

THE WEEK:

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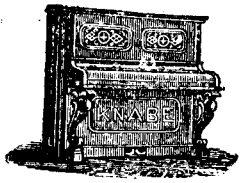
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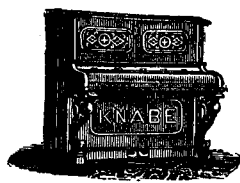


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Among the distinguished writers who have promised articles apposite to the purposes of the CITIZEN are those named below:

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STRIKES.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the New World is becoming liable to be the scene of strikes quite as much as is the Old. This being the case, and as they are likely to assume much wider proportions, and assail more numerous interests here than there, it may be well for us to strive to acquire some clearly defined ideas on the subject at the outset.

Strikes consist in a joint cessation of work on the part of all the employes of any industrial establishment, and a refusal to resume it on the terms on which they had previously been remunerated. That they are entitled to do this there is no question; and that if the class usually styled "working-men" would save themselves from having the worst of the bargain generally, they will need to be prepared to undertake such united action, seems to us highly probable.

But, a strike once initiated, it must be understood that the "working-men" do not acquire any rights on strike of which they were unpossessed while at work. When at work it was their duty to refrain from damaging their employers' property, and it is their duty to continue to do so when idle. Parties not employed in the deserted establishments could not have been allowed to interfere with them while the strikers were at work in them; and the fact of their lying idle, or of strikers being the parties by whom they are assailed, does not in the slightest degree lessen the right of their owners to protection of their property. This being the case, stopping street cars, "killing" engines, or shunting trains are acts altogether outside the "rights" of strikers, and which the authorities are bound to prevent, if we are to escape anarchy. The reason is that the essential basis of society lies in the enforcement of the rule that no man shall be judge in his own cause; but must, should he consider himself aggrieved, submit his grievance to a supreme authority and abide by its decision.

This being understood, it follows that strikers have no right to interfere with their ex-employers, or any parties who may choose to enter into contracts with them. The contract which they are entitled to refuse, other parties are entitled to accept if so inclined. This is nothing more than is done every day in reference to other articles than labour, and the competition to undersell each other is carried on more vehemently by vendors of goods than of services. The struggle is not very beautiful. Its rule practically is, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. This, however, is the necessary result of leaving every man free to judge of his own interests and act accordingly. The essence of any contract is that it shall be free.

At this point, however, the "workingman," or at least his leaders, may reply that strikes are useless should the members of the League be allowed to turn traitors at pleasure. This may be true. But do members really desire that a League should be empowered to keep its members faithful? If so, the first question is, To what are they to be kept faithful? To answer it we must have a definition of the objects of the League; of the responsibilities to be undertaken by the members, and of the authority to

be wielded by the officers—that is to say, unless the latter are to be allowed to act despotically. The latter supposition is preposterous; and in the former case the power of the officers of the League could be made effective only, were their mandates enforced by the power of the State, or by some League police which it might establish. That Leaguers would really like the creation of such an authority we very much doubt; that the rest of the community would refuse to tolerate it seems to us to be a certainty. Furthermore, it has to be observed, that whatever powers of combination "workingmen" might equitably claim, employers might equitably claim also. Let us have two such associations confronting each other in different trades and we shall have freedom of contract practically destroyed, and the Guilds of the Middle Ages practically restored—in other words a complete breakdown of the much-lauded modern system of "free and unrestricted competition," and a restoration of paternal government! Concerning this we think that not only non-League "workingmen" but the rest of the people would have a good deal to say. On the merits of such a change we just now say nothing. What we want is to explain that it is impossible for "workingmen" simultaneously to enjoy freedom of contract and Leagues to possess the power of keeping all their members in a state of strike.

This being the case, it seems that we must, for the present at least, regard Leagues as of no authority whatsoever in the State, and any compulsion which they may attempt to exercise, either on members or non-members, as purely illegitimate. Besides this, we must remember that the merits of a dispute as to terms of remuneration between one man and a hundred, or between hundreds of shareholders and thousands of employes, is—if we are to abide by free and unrestricted competition—a matter as much outside the business of the State, or of onlooking individuals, as is a dispute on the same question between a merchant and a clerk. The expediency, or in expediency, of the action of the disputants is no business of outsiders. But it is the business of the State to see that parties unconnected with the strife shall suffer as little as possible from it; and that those who may profit by it by entering into new contracts, shall not be hindered from so doing if so inclined. This may be called very cold-blooded language. It is merely the language which follows from the doctrine that every man is the best judge of his own interests, and should be left free to pursue them by contract until his action shall check that of other people.

M.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

WITH the increasing dimensions and spreading influence of the Salvation Army it must be expected that discussion on its character and aim will arise. It has already passed through the fire of criticism, and doubtless it will not flinch from it again. Indeed, it courts criticism. A persecuted sect is a pitied sect, and a pitied sect always gathers devotees.

To judge of this already rapidly-growing movement dispassionately is to many difficult, to some impossible. Some treat it as a rival; a few join hands with it; but the majority eye it askance. Cardinal Manning, when asked to express his opinion, has scarce an opinion to express. He regards it as one would a new and curious animal, ignorant whether it is fish, flesh, or fowl, and he leaves it with the impression that for him it is common and unclean. "Our fears," he says, "greatly overbalance our hopes."

Perhaps the severest criticism that the Salvation Army can justly receive at the hands of the truly unprejudiced is that it is a body of men who know not what they do. Nor need this be interpreted in any harsh sense. They are passive rather than active. They work by exhortation, not by compulsion. They invite, they do not insist. They urge, but never threaten. And if the means they employ to catch the mob differ somewhat from the more artistic paraphernalia of their co-religionists, these latter are scarcely in a position to cast the first stone at what to the world only seems a sister who sins more openly than her accusers.

The Salvation Army is not a singular phenomenon. It has many analogues. If we cannot call it similar to so distinct a sect as the Albigenses, it certainly bears a strong resemblance to many of the religious outbreaks of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries—to the Brethren of the White Caps, the Pastoureaux, the Bianchi, or the Flagellants. The analogy is closer than at first sight appears. Each of these found its source in dissent from ecclesiastical dogma, or dislike of ecclesiastical control. Each was

headed by fanatical enthusiasts. Each sought strength in an appeal to the lower classes. Each made use of outward symbols. Each, too, busied itself with matters outside its legitimate sphere: the White Caps with the relationships between lord and vassal; the Pastoureaux with annulling marriages and plundering monasteries; the Bianchi with persecution of all who refused to join them; and the Salvation Army with total abstinence and "the suppression of the Minotaur." Whether the last will perfect the analogy by showing itself to be but a temporary heterodoxical ebullition can scarcely at present be determined.

To us it seems that the Salvation Army and Rationalism owe their being to similar causes. The first is a breaking away from what it considers to be the dead formality of the church; the second is an outcry against what to it appears the irrationality of theology. The one is concrete and appeals to the masses; the other is abstract and embraces the educated. The one unconsciously plunges deeper into dogma; the other acquiesces in ignorance. The one takes to itself fresh symbols; the other flings away even the substance of symbols. As they grow they widely differ; but in the cradle they are twins, the offspring of the same parents—deadness and dogma.

If this be so, then we must blame the parents, not chide the children. The question is: Is it yet too late to exercise parental control? Arbitrary measures are certainly useless; and punishment is impossible. But would not coaxing be of some avail? They will not be coerced; could they be enticed? They will not be dictated to; would they listen to compromise? The Salvation Army is scarcely yet of age, and is perhaps still amenable to discipline. But Rationalism, we fear, cannot be recalled. The former still recognizes family ties; but the latter is of more precocious growth. For the Salvation Army, perhaps, there is hope; for Rationalism, hope there is none.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

WHEN the telegraph wires were first laid in the vicinity of Bagdad, the Arabs, according to M. L. Piat, habitually converted them into excellent bracelets. The Sheik of the Montefig, being compelled to suppress the pillage, ordered that all wrists with the bracelets should be cut off. The population of Bagdad varies from 80,000 to 120,000; thus it is "floating," chiefly on account of plagues. In 1881 no less than three sanitary *cordons* were drawn round the city. The Austrian doctors are most in repute with the population; they receive no fees, but secure payment on the medicaments, they being silent partners with the chemists. Bagdad is a kind of penitential colony for Turkey. When Louis XIV. desired to express his displeasure against a courtier, he ordered him to reside on his estate. Turkey "removes" inconvenient public men to Bagdad, limiting them to a residence within a radius of a "lady's mile." The government of British India also transports there any suspicious native rulers—the Nabad of Oude, for example.

The chief furniture of a room, or rather cellar, following the heat, is a mattress, a stool, and a trunk. Ladies sit in a caned chair, their feet on a second, like an American at whittling hour. The stool is not for sitting upon, but to hold pipes and salvers. Occasionally the mattress is placed inside a palm-woven kind of poultry-crate, which does four-poster duty. The trunk is an omnibus cupboard, for clothing, pipes, vegetables, and provisions, as well as penates in general. When the European male costume is patronized the coat is collarless, and necktie dispensed with. The Turkish ladies commence to wear European boots, and Jewish ladies have been accorded the same privilege; both employ the thick veil in hollow tulle. If married, a Jewess has to put on a muffler that would not disgrace a bus-driver on a wild January day.

A lady's costume costs 125 fr.—as dear as in Paris. Tailors are odd fellows; they will make a suit, but another artisan must sew on the buttons, and a third the braiding. The shoemaker blows the dust off his wares when showing them to a customer, and if he observes a point not shining he gives it a lick with his tongue. The climate of Bagdad is one of the driest on the globe—only fifteen rain days yearly; as a compensation, there are sand showers, which penetrate to your very bed. A newcomer is visited the first by society, and when invited to dinner, it is the host, and not the guest, who makes the *visite de digestion*. It is the superior who salutes first, not the inferior, and mortal enemies when meeting exchange a *nid-and-nod*. In visiting, the angle of bowing is the measure of friendship and politeness. "How do you do?" must be repeated three times, and at intervals, say minute guns. A Paul Pry will not be regarded as an intruder, if he drops in like an aerolite, and announces "I am come to pass the day with you."

Wearing but little clothing in summer, there is no necessity to undress

for bed. Besides, to do so would incur the risk of catching cold. To induce sleep the sole of the foot is tittled—a hint for Prince Bismarck and others suffering from insomnia. The ladies wed very young, which is a necessity, as they are regarded as old women when aged twenty. It is the clergy who make the matches—marriages in any case are said to be made in heaven. Between ten and fifteen years old, Romeos and Juliets set up house-keeping. Slaves are nearly as dear as horses. Arabia supplies the market. A slave aged ten costs 200 fr.; if she knows music, and is a good story-teller, she will fetch 800 fr., and they will not receive more blows than if in liberty. Circular tourists should bear in mind that whoever puts foot in Bagdad catches the "date-mark." This is a dry ulcer, which seizes any point of the body. It takes five to nine months to come to a head, and then the incrustation falls, leaving the skin marked as if branded like a date fruit.

Since twenty-five years there is steam navigation on the Tigris. The boat does not stop at all the places desired, so if an inhabitant wishes to land at some spot along the banks, he makes his parcels up into a bundle, and next adding his clothes, plunges into the stream and swims ashore. No order is ever given to "ease," or "stop" the steamer. Whoever pays in Persian money incurs the danger of imprisonment.

SINCE fifteen years Germany is transformed. In addition to being a great military, she aspires to be a great commercial empire—a Rome and Carthage combined. Railways, roads, canals, and workshops appear on her territory as if summoned by the magic wand of Prospero. And this new departure has spread to the extreme limits of the world. France suffers more severely than any other country from this renaissance of Germany. Foreign purchasers have taken the habit to visit Germany before coming to France. Now the latter seems absolutely ignorant of the necessity of producing rapidly and above all cheap. She locks herself up in the belief that well-finished and artistic but high-priced goods will suffice to decide customers, who want not elegance—about which they are ignorant or indifferent—but the most they can obtain of anything for their money. Labour is cheaper in Germany. M. Davoust says the same work which is paid 7 fr. in Paris costs only 3 fr. in Germany. In the building trade, for example, overseers, masons, and labourers receive per week in Berlin 34, 22, and 17 fr., while in Paris the wages are 60, 48, and 30 fr., respectively. M. Lavallée, after much investigation, fixes the average daily rate of salary of a German artisan at 3½ fr.; while in France it is 7 fr. in Paris and 5 fr. in the provinces.

It is alleged that the German workman is a heavy feeder; he has five repasts daily, which cost 1½ fr. The Parisian workman's meals cost 3.20 fr. Drink is included in both cases—for each has relinquished the old days of water and milk beverages, "they are corrupted," as Mürger says, "for they like no longer what is good." Further, a manufacturing people can only live by exportation, hence the commercial battles of the future must be fought not in Europe, but in the far East, in Africa, and in America. The nations that pay the highest wages, pocket the highest profits, and are the heaviest taxed, will be shut out of the new markets, while losing the old. M. Laffitte says: "France is now in such a critical position. She is worse; her employers and employed are isolated—individualism reigns supreme. Apprenticeship is only a nominal matter at present in France. The latter and Germany had their ancient corporations. The Revolution broke up both, but Germany re-made a new mould out of the best fragments of the old, while France seemingly has done nothing.

In Germany, guilds exist, reorganized, and hence their success with Popular Banks and Food Co-operative Societies—modern institutions next to unknown in France,—and where capital and labour are free to coalesce. French artisans are at liberty to associate, but they do not; they possess the rights, but not the manners, of liberty. It is a case where the general has no confidence in his soldiers, and the latter mistrust their commanders. France has lived on the vanity of Voltaire, the *insouciance* of Béranger, and the chauvinism of historian Thiers. Let her *industriels* of high and low degree group together, modernize their business manners, and rise to the imposed necessities of the times. Safety that way lies.

ZERO.

ONE of the non-resident masters of a large school in England was made the victim at the end of last term of a school-boy joke. About three o'clock in the morning he was disturbed by the ringing of his door bell. Scrambling out of bed, he threw open the window, stuck out his head, and asked what was the matter. "We only wanted to tell you one of your windows is open," answered a voice. "Which one?" anxiously asked the master, who is proverbially nervous about burglars. "Why, the one you have got your head out of, Professor," screamed a whole chorus of lads.

THEODORA.

RAISED to the throne of the World, Theodora assumed a demeanour in some degree corresponding to her elevation. Though not absolutely faithful to her husband, she disgraced his choice by no such acts of open licentiousness as those by which Messalina had insulted the Emperor Claudius. It would seem as if her own nature underwent a change, and as if Pride now took possession of the character which hitherto had been swayed only by Lust. Heartless she had always been, in the midst of her wild riot of debauchery, and heartless she remained in the stupendous egotism which made Justinian and all the ranks of the well-ordered hierarchy of the Empire the ministers of her insatiable pride.

In all things it seems to have been her fancy to play a part unlike that of her husband. He was strictly orthodox and Chalcedonian, she was a vehement Monophysite. He was simple and frugal in his personal habits, however extravagant as a ruler; she carried the luxury of the bath and the banquet to the highest point to which an opulent Roman could attain. He seldom slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four; she prolonged her siesta till sun-set and her night's sleep to long after sun-rise. He was merciful by temperament; she delighted in the power of being cruel. He showed himself easy of access to all his subjects, and would often hold long and confidential conversations with persons of undistinguished rank; she surrounded herself with an atmosphere of unapproachable magnificence, and, while rigorously insisting that her subjects should present themselves in her audience-chamber, made the ceremony of audience as short, as contemptuous, and as galling to every feeling of self-respect, as it was possible to make it. A pitiable sight it was to see the consuls, the senators, the captains, and high functionaries of that which still called itself the Roman Republic, waiting, a servile crowd, in this harlot's ante-chamber; the room was small and stifling, but they dared not be absent. Her long slumbers ended, and the ceremonies of the bath and the toilette accomplished, a eunuch would open the door of the hall of audience. The wretched nobles pressed forward, or, if behind, stood on tiptoe to attract the menials' notice. She singled out one and another, with contemptuous patronage. The favoured one crept in behind the eunuch into the presence-chamber, his heart in his mouth for fear. He prostrated himself before the haughty Augusta; he kissed reverently the feet which he had once seen briskly moving in lascivious dance on the public stage; he looked up with awe, not daring to speak till spoken to by the supreme disposer of all men's lives and fortunes. Such is the miserable picture presented to us by Procopius of the degradation of the great Roman commonwealth under its Byzantine rulers. Alas for the day when the Senate, that assembly of Kings, received with majestic gravity the over-awed ambassador of King Pyrrhus. Alas for the selfish corruption of the optimates, and yet more for the misguided patriotism of a Caius Gracchus or a Livius Drusus, which had turned the old and noble Republic into an Empire, foul itself and breeding foulness. — J. HODGKIN: *Italy and Her Invaders*.

ART IN EDUCATION.

"CANADA is too young a country." So we are constantly told when one artist (musician and painter) after another has to leave this country for want of support. There is such a thing as the "vice of contentment," and there are people whose wealth consists in the fewness of their desires. Can any country be too young for art? Surely it does not exist merely for the so-called educated people, and those whose riches enable them to spend and exhibit it on art. Being the exponent of imagination, thought, memory, emotion, and the great cultivator of all that is highest, noblest, and best in man, what can be of greater importance? Its influence should be felt in the education of the young, both rich and poor. The love of nature and of the beautiful cannot be too early impressed on a child, helping to endow it with "sensibilities of great preciousness to humanity," and art is the nurse. For heaven's sake let those who realize the value of art in "teaching the young ideas how to shoot" do their utmost to encourage and keep her devotees in this country; for Canada needs all the warm and loving influences of art to raise her above the cold and hardening effects of mere money-making. It is well her sons should grow rich, but let them also grow rich in the love of the beautiful and noble, and not rest in the "vice of contentment."

FREDER.

BODDINGTON had a wretchedly bad memory, and, in order to improve it, he attended Feinagle's Lectures on the Art of Memory. Soon after, somebody asked Boddington the name of the lecturer, and, for his life, he could not recollect it. When Rogers was asked if he had attended the said lectures on the Art of Memory, he replied, "No; I wish to learn the Art of Forgetting."

VALUE OF A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

Is it wise to dwell on thoughts of the past, and to spend much time in thinking of those who are gone? If the memory is of a noble life, looking *back* should help us *forward*, as the lost traveller, on leaving a rapid stream, is guided in a straight line by the sound of the waters behind him. Of priceless value is the recollection of a pure, true soul, one who had kindly, charitable, pitiful feelings for all; who loved truth and sought conscientiously for it; whose goodness was instinctively felt, and whose meekness and gentleness disarmed criticism. Must it not inspire us to follow such an example? Does it not increase our faith in human goodness in a world where we are prone to overlook goodness and seek for evil in our fellows? Have not many of us a memory of at least one life that comes before us with a sense of peacefulness, stilling fears and struggles, and bringing a calmness which can arise only from a knowledge of "the beauty of holiness?"

M.

THE GHOSTS.

In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friendly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
With wine that none but ghosts can taste
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be port and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
The traveller hears our midnight mirth:
"Oh list," he cries, "the haunted choir!
The merriest ghost that walks the earth
Is now the ghost of a ghostly friar."
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be port and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, in *Macmillan*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

JENNY LIND.

SHE was engaged to sing at the theatre of the reigning Duke of Brunswick, and had promised to give a concert for the sick and needy of that place; but she had caught a bad cold, and was obliged to send a special messenger to countermand the notice that had been issued. The excitement had been great; persons had come from every part of the duchy; every place had been taken at double rates. The director would not brave the disappointment without satisfying himself that the inability to sing was strictly true, and not merely a caprice of the great artiste upon a slight ailment; and so, in an ill-advised moment, he came over to Hanover with his lawyer who had made the contract, and his doctor, whom he vainly thought Jenny Lind would condescend to admit to a consultation as to her actual state of health. Jenny Lind, the meek, the lowly, the bland, the kind, the gentle, the charitable, was not to be thus insulted. Her spirit of indignation was justly aroused. The director might come in to an interview, but neither lawyer nor doctor should cross her threshold. With the stiffest bow, she imperiously demanded what the director pretended to have lost by "the contract being broken," as he stated. When the answer given was six hundred thalers, without sitting down herself or offering him a chair she signed a cheque for the sum stated, and motioned him to the door, saying "she would not disappoint the public at Brunswick—she would come over and sing to them in the largest room she could hire; but she would not set foot in his theatre." And she did go as soon as she was able, and she did sing to them in the largest room she could hire, and she did enchant them, as she did every one else, not only by her exquisite song, but by a little impromptu trait which touched every heart, and carried enthusiasm to its highest pitch. All who remember her in the height of her fame will remember that she created *gran furore* by a piece to which she had an accompaniment of two flutes. She had had both these professionals over to Hanover to practise their parts, and she was more than satisfied with their proficiency; but on the morning of the intended performance she found the second flutist was laid up and utterly unable to play. "Was there no one else capable of taking the part?" "Well, there was a boy, very talented, a very rising young flutist; but he was only a boy." He was sent for, and he *was* but a boy, and very small of his age; but he blew his first notes as a real artiste, and Jenny Lind immediately saw she had an efficient substitute. Her charming kindness gave him every encouragement; his heart and soul was in his music. Jenny Lind was delighted with the rehearsal, and when the day came, the boy played like an old hero. The enthusiasm was great; the call was unanimous; and the sweet singer came forward, not alone, to take the ovation to herself; but she led forth the little boy, put him forward,

patted him on the head, and turned upon him the honour of the triumph, and afterwards gave him twenty Louis d'or from the proceeds of the concert.—REV. C. ALLIX WILKINSON: *Reminiscences of the Court and Times of King Ernest of Hanover.*

DUELLING.

SOME sensation appears to have been excited in Paris by a duel with swords that took place on Tuesday morning (March 16) between Prince Amédée de Broglie, son of the Duc de Broglie, and his brother-in-law Vicomte Tredern. The Prince is said to have been seriously wounded, and under any circumstances a duel on a cold March morning must have been a far from comfortable affair to all concerned. It is a noteworthy fact that some of the most famous duels in this country have been fought in the inclement month of March. On the 22nd of March, 1780, Lord Shelburne was wounded in a duel with Colonel Fullerton. On the 1st of March, 1792, Mr. John Kemble fought Mr. Aiken, but neither of the two was injured. A more serious duel was that which took place on the 22nd of March, 1806, when Lieutenant Terrens was killed by Surgeon Fisher; and in the same month of the same year Captain Best killed Lord Camelford. On the 4th of March, 1811, another fatal duel occurred: Captain Boardman being killed by Ensign de Balton. On the 8th of March, 1817, Lieutenant Conroy killed Lieutenant Hindes; and on the 26th of March, 1822, Mr. James Stuart performed the same service for Sir Alexander Boswell. Among other notable March duels was that fought by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea, on the 21st of March, 1829, which happily ended without bloodshed; but a duel that took place a year later—namely, on the 18th of March, 1830, resulted in the death of one of the combatants, Mr. O'Grady being killed by Captain Smith. Some of the most celebrated duels in England were fought in the month of May. Among these may be mentioned that of the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox in 1789; of Pitt and Tierney in 1796; Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Paull in 1807; Lord Paget and Captain Cadogan in 1809; the Duke of Buckingham and Duke of Bedford in 1822; and Lord Alvanley and Mr. Morgan O'Connell in 1835. The May duels were, however, not so numerous or fatal as the March duels; and in the present day the only May "meetings" recorded are those in Exeter Hall.—*St. James's Gazette.*

AN AUSTRIAN VIEW OF THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

"No one can help being moved when he himself sees, in actual tangible form, some grand ideas of which his only previous conception was derived from reading or hearsay. I saw troops, composed of the representatives of two widely different races, assembled together and manœuvring on the same ground, arrayed under the same standard, and summoned to serve the same cause, which is certainly the cause of order and civilization, but which is also, and cannot but be above all, that of maintaining the English rule. And certainly to enlist the conquered in the service of the conquerors, when the latter, in point of numbers, form a scarcely perceptible minority, is one of the boldest ideas ever yet conceived in the mind of man. . . . Here a world is governed, guided, and kept in check by a wand. But behind the material force, which, if compared with the task it is expected to accomplish, is as nothing, lies the moral force, which is boundless and incalculable; behind the wand is prestige. . . . So long as it is based on real superiority, prestige has nothing illusory about it. It becomes an illusion when reality ceases to correspond with appearance. There are two enemies to fear; failure, no matter where, or when, or against whom, and discussion. Faith does not admit of discussion. Failure destroys prestige rapidly, though not always completely; discussion destroys it secretly, slowly, and effectually. Inasmuch as the sun never sets on the British Empire, the Imperial authorities of the peninsula of the Ganges are not alone sufficient to maintain English prestige in India. It can be upheld, impaired or lost at every point of the globe." —BARON VON HUEBNER: *Through the British Empire.*

GEORGE IV.

ONE is glad to hear of any sign of human feeling in a *roué* like George IV.; and Miss Frampton relates, on what appears unimpeachable authority, that the King was buried with a miniature of Mrs. FitzHerbert round his neck. A diamond cut in half contained a miniature of the King, which came into the possession of Mrs. Damer, who had been adopted by Mrs. FitzHerbert. The counterpart was missing, and all search for it proved in vain. Ultimately the secret was revealed to Mrs. Damer by the Duke of Wellington, who stated that in his office as First Lord of the Treasury, "It had been his duty to remain to the very last with the body of the King, who had given him strict injunctions not to leave it, and had desired to be buried with whatever ornaments might be upon his person at the time of his death. The Duke was quite alone with the body, then lying in an open coffin, and his curiosity being excited by seeing a small jewel hanging round the neck of the King, he was tempted to look at it, when he found that it was the identical portrait of Mrs. FitzHerbert, covered with the diamond for which the unsuccessful search had been made."—THE SPECTATOR: *The Journal of Mary Frampton, 1799-1846* (London: Sampson, Low and Company).

PARNASSUS.

"It is hardly going too far to say you can see Parnassus from all the higher ground of eastern and central Greece. You can see it from all Bœotia, from the long valley of which it stands up as the church of St. Mary does when you look along the Strand. You can see it from many parts of Attica, from the Acropolis of Athens, for instance; you see it from Ægina,

in the Saronic Gulf; you see it from most parts of Argolis; you see it from the northern coast of Achaia. Of course, you do not see it from the middle of Arcadia or in Laconia; but when you go west to Ithaca to visit Ulysses in his home, you see Parnassus again stand up grand and grey on the eastern horizon. Think what an importance that fact has had. The central point of Greek history for many purposes is Delphi, and a great deal of Greek history centres round the god who has there his sanctuary. How much this visible presence of Apollo must have affected his worship, and all the associations which the Ionic race had with him. What a difference it must have made when you were actually able from your own home, or when you went to the top of your own Acropolis, or sailed to the neighbouring port, to see this Parnassus, to know that hard by the cleft beneath the two peaks there was this oracle and this sacred home of the lord of light and song."—JAMES BRYCE, M.P., on *The Relations of History and Geography*, in the *Contemporary*.

THE LONDON OF TO-DAY.

WE speak of the rapid changes in our American cities, but nothing like the changes of London can exist with us. Growth is not a change of this kind. Paris alone, in certain respects, can show such metamorphoses as London. But on the whole, Paris, as I saw it at this first visit to the Old World, was more like the Paris one sees now than London of 1850 like the London of to-day. The mere question of growth is a minor matter. London was not the metropolis of the world in 1850, and now it is. Then it was only a huger provincial Town. The Londoner in general measured nothing but himself, and nobody came to London for anything but hardware, good walking-boots, saddles, etc.; now it is the *entrepot* of the civilized world. The World's Fair of 1851 and succeeding similar displays of what cosmopolite industry can do, the common arrival of ocean steamers, rare at the time I am writing of, have changed the entire character of London life and business and the tone of its society. It is not merely in the fact that 48,000 houses were built in the capital in the last year, or that you find colonies of French, Italians, Russians, Greeks in it, but that the houses are no longer what they were, inside or out, and thus the foreigner is an assimilated ingredient in its philosophy. All this has come since 1850.—W. J. STILLMAN in the *May Atlantic*.

PERILS OF YOUNG SALMON.

"LARGE chub are very fond of them. On a hot day a shoal of chub will lie basking on the top of the water, looking as if no fish were more lazy and innocent; all of a sudden they will start on a journey round the hole, and when they come to the place where the little stream there trickles into the hole, the spot where the samlets are assembled in the cool water, the biggest chub makes a dash among the samlets, and one or more of the little fish are sucked down to those wonderful teeth a chub has in his stomach. [A chub's teeth are pharyngeal, in the throat rather than the stomach.] Pike and trout revel in a meal of smolts, and it is no uncommon spectacle to see an old trout of three or four pound chase the small fish about the hole; his ample digestive powers make frequent meals a necessity. Perch take another way; they watch the small fish go into the shallow water, and go for them as they come back into the deep. You can also see an old perch blockade a shallow pool full of fry, the water is too shallow for him to get after them, so he stays in the deep water outside; the fry endeavour to retire, and they see the perch, and go to the side of the shallow; he follows at last, keeping close to the side; they try to get out in a narrow file; the perch dashes in and secures what he can."—J. N. WILLIS BUND: *Salmon Problems*.

NEW GUINEA.

"THE only prospect worth mentioning is that the island may, by the cultivation of certain products, be made another Java, with English or Australian capital and energy, to establish and maintain a large export trade in sugar, coffee, tobacco, and other such articles. The cultivation of these products, according to the custom adopted in Java, would necessitate the employment of natives. . . . Then, if native labour were necessary, it is probable that it would have to be imported, for the New Guineans are not a hard-working people, and what work they do in the fields in the way of cultivation is so much confined to their own wants, that it is considered by those who know them to be hardly likely that they could be induced to toil for a certain number of hours each day for the benefit of others."—CHARLES LYNE: *New Guinea* (London: Sampson, Low, and Company).

INFLUENCE OF GREAT POETS.

"It is surely probable that if Greece could be imagined without Homer, Rome without Virgil, Italy without Dante, England without Shakespeare, not only would each nation have lost one of its highest sources of personal, and, as it were, private wealth, and we with it, but the absolute current of its history could not have followed its actual course; nay, that it would have missed, in each case, something of its best and most fertile direction."—F. T. PALGRAVE on *The Province and Study of Poetry*, in *Macmillan*.

LESSING, the German author, was, in his old age, subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home, one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing, "no matter, I'll call another time."

MORNING ON LAKE MUSKOKA.

THE morning comes. Not in triumphant pride,
Sweeping the darkness from its warm approach,
And taking night by storm, but moving on,
Simple in conscious grandeur, calm and still.
Awake, Muskoka! Through the bending boughs
Of thy dark forest borders, now the breeze
Sounds thy reveille. Lay, fair lake, aside
The snow-white mantle that enwraps thy sleep,
And greet, with smiling face, the new-born day.
Still o'er thy bosom, placid water, lies
The fleecy coverlet, still o'er the face
Of nature, unawakened, spreads its folds,
And hides her maiden loveliness from view.
Down yon long islet-avenue the sun,
The lord of morning, rears his crowned head,
Bright with the broadening halo of the dawn,
Beyond the pine trees, but as yet his power,
Soon to burst forth in warmth, is feebly felt.
Slowly we move. The circling eddies whirl
In momentary mirth, then die away
In gentle rippings, laughing, far behind.
Before us all unknown! The curious eye,
Far reaching forward, vainly seeks to pierce
The fair enwrapment; to behold the forms
That lie beneath that garb of shadowy white.
Yet, as we move, the misty vestment yields
To our advance, and, ever giving way,
Rolls o'er the darkling waters, and reveals
The secrets of the morning; rising now
In stainless beauty, seeks the azure dome,
Its native refuge, and is seen no more.

So from life's morning rolls the mist away.
Truth's brightening beam shines dimly on the brow,
And fond illusion shrouds our future way.
We seek in vain to pierce the shadowy veil
In love cast round us. All unknown, unknown!
With venturesome prow, our life-bark outward turns,
Eager to pierce the mystery, but soon,
Wearied, we turn our disappointed gaze,
Strained with the vain endeavour, from the view,
And bend it on the present: watch the whirl
Of Pleasure's murmuring eddies as they flow,
And strive to seize them as they glide away,
Forgetting all the To Be in the Now.
But onward yet! For as we move, the cloud
Rolls still before us, rising as we go,
Nor shadows o'er the present. Murmur not,
Distrustful soul! for so Our Father deals.
Look forward ever, though, before, our way
In love is shaded, lest our courage fail;
For, at the last, all clouds shall roll away,
When breaks the morning of Eternal Day.

J. D. SPENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.
The word printed "craven" in the second stanza of poem "On Durdham Down," in last issue, should have read "carven."

BURNS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The name of Scotland's greatest poet has been prominently brought before your readers, by a writer, in your issue of the 8th inst, and I believe great injustice done to the greatest song writer the world has ever produced. In the little book, "The Land of Burns," from page seventy to ninety-four, will be found the writer's defence of the character and writings of his favourite poet; and allow me to say that the following ought to be taken into consideration when sitting in judgment on either the character or works of Robert Burns.

(I.) The times in which he lived, and the religious teachers by which he was surrounded.

(II.) The fiery poetic temperament, and the strong passions of the man.

(III.) The fact that the Ayrshire bard was no hypocrite, but was always willing to acknowledge his faults, and foremost in exposing his own sins; hence, the most has been made of any of his deviations from the path of rectitude.

(IV.) The real criterion, after considering the dissolute age in which he lived, should be, "By what temptations was he surrounded, and what strong passions did he keep under control, or completely subdue?"

With several assertions in the article in question, no person who has properly studied our poet's life and works can agree. These are: 1st, That Burns had an "incurable love" of "low company." 2nd, That "his conduct to women was utterly vile." 3rd, The insinuations that he was either "immoral," "obscene," or a "blackguard." 4th, That his

insult to, or literary attack on, Mrs. Riddell, could have been as gross as represented, when we consider that that lady sent her carriage to bring the poet to dine with her, during his last illness, that she might have a serious interview with her old and dying friend, about this world and the next. 5th, As to his convivial habits—I am convinced that these have been very much magnified, for we have it on the authority of Prof. Wilson who investigated the matter, that at the time of Burns's death, not a man, woman, or child, in Dumfries, where he spent the last years of his life, could truthfully say that they had ever seen him intoxicated. 6th, As to the comparison between "Auld Robin Gray," and the poems and songs of "The Scottish Homer," I will allow it to be decided by those who have read and appreciated, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Tam O' Shanter," "Mary in Heaven," "Man was made to Mourn," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace Bled," or "A man's a man for a' That." The literary world who know the difference between sweet doggerel and true poetry have already given their decision. 7th, As to the benefits conferred upon Scotsmen, and through them upon mankind, I would say that Burns purified the songs of his country, eliminated any unchaste language they contained, wedded them to the grand old tunes that were familiar to the Scottish ear, and gave the whole as a legacy to the people—a legacy of which any nation might well feel proud. He stimulated patriotism and dignified labour, and made the sons of old Scotia proud of their country. He did much to instil principles of civil and religious liberty into the minds of all who understand the English language, and his "A man's a man for a' that," and "Scots wha hae," will continue to ring down through the centuries, and make tyrants and oppressors tremble in their gilded palaces, in the ages yet to be.

Yours,
Seaforth, April 26, 1886.

J. CAMPBELL.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I have usually admired your fair views on all public questions, but can hardly pass the same verdict in regard to your views on the Labour question, as expressed in your journal of the 8th inst. They are decidedly too severe and unfair to the workingman. He has no desire to practise the "tyranny of capital" in his dealings with others. When he "refuses to pay more than he can help for his loaf," it is simply because the "tyranny of capital" has squeezed his wages down to a point at which he can barely exist and is therefore compelled not only to buy in the cheapest market, but has frequently to deny himself and his family many of the comforts of life. The workingman is neither a socialist nor a capital wrecker; all he seeks by organization is to place capital and labour on an equal footing, and secure for labour a larger share of the profits arising from labour. This is surely a just and laudable aim. The employer, left to his own instincts, will never concede this justice, and it is only by organization and agitation that the working classes see any hope of gaining their rights. I am aware that I shall be told that the law of supply and demand can alone regulate the value of labour, and that it is impossible to increase the scale of wages by artificial means. But is not organized capital doing this all the time; and why should not labour try the experiment? The following taken from an American journal, will illustrate how capitalists manipulate the market: "The advance of twenty-five cents a ton on coal, announced by all companies is expected to be confirmed by the meeting of the Pennsylvania coal companies next week. When members of the coal ring combine, and carry out a plan to enrich themselves, by raising the price of coal, they make the consumers pay a higher price than would be charged under free competition, and they limit production in many manufacturing industries. Yet their compact is simply an 'understanding among gentlemen.' When their employes combine, for the purpose of increasing their pay by preventing production until their demands are complied with, these wealthy coal producers regard the action of the miners as lawless, an invasion of the rights of capital, and destructive of social order as well as of business prosperity." What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and the employer ought not to complain, if his workmen adopt similar means to improve their condition, and add a few comforts to their hard and often cheerless existence. It certainly cannot be for the welfare of society, that the rich should be growing richer and more luxurious, and the poor, poorer, as the two classes are doing. There could be no better antidote for the pernicious doctrines of socialism, than to pay the working classes better for their labour. It would ensure greater safety to the interests of property; the social condition of the masses would be improved, and it would check the widespread misery which furnishes the receptive soil for socialism and all the other evils that now threaten the peace and safety of society.

Montreal, April 12th, 1886.

A FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMAN.

Mrs. Ross, the writer of a paper in the *May Macmillan*, "Fyvie Castle and its Lairds," once told a Scotch shepherd what she would do "if she were a sheep." Donald contemptuously replied, "Ech, leddy, if ye were a ship ye'd hae some sense."

CURRAN was bitterly opposed to the Union, though after it had taken place he would not take part in an agitation for its repeal. He was one day, after the final debate, setting his watch at the Post Office, then opposite the Parliament House, when a noble member who voted in the majority said to him, with ill-timed jocularly, "Curran, what do they mean to do with that useless building? For my part, I am sure I hate even the sight of it." "I don't wonder at it, my lord," was the reply, "I never yet heard of a murderer that was not afraid of a ghost."

The Week,

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THE Opposition seem to have adopted new tactics in their contest with the Government. Instead of making a general assault, skirmishing parties are sent out to attack single points of the Government's North-west policy; and, although they are driven back by superior force, they contrive to expose the manifold vulnerability of the enemy in a manner so incessant and prolonged as to be far more effectual than would be one set battle,—a battle which moreover, with the Government majority, could end in only one way and would so leave on the mind of the country the impression of a decisive Opposition defeat that is now avoided.

In the Beaty-Woodworth and Bowell-White cases the Press has the plain duty set it to see that the country is exactly informed of every circumstance brought out in evidence. When the time comes for action at the polls, if the electors do not do *their* duty, it can only be because the jobbery and corruption that has been shown by the evidence to prevail among their representatives at Ottawa, has the approval of the majority; in which case the minority can only continually protest, till the public conscience becomes awakened. Let the fact, however, be constantly kept before the country that in both these cases Members of Parliament have been trafficking on their parliamentary position—selling their influence to obtain favours from Government for their own personal advantage; and that members of the Government have, with a full knowledge of the facts, stretched authority to help the schemes of these speculators—let these facts, however, be kept clearly before the country, and there is little doubt that at the next General Election an emphatic condemnation of such procedures will be shown. The evil is wide-spread; and to punish all that have been concerned in it is perhaps not possible; but none the less, any Member of Parliament that is tainted with bribery, as are these men, is unfit to sit in Parliament and should be excluded in future, if he cannot be expelled now.

It is one of the provisions of the Tariff Bill now before Congress, that sawn lumber shall be admitted free of duty. But as the fate of this bill is, like the fate of most proposed legislation in the States, a doubtful matter, utterly unpredictable by observers, our Government would do well to provide at once, in case of its possible failure, against the danger to our forests and saw-milling industry that the failure will involve. We cannot, if we would, prevent American lumbermen purchasing Canadian timber limits; but when it is proposed by these purchasers—Michigan lumbermen in the case in point, who have secured some of the best timber limits in the Georgian Bay District,—when it is proposed by these to raft the logs over Lake Huron and saw them up in Michigan, "in order to make the purchases enure to the benefit" of their own people, it is time that something were done *per contra* for our own people. A much higher export duty than the present should in every case, whether Congress admit sawn lumber duty free or no, be imposed on logs. This would directly enure to the benefit of the Canadian saw-mills; and the duty, if logs were still exported, would be paid wholly by the American purchasers; for having used up their own forests they must now come to Canada in any case for their supplies.

If the statements made by the promoters of a bill now before Congress be correct, Canada had better, till that bill become law, make no Fishery Treaty whatever with the States. For the bill in question professedly aims to stop a method of fishing that has already nearly ruined the American fisheries, and will quickly do the same for the Canadian, if permitted here. Better have non-intercourse altogether than expose our fisheries to the risk of falling a prey to such blind greed. The bill, however, is one to prohibit the sale of mackerel during the spawning season—a prohibition rendered necessary, it seems, by the use by American fishermen of the purse seine, an ingenious substitute for the old hook and line devised for the wholesale slaughter of fish, which involves the destruction of some 34,000,000 of eggs in every barrel of mackerel taken during the spawning season. As the catch during the spawning season amounts to tens of thousands of barrels it is clear that if our neighbours continue the use of the purse seine and are admitted by treaty to Canadian waters, instead of the fisheries, the fish will most need protection.

THE President has made a most sensible suggestion in his Message to Congress recommending that a new Department of the Government be charged with the arbitration of differences between Capital and Labour. The usefulness of such a department would be co-extensive with the nation; for the mass of the nation are either capitalists or labourers, or both. And no doubt a Governmental Arbitration will be regarded with confidence by both classes; for naturally the Department will acquire a wide knowledge of the conditions of employment, and skill in adjusting differences; and it would seem that in perfectly fair hands this ought to be all that can be needed to do away with these ruinous contests. In the interests of Labour especially the proposed Commission of Labour is a most desirable thing; for what justice they have in the contest with monopolies suffers greatly by such mistakes as have been made in the South-west strike by both the local Knights of Labour and the Head of the Order. Public sympathy with their object may be counted on by the Knights when they are engaged in obtaining fair play or freedom from the oppression of such monopolists as Gould; but they cannot win their case, which depends wholly on public opinion, by violence and disorder. Violence and disorder unhappily have been resorted to in this quarrel, and to complete the mischief the Master of the Knights has written a most foolish letter to Gould threatening that the Knights will set persons whose money may have found its way into Gould's coffers to make him disgorge. This is so childish and silly—as though law existed not for the redress of injuries, but as a means of gratifying the enmity of third parties—that it has given the cause of labour-reform a decided set back in public estimation. It is to be hoped the adoption of the President's suggestion may spare the public such exhibitions in future.

THE chorus of approval of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Scheme that has greeted that gentleman's fiasco from this side of the Atlantic is of little critical value; for it is next to impossible for the people of America to appreciate that distinction between the case of State or Provincial self-government and Irish Home Rule, which forms one of the fundamental objections to granting the latter. Ireland is one of a group of islands which compose one State, and to grant it autonomy of government, as proposed by Mr. Gladstone, would in one respect be somewhat similar to granting an Irish ward in New York the right to set up a separate State government side by side, and having equal authority with, the Government at Albany. This as concerns municipal government; but the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland are something more than that, and an Ireland with legislative independence of Great Britain would be on the whole more analogous to a New York State—if it were inhabited five-sixths by Irishmen—independent of the Congress at Washington. How such a state of things would do it is not difficult to imagine. The United States spent half a million lives and millions of treasure to prevent the South from setting up a separate government; and it is hardly consistent for Americans to forget this terrible fact in their history, and advise and applaud the proposed dismemberment of the British Empire.

THE New York *Tribune*, commenting on Mr. Goschen's statement that just as America paid no attention to the voice of England when it was in favour of breaking up the American Union, so will England not heed the voice of America when it counsels the breaking up of the legislative union between England and Ireland, makes the reply that, unlike Ireland, every one of the Southern States had a separate legislature, absolute home rule, and the privilege of being governed by its own citizens; and it follows this by the assertion that because Mr. Gladstone "has justified the demand of the Irish people for Home Rule," by playing into Mr. Parnell's hands, "the Liberal Party, now in majority in the House of Commons, is co-operating through its responsible leaders in establishing that policy." But in truth this is precisely what the Liberal Party refuses to do. The Whigs and Moderate Liberals, having abandoned Mr. Gladstone on the one hand, and the Radicals on the other, accompanied by the whole Liberal Press, what is there left of the Liberal Party to Mr. Gladstone besides his personal following? Nothing. And the simple fact is that in these Irish projects he represents only himself and his new-found Nationalist allies. And the reply to the *Tribune's* comparison between the self-governing state of the South and of Ireland is that England is quite prepared to give the Irish just that measure of self-government they are fit for, but the experience of the past seven years of Irish legislative methods in Parliament warrants no belief that they are as fit for self-government as were the planters of the South; and, moreover, that if Ireland were granted such a measure of self-government as was possessed by the South—which without a revision of the whole Constitution is, however, impossible—she would be not one whit more satisfied than she is to-day; for that is not at all the end the Irish-American employers of her patriots have in view.

AGAIN, the Philadelphia *American*, commenting on the reference in Mr. Gladstone's speech to the beneficial effect of granting self-government to the colonies, and his statement that "we now stand face to face with what is termed Irish Nationality, venting itself in a demand for general self-government in Irish, not in Imperial affairs,—commenting on this, the *American* says that this truth, for which it has been contending ever since its first number was issued, even fair-minded Liberals like Professor Goldwin Smith, have refused to see. "No Liberal in politics," it adds, "can continue his claim to be regarded as fair-minded, if he declines to see it after this lucid and convincing statement of it. He might combat details and be fair, if he do not go so far as to touch the substance. He may be a believer in despotism, and object on principle to self-government. But he cannot be a fair-minded Liberal and dissent from the position taken by Mr. Gladstone." But, we object, they may, and most Liberals with sufficient understanding to perceive the difference in position in the Empire between Ireland and the colonies, do dissent from Mr. Gladstone's confounding the two totally different things. The colonies are States geographically separate from Great Britain; but Ireland is as closely connected with Great Britain as is any Southern State with the North. And just as the United States refused to allow the South to secede and develop a new and hostile nationality on her border, so will England refuse to allow Ireland to do so. And once more, as to this demand of Irish Nationalists for self-government, no re-arrangement of political powers, we are convinced, can do any good. The trouble in Ireland, as far as the Irish people are concerned, is not political, but chiefly economic, and partly social, partly religious. And though the success of the plan now proposed would unquestionably further the designs of the Parnellites, the priesthood and the Irish Americans, it could only aggravate the fundamental ill, by cutting off Ireland from Great Britain, and banishing capital, the thing Ireland chiefly needs to develop her great natural resources. The truth is that every American paper that discusses the subject, begs the whole question. The attitude of all is represented by a question put triumphantly by another we have before us, which, discussing Mr. Goschen's comparison of the South with Ireland, asks as a final query, which it evidently takes to be unanswerable, "Whether the North did not grant self-government to the South immediately after the close of the war?": to which the obvious answer is, we submit, that the North did not grant the South the right to set up a Government for itself, having equal authority with that at Washington, which was what the South demanded, and the sort of Home Rule demanded by Ireland.

THE Irish agitators know that if Mr. Gladstone's two bills pass they have the game in their own hands, and accordingly Mr. Davitt says the bills justify the labours and sacrifices of the Nationalists, and he himself feels that he has not spent nine years in prison in vain; while Mr. Redmond declares that if he in heart was a Separatist he would move heaven and earth to defeat the bills. This is overdoing the part a little; such expressions of satisfaction at once awaken suspicion; and the suspicious ask whether any one can point out any difference between Separation and Mr. Gladstone's scheme, except the presence in the latter of some impracticable provisions which are utterly valueless as guarantees against the former.

If any justification were still needed of the determined opposition of all classes of Englishmen, except the believers in Mr. Gladstone's infallibility, to the principle of granting Home Rule to Ireland, it might surely be found in the objection urged against Mr. Gladstone's two schemes by the leading Irish-Americans, as reproduced by the *Mail* from the *Irish World*. All the leaders, except O'Donovan Rossa, seem to have spoken through this organ, and with one voice they plainly say that Separation, not Mr. Gladstone's half-way measure to that end, is what they want; and as these men are the motive power that controls the movements of Mr. Parnell and his eighty-five fellow patriots, it is clear that if the present Irish Bills should become law the expectations of the English Opposition will be at once realized by the commencement of further agitation, with greatly increased power, to secure the completion of the work of Dismemberment, which object chiefly the American Irish have from first to last had in view.

WITH Mr. Gladstone's present quite opposed view respecting Irish Home Rule, it might be safely counted on that the Home Rule Resolution of the Quebec Legislative Assembly would meet with a very different reception by the British Government from that accorded to the Costigan Resolution, and, accordingly, Mr. Gladstone receives with deep gratitude the encouraging opinion of an assembly of Irish and *habitants*, and cables his acknowledgement. Finding himself out of accord with the best sense and all the enlightenment of his own country, it must be most comforting to receive

the sympathy even of such a representation of local ignorance as the Quebec Assembly.

NOTWITHSTANDING the somewhat amusing complaint of the *Daily News* that Lord Hartington and the Whigs are taking the lead in the attack on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bills, that is certainly the most hopeful feature in the situation—which perhaps accounts for the soreness of the complaint. It is eminently proper that the Whigs and Moderate Liberals, rather than the Conservatives, should take the lead in opposing Mr. Gladstone's schemes. By doing so they are not at all playing into the hands of the Conservatives; they aim, it is true, to attain the same result as that sought by the Conservatives—the defeat of wild legislation,—which no doubt will tell in favour of Conservative principles; but they do this from totally different motives. For the leading motive of Conservative opposition is probably a desire to prevent the disruption of the Empire; but while the Whigs and Moderate Liberals have the same desire, they would, we believe, still yield Home Rule to Ireland, if the concession were demanded by strict justice to Ireland. It is the conviction that justice to Ireland, a regard for her true interests, sternly prohibits the handing over of the government of the country to the agitators who have so strangely deluded Mr. Gladstone, that impels them to oppose his project: they do it most unwillingly, but it is a matter of conscience with them, and though it destroy the old Liberal party, there is no alternative course while the leader persists in departing so widely from Liberal principles.

THE result of an appeal to the country on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule schemes is extremely doubtful; for while the mass of voters have a personal partiality for this or that leader, very few, indeed, have sufficient knowledge of public affairs as to be capable of judging, with the accuracy of a trained mind, what may be the effect on Imperial interests, on the trade, prestige, and whole active life of the nation, of such a measure of dismemberment as that proposed. As against the powerful personal influence of Mr. Gladstone, the Moderate Liberal Opposition, including as it does the soundest thought of the nation, will, however, appeal with greater force to the country than will the Conservative Opposition; and the result of the election last week at Bradford gives ground for belief that in spite of Gladstone-worship the situation is not without hope. As in all by-elections, a lighter vote than that of the General Election was recorded at Bradford; but this showed a great reaction against the Gladstonian principle supposed to be represented by the candidate, who however was non-committal. Although he was elected, it was by a much reduced majority, in spite of the aid of 600 Irish votes which, cast against Mr. Forster last fall were in favour of his successor now. Counting these Irish votes out, the majority of the Gladstone-Liberal candidate has been reduced from 2,593 to 180; and as the *Globe's* special despatch on the morning of the day of the election stated that anything less than a majority of 2,500 [it was 780] would mean a Ministerial defeat, and anything over, a Home Rule gain; let us take it so: in this election the suspicion that the candidate favoured some measure of Home Rule reduced his majority by twelve-thirteenths.

IT is almost incredible that the Greek people—the most acute, shrewd, business-like people on the face of the earth, whose first and last idea is money-making—would thrust their head into the lion's jaws without a previous understanding that no snap should follow. Both Greece and Bulgaria are now, it is true, something more than passive tools in the hands of greater Powers: Greece of late, by wily diplomacy, has made considerable strides in advance, and Bulgaria, by her recent plucky fight, has shown herself to be the most robust State in the Balkans. But while Bulgaria has, with dignity and infinite adroitness, repelled the interference of Russia in her affairs, Greece on the other hand, it is strongly suspected, has good reason to rely on the active help of the Czar—cousin to her king—in case, in the fight she is trying to provoke, Turkey should prove too strong for her. And hence, too, her impregnability to the menaces of the rest of Europe.

THAT England does not take a stronger line in support of Prince Alexander against Russia, can, it is probable, come only from some alarming knowledge in the possession of the Cabinet unknown with certainty, though suspected, by the public. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Gladstone or Lord Rosebery would otherwise passively stand by while this infant State, which has given such splendid promise of taking an effective lead in the development of a Balkan nationality, and thereby solving the Eastern Question in the way most desired by English statesmen,—it is incredible that any English statesman would consent that this promise should be crushed in the bud by Russia, as is evidently the design,

unless the proof were clear that decisive opposition to Russia's designs might involve opposition to Austria and Germany as well, and possibly eventual war with all three. The alliance of the three Emperors may be reasonably expected to provide for mutual help in their respective national aspirations; and Germany's chief care lately has been to maintain that alliance. Austria wishes to get to Salonica; and Russia certainly intends that no independent Bulgaria shall block her road to Constantinople. She will, if she can, prevent Bulgaria from growing up into a strong Balkan State independent of her; yet, in spite of the threats of Russian journalists, it would be a perilous enterprise, if no understanding exists with Austria, for Russia to march against Bulgaria, her flank exposed to Austrian attack. But if she should do so, or if a determined Greek rising should take place, it will confirm the current suspicion that an agreement exists between the three Empires, under which the Balkan Peninsula is to share the fate of Poland, Germany receiving her compensation elsewhere.

THROUGHOUT this business Greece has evidently been counting on the play of cross purposes among the Great Powers. If all were seen with certainty to be united in the determination to repress a Greek rising, no rising would take place; but the withdrawal of Russia from Suda Bay, and the absence of French ships, with perhaps other reasons, has seemingly convinced Greece that neither of these Powers, at any rate, would take part in coercing her. However, both Powers have for the moment ceased to coquet with the question, and have temporarily restored the European concert by joining the other Powers in intimating to Greece that no rising will be permitted at present; and accordingly the outbreak last week, which might, under favouring conditions, have rapidly grown worse, has ended in a mere sputter. Greece, in fact, was trying the ground, and when she found it unsafe she promptly withdrew, as she may always be depended on to do, if unsupported, when confronted by serious opposition; for no State of her position and pretensions has gained more by diplomatic finesse and less by fighting than has Greece.

Not being Russophobe, we are of opinion that if the British Government finally rejects the proposal of Russia that England shall continue the Indian railways to Herat, there to join with the Russian Trans-Caspian line, the British Government will miss an excellent opportunity of placing in train for amicable settlement a question which, while unsettled, may at any time develop into a cause of war between the two empires. Russia in Turkestan is a great fact that cannot be ignored; and, as mistress of the Central Asian trade, she has constructed a railway—a great military and trade road—whose end now hangs on air. Is it to be connected peaceably with the Indian system of railways, to the common profit of England and India, Turkestan and Russia, or is the trade of the latter to languish till military force open an outlet through Afghanistan and Beloochistan, or Persia? That is the question now put to England; and in determining on England's answer, her statesmen have to take account of the certainty that Russia—growing power as she is—cannot for ever be prevented from attaining the desired outlet of a seaport in the Indian Ocean, which is as necessary to the life of her Central Asian Empire as is an air-hole to a seal. And with respect to the safety of the Indian Empire, it is surely better that the Indian road to Herat should be in English hands than that an extension of the Russian road seaward, in whatever direction—and extended it must sooner or later be, in spite of resistance—should be in the hands of so embittered and determined an enemy. In English hands, moreover, it would be a valuable guarantee of continued friendliness on the part of Russia, whose trade interests in Central Asia would then, with England holding the key, be interdependent with British interests in India.

In a paper on "Butter *versus* Home Rule" in the *National Review*, Mr. W. J. Harris gives a view of the economic side of the Irish Question, which, while it unmistakably condemns Mr. Gladstone's projects, commends itself with force to men of business and experience and all acquainted practically—not theoretically—with Ireland and its people. "Anyone," he says, "who has carefully examined the conditions of Irish agriculture must know that at present values there is no hope for the smaller tenants. The surplus they can afford to sell, after supplying the bare necessities of life, will not much longer supply their necessary clothing, let alone the rent. Never was such a demonstration of the absurdity of a nation of peasant farmers, without other employments. It is simply an impossibility; and Mr. Giffen's plan of buying up the land and allowing all these poor persons to become possessors, only ties them to an occupation which employs only half their time, and is doomed to fail in competition with the fertility and

highly organised appliances on virgin soil, with freights from America and India to our consuming markets almost as low as from Cork and Dublin." And he adds: "We have come to that period in our history when the system of free trade (so called) as initiated by Messrs. Cobden and Bright has broken-down. The weakest goes to the wall first. That weakest is Ireland. Mr. Giffen proposes, after having sucked her dry, as he tries to prove that we have done, to let her shift for herself. The problem will develop further. We shall next have the agricultural counties of England and Scotland in the same position. Are we to tell them likewise to go adrift? Then we shall have our manufacturing industries failing through the action of foreign competition. Are we to tell them likewise to care for themselves?"

THE London *Spectator* relates a story, which it justly says is a pleasure to record. The late Mr. Joshua Dixon, shipowner of Liverpool, died in the autumn of 1885. He had, in February of that year, made a will; but just before his death he fell under a form of delusion not infrequent among the rich, and believed himself a pauper. He consequently destroyed the will. It appears, however, that to destroy a will a man must be of sound mind; and as a draft of the will existed, a long and costly lawsuit ought to have resulted. The chief person to benefit by the destruction of the will was, however, Mr. Abraham Dixon, a brother of the testator, who lost under that document £60,000; and he insisted that the draft should be held valid. It was accordingly made valid in the Probate Court on Wednesday, the main evidence as to the testator's mental unsoundness being given by Mr. A. Dixon himself. Much credit was not due to him, we suppose, for, as he knew the facts and the law, he only performed an act of common honesty; but still, the opportunity of fining oneself sixty thousand pounds, in order to keep one's self-respect, is not given to every man; and the Probate Judge's opinion of the suitors before him is far from leading him to expect pecuniary rectitude in all men. One would almost imagine, rare as such a personage is in this world, that Mr. Abraham Dixon would return a book he borrowed.

THE *St. James's Gazette* states that among the causes of the discontent at the root of the troubles in Belgium, is the extraordinary prosperity which the mining population enjoyed during the first half of the last decade. Wages ruled unprecedentedly high between 1870 and 1875, and the Belgian miners thought as little of putting by any portion of their surplus earnings as the English miners did under the same circumstances. The particular "fancies" of the Belgian working man were game-cocks and carrier-pigeons—tastes expensive in themselves, and still more so as creating constant temptations to gambling and dissipation. The men and their families fared sumptuously, and came to regard a command of the good things of life as a normal condition of their lot. The era of prosperity terminated as suddenly as it had dawned, and the times have been exceptionally hard and wages exceptionally low for the last eight years. Intellectually, the Belgian miners are far below the level of the mining population of England, and, in their complete incapacity to comprehend the operation of the economic laws, the agitators have had little difficulty in convincing them that the greed of the companies is alone responsible for the fall in wages, and that force is the only argument which will have any effect upon them.

THE title of Mr. Gladstone's bill, as set down on the Orders of the House of Commons, suggests, says the *Law Journal*, that the first step towards adopting Irish ideas has been well made by employing Irish modes of expression. The bill is to be "A Bill to Amend the Provisions for the Future Government of Ireland." Parliament has performed from time to time many feats in the statute-book by way of amendment, but now it is to be asked to amend a provision which is in the future. It requires the mind of Mrs. Malaprop to grasp the germ of the long-anticipated bill. Let us, with her, be hopeful, so that we will not "anticipate the past; our retrospection shall be all to the future."

ONE of the most characteristic stories told about Mr. Forster, says the *St. James's Gazette*, turns on his whist-playing. Mr. Payn, the novelist, is an enthusiastic whist-player, while Mr. Forster only "joined in" when some one was wanted to make up a rubber. On one occasion they were partners, and Mr. Forster was playing execrably. For a time Mr. Payn kept his temper, as in the circumstances good players find it hard to do; but at last he broke down and looked things unutterable. His partner saw what was wrong and came to Mr. Payn's rescue, "Say anything you like," he said genially; "if you think it would relieve you, call me Buckshot!"

SUNSET.

FAIR was the sight ; for now though full an hour
The sun had sunk she saw a wondrous light
In shifting colour to the zenith tower,
And grow more gorgeous ever and more bright.
Bathed in the warm and comfortable glow,
The fair delighted queen forgot her woe,
And watched the unwonted pageant of the night.

Broad and low down, where last the sun had been,
A wealth of orange gold was thickly shed,
And touching that a curtain pale of green,
Like apples are before their rinds grow red :
Then to the height the variable hue
Of rose and pink and crimson freaked with blue,
And olive-bordered clouds o'er lilac led.

High in the opposed West the wondering moon
All silvery green in flying green was fleeced ;
And round the blazing South the splendour soon
Caught all the heaven, and ran to North and East ;
And Aphrodite knew this thing was wrought
By great Poseidon, and she took the thought
She would go see with whom he kept his feast.

—ROBERT BRIDGES : *Eros and Psyche* : (London : George Bell and Sons.)

A LOVE MARRIAGE.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of L. Halévy. —Concluded.]

"Friday, 6th of June. I must be a little careful. I will not go into the forest, or on the terrace. I shall wait."

"I mounted Jupiter this morning, and, I believe, I rode him very well. Marvel of marvels ! Grandmamma was asleep when I went out ; when I came back I went to her room, to say good morning, and found her writing. She did not hear me open the door. Wishing to surprise her, I went up on tip toe."

"That is a way of yours, it seems."

"Grandmamma was writing a letter that commenced : *My dear General*. . . . I only saw that much. Grandmamma hid the letter at once. I knew she was acquainted with a general, who held a good position as Minister of War. Why was she writing to him this morning ? Besides this, why did she hide her letter ? After dinner we talked about the horse. To-morrow, papa would not go to town before the noon train, in the morning he would go and see M. de Léonelle."

"The door opened. It was the colonel. . . . As a matter of course, they spoke of the horse, and of the projected visit on the morrow. Papa said it would put him out a little to wait for the midday train, on account of his business.—"Oh ! do not trouble yourself in the least about it, I will see M. de Léonelle and arrange matters. As to the price, it will be nineteen hundred francs, as M. de Léonelle does not wish to make anything out of this affair. He saw that I knew you, and eagerly seized this occasion to be agreeable to his colonel. . . . In the course of a few weeks, pay him the compliment of asking him to dine with you, very probably he will refuse, as he is a rough kind of a fellow. He never goes anywhere, shuts himself up of evenings to work. . . . Only for the pleasure of it, not from necessity."

"Things remained thus ; would he refuse it ? I did not believe it, and I do not believe it was for the sake of being obliging to his colonel he sold me that horse."

"Saturday, 7th of June. We were getting off our horses at half-past eight o'clock, in the court of our barracks. The colonel came to me and thanked me for my kindness in being so obliging. He thinks it was on his account I had given up my horse. . . . The question of price was settled in a few words, and the colonel said :—"I dare say they will ask you to dinner in the course of a few weeks, but you need not accept unless you wish. I said that you were a rough sort of fellow, a bear in fact."—"Oh ! colonel, but—colonel. . . ." "Is it not true ? You refuse all invitations."—"I do not think I shall refuse this one, though."—"That is how it stands, eh ? Oh ! I did not understand. You give at cost price a horse that is worth at least a thousand crowns, and which you said you would not give to any one. Ah ! she has pretty eyes, this little blonde."

"You are quite right, colonel, I have found her charming, I must confess !"

"That much escaped me. . . . The pleasure of speaking of her. . . . Only to have Picot for a confidant was a little too hard !"

"Some one came in search of the colonel for his report of the week. While the chief of the squadron was telling all the events of the evening : what mare had been kicked, what man had not turned up at roll-call, what horse was bitten, etc., etc., all the while, the colonel was looking at me with a quizzical expression, and twisting his grey moustache. After the report, he went out, and on passing he said :—"Do you see this young savage, who is taming himself, and who sells his horses . . . for love !"

"The colonel is a splendid fellow, but a terrible tease. My secret would soon be the talk of the regiment."

"Saturday, 7th of June. It is frightful ! Last night I saw him in my dreams ! Oh ! just see what I have come to ! If M. Gambetta also

appeared in my dreams it was because the evening before they had talked about him all the time during dinner.

"He was Commander-in-chief . . . not M. Gambetta, but M. Léonelle. . . . He was commanding the whole French army ; and had achieved a great victory. M. Gambetta came to him and said :—"You have been equal to Bonaparte ; be Napoleon !"

"M. Gambetta wished to crown him ; but he, with admirable modesty, replied : "No, no, Bonaparte is enough for me ; Napoleon I do not care for."

"M. Gambetta replied :—"Ah ! I admire that spirit, I will keep the power and you may have the glory."

"Are these dreams ridiculous, and is it foolish of me to write them down ?"

"During the day, I mounted Jupiter ; always the same wonderful animal. He did not appear, from discretion, I am sure. In the evening, after dinner, the colonel came. Mamma, on hearing him announced, made a little face as much as to say :—"What ! another of these military men !"

"The colonel tells us that the price asked for Jupiter is nineteen hundred francs. . . . Then I see him turn and manœuvre, as if to lead papa away to smoke a cigar in the garden. A quarter of an hour passes away. Mamma becomes impatient :—"What can your papa have to do with this colonel ? He will catch cold ; he is bareheaded. Take this hat to him and try to bring him back to the house."—"Yes, mamma."

"I go into the garden. . . . I hear the colonel make this speech : *She is a pearl, I assure you, a pearl without price*. . . . And then a *Hush ! take care !* They immediately changed the conversation. Ah ! this is too much. Had he already asked my hand in marriage, by proxy, through the colonel ? Is that the way they arrange these matters in a cavalry regiment ? It is going a little too fast ! After a single interview in which there was nothing said except about oats, straw, and hay !

"The colonel and papa went into the drawing room. The colonel went home. Papa had a very preoccupied air. At eleven o'clock, when I kissed him good night, he took my two hands and said : "Are you pleased with this gentleman's horse ? . . . I replied :—"Oh, yes, papa. . . . If you knew my dear Jupiter ; I adore him ! . . . I adore him !"

"I think I said that with too much fervour ; for an instant I feared I had betrayed myself. When I speak of his horse, it seems as if I were speaking of him ! And the *pearl*, who is this *pearl* ? He or I ?"

"Sunday, 8th of June. This morning I received a letter from my sister : *I can do no more. For the past few days I have made forty visits ; and I always managed to slide into the conversation this little phrase : "Do you happen to know a family called Lablivière ?" I obtained several answers. All admirable. Quite well off, and the wealth honestly gained. As to the young girl all agree : She is an angel ! Go on, captain, if your heart is in it.*

"I am stupefied ! She saw then that I was in love. At six o'clock, I received a short note from her father. They invite me to dine next Wednesday, the eleventh. The colonel told me I should receive an invitation in a couple of weeks. Must I reply at once ? No, to-morrow will be soon enough."

"Sunday, the 8th of June. This morning I came down stairs early. The postman had just passed. There was a packet of letters on the waiter in the ante-room. Is there one for me ? No ; but here is one for grandmamma. An official letter for her, with a large red seal ; upon the seal, I read : *French Republic. Minister of War. Strictly private*. To think that my destiny is there, in that letter ! for I am quite sure she has asked some information about the captain. I hear a servant coming. I fly like a thief caught in the act. . . . It is ten o'clock and grandmamma must be awake. She must have read her letter by this time. I go upstairs to her room :—"Ah ! here you are, my pet !"

"Grandmamma appeared quite lively ; she kissed me very tenderly, more grandly than usual. Oh ! how happy grandmamma appears to be ! That is to be seen by the way she embraced me this morning. The general's letter has evidently pleased her."

"To-day is Sunday. Papa does not go to Paris. After breakfast, grandmamma said to him :—"I want to speak to you."—"Very well ; I, too, have something to say."

"And they both go into the smoking-room. What is grandmamma doing in there ? I will wager she intends reading the general's letter."

"Grandmamma is quite a patriot. I have often heard her say that there is no more noble career than the army. . . . mothers were very guilty who, through selfishness, hindered their daughters from marrying soldiers. Grandmamma has a horror of gentlemen, whose only merit consists in this : killing ever so many pigeons in the spring, and as many pheasants in the autumn ; whilst mamma has a secret tenderness for young men who do not work with their hands, outside the massacre of pigeons and pheasants, and they are continually disputing on the subject."

"At last the day is over. Half way through dinner, papa said, in rather a careless way :—"This young officer has really been very kind ; I asked him to dinner next Wednesday."—"For Wednesday !" cried mamma. . . . "What are you in such a hurry for ? Do you intend to ask the whole barracks here ? . . . This young gentleman is very charming, I grant you, but he will bring others. . . . Our house will become a barracks, a camp !"

"Monday, 9th of June. I was awfully stupid. I spent a whole hour this morning writing an acceptance to their invitation. I commenced ten or twenty times before I could get my letter off. I remembered I had written the equal *pleasure* twice in those unfortunate eight lines."

"Monday, 9th of June. He has accepted! We were breakfasting this morning, our dining-room windows open on the court-yard. . . . All at once mamma cried:—"Hein! another soldier added to the list in our yard! . . ."

"I look, and these words escape me: "Oh! it is only Picot!"

"It was a sight to see mamma, and to hear her!—It was the last straw!—"You understand now, that Marguerite knows the names of all the soldiers!"

"Of only one, mamma, only one. . . . It is the one who led Jupiter here the other day."

"Grandmamma shook with suppressed laughter. . . . How jolly Grandmamma is! . . . This morning she was singing coming down stairs! Had she a good account given her by the general? . . ."

"After breakfast, I took possession of his letter. . . . How elegant it is in its simplicity! This was the tenor of it: *Sir,—I received the invitation you were kind enough to send me for Wednesday, the 11th of June. I accept it with great pleasure, and am very much gratified to know that Miss Labinière is pleased (a plaisir) with my horse . . . With kind regards.*

"It was intentional, the mention of *pleasure* twice. . . . He knew I should see his note. . . . He was well supported in this idea."

"Tuesday, 10th of June. I dine at her house to-morrow."

"Tuesday, 10th of June. He dines here to-morrow' And here we are at the momentous day of the dinner. You ought to read the account of that."

"Would you believe me, my little Marguerite. . . . Let us stop here to-day. . . . And let us first see what time it is."

"Oh! two o'clock in the morning!"

"Yes, two o'clock in the morning! It is a very good reason for stopping. . . . It is not the only one. . . . I believe from this point our writings will be terribly monotonous. It will be love, and then love, and always love! There would be nothing else in our little notes . . . in mine, at least."

"In mine also."

"And the same old story, love. . . . With the liberty to see each other, the liberty to speak to one another . . . from the time I saw you quite near . . . the happiness of seeing you as you were, that is to say, the most lovely and the best of women! The great privilege of having loved you! What is most charming and most peculiar in our love affair was its beginning. We loved one another instinctively at first sight, without speaking or knowing one another. All at once, through your eyes, I read your heart. Since the 11th of June, the day of the dinner, until August the 17th, the day of our marriage, we said a great deal to one another, we said a great many sweet and loving things; but never, Marguerite, never was there a more passionate dialogue than that in the court before Jupiter and Picot. I felt such thrills of emotion that I was convinced. I went out of the courtyard into the Rue des Arcades with the feeling that you were mine, and that my life henceforth would be devoted to your happiness. . . . There has been already two years of that. . . . And, my darling, have I succeeded?"

"Oh! yes, yes, indeed you have!"

She was no longer on the little footstool. . . . She was on his knee. . . . And throwing aside the diary they read no more that night.

ZARA.

A MILITARY SKETCH.

It is strange to think in this enlightened nineteenth century of ours how many different forms of religion there are, and how various are the modes adopted by different people for displaying their faith. Take, for instance, a devout Roman Catholic. An early mass—rigid fasting at appointed times—periodical visits to the confessional—a little cross or crucifix worn as a charm—all these things tend to show his religion. On the other hand, take a staunch member of the Church of England. Regular attendance at church—at the communion table once a month—a little charity in speaking of a neighbour's faults—these are some of his characteristics. This is all very well; but surely one of the most extraordinary ways of evincing religious fervour is that affected by the "Salvation Army," when they parade the streets in full force. For the benefit of those not familiar with the habits of this renowned military body (I mean those who have not the good fortune to reside within a hundred yards of a "Salvation Barracks"), I may as well mention some of the most striking features that have come under my immediate notice. In the first place, the "Army's" usual hour for "parade" is eight p.m., an hour at which, in most well-regulated families, the children have retired, or are just retiring to rest. In the second place, their musical instruments are not the harp, flute, sackbut, etc., but the big drum, kettledrum, and tambourine. Imagine, then, the result. Some poor, weary mother, tired with the numerous worries of the day, has just put her noisy little ones to bed; has seen with a sigh of relief that the baby is peacefully sleeping the sleep of the just, and has tiptoed out of the bedroom, intending to indulge in a quarter of an hour's perusal of the newspaper before settling down with her work-basket to the evening's business of mending socks and stockings. She hears a sound that makes her heart stand still with fear. What is it? It is the "Salvation Army" mustering its forces outside the barracks. A

few faint beats of the drum are heard—the weary mother fervently prays that the "Army" will go the other way for this one night at least. But no! it comes thundering down the street, drums beating, tambourines jingling, colours flying, the martial tread of the warriors making the very house shake as they stride along. Shouts of "We're marching on to war! we are, we are, we are," rend the air, and are wafted to the ears of the sleeping children. The familiar sounds reach them even in dreamland, and they start up in bed with cries of "The Army! the Army!" The baby, rudely awakened from its slumbers gives a piteous cry; and the weary mother is in despair. The outdoor sounds die away in the distance, but the "Army" has done its duty. It has proclaimed its sentiments abroad—it has displayed its enthusiasm before the wondering gaze of the men, women, and children who have turned out to view the procession. What matter that the weary mother (only one of a number) vainly tries to soothe the frightened baby? Or that the excited children, disturbed by longings to follow in the footsteps of the "flying column," find it difficult to settle themselves again to repose? The Army has nothing to do with that; it has its daily routine to go through, and in the words that Dickens has put into the mouth of Sergeant Bagshot—"Discipline must be maintained." Confusion reigns supreme in the dwellings by which the procession has passed; but peace only dwells in the bosoms of the zealous Salvationists.

Not long ago, a married woman residing in the west end of the city, opened her door to a female soldier, dressed in the regulation dark blue costume, and (if I may be permitted to use the term) "Salvation" bonnet. The military lady opened her business thus:—"How do you do? I am collecting subscriptions for a 'Banquet.'" "I am sorry to say I have no money to spare," was the reply. "Could you promise provisions?" was the next query. A very decided answer in the negative was delivered, and with a murmured "Thank you" the Salvationist took her departure. The woman of the house, who, with a husband out of work, had managed to struggle through the winter only with the greatest difficulty, retired to her kitchen to muse over the strange inconsistencies going on in the world. Here was she, with her family, not knowing from day to day where they were going to get the next meal, while this other woman was "collecting subscriptions for a banquet." A "banquet!" If the Salvationist had said a tea-meeting, a dinner, or even a supper, it would not have seemed so bad; but a "banquet!" The word savoured of feasting; and the married woman worked herself up into a state of virtuous indignation as she thought of her own empty cupboards, and how she had been requested to promise provisions. She even began to speculate on the feasibility of going round collecting subscriptions for a banquet on her own account, but, fearing she might be arrested as a mendicant, decided that it would not be advisable to do so.

Let us hope that the members of the Salvation Army have enjoyed their banquet; and that, when next they collect subscriptions, it may be for the benefit of the poor of Toronto, to whom banquets are like angel's visits, "few and far between."

V. F. M. B.

FINE ART IN TORONTO.

We recently took occasion to call attention to the "Century" Exhibition of engravings, now being held by the Ontario Society of Artists in Toronto. The Society is now, we believe, preparing for their usual spring exhibition, which is to open early next month. We shall look forward, hopefully, for the same progress that has been shown by them. Meanwhile, the enterprise of one of our citizens has given us an opportunity of seeing a very fine collection of the works of Scottish Artists. Such exhibitions as these cannot fail to develop a taste for that which is beautiful. Most of the Toronto public are debarred from seeing the good work which is constantly within the reach of larger and more favourably located cities, and we feel that too much praise cannot be given to those who are doing their best to supply the deficiency.

In the exhibition which is now open we have the work of no less than eight members of the Glasgow Art Club, some of which are already well and favourably known in Toronto. The work which pleased us most is that of Edwin S. Calvert and W. Pratt. Calvert's work has been freely admitted in the Royal Academy in London, and was at their last exhibition spoken of by the critics as being amongst the "pictures of the year." There is one on view now, No. 77, entitled "Kelp-burning in the Island of Mull." This picture would do credit to any collection. We have seldom seen a picture in which the water was more translucent. There is a bold headland bathed in a genuine Scotch mist, and the golden light from the morning sun gives a warmth and tone which is harmonious and very pleasing. Did our space permit we should like to say more of this artist's work. We must, however, content ourselves by naming Nos. 75, 62, 84, 56, and 54,

all of which are worthy of, and will repay, a close and careful study. Perhaps one of the most pleasing pictures is "The Wimplin Burn," No. 19, by W. Pratt. This is evidently a conscientious out-door painting. Two children are watching a trout as he rises to the surface of a quiet pool. The water and pebbled shore are both thoroughly well painted; the well-known difficulty of handling the various tones of green beyond, has been very cleverly overcome. As we look at No. 79, "Sunset, Bowrills, Fifeshire," by the same artist, we feel irresistibly the force of Gray's lines.

Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

No. 53, "A Scotch Lassie," gives evidence that this artist has as much power in portrait painting as in landscape. There are several figure-subjects, notably, those by H. R. Salmon, of Glasgow. These are the more welcome from the fact that so very few of our own artists ever attempt any work of this kind. No. 93, "The Thames," by C. J. Lauder, is a very scholarly little picture, which we should think everyone would be glad to possess. We have not spoken of the water-colours, of which there are several good examples, but we recommend our readers not to miss the opportunity of seeing the collection, which will be open free to the public for the ensuing week.

MUSIC.

HAMILTON.

On Friday evening last the Philharmonic Society gave Handel's Oratorio, "Sampson," in Wesley Church, (first time in this city), with a band and chorus of about 150 performers, and these soloists:—Delilah, Mrs. Gertrude Luther, Buffalo; Micah, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Hamilton; Samson, Mr. F. Jenkins, Cleveland; Harapha, Mr. D. M. Babcock, Boston; Manoah, Mr. F. W. Wodell; and The Messenger, Mr. E. Alexander, Hamilton. The large audience was quite enthusiastic over the really excellent singing of Mrs. Luther, and Messrs. Babcock and Wodell. Mrs. Mackelcan had rather an ungrateful part, but did by far the best work she has yet accomplished in this city, showing great improvement in smoothness and purity of tone. Mr. Jenkins was ill, and so could not do himself justice, but nevertheless showed himself a very capable singer of Handel's airs. Mrs. Luther in "Let the Bright Seraphim," with trumpet obbligato well played by Mr. Peel, and Mr. Babcock in "Honour" and "Arms," created veritable sensations, and were repeatedly applauded. Mr. Wodell showed an immense advance in style as an oratorio singer, delivering his recitatives in a broad and dramatic manner, which commanded attention. He made one of the successes of the evening by his pathetic singing of the air, "How Willing my Paternal Love." Mr. Alexander has a fair tenor voice, and performed his little part well. The chorus did some very good work, and some not quite up to their standard. Of the orchestra the same can be said. Exception must be taken to the too rapid tempo adopted by the conductor in the "Dead March." There can be no doubt that Samson is one of the popular "successes" of the Society's career. F. H. Torrington was the conductor.—*C. Major.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MUSIC.

COQUETTE'S ROSE. Words by Rea; Music by F. J. Hatton. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

This is a good song for tenor or soprano of moderate compass. A very pretty ballad with open vowel sounds, suitable for song-writing. The subject is treated naturally, as the experience of many a demure damsel and too sanguine admirer will testify. The music is appropriate to the words.

We have received also the following publications:—

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. May. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

LIBRARY MAGAZINE. May 8. New York: John B. Alden.

KNOX COLLEGE MONTHLY. April. Toronto: Knox College.

WIDE AWAKE. May. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

ST. NICHOLAS. May. New York: The Century Company.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. April 24. Boston: Littell and Company.

ART INTERCHANGE. April 24. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. May. New York: E. R. Pelton.

THE FORUM. May. New York: The Forum Publishing Company, 97 Fifth Avenue.

JACOB BRYANT said of Archdeacon Coxe's hieroglyphics that they could be called neither a hand nor a fist, but a foot, and that a club one. They formed a clumsy, tangled, black skein, and ran across the paper in knots it was impossible to untie into a meaning. On one occasion Bishop Barrington, while expostulating with the Archdeacon for sending him a letter he could not read, told him of a very bad writer, a Frenchman, who answered a letter thus: "Out of respect, Sir, I write to you with my own hand, but, to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy, which I have caused my amanuensis to make."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE third part of E. P. Roe's timely series on "The Home Acre" furnishes authoritative counsel on the garden and the best methods of grape culture.

MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT gives a jolly account in the May *Wide Awake* of the visit to Paris of one hundred and twenty-nine young American midshipmen.

NORA PERRY has an illustrated ballad, "The Children's Cherry Feast," in the May *Wide Awake*. Helen Gray Cone has also a dainty poem, "Wool Gathering."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD and Frances E. Willard, will continue the discussion of "Early Marriages," in the May *Brooklyn Magazine*, each assuming a different standpoint.

THE Scribners have just published a new and popular edition of Mr. Astor's novel, "Valentino," for a dollar. More than five thousand copies of the expensive edition have been sold.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Boston eulogy on General Grant will shortly be reprinted in the *Brooklyn Magazine* directly from the original manuscript and under Mr. Beecher's personal supervision.

MISS ROSE KINGSLEY, the daughter of the novelist, will contribute an article to the May *St. Nicholas* describing Shakespeare's boyhood, with pictures of the poet's home, the school, etc., by Alfred Parsons.

MRS. CRAIK'S story, "King Arthur," which announces itself as "not a love story," continues to be strongly interesting. The second large instalment is in the May *Harper's*. The following part will conclude the novel.

R. F. ZOGBAUM contributes to the May *Harper's* some of his experiences of frontier life and adventure under the heading, "With the Bluecoats on the Border." The article is fully illustrated from the author's drawings.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES'S first magazine article will be printed in the *Brooklyn Magazine* for May, and will treat of "National Aid to Popular Education," a subject to which Mr. Hayes has given considerable study and examination.

REV. JAMES B. KENYON, whose poem, "The Belated Daffodils," is an original contribution to the April volume of *Through the Year With the Poets*, is about twenty-eight years of age, and pastor of a Methodist Church in Oswego Centre, N. Y.

"APRIL," which D. Lothrop and Company publish, contains on the title-page a graceful quatrain by the popular young poet, Frank Dempster Sherman, who, in his Peekskill home, is thinking of sending forth a volume of his sparkling verses this year.

THE famous *Punch* artist, Mr. George Du Maurier, whose caricatures of English society have achieved for him a world-wide celebrity, contributes a number of striking illustrations for an article on "The London Season" in the May *Harper's*.

CLINTON SCOLLARD, whose volume, *With Reed and Lyre*, is now in the press of D. Lothrop and Company, is a graduate of Hamilton College, in the class of 1881. He is about twenty-five years old, and quite a favourite in Boston literary circles this season.

THE Friends of Mrs. Jane G. Austin, the novelist, have been quite anxious over her long illness, she having been confined to her bed for nearly two months. "April," of *Through the Year With the Poets*, contains a poem written by her in brief respites from pain.

THE author of "Lorna Doone" has begun another charming story of country life in the England of Lord Nelson's time. The second instalment, in the May *Harper's*, gives promise of a powerful novel. Frederick Barnard and Alfred Parsons illustrate the story.

THE *Illustrated Graphic News* of Cincinnati has engaged John R. Musick to travel among the various Indian tribes, and write descriptions of them. All his articles will be profusely illustrated by the best artists. These sketches will, for several months, be a feature in the *Graphic*.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S delightful summer-resort serial, "Their Pilgrimage," deals in the second part (*Harper's Magazine* for May) with the Catskills. His management of the subject is unique, and the clever illustrations by C. S. Reinhart enhance the attractiveness of the chapters.

THERE will soon appear a small book, for which is anticipated a great run, inasmuch as it meets a crying demand from many young women who are forced to support themselves and do not know what to do. "A new Departure for Girls" is the title, and it is written by Margaret Sidney.

AMONG the illustrated articles in the May *Century* is a description of the New Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, near San Francisco, written by Taliesin Evans. The first of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's papers on "American Country Dwellings," with many suggestive drawings, is in the same number.

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND COMPANY announce for publication, on April 13, a new novel by Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, "The Lost Name;" "The Days of the Spinning-Wheel in New England," being volume II. of the "Old Time Series," gleanings chiefly from old newspapers of Boston and Salem, Massachusetts, by Henry M. Brooks; "Poets and Problems," by George Willis Cooke; and "The Imperial Island," England's Chronicle in Stone, by James F. Hunnewell.

NOW that the time is approaching when sail boats, great and small, are to be put into commission, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons' announcement of a practical "Boat Sailor's Manual" is very timely. The author is Lieut. Edward F. Qualtrough, of the navy. He has made a complete treatise on the management of sailing boats of all kinds, and under all conditions of weather; containing also concise descriptions of the various rigs in general use, at home and abroad, directions for handling sailing canoes, and the rudiments of cutter and sloop sailing. The volume will be issued probably about the first of May.

THE May number of *Literary Life* is unusually bright. "Joaquin Miller Under His Oaks," accompanied by a robust portrait of the poet of the Sierras, is the introductory article. Maurice Thompson contributes an excellent paper on "Tests of Originality in Art." There is an illustrated article on Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, in which his home and study are finely sketched. The articles on the British Poets are continued, the home and haunts of Oliver Goldsmith being described and illustrated. Mr. James B. Kenyon discusses Henry Abbey's poetry. In the "Pen Pictures of Authors" the twin humorists, Tom Hood and Artemus Ward, are portrayed. The editor contributes a most attractive paper on "The Poetry of the Future," illustrated by a poem entitled "Mid-Ocean." The younger poets hold a poetic symposium in which appear some very brilliant verses. "Literary Gossip" is an original paper contributed by Proteus, and the usual instalment of "Anecdotes of Authors and Great Thoughts" are supplied. In the Sanctum the editor replies to some very unique literary themes in an interesting manner. The May number of this unique and high class magazine, published in Chicago, is the best yet issued.

Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has just completed a new work entitled "The Right Honourable," which he has put into the hands of his publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It is a story of society and politics, and the American edition will appear in the "Franklin Square Library."

A SOMEWHAT novel arrangement has been entered into by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Company and the American News Company. It is proposed to issue a popular edition of Mr. E. P. Roe's novel, "From Jest to Earnest," in a quarto paper pamphlet and with large illustrations by Mr. Joseph Lauber. The whole edition, which, we understand, is about 50,000 copies, has been sold to the American News Company, and the plates will be melted up as soon as the copies are off press.

A PUBLISHER writes to the *Athenaeum*:—"Shilling story-books are appearing at the rate of something like three or four a day. When a good story does happen to make a stir it is now promptly choked out of existence by another treading too closely on its heels, and that in turn dies before well born. Because a story is startling in situation, is told in a certain number of pages, and is sold for a shilling, the belief is widespread that a gigantic fortune follows. MSS. from untrained hands keep pouring in, but probably not one shilling story in every dozen that see the light pays its expenses. The bookstalls will not hold them, the reputation of the publishers is being ruined by them, and the public is sick of them."

In the ninth half-yearly volume of the *Century*, comprising the numbers from November, 1885, to April, 1886, there are nearly one thousand pages of reading matter, well illustrated by above a third as many engravings which differ as widely in character as do the scores of articles they accompany. A glance at the more important features of the volume may not be out of place. Those papers which deal with questions of present and lasting importance may fairly claim first attention. The various phases of Socialism are here ably and frankly reviewed. The Papers on the Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, are composed of distinct articles, yet forming a continuous series of great historic value. Twenty maps, and twice as many portraits of leaders in the conflicts described, with a profusion of battle pictures and army sketches, accompany the War Papers. A satisfactory classification of the illustrated articles is well nigh impossible. There are also biographical papers of great value, fiction, and poetry; and scattered through the volume, yet not at random, are essays touching almost all subjects and readers.

THE May number of the *Eclectic Magazine* is an attractive and readable issue, covering a goodly variety of topics. The leading paper, "Ireland Under Her Own Parliament," by J. H. Derwent, is germane to the British situation to-day. A paper on "The Rossettis" will interest readers specially interested in literary and artistic questions. James Bryce, M.P., has a contribution on "The Relations of History and Geography," and Lady Dilke has an historical paper of interest on "France Under Richelieu." The contribution by Huxley on "The Evolution of Theology" will be read with peculiar interest. Sir John Lubbock on "The Pleasure of Reading" gives a bright and suggestive paper which may be studied with profit; and the companion article, "The Office of Literature," will be also cordially welcomed. Among minor articles special attention may be called to "Emigration," from the *Saturday Review*, and "Socialist Rage" and "Multiple Personality," from the *London Spectator*. There is the usual variety of short stories, poetry and sketches. The number as a whole seems to be of a highly popular character.

THE ART INTERCHANGE of April 24, 1886, is a gala number. It contains a beautiful large picture in colour, showing three pretty children's heads, one of them crowned with violets. Besides this beautiful sketch there is a charming Easter Carol, with an illustration by Walter Satterlee, showing an angel clinging to a spray of Easter lilies. The music of the Carol was composed expressly for the *Art Interchange* by Joseph Mosenthal, the well-known New York musician. This is a beautiful Eastern souvenir. The third supplement is a very pretty design of drawn work and outline embroidery for table-cloth border. Other designs are: a quaint Japanese fishery design, for plate decoration; some excellent game birds; a strong "all-over daisy design," for bed-spread or curtain; clover and grasses, for ice cream plate; and raspberries and leaves, for plaque or plate. The text has an admirable article on fashionable screens, telling what materials, decoration and frames are used in the construction of these useful articles. Valuable instruction is also given in painting photographs, ornamenting rooms, dye painting, water colors. Over sixty questions, relating to art work and house furnishing, are answered. Price of this issue, including all supplements, 20 cents.

THE first two chapters of William Henry Bishop's new serial, "The Golden Justice," appear in the *Atlantic* for May. The scene of the story is laid in a western city, and the novel opens in so original a manner as to pique the curiosity of the reader. Charles Egbert Cradlock's instalment of "In the Clouds" is in her best manner, and is one of the strongest and most thrilling pieces of work which have yet come from this remarkable writer. Henry James continues his "Princess Casamassima" in characteristic style, transporting his hero to Paris, of which he gives some interesting incidental descriptions. The fiction of the number is completed by a tender little sketch of New England life, "Marsh Rosemary," by Sarah Orne Jewett. Mr. John Fiske continues his papers on American History by one treating of "The Weakness of the American Government under the Articles of Confederation." Mr. E. P. Evans has an instructive paper on "The Aryan Homestead." Mr. W. J. Stillman contributes "Memories of London," in which there is much pleasant reminiscence of English art and artists of thirty years ago. Mr. Maurice Thompson has an article on "Bird Song"; and there are five excellent poems, one of which is by W. W. Story. Criticisms of the new "Life of Longfellow," and of some recent books of travel, and other volumes, with the Contributors' Club and Books of the Month, complete a number altogether admirable.

A NEW magazine, which is entitled at least to the credit of being original, has been started in Buena Vista, Col., and enjoys the name of the *Rocky Mountain Fairy*. The editor's salutatory editorial is decidedly in an original vein, and is worthy of being classed in the category of curiosities of literature. "Most American literary magazines," he begins, "go almost entirely by big names in the selection of their matter, and frequently publish compositions which would be grand indeed were it not that our vernacular is subject to certain rules of grammar, with which most of those writers seem to be about as familiar as a Boston pilot is with the snags in the Arkansas River." After proceeding to tell his readers that much of American poetry is only the "phosphorescent glimmer of mouldering fish and vermin," the editor announces that a leading feature of his next number will be an article entitled "A Trance: Glimpses into Eternity by One Who Was Dead." Another important feature is described as "Our Gallery of Rogues and Fools, whom we will describe in all the grossness of their animal nature, without fear or favour, and yet without libelling any one, as only true words will be written." In conclusion, assurance is given that "our mining department will be so reliable in its statements that they can only be gainsaid by sidewalk bummers who are as unacquainted with the principles of truth as their shirts are strangers to water and soap." American literature may safely raise its drooping head, and take courage in the face of such attractive promises.

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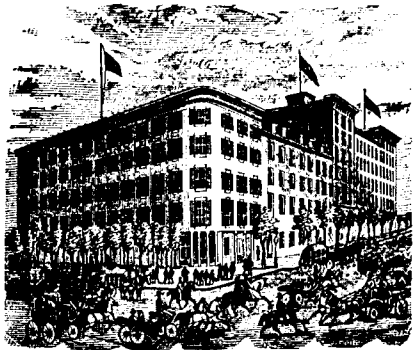
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In pursuance of the resolutions passed at the great public meeting held in Toronto on March 8th, the Committee of the Loyal and Patriotic Union appeals to all who are true to the Mother Country and the Union, with out distinction of party or race, for subscription in aid of the Loyal and Unionist cause in Ireland. The treasurers of the fund are: in Ireland. The treasurers of the fund are: Rev. Dr. John Potts, 33 Elm Street, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Joseph Wild, 175 Jarvis Street, Toronto; Rev. Prof. William Clark, Trinity College, Toronto; E. F. Clarke, Esq., 33 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. By any one of these gentlemen or at the Bank of Toronto subscriptions will be received. All subscriptions of whatever amount will be welcomed as proofs of good-will to the cause, and will be severally acknowledged. Friends of the cause throughout the country are invited to organize in their own localities for the purpose of collecting subscriptions.

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