

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No. 24.

Toronto, Thursday, May 12th, 1887.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents.

A Blue Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription is due. We should be pleased to have a remittance. We send no receipts, so please note the change of date upon address slip, and if not made within two weeks advise us by post card.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,000,000
Reserve Fund - - - 1,600,000

DIRECTORS:
HENRY W. DARLING, Esq., President.
WM. ELLIOT, Esq., Vice-President.
Hon. William McMaster, George Taylor, Esq., Hon. S. C. Wood, James Crathern, Esq., T. Sutherland Stayner, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq., Geo. A. Cox, Esq., John I. Davidson.
General Manager, B. E. Walker; Assistant General Manager, J. H. Plummer; Inspector, Wm. Gray.
New York Agents.—J. H. Goadby and Alex. Laird.
BRANCHES.—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Norwich, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Seaford, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock, Blenheim, Jarvis.
Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and South America.
BANKERS.—New York, the American Exchange National Bank; London, England, the Bank of Scotland.
Chicago Correspondent—American Exchange National Bank of Chicago.

THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized, - - - \$1,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - - - 500,000
Capital Paid-up, - - - 325,000

HEAD OFFICE,—TORONTO.

Board of Directors.
DAVID BLAIN, Esq., - - - President.
SAM'L TREES, Esq., - - - Vice-President.
H. P. DWIGHT, Esq., A. McLean Howard, Esq., O. Blackett Robinson, Esq., K. Chisholm, Esq., M.P.P., D. Mitchell McDonald, Esq., A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.
Branches.—Brampton, Durham, Guelph, Richmond Hill and North Toronto.
Agents.—In Canada, Canadian Bank of Commerce; in New York, Importers and Traders National Bank; in London, Eng., National Bank of Scotland.

THE FEDERAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid Up - - - \$1,250,000
Reserve - - - 125,000

S. Nordheimer, Esq., President.
J. S. Playfair, Esq., - Vice-President.
Edward Gurney, Esq., Wm. Galbraith, Esq., B. Cronyn, Esq., H. E. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., J. W. Langmuir, Esq., G. W. Yarker, - - - General Manager.
A. E. Plummer, - - - Inspector.
BRANCHES.—Aurora, Chatham, Guelph, Kingston, London, Newmarket, Simcoe, St. Mary's, Strathroy, Tilsonburg, Toronto, Yorkville, Winnipeg.
BANKERS.—American Exchange National Bank in New York; The Maverick National Bank in Boston; The National Bank of Scotland in London.

John Stark and Co.,
Members of Toronto Stock Exchange,
BUY AND SELL
Toronto, Montreal & New York Stocks
FOR CASH OR ON MARGIN.
Properties bought and sold. Estates managed. Rents collected.
28 TORONTO STREET.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid-up \$1,500,000
Reserve Fund..... 500,000

DIRECTORS.
H. S. HOWLAND, President.
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-President, St. Catharines
William Ramsay, Hon. Alex. Morris.
Robert Jaffray, P. Hughes.
T. R. Wadsworth.
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier. B. JENNINGS, Inspector.

HEAD OFFICE, - - - TORONTO.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO.
Essex Centre, Niagara Falls, Welland, Ferris, Port Colborne, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Toronto—Yonge St. cor. Queen—Ingersoll, St. Thomas.

BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST.
Winnipeg. Brandon. Calgary.
Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

THE QUEBEC BANK.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1818.

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, - - - QUEBEC.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
HON. JAS. G. ROSS, - - - President.
WILLIAM WITHALL, Esq., Vice-President.
SIR N. F. BELLEAU, K.T., JNO. R. YOUNG, Esq., R. H. SMITH, Esq., WILLIAM WHITE, Esq., GEO. R. RENFREW, Esq., JAMES STEVENSON, Esq., Cashier.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN CANADA.
Ottawa, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Pembroke, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Thorold, Ont.; Three Rivers, Que.
AGENTS IN NEW YORK.—Bank of British North America.
AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$97,500,000.
ASSETS, \$33,000,000.
INVESTED IN CANADA, \$900,000.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, Montreal.
Jos. B. REED, Agent, Toronto.

Office—20 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1809.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Fire Premiums (1884) \$7,000,000
Fire Assets (1884)..... 13,000,000
Investments in Canada 982,517
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life).. 33,500,000

Toronto Branch—26 Wellington St. E.

R. N. GOOCH, } Agents, Toronto.
H. W. EVANS, }
TELEPHONES.—Office, 423. Residence, Mr. Gooch, 1081; Mr. Evans, 3034.

The Glasgow & London Insurance Co.

Head Office for Canada, - Montreal.

Government Deposit \$100,000 00
Assets in Canada 177,085 60
Canadian Income, 1886..... 238,000 00

MANAGER, STEWART BROWNE.

Inspectors:
W. G. BROWN, C. GELINAS.
A. D. G. VAN WART.

Toronto Branch Office—34 Toronto Street.

J. T. VINCENT, Resident Secretary.
CITY AGENTS—WM. FAHEY, W. J. BRYAN.
ephone No. 418.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Subsisting Assurances \$100,000,000
Invested Funds 32,000,000
Annual Revenue 4,000,000
Investments in Canada 2,500,000
Deposit in Ottawa for benefit of Canadian Policy-holders 583,975

W. M. RAMSAY, Manager.

MONTREAL.

Accident Insurance Co. OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE, - MONTREAL.

Claims paid, over 15,000. The most popular Company in Canada.

MEDLAND & JONES, GEN. AGENTS

EQUITY CHAMBERS,

No. 1 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Agents in every city and town in the Dominion

WALL

PAPERS.

OUR SPRING STOCK OF DECORATIONS IN ALL THE NEW LINES IS NOW VERY COMPLETE AND OF UNUSUAL EXCELLENCE. PRICES VERY LOW.

ELLIOTT & SON,

94 & 96 BAY ST.

(NEAR KING.)

Old Country Watches

AND

Time Pieces of Complicated Structure

SKILFULLY REPAIRED

AT

DOHERTY'S

360 QUEEN STREET WEST.

Watch Glasses - - - 5c.
Fine Mainsprings - - - 75c.
Cleaning - - - 75c.

Other prices in proportion.

SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY REFUNDED

ELECTRO-PLATING, GILDING, COLOURING, etc., done on the premises.

Get price list and references.

JEWELL'S RESTAURANT,

10 Jordan St., - Toronto.

PRICE OF MACHINE

WITH EXTRA TYPE WHEEL,

\$125.

HAMMOND TYPE-WRITER.

Mr. G. G. McPherson, of Woods, Fisher & McPherson, Barristers, etc., Stratford, writes us:—

DEAR SIR,—I enclose with great pleasure my cheque for \$125 to pay for the Hammond Type-Writer. I am more than pleased with it. I have not yet seen any work produced by any other type-writer that can be compared with the really beautiful production of this one. Yours truly, G. G. McPHERSON.

Write for particulars to

CHARLES STARK

Sole Agent for the Dominion,

52 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

THE

Federal Bank of Canada.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Three Per Cent. upon the capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable on and after

Wednesday, the First Day of June next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the Shareholders for the election of Directors will be held at the banking house in Toronto, the 21st of June next. Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock noon.

By order of the Board.

G. W. YARKER, Gen. Manager.
The Federal Bank of Canada,
Toronto, 26th April, 1887.

THE

Central Bank of Canada.

DIVIDEND NO. 6.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Three Per Cent. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable on and after

Wednesday, the First Day of June next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the Shareholders for the election of Directors will be held at the Bank in Toronto on Monday, the 20th of June next. Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock noon.

By order of the Board.

A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.
The Central Bank of Canada,
Toronto, 27th April, 1887.

FREEHOLD LOAN & SAVINGS CO.

DIVIDEND NO. 55.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Five Per Cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after

Wednesday, the First Day of June next,

at the office of the Company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive.

Notice is also given that the

GENERAL ANNUAL MEETING

of the Company will be held at two o'clock p.m., on Tuesday, 7th June, for the purpose of receiving the Annual Report, the election of Directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.
Toronto, April 27th, 1887.

EPPS' COCOA.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING

Only Boiling Water or Milk needed

Sold only in packets labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS
LONDON, ENGLAND

HERR PIANO CO.

THE BEST IN QUALITY AND TONE,
AND THE CHEAPEST.

For Sweetness, Brilliancy, Power, Action, and Durability are unexcelled. Seven different styles to choose from. Purchasers will do well to examine our stock, or send for illustrated catalogue and price list, before going elsewhere.

HERR PIANO CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

90 to 94 DUKE ST., TORONTO.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES:

47 Queen St. East, Opp. Metropolitan Church.

I HAVE FOUND THAT EDWARD LAWSON'S

SIGN OF THE QUEEN,

93 KING STREET EAST,

IS THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Pure Teas and Coffees

Also Pure Confectionery, Wedding
Cakes Etc.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE MAGNIFICENT, ELECTRIC LIGHTED,
CLYDE-BUILT STEAMSHIP

ATHABASCA

IS INTENDED TO LEAVE

OWEN SOUND

ON

SATURDAY, MAY 14th,

At 4 p.m., on arrival of the Steamship Express, leaving Toronto at 10.45 a.m. (calling at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., only), for Port Arthur, making close connections with the through trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway for Winnipeg, British Columbia and all points in the North-West.

W. C. VANHORNE,
Vice-President C. P. Ry., Montreal.
HENRY BEATTY,
Manager S.S. Lines and Lake Traffic, Toronto.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS



Superior, Standard, Reliable.

Popular Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS Are The Best

English make. Established 1860.

USED BY THE BEST PENMEN
Noted for superiority of metal, uniformity and durability. Sold by all stationers in United States and Canada.

John Heath's

PENS

SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

JOHN HEATH'S
SELECTED

BLACK, 2/-
SILVER, 3/-
GILT, 3/6
per Gross

Or 6d. and 1/- Boxes. All Stationers. Sample Box (24 kinds) 7 stamps. BIRMINGHAM.

Mailed on receipt of value by Copp, Clark & Co., Warwick & Son, and W. Bryce, Toronto.

HEINTZMAN & CO.,

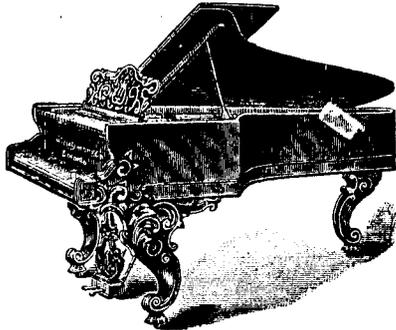
MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

One of the oldest Piano houses now in the Trade.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms: 117 King St. West, Toronto.

HOT WATER HEATING.

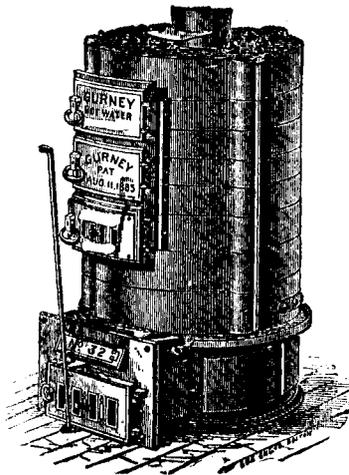
RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs. The E. & C. Gurney Co., Winnipeg:

DEAR SIRS.—I have used your No. 25 Hot Water Heater in my house last winter, and I am pleased to say that I consider it a success. We have had three months of very severe weather, the mercury hovering around the thirties during most of that time. The Heater combines simplicity with efficiency to a large degree, and the arrangements were such that the very best results are obtained from the fuel consumed. I have no hesitation in recommending your Heater as one well suited for this country.

Yours, etc.,

ARCH. McNEE.



Gurney's Hot Water Boiler,

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR HEATING

Dwellings,

Offices,

Green Houses.

Manufactured by

THE E. & C. GURNEY CO., TORONTO.

— SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR ON HOT WATER HEATING: —

"It takes a heap of Love to make a Woman Happy in a Cold House."

PLANS, ESTIMATES AND SPECIFICATIONS

PREPARED FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

HEATING AND VENTILATION

ONLY THE VERY BEST AND MOST RELIABLE ENGINEERS EMPLOYED.

PERFECT WORK GUARANTEED.

— FIRST CLASS COMPETENT ENGINEERS SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION. —

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

FRANK WHEELER, Hot Water and Steam Heating Engineer,

56, 58 and 60 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Also Sole Agent for the Gorton Boiler.

Ruse's Temple of Music.

DOMINION, KNABE, and FISCHER PIANOFORTES

AND THE

DOMINION ORGANS.

The most extensive warerooms, and always the largest stock of American and Canadian Pianos and Organs to select from in Canada.

JOSEPH RUSE, 68 King St. West,

TORONTO.



ILLUMINATED

ADDRESSES

A SPECIALTY

TODD & CO.

Successors to

QUETTON ST. GEORGE & CO.,

Offer the following Pure Wines for Medicinal and Family use.

RED.

VIN ROUGE, \$2.00 Per Gal.

ALICANTE, 4.00 "

WHITE.

MARSALA, \$3.00 "

MADEIRA, 4.50 "

WINE & SPIRIT

MERCHANTS,

16 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

TELEPHONE NO. 876.

WINES.

PORTS—

Comprise Hunt & Co.'s, Sandeman & Co.'s Old Commendador (30 years old).

SHERRIES—

Julian & Jose, Pemartin's, Yriarte's & Misa's.
STILL HOCKS.—Deinhard's, Lanbenheim, Mierstein, Rudesheim, Johannisberg.

LIQUEURS—Curacao "Sec.," Menthe Verte Forte, Marasquin, Chartreuse, Creme de Rose, Creme de Vanille, and Parfait Amour.

CHAMPAGNES—

Pommery & Greno's, G. H. Mumm & Co.'s, and Perrier's.

NATIVE WINES IN GREAT VARIETY

Goods packed by experienced packers and shipped to all parts.

CALDWELL & HODGINS,

Grocers and Wine Merchants,

248 and 250 QUEEN ST. WEST.

Corner of John Street.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Let it be clearly understood that Drs Starkey and Palen are the only manufacturers and dispensers of Compound Oxygen. Any substance made elsewhere and called Compound Oxygen is spurious and worthless.

E. W. D. KING, 58 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak oak, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, 25c. a vial, by druggists.

THE WEEK.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No. 24.

Toronto, Thursday, May 12th, 1887.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
The Ethical Problem	379
Letter from Rome.....	L. L. 380
Austria-Hungary and the Balkan Confederation.....	380
The Decline of the Drama.....	382
Lord Lansdowne and Mr. O'Brien.....	W. H. Cross. 383
"The Times" on the Parnell Letter.....	383
To H. L. (Poem).....	May Austin. 383
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Parnell Letter.....	Goldwin Smith. 383
QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION—AWARD OF PRIZES	
	384
TOPICS—	
The Governor-General's Visit	384
Mr. O'Brien.....	384
Interprovincial Trade.....	384
The Iron Duties.....	384
Principles of the <i>Labour Reformer</i>	384
Mr. Gladstone on Coercion.....	385
A Verdict for the Parnellites.....	385
Mr. Goschen's Budget.....	385
European Politics.....	385
Rapid Transit.....	386
THE SHADED SPOT (POEM)	386
	Minnie Forsyth Grant.
SCENES IN HAWAII	387
	E. S.
AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR	388
SOME MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS	388
"LOHENGRIN" AT PARIS.....	388
GEOLOGY AND MINING IN CANADA	389

THE ETHICAL PROBLEM.*

ARE we coming any nearer to the settlement of the problem of Ethics? Is there such a thing as right and wrong, as distinguished from the expedient and the inexpedient? And if so, what is the ground of the distinction, and how shall we ascertain the law of righteousness? These questions will be variously answered. But on certain points we may speak with some assurance. We know the conditions of the problem much better. We have heard what has to be said in support of theories the most diverse. We are coming to see that some of these seemingly contradictory theories are not absolutely irreconcilable; and, on the whole, in spite of the evolutionary Ethics of Mr. Herbert Spencer, we may say that the intuitional side has gained more than it has lost, and has gained even among those who fail to recognise it as a completely satisfactory account of the facts of our moral life.

Dr. Peabody, the author of the book before us, has contributed some excellent remarks in detail on the subject which he handles. His book may be useful to those who have not the time or the inclination to study works of larger extent, and of a more technical character. We cannot truly say that he has advanced the scientific treatment of Ethics, or that he has contributed any new criticisms of the theories which he has examined, or that he has brought the historical account of the different systems up to the time at which he publishes. Many important works, and some important theories, seem to be utterly unknown to him.

The arrangement of the book has certain recommendations, and, as far as we know, it is original. There are good reasons for considering the subject of Liberty first of all; for unless we are free, we are neither moral nor immoral. Accordingly, Dr. Peabody devotes his first chapter to the subject of "Human Freedom." He is quite right, at any rate, to make this point clear. If the necessitarians are right in holding that a kind of fate rules all our life and actions, or if the determinists are right in saying that all our actions are absolutely determined by circumstances, then there is no such thing as morality in the sense of involving responsibility. Some of the arguments used by Dr. Peabody are good and highly probable. When, however, he says that the consciousness of freedom implies the reality of freedom, he is using an argument which the other side would not admit, and which his own side will seldom urge. If he were to say, I feel myself responsible, I blame myself when I go against the dictates of my conscience, I hold others to be blameworthy when they act wrongly, therefore I must be free, and others must be free, he would be using an argument, the force of which could scarcely be rebutted. It is substantially the argument of Kant: I am morally bound to do a certain thing, therefore I must possess the power to do it.

With regard to the argument against human liberty drawn from the foreknowledge of God, it has always appeared to the present writer that a very simple answer may be given: Is it in the power of God to make creatures morally free? Few persons will give a negative answer to such

* Moral Philosophy: a series of lectures by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Christian Ethics in Harvard University. (Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1887.)

a question. But, if so, the freedom of man and the foreknowledge of God are compatible, for we cannot imagine Him without foreknowledge.

Dr. Peabody, speaking of the "Ground of Right," says: "Were I to say, The right is what it is fitting to do; the wrong, what it is unfitting to do, I might seem to be uttering a truism; yet, in my belief, I should be announcing the fundamental principle of moral philosophy—a principle, too, which has by no means the universal, or even the general, consent of ethical philosophers." We do not entirely disagree with these statements, but we object to their vagueness. One might suppose that Dr. Peabody was writing not merely before Janet and Sidgwick and Stephens, but even before Bishop Butler. The writer does not make it clear whether he is referring to what Butler calls the "abstract relations of things," or to "the particular nature of man, . . . its several parts, their economy or constitution;" and this imperfect analysis prevents his discussion from being clear and convincing.

In illustration of an imperfectly enlightened conscience, he says: "I remember when there were devout and philanthropic distillers and vendors of intoxicating liquors in Massachusetts, and when our best Churches did not consider such a calling as a disqualification for the office of deacon." No doubt this was very terrible, and Dr. Peabody will be distressed to hear that such persons still exist in an imperfectly enlightened country, called England. Perhaps when "over there" they become better acquainted with the public opinion of Massachusetts, they may grow wiser. "With such reversals of the best public opinion," says the worthy Emeritus Professor, "who can say that a century hence the enslaving of domestic animals and the slaughtering of beasts for food may not be regarded on good grounds as unfitting, and therefore wrong?" Who, indeed! The author himself does not expect it; but we are quite prepared for a "Beef and Mutton Prohibition Society," although not, perhaps, for its universal success.

With regard to the authority of conscience, we are substantially in agreement with the author. He says, "It is always to be relied on (we should prefer to say, obeyed), and always liable to deceive." The remarks on this subject are generally good, although it receives a far more complete treatment in Janet's "Theory of Morals," noticed some time ago in these columns. On the subject of the *rationale* of love to our neighbours, the author is painfully vague. "Why should we not love them?" he asks. "Who can say? Equally little can we say why we should love them." On this point much obscurity arises from imperfect analysis. Even Bishop Butler is slightly hazy in his treatment of benevolence. But Dr. Peabody might have found help from his great fellow-countryman, Jonathan Edwards. In the ethical sense, benevolence is good will, and it is not difficult to give reasons for it, whether we assume the intuitional, the theological, or the utilitarian point of view.

Many of the author's remarks on utilitarianism are good; but he does not seem to recognise the amount of truth which is contained in this theory. He refers to Bentham quite properly; but we see no reference to Mr. Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics," or Mr. John Mill's "Utilitarianism," works on this subject which cannot, with any propriety, be ignored. The utilitarian and the intuitionalist are, each on his own ground, unsailable; and the reconciliation must be sought in some deeper truth from which they both derive their origin. That fundamental and eternal truth can be found only in the being, the nature, the character of God. We quite agree with Dr. Peabody when he refuses to recognise the *will* of God as the *ground* of morals. This were to make moral distinctions arbitrary. But it is different with the nature of God. That is the eternal ground of all being, and in some sense the whole creation is a manifestation of that nature. Now, since God is in His own nature perfect holiness and perfect blessedness, and the laws of the universe are but a reflection of the laws of the Divine Being, it is impossible that blessedness should be disconnected from conformity to law, and, in moral beings, from holiness.

The longer this theory is considered, the more does it seem to the present writer that it will prove satisfactory, and indeed the only satisfactory solution of this vexed question. We hold that the claims of utilitarianism are unquestionable. The common conscience of mankind asserts the validity of intuitionalism: nor is this entirely denied by utilitarians like Mr. Sidgwick and the late Mr. Mill. But two truths cannot be irreconcilable; and we believe that these find a complete reconciliation in the manner we have now indicated.

LETTER FROM ROME.

IF, in matters artistic, ours is not a very productive age, at least we can pique ourselves upon a spirit of appreciation, nay, almost reverence, truly in advance of former centuries. Yes, they may call modern drawing-rooms epitomes of modern times, and indeed there seems not a little resemblance between the world of to-day and those curiosity shops where Pompeian lamps and Japanese fans, Eastern rugs and Sévres china, are huddled together in wild confusion; but at least we have infinite respect for the individual; and though the unities composing a whole may be small and multifarious enough, still they are left intact. All are permitted now to aspire to the topmost branch of the tree, only, as no one will submit, schoolboy-like, to posing as the step of another, we all remain smiling at its foot. But surely the contemplation of beaming mediocrity and not too discontented Democracy should afford us some satisfaction. I hardly think the time will come again when Pagan temple or arch will have owed its preservation solely to a mistaken idea of its Christian origin or to the appropriation of its ruins to a church.

From the seventh century the Forum, as the Forum, ceased to exist. Mediæval castles rose among the fallen monuments of ancient times, and the sacred edifices of a new religion strove hard to obliterate all memory of their glorious predecessors. But, sadder still, many of the buildings of old Rome were looked upon as little better than vast quarries. Lime-kilns and stonemasons' yards invaded her basilicas, and priceless bronzes were melted down for coin. Then came a period when the fortresses and walls of the Middle Ages were demolished in their turn, and the space we see to-day, some forty feet below the level of the surrounding ground, was but a mass of rubbish from which protruded a few melancholy columns. In 1547 Paul III. did indeed begin to unearth these relics, but his plan was soon abandoned. Then the place became a cattle market, and the glorious name of Forum Romanum changed into that of "Campo Vaccino."

Strangely symbolical I find those curious medleys of Pagan temples and Christian churches—those parasite buildings skirting the ruins of ancient Rome, and that

Apostolic statues climb,
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime.

After all, it would appear little more than the metamorphosis of Jupiter into Peter the Jew. But of this later. For now are we once more wandering in the Forum, once more gazing upon what, so long as there be English tourists and enquiring Americans, will never again lie buried, nay, will stand until the clamps themselves have clamps.

Chiefly due to Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, were the excavations made in the Forum before 1876, the spiritual rulers of Rome, it seems, never having evinced the least possible enthusiasm in furthering these. We visited last, I think, the Basilica Julia, that magnificent edifice which was built partly with a view to drawing off the people from the overcrowded Forum. It was rectangular in form, and the central space, paved with rich marbles, was surrounded by double aisles, separated by columns. Here were held the sittings of the Centumviri. Now, standing in the Via Sacra, we turn towards the column of Phocas, "Pignoble Phocas," according to Ampère, "que tout le monde connaît grâce à Corneille." This beautiful pillar, stolen from some temple, was erected in 608 in honour of the Eastern tyrant, and marked the centre of the Forum. Rambling thus, you see, we are not of those

That would explore,
Discuss and learnedly.

But rather of the

Many who have crossed the earth,
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wander, often saying to themselves,
"This was the Roman Forum!"

And here it stood, that wonderful Forum, extending southwards from the foot of the Capitol. No, you may possess all the imagination you please, but unless you have seen a modern piazza crowded with long-cloaked, gesticulating Italians, it is difficult to picture what this ancient square must have been. Surrounding the large central space were the shops of butchers and other craftsmen, and later, those of goldsmiths and money-changers. Flashing in the sunlight on every hand, rare marbles, gilded bronzes, statues—flashing still brighter for the glorious traditions they commemorated. Then, rising proudly toward the azure sky, temples, columns, arches, of such magnificence—alas! we ne'er may look upon their like again. To-day little more remains besides some few crumbs dropped from the devouring maw of Time, some ghastly foundations, and brick walls deprived of costly linings of polished stone. It is, then, almost with feelings of victory that we behold an arch or pillar on whose strong face the never-ceasing ebb and flow of ages has but softened the contours. Only if our work outlives the space allotted to human productions, our weaknesses survive as well to prove that we are still mortals. Thus, upon the beautiful and wonderfully preserved arch of Septimus Severus, which stands to the north of the Forum, the petty manifestation of Caracalla's hatred of his brother is still seen in the erasure of Geta's name. Near this arch figured the Rostra, or orators' tribune, erected by Julius Cæsar. It was a huge platform, sixty-five feet long and sixteen feet wide, and derived its name from the iron prows of ships with which it was formerly adorned. No wonder men's tongues ran glibly and their thoughts darted forth strong and fearless, when, free in body, they felt as unfettered in mind. In those days an orator was not cramped within a witness-box affair, neither was his audience an exasperating mass of rustling silk, creaking boots, and nervous coughs. No, underneath "God's loveliest sky," gazed upon by eager, passionate faces, great souls spoke words we may wait in vain to hear again.

Of the little that remains of the Rostra, two balustrades, however, are in good preservation, their bas-reliefs giving an excellent idea of the former appearance of the Forum. Upon the Umbilicus Romæ, a small pyramid close by, were inscribed all distances within the city, as upon the Milliarium Aureum those without the walls. This latter was the central milestone of roads radiating from Rome. Thus might they well say, "Tutte le strade conducono a Roma."

The ancient Via Sacra is but a prototype of one of the modern streets of the city—a way which turned north and south and east and west, always retaining the same name. Descending from the Capitol, we find remnants of its pavement under the arch of Septimus Severus. Again, between the Forum and the Basilica Julia, and then turning around the temple of Julius Cæsar, it runs southward for a long distance till it is found bending westward and passing beneath the arch of Titus.

More than two thousand years ago Tarquinius Priscus, fifth of the kings, in order to drain this once marshy valley lying between the Palatine and the Capitol, constructed the wonderful Cloaca Maxima, which even now does good service. Parts of it are laid bare at the extremity of the Basilica Julia, in a mill near the river, where the waters of a spring were caused to increase its current, and at the Ponto Rotto, where it opens into the Tiber.

And now we come to what, perhaps, is the saddest portion of the Forum—shapeless masses, giving barely an outline of the foundations of former edifices; or, more melancholy still, proud Pagan columns ruthlessly appropriated to Christian churches. For these, one has almost a feeling of sympathy; it is as if the figure of Jupiter were made to bear aloft a basin of holy water. With the temple of Castor and Pollux, however, fate has dealt more kindly, its three exquisite pillars of Parian marble still standing unmolested. Near the tribune from which Marc Antony harangued the people on the 20th March, B.C. 44, Augustus erected a temple in honour of the deified triumvir. To-day a heap of stones tells where this building rose. Turning to the south, upon our right we discover the celebrated temple of Vesta, or rather its site, and close by some little mounds of brick-work map out, in a more or less indefinite manner, the ground plan of the Atrium Vesta, the convent of the Vestal virgins. A beautiful palace must have been this species of nunnery. Its large court was surrounded by a double arcade, the columns of which were of green cipollino marble below, and red breccia corallina above. Here were fountains and flowers, so that like their modern sisters, the Vestals of ancient times discovered behind seemingly uncompromising walls a life still lovely, though dreamier, and with more quiet joys. The dwelling rooms of the priestesses opened into a large, square apartment, approached by steps in the second division of the palace. Behind the court have been discovered remains of a kitchen, mill, and bath, while surrounding the atrium proper was the residence of the Pontifices Maximi. Here dwelt Julius Cæsar, as Pontifex Maximus, and here were performed the ceremonies in connection with the *fésta* of the Bona Dea, a goddess whose real name was never known to man, "which," says a Frenchman, "fait honneur à la discrétion des femmes." Eluding the vigilance of her mother-in-law, Aurelia, it was into this palace and to these mysteries that Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, admitted her lover Clodius in the guise of a woman; and later, from here that the triumvir's last wife, Calpurnia, rushed forth to meet his dead body.

Now, if you will climb with me out of this grave-like labyrinth where we have been wandering, we may take the road skirting the base of the Palatine Hill, and, walking southward, pass under the arch of Titus to the Coliseum.

I sometimes wonder how we should look upon this magnificent pile—nay, on much in Italy, if Byron and other poets to whom this land was so dear had never lived. Truly, as we stand, gazing awe-struck upon this ruin—so infinitely grand and melancholy—the vision becomes the reality, and this, the reality, the dream. We care little to torture our brain with dates and hard facts; indeed, prefer the heart-rending memories too apt to haunt the spot should be unawakened. And why call forth the gorging, blood-thirsty past? Heaven knows, it has paid its crimes dearly enough. No, let us pity, rather, and draw, like Nature, even over scenes of ghastliest deeds, the green mantle of forgiving hope!

L. L.

AUSTRO-HUNGARY AND THE BALKAN CONFEDERATION.

THE following article on the present position of European politics has been carefully prepared from one of a series by Sir Charles Dilke in the *Fortnightly Review*. The date of the original publication happened strangely enough to be that of the expiration of that compromise between Austria and Hungary as to customs duties, which lies at the root of the financial position of the Dual Monarchy. Both halves of the Empire have now adopted the measures which the Austro-Hungarian Government considered necessary. The fortifications of Cracow are complete, the militia has been armed, and war preparations made, the absence of which in the past was caused solely by the difficulties of the financial position.

To obtain an authoritative view of the situation of this Empire is by no means easy. Strong as may be the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen in power, they are compelled by the difficulties of the position of the Dual Monarchy to use temporising language, and avoid anything like frankness of speech or expression of real intention. Though Buda-Pest has at least one powerful journal in the *Pester Lloyd*, and though Vienna is, of all the capitals of Europe, essentially the newspaper capital, there is a very marked difference in tone between the newspapers of the Austrian and

Hungarian centres. Looking to the fact that some of the journals write above all of the necessity to Austria of peace, and others call at times for instant war with Russia should she place a single soldier in Bulgaria, while all are equally supposed to enjoy official inspiration, it is useless to try to gather the policy of the Austrian Empire from the journals of its two capitals.

The difficulty of the situation is very largely explained when we remember that Austria and Hungary do not in reality agree, and that neither of them clearly sees her way. Hungary, partly from old traditions, partly from the memories of '48-9, partly from her exposed situation in the middle of an enormous mass of Slavs, is bitterly anti-Russian, and therefore warlike. Austria is anti-Russian, too, but with a distinct peace note, and with a certain desire to patch up matters of dispute, and to make ties of friendship, which, if they will not last for ever, at all events, will last some time. There is always a doubt which of the two policies is to prevail.

Austro-Hungary needs quiet; first and above all because of the state of her finances, and in the next place because she is not in a military sense equal to the strain of a war with Russia. Unfortunately for her, she is besides in a domestic situation which further enforces the necessity of peace. The mixture of races and religions which mark her internal constitution, enormously increases the difficulties of civil government, and yet they are securities against the downright rapacity of two of her most powerful neighbours. Germany cannot wish to deprive Austria of the Archduchy of Austria or the Duchies of Styria, Carinthia, or Salzburg, or of North Tyrol, where there are altogether between four and five millions of Germans, on account of the violent Slav feeling prevailing in Moravia and Bohemia, which separate German-Austria from Germany. Prince Bismarck knows perfectly that this Slavism would become Russianism if they were annexed to Germany. Russia, too, which might easily swallow Eastern Galicia, part of Bukowina, and possibly the Catholic Polish Slavs and the Jews of Western Galicia, could not digest the Magyars of the Hungarian plain, nor even the Roumans and the Saxons of Transylvania.

The reverse of the medal is, that this mixture of races and religions which in one sense secures the continued existence of a something which shall be called Austria, makes that Austria full of discordant elements, which have different sets of powerful friends outside her territory to whom they turn for advice, and with whom they continually intrigue.

The result is that Austro-Hungary is, of all countries in the world, by far the most difficult to govern, and that as a necessity of her condition she must, before all things, long for peace. The German and Italian alliance was for Austria not a matter of choice but absolute necessity, and however little direct advantage she may appear to gain from it, it may be confidently asserted that that alliance will continue. The more doubtful point is, given the fact that Germany, menaced on the one flank by Russia and on the other by France, is now only strong enough to hold her own, how far Austria will go in the direction of concession to Russia rather than draw the sword. An Italian alliance may be of great value to Austria, but an English alliance, spoken of some months ago, would be regarded by Austrian statesmen as of less instant value than a Roumanian alliance. The power of the former country at sea would be absolutely useless to save Austria from the immediate consequences of war, and her power on land would be non-existent to meet a Russian advance; while Roumania can place 150,000 men in line who are admirably officered and trained, and have the solidity of German troops. It is to be feared that time will show that those who believe that Austria can hold her own against Russia are as wrong as those who hold, upon the other hand, that Russia is invulnerable to Great Britain in a single-handed war. No skilled military observer ventures now to assert that the army of the Dual Monarchy is superior to that of Russia man for man. The Austrians do not now possess the advantage of having great generals who command the confidence of officers and men, and in spite of the rapidity with which they have been spending money lately there have not taken all the precautions they should, considering the length of frontier they require to protect. Far from underrating the military strength of Austro-Hungary, it is not rated low enough, for it suffers from a paralysis in military matters caused by divided rule. There is a joint War Minister for the Dual Monarchy, but separate Austrian and Hungarian Ministers of Defence.

It is not of much use to discuss what may be called the great possibilities of Austria as "Heir of Turkey," "Protector of Greece," friend of Servia and Roumania, president of the Balkan Confederation. Austria is naturally slow to move, and under her many difficulties has become constitutionally timid. The outlook for her, therefore, is far from promising. She will do all she can to avoid war with Russia, but if she avoids it she will be greatly humbled in the process. If she fights she will not only be humbled but will lose her territory. Germany cannot save her because of France. Italy, which could save Vienna, would have to be given South Tyrol as far as the language boundary, and nothing would exceed the pain to the Emperor, his court, and many patriotic Austrians, of being saved by Italy.

It is impossible for anyone, except an Austro-Hungarian statesman, to realise the difficulties of governing the Dual Monarchy. The common army and the common navy are really controlled by the Delegations. The Delegations consist of 120 members, sixty of whom are chosen by the Austrian Parliament and sixty by the Hungarian Parliament, which is thus vastly over-represented.

The mixture of races which characterises the internal constitution of Austro-Hungary is most prejudicial to the unity of the empire; all States are peopled by what may be called mixtures. Just as the French, although a curious mixture, are a mixture that has been well mixed, so the people of Austro-Hungary are a mixture badly mixed. Indeed the dualism of the monarchy is very nearly dead, and if Austria is to exist at all she must rapidly become tripartite, and ultimately resolve herself into a somewhat

loose confederation. The danger, too, from Socialism is greater and more present in this empire than in any other. It is a curious fact that whilst all Europe has been occupied with Russian Nihilism, though the number of active Nihilists in that country is small, Socialism has been making extraordinary progress in England and Austria as well as the German Empire. Of all the great European cities it is in Vienna that the Socialists are strongest at the present day.

With regard to the Balkan Confederation, if we examine into the conditions of the four smaller Powers, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece, what do we find? Taking one by one, and looking first at Roumania, we find that the position of the King and Government of Roumania is one of refusal of a regular alliance with Austro-Hungary, dictated by the natural resentment which is felt at the manner in which Roumania has been treated by the Dual Monarchy in the past, when she opposed most foolishly the former's Danube policy, which, in her own interest, she should have supported. Nearly one-half of the Rouman race inhabit the Austrian Empire, and the Roumanians would make great sacrifices to unite their ancient people under one single rule. Whether they are, as they assert, the actual descendants of the Roman legionaries, or are Slavs who have been partly Romanised, they are certainly separated from their neighbours by language and by race, or fancied race, and are connected with them only in that religion which comes to them from abroad in Slav form. Isolated as they are, cutting as they do the Slavonic world in half, the Roumanians need to be a tough race, and they are a tough race; in toughness and permanency of national characteristics they are equal even to the Gypsies or the Jews. The King of Roumania is every inch a king, and no more able and accomplished sovereigns sit upon their thrones than King Charles and the remarkable writer, Carmeň Sylvia, whose poems, novels, and maxims go the round of the literary world, and who is his queen.

A very different people are the Servians, next door, who are the same race as the Croats of Hungarian Croatia, though belonging to the Eastern instead of the Roman Church. Dreams or memories of Great Servia led them to attack the Bulgarians, as we know, and led to a defeat, which was all the more pleasing to those who dislike aggression in that, owing to the better organisation of the Servians, it was unexpected. The Servians claim a large portion of Macedonia in their Great Servia; and parts of it, indeed, are looked for by the Bulgarians, while others are included by the Greeks in their Greater Greece. The king of Servia is supposed to be the tool of Austria, and is known to be disliked in Russia. King Milan is unpopular in his own country, and sooner or later will probably be displaced by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, or by the latter's son-in-law, who is, however, a feeble youth; he and his queen are also cordially detested by the King of Roumania, which is one of the several insuperable difficulties in the way of a Balkan confederation. They are merely what may be styled third class sovereigns, but unfortunately for them the king's mother and the queen herself were both originally connected with Roumania, and with Roumanian opposition. The Bulgarians are the Japanese of Europe—pleasant, courteous to strangers, all apparently young like the Japanese statesmen, prudent, and full of ideas. The English-speaking men of their national college inspire every confidence. The King of Servia recently expressed to the representatives of Bulgaria his desire for a personal union, which only shows how blind he must be to the signs of the times. To place King Milan on the throne of Bulgaria, and to make him Governor of Eastern Roumelia, would be impossible without a general war, and if they are to have a general war the Bulgarians would prefer some one more popular than King Milan.

Greece, like Roumania, has this remarkable advantage over Servia and Bulgaria, that while the former is provided with an unpopular ruler, and the latter has a monarchic constitution but cannot find a king, Greece and Roumania have kings of real ability, and charming queens. Not that the King of Greece is popular in the sense in which the King of Roumania is popular. Greece is, perhaps, too intensely democratic for any sovereign to be personally liked in Athens; but that he is able there can be no doubt. Lord Beaconsfield once said of him: "He will be a remarkably clever fellow who can teach anything to that young man." The Greeks have one great difficulty in Albania. The Albanians are a separate people, with a language unlike any other, and they have a strong sentiment of nationality. Greece should likewise be a maritime power, which it is not; for the Greek islands which mask the Dardanelles produce 50,000 of the best sailors in the world—certainly of the best sailors in the Mediterranean—it is both progressive and acquisitive, and has wonderfully developed since the picture Thackeray gave of Athens in 1844.

If the Austrians would adopt a policy of friendliness and consideration towards the Greeks, the Roumanians, and the Servians; if they would abandon the idea of advancing, under any circumstances towards Salonica; if they would strengthen the internal condition of the Dual Monarchy by converting it into a loose confederation, with equal rights conferred on Bohemia, Croatia, and Polish Galicia, while holding fast to the Italian alliance, to be paid for, when the time arrives, by the Southern Tyrol—if they did this they would be able to maintain themselves as a Great Power. While Balkan confederation is out of the question, Balkan alliance is possible, and will offer the advantage of helping to prolong Austria's existence.

The division of the Balkan Peninsula between Austria and Russia would only make the downfall of the former more certain. For Austria to advance upon Salonica would be for her to embark in the most irritating kind of warfare with the whole people of Macedonia, Great Servia, and Bulgaria; and if she accomplished her end, she could not maintain herself in Macedonia one day longer than Russia chose to allow. The ultimate result would only be her downfall and the establishment of Russia upon the Adriatic.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

THIS analysis of the decadence of the English stage, which is compiled from an article in the *Contemporary Review* for April, by the well-known critic, Mr. Quilter, will be of especial interest, in connexion with the paper which appeared lately in *THE WEEK* on the modern plays now popular both in the United States and Canada.

THERE are few peculiarities of the present day more marked than the increased attention given to all theatrical matters, and the concern which is manifested in the social status of the actor. The number of theatres in London has been nearly doubled within the last twenty-five years; the salaries of actors and actresses in that time have been at least trebled in amount; and the minute attention given to every detail of the mounting, scenery, and accessories of a play has had no parallel in any age of the world. The actor and actress are now to be met in houses to which, in the last generation, they would have had no possible access; and the exalted rank conferred upon them may be said to have culminated in the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal to Osborne, and the distinguished reception awarded them by the Queen herself; it is by no means impossible that the day will come when a knighthood will be bestowed on a favourite tragedian. All this seems to betoken a vastly increased interest in stage affairs, and a much higher estimate of the people engaged in histrionic matters. There is, however, one slight drawback to be made to this otherwise golden progress, and this in a matter of grave importance, viz.: the entertainment that is offered to the public, and the evidence it affords that dramatic literature is flourishing in proportion to its development. The evidence, it is to be feared, is of entirely an opposite kind. If the most successful plays of the last dozen years are considered, it will be found that they have been, for the most part, adaptations of foreign works, melodramas of the crudest and most unnatural kind, farcical comedies, built upon the lines of Palais Royal farces, or so-called comic operas, whose comedy has frequently consisted in the production of a large number of pretty girls, as over and under-dressed as the Lord Chamberlain would permit.

What, for instance, has dramatic literature to do with pieces such as the "Private Secretary," or "Little Jack Sheppard," to mention two of the latest and most successful plays? The one is simply a three-act farce, entirely without pretension to construction or probability of incidents, carried through by the talent and wit of the actors employed. The other is a still less consistent burlesque version of an old story, in which absurdities of every kind are freely introduced, and the music gathered impartially from half a dozen different sources. If the play-houses which produce work of a more important character, such, for instance, as the Lyceum and the St. James's, are examined, their repertoire is discovered to consist either of pieces avowedly, or unavowedly, derived from French sources, or of dramas which were not new even two generations ago.

There has not been, since the death of the late Lord Lytton, a single new comedy of manners which could be compared for an instant, as a work of literary art, with his play of "Money," or even with the much-abused "Lady of Lyons," which still, in spite of every absurdity, holds its own in modern dramatic literature, simply because of its construction and literary quality. The nearest approach to work of this character—work, that is, which sought to realise, from beginning to end, an adequate dramatic motive, and treated it with some approach to literary consistency—was what is now known as the teacup-and-saucer school of Mr. Robertson: the comedies of "Caste," "Ours," "Society," "School," etc., omitting all mention of those dramas which have been simply adaptations of popular works of fiction, as the "Never Too Late to Mend," of Charles Reade; the "Man and Wife," of Mr. Wilkie Collins; or the "East Lynne," of Mrs. Henry Wood. Mr. Robertson's plays, apart from the stage, allowing them to be that which, in several instances, they certainly were not, entirely original productions, dwindle to a combination of smart dialogues and sentiments of the most washy and trivial description, and owed their success to the perfection of their mounting, the smallness of the theatres in which they were played, and the peculiar aptitude of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft for making the members of their company speak and move on the stage like ladies and gentlemen. Since then there has been no development of dramatic literature which could be, for one moment, seriously considered. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the one author whose genius might have produced great work, hit, by chance, upon that line of comic opera which he has since pursued with such unswerving success in "Patience," "Pinafore," the "Pirates of Penzance," etc.

Turn to Mr. Irving, whose management is frequently said to have done so much to raise the drama, and think what dramatic literature he has found available for the Lyceum in the course of the last ten years. What has his repertoire been? Shakespeare, of course, and one or two of the older playwrights, "The Lady of Lyons," an adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrain's story of the "Bells," two or three dramas by Mr. W. G. Wills, so dreary in their nature that the majority have been but partial successes, and a revival of one or two indifferent plays, such as "The Two Roses," by Mr. Albery. Not a single fresh drama of the slightest literary merit has Mr. Irving been able to procure during his whole period of management.

Turn to the St. James's, where Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Mr. Hare have long reigned supreme. If the names of their plays, year by year, are recalled, at least three-fourths of them are of foreign origin, and those which are not are either adaptations more or less skilfully converted from novels, such as "The Squire," or elaborate revivals of old English comedies. Here, too, it may be affirmed, without contradiction, not a single play of serious pretensions has been produced of late years, which treated of English manners and was entirely original work. For the balance of dramatic entertainments, the melodramas of Drury Lane, the Princess's, and the

Adelphi, may be enumerated, which have their admirers, but could hardly be put forward as works of dramatic literature.

Perhaps a partial exception may be urged to this statement, with reference to the success of what may be called the national melodrama at Drury Lane theatre; but this exception is more apparent than real. Mr. Augustus Harris, who has, of late years, by the exercise of his various talents, made his theatre so successful, has done it by a species of spectacular melodrama which has appealed more to the prevalent taste for display and exciting spectacle, than any national feeling. The literary quality of such compositions as "The World," "Human Nature," "Youth," "Theodora," etc., can only be described as absolutely non-existent. They were jumbles of alternate impossibilities and absurdities, in which one incident was simply tacked on to another with scarcely an attempt at literary construction. It is much to be regretted that the success of these unmeaning, though bustling melodramas, has produced a crop of like kind at other theatres, and seems to have debased the public taste for this species of amusement, till any kind of incident, no matter how inherently improbable, or even impossible, is calmly introduced by the authors of the present day, and accepted as allowable by the audience, though there is no reason why a melodrama should be less artistic than a tragedy or a comedy of the most elevated kind.

During the last fifteen years there are four classes of English theatrical productions which have almost ceased to exist, and these four were species of plays essentially national in their character: the short one-act farce, such as "Box and Cox," "To Oblige Benson," and "A Kiss in the Dark;" pantomime in its old form—only a West End theatre annually attempts to produce a so-called pantomime, and this production has but little analogy with its old namesake. Burlesque, too, as it used to be understood, has been swallowed up in the development of the French extravaganza and opera bouffe—a development due partly to the genius of two or three brilliant French composers, such as Offenbach and Lecocq, and still more to the Gallicising influence which has pervaded society since the time of the Crimean War. The fourth kind of piece which has faded away from the stage of to-day, or only survives in remote corners of the East End theatres, is what may be called the romantic drama. Perhaps "Lady Clancarty," by the late Mr. Tom Taylor, played all through April at the St. James's, may be quoted as a survival of this species, and the same writer's "Plot and Passion" forms another instance. These four varieties of drama have passed away, and their place has been supplied by the opera bouffe, the farcical comedy, and the French drama of manners, for the most part connected with the adultery—either real or attempted—of a wife or husband.

Such three-act farces as the "Pink Dominoes," "The Great Divorce Case," "The Candidate," and many others of the popular Criterion productions are English only in name, and represent the nearest approach to the lowest Parisian morality which the censorship of our stage allows. Capitally acted, execrably written, and conceived with a fine Boulevard cynicism that is a thousand times more pernicious than the open immoralities of earlier times, pieces of this kind have gradually debauched the palates of theatre-goers till all relish has been destroyed for less highly spiced entertainment. It is certain that good English plays produced to-day—national in sentiment, healthy in tone, consistent in honest, decent story, and excellent in literary work,—would be even now more popular than the bastard French dramas which managers foist upon the public, which English writers degrade themselves by adapting, and which fashionable people find to be the only theatrical diet which their enfeebled literary stomach can digest. Why is it that managers prefer to import such work? It is advisable to give the plain reasons for this course: to destroy a literature for the sake of a temporary success is manifestly a very suicidal policy; but it must be remembered that managers are men of business first, and patriots and literary artists afterwards. The reason of their action in this matter is thoroughly simple. The cost of putting a play perfectly upon the stage is so great that to the lessee of a theatre it is a matter of financial life and death to economise the risk of producing an unsuccessful play as much as possible, and it is evident there is much less risk in producing a piece which has already succeeded (even in a foreign country) than one which is wholly unknown. True, this is somewhat hard upon the English author, but that is not the manager's business.

There is a positive outcry at the present moment for a genuine English play, and such an one would enjoy popularity of which ordinary success gives no conception. If any proof of this were wanted, it might be found in the fact of the popularity of the one genuinely original phase of dramatic production which has developed of late years—the comic operas of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The evil charm which mated the first named author with the last in an apparently eternal series of comic operas must always be regretted by real admirers of his genius. It is certain that the nearest approach to classical work which our time has seen was made by the now nearly-forgotten earlier dramas of this writer. Such plays as "Charity," "The Palace of Truth," and "Sweethearts" are worth a million comic operas of the "Iolanthe" and "Ruddygore" type, and will last when the latter have long been forgotten. "Charity," indeed, is in motive and literary quality a very notable literary work. Then come the so-called fairy dramas, "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Wicked World," and "Broken Hearts," which have held their own in the teeth of much adverse criticism, and which have been frequently revived both in England and America.

To sum up these scattered observations; the causes of the decline of the drama are in the main to be found in the endeavour alike of the fashionable public and of the authors and managers of theatres, to form it upon a foreign rather than a national basis; for dramatic art can never have any true life except in the life of the country in which it is produced. If England could be made into France, there might be fair plays, founded upon French

models and French theories; but till this is effected there can be no English dramatic literature at all. Surely with all the advance of thought and science, and all the political progress of the day, there may be motives found for a nobler drama than was ever popular upon the Boulevards, if only English playwrights would turn their attention to the matters which are going on before their own eyes in their own country.

LORD LANSDOWNE AND MR. O'BRIEN.

It is an evidence of the lowering tendency of the mercenary Irish agitation that an educated man like Mr. O'Brien should dream of coming to a constitutional country like Canada, to trouble us with the personal affairs of our highest official. The position taken by a part of our Press and by some of our public men regarding this promised visit seems to imply that the functions of the office are either as purposely overlooked or as improperly understood by them as they are by Mr. O'Brien. It is generally accepted, as a matter of much satisfaction, that the wise constitutional doctrine, "The king can do no wrong," is as firmly established in Canada as it is in Great Britain. So to think does not imply any ingratitude for the services well and truly rendered to our country in its infancy. The memory of the first Governor of this part of Canada, General Simcoe, will remain dear to us as long as we regard honesty, wisdom, and public spirit as essential to good government. It may be that filial affection gave him more than a native's love for our then almost unbroken wilderness; for his father, whilst commanding H.M.S. *Pembroke*, gave his life for Canada at the siege of Quebec under Wolfe. And the last of our arbitrary Governors, the great and worthy Lord Durham—are we likely to forget his services to Canada? We rejoice that sacrifices such as he made are no longer necessary. Canada's own sons are responsible for her welfare, subject to the powers vested in the Crown. We regard those powers as the safeguard of our rights and liberties, a pledge to us that successful faction is not omnipotent, and an assurance that there is an appeal to our sober second thought in any grave emergency. To our Governor-General is delegated the custody of those powers. Any stranger reading our party journals would conclude that no enormity was too great for our public men to commit, and that the check would be constantly needed; but his conclusion would be entirely wrong.

Mr. O'Brien does not err in supposing that we take an interest in the personal affairs of Lord Lansdowne. We notice that his ancestors have been Irish barons for more than seven hundred years, and he appears to have inherited certain lands in Ireland. How does the circumstance that he is serving us here, impose upon us the obligation of pronouncing judgment upon the acts of his agents there? Supposing that we attempted the impertinence of arriving at an opinion upon the subject, what means have we of ascertaining the law or the facts of the case? A decision founded upon *ex parte* evidence is opposed to both British and Canadian ideas of justice, however it may happen to agree with present Irish ideas upon the subject. Irish ignorance of constitutional principles, real or assumed, is of recent origin. It is recorded that shortly after Her Majesty's accession to the throne, some one was stupid enough to talk of deposing "the all but infant queen," with the design of putting her uncle in her place. Daniel O'Connell met the proposal with the response: "If necessary, I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled." Paid agitators had not then destroyed the tradition of Irish chivalry. Their poet's words:

And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

— could these have been uttered without a blush? Now it seems as if Erin's honour was trodden under foot by base factions, and Erin's pride scattered by dynamite. Remembering O'Connell's words, his methods, and his aims, an Irishman, who is truly patriotic, can well say:

His sun has set. Oh rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

The impartial conduct we demand from His Excellency does impose upon us the guardianship of his personal dignity from unfair assaults, so long, at least, as he serves us. We watch the career of his distinguished predecessor, now governing our Indian Empire, with the same interest we would that of any personal friend, and Mr. O'Brien may learn that we are not unconscious of our obligations, either to the august office of Lord Lansdowne, or to himself as its incumbent.

W. H. Cross.

"THE TIMES" ON THE PARNELL LETTER.

The *Times* of April 20 thus disposes of Mr. Parnell's criticism on the Parnell letter. We make the extract from an article dealing with the general subject of "Parnellism and Crime":

We readily admit the justice of many of Mr. Parnell's criticisms. It is the fact that the signature we have published differs in several small details from that now ordinarily employed by the writer. But, in the first place, it must be remembered that the letter published on Monday is dated five years ago, and that the handwriting of most men undergoes considerable modification in such a period of time. The existence of minute differences between the autographs of to-day and the autograph of May, 1882, is natural, and serves actually to confirm the authenticity of the document impugned.

Not only does handwriting usually suffer considerable change in the course of years, but, as the common experience of every business man demonstrates, the writing, and even the signature of the same individual, pre-

sents numerous slight discrepancies from day to day. The mechanical conditions of pen, ink, and paper, the health, the physical and the mental state of the writer, all exercise their influence over his handwriting and produce greater or less variations in its details. An examination of the trifling inconsistencies pointed out by Mr. Parnell and his friends between the forms of the letters in our facsimile and those in his acknowledged autographs will show that all of them are of the kind usually found in different signatures by the same hand.

Our case, however, does not rest, as the Parnellites seem somewhat rashly to have assumed, upon a single specimen of Mr. Parnell's autograph. We possess several samples of the Member for Cork's undoubted handwriting and signature, many of them written about the date of the disputed document, and from those authentic autographs we are able to parallel every one of the peculiarities in the signature of May, 1882. Mr. Parnell points out that his ordinary signature slopes upwards, while that in the facsimile slopes downwards. Mr. Parnell is right; but we hold an autograph undoubtedly genuine in which the last letters fall lower than the first. Mr. Parnell tells the reporters that he places a full point after the S, while our signature contains no such point. Mr. Parnell again states his ordinary practice correctly. But we possess an unquestionably genuine specimen of his signature without the point. Mr. Parnell declares that the "r" in Parnell and the "C" in Charles are "quite different from anything he has written." They do differ from his usual manner of shaping those letters. We can match them both. We have just such other "r's" and just such another "Ch" in Charles. Again, Mr. Parnell says that in the "a" in Charles, in the facsimile, the pen has been taken off the paper, while he invariably writes "Chas." without any break. A careful scrutiny of the actual signature of the letter shows that the pen has not been taken off in this instance, though we admit that in the facsimile there was room for doubt. We can show several "a's" undoubtedly formed by Mr. Parnell which are curved at the bottom like the "a's" in the facsimile, and not pointed, as it is declared he habitually points them. We have also signatures of Mr. Parnell's without either the sharp, straight end of the final "l" or the scroll or dash, neither of which appear in the facsimile, and both of which Mr. Parnell's associates declare to be "absolutely invariable characteristics" of his autograph. We should also observe that Mr. Parnell's practice appears to be to form his "r's" like the "r's" in the facsimile, and usually, but by no means invariably, to add afterwards the loop at the top.

TO H. L.

I GAVE you a match:
Did you think
It a hint?
Did you think that I thought I should catch
Your heart, when I gave you that match?

I gave you a match:
And you swore,
Evermore,
You would keep it! You swore this—and yet,
You used it for lighting your first cigarette!

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARNELL LETTER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

I find that in one of my remarks on the Parnell Letter I was misled by an error in the Canadian reproduction of *The Times* fac-simile. In *The Times*, the word, though somewhat blurred (which perhaps occasioned the error in the Canadian reproduction), is clearly "regret," not "regard."

The controversy continues to rage, and confident opinions are pronounced; but those who wish to do justice, and are not in dread of their Irish Catholic subscribers, will suspend their judgments till we know the history of the document, as we soon shall if Mr. Parnell can be induced to meet his accusers in a court of law.

American journals dwell on the case of the Morey letter. But the proprietor and editor of *The Times* are not exactly the counterpart of the American intriguers who perpetrated the Morey forgery for the purpose of injuring General Garfield. It is preposterous to doubt that *The Times* believes the document to be genuine, and has taken all possible measures to satisfy itself that it is so.

A number of genuine signatures of Mr. Parnell have been produced, and it is pointed out that they slightly vary from *The Times* fac-simile. They slightly vary from *The Times* fac-simile and they slightly vary from each other. Any one may satisfy himself that his own signature varies not only with his time of life, but with his health, his pen, his mood, his writing at leisure or in haste, the formal or informal character of the document which he is signing. Four signatures of Shakespeare are given in Dyce's edition, and vary very considerably from each other.

An argument has been drawn against the genuineness of the signature from the omission of the point which in signatures undoubtedly genuine appears after *Chas. S.* But this is the very thing which a forger having a genuine signature before him, and copying it carefully, as forgers always do, was sure not to omit. Like the erasures, it is rather a *prima facie* evidence against forgery.

Mr. Parnell, it will be borne in mind, positively denies the genuineness of the signature, and upon that question issue is joined.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage pre. aid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK'S tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Address—T. B. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

THE JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION,

The prize for the best poem on the Queen's Jubilee has been awarded to
MISS A. M. MACHAR ("FIDELIS"), OF KINGSTON.

The prize for the best oration on the same subject has been awarded to
MR. W. H. CROSS, OF TORONTO.

One hundred and two poems and thirty orations were sent in. The donors of the prizes have every reason to feel gratified by the literary effort which has been elicited, and the character of a large number of the compositions. In many, even of those in which there is more or less of defect, there is genuine promise of future excellence. We cordially thank all who have done us the honour to submit their productions, and regret that we have not more than two prizes to bestow. The prize poem and oration will appear in our issue of June the 16th.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL and Lady Lansdowne have honoured Toronto with a visit, and the people of Toronto are doing honour to themselves by welcoming Their Excellencies cordially and heartily, and paying them the respect due to their position. It is fitting that people and ruler should become as closely acquainted as possible: in these days of troubled loyalty it is especially fitting that every loyalist should embrace so favourable an opportunity to give the sentiment of loyalty emphatic expression. The esteem in which Their Excellencies are always held, wherever known, entitles them also to the warmest welcome. It is a great pleasure, therefore, to observe the respectful cordiality with which they have been received in Toronto by all classes—except one. That solitary exception are the Irish dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, whose abstention from taking any part in the otherwise universal welcome extended to Lord and Lady Lansdowne has been most marked, and cannot, we fear, admit of but one inference. If Mr. O'Brien be ignored as fully when he arrives, the dignitaries of the Church will have shown a better sense of the obligations of their position and the ordinary decencies of life, than they appear able to do now. Slighting the Queen's representative, or behaving churlishly to a distinguished lady and gentleman temporarily among us, whose position entitles them at any rate to courtesy at the hands of responsible authority, is not becoming to the Roman Catholic Church, however it may besem the abettors of treason and slander. The Roman Catholic Church owes much to British institutions; and Irish gentlemen, one would have thought, would be the last, even when perverted by political rancour, to neglect social usages.

THE Nationalists must have a curious confusion of ideas with respect to the Government of Canada. They affect to desire a constitution for Ireland similar to the Canadian one, while Mr. O'Brien evidently believes Lord Lansdowne to rule despotically here much as the Czar does in Russia. The battle at home is not enough for this fire-eater; he must needs leave the field of battle—a rather curious thing for a soldier to do, by the way—in the heat of the fight, and go abroad to talk about the deeds he would do. Evidently, or there would be no reason in his defiance, he expects the Autocrat of all the Canadas to clap him into a dungeon, or send him into exile to the mines of British Columbia, or the snowy wastes of Arctic Canada. If he understood at all that Lord Lansdowne has no greater power than any private gentleman to turn a commonplace agitator into a martyr in this way; that, moreover, from His Excellency's public position he is deprived of means of vindication that are open to private gentlemen,—is it likely that he, an Irishman, would cross the ocean to beard a tyrant of this mild type? A tyrant of another kind is what Mr. O'Brien hopes to meet, that he may acquire world-wide fame by defying him "in his own country;" and, perhaps, if all the circumstances were different there might be some honour gained in such an enterprise. It would show great pluck, for instance, to go to Russia, and animadvert in Moscow and St. Petersburg on the Czar's treatment of the tenants on his private estates. But to come to Canada!—for a soldier to desert the field of battle, in the hour of battle, to go on a lecturing tour abroad for the purpose of talking about

the private affairs of the Queen's Representative, because he happens to be an Irish landlord; and to do this for the express purpose of raising a country which has nothing to do with the quarrel against its ruler, who, as such, is as far removed from the quarrel as the country,—is not like an Irish gentleman. Really Mr. O'Brien had better not come to Canada.

It looks as if it is intended to make the visit of Mr. O'Brien to Canada appear as a proof of Canadian sympathy for Ireland in the matter of Home Rule and Anti-Coercion. If, as some recommend, he be allowed a quiet walk over the course, then abstention will be interpreted as approval, and it will be reported by the Irish-bound press that Canadian sympathy was wholly with him. This must be prevented. We apprehend there is not the slightest risk of riot and bloodshed: that must be avoided at all costs, if only for the sake of Their Excellencies; but, that consideration apart, freedom from a remote risk of riot and bloodshed might be purchased at too dear a rate. At all events, it must never go forth to the world that Canadians countenanced in any way the mission of Mr. O'Brien. If he come and persist in attacking Lord Lansdowne, public meetings in protest ought to be convened everywhere on his arrival, that the noise he will doubtless make may not wholly fill the air, and drown the voice of Loyalty.

THE annual report of the Commissioner of Mines for Nova Scotia hardly favours the view that the several groups of Provinces in the Dominion are irremediably separated by Nature. On the contrary, it would seem that they are in the matter of trade certainly, though slowly, drawing together, as far as respects the most difficult case—the Maritime Provinces and Old Canada—at any rate. The production of mineral wealth in Nova Scotia is increasing in every line, except iron ore, which shows a decrease of about eight per cent. on the year. The total quantity of coal raised was, in 1885, 1,352,205 tons; in 1886, 1,582,611 tons. Of this the Province of Quebec took 538,762 tons in 1886 against 493,917 tons in 1885, and 396,782 tons in 1884, an increase of ten per cent. in 1886, of twenty-five per cent. the previous year; which appears to indicate a growing interprovincial commerce.

THE Finance Minister is, it is said, perplexed to know what to do about the iron duties. We have one iron works of importance in the country, and it is urged that this should be protected, and the establishing of others fostered, by higher duties on imported iron; but surely this is a case where higher duties is a most mischievous form in which to give protection. Iron is a raw material essential to the carrying on of almost every industry in the country; and are all to be burdened that the business of the Londonderry iron works may be stimulated? It is highly desirable that iron works should be encouraged and established, by some means: on their product rests the very foundation of most existing industries, and, moreover, new industries may be developed. It seems probable, for instance, that in a few years ships, even for lake navigation, may cease to be built of wood, and Canada, as an important maritime State, must, to maintain her position, keep abreast of such improvements. She cannot do so effectively without a home iron industry, and therefore it is most important that this should be fostered; but it is not necessary to do so at the expense—and at a burdensome expense—of all other industries. A better way, we conceive, than by prohibitive import duties, is to do it by a mixed system of moderate duties and bonuses. The duty should be for revenue only, not for protection, and the bonuses should be so proportioned as to afford the miner a fair, and not extravagant, margin of profit, sufficient to induce him to keep at work. If, for instance, to put a suppositious case for argument, it costs, for wages and use of plant, five dollars a ton to produce a mineral aboveground from below, and this product will sell only for five dollars, then, rather than afford protection by shutting out competitive supplies, raising the price to every consumer, it surely is better to give the miner a bonus of fifty cents a ton; by which means the price of the foreign product to the consumer will not be enhanced at all, the miner will be enabled to carry on his operations at a profit, labour will be employed nearly to the amount of the whole value of the output, and the realised wealth of the country will be increased by the same value, transferred from the dead recesses of the earth to the activities of commerce.

IN a few days Mr. Henry George will be among us lecturing on "Land and Labour," and the *Labour Reformer* is moved by the prospect to re-state the principle for which land and labour reformers are contending. "Labour Reformers," it says, in its issue of May 7th, "do not, as their opponents charge, ask that those who, through the operation of unjust laws, have become wealthy shall have their wealth confiscated. We only ask that this unjust acquisition of wealth shall cease, and that, for the future, men shall

only get the wealth which they create by their own labour." That means that when a sober, industrious workman or tradesman, who works hard and spends his spare time at home instead of organising strikes and ranting at labour meetings; who gives his savings to his wife to keep, instead of indulging in unlimited beer and skittles; who by such conduct is able, after years of industry and thrift, to buy the house that shelters his family, or to enlarge his business so that he can employ other Labour; when in either case the workman has developed into a Capitalist—(and in some such way as this *all* accumulations of capital have begun)—then Labour Reformers will step in and forbid any further progress. The idle fellow, who has not done an honest day's work for years; who squanders in the pot-house the money he filches from his employers on scamped work; who joins, with others of his like, a Labour Lodge, that by hanging to the skirts of better men they may be saved from the poverty their idleness has earned, and the lack of employment to which their dishonest work ought to condemn them;—this filcher of the title of workingman says to the true workman: "Your unjust acquisition of wealth shall cease! We want the whole of your savings after this; and as to what you have accumulated, that too belongs to us; your children did not 'create it by their labour,' therefore it is not theirs but ours!" The *Labour Reformer* likens the sober, industrious workingman—the Capitalist we have depicted—to a thief, stigmatising his savings as *stealings*; we suppose to the other class belongs the *Labour Reformer's* beau ideal of an honest man.

THE Government were accused the other day by Mr. Gladstone of practising most unreasonable obstruction in opposing amendments they acknowledged to be unimportant: they might have retorted that this tactic was not the only part of the Nationalist programme they proposed to imitate. The law-abiding portion of the Irish people have been for years coerced by the Nationalists; the Parnellites coerced Mr. Gladstone's Government into adopting Home Rule; the Gladstonians in turn are trying to coerce the country into accepting a policy it has rejected at the polls; and now Coercion is adopted by the Government, and will be used in the re-establishment of the Queen's Government in Ireland.

THE verdict of five hundred pounds damages obtained in London by a past Fenian against the publisher of the "Black Pamphlet," effectually disposes of the plea that Mr. Parnell could not, in any case, obtain a verdict against *The Times* from an English jury. Mr. Parnell certainly is not merely a past Fenian; but although the plaintiff in the present case was shown, from his own evidence, to have associated with and assisted the worst dynamiters of Paris, yet the verdict was in his favour. Has Mr. Parnell done worse than this, that he despairs of getting one?

MR. GOSCHEN'S first Budget is an admirable performance. From the meagre and distorted version that reached this country by telegram, one unacquainted with the men might have judged that, in the brief debate that took place on the presentation of the Budget, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Goschen's chief critics, had had decidedly the best of it. But a perusal of the full report must suggest that Mr. Gladstone, dealing with the easy finances of a country advancing in prosperity "by leaps and bounds," had a task that might not have been so well done in these days of commercial distress. Of Lord Randolph Churchill's skill as a financier it is hardly worth speaking. The one critic contended that the amount of contribution to the Sinking Fund ought to be maintained at the rate fixed by Sir Stafford Northcote in 1874; the other, that the military credits ought to be reduced. But Mr. Goschen showed that the extraordinary elasticity of revenue, which reached its maximum in 1874, when the amount of the present contribution to the Sinking Fund was settled, has since wholly disappeared; and, the burden of taxation being very heavy on a commerce already much depressed, he judged it best, instead of imposing new taxes, to afford relief by taking two millions from the amount set apart to pay off the National Debt. This diversion of part of the Sinking Fund will, without any additional burden on the taxpayers, enable the Army and Navy to be maintained in an efficient state, which, notwithstanding Lord Randolph Churchill's opinion to the contrary, is unquestionably, in view of the state of Europe, of vital importance to the commercial interests of England and her Colonies.

IN spite of the courteous speeches of the French Foreign Minister and the German ambassador at Paris, evidently a bitter animosity is felt by the masses in Paris against Germany. The forced withdrawal of "Lohengrin" is explicable without assuming any unusual feeling, as may be seen from an account of the cause of Parisian hatred towards Wagner contained

in an article elsewhere; but the anti-German demonstrations in Paris on Tuesday of last week are more serious. A nation does not take to parading the streets, crying out to be led to a hostile capital, from a mere momentary excitement, especially when, as in this case, a former proposed march to the same capital had so disastrous an ending. It seems only to require a slight provocation on the part of Germany to set the world ablaze with war; and this provocation is being daily given by the expulsion of Frenchmen from Alsace-Lorraine. We cannot affect to deplore the probability of war between France and Germany, for we believe it is the only alternative to war between France and England. The hatred of Frenchmen towards England is scarcely less in degree than that felt towards Germany, though it may be different in kind. Both phases of national hate spring at bottom from one cause—resentment at having fallen from the military headship of Europe; but though this dethronement was caused directly by Germany, it is probable that France would prefer a war with England to one with Germany, for the reason that she has more to fear from the latter power. The threat to "bleed her white" has had its effect, and if the Alsace-Lorraine wound could be healed, the whole vial of France's hatred and envy would be turned over England. It is doubtful whether France really cares much about Alsace-Lorraine, but its loss is so closely associated with her loss of prestige, that, as an open wound, it is always liable to become suddenly inflamed at any cause of irritation. If the prestige of France could be recovered by a war with England, the quarrel with Germany might be placated without war, even without Alsace-Lorraine. But the contrary case does not hold; peace with Germany would not involve peace with England, unless France had again reached predominance in Europe. War with Germany would bring Russia to the side of France; with Russia and France in alliance the inevitable Russo-German war would be precipitated, and the Anglo-Russian war would probably be fought out along with it in Europe, instead of Asia, where Germany and Austria desire to see it removed. An Anglo-Russian war in Asia would relieve them of their dangerous Eastern neighbour, the brunt of their battle falling on England; therefore unusual care ought to be taken for the present by England not to embroil herself with Russia, which might be simply playing the game of the German Powers.

AMONG the more remarkable things that have come under our notice lately are two reported discoveries bearing on rapid transit through the air and over sea. It is said that a Durham engineer has discovered a method of raising steam which will effect a saving of seventy per cent. of coal. This, if true, and it is said to be vouched for, would effect a revolution in trade and possibly in war. By enabling war ships to sustain fast steaming for threefold the time now possible, greater efficiency would be lent to the navy and better protection to commerce; while by diminishing so much the cost of freight, a further reduction in the price of commodities will be made. It is interesting to note how this cheapening process—erroneously attributed to the comparative scarcity of gold—is always going on: it looks as if the time is already in sight when every bare back may be covered, every hungry belly filled. Thus, in the case before us, not only may a saving of two-thirds of the fuel formerly used be effected, but also in the alternative an equal saving of time, if shipbuilders make full use of the discovery. Steam enough may be raised to give a speed of thirty miles an hour, which will enable the passage between America and Europe to be made in four days; and so, again, besides the convenience to travellers, and the reduction in passage money, another saving, tending greatly to the lowering of prices, will be effected by the quicker settlement of commercial transactions. In old times when it took many months to close a speculative shipment, proportionate profits had to be secured, but when the thing may be done in a tenth part of the time, a tenth part of the profit will be equally remunerative to the merchant. For this cheapening of commodities by such means Labour is vastly indebted to Capital.

THE other wonder to which we have referred is a balloon said to be in the possession of the German Government. The *Augsburg Gazette*, in an account of certain experiments recently made with it in the neighbourhood of Metz, declares that it can be steered against the wind, that it can be stopped and kept in a stationary position when required, and that its speed is at least four times as great as that of an express train. This, if really capable of what is ascribed to it, is a valuable addition to the means of shortening war: it would seem that manœuvring would, with it, be useless; each side might know every movement of the enemy; battles would be decided by sheer strength. Effective sieges too would be impossible with a fleet of balloons travelling at that rate, and pouring supplies of all sorts into the beleaguered place.

THE SHADED SPOT.

A TROPICAL STUDY.

The sunlight fiercely burns
From 'mid the vivid whiteness of our tropic day ;
And every flower and leaf its parchèd bosom turns
In languid mood away.

The palm-frond's graceful spray
Droops moveless, ruffled by no breath of air.
There is a sense of rest, but such as flare
In flames that dazzle with a steady glare.

The heavy plantain-leaves,
Broad-fashioned, throw their shadows on the dusty ground,
And from each hanging ridge the rustic cottage eaves
Also in shade are bound.
No bird-voice trills a sound.

Heat ; clear white heat, that seems to rest with weight,
Falls on the window panes, upon the roofs of slate ;
And sparkles on the low, white palings of each gate.

Here is a shaded spot ;
A little calm, cool island, in a world of light.
Now may the weary "eyelids close in rest," and blot
The silent swirl from sight ;

While, half a-doze, sweet thoughts in flight
Pass and re-pass, like mental music flowing ;
Or echoes that rise and fall, now coming and now going
Over the border-land, between knowing and unknowing.

—Leo's Demerara Lyrics.

SCENES IN HAWAII.

SOME of the rides and drives about our plantation home on the Island of Kauai (Kow-why), which was about one hundred miles by sea from Honolulu, were beautiful in the extreme, so diverse in their beauty that we never got tired of them, but always found fresh loveliness to look on and to remember. Two especially were always attractive for ourselves and visitors, and many a delightful day we had taking our friends to the valleys of Kalihiwai (Kalee-hee-why) and Hanalei (Hannalay).

In the first named valley lived our Chinese friend, Ah Sam, who had married the half-white Carry, and who proved such an extremely generous husband. His house was quite down in the valley, through which ran a river, meandering quietly to the sea ; it was deep at its mouth, but at certain times was fordable just before it curved down to the ocean. Ah Sam's house was close to the river, and on the opposite bank another Celestial had taken up his abode (both kept illicit grog shops), also with the intention of selling spirits, and it was said that signals could be given and returned if by any chance the sheriff and his officers were seen coming one way or the other ; and thus prevent trouble, as, of course, neither of these charming law-breakers had a license to sell anything like whiskey or gin, in which latter beverage truly the soul of the native delighteth.

The road down which we wended our way, perhaps on horseback, perhaps in a pony phaeton drawn by a stout little mule, most sure-footed of animals, was very steep, cut out of the side of a high hill, a bank of rock covered with ferns and moss, and streams babbling down like miniature falls, on one hand, and on the other, the sea rolling into a curved sandy beach, which formed the mouth of the valley. At the foot of the road was a stretch of green turf, of a thick, soft, reed-like grass, called Main-anea, which grew most luxuriantly near the sea, and was capital pasture for horses and cattle, extending a short distance with a few native houses scattered about, each almost buried in creepers and mango groves. Having passed these, the ford was reached, and a dilapidated old ferry was supposed to be in readiness for passengers, though I can safely say, I never knew it to be on the side one wished. At times the river was easy enough to cross on horseback, but at others the current was very stiff to encounter, and the water deep. I have often watched natives urge their horses in, and have seen them sink deeper and deeper, till at length the horse would be swimming, with the man or woman resting their feet on the horse's neck, finally getting them as high as the animal's ears, sitting perfectly at ease, and probably urging the poor animal into a canter immediately on landing.

When we drove to the ferry, the natives were intensely interested in helping to unharness the mule, and roll the carriage by means of two boards laid for the wheels from the edge of the shore to the ferry, laughing and chattering at the top of their voices, probably accompanying us to the opposite bank, where the performance was repeated. Our little Canadian-built phaeton, four-wheeled and without a covered top, was always a source of curiosity to the natives, and great was their astonishment, as was that of our white friends, when we afterwards made the tour of Kanai in it, up hill, down almost precipices, along the rocky sea-shore, 120 miles in all—a most delightful experience. Kalihiwai, bathed in sunshine, was a lovely picture, the mountains throwing their shadows of purple and blue down the valley, and bringing out the delicate tints of the rice patches grown by the Chinamen, and finally ending in a glittering water-fall, like a stream of silver, which came rushing down the rocks at the extreme head of the valley, making a vista for the eye to rest upon never to be forgotten, the wonderful tints of green in the thick foliage contrasting with a creeper of surpassing beauty, which bore an enormous white bell-like flower, the sweet heavy scent of which filled the air for some distance.

Mounting a steep hill, which rose abruptly out of the valley, a little way from the river (always a very hot part of the expedition), one can see the lovely little valley at one's feet, with the sea beyond, glowing in the sun ; and when at the top of the hill, the salt breeze comes cool and refreshing. The road was very good, and one could canter, or trot on quickly, with the sea on one hand, and the glorious mountains on the other, across level plains, with herds of cattle grazing quietly, only lifting their heads and staring, apparently, in astonishment at the strange-looking vehicle passing. In one place the road made a dip into a hollow, going over a river, which rushed down there into a quiet, deep pool, fringed with ferns and ohia trees, and afterwards found its way into Kalihiwai. Soon, the plains began to show signs of life, with a glimpse of sugar-cane fields, and presently we were on the edge of the Valley of Hanalei. The natives have a saying, to express the beauty of the far-famed valley, "See Hanalei, and die ;" and one cannot wonder at their admiration of such a lovely spot. We left the road, and walked a few steps beyond, where there is a rough sign board nailed on an old tree stump, and painted in rude letters, "Crow's Nest," attached to which there is a melancholy interest from the fact that Lady Franklin used to spend hours sitting there, looking with, doubtless, sad and wistful eyes for the arrival of the then numerous whaling ships which she hoped might bring tidings from the far North of her gallant and ill-fated husband. Lady Franklin wished much to have a native Anglican Church built on this very plateau, and, I believe, bought the ground and gave it for that purpose, but the church was never built ; still the interest of the story remains, and it must always be a true one.

A small plateau ran out a little further, and from there we gazed on the picture before us. A very large valley lay at our feet, with a broad river winding through it down to the sea. On the left, or Mauka side, the grand mountains, lifting their heights up till lost in the clouds of mist which rested like snow-wreaths on their deep shadows ; the rice plantations, with tender green, below us, mingled with the purple tassels of the sugar-cane ; the picturesque white and green houses, with broad verandas and roofs all in one ; the barges drifting slowly down the river, laden with the cane to get ready for the mill, which stood almost in the centre of the valley ; the brilliant sunshine, bathing the masses of foliage on either side of the river in light ; the planter's homestead, half-way down the hill, almost buried in flowers and shrubs of every hue ; and the broad Pacific beyond all,—made up the most wonderfully beautiful view imaginable, scarcely perhaps to be excelled. Unlike Kalihiwai, which is seen first from its mouth, Hanalei is approached from the head, making the effect perhaps more intense by one's being able to see it more suddenly.

On a bright day, when the mists had lifted, countless streams could be seen, like silver threads, on the purple sides of the mountains, which added much to the beauty of the view. After gazing for a long time at the picture before us, we drove for a short distance on the level, and then were able to descend to the river by a broad road, where we could drive for a long distance, and crossing a handsome bridge, could see the fine cane, which in all stages of its growth is a singularly beautiful crop. Down in the damp warmth of the valley it was most luxuriant, as the high trade-winds which at times laid the fields of cane on the plains low in the red dust, which forms such a feature in Kauai landscape, were unable to reach the deep shelter of the valley.

A great deal of rice also was grown by Chinamen in the valley, and when the grain was almost ready to gather in, it was of a deep golden colour, and the noise made by the owners to drive the little rice-birds away from their favourite food was deafening. Tin cans tied to a revolving pole, banging unceasingly in the breeze, was considered a valuable mode of warfare ; added to this, guns were fired incessantly, and loud cries uttered by the watchful Chinamen, who began their work at dawn and carried it on without intermission till the sun went down, when for a few short hours they were able to sleep without fear of the rapacious little destroyer undoing their labour of months.

A sunset at Hanalei was wonderfully beautiful, as it sank gradually into the depths of the ocean, the valley's mouth being due west ; and at the time of the Java eruption the after-glow extended for miles over the country. The first time we saw it we were six miles away from Hanalei, and could see only the ridge of mountains which hid it from our view. We thought the deep red glare must mean that there was some terrible conflagration on the plantation, and were immensely relieved to find that that terror of the planter, fire, was not the cause ; but our friends told us that as they watched the crimson glow flooding the sea and mountains with colour, they were equally sure that Honolulu itself must be entirely in flames. It lasted for days, almost weeks, and the natives were terror-stricken, believing that some terrible judgment must be coming on them ; but as days went on, and no harm did approach, they, with characteristic indifference, forgot all about the freak of nature.

The native superstition is very great, as no doubt all aboriginal superstition must be ; but there is one thing which—one must say so from personal experience on our own part—is most extraordinary, and I can imagine that some of my readers will scarcely credit what I have to tell. As the death of a high chief approaches, a swarm of tiny red fish invariably come about the harbour of Honolulu or his birthplace. At no other time do they appear. During our stay in the islands the three last great chiefs of the line of Kamehameha died, and each time, just before their death, did the swarm of fish come, reddening the waters till they looked like blood. The first to die was Princess Ruth (Keelikolani), a woman of enormous stature, and extraordinary plainness of appearance. She had been ill for some time, and had been under the influence of her native Kahunas, or praying doctors, to such an extent that she had made a journey to the foot of Mauna Loa, intending to be carried up the mountain to sacrifice white chickens and pigs to the burning lake, thereby hoping to appease the wrath

of the Goddess Pelè, who is supposed even yet to be the presiding Deity of the Volcano. On arriving at the mountain, however, it was found that Her Royal Highness' enormous bulk quite precluded the hope of getting her up herself, so she was obliged to have the sacrifice made by proxy, sending some of her numerous retinue to perform the rites; but of no avail, as some time later she died. Mrs. Bishop was the next to follow; I forget her native name, which was a very long one. She was a half-white, but on her mother's side was a direct descendant of Kamehameha I. She was a very handsome woman, and of great wealth, holding large properties in the islands. She had married a Mr. Bishop, an Englishman and a banker. Their home in Honolulu was a very beautiful one, with lovely gardens, and the house itself a perfect museum of Hawaiian curiosities. Mrs. Bishop's death was almost unexpected, but the deadly swarm of red fish came into the harbour, again the herald of disaster.

The last death was indeed a grievous calamity, for with Queen Emma expired the last of her race; she was the last lineal descendent of Kamehameha I., her own son dying at an early age. Queen Emma was adored by the natives, and she might well be, for she made herself almost poor by her constant charities amongst them; and she supported many of them entirely herself. She also had a lovely house and grounds in Honolulu, but spent most of her time at a country home down by Pearl River, some miles east of the town. The queen was a sweet-faced woman, with a low musical voice, and great dignity of manner. She died very suddenly, indeed without warning almost, and this time the red fish made their appearance at Hilo on Hawaii, where much of Queen Emma's early youth was spent; her funeral was, of course, accompanied by all the rites and customs of Hawaiian royalty. Natives came in from all the islands to attend it, and the wailings were heard without intermission from the boats as they approached Honolulu. Her body was taken at night (after being embalmed) to the old native church—and lay in state for a week, with the feather Kahilis waving continually, the bearers changing every two hours—six walking up the aisle in step, and changing the Kahilis, so that there was no intermission even for a moment, and the native melees, or chants of praise, were sung by the different choirs and musical societies; the scent of the leis and wreaths of flowers was overpowering.

The procession was enormous, and took two hours to pass a given point—nearly all the natives on foot—and so passed to the tomb of her fathers a gentle Christian woman and a good queen.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.

In "The Woodlanders," Mr. Hardy returns to that region of Wessex in which his early successes were made; the scene of the present story lies near the centre of the county of Dorset, not far from the hilly and orchard-covered confines of the beautiful Vale of Blackmore, and which is sequestered, picturesque, and individual enough to be well worth the devotion of a novelist. Mr. Hardy has treated other parts of his native county before, but has not introduced us to the same company we meet in "The Woodlanders" since he published "Under the Greenwood Tree." It is in the concentration of a woodland village, where all persons are known to one another, and all are thrown upon the emotional resources of each other, that great dramas may be silently enacted, in the simplicity of an almost primitive form of society. "The Woodlanders" is full of richness, humanity, and landscape, but its humorous element is not very prominent; indeed, the tone of the author's best novels is almost always what the old playwrights knew as tragi-comical, the solemn problems of life are presented in these pages less tempered by wit than is usually the case in Mr. Hardy's chorus of peasants.

No one who reads Mr. Louis Stevenson's books can fail to be impressed with his finished literary style and marvellous descriptive power, nor at the same time cease to regret the morbid and melodramatic tendency of his genius. That Mr. Stevenson does not depend upon the sensational element alone is apparent from his story, "Kidnapped," abounding in imaginary but healthily directed incident and adventure. "The Merry Men" contains in its five short tales abundance of brilliant forcible writing, but one is disposed, at the same time, to reproach the author for following a bad example which shall be nameless. The tale giving its name to the volume certainly indicates no mirthful human company, but a wild family of breakers, off the coast of a Highland isle, where grim shipwrecks take place to the horrible accompaniment of the roar and deafening laughter of these awful vassals of the storm. The chief figure of the story is an austere religious, melancholy, and disappointed man, who is driven mad by a wreck and the horrible chance of gain thus held out to him. The sound of the dreadful breakers echoes all through the narrative, and lingers in the reader's ears as he hears them out of the lonely sea-girdled house with its mystery and misery, "shouting by Aros in the night." "Will o' the Mill" is a curiously vague outline of remoteness and done in neutral tones, with an extraordinary sense of remoteness and fictitious antiquity, in which the artist's hand shows like that of a Corot in twilight effects and dim far-stretching distances, yet notwithstanding is full of delicate and bewildering suggestions. The stories in the book are curiously mixed, and belong to all Mr. Stevenson's styles, with the one exception, "Olalla," which has all his faults, with very few of his merits, and is not worthy either of him or his reputation.

LORD WOLSELEY has appeared in print with a sketch of General Lee, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, evidently inspired by a perusal of the "Memoirs of Robert C. Lee, his Military and Personal History," by General A. L. Long and General A. Marcus, published in London. His admiration is

unbounded of the distinguished Southern soldier, whose acquaintance he made during the American War, in the autumn of 1862, "when at the head of proud and victorious troops, he smiled at the notion of defeat by any army that could be sent against him." The English general concludes his eulogy with these words: "The most perfect gentleman of a State [Virginia] long celebrated for its chivalry, he was just, generous, and childlike in the simplicity of his character. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and very few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realise my ideas of what a hero should be; my friend Charles Gordon was one, General Lee was the other." This is indeed a worthy tribute paid by a very individual military man to one of America's great Dead.

ART in Whitechapel was illustrated lately by the opening of the seventh annual exhibition of pictures in St. Jude's Parish, which was an oasis in that dreary region, devoid of parks, gardens, and Kensington palaces, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its streets except the Underground Railway, a bit of colour and freshness in an arid wilderness of bricks and mortar. The Whitechapel exhibition is open from ten in the morning to ten in the evening, and the Queen has shown her interest in it by contributing three pictures, which are very well known, and were at Burlington House only the other day. One represents her Majesty's first council, and is by Sir David Wilkie; the second, "The Queen's Coronation Sacrament," was painted by Mr. C. B. Leslie, while "The Christening of the Prince of Wales" was produced by the romantic genius of Sir George Hayter. "The Days of Creation," by Mr. Burne Jones, has been lent by its enviable owner, Mr. A. Henderson, also "Sir Galahad," by Mr. Watts. A wonderfully striking portrait by the same great artist of the late Lord Lawrence (John Lawrence of the Punjab), was also lent by Mr. F. Baxter, and people who are not charmed and amused by Mr. Doyle's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" do not deserve to be charmed and amused at all.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours held its 107th exhibition in April, and proved that in English water colours the influence of schools is more manifest than in oil painting. On the present occasion there was no difficulty in tracing the guidance of Turner and Prout. With regard to importance, Mr. Holman Hunt, who ranks only as an associate, shares the honours with Sir John Gilbert, though it is doubtful whether the work of either will be classed among the artists' best efforts. The former has reverted to one of his early triumphs, "Christ as a Child in the Temple disputing with the Doctors." Some of those seated round the room are interesting, and all are cleverly drawn, but the dominant expression of their faces is neither surprise nor interest, nor even curiosity, while the central figure of Christ is as deficient in human child-like simplicity as in divine fervour. A similar want of expressiveness marks Sir John Gilbert's work representing Cardinal Wolsey at the zenith of his power going to Westminster Hall. Mr. Stacey Mark's "Listening Monk," on the contrary, may be taken as the best bit of figure painting in the whole gallery.

MR. GERALD S. HAYWARD, who is a Canadian by birth, but has practised the art of miniature painting extensively in England, though nominally resident in Toronto, finds, for reasons which we patriotically regret, ample employment for his fertile brush in New York and Boston, where he may be said to have revived an art practically lost to America by his delicate and artistic reproductions of the fair faces of numerous matrons, maidens, and children, committed by him to the safe keeping of ivory tablets and gold lockets.

In a few weeks Mr. Homer Watson will leave Toronto for England, where he intends to spend a couple of months.

THE New York Metropolitan Art Museum, in addition to Mr. Vanderbilt's munificent gift of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and Miss Catherine Wolfe's generous bequest of paintings, and legacy of two hundred thousand dollars, has been made the recipient of twelve pictures at the hands of Mr. Seney, valued at not less than forty thousand dollars. They include "Expectation" and "The Bashful Suitor," excellent examples of Joseph Israels, the Millet of Holland, Henri Le Rolle's powerful "Organ Recital," brought to America a year ago for the Impressionist Exhibition, and Mauve's "Spring and Autumn." Several important artists are also represented by Mr. Seney's discriminating taste, whose names are not to be found in the Wolfe collection. If some one would present a few good specimens of Millet, Delacroix, De Neuville, and Mesdag, the list would be nearly complete. Judge Hilton has given Meissonier's "Friedland in 1807," and Detaille's "Defence of Champigny," to the Museum, and the Honourable Horace Russel has presented the institution with Piloty's painting of "Thunelda at the Triumph of Germanicus," purchased at the Stewart sale. The Detaille from the same source was bought at the Salon of 1879, and is regarded by the artist as his best work. It is now worth twenty thousand dollars. So, with the various donations of Mr. Seney, Mr. Russel, and Mr. Schaus, an addition of paintings has been made to the collection during the month of April valued at a hundred thousand dollars.

THE new American actress, Miss Grace Hawthorne, who achieved so signal a success at the Olympic Theatre in March by her representation of "Gilberte" in Augustin Daly's version of "Frou Frou," that she even impressed favourably the captious *Saturday Review*, has been in Paris lately, making arrangements with M. Sardou for the production of "Theodora" at the Princess's in September next.

MR. BEERHOLM TREE opened the Comedy Theatre in the end of April with a new Russian play, called "The Red Lamp," of which great results and effects may be anticipated.

THE Opera Comique has been taken by Mrs. Bernard Beere for the summer season, in order to produce a dramatic version of "As in a Looking-glass," a book that has caused some stir in society, and gained its author, Mr. Philips, considerable fame.

THE performance of Mr. Calmour's new play, "The Amber Witch," in which Miss Ellen Terry is to appear, has been postponed from May to June, and will be given at the Lyceum instead of the Haymarket Theatre.

"Lady Clancarty," revived at the St. James's, with Mrs. Kendal in the title rôle, has been one of the events, if not the event, of the theatrical season, in close competition with Mr. Irving's realistic reproductions. This romantic drama of Tom Taylor's was played for the first time thirteen years ago, and was not then very cordially welcomed by *The Times*. It was allowed to be a good play enough, with some fine scenes, but was said to have many serious defects, and to be too historical. It is indeed as possible for a play to be too historical as it is possible for a novel to be too historical. "Notre Dame," for instance, is too historical, and so is "The Last Days of Pompeii," though both are so in different ways. The story is laid in the reign of Charles II., and deals with the events of the times, the plot being founded on the union, at the age of fifteen, of the Earl of Clancarty, an Irish peer owning vast estates in Munster, with Lady Elizabeth Spencer, aged eleven, a daughter of Sunderland, then Secretary of State to the King. The youthful pair were parted after the ceremony, and did not meet again for years. Such was the tale Taylor took from history, and fashioned with little interference into a play. If it be found tedious and out of date now, the fault is hardly the author's; if it prove popular once more, the merit is more his than the actor's. None of Tom Taylor's many essays in literature were ever quite first-rate of their kind; but this piece, besides its theatrical dexterity, has the quality of all his works, it is manly, honest, straightforward. There is more flesh and blood, more wholesome living and doing humanity in "Lady Clancarty," than in any play written since. And its language is to match: in the best scenes, unaffected, easy, unadorned, and eloquent, too, with the eloquence of simplicity and directness worth all the tropes and rhetoric in the world, though in the lighter scenes there is perhaps some sense of a strain after the antique. A play like "Lady Clancarty" needs brisk acting, a romantic style, and that particular distinction which, perhaps for want of a better phrase, we call the grand manner; it does not get this at the St. James's Theatre. There are many well-skilled actors in the company, but they are strangely out of place in the piece. Mr. Kendal alone comes near the mark, and there is an actor now playing at the Adelphi, Mr. Triss, who would be seen to advantage in "Lady Clancarty." Of Mrs. Kendal it may be said there are no doubt many parts she would play admirably, but "Lady Clancarty" is not one of them. She cannot play it, and she was not wise to try. Years come to all of us—at least we hope so—and when they bring the philosophic mind they bring innumerable gifts and blessings with them. Only when we ignore them are they a curse. The time for playing Juliet or Ophelia is not the time for playing Lady Macbeth or Queen Constance. Any graceful or intelligent girl will please as Juliet or Ophelia; only a great actress can show us these imperial women. The play, with all its imperfections, native and imparted, is at least refreshing after the empty or immoral follies of the last few years. And if Mrs. Kendal's large and long sustained popularity can help to bring about a change for the better, she will have done more than enough to make a worse performance than her "Lady Clancarty" forgotten.

E. S.

SOME MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

TICKNOR AND COMPANY, of Boston, have published a "Book for Girls," by Edith Robinson, which fully deserves its claim to be at once improving and entertaining, cleverly written, and well thought out. "Forced Acquaintances" are two sisters, one of whom, bright, intellectual, energetic, and ambitious, is a good study of the average American girl. Yet one doubts if, with all her virtues, Marion Ware be half as fascinating as comely, loving, study-hating Kitty, who sends in such adorably silly compositions at school, and is so charmingly ignorant of Chemistry. Kitty, after all, is the chief factor in the story, and comes out, as one knows she will, nobly in the end. The style of writing, and the situations, particularly one or two of the latter, remind one with irresistible force of Miss Alcott's world-known "Little Women," but the surroundings of the Ware family are sufficiently new to compensate for the occasional resemblances which are the only fault of the book. Far from bad are the strictures on house-cleaning, and such purely domestic matters as the change of servants.

"The new girl came only as far as the gate, held up her hands, said, 'Howly Moses, how forlorn!' and went away in search of livelier spots. It was the beginning of an era of ignorance, stupidity, and dishonesty, from Christine, a Swedish giantess, who was gifted with an abnormal appetite, eating everything she could lay her hands on, from pieces of butter and lard to tea-grounds, to Hattie Marie, a retired dress-maker, whose expressed predilections were for angel-cake and horse-back exercise."

Of decided importance and interest is "The Jesuit's Ring" [Scribner's Sons], a novel with a prologue, laid in the year 1613, and a story of much charm and dignity. The book as it stands is an attempt to kindle some enthusiasm in the breast of the reader with respect to the many old legends of New France, and so far so good. The legend of the Jesuit's Ring is indeed admirably worked into an ordinary American tale of society, yet from this very fact it somehow loses in interest as it gains in ingenuity. The attention is divided, and both stories suffer. The dialogue, however, is some of the best that recent American novels have given us; cultivated,

forcible, and easy, it recalls the most careful work of Edgar Fawcett or Marion Crawford. Seaton, the travelled bachelor, who talks lazily about a *force majeure*, the friends, Ramsay and Somers, and Warrington, not at all an impossible Englishman, are men of the world, cosmopolitan, refined, natural. The adventurer, Count de Meaubré, forms a good contrast to the Jesuit fathers in the prologue. The scene is laid at Bar Harbour, Maine, and there is the usual charming young lady, whose dresses are charmingly described, and a Yankee Judge, whose conversation shows that the author, Augustus Allen Hayes, need not confine himself to Anglicised types and society *belles*, but has much sympathy with genuine middle-class American life as well. But all attempts to render small watering-places or seaside resorts of more than commonplace interest seem futile. There is something in the very name, the atmosphere, the surroundings, of all these places, Newport, Scarborough, Portland, Bar Harbour, etc., etc., that definitely precludes what so many writers hope to secure for them. There can be nothing poetic, and what there is historical is too forced to please and too slight to entrance, or else the master-hand of a William Black or Hardy is simply wanting before either history or poetry can make themselves felt.

"SAINT MICHAEL," a romance, translated from the German of Werner, by Mrs. A. L. Wister, and published by Lippincott and Company, is a powerful novel of what may be called the moral melodramatic school. Mrs. Wister is identified with German works, having translated many by such popular authors as Marlitt (the *Second Wife*, *Gold Elsie*, and others), Von Hillem, L. Streckfuss, Von Reichenbach, Oswald, and Ernst Wichert. The present publication, "St. Michael," is full of stir and incident, has plenty of villainy, extortion, and fraud, in the midst of which shines like a star or like the shield of his patron saint, the virtues of a younger Michael, disinherited for another's fault by the stern old grandfather, himself a Michael, and Count and General to boot. Slowly but surely the unprincipled favourites of the latter's old age decline in popularity, until at last Michael, the brave, the honest, the patient, the noble, triumphs over the worldlings who usurp his rightful place, and is revealed to the penitent old man as a worthy successor to the name of Steinruch and to the confidence and love of the people. As a picture of German life it is no doubt correct, picturesque, and inspired, but for sustained dreariness it would be hard to beat the typical German novel, combining, as it too often does, elevation without thought, description without dash, and elaboration of plot without sufficient grounds for the plot itself.

A Dainty little volume, bound in bird's-egg-blue, and issued by Lothrop and Company, Boston, calls itself "Bedside Poetry," a Parent's Assistant in Moral Discipline. It is dedicated to a couple of "spirits" who have correct double names, and there is a Preface all in italics, and a Key to the Moralities *imaged* in the selections. There can be no doubt that it will prove remarkably useful to those parents who will use it if they will only remember it in time, and instead of scolding a child who has transgressed in some way the rules of obedience, look up at the bedtime hour "advice disregarded," which turns out to be a poem by Cowper on "Pairing Time," and addressed to birds, or turn to Wordsworth's "Tribute to the Memory of a Dog," or Lowell's "Commemoration Ode."

Two small volumes of verse—one of Canadian inspiration—testify that the afflatus is still on this earth, though perhaps few would think of going to Port Albert, Huron County, to look for it. The poet is T. F. Young, and the subjects are eminently Wordsworthian. Some of the lines are on "The Maple Tree," "The Pine Tree," "Louis Riel," "The Diamond and the Pebble," and such new and unfamiliar themes as "Autumn," "Niagara Falls," and "Sunset," receive full justice at the writer's hands. An "Ode to Man" will probably rank in the future as second only to Pope, and as to the question raised, "Is there room for the poet?" there can be but an affirmative answer when the poet is responsible for such lines as the following:

Wilt thou pardon his follies, forgive him his faults,
In manners, in habits, in distance and time?
For when on his charger, Pegasus, he vaults,
He rises o'er reason's safe, temperate clime.

"ELSIE'S WEDDING, AND OTHER POEMS," by Jasper Barnett Cowdin. A delicate little book in gray and silver, published by D. S. Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y., of very fleeting literary value, though earnest enough and unpretentious.

"LOHENGRIN" AT PARIS.

PARIS is the only capital in the civilised world where "Lohengrin" has not been heard; and there must be many theatre-goers in Paris who are anxious to see it performed. Moreover, Wagner's admirers in France are not few; so that the promised production of what is perhaps the most characteristic of all Wagner's operas would be sure to attract large audiences for some nights at least. On the other hand, Wagner is generally detested in France, because of a most offensive satire against the French which he published at the time of their great misfortune, when Paris, and with it all France, had succumbed to the German arms. No doubt, therefore, an attempt will be made, as soon as the opportunity presents itself, to hiss "Lohengrin" from the stage—to treat it, in fact, as "Tannhäuser" was treated, when, twenty-six years ago, it was brought out with great splendour, with an excellent cast, and under the patronage of the Emperor, at the Grand Opera.

In those days, just after the triumphs, military and political, of the Italian war, the Second Empire was at its highest point of glory. Defeats had been inflicted on two of the four great Powers which, nearly half a century before, had formed an irresistible coalition against France; and,

after helping to beat Russia and Austria, Napoleon was turning his attention toward Prussia. Hopes were at that time entertained in the Imperial Cabinet that, either as the result of negotiation or of war, the Rhine frontier might be obtained. But, for a time at least, Napoleon III. wished to keep on good terms with the two leading German Powers: and to produce a work by the great German composer would be a compliment to both. According to a somewhat wild French caricaturist, the Germans sent Wagner to the French in order to administer his music to them as a soporific, and thus calm their eagerness in respect to the coveted frontier. But, as a matter of fact, Wagner came to Paris by invitation; and it was understood that his opera was being brought out at the special request of the Princess Metternich, the vivacious wife of the Austrian Ambassador at Paris. It is possible enough that in bringing out a work which, considering the opinion at that time entertained of Wagner's music, even among numbers of Germans, was sure not to obtain a marked success, the Emperor thought only of pleasing the Princess Metternich, who was very popular at the Tuileries. He was not disposed at that time to deny anything to the Power with which he had made advantageous terms at Villafranca after the not too decisive victory of Solferino. He carried his politeness to the beaten side so far as to assure the Emperor of Austria that Magenta was an Austrian victory; "only your generals did not understand it," he added, "and I therefore telegraphed to Paris that we had won."

When "Tannhäuser" was at last brought out, Prosper Mérimée said that it was "Austria's revenge for Solferino." The performance disappointed everybody, and especially those whom it had been intended to please. Liszt, consulted on the subject by an intimate friend, said that if Wagner had shown himself more conciliatory the result might have been different. The conventions of the Paris Opera House required the introduction of a ballet; and Wagner could see no place for one except in the first act. But people of fashion are dining at the hour when first acts are played; and it was explained to Wagner that the members of the Jockey Club, who cared more for ballet-dancing (and ballet-dancers) than for music, would not arrive at the theatre before the second act. Most composers would in such a case have given way to the manager, and have dragged in a dancing divertissement where it was not wanted, but where, with determination and a disregard for dramatic propriety, a place might have been found for it. But Wagner's self-respect would not permit him to make the concession demanded; though, by way of compromise, he consented to introduce a short ballet-scene in the first act, where Venus and her nymphs could fitly be exhibited posing, posturing, and performing for the benefit of the enraptured Tannhäuser all kinds of fascinating dances. Then there was a trouble about conducting the opera. Wagner wished to direct the performance himself. But M. Dietsch, who held the office of orchestral chief, would not hear of this; and the matter had to be referred to the Ministry of Fine Arts, who decided emphatically in favour of M. Dietsch.

At this time Wagner had no ill-will against France; and looking upon Paris, as what for musicians it certainly was, the art capital of Europe, he was anxious for a Paris success. The Parisians, on the other hand, were not very desirous of hearing his music. It had the reputation of being monotonous and tuneless; and at the first representation it seemed so to a very considerable portion of the audience. Nor is it surprising that six-and-twenty years ago a mixed audience at the Paris Opera House felt bored by an opera which, without constant attention, was scarcely to be understood. Then the character of the music, even when the general scope of the work had been taken in, was by no means exhilarating; and it was sadly wanting in those scenes and arias which were still considered indispensable in an opera. Moreover, Berlioz and other French composers were apparently jealous of the German who had succeeded in getting one of his works brought out while they were still knocking at the door of the Opera House with theirs. Above all, there was the Jockey Club interest, deeply wounded by the composer's want of regard for the *corps de ballet*, and, according to Wagner, it was to an organised opposition from this quarter that the failure of the work was really due. In any case, it had to be withdrawn after three representations; and it was Wagner himself who withdrew it.

That the "Tannhäuser" *fiasco* should have left a bitter impression on Wagner was natural enough. But his mode of revenging himself on the French for their inability to appreciate his music—for their refusal to listen to it, he perhaps would have said—was very petty and very malignant. Just after the fall of Paris he made the event the subject of a sort of dramatic satire or diatribe against the French. No one can read even a little of this spiteful trash without being shocked at the writer's bad French, his infamous rhymes, and his execrable want, not only of feeling, but of the most ordinary good taste. Still, to a foreigner looking at the matter in cold blood, it seems strange that because Wagner insulted the French in 1871, they should in 1887, four years after his death, refuse to hear the most beautiful of all his works. Yet a riotous "first night" is anticipated for "Lohengrin."—*St. James's Gazette*.

No doubt the "Jubilee" business has been greatly overdone in England; it has been spread out too much, producing so many calls on the pocket that most of the enthusiasm has fled with the cash. Yet while many schemes for commemorating the Victorian reign are languishing and expiring through sheer inanition, the women are bestirring themselves in every borough and shire, and are confidently expecting to raise \$250,000 before the anniversary day. This is said to be the only one of the countless jubilee enterprises which excites popular enthusiasm.

GEOLOGY AND MINING IN CANADA.

[Abstract of Preliminary Address by the Chairman of the Geological and Mining Section of the Canadian Institute, Mr. Wm. Hamilton Merritt, F.G.S., Assoc. R.S.M., etc.

THE support of all those who take an interest in Geology and Mineralogy, and also of all those who have any interest in mines or mining locations throughout the Dominion, is claimed for this section. While the name of the section points out clearly that Geology, as a pure science, will receive every attention, I think I am correct in stating that the immediate cause which has operated in its formation has been the neglect of our mining interests by the Ontario as well as the Dominion Government.

We make a broad appeal for membership to those outside of the ranks of devotees to pure science, because we can lay claim to be the only organisation in the country that makes the welfare of the mining community its first consideration, and that will advocate without ceasing all necessary changes in our mining laws, for the assistance and safety of those engaged in prospecting and mining.

I have thought it might be interesting to the members of this section to know more or less what quantity of minerals has been raised throughout the Dominion for the past year, as there is nowhere a compilation of them. I have, therefore, compiled all the available returns, which, though of necessity very imperfect, will probably prove of interest.

MINERALS.	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.	Ontario.	British Columbia.	Quebec.	N.-W. Territories.	Total.
Coal	Tons. 1,502,611*	Tons. 555		Tons. 326,636		Tons. 50,000	Tons. 1,879,802
Gold	\$464,149			\$903,000			\$1,367,149
Gypsum	Tons. 125,753	Tons. 23,908	Tons. 5,000				Tons. 154,661
Iron Ore	Tons. 44,388	Tons. 12	Tons. 4,000	Tons. 200			Tons. 48,600
Manganese Ore	Tons. 427	Tons. 1,951					Tons. 2,378
Copper Ore		Tons. 20	Tons. 7		Tons. 5,204		Tons. 5,231
Silver Ore		Tons. 20	Tons. 61				Tons. 81
Salt			Barrels. 375,000				Barrels. 375,000
Petroleum (crude)			Barrels. 600,000				Barrels. 600,000
Phosphates			Tons. 2,000		Tons. 25,442		Tons. 27,442
Asbestos							
Antimony	Tons. 901						Tons. 901
Plumbago		Bushels. 3,647					Bushels. 3,647
Barytes	Tons. 230						Tons. 230

* Coke made, 31,604 tons.

Limestone, stone, and marble (unwrought), grindstones, sand (including moulding sand), gravel, and slates, are all produced in greater or less quantity; but the returns obtainable are so incomplete that I refrain from quoting any figures regarding them. In the Trade and Navigation Returns, the total exports for fiscal year of 1886 amounted to \$3,951,147.

These figures will prove to any one that we have in workable quantity ores of nearly every metal, yet they still lie, for the most part, in their undeveloped state in almost every Province from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And as we can point with pride to collections of these ores taking the highest awards for quality and variety at all the recent International Exhibitions, it seems a matter of national moment that they should be speedily developed, and that the world at large should be able to obtain every information concerning them. We therefore sincerely hope that our efforts with the Dominion and Ontario Governments may not be without result, and that before our next annual meeting we shall have laws which will make possible the collection of reliable information and statistics relating to our mines, minerals, and metallurgical interests throughout the whole Dominion as well as in Ontario.

I may say that if this is satisfactorily provided for it will be a matter of great personal gratification to myself, as for the past seven years I have constantly urged this matter whenever occasion offered, and so important did it seem to the Geological Section of the British Association, that Mr. Le Neve Foster's remarks on a paper I had just read received the unanimous sanction of the section. He said:

"The system in vogue in England for the collection of mineral statistics was the result of a meeting of this Association, and he considered that the visit of the British Association to Canada would not be thrown away if the only outcome of it was the establishment of a system for the collection of statistics of the mining interests in Canada. He would suggest that a similar system to that in England might be adopted by the Canadian Government. He stated that at the last meeting of inspectors of mines in England a table of the mineral statistics of the British Colonies was compiled for the Home Office, and great difficulty was experienced in collecting any statistics of the Canadian minerals; they had to resort to all kinds of resources, and the result was very unsatisfactory."

Mr. LeNeve Foster, F.G.S., is one of her Majesty's inspectors of mines, and is regarded as one of the leading mining authorities in Great Britain.

An important feature of our section will be an effort to collect as typical a set of minerals and fossils as possible, especially for the Province of Ontario, and in connection with this collection we can congratulate ourselves in that Mr. James T. B. Ives, F.G.S., has consented to act as Assistant Curator for the section.

With regard to immediate future work I may point out that the Commissioner of Crown Lands, in a very satisfactory interview which a special committee of the Institute had with him, requested full information concerning the methods in vogue in other countries for the encouragement of mining and metallurgical processes, and the collection of statistics relating thereto. We therefore invite members of our section to collect data on this subject, and make communications at their earliest convenience.

At the meeting of the Canadian Institute held 5th May, at which the above paper was read, the undermentioned gentlemen were elected officers of the newly formed Geological and Mining Section:—W. Hamilton Merritt, F.G.S., Assoc. R.S.M., etc., Chairman; A. Macnabb, Vice-Chairman; A. Blue, Secretary; J. B. Ives, F.G.S., Ass. Curator; David Boyle, C. M. Dobson, Assoc. R.S.M., R. W. Phipps, Esq., John Notman, Esq., and Dr. P. H. Bryce, Committee. All persons interested in this subject are invited to communicate with the Secretary, Mr. A. Blue, Bureau of Industries, 4 Queen Street W., Toronto.

THE Copland Brewing Co.

OF TORONTO,

Are now Supplying the Trade with their Superior Stock

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the Finest Malt and Best Brand of Hops. They are pronounced by experienced judges to be unrivalled for their purity and delicacy of flavour.

Special attention is invited to our

INDIA PALE ALE

Brewed expressly for bottling. It is a brilliant, full flavoured Ale, and highly recommended.

BREWING OFFICE:

55 PARLIAMENT STREET.

CITY OFFICE:

20 KING STREET, EAST.

Telephone No. 260.

H. R. MORTON & CO.,

QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS,

ACCOUNTANTS, ASSIGNEES, MANAGERS OF ESTATES.

B. MORTON. H. R. MORTON.

A. H. MALLOCH,

STOCK BROKER,

QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS, TORONTO

A. H. MALLOCH & CO.

Quebec Bank Chambers, Toronto.

REAL ESTATE BROKERS, FINANCIAL AGENTS, Etc.

B. MORTON. A. H. MALLOCH.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

MR. J. W. L. FORSTER,

(Pupil of M. Bouguereau, President of the Art Association of France), makes a speciality of

PORTRAITS IN OIL,

Studio—81 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

MR. HAMILTON McCARTHY,

SCULPTOR.

(Late of London, England.)

Statues, Busts, Reliefs and Monuments.

ROOM T, YONGE ST. ARCADE, - TORONTO.

ROWE & TESKEY,

22 Francis St., Toronto.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Inks, Mucilage, Liquid Glue, Shoe Polish, Blacking Specialties.

*Prices on application. The trade only supplied.

MISS JANE H. WETHERALD,

Teacher of Elocution and Public Reader.

17 BLOOR ST. EAST, - TORONTO, ONT.

Graduate National School of Oratory, Philadelphia, Pa.

DAWES & CO.

BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, LACHINE, - P. Q.

OFFICES:

521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX.

383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.

THE CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK

WITH

POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

COMPILED

By *SERANUS.*

Cloth extra, \$1.50; Morocco, \$2.50.

For sale by all leading booksellers.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Contents for May, 1887.

Portrait of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Front-piece.

The White House and its Memories. Historic Homes of our Presidents.

Handsomely illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.

Republicanism in Spanish America. Hon. W. L. Scruggs.

The Wabash Country Prior to 1800. Isaac R. Strouse.

Canada During the Victorian Era. PART I. J. G. Bourinot.

When Did Ohio Become a State. An Odd Controversy.

William Waddle, Jr.

A Literary Curiosity. *The Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

Illustrated. Rev. D. F. Lamson.

Harvey Birch and the Myth of Enoch Crosby.

Guy Harcourt, of Searsdale.

The First American Rebel. A Criticism.

Dr. R. B. L. Trippett.

A Guide to Politeness in 1810. (Curious Note.)

Illustrated.

Diary of Colonel Josiah Smith, 1776. Concluded.

Minor Topics. Original Documents.

Notes. Queries. Replies. Societies.

Book Notices.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

"The Magazine of American History has no rival in the field it occupies so successfully."—*Troy Times.*

"It is a credit to the publishers, and, in real value, this magazine is far ahead of most of the monthlies."—*The Worcester Spy.*

"It is admirably edited, presenting the living facts of history instead of the dry bones gathered by antiquarians."—*Portland Advertiser.*

"No periodical sent to our table is read with greater interest and enjoyment, and none is more highly prized."—*Christian Intelligence.*

Subscription price, \$5 a year, in advance.

PUBLISHED AT

743 Broadway, New York City.

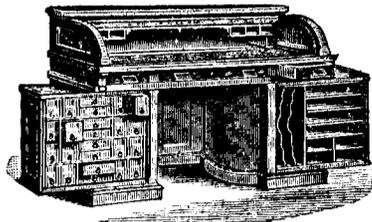
W. STAHLSCHMIDT & CO.

PRESTON, ONTARIO,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Office, School, Church and Lodge

FURNITURE.



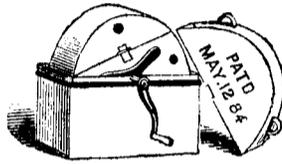
Rotary Office Desk, No. 51.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

THE

Eagle Steam Washer

Everybody



Uses It.

WITH OUR EAGLE FAMILY MANGLE AND MATCHLESS WRINGER.

Good Agents wanted in every county in Canada. Write for terms to

FERRIS & CO., 87 Church St., TORONTO.

WALL PAPERS.

Our new Show Rooms are now open with a large assortment of room papers, comprising this year's CHOICEST DESIGNS in English, French and American makes. Excellent value in all the Cheaper Grades.

J. McCausland & Son

72 TO 76 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.



Messrs. O'Keefe & Co.

BREWERS, MALTSTERS & BOTTLERS,

TORONTO, ONT.,

Beg to notify their customers and the trade generally that they are using almost exclusively the finest brands of EAST KENT and BAVARIAN Hops in all their

Ales,

Porter &

Lager

This season, and feel confident that their productions will compare favourably with the best English Beers and Lager,

BOWDEN & CO.,

REAL ESTATE,

LIFE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENTS, AND MONEY BROKERS.

59 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Business promptly and honourably conducted

FREDERICK C. LAW,

ARCHITECT.

MAIL BUILDING.

RESIDENCE—58 WELLESLEY ST., - TORONTO

CHAS. A. WALTON,

Architect and Constructive Engineer

19 UNION BLOCK, TORONTO ST.

Architect of the Toronto Arcade.

DR. PALMER,

SURGEON.

EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.

10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

COR. YONGE AND WELLESLEY STS.

DRS. HALL & EMORY,

HOMOEOPATHISTS,

33 and 35 Richmond St. East, Toronto.

Telephone No. 459.

Dr. Hall in office—9 to 11.30 a.m. daily. Monday and Thursday evenings, 7.30 to 9.

Dr. Emory in office—2 to 4 p.m. daily. Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7.30 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 4 p.m.

EDMUND E. KING, M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P., LONDON,

Corner Queen and Bond Sts., TORONTO.

OFFICE HOURS:—9.30 to 11 a.m.; 1.30 to 3 p.m.; 7.30 to 9 p.m.

DR. McDONAGH,

THROAT, NOSE and EAR,

68 GERRARD ST. EAST, TORONTO.

M. F. SMITH,

DENTAL SURGEON.

SPECIALTIES:—Gold plate work, gold filling and "painless" operations. Fifteen years' practical experience in Europe and America.

OFFICE:

Cor. Queen and Berkeley Sts., Toronto.

Telephone 722.

R. J. TROTTER,

DENTAL SURGEON,

Corner of BAY AND KING STREETS, over Moisons Bank. Entrance: King Street.

STUART W. JOHNSTON,

CHEMIST.

DISPENSING.—We pay special attention to this branch of our business.

271 King St. West, - - TORONTO

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

MR. H. R. SHAW,

Pupil of Mr. J. C. Forbes, of Toronto.

Makes a speciality of

PORTRAITS IN OIL.

Send for terms. GUELPH, ONT.

ROBERT COCHRAN,

(Member of Toronto Stock Exchange.)

6 YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO STREET.

Stocks, Grain and Provisions. Orders in Grain from 1,000 to 100,000 bushels in stocks from ten shares. Special terms of commission and margin on large amounts.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL A

NEW LITERARY WORK OF GREAT MERIT. Our Agents are not only making money, but everywhere interest and please the people. It is highly recommended by professors, teachers, business men and women, young and old, as a book that should be in the hands of every Canadian. Write for terms and territory at once and engage in noble work.—DOMINION PUBLISHING HOUSE TORONTO, ONT.

HOOF OINTMENT. A PERFECT

Remedy. Cures Hard and Cracked Hoofs, Scratches, Cuts, Bites, Sprains, Sore Shoulders, Galls, Swellings, etc. Price, 25 and 50 cents.—DENSOLINE EMPORIUM, 29 Adelaide Street West.

I CURE FITS!

When any cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLEN SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to do so I am not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and I Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

PURE GOLD GOODS
ARE THE BEST MADE.
ASK FOR THEM IN CANS, BOTTLES OR PACKAGES

THE LEADING LINES ARE
BAKING POWDER
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
SHOE BLACKING
STOVE POLISH
COFFEE SPICES
BORAX
CURRY POWDER
CELERY SALT
MUSTARD
POWDERED HERBS &c.

2 GOLD MEDALS
 1 SILVER MEDAL
 8 BRONZE MEDALS
 1886

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED GENUINE
PURE GOLD MANFG. CO.
 31 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

GRANITE & MARBLE MONUMENTS.
TABLETS.
MAUSOLEUMS &c
F.B. GULLETT SCULPTOR
 100 CHURCH ST. TORONTO

STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY FOR
 HALL STOVES AND COOKING
 RANGES IS AT
FRANK ADAMS'
 Hardware and Housefurnishing Depot,
 932 QUEEN STREET WEST.

ARTISTIC DESIGNING
 CARVING IN WOOD
CHAS. SANDHAM.
 40 Colborne St. TORONTO
 DESIGNS & ESTIMATES GIVEN

CONSUMPTION.
 I have a positive remedy for the above disease; b. its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give explicit P.O. address.
 DR. T. A. STOUT,
 Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

H. STONE, Sennr.,
 THE LEADING
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.
 239 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
 Telephone 931.

J. YOUNG
 THE LEADING
UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER
 347 YONGE STREET.
 Telephone 679.

W. H. STONE,
 THE UNDERTAKER,
 349 YONGE ST., - TORONTO.
 TELEPHONE No. 932.

CARPETS!

WM. BEATTY & SON

Have opened out their **SPRING IMPORTATIONS**, which are larger than those of any former season. Selections have been made from over thirty of the leading manufacturers in Europe and America, ensuring a Complete Stock, which, for Quality, Style, and Variety, is not to be surpassed by any similar house in Ontario.

Axminster, Wilton, Velvet and Brussels Carpets in great variety.
 A special line of **Best Five-Frame Brussels**, at \$1.10, Cash.
Tapestry, Wool and Union Carpets in all grades.
Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs and Mats. Art Squares in Velvet, Tapestry, All Wool and Union, all sizes.

The **CURTAIN DEPARTMENT** is complete with **Turcoman, Silk, Madras, Lace**, etc., in all styles.

SOLE AGENTS for the **GOLD MEDAL** and **NEW YORK CARPET SWEEPERS.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WM. BEATTY & SON, - 3 King St. East, Toronto.

THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS
 OF THE
ST. LEON MINERAL WATER
 RECOGNIZED BY A POPULAR MONTREAL DRUGGIST.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

MONTREAL, October 11th, 1886.

To the Manager St. Leon Water Co., Montreal:

SIR, - I can testify from personal experience that the St. Leon Mineral Water is highly beneficial for kidney complaints.

JOHN GARDNER, CHEMIST,
 Corner McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

Circulars containing important certificates sent free on application.

This invaluable Water is sold by all retailers at THIRTY CENTS PER GALLON. Also Wholesale and Retail by the

St. Leon Water Co., 101 1/2 King Street West, Toronto
 C. E. A. LANGLOIS, Manager.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COAL and WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE: - 20 KING STREET WEST.

BRANCH OFFICES: - 409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 244 Queen Street East.
 YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES: - Esplanade East, near Berkeley St.; Esplanade, foot of Princess St.; Bathurst St., nearly opposite Front St.

Sisters of Charity

Charity, attached to St. Mary's Infant Asylum, Dorchester, Mass., certify to the inestimable value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the treatment of sore eyes and skin diseases, among the many unfortunate children under their care. Mrs. S. D. Bodwell, Wilmington, Mass., writes concerning the treatment of her daughter, who was troubled with sore eyes, as follows: "I gave Ayer's Sarsaparilla to

My Little Girl,

and must say that she never took anything that helped her so much. I think her eyes never looked so well, as now, since they were affected, and her general health is improving every day. She has taken but half a bottle." A. J. Simpson, 147 East Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "My weak eyes were made strong by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla." C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I have been troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief, until I commenced using

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla. I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.
 For sale by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles for \$5.

may be "fairest and foremost of the train that wait on man's most dignified and happiest state," but the dignity and happiness of man cannot long endure without the health that may be obtained in a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A. W. Parker, lumber dealer, 209 Bleury street, Montreal, Que., writes: "After being troubled with Dyspepsia for a year, and with Salt Rheum

For a Number of Years,

I was cured of both diseases by using six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla." M. G. Traine, Duxbury, Mass., writes: "I have found Ayer's Sarsaparilla an efficacious remedy for bilious troubles and Dyspepsia." Henry Cobb, 41 Russell st., Charlestown, Mass., writes: "I was completely cured of Dyspepsia, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Wm. Lee, Joppa, Md., writes: "I have tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it has done me so much good that I shall always regard it as the best of blood purifiers." Eminent physicians prescribe Ayer's Sar-



Received the Highest Awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877, and Paris 1878.

Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Quebec, says: - I have analysed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ontario, and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavour, and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analysed the Porter XXX Stout, of the same Brewery, which is of excellent quality; its flavour is very agreeable; it is a tonic more energetic than the above ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, Ont.
 JAS. GOOD & CO., AGENTS FOR
 TORONTO.

WM. DOW & CO.
BREWERS,
MONTREAL,

Beg to notify their friends in the West that their

INDIA PALE ALE
 AND
EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT

May be obtained from the following Dealers:

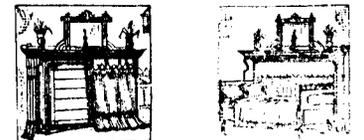
- IN VANCOUVER James Angus & Co.
- WINNIPEG Andrew Colquhoun.
- PORT ARTHUR Geo. Hodder, Jr.
- SARNIA T. B. Barton.
- WOODSTOCK Nesbitt Bros.
- STRATFORD James Kennedy.
- HAMILTON Sewell Bros.
- TORONTO Fulton, Michie & Co.
- " Caldwell & Hodgins.
- " Todd & Co.
- LINDSAY John Dobson.
- PETERBOROUGH Rush Bros.
- BELLEVILLE Wallbridge & Clark
- PICTON H. M. Bunbury.
- KINGSTON J. S. Henderson.
- OTTAWA Bate & Co.
- " Eb. Browne.
- " Geo. Forde.
- " J. Casey, Dalhousie St
- " C. Neville.
- " Kavanagh Bros.
- PRESCOTT John P. Hayden

Murray Hill Hotel,
 PARK AVENUE,
 40th & 41st Sts., New York City

Both American and European Plans.

HUNTING & HAMMOND.
 Baggage transferred to and from Grand Central Depot free of charge.

ECONOMIC FOLDING BED.



Every householder is interested in it. Can be set up in Parlor, Office or Library Without appearing out of place, or being in the way during the day time. It is the cheapest folding bed in the market.

R. THORNE & CO.,
 79 RICHMOND ST. WEST, - TORONTO

Science & Education

A NEW

Educational Journal FOR TEACHERS.

The aim of this paper is twofold. 1st. To give the teacher a paper that will interest him as an individual; and, 2nd, to give him the most reliable and valuable information obtainable regarding his profession.

"Science and Education is a teachers' paper, and I shall gladly see it in circulation amongst my teachers rather than the rubbishy things which commonly give themselves professional airs."—W. H. NELSON, School Supt., Colorado.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION contains 13 numbers in each annual volume (appearing every fourth Friday during the year). The subscription price will be \$1.50 a year. Sample copies of the first (November) number will be sent free upon application. Address

THE SCIENCE COMPANY,

47 LAFAYETTE PLACE, - NEW YORK.

DOMINION LINE.

PASSENGER SERVICE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

SAILING DATES

	From Portland.	From Halifax.
Sarnia - - -	April 28th.	April 30th.
Oregon - - -	Quebec - - -	12th May.
Toronto - - -	" - - -	19th May.
Montreal - - -	" - - -	26th May.
Vancouver - - -	" - - -	2nd June.

Rates of passage from Portland, Halifax, or Quebec, Cabin, \$50 to \$80; Second Cabin, \$30; Steerage at lowest rates.

These steamers are of the highest class, and are commanded by men of large experience. The saloons are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and they carry neither cattle nor sheep.

The last train connecting with the mail steamer at Portland leaves Toronto on the Wednesday morning. The last train connecting with the mail steamer at Halifax leaves Toronto on the Thursday morning. For tickets and every information apply to

M. D. MURDOCK & CO., 69 Yonge St.
GEO. W. TORRANCE, 15 Front St.
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
Gen. Agents, Montreal.

TAKE THE

STATE LINE

FOR

EUROPE.

REDUCTION OF CABIN FARES.

1st Cabin Passage, Single, - \$35 and \$40
1st " " Excursion, 65 " 75

ACCORDING TO LOCATION.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

No cattle, sheep or pigs carried by this line. For passage tickets, berths, and all information apply to any of the agents of the State Line in Canada, or to

A. F. WEBSTER, - Gen. Agent,
56 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Those wishing to keep their copies of THE WEEK in good condition, and have them on hand for reference, should use a Binder. We can send by mail

A STRONG PLAIN BINDER

For 75 Cents. Postage prepaid

These Binders have been made expressly for THE WEEK, and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the Binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete. Address—

OFFICE OF THE WEEK,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

ANY PERSON WISHING TO ACQUIRE a sound and practical knowledge of the German language, one that is of real use in business, reading, or travel, without waste of valuable time and without unnecessary labour, will find

German Simplified,

eminently suited to every requirement. It is published in two editions: (1) For self-instruction, in 12 numbers (with keys) at 10 cts. each. (2) As a School Edition (without keys), bound in cloth, \$1.25. For sale by all booksellers; sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by Prof. A. KNOFLACH, 140 Nassau St., New York. Prospectus mailed free.

HISTORY BY A NEW METHOD

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL

History of America.

With Bibliographical and Descriptive Essays on its Historical Sources and Authorities.

ILLUSTRATED.

EDITED BY JUSTIN WINSOR,
Librarian of Harvard University.

Under the above title Houghton, Mifflin & Co. propose to publish by subscription a complete and exhaustive History of the American Continent, from prehistoric times to the middle of the present century.

The work when completed will include eight royal octavo volumes, of about 600 pages each, profusely illustrated with maps, views, portraits, and fac-simile reproductions of historical documents.

A circular giving full particulars of this great work sent free on application.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

GEORGE VIRTUE, Toronto,

Sole Publishers' Agent for Canada.

Three Hundred Dollars
in Cash.

\$800.00.

PRIZE SELECTIONS

Being Familiar Quotations from English and American Poets from Chaucer to the present time. Selected and arranged by C. W. MOULTON, Editor of *Queries*. 16mo, cloth, pp. 242, \$1.00. The work consists of eight hundred and twenty-five quotations selected from prominent English and American Poets.

Three Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes will be awarded by the Publishers to the persons who will name the author of the greatest number of Prize Selections. Prizes declared March 15, 1888, and competition is open until that date.

Nineteen prizes will be declared. Every purchaser of the book is entitled to compete. For further particulars obtain a copy of the work.

Now on sale, and will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price—one dollar—by

C. W. MOULTON & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE YEAR BOOK

OF THE

University of Toronto,

FOR 1886-87.

Published under the authority of the Senate.

EDITED BY

J. O. MILLER AND F. B. HODGINS.

THE YEAR BOOK contains:—1. A History of King's College. 2. A History of Toronto University, and University College. 3. The Chancellor's Speech at Commencement. 4. The President's Speech at Convocation. 5. Historical accounts of all the affiliated Colleges, and the School of Science, with Lists of the Faculties of each. 6. Historical accounts of all the College Societies, with Lists of Officers for Current Academic Year. 7. A Complete List of Graduates, with their addresses. 8. Other interesting memoranda. 160 pp., crown 8vo, bound in cloth, 75 cents. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

Rowell & Hutchinson, Publishers

76 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

READY AT LAST.

MR. SEATH'S

HIGH SCHOOL GRAMMAR.

Based on Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 408 pp.

75 Cents. Free by Mail.

This work has been eagerly looked for, and now that it is issued it will doubtless find its way into the High Schools and into the hands of every Canadian teacher of English. It is so arranged as to adapt itself to both the junior and advanced forms in our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

WILLIAMSON & CO.,

Publishers and Booksellers,

TORONTO.

AN UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

ONLY \$2.00 A YEAR,

Including all Original Etchings by prominent Artists, for the Elegantly Printed, Highly Illustrated, Entertaining, Accurate, and Progressive Monthly Journal, Devoted to the Fine Arts.

The Studio

CLARENCE COOK, Managing Editor.

CONTENTS.

Leaders on Current Art Topics—Reviews of Art Exhibitions—Notices of New Statues, Paintings, Important New Buildings and New Art Books—Notes on Art Matters and Archeology at Home and Abroad—Announcements of Art Exhibitions, Meetings of Art Schools, etc., etc.—Reproductions of Important Paintings by the Azaline and Orthochromatic Methods, giving full colour values—And in general whatever can be of interest and invaluable to Artists, Amateurs, Teachers, Instructors, Connoisseurs, Patrons and Lovers of Art, Architects, Builders, Sculptors, Decorators and Furnishers, Collectors of Antiquities, Vases, Coins and Medals, Art Classes, Clubs, Schools, Colleges, Libraries and Museums, and to every one interested in the Fine Arts.

Announcement Extraordinary.

Our having commissioned so distinguished an etcher as Rajon to etch a plate expressly for THE STUDIO, has created considerable comment and speculation as to the nature of the subject. The inquiries for information continue to pour in from all over the country and abroad. The interest shown in this distinguished artist's etching has been so widespread, and as the subject will be of such great importance, to create a sensation in this country and abroad when published, we have decided to print 500 India Proofs, before lettering, to be sold by subscription at \$5.00 each up to the day of publication, when the price will be increased. A magnificent work of art is promised. Copies of THE STUDIO, complete, with Rajon etching, 50 cents each. Books are now open to receive advance orders. Order now to secure one.

The price for single numbers of THE STUDIO complete, with all etchings, is 20 cents a copy, and can be supplied by all art, book, and newsdealers. Ask to see a copy. Address all communications to

THE STUDIO PUBLISHING CO.,
3 EAST 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

FOR SALE!

A FINE

BRICK RESIDENCE

With four acres beautiful grounds, situated in

EAST HAMILTON,

And therefore free from city taxes. Street cars pass the property, city water and gas, all modern improvements in connection with the house. Barn, coach house, an dwelling house for hired man. This property for sale at a great bargain. Apply to

RALSTON & IRWIN,

31 JOHN ST., HAMILTON.

Pelee Island Vineyards,
PELEE ISLAND, LAKE ERIE.



J. S. HAMILTON & Co.
BRANTFORD.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Catawba and other brands in 5 gal. lots, \$1.50; 10 gal. lots, \$1.40; 20 gal. lots, \$1.30. Bbls. of 40 gals., \$1.25. Cases, 12 qts., \$4.50; 24 pts., \$5.50. For sale in Toronto by J. Herwick, corner King and York Streets; Fulton Michie & Co., 7 King Street West and McCormick Bros., 431 Yonge Street.
J. S. HAMILTON & Co., Brantford,
Sole Agents for Canada.

BUY YOUR

COAL

FROM

CONGER COAL CO.,

6 KING ST. EAST.

The Best

IS

The Cheapest.

GARDEN TOOLS.

Garden Hose and Reels,

Hose Nozzles and Sprinklers,

Garden Rollers, weight 265 lbs.

Lawn Mowers, Philadelphia Pattern and American Buckeye.

Line Reels, Edging Knives,

Rakes, Trowels, Spades, etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON,

52 & 54 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

THE

Toronto Paper Mfg. Co.

WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.

CAPITAL, - - - \$250,000.

JOHN R. BARBER, President and Managing Director.
CHAS. RIORDON, Vice-President.
EDWARD TROUT, Treasurer.

Manufactures the following grades of paper:—

Engine Sized Superfine Papers,

WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER

Machine Finished and Super-Calendered

BLUE AND CREAM LAID AND WOVE

FOOLSCAPS, POSTS, ETC.

ACCOUNT BOOK PAPERS:—

Envelope and Lithographic Papers

COLOURED COVER - - - - - finished.

Apply at the Mill - - - - -

Special sizes made to order