for America, General Wolfe was invited to dinner. Lord Temple was the only other guest. As evening drew on, Wolfe, unduly elated by the circumstances of his surroundings, drew his sword, flourished it round the room, and boasted the doughty deeds which he was about to accomplish. When at last the General had taken leave, and his carriage was heard to roll away from the door, Lord Chatham gave way to despair. Lifting up his eyes and arms, he loudly expressed to Temple his regret that he should have confided the fate of the Administration and of the country to the hands of so vain-glorious a boaster.



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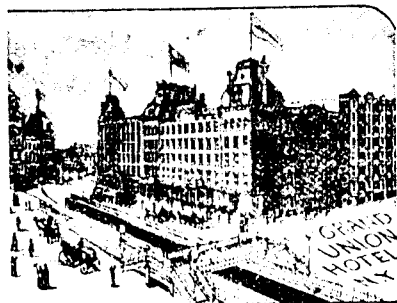
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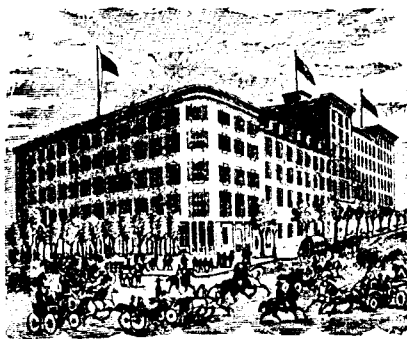
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# Magazine of American History.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1886.

- Portrait of Jefferson Davis. Frontispiece.
- Sketch of San Antonio. <sup>2/3</sup> The Fall of the Alamo. Illustrated. G. Norton Galloway.
- Canada's Actual Condition. Dr. Prosper Bender.
- Mr. Bancroft on Self-Government. Hon. George Bancroft.
- The Reconstruction of History. Rev. George B. Ellis, D.D.
- Triumph of the American Principle. The Trent Affair. Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman.
- The Convention of Virginia, 1788. A. W. Clason.
- Battles of Port Republic and Lewistown. Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-Gen. U.S.A.
- Retreat of the Confederate Government. From Richmond to the Gulf. W. H. Swallow.
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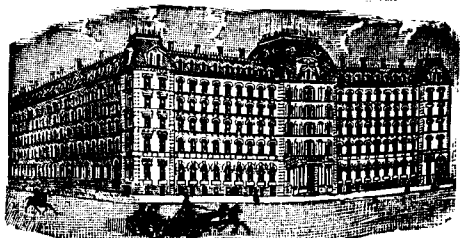
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