

THE WEEK:

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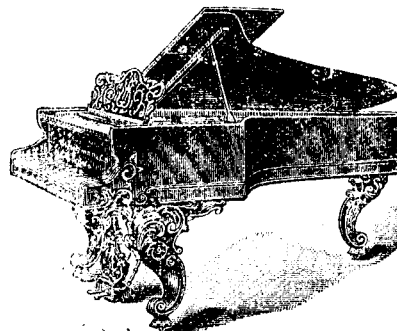
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MESSRS. DAVITT AND McCARTHY.

WHEN Mr. Davitt accuses Great Britain of having robbed Ireland of her Parliament, the answer is that the Ireland of which Mr. Davitt speaks never could have been robbed of her Parliament, because she never had one. Celtic Ireland neither had Parliamentary institutions before the Union, nor showed any tendency to produce them. They were, and still to a great degree are, alien to the political character of the race. Mr. Gladstone, when he says that they were native to the Irish soil, only shows his ignorance of the very rudiments of Irish history. What was called the Irish Parliament before the Union was a Parliament of British and Protestant ascendancy, which had become desperately corrupt, and the rule of which ended in the sanguinary chaos of '98. To put an end to ascendancy, and to bring the down-trodden race and Church under the broad and impartial aegis of a United Parliament, was Pitt's aim in carrying the "black-guard" Union. He would have given the Catholics political equality if the King would have let him; and as it was, he gave them the full protection of Imperial law. The Union was the emancipation of the Celt. It has given him all that he has of Parliamentary government and of liberty; both would soon be lost if he were consigned to the domination of his native tyrants. On a question of history, into which party has found its way, it is useful to refer to the judgment of foreigners. England is not a favourite with the Danes, who still resent her seizure of the Danish fleet. But it is the great Danish writer Worsaae who says, in reference to the settlements of the Northmen in Ireland: "It may possibly be said that the Norwegians in Ireland, by preparing the way for Norman or English conquest, rendered a far greater service to England than to subjugated Ireland. But all the chroniclers, it must be recollected, bear witness that the Irish were neither strong enough to govern their own country independently nor capable of keeping pace with European civilisation by means of an active commerce. We have seen that even in later times the same baleful and sanguinary spirit of disunion which weakened Ireland in ancient days is yet scarcely extinct among the original Irish race. It is manifest, therefore, that Ireland which would otherwise have been divided from the rest of Europe, and devastated by terrible intestine contentions, has been much benefited by being united to so great and powerful a country as England, which has both the ability and the will to promote the true welfare of the Irish people." It is constantly assumed by Irish orators that had Ireland only been free from British connection she would have developed into something very magnificent, and her history would have flowed in a sparkling stream of unmixed prosperity. A knowledge of the state of things in Ireland at the time of the Conquest, and of the circumstances of the Conquest itself, which was doubly invited, both by rivalry among the chiefs and by ecclesiastical interest, at once dispels that dream.

MR. DAVITT, like all the other Nationalists, is "lying low" and affecting moderation of tone at present, that he may not interfere with the English leader who is playing the Nationalist game. But his hatred of England

and his desire for complete separation break out through the thin veil which his present policy has thrown over them. He who holds that "the Union put the prey into the shark's mouth" is not likely to desist from his patriotic exertions till the shark shall have entirely disgorged its victim, "The right of national self-government," says Mr. Davitt, "is universally recognised as the inalienable prerogative of separate nationalities." Does anybody believe that the aspiration expressed in those words will be satisfied with a vassal Parliament such as was tendered to Ireland by Mr. Gladstone? An avowed part of Mr. Davitt's programme is systematic Obstruction of the kind described in an extract from the *Quarterly*, which we give in another column. By this, Parliament is to be bullied into abdication. This Mr. Davitt styles "Constitutional," and if it is unsuccessful he proposes, plainly enough when he speaks in Canada but still more plainly when he speaks in the United States, to have recourse to force. All the force that he can bring into the field would be scattered to the four winds by a single brigade of troops, and if the House of Commons were united and patriotic, instead of being torn by unpatriotic factions, it would soon put an end to Obstruction by the expulsion of the ringleaders. From the treasonable ambition and rivalries of British politicians, Mr. Davitt has some hope of Dismemberment: other hope he has none.

OF course we have again the story of tyrannical evictions. It has been already shown that the number of actual removals—800 in six months, among 560,000 holdings—is probably not equal to the number of foreclosures by loan societies here. But what is to be done if a tenant refuses to pay his rent or is deterred by the League from paying it? Why should a man be allowed at his pleasure or at the dictate of a lawless conspiracy to repudiate a debt to a landlord any more than a debt to a baker? Are Canadian or American landlords much in the habit of going without their rents? For a tyrannical, capricious use of the power of eviction no landlord has any motive, and an Irish landlord least of all. An Irish landlord is only too glad to keep a tenant who will pay or try to pay. The real author of most of the evictions is the League, the leaders of which do their utmost to keep the tenants at war with the landlords because they know that as soon as the agrarian quarrel is settled the political rebellion will die. They know that already it is by American dollars that the political rebellion is kept alive.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is not one of the genuine Parnellite breed. He is a cultured and well-bred gentleman, as well as an excellent writer and lecturer. Like the rest of his party, he takes the benefit of the terrorism of the League and of money sent by the Fenians of Chicago for the destruction of Great Britain, but he has been careful to keep his literary pumps and silk stockings as clear as he could of the stain of blood. Him, therefore, the Reform leaders and magnates find it politic to attend, while they discreetly give the cold shoulder to Mr. Davitt. But Mr. McCarthy on Monday contradicts Mr. Davitt's utterances on Saturday. On Monday Mr. McCarthy protests that Ireland wants no larger measure of self-government than is enjoyed by a Province of the Dominion, or by a State of the Union. But on Saturday Mr. Davitt told us that what Ireland wanted was "the inalienable prerogative of a separate nationality." We respect the frankness and veracity of Mr. Davitt. The absurdity of the parallel which Mr. McCarthy again attempts to draw between the position of a Province of the Dominion or of a State of the Union and Ireland with "Grattan's Parliament" has been a hundred times exposed. What would answer to the Dominion or the Federal Legislature in the case of Great Britain and Ireland? With the comparison made by another speaker of Ireland as a partner in the Parliament of the United Kingdom to Bulgaria under Turkish despotism, it is surely unnecessary to deal.

STAMBOULOFF, the hero of the day in Bulgaria, is a man small in stature, but square and strongly built; complexion brown; eyes very lively; his whole being expresses the most powerful energy, which he displays on all occasions. He is about thirty-seven years of age. He was elected deputy for the first time in 1879, and looked so young that the Conservatives of the chamber contemplated quashing his election, on the ground of his being under age. This could not be done, as all the other deputies were unable to produce the certificates of their births. The majority yielded, but Stambouloff never forgave them, and always violently opposed them. As a rule, he always attacks his political or personal enemies with a rattling violence—Zankoff, above all. His most intimate friend is Karaveloff.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

WHETHER to-day's pageant ends riotously or peacefully, the occasion will be a landmark in England's political history. The right of public assembly which the people have long enjoyed, and which they have seldom abused, has now been summarily withdrawn. We owe this to the Social Democratic Federation, who, by their attacks on the West End shopkeepers last year, prepared the way for general acquiescence in the prohibition of all such public gatherings in the future. The choice of to-day for a second Social Democratic Demonstration has settled the matter, and there will probably be no other. A precedent had long been wanted for putting an end to foolish and menacing processioning, and the police authorities, allowed a free hand by the Government now in power, have established a right which nobody will ever again seriously call in question.

THE Social Democratic Federation is led by a few English fanatics, encouraged by numbers of foreign socialistic refugees, and followed by a crowd of the worst characters in the Metropolis. The leaders themselves are not exactly what the teachers of a new gospel ought to be. The author of the "Earthly Paradise" may be pardoned for taking a poetical view of social duties; but being also an employer of labour (he is a fine art paper decorator), and notorious for his imperious rule in the workshop, his advent as a socialistic lecturer was hailed with universal ridicule, under which he soon had to retire—at all events, from the eminently practical work of the Federation as carried on by Mr. Hyndman. Mr. Morris is allowed to theorise in peace, taking with him the respectable element in the original Federation. Mr. Hyndman is now, therefore, sole ruler, and his followers—well, well—his followers may be judged by the fact that they still follow him, notwithstanding the revelations in the County Court the other day, from which it appears that he is numbered among the great "unemployed" at present. The bulk of his admirers also belong to the great "unemployed."

LORD R. CHURCHILL'S sudden conversion to the "Closure" has alarmed some of the foremost men of the old Conservative Party. His latest utterance pointed to closure by a bare majority, and already he has been warned that he would not carry the whole of the Tories with him if such is his design. One fashionable Conservative organ hints that he aspires to play the part of King Stork. All the same, there is a general assent to the prediction that somebody will have to assume that sort of kingship presently, although everybody protests against being counted among the frogs.

MR. GLADSTONE himself has contributed not a little to Lord R. Churchill's popularity. The G. O. M.'s manner as well as his matter has become so distasteful to all but the ignorant classes that the cynical unscrupulousness of his young rival is accepted as a refreshing change. Conscious of having lost caste with the educated classes, and knowing that his only chance rests with the populace, Mr. Gladstone has latterly enveloped himself in that mantle of piety, which formerly he partially and only occasionally wore. Sanctimoniousness goes down with the crowd, who cannot understand a good argument, but can always appreciate a good motive. Mr. Gladstone has not even attempted to answer Lord Bra-bourne's articles on the historical aspect of the Irish Question; he merely shifts his ground, and "admires the spirit" in which the controversy is being carried on! The people do not read *Blackwood's Magazine*, but they do read Mr. Gladstone's letters, and the conclusion arrived at is that the author of the separation scheme knows all about Irish history, and forgives those wicked noblemen who say he does not. His obstinate self-righteousness constitutes the chief danger of the situation. You knock all his arguments to pieces, and kick his historical evidence to the winds. Straightway, instead of repenting, he turns round and prays for you. Evidently he means to go on his way, and so long as he can keep up the rôle of a persecuted saint he will carry the well-meaning, simple-minded multitude along with him. No wonder that the shameless profligacy—politically speaking—of Lord Randolph Churchill receives such considerable toleration, especially as he has gained the popular ear, and is the only available antidote to Gladstonism in that quarter.

AMONG the many schemes afloat for permanently commemorating Her Majesty's Jubilee, that for continuing the Colinderies as a Colonial Institute seems likely to collapse, partly for want of definition, partly through commercial opposition. A Colonial Institute may be a very desirable thing, and when clear ideas are formed of its aims, it will find plenty of support. But these South Kensington Exhibitions are becoming unpopular with the trading and shopkeeping interests in proportion to their popularity with the pleasure-seeking public. Not in London only, but in every considerable provincial town is the shopkeeper deprived of his legitimate custom

by the flow of pocket-money, in one huge stream, during six or eight months of the year to the colossal bazaar at South Kensington. The word has gone forth, just as this year's exhibition is closing, to discredit it in every possible way. Seeing that it has been in all respects the best of the kind ever held, we may conclude that the newspapers and their clients have their own reasons, and very strong ones, for putting an end to these periodic shows.

MESSRS. CASSELL have just started a new, fashionable magazine, entitled *The Lady's World*, the get-up of which is superb, and the price even more so—one shilling. But the most striking feature about the new venture is the illustrated fashions, which are set out on what seem to have been living figures, instead of the idealised insipidities which have done duty for fashionably-attired ladies in all similar publications hitherto.

London, 9th November, 1886.

ANCHOR.

SAUNTERINGS.

THAT it was quite possible to enjoy life, Anastasia, the Youth, and I discovered last summer, and to do it in the orthodox and approved fashion set by those who leave town for the purpose, without either going a prodigious distance or paying a prodigious price. These negative advantages were supplemented by a positive opportunity of gaining some knowledge of local life and character as it is in the Province of Ontario. Local life and character being sought for by Canadians usually anywhere but in Canada, we were fired by a sense of originality in our plan to discover it in the wilds of Prince Edward County.

There may be a few among the great untravelled that do not live in the vicinity of the place who will follow us geographically to the "Sand Banks," on the shores of Lake Ontario. A dotted line vaguely indicates them on the map, which gives no sign, however, of their being inhabited. The most speculative architect of castles in the air would never dream of constructing upon the basis of that wavering and watery indication the magnificence of a pine palace for the accommodation of the transient public, flanked by a grocery and surrounded by every sylvan and sandy attraction: yet such there is. The sand banks are phenomenal, and where there is a phenomenon there is sure to be a hotel.

To get to Picton from almost anywhere in the summer, one sails up the long, narrow, picturesquely irregular Bay of Quinté. Thrice happy is he who takes the trip in that magical time between the day and the darkness of the glowing July weather, when the little steamer almost noiselessly furrows her way through the still, shining water, with its dark tree-shadows and sunset tints of rose and amber, carrying her voyagers, one fancies, to some sure haven where the purple and the gold and the violet and the opal do not slip away. The solid old farm-houses that send their straggling boundaries down to the steep, rocky, moss-grown water's edge, have a look of having been built for comfort and endurance. The fences are all of stones piled on top of one another. Here and there the blossoming water betrays the idyl of a love-tryst at the water-foot of one of these primitive divisions, where Corydon and Phyllis are discussing the advisability of taking it down. And now and then our little craft makes a convulsive hiatus in her peaceful puffing toward an ideal port, and rubs up along a weather-beaten old wharf to receive a solitary passenger, or some half-dozen bags of an agricultural product, the lumpy and uninteresting nature of which will never be made public through the medium of this pen. One feels disposed to speculate upon the forgotten past of these discouraged-looking little settlements, each with its demoralised landing or dilapidated pier, its dusty road curving down to the water out of the woods and pastures, and its church spire rising from a parti-coloured sprinkling of village houses, and softly throwing its doctrinal significance against the evening sky—a chapter folded back in a book that few turn the leaves of; and yet what open page of Canadian history is more bravely illuminated than that which burns with the steadfast loyalty of the strong-hearted ten thousand who preferred allegiance as subjects to disaffection as citizens, even at the expense of all that exile meant in 1783!

It is ten o'clock when we puff into Picton, and at eleven we are driving through the soft radiance of a July moon, that shows us on one side of the road symmetrical maples, set out by the beauty-loving Prince Edward County farmers; on the other, glimmering whitely through the dark cedars and wild undergrowth, the sand banks that have given the narrow peninsula its local fame. Here and there the sand has gradually forced its way through and over the trees to the road, which curves in as the sure yearly encroachment is made. Silhouetted against the sky, the dead cedars stretch pathetic arms above us, and every now and then a plash from Lake Ontario, quiet to-night, sounds from behind them. Two hours of this and

a sudden bend in the road discloses the hotel, all alight, apparently for the accommodation of a large and fraternal number of circus companies, who have pitched the colossal tents which shine like snow in the moonlight, in most friendly proximity.

We are welcomed by a special benefaction in the shape of a young married person, who finds that her olive branches thrive in the doubtful fertility of the Sand Banks, and who shows us the way to the dining room.

There is nobody else to do it—not a hint of a clerk with an old-gold necktie, not a suggestion of a porter without any necktie at all. In fact, there is not a human being visible except a tall, loose-jointed man without a coat, who slouches into the room after us, appropriates a chair at the head of our table, and addresses us familiarly upon the subject of cold apple-pie. Our relative seems to take his presence there quite as a matter of course, so we feel that it behooves us not to be premature with our indignation. We are too hungry to be dignified, anyway, so we content ourselves with bestowing our undivided attention upon such fragments of the feast as remain after forty boarders, ravenous with the fresh lake air, have partaken of their evening meal. We merely observe that he is guilelessly innocent of conventionality and cuffs; that he tips his chair with accustomed grace, and leans forward on his elbows with the air of a part of the establishment. Later, in the seclusion of an apartment which we share with the young married person aforesaid and all the olive branches, we learn that the gentleman who had honoured us with his society was a sort of Pooh-Bah compendium of all the officials whose services we had missed, that he habitually distinguished himself by the non-performance of any of them, that his name was Byers, and that he was had in reputation and respect upon various accounts throughout the whole length and breadth of the county.

We are drawn in from our early stroll among the pines and the rocks and the blossoming elder-bushes next morning by a clamorous bell, which seemed to speak griddle-cakes to our waiting souls. Approaching the veranda, we see that Byers is ringing it, and, having seated ourselves in the plank-walled dining-room, with the lake breeze blowing straight through it, Byers brings us the griddle-cakes of our anticipation. Daylight discloses him the possessor of a long, bristling, yellow moustache, overshadowing a mouth turned down at the corners, with a chronic expression of disgust at things in general. His nose hooks over it, and his gray eyes have a speculative expression. His movements are so mechanical that the Youth whispers, in an awe-struck voice, his conviction that a disrobing would find him wooden, with joints. We feel sure that he superintends the dish-washing; but we are mistaken, for he waylays us in the hall to "register." This we proceed to do, with the forty boarders in a curious line behind us. Only when a guest comes to stay for at least a week is that precious record produced. On being interrogated as to its seclusion from the public eye, Byers had responded to the effect that, while there was nothing mean about him, paper cost something; and "them darned picnickers 'ud fill it up in a week." In fact, nothing happens to exercise this functionary that is not laid directly at the door of the irresponsible, unprofitable, but smilingly guileless rustic visitors, who come for the day with their baskets, disport themselves on the two capacious swings, make love publicly and unrestrainedly on the veranda, but in no wise add to the revenue of the big pine hotel. So in his heart Byers hateth them.

Next day is Sunday—a gala day at the Sand Banks. From nine o'clock in the morning until nine at night, trim top-buggies, weather-beaten "democrats," and comfortable family carriages deposit their loads of bashful youths and blushing maidens, farmers' families, shopmen, bank clerks, and all sorts and conditions of townspeople, chiefly come to keep cool, wander about, amuse themselves, and see their friends, for the place is purely local, and everybody is "acquainted." Quoits or croquet, being untaxable, Mr. Byers strictly forbids as violations of the Sabbath; but any and all of the visitors may indulge in rifle-shooting, back of the stables, at a dozen shots for a quarter, without incurring anybody's censure. Of course, ill-natured people make remarks about it; but Byers scorns to justify himself, and goes about persecuted for righteousness' sake. The boarders lie in hammocks under the trees, sing, smoke, and read novels; occasionally making an incursion upon the dining-room, where the tables are always set. They do not dance or play cards. One is almost inclined to record it to their credit.

"Mr. Byers, why don't you have church here, in the dance-hall? You often have a minister over Sunday," asks a lady with a troubled conscience, this afternoon.

"Well, ma'am ther' was a church here onct. Right down there." An expressive finger is pointed toward the great white banks. "The sand

buried it. Discovered it myself, three weeks ago. Ther's a Presbyterian minister in it, just pernouncin' the benediction. But the congregation had gone hum to dinner! Honest though, no foolin', folks don't want no church here. They come here to have a good time, an' darn it all, they're goin' to have it—while I'm boss!"

But we discover that Mr. Byers' views are subject to fluctuation—the weather, or the surroundings, or the social atmosphere, affect them equally. He brings a chair down to the lake shore one bright evening, where we sit staring at the shimmering water and the fleecy clouds, and the dark island-outlines, and proceeds to give us various doctrinal views. He begins by inquiring what church we "patronise." We respond, with kindling recollection of our covenanting forefathers, that we are Presbyterians.

"Thought so," giving his chair a hitch to avoid a ledge at the back of his head. Byers never utilises all the legs of his chair. "Ther's somethin' about Presbyterians that gives 'em away every time. Fine people though, the Presbyterians—finer 'n the Methodists by a long sight. I tell you I've come across some pretty darn mean Methodists, considerin' the way they whoop 'er up! You never heard tell of 'Bijah Crooks, I 'spose. Well, 'Bijah Crooks is my wife's own second cousin, but I'm bound to say he's the biggest Methodist an' the smallest man in the hull country!"

He pauses for an expression of interest in 'Bijah, which comes with promptitude.

"You see he's the feller that keeps the pound. He got an old white horse in there one day last spring. Jake Smith he owned the beast, an' had turned him out on the road to die. When 'Bijah found after keepin' him nigh onto a fortnight ther' wasn't nothin' to be made out o' Jake, what 'd he do but up an' tell old Doctor Burdock, the best-naturedest man ever was, that *his brother's* white mare was goin' to be sold fer poundage ef he didn't pay two dollars an' git her out. Jim Burdock never owned a white mare in his life far's I know, but the Doctor, knowin' no better, up an' paid the two dollars like a man. He's ben lookin' fer 'Bijah ever since."

"And the poor old white horse—" breathlessly from the Youth.

"Oh, it died in the Doctor's back yard over to Ameliasburg. But that wasn't just square ef 'Bijah, was it now? I'm always thankful I don't worship 'long with *his* sex, if they do make more noise."

If I am a blue Presbyterian, Anastasia is a pink and white Methodist, but she doesn't champion her cause. Perhaps 'Bijah's derelictions strike her as too overwhelming to be lightly dealt with, and Anastasia never deals with things seriously—in the hot weather. So in a somnolent spirit of peace and good will, she inquires our entertainer's denominational tendencies.

"Me? Oh, I'm a Brethern. In other words, my wife is. Deacon, too, I am; but she does it fer both of us in the season. Sunday's no day fer me to leave. Lots o' Brethern round here. An' there's no church like 'em—not fer good works. I ain't undocetrinat' any other denomination, either; dare say there's good in all of 'em. But fer liberal views and proper methods of interpolatin' Scriptor I'll back the Brethern. Ef a man thinks a thing's right, why it *is* right—that's all ther' is about it; an' ef he thinks it's wrong, it's wrong." Here he becomes ornate and gesticulative. "An' we don't believe in goin' mournin' all our days, an' callin' this a world of woe. Ef mirthfulness ain't enjined in Scriptor, I want to know what is. I don't hang my harp on no willow, an' ther's a good deal o' dance in me yet, ef I am married an' settled. 'Nother thing, we believe in immersion as the only symptom o' baptism in the hull Bible. Ef ther's one rediculous doctern in your church, it's that sprinklin' the kids!"

The moon shines down upon us, and the waves curl over the big stones and slip back again, leaving them covered with the filmy lacework of the foam. The blue-bells growing in the rock crevices sway with the wind; there is a sound of laughter from the pine-hid veranda; and still Byers continues to discourse with intent to prove that this world is a very tolerable place to live in, if one only possesses a rightly-constituted conscience. And by and by we leave him to his comfortable theory.

It is the day to press flowers, to pack mementoes, to take parting looks at things. The time of our departure is at hand. We are tenderly contemplating that fact and some very badly cooked beefsteak at breakfast when we become conscious of an unusual stir in the "office," that is, the place in which Byers keeps his beloved register. The door opens and a yachting party noisily takes possession of what is known as "the strangers" table. Six gentlemen, all in becoming navy blue. Poor Anastasia! Her back is toward them, and nobody is interested in a back view.

"I'll have an egg—no, two."

"We haven't any eggs, sir, only for the boarders."

"A glass of milk—ice in it."

"Have to buy our milk, sir. Don't give it to nobody but the boarders' children, on special terms."

"Got any whitefish?"

"Not this morning, sir. Only enough cooked for the boarders. Like some beefsteak?"

"Yes, if the boarders don't mind. And if there's anything else they haven't disposed of, you can bring us that too. We're not particular."

We linger over our last griddle cakes, photograph the rough, bright room, with its shocking chromos, indelibly upon our minds, and "settle." Nearly everybody is going to-day; two carriages are waiting now. It costs three cents to answer letters about rooms, and Byers never gratifies public curiosity at his own expense, on principle. Consequently the Sand Banks hostelry is overcrowded or empty always. He is everywhere this morning, coatless, hatless, as usual, with his slick, long, whitish hair pasted over his forehead, and his mouth turned down at the corners with its characteristic expression of disgusted forlornity. He shakes hands all round with genuine regret, and, just as we drive off, leans over toward me with a nod in Anastasia's direction. "Say," he whispers timorously, "what's her front name?"

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE COMING SLAVERY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Two years ago Mr. Herbert Spencer wrote a series of articles for the *Contemporary Review*, directing attention to a tendency of recent legislation. The purport of the articles was to point out that, whereas the distinctive feature of the Liberal policy in times past was the removal of all those fetters imposed by class or State on the free action of the individual, the legislation during the past few years has betrayed a decidedly opposite tendency, one which, if not checked, will land the people of England in a despotism worse than that from which they have been delivered. Passing in rapid review the principal measures of liberty wrested from the growing weakness of sovereigns, he shows by a number of recent acts that the Liberals, having, by a struggle extending over centuries, secured almost entirely free scope to the energies of the individual, are not content with this, but are now themselves becoming the advocates of the re-imposition of the fetters they had striven to remove. Of course, the new fetters will be imposed by Parliament, not by kings, and the people will, by their votes, be party to the imposition; but as Mr. Spencer very aptly remarks, the benefit arising from the change of masters is not very obvious, nor does the fact of the assent of the people alter the fact of the slavery. This being the course pursued by the Liberals, and the Tories not having changed their principles, Mr. Spencer views the future with unaffected alarm. But Mr. Spencer is not the only one to notice this tendency in legislation. M. de Laveleye and his followers of the Collective school have recognised it, but with joy, as in their view the future well-being of mankind depends on the development of the tendency. With the states of mind this tendency produces in different persons we have nothing to do. It is enough for us that eminent men of opposite schools agree on the fact of the tendency in England; for we may be sure that a wave of thought passing over England will not be long in making itself felt here. But the question of its reaching here is not one on which we need speculate. The acceptance with which so restrictive a measure as the Scott Act is received is evidence enough that the Collective sentiment has made great headway in Canada.

Thinking over this tendency and its effect on the actions of individuals, the question suggests itself, "In what temper will law exhibiting this tendency be received by its opponents? Will they, as is usual, quietly accept the decision of the majority, and cordially do their share of giving effect to it, or will they continue their opposition?" This is a question of much importance in all States, for, however supported by army and police the decrees of a sovereign may be, unless they have the support of the well-disposed citizens as well, obedience to them will, in some way, be evaded. But, in democratic States, the importance of this consideration is vital; for, outside a small police system, the only support a law can have in a democratic State is from the citizens. The necessity of a power in the law beyond that which we see in operation is apt to be lost sight of. We are so accustomed to its resistless sway, obliging the most powerful to bow to its will, that we are tempted to regard it as self-dependent as well as omnipotent. But this is one of those illusions, requiring only a word to dispel, and, were it not that the strength of our argument lies in a clear understanding of the power sustaining the laws of such a country as this, we should not venture to dwell on this head. The strength of the law lies in two circumstances. The first is that its officers are united and armed for the execution of its decrees; while those under the legal ban are neither, and thus a small body of men exercise a power quite out of proportion to their physical strength. But if it were not for the second circumstance, they would not long have a monopoly of the advantages arising from union. Criminals of all classes would soon combine to make common cause against their common enemy, if they were not restrained by the knowledge that the decisions of the law have the approval and, if necessary, would have the armed support of the whole body of well-disposed citizens. It is in this latent, but ever available, power that the real strength of the law lies.

But, except in the case of religious or political disturbances, it is never necessary for the law to make an exhibition of its real strength. The functions of our law are, in general, limited to the suppression of fraud or

violence, or if they go beyond that, and show a tendency to interfere with the private actions or property of individuals, the interference is so slight that, to even the most liberty-loving, it is alarming only as affording a precedent for less justifiable and more galling interferences. Within this scope then the law is heartily supported by all good citizens, and is thus irresistible. But are we entitled to assume this spirit of ready obedience in the case of laws which interfere directly with actions or property which we have been accustomed to regard as under our own control? To take an example or two: Will the Scott Act be heartily supported by its opponents? or (it is well known that Socialism has considerable power in some of our cities) suppose the majority decided to accept Mr. Henry George's theory, and establish State ownership of land, would the minority yield up their property cheerfully? It is evident, at once, that measures such as these, if they ever become laws would lack at least some of the sanctions supporting the laws as they now are. They would lack the moral sanction, for those opposed to them, at least, would never regard the drinking of a glass of beer or private ownership of land as on the same moral level as assaulting or defrauding a neighbour. They would, also, lack the sanction of supreme expediency, for those opposed to them do not consider them essential to the existence of the State as they do the laws respecting fraud and violence. These measures would have a strong sentiment in their favour, however—the sentiment that makes the will of the majority the rule of action for all. This sentiment governs us in all our social relations, from our school games to the election of Parliamentary representatives and the making of our laws, and so has for us all the force of an intuition. We would go a long way before doing violence to this sentiment; but most of us have a secret conviction that there are limits to the sphere within which the will of the majority is supreme. This conviction may take no other form than that of a vague, undefined sense of wrong, when what we consider our rights are interfered with; but it only requires the intellect and authority of some leader of thought to give definite form to this sense of wrong, and so, even this strong sentiment cannot be depended on to secure a cordial acceptance of such measures. But though measures such as these want all other sanctions for their obedience, they can still show one very good reason why they should be obeyed, and that is that they are supported by the preponderance of the physical force in the community. We do not mean to say that of those who obey a law which they believe to be interfering with their rights the greater number do so because of the force behind it. As we have already said, the majority of people are inclined to regard the law as omnipotent in itself, but there are some (and these are the leaders) who are under no such delusion. They examine the whole situation with care; and if they saw a chance of throwing off the yoke the law imposes, they would not be long in making the fact known to the less thoughtful. But while the mass of the physical force is against them, they know that they would be the sufferers in a struggle, and that the existence of the State would be thereby imperilled, so they quietly succumb or evade obedience, as indeed large numbers do.

Having seen that the laws of the nature we have been describing, lacking (for their opponents) the sanctions of morality and supreme expediency, and violating their notions of the righteousness of the will of the majority, secure obedience only through the presence of the physical force ready to support it, let us now consider the case where even this last sanction is absent, where the majority, numerically, is the weaker physically. What will be the consequence of this state of affairs? But before seeking an answer to our question, we must state that it is not a merely hypothetical case we are considering. Indeed, we have now reached the point towards which our argument has been tending. The state of affairs we have been describing, the reign of laws without any sanctions whatever for their authority, is precisely what the state of affairs would be in any community where women, by their votes, exercise any influence on legislation. That the majority in favour of any measure passed with the assistance of women will be the weaker physically will be apparent to any one who reflects that it is only on a measure, opposed by the majority of men, that women can possibly exercise any influence. If the majority of men were in favour of a measure it would become law anyway, and the votes of the women would only be confirmatory of those of the men. In the second place, that the only legislation in which women have hitherto shown any interest exhibits in a very high degree the tendency to interfere, so alarming to Mr. Spencer, no one with the slightest knowledge of public affairs need be told. In Canada and the United States the only question that has excited any general attention among women is the Temperance Question. Indeed, prominent temperance advocates of both sexes declare that their only object in urging the right of women to vote is that they may carry temperance legislation over the heads of the men. That the acquisition of the franchise may, to some extent, turn the attention of women to general politics is quite possible; but we need not stop to speculate on possibilities, we have fortunately only to do with certainties, and so, returning to the general tendency of legislation just now, and to woman's desire to advance that tendency, we are now in a position to answer the question put a moment ago: Is there any probability that laws, lacking all the usual sanctions for their authority, will be obeyed by those who oppose them? There would seem to be but one answer to this question, and yet it is an answer that most common-sense people would hesitate before accepting as decisive on the Woman Suffrage Question. Apart from the suspicion of mere plausibility attaching to every conclusion reached by a process of argumentation, most people find it hard to conceive of so well governed a country as this being in such an anarchical state as that indicated in our conclusion, and the frequent use we have been obliged to make of the term, "physical force," is apt to raise in their minds pictures of armed rebellions, not imaginable as arising from so

comparatively trifling a cause. But, while we are not without instances of even these consequences of attempts to deprive men of what they consider their rights, we need not apprehend such serious results at once. The mere presence of physical force is often just as effectual to paralyse opposition as its active exercise. Indeed, a law passed with the assistance of women would become a dead letter more from lack of energy in those supporting it than from their lack of physical force. The women supporting it could do next to nothing towards enforcing it. The sphere in which they ordinarily move does not take in enough of the law-breaking element for them to do effective work as detectives, and most men are deterred by the odium attaching to informers from actively assisting to suppress acts not directly injurious to person or property. The energetic few who are determined to give effect to the law can soon be brought to a sense of their helplessness by a little resolute opposition, and so the law would go unenforced.

But it is said that, of those who opposed the measure the good men would all rally about it, once it became law, as they would about any other measure calculated to promote the public good. But why should they? believing as they must, either that legislation is not an efficient means to further the end in view, or that the particular law is a vexatious interference with individual rights, or that, though good in itself, its passage would add momentum to a stream of tendency the end whereof is practical slavery. Why should they support such a measure? Would not true patriotism demand a continued opposition to such an outcome of the shortsightedness of well-intentioned people?

But it is said, too, that we take no account of the immense moral force women would bring to assist the carrying out of a law. Those raising this objection, knowing how much more the observance of our laws in general is due to the influence of moral forces than to the operation of positive law, cannot understand why a particular measure becoming law should not have the support of these same moral forces. The merest glance, however, at the common manifestations of moral force, the power of public opinion, the influence of another's example, or the persuasiveness of an argument, will show that this force operates for or against a principle just as actively under one set of conditions as under another, and that the mere embodiment of this principle in a statute can affect the operations of moral force very little, if at all. The truth is, law rests entirely on a basis of physical force, and nothing, not in the nature of physical force, can add to the strength of that basis. But this fact need not have been told most advocates of Woman Suffrage. In their capacity of temperance reformers they know very well the difference between moral force suasion and the force behind the law, and it is the inadequacy of moral force to effect the purpose they have in view that leads them to fall back on the force behind the law.

We are not certain that our argument will meet with an entirely cordial reception, even from those who, on other grounds, oppose Woman Suffrage. It, perhaps, smacks a little too much of the "Might is Right" doctrine, for that. But if it is sound, its conclusions may not be disregarded. It is just as well, in these days when an Act of Parliament is looked upon as the panacea for all social ills, to know under what conditions this Act cannot prove effectual.

Ottawa.

S.

THE HUDSON'S BAY RAILWAY.

PENDING the Provincial elections, which will likely occur early in December, the people of Winnipeg are languishing upon the bed of suspense over the Hudson's Bay Railway project. The feeling that exists in regard to this great scheme is almost indefinable, and can be likened only to St. Paul's definition of faith: "It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is difficult to find more than half a score people in the city who honestly believe that the road, twenty miles of which are already graded, is actually going to be carried through to completion forthwith. It is looked upon as the antidote for all our ills, and yet, although the work is being vigorously prosecuted at present, it is a rare thing to meet any one who believes the enterprise is in a position that it will be completed under the present management. Upon the desirability, practicability, and, if you will permit me to coin a word, "payability," of the road, the people of this Province are a unit. To say one word that might be construed into scepticism as to the desirability of having the road at once is a dire crime in a Manitoban, and suicidal for a politician, as poor Mr. Norquay has found to his cost. He expressed the opinion at a public meeting some months ago that "there was no pressing necessity" for the road. It has taken him ever since to try to explain that he did not mean what he said upon that occasion, and the result of the coming elections only will determine what success he has met with. When I say it is suicidal for a politician to express scepticism in regard to the road, I speak literally, and the people of this city will thoroughly appreciate the fact in view of the forced, though weak, support of a city bonus to the road wrung from the *Free Press*, whose editor and proprietor is a candidate for election in opposition to the Norquay Government in South Winnipeg, the banner constituency of the Province. There are, however, a few who think with Mr. Norquay, that it is perhaps not well to hasten too rapidly; that if the road has to be built with money, the major portion of which comes from our own coffers, it may seriously re-act upon us in the future, and ultimately force us into the deplorable course adopted by several of our provincial towns, viz.—repudiation. Our debt is already quite heavy, and our assets are practically nil, the Dominion Government having acted the part of a buccaneer, and robbed us of all our lands, with the consent and approval of our worthy Premier. If the

scheme be a practical one, and as such commends itself at present to English capitalists who are willing to advance the money, Manitoba is quite willing to do her duty in assisting, but under the present arrangement of \$6,400 per mile being given by the Local Government, it looks as if the Province would have to build the entire road, in view of the fact that a bonus of \$250,000 is wanted from the city of Winnipeg. The cost of building a railway over level prairie is very light, and such assistance would go a long way towards constructing the first two hundred miles or so. Should construction cease by the time that amount of road was built, the line would be of no practical use to us, and the money we had expended would be a heavy additional burden upon us if we received no remunerating traffic. Without access to the seaboard it were worse than useless to spend a cent upon the road; until, therefore, there is an actual guarantee that the foreign resources are ample to carry the enterprise to a successful completion, Manitoba should not throw a dollar into the scheme.

President Sutherland says, and with considerable force, that the English capitalists desire a tangible earnest of the faith of the people of the North-West in the enterprise, and therefore he asks the assistance already referred to. The people here ask Mr. Sutherland who comprise the English syndicate, which he affirms he has formed to carry on the work. Mr. Sutherland replies that he dare not tell for fear enemies of the road, whom he knows exist, would seek to wreck the enterprise by pouring lies into the ears of the syndicate. It seems scarcely to be doing justice to English capitalists, who are generally pretty shrewd, to infer that they would risk so many millions in a scheme without fully satisfying themselves as to its practicability. In view of this, subsequent slanders should have little effect upon their actions.

If the road were built, and would cause the revolution in the carrying trade of the North-Western States and Canadian North-west that is claimed it will, there is no question about the beneficial results to this province. The existence of the road would at once establish real estate values in this country, which are, and have been for a number of years, in a most uncertain condition. Farm lands in the province are much in this position—they might be worth \$10 an acre, or they might be worth ten cents. It is a fact that thousands of acres of excellent lands in the Province have been sold at tax sales for an average of from ten to twelve and a half cents an acre. At least one-third of the amount so sold would not be redeemed, not because the real owner did not know of the sale and neglected redemption, but simply because he did not deem it advisable to continue paying taxes when there was no market value or demand for farm lands, and he did not know how long he might be obliged to hold his land, and pay taxes. If a revolution in the carrying trade is caused by the construction and operation of the Hudson's Bay road, an immediate value will be given to our provincial lands, so prolific in wheat-raising, and rendered more valuable by their proximity to Hudson's Bay than lands several hundred miles to the south of us. A similar effect will doubtless extend to our cities and towns, in many of which latter it is impossible at present to give lots away, as the receiver would prefer immunity from taxation, than encumbering himself with property of which there is no prospect of disposal. It will therefore be seen that the Hudson's Bay Railway might prove of inestimable value to us, providing the cost to the Province be not too great. The system upon which the Provincial Government aid is granted is this: Two years ago railway construction in the Province was at an actual standstill, and the country was suffering greatly in consequence, as hundreds of settlers who had taken up land in districts, under promise that a railway would be built, were "leaving the country with a curse," as the Conservative organ here expressed it at the time.

Something had to be done, and the Local Legislature passed a Railway Aid Act by which any railway company, having a land grant from the Government, might secure the bonds of the Province, which were negotiable in England without difficulty to the extent of \$6,400 a mile, the Government taking in exchange a first lien upon the land grant of said company for the amount of bonds issued. As the land grant which each company usually secured from the Government was 6,400 acres a mile, the Province practically had the lands at \$1 an acre, and as they concluded if the lands were not worth that much an acre they were not worth anything, the security was deemed very fair. The desired effect was secured. The C. P. R. took advantage of the guarantee and extended both its branch lines in Southern Manitoba; the Manitoba and North-Western Railway Company took advantage of the assistance and pushed their road north-west, even changing the location to keep it within the boundaries of the Province for as long a distance as possible and so secure the aid. The Hudson's Bay Railway has taken advantage of the guarantee, and several other railway companies contemplate operations in order that the assistance may be availed of by them. There seems to be a danger of the demands upon the Provincial assistance becoming so great that the question of repealing the Act might judiciously be considered by the Local Government. All these Provincial bonds carry five per cent. interest, and as nearly \$2,000,000 worth have already been issued, the yearly liabilities of the Province will be swelled by about \$100,000, which is more than Mr. Norquay accepted from the Federal Government in lieu of all our public lands. It will be surprising if the companies do not overreach the Government in connection with the transactions, and leave the Province with the liabilities and without the securities, in which event direct taxation would stare us in the face. It is sufficient, however, to cry out when we are hurt, and, in the meantime, we cannot but feel that present stress has been greatly relieved by the operation of the Act. By means of the assistance afforded by it forty miles of the Hudson's Bay Railway have been built, and if this start is sufficient earnest of our confidence to the English capitalists, and induces them to advance the balance of the money necessary to complete the road, we cannot but rejoice.

GARRY.

The Week.

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It is contended in vindication of the step taken by Mr. Mowat that a dissolution and a new election follow as matters of course when there has been an alteration of the Franchise. If that is the constitutional rule, why is the dissolution so suddenly and unexpectedly sprung upon us? Why was it not regularly announced as soon as the Act altering the Franchise had been passed? How are we to account for all this hesitancy and suspense? Evidently what is assigned as a constitutional ground is a mere pretence; the real reason is one connected with party strategy; the object is to jockey the Dominion Premier or to escape being jockeyed by him. Such a change as was made in the English representation by the great Reform Bill, or even by the introduction of household suffrage, might be said with some reason to condemn the existing Parliament, and to call for a new election. Even in these cases delay would perhaps have been wise, since it would have given the newly enfranchised classes time to turn their attention to political questions, and qualify themselves in some degree for their new trust. We see no reason for retracting a word that we have said against irregular and premature dissolutions.

Mr. MOWAT, when taxed with trying to do harm to the Dominion Government by suddenly bringing on the Local election, frankly replies that he does not see why he should not. Nor, in sooth, do we. A faction fight is a moral civil war in which, so long as you do not poison the wells, you are not only permitted, but bound, to do about everything else in your power for the destruction of the enemy. For our part we cherish a lurking hope that some day all this will be changed, that Government; instead of being partisan will become national; and that instead of half the citizens feeling it their duty to do it all the harm in their power, all citizens will feel it their duty to support it. But while we look forward to National Government in the future, for the present we take things as they are. All that we ask is that things shall be called by their right names, and that an irregular dissolution for the purpose of party tactics shall be designated as what it is, not as a dissolution rendered constitutionally necessary by the recent extension of the suffrage. Somebody was once defending to Mark Pattison an equivocal action, and trying to show that its principle was right. "My friend," replied Mark, "be as immoral as you please, but don't erect your immorality into a principle." So we say, Play what tricks in the party game you like, but don't erect them into principles of the constitution.

Mr. MOWAT's strongest point in the impending faction fight will be the superiority of his team to that of his opponent. Mr. Fraser may be the organ of an objectionable alliance, but it cannot be said that he is wanting in ability; nor will any candid judge deny that the other members of the Government are fairly up to their work. But on the other side, Mr. Meredith, though excellent in himself, stands almost alone. In a Dominion faction fight, the intelligent elector votes Blue or Yellow; he does not trouble his head about the comparative ability of the men who are only to manage the affairs of the nation. But in the Provincial contest he feels that the affairs which are to be managed are his own, and he votes not without an eye to the administrative qualifications of those who are to manage them. Mr. Meredith must try to bring one or two men of more mark into the field. He has, for the first time, a strong cause if he chooses heartily to cast in his lot with the growing movement against Roman Catholic domination. Otherwise, there will be merely another exhibition of hopeless weakness. Supposing Mr. Meredith were able to provide himself with a team equal, or nearly equal, to that of his opponent, the Province might be none the worse for a change of Government. The long continuance of the same party in power invariably breeds corruption. It is to be hoped that the Opposition will at all events hold seats enough to make it effective. Of all Governments, a party Government without an effective Opposition is the worst.

Mr. BLAKE has made, we must say, a very effective reply to the charge against him of unpatriotically crying up Kansas as a place for settlement, and running down Canada. It seems that he referred to Kansas in

debate only once, that he did it for good cause, and that there was nothing unpatriotic in what he said. He flings back the charge of want of patriotism with great force on those who, believing, as they aver, that his words were hurtful to the country, nevertheless gave them the widest possible circulation for a party purpose, instead of letting them die and be forgotten. "I believe," says Mr. Blake, "in the virtue of the truth, and I believe that great harm has resulted to Canada, both at home and abroad, through the adoption of other tactics." Amen!

WE do not pretend to be masters of political tactics; otherwise we should say that the Dominion Government would commit a strategical error in bringing on the elections at present. The Government of Quebec, being itself on crutches, can hardly do much to prop the tottering steps of its confederate; while it seems plainly desirable to allow the Riel ferment more time to subside. The movement against Roman Catholic ascendancy appears to be gaining ground; it is all in favour of the Dominion Government in this Province, and its effect on Quebec will probably be rather to intimidate the clergy there, and render them more tractable, than to throw them into the arms of an Opposition which, unless it has totally divested itself of Liberal principles, they must know is at heart, and will in the long run show itself, their enemy. The Government, while it has nothing particular against it except the Riel agitation and the doubtful state of the finances, has nothing particular in its favour. It has nothing definite on which to appeal to the people. Sir John Macdonald should take a leaf out of his own book. In 1878 he regained power by holding out to the people what they took, rightly or wrongly, to be the prospect of a material benefit. He swept the country with the N. P. If he would now hold the elections over till after the session, and in the meantime put himself in a position to hold out to the people a real prospect of Reciprocity, he would very likely sweep the country again. The people care for Reciprocity a good deal more than the politicians think. The people care altogether a good deal more than the politicians think for bread and butter, and a good deal less for fancy politics, such as the question of Riel's insanity. We doubt whether Sir John Macdonald himself foresaw how much N. P. was going to do for him in 1878, and whether he did not rely for victory more on the old wire-pulling agencies, such as the Catholic vote.

ALL the political cards are being played, and, among others, Reform of the Senate. This we, for our part, have always advocated, not on revolutionary, but on Conservative, grounds, as we hold that every Conservative in England who had studied the situation rationally must advocate a reform of the House of Lords. In its present condition the Senate can afford the country no security whatever against precipitate or revolutionary legislation. It is perfectly useless for the purposes of its institution. It is true that the system has not had fair play. There will be no greater blot on the reputation of the public man whose nominees three-fourths of the present Senators are than the narrowness with which the nominating power has hitherto been used. There seems to be, practically, no way of infusing life and strength into the institution, but the introduction of the elective principle, which is now the basis and the vital principle of all government, whether it is destined to remain so to the end of time or not. The *Winnipeg Sun* proposes that the Senators shall be elected by the Local Legislatures, not by a majority, but with such an arrangement that the parties would elect Senators in proportion to their numerical strength; in other words, we suppose, with a minority clause. This would make the election a matter of party, whereas what we want, if we could get it, is a representation of the independent worth and the best intelligence of the country. Still it would be a great improvement on the present system, because it would, at all events, make the Senate a living institution and a power. The same fatal error is being committed in this country which is being committed in England. The Franchise is being blindly extended and the force of the revolutionary element is being proportionately increased, while the Conservative element of the constitution, instead of being fitted to bear the additional strain, is left unreformed and in decrepitude.

PARTISANS on both sides affect to believe that the result of the recent elections in the States has destroyed Mr. Cleveland's chance of renomination for the Presidency. With regard to his own party it is the case, no doubt, that many, disappointed of the spoils they expected, have resented Mr. Cleveland's adherence to the principle of Civil Service Reform, by voting against the Democrats, or abstaining from voting altogether; but, on the other hand, this loss appears to have been made up in part by an increased number of Independent votes cast for Democratic candidates. Made up in part, but not wholly; and this appears to account for the reduced Democratic majorities, and the transfer of so many seats from the Democrats

to the Republicans. However, it is plain the Independent vote is growing; in the recent elections it has produced results in most of the States surprising to both the old party organisations alike, returning Democrats where Republicans had formerly held the field, and Republicans for Democrats. It looks indeed as if, as the *New York Times* says, partisanship is losing its charm, and men are becoming more and more ready to vote and to work for their convictions; and if this be true, the candidate who appeals most nearly to the Independent vote has the best chance. And who in public life in the States does this better than Mr. Cleveland? He may, perhaps, have lost his chance of renomination as head of the Democrats, but has he as head of the Independents? The Republican army at any rate are in retreat from the White House, and, we should say, will continue in retreat while Mr. Cleveland stands by Civil Service Reform. This is his strong point, and while he holds to it he may count on the support of an ever-growing Independent vote, besides the rank and file of the Democrats.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR has gone to his grave amidst well-deserved manifestations of public sorrow and respect. The heedlessness with which nominations for the Vice-Presidency are made, with little regard for anything but party combinations, has more than once been punished by the accidental accession of unfit men to the highest place. It was feared when Garfield fell that he would not have a worthy successor; but Mr. Arthur's conduct soon dispelled that fear. He discharged his duties throughout with wisdom, dignity, and simplicity, and showed himself entirely worthy of his splendid trust. Though he was in society somewhat silent and reserved, his manner and bearing, as well as his public actions, were all that those of the head of a great State should be. His portrait on the walls of the White House will always be looked on with respect.

In the trial of the Aldermen of 1884 for corruption at New York, three of the Board are now State's evidence, and the whole scene of iniquity is fully laid open to the public gaze. Two of the Board were honest; two are dead; one is in Sing-Sing; four are exiles; three have become witnesses for the State; twelve, over whom the sword of justice hangs, are left. So corruption did not depart with Tweed, and we have once more occasion to moralise on the working of the elective system as applied without adaptation or safeguard to the government of great cities. By the names of the Alderman, however, we should judge that several of the culprits are not Americans but sons of Erin, driven by British tyranny from their native land, to which they would probably return with joyful speed upon the establishment of an Irish Parliament. Of the exiles Canada has the honour of sheltering three. It is surely about time for the two countries mutually to renounce the privilege of affording an asylum to each other's thieves.

THE *Times* correspondent reports the state of things in Donegal fairly satisfactory, the people well dressed on Sunday, and no visible signs of distress. But he adds that while the population is at least double what it ought to be there must be poverty. There are some wretched hovels tacked on to others, the result usually of a marriage in the family. Another "smoke" is added, and the land is subdivided in spite of the landlord. How can any Government help this, or, where the people raise nothing but potatoes, prevent famine from being the occasional result? Without Imperial aid in famine the Irish race would by this time have been almost swept off the island. The correspondent says, what we are not surprised to hear, that the people have been greatly demoralised by alms. In 1879 and 1880, he says, £40,000 was spent in Donegal alone, and some of those who got relief admit that they were not in want; but when they saw that their neighbors, who were not so much in want as themselves, were getting it, they did not see why they should not. In Gweedore, the correspondent tells us, there are some show houses to which Members of Parliament, newspaper correspondents, and other Englishmen who come to study the Irish question on the spot are sure to be taken, and, if their visit has been expected, will find the family seated round a dinner of seaweed. One gentleman, as the correspondent was informed, spent a day in visiting the houses in one of the congested districts. His approach was signalled wherever he went, and in every house he found the people at dinner with some selected potatoes the size of marbles to eat; and it did not strike him as curious, till his attention was called to it, that the people should be dining from ten o'clock in the morning to five in the evening. This agitation is aggravating the worst vice of the people, their tendency to live by mendicancy, whether of the whining or of the blustering kind, rather than by industry. Italy, which for centuries had been more misgoverned than Ireland, is on the high road through industry to prosperity; while Ireland is trying to subsist by sending threatening letters or exhibiting her historic sores.

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, though his sentiments are not delectable, has a sharp tongue and pen, and in his letter to Lord Randolph Churchill he has only too easy a subject for the display of his trenchant powers. He is able to say, unfortunately, with truth of the leader of the House of Commons, that he who to-day is denouncing the Parnellites was yesterday intriguing with them; that he who to-day is inveighing against Obstruction was yesterday the head and front of it; that he who now, because he thinks the cat jumps in the direction of small holdings, embraces the policy of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings, was yesterday deriding it as utter, intense, inconceivable folly; that he who is now advocating the *cloture* by a simple majority was yesterday appealing to the Irish to oppose the *cloture* with their whole power; to defeat it if they could; to resort, if they had the courage, to all those powers and privileges which a Parliamentary minority still possessed, in order, if possible, to compel the Prime Minister to abandon his scheme. "On the 27th of January last," says Mr. Bradlaugh, "you voted against Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings on the very question of agricultural labourers' holdings and allotments: now you praise these gentlemen for what they then did to force the subject on the public mind: will your present praise be more durable than your previous storm of abusive epithets?" "Lord Hartington," proceeds Mr. Bradlaugh, "voted against Mr. Chamberlain as you did on January 27; but Lord Hartington does not, as you do, regard his principles as waste baggage, to be abandoned on any troublesome march." There could unhappily be no more accurate description of the present leader of the House of Commons, nor is the absence of integrity, and of the respect and confidence which integrity combined with dignity of character alone commands, compensated in this case by any real superiority of intellect, though "Randy" has a rattling tongue as well as consummate effrontery and great aptitude for intrigue. It is melancholy to think that at a moment of extreme peril the country is in such hands. Mr. Bradlaugh calls Lord Salisbury "the titular head of the Government." It is hardly possible for a Prime Minister in the House of Lords to be more, even if he were a stronger man than Lord Salisbury.

As Harcourt and Morley have, in consequence of the rupture between the Unionists and the Separatists, supplanted Chamberlain, Hartington, Goschen, and Trevelyan in the succession to the leadership of the party, so the lower and more obscure men in all the local organisations are supplanting the higher, who are almost everywhere Unionists, or moderate and inclined to reconciliation. The little Schnadhorst of each town is thrusting himself by the violence of his partisanship into a position which he could otherwise never have attained, and this partly accounts for the unpromising Gladstonism of the small wire-pullers and their determination to make Home Rule a party test. The operation of this influence was very apparent the other day in the special meeting of the Scottish Liberal Association. The chairman spoke in favour of conciliation, so did other men of mark; but the politicians of a lower class were strenuous and blatant in their resolve to offer Unionists the choice between instant conversion to Gladstonism and perpetual excommunication. The history of the Scottish Association repeats itself in every caucus. Thus the personal ambition of the small local politician, who almost everywhere gets the wires into his hands, is strongly enlisted on the side of a rupture; and this not only renders the reconciliation of the Liberal Party more hopeless, but opens a very serious prospect with regard to the control of a powerful organisation, and the uses which are likely to be made of it for the future.

THERE is another influence which, though unnoticed, may not have been without its sensible effect. Nothing more, perhaps, is needed to account for the sudden conversions of Sir William Harcourt than was needed to account for the sudden conversions of the Vicar of Bray. If he who yesterday was bidding the Tories "stew in their Parnellite juice" is to-day himself a Parnellite, he is only re-enacting, with an equally good reason, the agile gyrations of his clerical prototype. But he is also a man not unlikely to be worked upon by the fear of assassination, and as Home Secretary he was, or believed himself to be, specially exposed to that peril. By Mr. O'Connor Sir William was described, before they were fellow-conspirators, as "dogged, as he believed, everywhere by assassins; attended by a small body-guard of detectives, even in the corridors of the House of Commons; of a temperament at once fierce and timid, and driven well nigh crazy by the events of the last two years." Mr. Gladstone's house also before his conversion was most strictly guarded by policemen and detectives. Some of those who know Lord Spencer well account for his extraordinary change of mind by the effect produced upon him by daily threats of assassination, combined with the unspeakable foulness of the libels with which the Nationalists assailed his character. He had just force

enough, they say, to stand firm till he was relieved of his post; but by that time his fortitude was exhausted. The discovery that Mr. Forster's life had really been more than once attempted, though the Nationalist dagger failed, was not likely to tranquillise any mind disturbed before. The fear of assassination, it has been said, shook even the iron nerves of Cromwell. As it happens, it did not shake Cromwell's nerves, which were fortified by something better than iron, since he firmly believed, if ever a man did, that so long as his feet were in the path of duty his life was in the hand of God. But it shakes the nerves of most men, especially of men who are "at once fierce and timid," which seems to be a true description, not only of Sir William Harcourt, but of the Czar. It is not pleasant to think that the course of political events can be affected by assassins, but in the Czar's case we see too plainly that it can; and it is not irrational, at all events, to conjecture that it may have played its part in disposing men of a certain temperament to surrender the integrity of the British nation to the wielders of the Irish Thug-knife.

A GREAT rift has been made in the Eastern War Cloud by the speech of Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House Banquet. At the moment when it seemed that Western Europe would bend to the will of a semi-Oriental autocrat, the English Premier stood up, and in a few plain words stripped from the Muscovite Czar the courtly wrappage with which European diplomacy had concealed from itself the brutal character of Russia's recent dealings with Bulgaria. The effect has been immediate and most pronounced. France, which, while presenting with one hand a statue of Liberty to America, amid an eloquent gush of sentiment, was with the other lending support to Russia in one of the most flagitious outrages on liberty ever perpetrated,—finds herself isolated with that congenial ally from the rest of Europe; Austria-Hungary has taken heart to forbid any further Russian advance in the Balkans; Germany, whose hands have been tied and conscience dulled by the vast amount of Russian bonds that the rest of Europe have been for years unloading on her too confident capitalists, relieved of her fears by a knowledge of the usual end of Russian bluster when confronted by powerful resistance, has ventured to enter an alliance formed at length to offer that resistance; this alliance Italy, with an eye on Savoy and Nice, joins; and Kaulbars quits Bulgaria. Our impression is that this retirement of General Kaulbars from the scene of his hectoring means the retrogression of Russia before Western menace: with whatever protestations against ungrateful Bulgaria and loud assertions of offended dignity, the step she has taken is a step backward, and a hasty step; and if it does not degenerate into a run, this may be attributed, we believe, chiefly to the politic rule of diplomacy which forbids the cutting off from an aggressor of a dignified means of retreat.

SIR GRAHAM BERRY, who is described as Chief Secretary for Victoria, has been advocating the Confederation, or, as he calls it, the Consolidation, of the Empire, and urging the Colonies for that purpose to contribute to Imperial armaments. Sir Graham, at all events, takes a practical view of the question, and understands the necessary conditions of Confederation. In truth, contribution by the Colonies to Imperial armaments is probably the condition, not only of closer union, but of the continuance of the present connection. The fact may be unpalatable, but a fact it is that England is no longer able to answer for the safety of her distant Colonies and Dependencies in case of a great maritime war. Relatively, though not positively, within her power the last century has declined. Other nations have been resuscitated or consolidated, and Germany, from a weak group of petty and disunited states, has become the mightiest empire in the world. As a military power, England, in comparison with Germany, France, and Russia, is now barely second-rate. That the quality of her soldiery is still excellent, the fields of the Soudan, notwithstanding all the jeremiads, have signally and gloriously proved. But an army of 200,000 men is not numerous enough at once to hold India and to protect a multitude of Dependencies, defenceless in themselves and scattered over the whole globe. England is no longer, as she was at the close of the Napoleonic wars, the exclusive possessor of a marine, military or mercantile, and sole mistress of the seas. Rivals have started against her in that race. In spite of all that sensational alarmists say, her navy, we believe, is still much more than a match for any other navy in Europe; probably it could hold its own against any two others combined; but it could not maintain, against the combined fleets of France and Russia, the command of the seas and the security of colonial trade. The ports of England might be guarded and invasion might be repelled from the heart of the Empire, but the Colonies and Dependencies would have to protect themselves. Naval invention has probably been adverse to

the special qualities which constituted the superiority of the British seaman, as the improvement of firearms has probably been adverse to the special qualities which constituted the superiority of the British soldier. Neither the bayonet nor the tactics of Blake and Nelson can maintain their ascendancy any more. But the decrease, whether positive or relative, of England's military and naval force, is not the most serious part of the matter. The most serious part of the matter is the change which has come over the character of England herself. Political power has now passed from the hands of those classes which prized Imperial greatness, and were willing to make sacrifices for it, into the hands of classes which value Imperial greatness not at all, and would refuse to make any sacrifices for it whatever. The factory hand or the farm labourer, whatever may be his virtues in his own sphere, neither thinks much, nor can be reasonably expected to think much, of any political object which does not affect his wages. Less material considerations come not within his ken. If the factory hand has a vision, it is not imperial or national, but economical or social and cosmopolitan; it is the vision of a vast elevation of the workingman's condition by some universal and omnipotent Trades Union. The vision of the farm labourer is three acres and a cow. Both of them would probably see with indifference, not only the dissolution of the Empire, but the humiliation of Great Britain herself, so long as their material interests were not affected. The political character of these classes everywhere is the same, and the Trade Unionist's sentiment is, "Labour is of no country." In assuming that the "masses" are in favour of his policy, Mr. Gladstone is, in this respect, not far wrong. The very first result of the transfer of political power to the wage-earners has been a very narrow escape of the nation from the surrender of Ireland. If these people would surrender Ireland, an integral part of the United Kingdom, and a possession absolutely essential, not only to the greatness and honour but to the very safety of the nation, what chance would there be of inducing them to undergo the sacrifices of a great war in order to protect Canadian fisheries or to prevent France from ousting the Australians from the New Hebrides? Let no Colonial statesmen delude himself with such a dream. In the cases of the Maine boundary, the Oregon question, and that of St. Juan, we saw how weak the arm of England on this continent was, even when the national councils were inspired with the sentiments of the higher classes: it is a great deal weaker now. Unless the Colonies are prepared to pay for their own defences, not only is Imperial Confederation out of the question, but connection hangs by a thread which a great maritime war any day may sever. It is possible, though we hope not likely, that the present imbroglio in the East may end in a war in which England would have to contend against the combined fleets of France and Russia. The question of Imperial relations would then be brought to a practical issue, and there might be no small danger of that which would be the greatest of all calamities to the Colony—a parting in anger from the Mother Country. Lord Brassey's proposals as to the organisation of a Colonial marine will help to bring the question of Imperial and Colonial armaments to that practical issue which, whatever may be the right policy, ought no longer to be deferred.

A CURRENT rumour that has raised some pleasant expectations in Toronto, to the effect that the Governor-General was coming to reside here, is, we fear, without foundation; though, like his predecessor, Lord Lorne, His Excellency may some day pay us a visit.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Public Opinion* makes this sensible contribution to the cause of temperance: "Has chemistry," he asks, "said its last word in inventing non-intoxicant drinks? A perfect one cannot be said to exist. None now in use are sufficiently palatable, and the best, I believe are suspected of being not entirely free from alcohol. He who invents a non-alcoholic drink as pleasant to taste as ordinary table beer will have founded for himself a 'monument more durable than brass.' It almost seems a certain percentage of alcohol were necessary to render human beverages agreeable. Art, literature, mythology, Bacchus with his ivy-crown and clustering grapes, poets singing rapturously *nunc est bibendum* from the time of Anacreon and Horace to that of Tennyson and Swinburne, have cast such a charm of romance and glamour of gaiety over wine and its use that Science must brew us something better than *Zoedone* and *Ginger Ale* if they are to take its place. One drinking-song from the hand of a master—and literature, ancient and modern, are full of them—does more to promote the use of wine than all the lectures on temperance and yards of blue ribbon ever worn have done in the cause of total abstinence. The great weakness of the cause is to be found in the want of a really good beverage and in the *trop de zèle* with which its enthusiasts often render it absurd."

AN AWAKENING.

SLEEP! that did clasp me tenderly and close,
Loosens her hold and draws the veil that long
Had wrapped my soul; then thro' my dreaming breaks,
The first glad oriole's song.

And then, O Sleep! I slip away from you;
The silver dusk grows gold within my room;
The pure, keen air, caressing me, comes laden
With subtle, faint perfume,

Caught from the garden where the tulips blow,
Where lilies of the valley hang their bells,
Where violets dream beneath their dewy leaves,
And the narcissus dwells.

Silently forth I steal and hurry down
Trim terraces, crusted with sparkling dew,
Across wide swards, that slope until their green
Kisses the river's blue.

The sky above a living sapphire glows,
Faint from afar the cock's loud crow is heard,
Then all is still. Across the river fliteth
The shadow of a bird.

And I dream on. Ah dreams! whose tender gladness
Fate's careless foot roughly shall brush away,
As mine the dew, that perished from the grasses,
In the first hour of day.

Toronto.

KATE WILLSON.

AFTERNOON TEA.

If there is one thing that may be depended upon to inspire the eminently practical citizens of Toronto with a spirit of appreciation ranging outside the covers of a ledger, it is the perpetuation and encouragement of art influences that shall centre here. The strong, healthy art feeling that is growing in Canada is one of the most prominent signs of our national development. Material prosperity, after all, is not the highest good within the reach of any people; we are gravely told, indeed, that wealth is chiefly valuable as a basis for the humanities. Here in Toronto we are very prosperous. We advertise the fact in our handsome equipages, our luxurious drawing-room interiors, which we have contracted the American fashion of displaying through undrawn blinds, in our brisk and business-like gait upon the streets, and the self-satisfied countenances we carry abroad with us withal. Our city flourishes; we are in a constant state of urban distraction with repairs; our street-car company amasses a fortune; we build for ourselves mansions of brick and plant evergreens around them to our present glorification; we send visiting evangelists away plished in basket and in store. Let us not, then, be unmindful of our opportunities; but use them for the furtherance of that which shall endure longer than mansions of brick, lest presently they be taken away from us and bestowed upon—Hamilton, for instance.

THE Art School is one of our opportunities, and to our credit be it said, we are availing ourselves of it. A number of influential citizens, thoroughly interested, are directing its affairs; and among many improvements recently carried out is an enlargement of the curriculum, so as to include much of the work done in the larger American and English schools. While ladies and gentlemen of aesthetic tastes, and a desire to cultivate them, will find ample opportunity in the Art School, its aim is utilitarian, and its chief benefits are for those who desire to turn them into account in earning a livelihood, within a scope that is widening every day, as appreciative knowledge of art matters increases, and with it the means to gratify the desires it produces. Three medals are annually awarded by the Directors to the public-school pupils most proficient in the primary branches taught there, offering in addition free tuition for a whole year to the pupil who stands first in their own examinations. Another admirable idea, which has already borne fruit in two or three instances, is the opportunity afforded by the Directors for real art-patronage, in issuing to any lady or gentlemen two free tickets for any deserving pupils who may be unable to avail themselves of the benefits of the School, for twenty-five dollars, or one whole year's course in all the branches to one pupil. A series of lectures upon Perspective, Architecture, Colour, Anatomy, etc., is under consideration, from which the general public will doubtless receive much benefit. The Directors, it is almost needless to say, are stimulated to their present activity in this matter solely by their desire to see art prosper among other things, the office being in other respects entirely unremunerative.

It is the intention of the Directors to provide the school with more suitable quarters "as soon as it is found that the public gives a suitable response." In this response is the very soul of our opportunity. What more public-spirited than a contribution toward the erection of a temple to the True and the Beautiful in the midst of a city which has permitted the construction of the monstrosity in red brick and stone which will shortly present its horrid front upon the corner of King and Toronto Streets! What more exalted use for what Mr. Oscar Wilde indiscreetly called "vulgar dollars," than the dissemination of the gospel of the higher necessities of mankind among citizens who tranquilly allowed themselves to be robbed of a well-loved people's park for the erection of public buildings which might have found admirable situation elsewhere? Truly we need rousing to a sense of the possible pit-falls of prosperity, and moneys invested to that end should be found to bear quite astonishing interest.

WE have recently had an exhibition of a tendency in Toronto audiences which has puzzled and mortified a great many people who did not share it. That the Rev. Joseph Cook should go out of his way to patronisingly criticise the political institutions of a country whose guest he was, was simply an exhibition of consummate egotism and exceedingly bad taste. But that those to whom he addressed this impertinence should gaze rapturously up to the Boston altitude from which it was delivered and applaud it, looks very like something more contemptible than either. We are extraordinarily proud, in Canada, of our freedom from reverence for superiors in rank. We have possibly not quite so much reason to congratulate ourselves upon our attitude toward republican institutions in which toadyism would be infinitely more to be despised than anywhere else.

GARTH GRAFTON.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

A POET touched his lyre and sang of Love,
In tones which well might admiration move;
Full sweetly sang he of brave knights of old,
Who, in bright armour and with spirits bold,
In joust and tournament were wont to ride,
And for Love's sake e'en Death itself defied.
As thus he sang, his notes rang full and clear,
Befitting well a theme to knightly hearts so dear.

But then he turned, and sang again of Love,
In tones which well might indignation move.
He sang of her as won alone by gold,
In these degen'rate days so false and cold;
Of knightly hearts now forced to stand aside,
While blear-eyed Mammon buys the lovely bride.
As thus he sang, his notes fell dull and low,
No inspiration there to cause his heart to glow.

Away with these and all such sickly fancies,
Distorted fragments of eternal truth—
Such *blasé* diatribes of callow youth,
Or riper years, as dotard age advances
With fossilising hand, devoid of ruth.
Can knightly daring and true love, forsooth,
In lists of olden time alone be found,
Where at the herald trumpet's signal sound
The rushing chargers spurned the quaking earth,
Like fabled Centaurs of heroic birth,
As each a doughty mail-clad warrior bore,
With spear athirst to drink some rival's gore?
Nay, verily: but in our modern days
Valour's reward is still chaste Beauty's praise.

Toronto.

G. I.

RECENT POETRY.

MR. WALTER NORTON EVANS, who has just written a short poem about "Mount Royal," will possibly stand, to many people, in his own proper person for a hopeful indication of the truth of a favourite theory that Canada must look for her bays to the East. Poetic achievement has certainly thriven best beyond the Ottawa, so far, despite Ontario's thrift and superior educational advantages; and if romantic historic associations, the interfusion of a foreign race, and the noblest scenic surroundings in North America, may be relied upon to stimulate the latent afflatus in the Canadian breast, our future English-writing laureate may be expected from Mr. Evans' immediate vicinity. At all events, his little paper-covered volume of verse, tinted so delicately, and printed so excellently by J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, may be considered a literary straw that shows very palpably which way the wind is blowing.

Perhaps this figure may sufficiently indicate the slightness of the poem, which makes no pretension to be more than a simple reverie, in the form of a dialogue between the Mountain and one who has evidently felt its influence upon his life. The poet addresses the Mountain in youth, with acclaim and curious wonder :

When from the waters thou didst lift thy head,
Rearing it towards the azure dome above,
There to be bathed in the pure light of God,
As thou didst stand alone, amid the waste
Of many waters, searching sky above
And sea below, didst thou not feel the thrill
Of the Almighty Spirit moving o'er thee,
Above thee and around ?

The Mountain replies in a pæan to the sunrise, which rather vaguely includes an account of its geologic experiences, and ends with a reference to the promise of Genesis :

Never while the earth remaineth
Shall the ordered seasons fail :
Day shall wake to brave endeavour,
Night shall spread its restful veil.

Hope shall tint youth's early morning,
Love light manhood's cloudy way ;
And old age's rapid current
Faith shall gild with endless day.

Again the poet addresses the Mountain in manhood, and again in old age, with appropriate sentiments, to which he receives equally appropriate responses. Perhaps the foregoing extracts are as typical of the general merit of the verse as any could be. It is pervaded, for the most part, by a gentle sadness, and is not without a certain smoothly-flowing beauty of expression. The poetic flight of "Mount Royal," however, cannot be said to be either lofty or sustained. It drops, for instance, describing a snow-shoeing party, into positive pedestrianism in

. . . Moccasins
Of moose-skin, smoothly drawn on well-socked foot,

Pegasus in "socks !"

AMONG the advantages accorded to industry by modern invention, not the least striking is the facility with which the amateur poet may present his musings to the public. This would not be so obvious as it is but for the remarkable unanimity with which the amateur poets avail themselves of it, and the apparent increase in their numbers, partly due, without doubt, to the encouragement afforded by this facility. It is quite impossible to state with any degree of certainty of any individual that he is wholly free from a lurking potentiality for poetic achievement ; and the fostering influence of the press to-day makes it highly and sadly improbable that the potentiality will always lurk. In the case of Mr. John Imrie, whose "Sacred Songs, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Poems" have just been issued in a neat brown cover by the firm of Imrie and Graham, of Toronto, it has come—true, "with much diffidence," as the author says in his preface—unmistakeably into the light of day.

This shrinking from publicity, to which Mr. Imrie refers somewhat plaintively in his private interview with the public, is becoming really worthy of attention as a peculiar fact in the development of almost all local poets, as shown in their prefaces. The bold versifier, whose rhymes adventure far and wide upon the literary main, never thinks of an apology in launching his craft ; but, quite invariably the frail skiffs that seldom find another port are put forth only at the urgent solicitation of friends—in Mr. Imrie's case, we are pleased to note, of "numerous" friends. It is also gratifying to learn from the same source that Mr. Imrie's poems "have at various times appeared as contributions to the public press, more especially in Toronto, and have afterwards been copied in exchanges over Canada, and in some of the leading city papers and publications in the United States and the Mother Country." Perhaps the degree of familiarity with which the poems have been thus invested to the public at large will relieve us of the interesting duty of exploiting their merits. For the sake of the few still unfamiliar with them, however, we may say that they are chiefly of a deeply religious or domestic character, and that the metre in which they are written is exceedingly consistent. It is a matter of regret that we cannot say as much for the illustrations, which are unmitigatedly bad.

FRESH from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York and London, and the bookshelves of Williamson and Company of this city, comes "A Life in Song," by George Lansing Raymond, a poet who has already made for himself a distinctive place among American verse-makers. The method of the poem is a striking one, and well-calculated to convey its peculiar force. An old, gray poet, dying among his village friends, leaves behind him the manuscript to which he has confided the experiences of his seven ages of spiritual life, with the reflection :—

I would not hold too dear this day that goes ;
Yet who, when he has passed through ways wherein
His feet have wandered and been well-nigh lost,
Would leave no words of guidance for his kind ?
And who, when leaving these, where heedless ears
Are disenchanted oft of all distaste
By words men chant in verse, whose measures seem
To pulse and pant like living blood or breath,
Or leave the nery lives like breezes blown
From silence into song-land, as they cross
Æolian chords ;—who in a world like this
Would not wish all the current of his thought
To flow to speech amid these waves of rhythm ?

The simple villagers leave the poems untouched, and presently they are claimed by a soldier friend of the dead poet's, who,

When he gazed upon the vacant couch,
And untouch'd writings of the poet, then
The gem-like tears, pursed in his wrinkled cheeks,
Fell, like some rich exchange of value due,
Proved wealth of worth within the poet's soul.

Then, precluding each with a single "note," in which the key of the melody is struck, the soldier renders to the villagers the seven divisions of his friend's "Life in Song."

It is new work, this of Mr. Raymond's doing, for which American literature, with its present superabundance of gracefully trivial verse-writing, should be glad to make room. His thought is high and sustained, and the language of his expression of the choicest. A fertile imagination and a keen analytical way of regarding life add their values to the poem, which is vigorous in conception, and musical in execution. We get too little of the light touch manifest in this from a minor song :

Come to love, and wherever you wend
All true life is begun
Ever in bliss toward which you tend
Joy and the right are one.
Love—and the heart shall warmer glow ;
Love—and the mind shall brighter grow ;
Love with truth—and the soul shall go
On to the lasting sun.

Come to the truth, and come as you may,
All of love is begun
Whether you feel or think your way,
Love and the truth are one.
Love is the warmth and truth the ray ;
Truth is the light, and love the day ;
Come to either, you wend your way
Under the lasting sun.

A certain elaboration and effort, which is sometimes plainly visible, mars the effect of Mr. Raymond's verse to a marked extent. His thought is never wholly obscured by its expression, but is often so involved that it requires vigilance in the detection of the subtle shades with which it abounds. Here and there too, the effort of both writer and reader becomes a little tedious. But it is impossible not to see in the book indications of a poetic growth that it will be fortunate for American literature if Mr. Raymond cultivates.

Most people know what to expect from "Cap and Bells," when worn by Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck, whose volume of verse has just been tastefully brought out in New York by White, Stokes, and Allen. Gay jingling verselets that pretend to nothing more than a happy spontaneity the best of Mr. Peck's verses are ; the worst of them are only common-place, and jingle still. Graceful and gossamer is almost every line of the best, and the measure is never stilted, nor the fabric coarse, of the worst. The wit we look for in *vers de société* is conspicuous for the most part, by its absence ; its place is taken by a gentle, wayward humour and a prevalent spirit of fantasy. We find an excellent example of this in "To Lillian's First Gray Hair."

"Weird visitor, what dost thou there
Amid gay Lillian's golden tresses ;
A traitor to the reigning fair,
Thy pallid hue thy guilt confesses.

Still at her shrine love poets sing,
Enamoured artists ply their brushes ;
Still Cupid comes with wanton wing
To forge his arrows in her blushes.

Avaunt I say, unwelcome wight,
Unless thou comest to adore her,
For even Time forgets his flight
And stands with ravished eyes before her."

And while one is disposed to regard rather sceptically the inspiration that begins

"'Twas in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette ;
She, with her snowy tatting,
I, with my cigarette."

The exquisite quality of the "Nightfall" sonnet is quite irresistible.

"Dear little star, no longer fear to peep,
Lo! now the day, thine enemy, has fled,
And all his brazen revelry is dead.
Take heart, and see how o'er yon western steep
The conquered sun's fast fading banners sweep.
Why dost delay? Go seek my lady's bed,
And with thy silver fingers wreath her head
With tender dreams born in the upper deep.

O happy, happy star! 'Tis thine to gaze
Upon that form where all perfection dwells,
While I, an outcast, mourn my dreary lot;
For pity now entreat the midnight fays
To weave about her heart a secret spell
That near or far she may forget me not.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"SHAKSPEER AT DEAD-HOS' CRICK."

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I do not know whether it is allowable to remark in THE WEEK on poetry that has appeared there. If it is, I offer my testimony—for what it may be worth—to the remarkable excellence of the above named poem. It comes, I take it, nearest to the ballad form of composition, that is, narrative put into the simplest verse and rhyme, with the intention that it may more easily dwell in the memory. To this form it adheres with singular fidelity. There is no straining after effect, and scarcely a line or word that is not direct to the purpose, to tell the tale. Poetical touches, as commonly understood, are not wanting, but it has the best poetry of all, it sinks deep into the heart. The types of character, the scene and the dialect recall Bret Harte, but Bret Harte at his best. It is not perhaps cast in a higher vein than some of the fine productions of that admirable and most original writer, but, in one, more tragic than anything of his that I can remember. The story is very striking, and could not be better told. With such an audience as is described, when we hear women scream in city theatres, and see men and women moved to tears, we need not think the central incident improbable. The triple suicide perhaps lays a rather heavier tax on our belief, but all connected with it is so touching that we may well accept it without reserve.

May I take the great liberty of offering my respectful congratulations to "B. D." and to THE WEEK? As this is the first of its kind that we have had, so far as I call to mind, and its like would not be readily forgotten, so may it not be the last.

Emerald, Ont., 19th Nov.

Faithfully yours,

D. FOWLER.

LABOUR CANDIDATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Both in England and in Canada, whenever I have had an opportunity, I have supported a Labour candidate, not in the interest of social war but in that of social peace, hoping that if the workingmen had a direct representative of their order in the Legislature they would feel assured of a fair hearing and identify themselves with the Constitution.

Brought forward in this spirit, a Labour candidate may have a chance of success. Brought forward in antagonism to the rest of the community as the representative of the exclusively unionist interest, he is sure to have the rest of the community against him. The Labour candidate who was brought forward at the last local election for West Toronto ran well, though he was not elected; but he owed his numbers to one of the political parties, which gave him its vote for a party object of its own, not on the Labour ground. In East Toronto the Labour candidature was a complete failure.

Toronto, Nov. 22.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

[Our correspondents must excuse us if we decline to carry the discussion of University Consolidation any further at present. We will only remind them that the same question presents itself in the United States, and that there it is the aim of the best friends of high education to get out of the "one-horse" system, and to form great Universities with an adequate equipment.]

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AMONG the first of the children's Christmas books to reach us are the yearly volumes of "Our Little Ones" and "Chatterbox" (Boston: Estes and Lauriat). "Our Little Ones" makes a handsome volume of 380 pages, containing about 180 separate stories in prose and verse, of an absorbing interest to the juvenile mind, illustrated, and so made doubly useful, by 370 excellent engravings in the best American manner. A treasure-book of stories and pictures for the little people of the household. Addressed to somewhat older children is "Chatterbox," which, though not so well printed or illustrated so artistically, yet contains a vast quantity of reading-matter of a more informing character. Indeed, much of its contents, while especially suitable to the elder youth, may be read with

pleasure by grown-up people; being an English publication, its scenes are laid in England or places familiar to English folk; and many of its stories—of which, with sketches, we count some 170, with as many illustrations—are continued through part of the volume. A good book for a boy or girl of an inquiring age.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY (Toronto: Williamson and Company) have sent us the bound volume of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, October, 1885–September, 1886. This magazine, we are glad to know, is steadily making its way in public favour. Published monthly, at the low price of 15 cents, it offers a varied list of contents, whose wide scope may be seen to advantage in the present handsome volume of 832 pages. Fiction takes a leading place in it, the most prominent pieces being W. E. Norris's "My Friend Jim," the novel of the season, to which we referred last week, and D. Christie Murray's "Aunt Rachel;" while "Côtes du Nord," "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley," illustrated by Hugh Thomson (and since issued in *édition de luxe* book form), and "Old Chester," by Alfred Rimmer (an old-time Montreal merchant), are specimens of the rest of the contents. The excellent illustrations are a noteworthy feature of this magazine: it is one of the best of illustrated magazines. The engravings, while in marked contrast to those of the Impressionist school contained in the best American magazines, are, in our opinion, fully equal to them, and have, moreover, been brought to their high degree of excellence by methods wherein every step in improvement is gained by artistic work, affording a promise of future perfection which appears to us to be closed to the American method of giving an effect by whatever means. The English method is, we are convinced, the one to train artists; its results are a pleasurable study in the unsurpassed black-and-white effects produced by line and cross-hatching. The difference between the two systems, in fact, is the difference between artistic work and mechanical, and we wish the *English Illustrated Magazine* the abundant success it deserves.

We have also received the following publications:

- PANSY. November. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
- CHURCH REVIEW. November. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- HARPER'S MONTHLY. December. New York: Harper and Brothers.
- ART INTERCHANGE. November. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.
- LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. December. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION OF IRELAND.

They would be astonished to learn that Lord Hartington, when he rose to speak not long ago, was assailed by cries of "Judas!" from the Irish benches; that Mr. Chamberlain is interrupted by all kinds of offensive exclamations; that such expressions as "Tory blackguards" and "Tory ruffians" are constantly heard from the same quarter, and that speakers sometimes rise whose manner and language suggest very grave doubts as to their condition. In the month of September, for instance, during a long night of obstruction, a member on the Parnellite side got up and gave utterance to a most extraordinary series of cries, interspersed with a disjointed narrative of some man who "got drunk." The cries or groans which proceeded from the members made up about two-thirds of his "speech"—the other third was occupied with his story of the drunken man, to which the ironical cheers of the Opposition adroitly gave a personal application. "Why was he drunk?" asked the hon. member, and cheers greeted the question. "What made him drunk?" More cheers. "Then the policemen came," continued the hon. member, "to turn me out. They took the mace, and knocked it in. Turn me out! (in a loud voice). It would take a good many to do that. Ah! Well, Mr. Speaker. Will they turn me out? What are they for? Yes—ah! Now let me tell you about that man who got drunk," and so forth. The discussion was about the police, and this wonderful oration did not appear to be out of order. These are incidents which are well calculated, and are probably intended, to bring the House of Commons into universal contempt—or, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor puts it, to "throw the entire Parliamentary machine out of gear." "*The House of Commons as it is*," in the *Quarterly Review* for October.

Music lovers will be glad to learn that for the next concert of the Chamber Music Association, to take place on Monday, 6th December, a most attractive programme has been prepared. Mrs. Mackelcan, of Hamilton, has kindly consented to sing. A piano solo, 'cello solo, string quartette (by Mozart), and trio for piano and strings (by Mendelssohn) will go far to complete a delightful programme.

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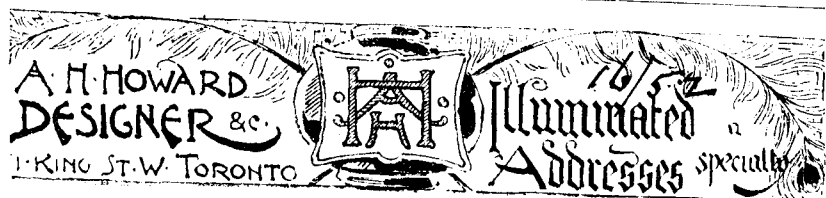
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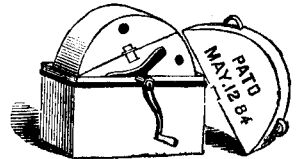
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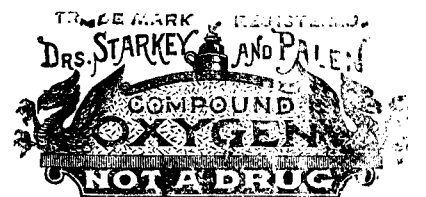
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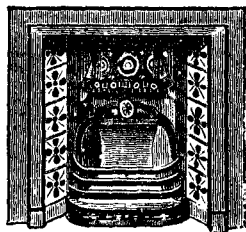
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Re Industrial Exhibition.

The Pelee Island Vineyards, of Pelee Island, Lake Erie, the most southern point in Canada, made a very fine display of their grapes, grown in the open air, and wines made from the same, at the Industrial Exhibition. Their display of grapes comprised over sixty exhibits, and was the great leading feature of the Horticultural Hall. At the request of the Commissioner of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in the fruit department, Messrs. J. S. Hamilton & Co., of Brantford, the sole agents for Canada for the Pelee Island Vineyards, have sent to London, England, a magnificent display from their exhibit here. It comprised thirteen varieties, and should of itself convince the most sceptical that Canada takes a front rank as a fruit-growing country. The Pelee Island Vineyard have this year placed their wines at the following reasonable prices:—In 5 gal. lots \$1.50; 10 gal. lots, \$1.40; 20 gal. lots, \$1.30; 40 gal. lots, \$1.25; cases 1 doz. quarts, \$4.50; cases 2 doz. pints, \$5.50 f.o.b., at Brantford. The judges, appreciating the excellence of Messrs. J. S. Hamilton & Co.'s exhibit of grapes and wines, awarded them one of the highest awards given this year, viz., a silver medal. A gentleman who has travelled extensively over the wine-growing countries of Europe expressed the opinion: "If the Pelee Island vineyards produce such wine as this, how can foreign wines be imported and successfully compete?" It may be mentioned that Pelee Island is the most southern point in Canada, and that the vineyards cover over two hundred acres. Their brands are for sale by the principal wine merchants throughout the Dominion.—Toronto Telegram.

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