

THE WEEK:

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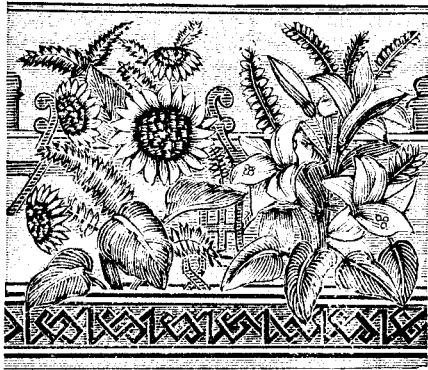
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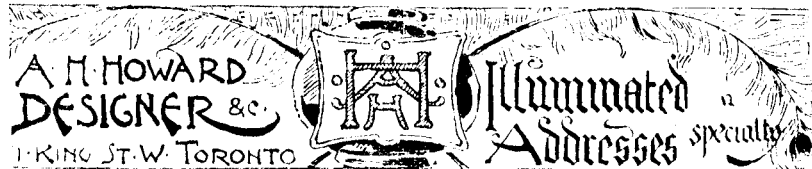
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BRITISH AFFAIRS.

THE political horizon does not clear, nor does the outlook improve. Business in the House of Commons has been persistently obstructed by the Irish, with the connivance and encouragement, if not with the actual assistance, of the Gladstonians. Not Irish disaffection, which has in itself no force whatever, but British faction, is the real danger, and I am sorry to say that of the triumph of patriotism over faction there seems to be as little hope as ever. The fear which I expressed when Lord Hartington declined to accept Lord Salisbury's generous offer, and coalesce with the Conservatives, has proved too well founded. Narrow and place-hunting Partyism resumes its pernicious sway, and there is too much reason to fear that the Dutch auction of infamy may commence anew. In truth, it has probably commenced already. The subserviency of the Gladstonians to the Parnellites is shameless. On the other hand, the great desire of Lord Randolph Churchill and his set is to rid themselves of dependence on the Liberal Unionists, whose morality is as little congenial to his lordship as their moderation. This can only be done by renewing the Tory Democratic alliance of last year with the Parnellites, and that alliance accordingly Lord Randolph is apparently attempting to renew. It was distinctly understood that nothing was to be done this session beyond passing the estimates which had been framed by the late Government, and members had gone abroad on the faith of that understanding. When Lord Randolph Churchill suddenly gave Mr. Parnell a day for an attack on the landlords, whom his lordship is notoriously willing to sacrifice, the suspicion naturally expressed was that he meant to force the hand of his colleagues, and draw them back into the Tory Democratic alliance with Parnell. His colleagues, however, seem to have recoiled from the trap. The net result will probably be an aggravation of Irish discontent. Parnell will be able to tell the Irish that he brought forward a plan of relief, the necessity for which the Government itself had virtually admitted, but a majority, callous to Irish suffering, had determined beforehand to vote it down.

A sinister feature of the situation is the impossibility of finding a seat for Mr. Goschen. That the Gladstonians should be willing to readmit him to the House is natural, but equally averse to his return are Lord Randolph Churchill and the narrow section of the Tory Party, to whom Unionism is merely an election cry, and who only want to keep power and place to themselves. It was apparent from the outset that this would be a weak point in the position taken up by Lord Hartington as the leader of a controlling and arbitrating force between the two parties. Mr. Goschen's fate will be that of his associates. Between Gladstonians and Tories, no Liberal Unionist will be able anywhere to get a seat, and as soon as this becomes manifest, Lord Hartington's following will be greatly weakened, and disintegration will set in, I fear, in the only force on which the country can rely as thoroughly patriotic and ready in the hour of need to sacrifice all party and personal objects to the safety of the nation.

On the behaviour of the Irish members it is needless to comment. A member of Parliament assures us in *The Times* that the worst part of the ruffianism does not reach the reporters. As I have said before, these men

are of the same class as the Irish politicians of New York, though no American legislatures would tolerate their conduct for an hour. And these are the rulers into whose hands Separatists propose to deliver Ireland, and whom they would trust to fulfil, in a spirit of honour and of amity towards England, all the engagements and conditions which Mr. Gladstone's scheme involves. It is a mistake, however, to regard Irish obstruction merely as ruffianism; it is rebellion. It is the engine of the conspiracy in Parliament, as the terrorism of the League is its engine in Ireland. Constitutional relations with these men have ceased; that is the fact which Parliament and the nation will have soon to look in the face. Either the Obstructionists and Terrorists must be put down, or the nation must allow itself to be dismembered by them and the foreign conspiracy whose satellites they are. Put down in forty-eight hours they might be, if faction would for that space of time efface itself in presence of national peril. But faction will do nothing of the kind.

It is not likely that they would allow themselves to be restrained by the present leader of the House of Commons, whom they remember a few months ago as ruffianly an Obstructionist as themselves, and whom, but the other day, they saw jumping on the bench in the House of Commons, waving his handkerchief, and yelling like a rowdy at a horse-race, over a victory gained by their aid. In the House, Lord Randolph Churchill's insolence has sunk to blandness, and an elaborate good-humour simulates the dignified urbanity of power. Out of the House, he has indemnified himself by a most insolent reply to a communication from the Protestant Alliance, objecting to the appointment of Mr. Matthews, who is a Roman Catholic, as Home Secretary. He lectures the Alliance on its intolerance, as though a generous toleration of the sentiments of opponents were eminently characteristic of his lordship's own mind. The interposition of the members of the Protestant Alliance may have been wise or unwise, right or wrong; but the ground of their objection was not religious, nor one which could properly lay them open to the charge of persecution. They took exception to Mr. Matthews, not as a believer in transubstantiation or in the infallibility of the Pope, but as a member of a political Church, which openly claims authority over the actions of its members as citizens, which has always sought the subversion of Protestant States, and whose priesthood in Ireland is, with that object, countenancing Irish disaffection at this hour. If Rome wishes to bury the past, and to render such associations as the Protestant Alliance needless and reprehensible for the future, let her hearken to the plain words of Christ, give up the attempt to make herself a kingdom of this world, cease to interfere with politics, and renounce her control over the political actions of her members. Instead of this, she flings the Encyclical and the Syllabus in the face of the world.

I TOLD you that the stories of wholesale evictions in Ireland, and of the ejection of thousands of Irish families from their homes by exterminating landlords, were a tissue of Fenian falsehoods. The exact figures have now been published by the Patriotic Union. The number of holdings in Ireland is 565,245. The number of evictions during the first six months of the present year was two thousand and seven, or about seven in every two thousand of the entire number of holdings. This, I apprehend, when all proper deductions of freehold and tenant-right holdings are made, does not equal the rate of foreclosures by the loan societies of Toronto. But it further appears that even of those nominally evicted, the majority were left in occupation as caretakers, so that the number of actual removals was only eight hundred and sixty. It may be safely said that it would have been still less had there been no National League to interfere with the payment of rents. In every line of business there must be a certain proportion of failures, and there will be occasional evictions, as there are foreclosures and selling up of bankrupt concerns. But no landlord—above all no Irish landlord—in such times as these has any inducement which a creditor of another kind has not, to cut his own throat by a cruel or capricious use of his power. Deeply grieved should I be if I thought that my pen had ever advocated or palliated oppression; but there is nothing of which I feel more certain than that these heartrending stories of the extirpation of the Irish people by ruthless landlords are simply moral dynamite, which, if landlords are to be denounced from the altar, in the way threatened by Father Fahy, will soon become dynamite of the ordinary kind. Mr. Gladstone, in his last speech before leaving England, had, in language unmistakeable though tortuous, incited to a renewal of

the attack upon the landlords, the direct attack upon the Union having failed, and in his pamphlet intimated that, as these men had refused to recognise his political mission, their sand had run. Yet it was deemed impossible that he should actually support a Bill which proposed in effect to cut off fifty per cent. from the rents as fixed by his own Land Act, thus completely subverting a settlement to which he had most solemnly pledged his own faith and that of Parliament five years ago. To plead that he, a great economist, did not, when he passed his Act, foresee the possibility of fluctuations in the price of produce within fifteen years is preposterous, even if it were true that a great fall in prices had recently taken place, the contrary of which appears to have been proved. It is not in the economical circumstances, but in the political circumstances, that a change has really taken place. Only by a renewal of the agitation against rents can Mr. Gladstone, since his defeat on the Home Rule Question, hope to make his way back to power. There have been few things in political history like this man's moral fall. Those who have never known what popularity is may take comfort in thinking that they have escaped its intoxicating influence, which seems to have completely prevailed over duty in the breast of a statesman whose reputation for public virtue was the highest, and in questions which not only concern the interest but touch the very life of the nation.

The Irish Land Act was tendered by Mr. Gladstone as a final settlement; but scarcely has it gone into full operation when it is assailed by its own author. The Bill giving Ireland a Statutory Parliament is in like manner tendered as a final settlement of the political question; but who can say that, as soon as party or ambition gave the word, it would not share the same fate? Mr. Gladstone's flatterers compliment him on his power of "growth." A statesman who is always "growing," not only out of his prejudices, but out of his covenants and pledges, is an awkward element in the case for those who have to trust the good faith of the nation.

THE conduct of the Czar, for which no words of condemnation can be too strong, has caused the finger of mockery to be pointed at those who have always protested against cultivating the enmity of Russia. But if England had not cultivated the enmity of Russia she might still have, as in the days of the alliance against Napoleon, and long after, she had, a voice in Russian councils, and might have exercised a restraining influence. The present Czar is evidently a Tartar, and probably his savage nature has been made more savage by Nihilism. But the late Czar was a philanthropist and a gentleman; and he had given his daughter as a pledge of amity to England: with him terms might have been made, if he had been treated in a friendly way. For the rest, I, though no diplomatist, have always maintained that, while it is much better that Russia should reach the sea at the Gulf of Scanderoon than either at Constantinople or on the Persian Gulf, her presence at Constantinople is no more a menace to England than it is to the other Maritime Powers. Austria, with her Slavonic provinces penetrated with Pan-Slavism, is placed in real danger by the advance of Russia; and this must be evident to Bismarck. There is no serious apprehension, and I should think little likelihood, of war.

Buxton, Sept. 22nd, 1886.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

PATRIOTISM VERSUS COSMOPOLITANISM.

WE are constantly encountering two classes of minds, the one an outgrowth of the modern scientific and anti-sentimental spirit which delights to call itself "cosmopolitan," and sneers at what it considers the "narrowness" of patriotic feeling; the other, including nearly all Celtic natures, passionately repels the sneer, and unites with all the truest and surest sentiment of the past in demanding love of country as almost as essential to noble character as natural affection. An interesting paper by M. Max Müller, on Goethe and Carlyle, in the *Contemporary Review*, unites the half-truths which give rise to this opposition, into the whole truth, which, when rightly presented, every intelligent mind might heartily accept. He shows, in the first place, how dear to the heart of the great German poet and thinker was the idea of a broad, world-embracing spirit in literature and politics. This was the strong feeling of both Goethe and Schiller, whose simple, earnest lives rebuke the luxurious self-indulgence and narrow selfishness of a too materialistic age. Though we may not be able to go quite Mr. Ruskin's length in denouncing the artificial complexity of our modern civilization, still, true it is that high living and plain thinking go together, and the pure and noble thoughts that stir humanity to its depths come from those who "scorn delights and live laborious days." So M. Müller reminds us that "the valley in which these poets lived was narrow, their houses small, their diet simple; but their hearts were large, their minds soared high, their sympathies embraced the whole world. They

knew the blessings of a *læta paupertas*, of cheerful poverty and high aims." Schiller, he tells us, declared that the poet ought to be a citizen, not only of his country, but of his time, while Goethe wished to impress the truth that the true poet, the true philosopher, the true historian belongs, not to one country only, but to the world at large—not to the present only but to the past and the future, since "we owe much of what we are to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us." He tells us that we must learn to tolerate individual peculiarities of persons and peoples—"holding fast, nevertheless, to the distinguishing character of 'genuine excellence,' that it belongs to all mankind."

It was the pleasure with which he recognised Carlyle's sense of this truth in his labours to give to English readers Goethe's masterpieces in a translation, that led him to write to the then obscure Scotch littérateur those pleasant letters which Carlyle and his wife valued more than they would have done stars and garters. He rejoices that Carlyle has so far entered into the spirit of a "world-literature," and tells him that "the Koran says that God has given each people a prophet in his own tongue," but that "each translator is also a prophet to his people"; and he adds a testimony of no ordinary value as coming from such a quarter: "The effects of Luther's translation of the Bible have been immeasurable, though criticism has been at work picking holes in it to the present day. What is the enormous business of the Bible Society but to make known the gospel to every nation in its own tongue." M. Müller credits even the ancient Egyptian and Babylonian scribes with the desire to contribute to a world-literature in their hieroglyphics and sun-baked cylinders covered with cuneiform inscriptions, meant to be used by future ages and future nations. He rejoices in the general reading of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron, as tending to cultivate the wider sympathies necessary to a better mutual understanding. Goethe had desired that the nations should learn the old lesson taught by St. John: "Little children, love one another"; and M. Müller regretfully remarks how little this lesson has been learned by the world yet, in spite of the teaching of Christianity. But it is not the patriotic spirit, but the narrowness of human selfishness that is to blame for this. Patriotism, as he justly points out, is only public spirit widened from the family to the country, just as cosmopolitanism is the same public spirit widened from the country to the world. "Patriotism," he says, "is a duty, and in times of danger it may become an enthusiasm. We want patriotism, just as we want municipal spirit—nay, even clannishness and family pride! But all these are steps leading higher and higher, till we can repeat, with some of our greatest men, the words of Terence: 'I count nothing strange to me that is human.'"

It is only human selfishness that prevents these successively widening circles of kindred feeling from having the full influence intended by the Father of us all. It is easy for the selfish man to be a patriot, if that means flag-waving and speechmaking on anniversaries, and boasting on all other occasions that *his* country—just because it is *his* country—can "whip all creation." But if it means—as it does mean—the seeking of his country's real good, even at personal sacrifice, it is just as impossible for the selfish man to be a truly patriotic citizen as it is for him to be a good friend or father. An amusing instance of the intensely narrowing influence of selfishness on affection was that of an old lady who carried her fondness for two pet cats to such an extreme that she delighted in seeing them catch and kill the innocent little birds. Much of our so-called patriotism is really little more enlightened than this;—it is simply a form of self-love and self-aggrandisement. A really pure and high patriotism must be guided by Christian principle, and tempered by the love of humanity. A true patriot must desire the highest good of his country, and *that* is its moral good, an infinitely more precious thing than its material advancement; he must desire that his country as well as himself should act up to the standard set by Christ, and "love its neighbour as itself," a principle which would at once put an end to all narrow and exclusive policies and unjust and selfish acts. Let no man call himself a patriot, who, from fear of personal loss, whether of money, power, or prestige, would willingly see his country guilty of an injustice to gain a coveted advantage or avoid a dreaded misfortune. Let him leave this title to him who would rather suffer, in purse or person, even to the extent of life itself, than be a party to his country's moral dishonour or her treason to the great citizenship of the world.

FIDELIS.

Kingston.

MME. MARCHESI, the noted teacher of singing in Paris, had a girl pupil from Nebraska who sang vigorously "Io t'amo." "Stop!" said Madame: "Is that the way they say 'I love you' in America?" "Yes, madame." "Well, that is the way they cry 'fish for sale' in Paris."

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON ON EVOLUTION.

At the recent meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, Sir William Dawson, in his presidential address, made a pronouncement with regard to evolution which may be taken as a partial acceptance of that theory. He said: "Lastly, these twenty-one years have been characterised by the 'coming of age' of that great system of philosophy with which the names of three Englishmen, Darwin, Spencer, and Wallace, are associated as its founders. Whatever opinions one may entertain as to the sufficiency and finality of this philosophy, there can be no question as to its influence on scientific thought. On the one hand, it is inaccurate to compare it with so entirely different things as the discovery of the chemical elements, and of the law of gravitation; on the other, it is scarcely fair to characterise it as a mere 'confused development' of the mind of the age."

Sir William Dawson has probably been the most eminent scientist, of late, opposed to the theory of evolution. He has attacked it from the theological as well as from the scientific standpoint, and has repeatedly affirmed that he considered the theory inconsistent with revealed religion. His present attitude should be welcome to every evolutionist. It can hardly be claimed by the most advanced advocate of the theory, and Darwin himself did not claim for it, that it was as firmly established as the law of gravitation. But on the other hand, it might be possible to point out the analogy between the state of the theory as Darwin left it, and the state of the atomic theory (so intimately connected with the discovery of the chemical elements) as John Dalton left it. The atomic theory has undergone a wonderful development since the days of Dalton; but its most advanced advocate, the late M. Wurtz, did not claim that it was as fully established in its present state as the law of gravitation. Yet from its first inception by Dalton in 1808 until the present time, the atomic theory has been the instrument of progress in almost every advance which has been made in chemical science. It has been, in fact, a working theory. The same might be claimed of the theory of evolution. Imperfect as its present state may be, it has, in the hands of Huxley, Mivart, Haeckel, and others, produced unquestionably great results in biological science, and should therefore command a reasonable degree of assent.

Sir William Dawson's pronouncement, however, will probably come as a shock to many in the religious world who have looked upon him as the champion of orthodoxy against what has been supposed to be the materialistic tendency of evolution. Changes of base in the scientific, as well as in the political, world should be followed by explanations, and I submit that a "History of An Idea" is in order from Sir William Dawson. A statement of the "conditions" under which the theory of evolution might be favourably looked upon, from so eminent a scientist, would undoubtedly be valuable to evolutionist and Christian alike. J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, P. Q.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

At what age does memory with an infant commence to be fixed? At the age of three, the souvenirs of the first two years dwindle to unconsciousness. Now, to know man, it is necessary to study the child. The period between three and seven years, M. Perez regards as that where the intellectual development of an infant is most continuous, and where the evolution is most marked. It is then that the blood is driven in rapid and abundant currents to the brain, to feed and form the growing connections. It is the age most favourable to the registration of perceptions, of emotions, and of simple judgments. At three years the infant hardly remembers things which have occurred within the last eight or ten months; or at least they rarely float in the flux and reflux of superior reminiscences. At least, we can discover no trace of the impressions of that tender age in those writers who have narrated their childhood. Rousseau confesses his inability to recall what he did farther back than when five or six years old; he knew not how he learned to read; they were the impressions of his reading that he could only bring to his mind, and it was about the same time that commenced, and continued, the consciousness of self. Jules Valles, Daudet, and other modern writers who have treated of their infancy do not relate any of its incidents.

M. Ribot states that often in cases of great mental excitement the memory of adults will summon up circumstances dating from their early youth. Instances have occurred where a child remembers a circumstance happening when aged only two, failing to recall what took place at four years old. Every one can test that it is easier to evoke souvenirs of events which occurred in early childhood—three to seven—at twenty-five to thirty years of age, than when only ten or fifteen. It is by noting the differences in the retentive faculty—which, according to Bain, is at its

maximum between six and eleven years—that the educationist can measure the dose of knowledge to administer to youth, and thus place instruction on a rational basis.

FRANCE had eleven "National" exhibitions, between the first in 1798, with one hundred and eleven exhibitors, and the last, in 1849, with 4,532. The Prince Consort originated the idea of the "International" show, and Sir Joseph Paxton gave it a glass home in 1851 at London. France copied this in 1855, with her first Universal Exhibition, and 24,000 exhibitors; this was succeeded by the World's Fairs of 1867 and 1878; the latter with 53,000 exhibitors. To these may be added the decided-upon Centennial Exhibition for 1889.

The Directory, in 1798, in its plan of an exhibition of national products, ranked it as merely a "spectacle of a new kind." It was a sort of pendant to the fête organised in 1798, to welcome the reception of the artistic spoils that General Bonaparte carried away as the sequence of his Italian campaign, which art treasures France had to return to their rightful owners by the Treaty of Vienna. The practical business proposition of focussing specimens of the nation's industry, for the first time—and on the Champ de Mars too, that "fair green" of Parisians, was due to a poet—François de Neufchâteau. He urged that an appeal be made to all the useful arts which contribute to the prosperity of the nation, which nourish man, which minister to all his wants, and which aid his natural faculties by the invention and employment of machines—those arts in a word, which form the bond of society, which are the soul of commerce and agriculture, and the most fruitful source of riches and joys.

The Exhibition nearly collapsed, owing to the refusal of England to make peace. The English Government was consequently roundly abused for "conspiring against French liberty and the whole world." The Directory publicly announced its revenge on England for disturbing the Festival of Peace. An army was enrolled to invade Great Britain; Napoleon, who had just arrived in Paris, was nominated to its command, but he preferred to wound England through India, by annexing Egypt, and making the valley of the Nile the headquarters for his invasion of the East. In due time the effervescence calmed down, to take an industrial revenge on the British.

The Exhibition building in the Champs de Mars was an amphitheatre, enclosed by a square frame of wooden pillars. The exhibits were to be French, and the best of their kind. Admission was free. The inauguration took place on the *première sans-culottide*. When the jury had indicated the model exhibits, the latter were collected into a special space called the "Temple of Industry." In this holiest of holies an orchestra executed the choicest symphonies, while at the same time the porticoes of the building were illuminated. The names of the prize-winners were announced between salutes of artillery. The bouquet of the ceremony consisted in the bombardment of a big ship, symbolizing England, with grenades and Greek fire thrown down from balloons. Further, in the officially reserved places no individual was allowed to enter, unless clad in home manufactures. It is thus that appeared nankeen—then for the first time manufactured in France—jackets and pantaloons to match.

There were only one hundred and eleven exhibitors, representing sixteen out of the eighty-eight departments; and, like all subsequent shows, the building was not completed on the day of inauguration. The Exhibition appeared to realize what the decree of Turgot, of 1776, laid down in principle—emancipation of work; that is, the liberty to sell. Since two centuries, the tailors were divided into Montague and Capulet guilds, respecting the vending of old and new clothing; the shoemakers, relative to new and cast-off shoes; the publishers' apple of discord was over selling second-hand volumes; the locksmiths, because not allowed to make the nails required for their own use. Many inventions and improvements in the arts and industry date from this first national exhibition, and that, the jury declared, fully justified "the envy and jealousy of rivals." The successful exhibitors received silver medals, and the *industriel* whose business inflicted the most fatal blow to any English manufactures, was rewarded with a gold medal. *Tempora mutantur!*

NAVY-LIEUTENANT GOUIN estimates the total population of Tonkin at ten millions, and the area of the delta at eight thousand square miles; the base of the delta is one hundred miles wide and fifty from base to apex. Oyster fishing is original: two men in a small boat stop in the middle of the river, where the water is frequently thirty-three feet deep. They throw overboard a large stone attached to a rope; one of the men glides down this rope—in a few seconds he arrives at the bottom and detaches the oysters. Then he chucks a line communicating with his comrade in the boat, who pulls up the half-asphyxiated diver and his finds. The "natives" thus dredged sell at one or two sous per dozen!

LINES.

ONCE in the hapless Stuart's reign,
As on some olden page I've read,
A peasant, loitering through the plain,
Saw that which made him bend his head
In homage: for, with dust-dimmed ray,
The Crown of England dangled from a bramble's spray!

Failure, thou art a bramble's stem:
Thou hast no pride of fruitage fair:
Yet men have found a diadem
Upon thy thorny branch and bare:
For haply they have plucked from thee
The secret of the things that are, and are to be.

Toronto.

G. A. M.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE Greeks, like the English, sent forth a great many colonists from their shores. These colonists made their permanent home in the lands in which they settled, and at all events in their Italian colonies, which specially received the name of Greater Greece, they mingled with the inhabitants of the land, whom they raised by a swifter or slower process to their own level. While the Greek colonists made for themselves new homes, they did not forget the old home, nor did they cease to be Greeks. They carried with them the love of Hellas, its religious rites and its civil customs, to Italy, Asia Minor, and Gaul. Nor did the colony forget the mother-city, but continued to cherish for it reverence and love, and the mother-city usually watched over the colony, and readily employed its good offices in its behalf. Corinth steps in alike when Syracuse is pressed by foreign enemies, and when she is torn by domestic seditions. There was, however, no political tie in the old Greek days between the mother-city and its colony. No War of Independence, no Declaration of Independence, was ever needed between a Greek metropolis and its colony, because from the beginning the colony was as independent as the mother city. The absence of the political tie is the distinction between the colonies of Greece and England; for Englishmen, when they went forth as colonists, did not cease, and did not wish to cease, to be English subjects. The causes of this difference are well explained by Mr. Freeman. The Greeks were citizens of a city, the English, subjects of a kingdom; and in the old Greek time it was hardly possible for a man to carry his citizenship with him beyond the bounds of the territory of his city:—

"The change in the meaning of the word 'loyalty,'" writes Mr. Freeman, "well marks that leading political characteristic of modern Europe, which stands out in fullest contrast to the political thoughts of the ancient commonwealths. 'Loyalty,' once simply *legalitas*, obedience to the law, has for ages meant—when it has not meant something far baser—no longer obedience to the law, no longer duty to a community as a community, but faith and duty owed by one man to another man. The notion of a personal allegiance, a notion which could have been hardly understood by either the aristocratic or the democratic Greek, has been the essence of the political system of Europe for many ages. The primary and formal duty of the member of a State that acknowledges a prince, a duty to which in many cases he is bound by direct personal promises, is a personal duty to a person. It is a duty which he cannot throw off under any circumstances of time and place; it follows him wherever he goes. While the active duties of the citizen of a commonwealth can hardly be discharged beyond the territories of that commonwealth, the duties of the subject of a king, the subject, that is, of a personal master, are as binding on one part of the earth's surface as on another."

It is true that the United States of America threw off their allegiance to the English Crown, and parted from the Mother Country in anger; and England, made wise by disaster, has sought to make the relation of dependence between herself and her English-speaking colonies as little irksome as possible. It is still, however, correct to speak of our Colonial Empire; for even in the freest of colonies, we have retained certain latent powers which might at any moment be called into exercise; and as Colonial Legislatures cannot, like our own, exercise an influence upon the policy of English Ministries, colonies may at any moment find themselves plunged into wars against their will and contrary to their interest. It is on this Imperial position of England towards her colonies that many Englishmen look with most satisfaction; and they look with still greater satisfaction upon our Indian Empire, in which we not only possess but exercise greater powers than were ever wielded by Imperial Rome.

The proposal that all the English-speaking colonies which own allegiance to the English Crown should form with England a great Federation has an attractive look. It gratifies the Imperial instinct of those Englishmen who wish to see the English Power great, and it is also attractive to those who wish to see English-speaking men drawn into close bonds of brotherhood. The Prime Minister said to a deputation that recently waited upon him, in terms of somewhat equivocal compliment, that the growth of a public opinion in favour of Federation had been remarkably rapid. But it must be looked at in the light of political facts and principles. The chief Federations of the world have arisen by a number of small States agreeing to become one State for all purposes that touch their relations to other Powers, while still keeping each one its separate being. The States which unite to make such a Federation, while they keep certain powers in their own hands, give up certain powers to a central body which speaks

and acts in the name of the whole body of States. Is England prepared to enter into such a Federation, and by so doing to sink to the position of the State of New York or the State of Delaware? Are Englishmen prepared to see the Parliament of Great Britain become a subordinate Legislature? If they are not prepared for this sacrifice, there is no use in talking of Federation, for Federation requires it. But perhaps it is not Federation that is meant by its advocates, although they say so, but such a union of Great Britain and her dependencies that their inhabitants shall be all represented in one Parliament. In this case also, let it be remembered, the Imperial character of Great Britain would disappear, and the Colonial Party might at any time outvote the English Party, even on home affairs.—*From the Spectator.*

HAMPTON COURT.*

THE issue of new works is perpetually reminding us of the rare wealth of literary treasure that has been lying unexplored in the archives of the Record Office and in the great national libraries. One of the most recent of these works is Mr. Law's delightful monograph on the "History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times." And we are glad to hear that it is to be followed by a second volume, bringing the picturesque story of the palace down to the present day. For the studies of Mr. Law have been labours of love, and he has made himself thoroughly master of his fascinating subject. He has ransacked annals and records, and, as he tells us in his preface, he has familiarized himself with each nook and corner of the buildings. The volume is richly illustrated with engravings after famous historical portraits by Holbein, Antonio More, Zucchero, or their imitators, by maps and quaint architectural elevations after old drawings and designs, and by views of the interior, from the venerable cellar-doors to the richly-wrought ceilings of the State apartments. But if these illustrations appeal to the eye, there are others still more interesting, which forcibly address themselves to the imagination. For although Mr. Law's narrative is based upon patient archæological investigations, he has succeeded in avoiding all dulness of detail, and has presented us with a succession of vivid pictures of the manners of courtly life in England under the rule of the magnificent Tudors. And, considering the many strikingly dramatic scenes he has to describe, and the great popularity of the palace with excursionists from London, it would seem strange that the task should have been left to him had not the richness of our records been a late revelation.

He traces the story of the manor of Hampton back to the mention in Domesday-book, but the historical interest of its chronicles begins when it was transferred to Wolsey, then the Archbishop of York, on a ninety years' lease from the order of Knights Hospitallers. At that time a small manor-house must have stood on the present site, but there can have been no buildings of much importance. Wolsey, with a plurality of bishoprics and abbeys, had ecclesiastical residences in abundance. But his manifold political occupations kept him near the Court, and Mr. Law surmises that he sought a country retreat beyond the reach of importunate suitors, and yet having convenient access to Whitehall. And in those Tudor days when roads were often impracticable, a well-manned barge on the river was incomparably the swiftest means of transit. Be that as it may, the Archbishop built his country retreat according to his superb ideas of what was due to his power and station. He maintained the retinue of a King, he practised profuse hospitality, and if he drained the national purse through scores of converging channels, he was as lavish in spending as he was eager in getting. He engaged a regular army of artificers, whom he employed on the new palace. He enclosed the double park of 2,000 acres with palings or substantial red-brick walls, and on many of the bricks are still to be seen the mark of the cross which was the symbol of the prelate. He surrounded his mansion and gardens with a moat, which is one of the last survivals of the fashion of fortifying English residences; he carefully drained each part of the buildings, connected the drains by a system of subterranean sewerage with the Thames; and at an immense expense he brought pure spring water, in leaden pipes, from Combe-hill to Surbiton, and from Surbiton under the river. In short, everywhere traces are still to be distinguished of the master-eye and the master-mind. When the magnificent residence was finished, and when the grounds were fully laid out, the great Minister's health was already failing. Henry was constantly charging him to take a rest and change, for he was still the King's friend and trusted favourite. That he had withdrawn to Hampton for the sake of repose seems clear from the many contemporary complaints of his irritating inaccessibility. Even ambassadors found it hard to obtain private audiences; and meaner men had to go back to town grumbling over their bootless expeditions. But his establishment was always on the most sumptuous scale, and he kept literally open house for all comers, while the chief apartments were a museum of the arts and industries. The tapestries from Flanders that clothed his walls were perhaps unrivalled before or since. The floors of the great apartments were covered with the choicest Oriental carpets. Nor did he greatly care how he came by these; he paid for some in money and for others by his good offices. We find him putting pressure on the Venetian ambassador to induce the chiefs of the Republic to buy for him with their merchants who had a monopoly of the trade with Levant. And the Venetian ambassador estimated Wolsey's golden plate at £150,000, "which, if we were to multiply by ten to give the equivalent in modern coin, yields the astounding sum of a million and a half." Yet before all he was a spiritual prince, and the chapel vestments and the church plate

* "The History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times." By Ernest Law, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, author of "The Historical Catalogue of the Pictures at Hampton Court." George Bell and Sons. 1885. (Mr Law is brother to Commander F. C. Law, R.N., of this city.)

were of a similar magnificence. In fact the Hampton Court of Cardinal Wolsey reminds us of Jerusalem under King Solomon; silver was nothing accounted of, and all the vessels were of pure gold. While in his double capacity of Primate and Prime Minister, a household organized after old feudal ideas rivalled that of Lord Warwick, "the last of the Barons." The palace contained 280 beds, and yet many of the retainers must have slept as they could, on the rushes strewn on the floors or in the spacious out-buildings. The household numbered 500. There were sixty priests in copes, besides dean and sub-dean, a score of singing priests, and a mixed choir of churchmen, children, and laymen. He had 160 personal attendants, among whom, by the way, were no fewer than sixteen doctors, so that his mere annual household expenses, on Mr. Law's calculation, must have amounted to half a million of our modern money.

Amid all that lavish magnificence, and the indolent luxury of his idle attendants, the great man, though he denied himself when not in the mood, toiled indefatigably in the service of his exacting earthly master. He and the King conjointly were deep in diplomacy and intrigues with every State in Europe. The grand State *fêtes* of Hampton culminated, perhaps, in the splendid banquet given to the French ambassadors in the autumn of 1527. Wolsey's disgrace and fall followed soon after. Great and overgrown subject as he was, he had stood only by the favour of the strong-willed King; he was envied and detested by the old aristocracy, whom he had treated *en Louis XI.*, as Henry's *alter ego*; he was held up to odium by the bitter reforming satirists, who denounced him as the incarnation of the spiritual pride of Rome; so, when Henry chose to crush his creature, for once the national sentiment was cordially with the King.

No doubt Wolsey's ruin was precipitated by his ostentatious embellishment of Hampton. Henry coveted the new palace as he set his heart on the charms of any one of the unfortunate Court beauties he successively made his wives. When the Cardinal withdrew to Esher, Henry moved into Hampton. Immediately he began to make extensive additions, and the workmen were set to work to efface the monograms and episcopal badges of the dispossessed owner. Henry, who was still in the pride of his bodily powers, laid out the great tilt-yard as well as new gardens, and he formed the covered tennis court, said to be the first ever made in England. Nor did the controversialist who had taken up the defence of the Papacy neglect learning and the *belles lettres*. He filled the library with books brought from York Place, and had a regular catalogue made of them. To all appearance he was on the happiest terms with his consort, Queen Katharine—except that Anne Boleyn had her private apartments, known as Mistress Boleyn's Lodgings. Nor did Hampton's reputation for hospitality suffer under Henry. The King's household was twice as numerous as that of the disgraced Minister. There seems to have been hardly a check upon the guests who crowded to the different tables. The people not only sponged on the King, but purloined portable objects, and even walked off with "fixtures;" so that stringent laws had to be promulgated against stealing tables, cupboards, the locks from the doors, etc. The most honoured guests must have had vast capacity for consumption and absorption; unless it was understood that the chamber allowances were passed on to their menials, who, however, had their free commons at the public tables. A duke or duchess, among other rations, had three gallons of ale and a pitcher of wine per diem; while a countess, though she must content herself with somewhat shorter measure, might nevertheless have bathed in malt liquor, had bathing been then the habit. Among other additions, in the early days of his occupation, Henry constructed the Great Hall. With constitutional impulsiveness, he pressed on the work by day and night, for there are heavy outgoings entered in the account-books for illuminations of tallow candles. Bricks were brought from Taplow, stone came from the Reigate quarries; while the oaken timbers were forwarded in thousands of tons from Dorking, Leatherhead, Banstead, Berewood, and—strangest of all, as it now strikes us—from St. John's-wood. In Mr. Law's opinion, "the elaborate and ornate roof is probably the most splendid example in the Perpendicular style ever erected in England."

The inconstancies of the amorous King were reflected in the decorations of the palace, to the great embarrassment of the builders. He had designed the grand hall and the suite of withdrawing rooms in honour of Anne Boleyn; but just as they approached completion that unlucky beauty was beheaded, and her badges were obliterated to make way for those of Jane Seymour, whose reign was even more ephemeral. Catherine Howard has left a memory as well as a name in the palace. Her troubled spirit is said to frequent "the old mysterious 'Haunted Gallery,' the door of which is on the right-hand side as you go down the Queen's great staircase." Tradition, or rather history, says that Catherine had contrived to escape from the chamber in which she was confined, and, hurrying down the long gallery, intercepted her husband on his return from hearing Mass. Henry turned a deaf ear to her prayers; shrieking and struggling, she was dragged back by her guards; and ever since she still shrieks in that gallery from time to time. Two ladies of character and station have heard her plaintive screams within the last few years. Mr. Law tells another ghost story of the Court which is at least as well authenticated; and he appears to be not altogether sceptical as to either.

Edward VI. was born at Hampton, though he never saw the palace again until six months after his accession. It was there that the Protector Somerset, as mean in spirit as he was proud of bearing, tried to don the skin of the dead lion, and awe the nobles and the people with the roar of the stern Henry. Seymour made a forification of the place, and fled without even showing fight. Mary and Philip of Spain passed their wretched honeymoon there, and we see reason enough for Philip's marital repulsion in Antonio More's portrait of the ungraceful bride. Not that there was much to choose between the pair, though More's portrait of the King is decidedly flattering. No wonder that Mary was jealous of her young

sister, who was brought to Hampton as a prisoner in the custody of Bedingfield. There is a quaint and charming portrait of the young Princess in a fancy dress, attributed to Zucchero, but she had sadly changed before the same artist is said to have painted her again in her remorseful decay. It was at Hampton that Mary experienced such bitter mortification and disappointment, when, in the confidence that she was to give birth to a child and a Prince, all the bells of the metropolitan churches were set to ring merry peals. When "the dreadful truth began to dawn upon her mind, and all her hopes gave way, . . . for weeks she would lie in her bed, without speaking, like one dead. Then she would sit for whole days on the floor, huddled up, with her knees against her face, her whole body swollen with disease, her countenance distorted and haggard, and her mind shaken with the ruin of all her hopes." As the Huguenots of France saw the finger of God in the fate that befell the author of the bloody St. Bartholemew massacre, so the relatives of Mary's many martyrs must have believed that the murderers had been marked down by the vengeance of Providence. Of Elizabeth at Hampton Mr. Law has little to say. Like Wolsey, the queen retired to the palace for repose, though she was involuntarily detained there in the autumn of 1562, when she so nearly succumbed to the severe attack of small-pox which threw Protestant England into an agony of apprehension and suspense. And Mr. Law reminds us of rumours associated with Hampton which, if we are to give credence to contemporary and very circumstantial scandals, go far toward compromising the reputation of the "Virgin Queen." But we prefer to end our notice with some jovial reminiscences of hospitality that was worthy of the bluff and free-handed King Harry. In a single year Elizabeth is said to have expended at Hampton, in the mere outgoings for eating and drinking, what was equal to about £400,000 of our present money. If the Tudor monarchs frequently came on their subjects for forced "benevolences," it must be confessed that the wise practice of their statecraft knew how to conciliate public sympathy among their immediate neighbours and dependants.—*The Times*.

ON THE STREAM.

In solitude, deep hid, a winding nook
With o'er-lacing branches
To thwart the warm glances
Of the sun, prying to steal just one look.

There's the yellow birch with tassels, and the willow
Laving the limpid stream,
While shadows dance and gleam,
Playing coyly with the laughing billow.

There's an old, gray moss-grown mill;
It's silent and alone,
With water-wheel broke down—
Never more to splash in foam the rill.

When fire-flies flit and gleam among the trees,
I take my little boat,
And down the stream I float—
My love and I before the evening breeze.

The warbler in the bush, when all was hushed
Once, trilled a deep love-note;
From out his dusky throat
The melody in streams of music gushed.

Our two hearts caught the spirit of the scene,
I asked my love to choose,
And she did not refuse
To answer "yes!" So ended young life's dream.

La Have, N. S.

C. T. EASTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOB AND "THE TEMPEST."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The comparison of an eminent statesman at a religious convention to Satan among the sons of God lately made by a Canadian journalist, who, like Shylock and another personage, with whom, however, on this occasion, as I shall point out presently, we have nothing to do, can cite Scripture for his purpose, suggests the remark how common is misconception of the sublime tragedy of Job. And this, too, notwithstanding the wealth of criticism, both German and English. Many years ago Mr. Froude, for the instruction of English readers, analysed this great drama with unrivalled critical acumen, and one of the many instructive results of that analysis was the apparently conclusive demonstration that Satan, one of the *dramatis personæ*, was not in the conception of the great unknown dramatist, the author, the Evil Spirit, but the Messenger of God. It will, perhaps, help to illuminate Mr. Froude's criticism, and at the same time point to a parallel not altogether fanciful, over an immense gulf of time, between the genius of the greatest of the ancient and the genius of the greatest of the modern dramatists, if I may observe that Satan in the drama of Job stands in the same relation to God that Ariel in "The Tempest" stands to Prospero.

Toronto.

Yours truly,
M. J. F.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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A REVERENT and cultured Christian may perhaps feel a shock of disapproval at the methods pursued by the Salvation Army; yet it is impossible, we should think, for any such to read the account of the proceedings at the meetings held here last week without feeling very kindly disposed towards these new evangelists. Their methods are not our methods; we cannot help considering their behaviour extravagant and irreverent; but we forget that we look at this matter from a stage of spiritual culture probably very different from that occupied by those they appeal to. Their efforts are not directed toward us, and so their methods are not adapted to our needs; but evidently they have grasped that great central principle of Christianity expressed in the words *Jesus only*; and using it alone—discarding all obscuring dogmas and legalism—they bring it to bear with the irresistible force that lies in it on the lapsed masses of humanity, recovering to manhood and spiritual life thousands whom the Churches with their present methods are not able to reach. In this field, however irregular the process, they are unquestionably doing the work of Christianity better than the Churches; and therefore let us at least wish them God-speed.

"THE question of the day," says Petroleum V. Nasby, writing of Prohibition, in the *North American Review*, "is whether the law can be made to restrain the criminal-maker as well as the criminal, to prevent the manufacture of paupers instead of supporting paupers; in short, whether the community has the right to protect its weaker members against organised demoralisation." Yes; and when by persistence in this method of government—which will not be confined to prohibition of one habit—an invertebrate race shall have been produced, without self-reliance or will-power to successfully resist the smallest temptation to evil, the question of the day will be whether it was worth while to deprive men of their virility, and to foster the growth of numerous other vices merely to repress those to which only the weakest are prone. Not in laws made to restrain vicious habits, but in building up from within a manhood which will move freely toward goodness, lies the true remedy. The Turks are a teetotal race, but there are qualities of heart and head in the Anglo-Saxon race which, even when accompanied by drunkenness, are infinitely better than the Turk's moral destitution, with all his sobriety. The simple truth is, Prohibitionists are on the wrong track entirely; they could learn a most useful lesson on the proper cure of intemperance from the Salvation Army, who, recognising that there can be no such foe to intemperance as a loved and personal Saviour, strive to bring their converts to Him first and before all, and succeeding, find no need for even a temperance pledge, much less Prohibitive Legislation.

THE resolution come to at the meeting of exhibitors and others with Sir Charles Tupper, last week, to make the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London a permanent one, is a most excellent step, and if, besides leaving their exhibits there, the owners will, as suggested by Sir Charles Tupper, improve and add to them from time to time, that this exhibition may not become a museum, but be kept a living illustration of the progress of Canada from day to day, the benefit to Canadian Trade may be great. To avail Canadian merchants more fully, however, of the enormous advantages offered by a permanent exhibition in such a trade centre as London, it occurs to us that the plan of export agencies now in extensive operation in Germany may be advantageously applied as a supplement to the exhibition; but whether as an adjunct under the supervision of the Canadian High Commissioner's office, or independent of that, is an open question. There are several of these export agencies scattered throughout Germany, and a report of the progress of, perhaps, the newest of them—that at Frankfort—has just been issued. Although it commenced working so recently as January last, there are already more than two hundred and fifty members. (It is co-operative, every exhibitor being a member;) and, during the first six months, one hundred orders from abroad were received by the members through its intervention. The object of these agencies is to bring German patterns and samples directly under the eyes of foreign buyers. The samples are arranged in glass cases, and the members pay

30s. per square metre per annum for the space occupied. Price lists *raisonnés* are published in several languages, and the agencies undertake to furnish travellers for foreign houses with any further information they may require, and to keep their members informed regarding new classes or patterns of goods which may be in demand. The amount of time and trouble saved to all parties by this system is enormous. The well-known Exportverein at Vienna is conducted on similar principles, and has exercised a potent influence upon the development of Austro-Hungarian trade with the East. The very successful Frankfort agency was established with the small capital of £2,000. We find these particulars in a late number of the *St. James's Gazette*, and to us the plan seems very appropriate to what our merchants are about to undertake. Perhaps there is no use in issuing the polyglot price lists spoken of, because all foreign merchants in London do business in English; but, with this exception, it appears to us the scheme is worth a trial. Even if the sample rooms have necessarily to be apart from the exhibition, and under independent care, the existence of the permanent exhibition as headquarters will give the agents a standing and influence that may insure success.

THE Philadelphia *American* is looking to the State Department to demand the right for American fishermen to buy bait within the limits of Canadian jurisdiction, "in accordance with the advanced maxims of international law, whose growth has unavoidably modified the Treaty of 1818." Strange how these advanced maxims have grown since the expiration of the last Fishery Treaty, for whose privileges, notwithstanding the international law, the States paid \$5,500,000. "Canada," again says the *American*, "makes just such a claim in the case of the Alaska seal fishery, declaring that the former claim of Russia to treat the waters of the Upper Pacific as within her boundary is at variance with the new tendencies of international law." A wonderfully convenient thing this international law, which may be stretched to cover the evasion of the most solemn commercial treaties when their observance becomes inconvenient. But we beg our contemporary to observe that Canada has not proposed to stretch international law, with its advancing maxims, over the whole Upper Pacific: it is the *American* that does this; but the trick will not serve: Canada utterly denies that there has been any change whatever in the international law which gives on the one hand the United States jurisdiction over an extent of three miles only from the Alaska shore, and on the other, to Canada, jurisdiction over the same extent from the Canadian coast, measured in both cases from headland to headland.

THE trouble in the Balkans has now reached an acute stage, and a few days may decide whether there is to be peace or war between Russia and Austria this year. These Powers are like two rivers that have for years been approaching a place of meeting; the approach has been much accelerated of late by rapids, and it is hardly in human power to prevent their shortly joining and battling together in a mad leap over the precipice. Whether below the Falls they can flow on peacefully side by side in the one channel is also something not in human power to foretell. The only thing plain at present is that the battle ground is very nearly reached; possibly will be reached, though the battle may not begin so soon, before this year is out. The determining point may be the refusal or acceptance of the terms attempted to be imposed by Gen. Kaulbars on the Bulgarian people. If these be accepted, the great conflict may be postponed, unless the influence Russia consequently gains grows unbearable; but if refused—and the terms are so insolent that it looks as if the Bulgars, who have lately exhibited so high a national spirit, must refuse them—then immediate war would seem to be inevitable. For Russia must follow this defiance by an occupation of Bulgaria, or the assertion of her authority in some form; and any such step will bring Austria into the field. The Czar has evidently made up his mind to employ force, rather than fail in this venture. The opportunity seems favourable to recover the foothold Russia gained in the last war, but lost again through Prince Alexander. England is hampered in several ways—by foreign difficulties, by political dissensions, by domestic treason,—and she cannot at any rate throw any formidable land force into the Balkan Peninsula: Austria, as a State that divides Slavism with Russia, is regarded as a rival that must be fought sooner or later; and the Panslavist party in Russia think the sooner the better. These have evidently captured the Czar, who the other day publicly praised and decorated their great exponent, M. Katkoff, of the *Moscow Gazette*; and besides this Panslavic inclination to war, the ablest men in Russia are said to have a latent desire for it as the only road out of a miserable situation: for victory would give the Imperial system a new strength and make their submission to it honourable; while defeat would bring the present system of government to an end.

THE forces that will compel Austria to resist the occupation of Bulgaria are many. The army would probably regard the Russian advance as a challenge, and would demand to be led to the field; if the challenge were not taken up, the Germans of the Monarchy would count this as a pusillanimous surrender to Slavism, and would be perceptibly impelled toward the German Empire; the Magyars have already intimated that Hungary will not bear the Russians in Bulgaria; the Poles would be enraged at such a victory for the hated oppressor of Poland; and the whole of Austria-Hungary would regard the lodgment of Russia in the Lower Danube as but preliminary to an after absorption of the whole non-German dominions of the House of Austria. These reasons, it would seem, must prevent Austria from acquiescing in the occupation of Bulgaria by Russia, or even the establishment of a preponderating Russian influence there; and if either of these things happen it is difficult to see how Prince Bismarck can hold Austria back. The talk about compensating Austria for the Russian gain by allowing her to go to Salonica is visionary: the battle for the supremacy over the South Slavs would still have to be fought—only the combatants would be nearer neighbours. Such a partition of the Peninsula might answer Bismarck's purpose; for what with Turkey, Greece, the Balkan nationalities themselves, and possibly Italy, to say nothing of England, the two partitioning Powers would have their hands full, and Germany could pursue her own designs in the north and in the west of Europe; but this, though it is said to be the clue to Prince Bismarck's late mysterious policy, is really rather too ingenious. He no doubt has definite views as to the future relations of Germany with Denmark, Holland, and Belgium; but it is not likely those projects are yet in the sphere of his practical politics; they are not ripe enough to warrant any active steps—much less such a grave one as the present—toward their realisation; and therefore it is more probable that the true clue to his friendly attitude toward Russia is simply fear of France. France is no longer the France of Sedan; a new generation is rising, and they possess a splendid Army in which they have faith; and let but Germany be involved in the Eastern Question, and this costly military force will surely be put to use in an attempt to recover the lost French provinces. Prince Bismarck will do much to help Austria; but he will stop short at war with an eastern neighbour, that would expose his rear to a declared enemy at the west. As to England, Lord Salisbury last winter gave effectual help to the Bulgarian national cause; he sent Sir William White to Constantinople, and Sir William made himself the bugbear of Russian diplomatists by checkmating their diplomacy at the Conference. There is no man in the British diplomatic service more intimately acquainted with the Eastern Question, and possessing greater skill to use his knowledge, than Sir William; and Sir William has again been sent to Constantinople. Whatever advantage his presence there can give to the nationalities is assured to them; but England will not go to war as a chief party to keep Russia out of Bulgaria. She has a common interest with the other Powers in the maintenance of the freedom of the Balkans, but if the Powers chiefly concerned permit these nationalities to fall under the influence of Russia, England, whose interest is but secondary, will not draw the sword to prevent it. Experience has convinced the English people that reform is a *non possumus* with Turkey: perhaps there is more chance of the development of national life among the subject races of the Peninsula under Austrian Government than under Turkish; and if Austria went into the fight bravely, England might help her, provided the autonomy of the nationalities were formally assured; but Austria, besides guaranteeing this, must prove her sincerity by something more forcible than mere protests.

ENGLAND regards the Russian advance on Turkey from a point of view somewhat different from that held by the German Powers. To Germany proper, the Russian advance is almost a matter of indifference, now that German railways have deprived the Danube of its old-time importance as a trade route; but to Austria a Russianized Balkan Peninsula can be regarded only as a *point d'appui* for operations directed against the whole of Non-German Austria. And it is in this respect that Austria comes into touch with the whole of Western Europe. The possession of Constantinople by Russia, which is the logical end of the Russian advance, the danger lurking behind all these manœuvres, and therefore the point to be kept in view, is not a menace only to Austria, but also to every Western Power, who all would be faced by a barbarous Semi-Oriental State, possessing in the Golden Horn a naval arsenal *absolutely secure from attack*, whence, however, ships of war could be despatched for offensive operations against either Austria, Italy, France, Spain, the British Mediterranean possessions, or Egypt. It is in this regard that England is so deeply interested in keeping Russia out of Constantinople; but she is not alone so interested. If her road, or rather one of her roads, to India

should be threatened by a Russian Black Sea fleet, no less would the whole Mediterranean littoral, nay, western civilisation itself, be menaced by an absolutely impregnable place of arms in possession of a people who are semi-savages with a varnish of civilisation. Therefore it would seem that it is not the business of England alone to stay the Russian advance; but of all western Europe. England has other routes to India; but if the other European Powers yield this dominion of the Mediterranean to Russia they lose everything. Then let them honestly take their share of the work, and join England in preventing it.

WHAT does Mr. Parnell mean when he tells the President of the Irish National League in America that the moral and material assistance he is begging for will encourage the weak both "to resist and bear oppression?"

IT is probable that the Paris *Le France* comes very near the truth when, opposing the annexation of the New Hebrides, it says that this is desired only by a ring in New Caledonia which wants to make the island a hunting ground for disguised slave traders, who, when the natives attempt to defend themselves, will cry out that French settlers are being massacred, and that the flag is being insulted.

AND here is another Catholic priest, who instructs a League meeting that "sparing a landlord, who has unjustly evicted a tenant, is straining to the utmost limit the order which tells us not to murder any individual." "Still," he adds, "it is always morally wrong to commit murder;"—only, it seems, a slight degree of moral turpitude, which may be excused if the strain prove too much for a warm-hearted, impulsive Irishman. Surely there is a grand field of work in Ireland for the Salvation Army: they might recover some of the lapsed masses to Christianity, if the heathen clergy are beyond reach.

THE patriotic Frenchman who owns the land on which was fought the Battle of Crecy is alleged to be possessed of a fell intent to level the hill overlooking the field. The demolition of the hill would not be of much consequence; but with it must come down what is, or is said to be (which is just as good), the identical windmill which afforded a position of comparative security to King Edward III. while he watched his son struggling in the strife and refused to lend a hand with a pike himself, crying out in his peculiarly idiomatic English, "Let the boy win his spurs." The boy won his spurs, and with them the three feathers and "Ich dien" of the poor old blind King of Bohemia.

IN reference to the reported purchase of property in Rome by the Jesuits, and its proposed confiscation by the Italian Government, a cablegram to the New York *Tribune* says, "These purchases are believed to have been made, but there can be no doubt that the stories set afloat as to the restoration of what used to be known as the influence of the 'Black Pope' upon the affairs of the Church, have originated and been disseminated by the enemies of the actual Pope for the purpose of checking the great, obvious, and important progress which has been made under his administration in strengthening and extending the independence and authority of the Church in all parts of the world."

IT is related that at Hythe (Eng.) the other day an elephant belonging to a circus managed to effect his escape from his companions, and paid a visit to a house with which it seems his memory had a pleasant association—a little shop at the corner of Market Street. On arriving at the place, the elephant found that it was closed; but, nothing daunted, he coolly lifted the door off its hinges and helped himself liberally to the contents of the shop—potatoes, apples, and sweets. When he had either satisfied his appetite or had exhausted the supply of good things he retraced his steps to the circus. The animal in question visited Hythe about eleven or twelve years ago, and when passing this house was treated by its then tenant to a good meal of potatoes. This seemed to have left so good an impression on his mind that he was led to pay another visit to so pleasant a spot with the result recorded above. About the same time the next morning he again got away, and was making for the same place, but unfortunately was discovered by his keeper before he had gone far on the expedition. Another instance of the festive character of the elephant is reported from Tournay, France. The animal, belonging to Miss Nouma, the Lion Queen's menagerie, was lodged in a stable at the Neuf Provinces Hotel, and, not being satisfied with his quarters, burst open the door, and made his way down the street, until, remarking his mistress, Miss Nouma, at supper in a café, he walked through the window to join her, smashing everything in the establishment and frightening the customers into fits.

If the statement of "An Irishman," who writes to *The Times*, is correct, the House of Commons was quite right in refusing Mr. Parnell's proposal that the poor, starving tenantry should be let off the payment of one-half their rent, on depositing in court the other half in cash. "An Irishman" says: At Banagher great fair, which took place Sept. 15th, sheep advanced from four shillings to six shillings per head on last year's prices. In 1882 ninety per cent. of the sheep brought to this great fair were sold; in 1883 there were only sixty-five per cent. sold; in 1884 the number increased to eighty per cent.; in 1885 it dropped again to seventy, and this year the percentage has been ninety-six, the largest number of any of the five years dealt with. Only three hundred and fifty animals out of eleven thousand remained unsold.

IN a debate in the House of Commons on the abolition of the Ulster King-at-Arms Mr. J. O. Connor made the statement that "by race, creed, and tradition the Irish are an aristocratic and not a democratic people;" on which the *Spectator* remarks: "Every Irishman in private always makes that allegation; but on what evidence does it rest? Irishmen claim pedigree, so we suppose they respect it; but it is possible to do that and yet be intensely democratic. As a matter of fact, much of the present Irish movement is Jacobin; the Irish are fighting their own chiefs as much as the English, and they certainly give one conclusive proof that their feeling for aristocracy is not deep. Utterly free to elect whom they will, and with two-thirds of Ireland to choose from, they send up as their chosen and loved representatives—the Parnellites. The truth is, the Irish are neither aristocratic nor democratic, but only clannish." This is most true: the Irish have hardly yet emerged from this tribal stage of civilisation.

DURING the second week in September, enormous quantities of live and dead fowls, eggs, butter, and bacon were sent from Dublin to London, Liverpool, Manchester, and the great towns of the north. Nearly 14,000 firkins of Irish butter were received at Liverpool and Holyhead during the week; and the seven days' shipments of eggs numbered 1,000 boxes. Five thousand bales of bacon and hams went to Lancashire and Yorkshire, the bulk of the "real Limerick" cured being reserved for London breakfast-tables. In the great English towns a brisk demand for Irish lobsters is springing up, which is a very good thing for the native fisheries; since Irish exports of fish have hitherto been exceedingly small, and confined almost entirely to fresh-water eels for Birmingham. Also the best Cork butter is rapidly increasing the circle of its admirers (at a good price) among the brutal Saxons. If, says the *St. James's Gazette*, Mr. Parnell and his associates would work as hard for six months to develop Irish exports to England as they have worked for the last six years to sow dissension between the two peoples, the "distressful country" would become an exceedingly prosperous one.

M. DE FREYCINET has beaten the Pope in a grave dispute. It has been officially announced in Paris that the French representative at the Vatican had received the following communication:—"The Sovereign Pontiff, considering the whole of the circumstances, and taking into account the latest information, suspends the departure of the Envoy whom he had thought of despatching to Peking, but reserves the rights of the Holy See." Considering, says the *Spectator*, that Leo XIII. had completely made up his mind, had made all arrangements with the Government of Peking, and had selected his Legate, Mgr. Agliardi, the pressure applied to him must have been severe. It was probably a threat that the Concordat should at once be set aside if he persisted. The change was originally suggested by the Chinese Government, which is exceedingly irritated by the French pretension to protect all Chinese Catholics; and it remains to be seen whether it will sit down under this rebuff. The French Government, of course, cares nothing about the converts; but it wishes for a position in China and Indo-China, and finds one as Protector of the Christians, who, it is said, under its shelter often defy the Mandarins.

THE British Board of Trade have issued the first two numbers of a monthly journal, containing all the commercial intelligence transmitted to the Government from all parts of the world by the agent of the Foreign Office. "Much of the information," says the *Spectator*, "must of course, be of a technical kind; but it is often valuable, as, for example, a description by the Acting Consul at Tai-wan, Formosa, upon the cotton cloths which suit the millions of China. Their demand is limitless, but they will not buy what we usually export. The goods are too thin, and have too little warmth in them for any but the rich. The poor Chinese want "un-tearable, unwearoutable homespuns," such as they make themselves, specimens

of which the Consul forwards. If Manchester can make them at the price, there is a new and endless market; if not, it is useless to send to China fabrics only fit for India, where the object is to avoid warmth. That report may be worth millions a year to the cotton centres." May it not be worth something to Canadian cotton manufacturers? We can, and do, make "un-tearable, unwearoutable homespuns;" and if we imitate the *style* of fabric the Chinese use, which is a most important point, and cannot be difficult, we might find a new and endless market too.

WITHIN the last twelve months, Mr. Lewis, of Woodford, County Galway, has had his house partially blown up, and his bailiff murdered under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Accordingly, when a patriotic local curate told him last month that, if he carried out certain evictions, "before six months his house would be blown up and his life taken," and the priest further declared that he "thought it his duty to denounce him from the altar," Mr. Lewis was not unnaturally alarmed. Mr. Lewis therefore took out a summons against Father Fahy, and asked to have him bound over to keep the peace. The order was made on Monday, September 13, by two resident magistrates. But the reverend gentleman elected to go to gaol, "reiterating his firm determination of fighting the land war in Connaught to the bitter end." On the following Wednesday the chief Parnellite newspaper declared Father Fahy a martyr facing persecution to maintain "his self-respect and character as a Christian minister." "The sympathy," it declares, "of the entire country is with him. His sacrifice is an example to the tenants of Ireland; it will nerve and inspire them in the struggle through which they must fight for life in the coming winter." Father Fahy is determined to fight the land war to the bitter end. He threatens one of the enemy with a horrible death; he refuses to be bound to keep the peace towards him; and the organ of "the priests and people" is loud in its praises of this most "Christian minister;" while the time of the House of Commons is taken up for hours with furious and senseless denunciations by the Parnellite crew. If Father Fahy will not give bail to keep the peace, which is all that is needed to open his prison doors, the inference must be that he does not intend to keep it, and adheres to his dynamite project; then why should the Government or the House of Commons interfere with the law, and relieve him from his self-imposed martyrdom? If to give bail would be like reproaching himself, as Mr. Sexton says, why that is no more than many another less turbulent or dangerous offender against the law has to do. But the Irish idea seems to be that, whatever an Irishman may do, the law must treat him exceptionally.

FROM the report of the Inspector of Irish Fisheries, says the *St. James's Gazette*, it seems that during the past twelve months large quantities of pilchards were taken in the nets fishing for herrings in Ballinacourty, Dun-garvan Bay, and Dunmore East, county of Waterford. The fish, it is stated, were of very fine quality; but as there was no sale for them they were thrown back into the sea. It is, the inspector observes, a matter of regret that the curing of this fish is not regularly carried on in the South of Ireland, as it has been for many years in Cornwall, where it is one of the principal industries upon which the fishermen and their families depend. Under any circumstances, it is certainly to be regretted that a large quantity of good and wholesome food should be cast away in this senseless fashion. Pilchards were in former days highly esteemed even by epicures; and, as a means of sustenance for people who are generally supposed to lack even the common necessities of life, they surely should be utilised instead of being wasted. The Irish will, perhaps, learn at some future day the value of fish as food. The ocean which surrounds them has inexhaustible supplies, which they might draw upon *ad libitum*, if they only knew how to do it. It would be a blessing for the country if land-hunger were replaced by sea-hunger. It would be a greater blessing to the country if the artificial hunger for land were removed by the displacement of the National League. Mr. Ruxton, J.P., of County Louth, points out that the National League have, during the last six months, received, to a great extent from Irish tenants, £67,406 15s. 2d., and have expended £2,424 5s. 2d. in the relief of evicted tenants. He proceeds to do a simple arithmetic sum, and finds nearly 65,000 substantial reasons for the desire of the League to keep the Irish land question open, and to prevent the tenants from acting on Lord Ashbourne's Act, and becoming contented in their minds. For contented peasant proprietors will not subsidise agrarian agitators. On the other hand, the "American sympathisers" will not subsidise mere parliamentary talkers. Here is the Clan-na-Gael engaged in other squabbles with the League, and protesting roundly that it wants its money to go for dynamite, not to promote the eloquence of Messrs. Sexton and Redmond.

A NIGHT SKY.

THE moon was in third quarter when I gazed,
That memorable evening, on the sky ;
Lone, lazy lengths of cloud hung loose on high,
Unfolding from low lines, but lightly raised
From the horizon—all was hush'd and hazed.
Anon each bright battalion, wheeling by,
Sought to encompass her chaste majesty,
But each time she appear'd they fled amazed.
Through every rift that broke the moving mass
Peered forth a sentinel that did observe
And send swift messages on lucent curve
To her, the Queen, whose mandates back did pass.
So waged the war till all her foes had fled,
And Luna reigned triumphant overhead.

Paris, Ont.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SAUNTERINGS.

IN many respects we have, undoubtedly, to congratulate ourselves upon the character of Canadian journalism as it compares with that of the fourth estate among our connexions of the Republic. True, the contrast shows our virtues to be somewhat of the negative sort ; but even abstention from certain of the newspaper vices that have attained so wide and profitable a popularity across our southern boundary is worthy to be chronicled in a spirit of profoundest appreciation. Even as a preventive measure, indeed, such a chronicle would seem the part of wisdom. Our journals naturally possess a consciousness of rectitude which must be very fortifying, but the staying qualities of even a consciousness of rectitude are well known to be subject to the forces of public opinion. Especially in journalism, by some subtly-operating law that works upon the conscience through financial or political agencies, are we aware that this is the case. The influence of silence is undermining in this regard ; let us hasten therefore, to bulwark, so to speak, the editorial ethical sense as it is in Canada, by the expression of our deepest admiration and highest esteem.

And truly, when we look at the press-ridden United States and the evils that we have hitherto escaped, our cause for gratitude assumes proportions interesting, if a little appalling, to contemplate. Our journals are abusive enough in all conscience, but the abuse usually expends itself upon its victim in his public capacity ; his private life is not denuded for purposes of anathema. A candidate's wife and mother-in-law do not usually share in the penalties of candidature. His domestic relations are not levied upon to contribute to his defeat. His hearthstone is comparatively sacred, and in the newspaper duels in which so much printer's ink and editorial gore is daily and needlessly spilled throughout our fair Dominion, the doughty combatants are still sufficiently mindful of their dignity to assail each other as "the scoundrelly Onondaga *Herald*," "the idiotic Cainsville *Express*," rather than, as it would be with our neighbours, "that scoundrel Jones, of the Onondaga *Herald*," "that idiot Smith, of the Cainsville *Express*." The ebullition of journalistic passion seethes day and night ; but, like certain springs of boiling mud in Greenland, it is confined by a thin upper crust which prevents a personal application of viscid fluid. What would not the American public, pained and saddened by the perpetual fratricidal encounters of Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, give for the recognition of such a code of decorum, the solidification of such a protective crust ! As it is, they must regard that formation in Canadian journalism with envious curiosity, unless, indeed, Mr. Warner has found room in *Harper's* to ascribe it to the climate !

Then we are happily free from a characteristic that is rapidly proving at once the bane and the prosperity of American newspapers—the lurid reporting which is becoming indispensable to the success of all metropolitan journals of the United States. This kind of work is done by lightning artists of the pen, of incredible imagination and vocabulary, to whom no episode is too unimportant, no incident too revolting, to be clothed in the most elaborate rhetoric for the delectation of the masses. This person's services are in great demand ; and column after column is placed at his disposal, to be filled with anything that strikes his facile fancy, from a life-like description of a washerwoman's clothes-line to a thrilling account of a prize-fight. His versatile genius usually culminates in the prize-fight, which reads like a dime novel, with vivid side-lights, breathless periods, and blood-curdling climaxes. It is easy to see the demoralising effect of this sort of thing upon the real mission and true dignity of the press, as well as upon the literary tastes of the people. The latter crave the unhealthy stimulus it affords, and the astonishing volume of what they read impresses them very falsely in regard to their literary capacity. Values in journalism become subverted. The graphic presentation of local incidents,

quite a subordinate feature, is made preëminent. Manner is of much more consequence than matter. Cablegrams announcing crises in the destinies of foreign humanity, and editorials commenting upon the same, are indifferently skipped, while three columns of cheap Coney Island realism are devoured with avidity. The degeneration of editorial writing is the natural consequence of this. The "leader" will soon be an anachronism in American journalism. Instead of acting as indispensable ballast, it will swamp the flimsy craft that attempts the impossible cargo. The functions of the general press in that country are thus vastly belittled and degraded. From its once exalted position as the people's instructor and guide, it is rapidly reaching the level of a mere public caterer, attired in the harlequin dress which shall best advertise it. While it must be admitted that we have one flagrant example of this tendency in Toronto, the general tone of the Canadian press is very slightly affected by it ; and it is the belief of most people that the success of that one exception is due quite as much to the sprightly independence of its articles as to any characteristic of the paper less to be admired.

Further, to indulge ourselves in the gratulatory amusement of the Pharisee of old, we have not yet descended in Canada to that spirit of enterprise that has produced the back-door reporter. The back-door reporter is that self-respecting agent of the press who, being denied the privilege of access and information at the portal usually open to gentlemen, obtains it at the area entrance by artful beguilement of the coachman or the cook. In the event of John's or Bridget's unapproachableness, he takes up a point of vantage among the chimneys of a neighbouring roof, and obtains "facts of interest" for the next issue of the *Interloper* just the same. This person is the peculiar evolution of American journalism of the nineteenth century. He is known to no other cycle, no other land, no other profession. His chief characteristics are his absolute lack of moral sense, his forehead of brass, and his indomitable "enterprise." The modern necessity of sensations at any cost has effectually destroyed the first ; a natural incapacity to perceive the nature of a snub has induced the second ; and the prize of the appreciation of the great unwashed has implanted the third. His origin and development are found contemporary and related to that of the millionaire. He may be said to thrive upon the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. The dearth of capitalists in Canada may be in some degree accountable for his non-appearance among us. And if this be the case, our optimists may count one more amelioration of our comparative poverty.

So prominent a member of the profession has the back-door reporter become, and so pronounced in his influence upon social life in American cities, that his satirised figure appears in almost every recent American novel of note. Bartley Hubbard in "A Modern Instance," the white-haired youth in "The Bostonians ;" and later, a faithful photograph in Mr. Wharton's grimly sarcastic "Hannibal of New York," are types that will, it is to be hoped, survive their prototypes.

The Canadian press, moreover, is held vastly more accountable by the people than that of the United States. We demand consistency of action and stability of opinion from our leading journals. To fail in either is to suffer serious loss of influence, and to invite much contemptuous criticism. Even a change in their party tactics is not made without grave deliberation as to the probability of popular approval, the fullest explanation, and the most satisfactory reasons possible. Not only the great organs, but every village sheet, finds this course indispensable to success. In the States the adoption and consistent pursuit of any one course by a newspaper is so rare as to elicit admiring comment when it occurs. The policy of leading journals veers with every whiff of public opinion ; changes outright at no visible dictation but that of expediency. Responsibility for the opinions of yesterday seems to be a troublesome requirement that the public is willing to dispense with. And the journal that was yesterday of Paul is to-day of Apollon, and will to-morrow be of Cephas, unchallenged and uncriticised, save by the mocking gibes of its contemporaries, the insincere note of which shows them under the same condemnation. And, whatever a disclosure of the secrets of darkness might reveal, the light of common day does not show press influence so openly and unblushingly bought and sold for individual benefit in this country as it is in the United States.

THE imputation of any national shortcoming necessarily has an element of injustice in it, from which the saving minority that exists everywhere must suffer. And while our opinion of American journalism is naturally dictated by our observation of the majority of American newspapers, it would be absurd to deny that there are in the United States journals whose conduct is governed by principles of integrity as unyielding as any that prevail either in England or with us. And while we decry much of

the entertainment which the American press affords its readers, it would be equally absurd to deny the existence of much more that we can regard with nothing short of envy. Notwithstanding the fabulous wealth and reputed book-buying liberality of the great Republic, few American men of letters are pecuniarily above gaining an honest penny by contributing to the daily newspapers. The "Syndicate" system, by which a number of papers whose circulation does not conflict, buy and publish the same article upon the same date, gives the honest penny obviously respectable proportions, in many cases indeed rendering the newspaper markets more profitable than that of the magazines. The result is that much excellent work notably in essays and short stories is scattered broadcast throughout the country with no small appreciable effect upon popular culture. This system, with its obvious advantages, does not obtain in Canada. We have nobody to write the essays and the stories, to begin with; and if we had, the great inequalities that exist in Canadian journalism would effectively prevent this disposition of them. Neither the *Globe* nor the *Mail*, for instance, would deign to print anything that appeared elsewhere in the Dominion; and a community of interest between these two journals is the one millennial result which the Canadian imagination wholly fails to grasp.

On the "other side," however, the syndicate system is growing immensely and deservedly popular. It embraces not only novelettes by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and social studies by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, but sermons by Beecher and Talmage; articles on household management by Marion Harland, papers on political economy by Henry George, and last and latest, even book-reviews by distinguished critics. Julian Hawthorne is one of the first in this field of literary usefulness. Its advantages and disadvantages are manifest. On the one hand, many readers get a clever man's opinion of a book which is enjoyable reading; on the other hand, if the clever man should be cleverly unjust, many readers receive a wrong impression and a great literary wrong is done to somebody who wrote the book, and everybody who refrains from reading it—a wrong which is of course the more remediless the larger the number of people it affects and the more distinguished the name of the perpetrator. Julian Hawthorne, in his review of Mr. Adam Badeau's "Aristocracy in England" has done nobody a wrong, unless indeed, it be himself. Mr. Adam Badeau has won the regard of the American nation by giving it a Boswell-like book about General Grant—upon whose staff he served in the late Rebellion. Last year he imposed upon this regard a novel about official life in Washington and Cuba, in which a number of well-known people were soundly abused under a very thin disguise, and Mr. Adam Badeau, who was at one time U. S. Consul at Cuba, greatly glorified under a somewhat thinner one. And quite recently, Mr. Badeau approached the American public again, quite safely this time, with the result of his industrious annotations in England, where he had also the honour of serving his country for a number of years. To any one acquainted with Mr. Badeau's previous work, the contents of "Aristocracy in England" would be a foregone conclusion; and to those who have not had this privilege, Mr. Hawthorne's review conveys the same conclusion with an art that is very admirable indeed. Seldom has faint praise been dealt forth more damningly than this of Mr. Hawthorne's, or,—one instinctively feels, more justly.

I may say at once that he has done his work very cleverly. That his book should have any literary value was not, of course, to be expected. The style, in spite of a certain pretension, lacks dignity and clearness, and the author occasionally betrays ignorance of the true meaning of English words and forms of speech. All this, however, is nothing to his discredit! He has evidently taken pains to do his best, and it is not every man in the world who can afford the luxury of a liberal education.

As a servant of the American Government he has enjoyed a long residence in England, and has succeeded in finding his way into exalted circles there. But the grandeur of his surroundings did not make him forgetful of the Republic; he took notes of all that he saw, heard, or could discover, and now presents us with the results of his industry. . . . There are many facts which Mr. Badeau, knowing what he has here set down, must also have known; facts as interesting as, or more so than, any which he has recorded, and one cannot help wondering why he has left them out. It can hardly be from any tenderness for British feelings, for his tone throughout the book is almost gratuitously democratic—so much so as at times to perplex the reader, who struggles to understand how a gentleman of views so radical should have been the valued friend of the people whom he so cleverly and even sharply criticises. One would have supposed that the English aristocracy would have been more reserved. No doubt, however, this supposed characteristic of theirs has been greatly exaggerated by report. Again, if servants will tattle, the sternest virtue can scarcely avoid listening. . . . It is full of curious and even useful information, and if it omits any profound ethical or philosophical deductions from the matter in hand, no person of philosophical or ethical acquirements (to say nothing of others) will be apt to regret the omission!

The aristocracy of England is certainly a stimulating theme,

whether treated from the point of view of a vulgar tattler or a wise sociologist.

It is difficult by extracts to give any idea of the veiled irony of the whole review, the finished art which has doubtless ere this conveyed to Mr. Badeau and half of *The World's* readers the impression of Mr. Hawthorne's genial admiration, and to the other half the impression of his supreme contempt. It is almost dishonest, so double is its suggestiveness, and yet we cannot withhold our approbation, so fitting is the treatment to its subject.

It is a pity that Mr. Hawthorne, after so subtly and severely condemning the vice of "vulgar tattling" in Mr. Badeau, should proceed to supply the deficiencies of his book in that line, by a little essay of his own upon the English aristocracy which leaves nothing to be desired upon the score of evil suggestiveness. Any departure from the dignity of letters in a literary nobody like Badeau, is thrice to be condemned in this litterateur, who has fairly won the right to wear his father's spurs. That the department of literary criticism should be invaded by the catering spirit that possesses American journalism, is a thing to be deprecated. That one who bears the most honoured name in American fiction should condescend to use it for this purpose, is positively saddening.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE CONTRAST.

I.

THE merchant tires of town and trade,
And hates the pavement's rumbling sound;
He longs to move in steps not made
By one most dull, mechanic round.

In spite of his possessions vast,
And coffers high heaped up with gold,
Towards Nature's realm his mind is cast
With wishes strong and manifold.

The habits of his life have wove
His soul and body in a net,—
He cannot freely think or move,
Or his close prison-house forget.

"If I could see the fields and trees,
Or wander where some brooklet strays,"
He says, "I should have joy and peace,
And round my life with happy days."

II.

The poet stands beneath the sky,
And all the wealth of Nature sees;
The rivulet running gently by,
The woods, the fields, the birds, the trees.

But in his heart is hunger sore;
Wishes that clamour uncontrolled
Accuse his want of wealth and store,—
His coffers never filled with gold.

He tires of hopes which take their shape
To fit the heart-beats of a king;
And through the grief his verses drape,
With mocking rhythm he tries to sing.

JOEL BENTON.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THOSE who remember having visited the "Toronto Zoo" when it was first opened, six or seven years ago, would no doubt be surprised at the marked progress that has been made since then, were they to inspect the present institution, located in Exhibition Park. Of course, even now, those familiar with the wonders of the London (Eng.) Zoological Gardens and of Central Park may feel inclined to laugh at the Toronto Zoo in its present stage of infancy; but, as "great oaks from little acorns grow," so all things must have a beginning, and a good beginning is usually prophetic of a good end. The general appearance of the "Zoo Gardens," with its trim flower-beds and grass-plots, is neat and pleasing, and the little paths running here, there and everywhere, are not only convenient but picturesque. Visitors to the Exhibition this year have found it quite a relief to leave the crowded grounds for a while to spend a quiet hour in the study of Natural History, and the unbounded delight of the juvenile portion of the community alone amply repays any parent who may have entertained misgivings about the wisdom of entering the precincts of the wild animals. If the man shouting outside the Gardens is to be believed, the Zoo must be a wonderful place indeed, for his voice is hoarse with emotion as he invites the public to "walk in, and see the representation of every animal under the sun, for the small sum of one dime and a half." His assertion is doubtless accepted with a grain of salt, but the invitation is not refused, and the people flock

in great numbers through the gates. Of course the first attraction is "that leviathan," the whale, and a general rush is made in the direction of his new house, which has just been completed, and in which he lies in state (surrounded by live alligators and stuffed birds), heedless of the wonder and admiration occasioned by his appearance. It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and outside, not far off, are two donkeys munching contentedly in a kind of pen. Next to them, a camel is hobnobbing with a goat, then comes a buffalo, a sacred ox, a yak, and various other animals, domestic and otherwise.

"There are some pussies, mamma," cries a little girl excitedly, and she points to a cage, in which two cats recline contented and lazy, totally unconscious that they are on exhibition. It is a novelty to the child to find these household pets so far from home, and she bestows a large amount of admiration upon them, but soon her attention wanders to a new delight, and she darts off to examine a small piece of ground enclosed by a wire fence, around which several persons are standing. At first she can see nothing but some large holes in the ground, and she wonders a little, contemplating what grown-up people can see to interest them so much. She is just about to turn away in disgust, when a little brown head peeps out of one of the holes, and then another, and another, until the child fairly screams with delight. Some of the heads disappear again, but others come into full view, bringing their bodies behind them. They stand revealed, small brown animals, in appearance not unlike ferrets. "They must be weasels," remarks one lady to another, but her more observant companion has seen the printed name on the fence, and replies that they are "prairie dogs." "I never heard of 'prairie dogs' before," says the child to her mother, "but they are jolly little dogs anyhow." But now the main building has to be visited; and our juvenile friend, who is all excitement, runs up to the entrance. On the threshold she pauses, a visible change overspreads her countenance, and murmuring, "I think we had better go home, mamma," she turns to go. The cause of this strange behaviour is not far to seek, for immediately within the entrance, on the right hand side, waving his trunk from side to side, stands the big Indian elephant, "Sir John." His huge appearance is perhaps calculated to inspire any nervous person with terror, and indeed a respectable distance is preserved between him and the crowd of spectators facing him; but, on learning that he is securely chained by the leg, the child made a great effort to overcome her timidity, and views him with the rest. Past him is the "zebu" (quite a distinct animal from the "zebra,") and then come the monkeys. "Black Jack," the most mischievous of these, watching his opportunity, catches a long-tailed brother by his appendage, and pulls him from his perch. Next to these friends of Darwin is the "ant-eater," with a tongue twenty-seven inches long. Prairie wolves, leopards, and panthers precede the fine African lion and lioness; a "hyena" bringing up the rear. An interesting picture of domestic happiness is presented by a female monkey, who, with one arm tightly clasping her baby, glares at the unoffending public, as if defying them to take it from her. At three o'clock the animals are fed, and it is strange to note how well they know when their meals are due. Some of them prepare for the event by walking up and down their cages, while the black bears, more impatient, send forth some of the most discordant noises ever heard by human ears.

The Zoo claims to be, not only a pleasure resort but an educational institution. During this summer, thousands of children from the public schools have been admitted free, to attend lectures on Natural History, given by some of the prominent men of the city. The "Zoo" was first started in 1879 by Alderman Harry Piper, of Toronto, and Mr. Ernest Blanchard, of London, England, and it has mounted step by step upon the ladder of fame, until, in 1886, it may be said to rank among the principal institutions of the "Queen City."

V. F. M. B.

Toronto.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MUSIC.

- 1—"VIENE D'OR," (Gavotte): C. A. E. Harriss.
- 2—"CHARGE OF THE CAVALRY:" C. A. E. Harriss.
- 3—"RECOLLECTIONS OF SCOTLAND:" W. S. Rockstro.
- 4—"BOHEMIAN GIRL," (Fantasia): Boyton Smith.
- 5—"FAUST," (Fantaisie): E. Hoffmann.
- 6—"DEBONNAIRE VALSE:" Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney.

Numbers one and two are of moderate difficulty, and have a certain easily caught rhythm, which will make them popular. Numbers three, four, and five are effective arrangements of the air, with the variation type with which these well-known composers are generally associated, the "Recollections of Scotland" being by far the most difficult of the three. Number six is a simple valse of the usual dance music topic.

Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

- 1—"NIGHT AND MORN," (Valse): P. Bucalossi.
- 2—"LITTLE SAILORS," (Waltz): A. G. Crowe.
- 3—"THE WIDE, WIDE SEA," (Song): Stephen Adams.

Number one, a smoothly flowing melody and swinging rhythm, sure to please. The vocal part is written with the music, but can be had separately. Number two, "Little Sailors," will doubtless have a "run" like unto the celebrated "See-Saw," by the same composer. The vocal parts (both words and music) are very taking. Number three, Fred. Weatherley's

verses are so eminently singable that it would be strange if a composer could not set them to suitable music. This is a good contralto song, and of medium difficulty.

Toronto: Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

We have also received the following publications:

- NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. October. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
- FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. September. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publication Company.
- ANDOVER REVIEW. October. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- WIDE AWAKE. October. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
- CENTURY. October. New York: Century Company.
- COSMOPOLITAN. October. Rochester: Schlight and Field Company.
- CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. October. Toronto: William Briggs.

LITERARY WAIFS OF OLD TORONTO AND YORK.

In addition to the relics of the past in the shape of portraits, early views, maps, and plans, there were displayed this year in the Pioneers' Lodges in the Exhibition Park the following volumes, written by or once owned by persons of note formerly connected with Toronto, or York, Upper Canada. Robert Gourlay—Statistical Account of Upper Canada, with a view to a Grand System of Emigration; London, 1822, 3 vols. 8vo. William Lyon Mackenzie—Sketches of Canada and the United States, London, 1833, 8vo. Report of Grievances, Toronto, 1837, 8vo. His copy of Story on the Laws of the United States, Boston, 1827, 8vo., with autograph. His edition of R. Dickinson's new version of the New Testament, with the Apocrypha, Toronto, 1837, 8vo. Morgan on Masonry, Cincinnati, 1850, 8vo. Charles Fothergill—His Philosophy of Natural History, London, 1813, 12mo. His Sketch of the Present State of Canada, York, 1822, 12mo. Tuke's Life of Dr. John Fothergill, London, 1879. Discourses by Samuel Fothergill, Dublin, 1798, 8vo. David Willson, of Sharon, The Impressions of the Mind; to which are added some Remarks on Church and State Discipline, and the Acting Principles of Life, Toronto, 1838, 8vo.; printed by William Lyon Mackenzie; contains also much verse by David Willson. Rev. Dr. Strachan—Christian Recorder, York, 1819-20, 8vo. His Concise Introduction to Practical Arithmetic, Montreal, 1809, 12mo. Miscellaneous Remains; various places and years. Strictures on Bishop of Strasbourg's Observations, York, 1838, 8vo. His copy of Harvard College Library Catalogue, Cambridge, Mass., 1830, 2 vols., 8vo., with autograph of Josiah Quincy. Report of Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada, Montreal, 1817, 8vo. John Simcoe Macaulay (Lieut. Col.)—His Treatise on Field Fortification, London, 1834, 8vo. Atlas of Plates to the same. His copy of Vattel's Law of Nations, London, 1834, 8vo., with book-plate. Governor Simcoe—His Journal of Campaigns in the American Revolution, New York reprint, 1844, 8vo. Sir Francis Head—His Narrative, London, 1839, 8vo. His Emigrant, London, 1846. Faggot of French Sticks, London, 1855. The Royal Engineer, London, 1869. Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau, London, 1835. Rough Notes on the Pampas, 1828. Stokers and Pokers, 1850. A Fortnight in Ireland, 1852. Life of Bruce the Traveller, 1838. Defenceless State of Great Britain, 1850. Descriptive Essays, 1857. Sir Edmond Head (edited by him)—Kügler's Handbook of the German, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, and French schools, London, 1854, 2 vols. 8vo. Sir Allan MacNab—His copy of Howe's Greek Revolution, New York, 1828, 12mo., with autograph. Hon. Robert Baldwin—Symond's Mechanics of Lawmaking, London, 1835, 12mo., with autograph and book-plate. Stahl's Regula Philosophica, London, 1672, 12mo. with autograph, and book-plate. Hon. W. W. Baldwin, M.D.—Dodsley's Annual Register for 1758, London, 1759, 8vo., with book-plate, "Baldwin of Spadina in the County of York, Upper Canada." Sheriff W. Botsford Jarvis—Carter's Letters from Europe in 1825-26-27, New York, 1829, 2 vols. 12mo., with autograph, "Rosedale." John Powell, Mayor of Toronto, 1838-39-40—Prayer Book in Modern Greek, London, Bagster, 1820, 12mo., with autograph, "Ex Libris Johannis Powell, 1829." Hon. Peter Russell—Belidor's Dictionnaire Portatif de l'Ingenieur, Paris, 1755, 12mo., with autograph, "E Libris Petri Russell, Divi Johannis Cantab, alumni." Chief Justice Thomas Scott—Gentleman's Magazine for 1801, with autograph. Judge Willis—Quintus Curtius, Amsterdam, Elzevir, 1670, 32mo., with autograph, "John Walpole Willis, Trinity Hall and Gray's Inn."* Mrs. Jameson—Characteristics of Women, edition dated from Toronto in 1837. Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada, London, 1838, 3 vols. 8vo. Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art, London, 1850. Her Copy of Collyer's Notes and Emendations to Shakespeare, London, 1853, 8vo., with autograph and manuscript remarks. Vice-Chancellor Jameson—Dr. Robertson's Works, Oxford, 1825. Pickering's edition, 8 vols., 8vo. with autograph. Hartley Coleridge's Sonnets, first edition, Leeds, 1823, 8vo., with three sonnets addressed to Mr. Jameson. Judge Sullivan—Legion's Letters on Responsible Government, Toronto, 1844. Hon. John Hillyard Cameron—Eckerman's Conversations with Goethe, and Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller, Boston, 1839, 2 vols. 8vo., with book-plate. Hon. Adam Crooks—Maltby's edition of Morell's Greek Thesaurus, London, 1824, quarto, with King's College prize stamp and label of 1847. J. Rumsey—Curia Canadenses (Canadian Law Courts), Toronto, 1841, 8vo., a poem after the pattern of Anstey's Pleader's Guide, a copy of which, London, 1808, is added. Chief Justice Harrison—Toronto of Old, Toronto, 1873, 8vo., with autograph and manuscript notes. Chief Justice Moss—Life of Sir Charles Metcalfe, London, 1858, 2 vols. 8vo., with autograph. Peter Brown—The Fame and Glory of England, New York, 1842, 12mo. Todd's Items in the Life of

an Usher, Quebec, 1855, 12mo. Dr. C. W. Connon—System of English Grammar, Edinburgh, 1863, 12mo. Alexander Somerville, "The Whistler at the Plough"—His Diligent Life in the Service of Public Safety, Montreal, 1860, 8vo. Rev. Dr. Harris, first principal of Upper Canada College—Goulburn's Acts of the Deacons, London, 1866, 8vo., with autograph. Rev. Dr. McCaul—Britanno-Roman Inscriptions, Toronto, 1863, 8vo. Rev. Dr. Beaven—Recreations of a Long Vacation, or a visit to Indian Missions in Upper Canada, London, 1846, 12mo. Rev. Saltern Givins—Schoolcraft's Oneota, New York, 1845, 8vo., with autograph. Rev. Ed. Denroche—The Curate's Book, London, 1832, 12mo. Lockman's Persecutions, Dublin, 1763, 12mo., with autograph. Rev. R. J. MacGeorge—"Solomon of Streetsville." Tales, Sketches and Lyrics, Toronto, 1853, 12mo. Canadian Christian Offering, Toronto, 1848, 12mo. Walton's York Directory, 1833. York Calendar for 1823. Dr. Strachan's copy—York Calendar for 1827. Dr. Baldwin's copy—Gilbert J. Hunt's History of the War of 1812, New York, 1819, 12mo., written from an American point of view, in Scripture phraseology, and divided into chapter and verse, "for the use of schools throughout the United States." Dr. Ryerson's Loyalists of America and their Times, 1620-1826, Toronto, 1880, 8vo. Sir Francis Hincks' Reminiscences, Montreal, 1884, 8vo.—*The Mail*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE new part (the third) of Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary" is nearly finished. It will treat of words that range themselves between "Batter" and "Bra."

A VOLUME of reminiscences is to be prepared from the copious diaries left by the late Lord Henry Lennox. They will include his experiences of men and politics for at least half a century.

MRS. F. J. MOORE (F. J. Hatton, daughter to Mr. J. L. Hatton, whose death is noted elsewhere), of London, Ont., is, by request, writing the Christmas Carol Music for *Harper's Young People*. Mrs. Moore also wrote the "Easter Song" for the same publication.

MRS. OLIPHANT is writing a series of articles, to appear in the *Century* during the coming year, describing some of the celebrated men and women of Queen Anne's reign, including the Queen, the Duchess Sarah, Dean Swift, and Daniel Defoe. Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who has recently written about American Architecture in the *Century*, will contribute to the same magazine a series of papers on some of the typical English cathedrals, to be illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

GEN. ADAM BADEAU is to write a series of "War Stories for Boys and Girls" for the coming year of *St. Nicholas*. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, each one treated separately, as a subject complete in itself, and the youthful reader can overlook the two armies and view the battle field from the beginning to the end of the struggle, but with the advantage of having every movement and charge, every attack and manœuvre, carefully explained to him.

THE October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the opening number of the fourth volume, will contain the first chapters of a new story, "The Secret Inheritance," by Mr. B. L. Farjeon; an article on "Cambridge," by Mr. Oscar Browning, with illustrations by Mr. J. E. Rogers; the first part of a paper on "Some Less Known Towns of Southern Gaul," by Mr. E. A. Freeman; a short story, "Only Nature," by the author of "Gideon's Rock;" and an account of "The Voyage of the Pelican," by Mr. Mowbray Morris.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for September 18 and 25 contain "The Voice of Memnon," *Edinburgh*; "The Flight to Varennes" and "The Growth of the English Novel," *Quarterly*; "Moss from a Rolling Stone," *Blackwood*; "A Drive through the Blue Wicklow Mountains," *Tinsley's*; "Some Unconscious Confessions of De Quincey," *Gentleman's*; "Orchards," *Spectator*; "The Baku and the Egyptian Petroleum Industry," *Economist*; with instalments of "The Mesmerist," by the late Ivan Turgeneff, "Prince Coresco's Duel," and "Ballairai Lurg," and poetry.

THE *Detroit Tribune*, referring to an article in the *New York Critic* on "Canada in Fiction," by T.—a Canadian (whom we understand to be Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, of St. John, N. B.)—and commenting on the opening passage: "Neither in European nor in American fiction is Canada yet recognised; and to be unrecognised in fiction is to be unknown," says it is indeed a curious fact that in this age the life of a people—even the life that is past—is made known more by the pictures of fiction than by sober matter-of-fact descriptive or historical writing, and it is another curious fact that with the most romantic and picturesque history of any country on the Western Hemisphere, Canadian life has never yet furnished the plot for any considerable work of fiction. The novelist thirsting for a virgin soil should go and dig in Canada for the subject and illustration of a story.

IT will be learned with regret that Mr. J. L. Hatton, the eminent English composer, is dead, at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Hatton was for some years director of the music at the Princess's Theatre under Charles Kean, and while at that house he composed the music for "Macbeth," and "Sardanapalus" (1853), "Faust and Marguerite" (1854), "King Henry VIII." (1855), "Pizarro" (1856), "King Richard II." (1857), and "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Much Ado About Nothing" (1858). He also composed two Cathedral services, several anthems, several books of part songs, and upwards of 150 songs. His opera called "Rose, or Love's Ransom," was produced in Covent Garden in 1864, and his "Robin Hood," a cantata, was first heard at the Bradford Musical Festival in 1856. One of his latest works was "Hezekiah," a "sacred drama," which was produced at the Crystal Palace on December 15, 1877.

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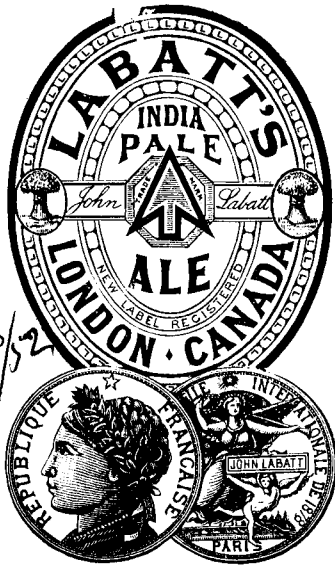
In arranging this work the editor has taken special pains to systematize and classify its different departments, give the greatest possible variety of designs and stitches, and explain the technical details so clearly, that any one can easily follow the directions. There are a large variety of stitches and a great number of patterns fully illustrated and described which have all been tested by an expert before insertion in this collection. The aim of the editor has been to supply women with an accurate and satisfactory guide to knitting and crochet work. This book is printed on fine paper, bound with a handsome cover, and contains over

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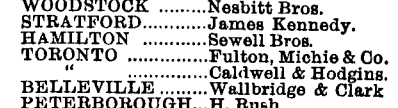
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