

# THE WEEK:

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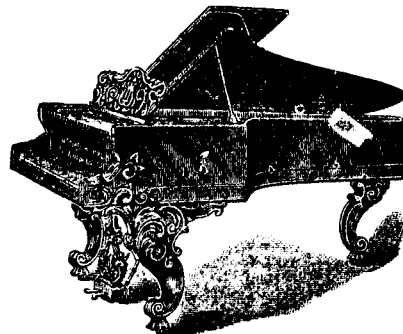
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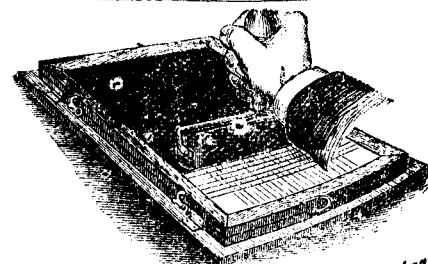
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## CANADA IN FICTION.

In a recent number of the Boston *Literary World* Canada is presented to the American novelist as an inviting field for his skill.\* It is not so long since that we would have looked in vain in either American or British serials of standing for even a passing reference to our country. Less than ten years ago Sir Francis Hincks had an article returned to him by the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, simply because it was Canadian in tone, while in the United States only at rare intervals could a paper from this side of the line succeed in attaining publication in the magazines.

Matters have changed within the last four years, and no magazine of reputation nowadays can afford to let a quarter go by without printing something about Canada, her people and resources. This is flattering, but, judging from the efforts of the best English and American writers in the newspapers and monthly publications, Canada is we fear pretty much of a study yet. A distinguished London journalist told me not long ago that he was always commissioned by his chief to write Canadian articles because he had once been in America. Canada he had never seen, but his acquaintance with New York and Boston rendered him an authority on Montreal, Toronto, and our Northwest. Even the London *Times* to-day contrives to get its Canadian news by way of Philadelphia, and the *Daily News* published its story of the rebellion from day to day from tintured telegrams sent by its New York correspondent, who could not even spell the names of our picturesque battle grounds. Time may change all this. Two decades ago it was indifference; to-day, it is ignorance. May we not hope that intelligence may come soon!

The *Literary World* has long looked for the American novel. Howells and James, Harte and Miss Murfree, Mrs. Stowe and Simms have not written it, though all of them have put American people in American situations, on American territory, and scenery and incident have been strikingly national. What is really demanded by those who ask for an American novel will probably be answered by the man or woman who produces in the next century, probably, the equally long-looked-for American play. One would think that Cooper had contributed a real American story, just as one is apt to regard Mr. Howells' work as a real development of American art in literature. The American novel should deal with American life and movement—in the forest, by the lakes, or in society. Novels treating of such life and movement have been written by the score, by men and women whose equipment for the task cannot be criticised or impugned. The *World*, however, remains unsatisfied. The expectant novel has yet to come. Meanwhile, it pays us the compliment to suggest that perhaps out of Canada, "that true North," the strong and worthy tale that everybody is sighing for may appear. Our critical contemporary gives a brief catalogue of what has been done by American and Canadian writers in the direction indicated already. The list presented is absurdly brief, particularly the roll which contains the achievements of our own novelists. Mr. Kirby's remarkable *Chien d'Or* is merely noted, while that eminent gentleman's poem on the Loyalists, which is known only to a very limited circle of readers, is mentioned first, and submitted to the reader as if it were our novelist's chief claim to recognition. The *Golden Dog* is really a very good story. The historical matter, rich and ample, is ingeniously put together, but its great length repels any but the industrious and persevering reader from honestly investigating the fortunes of Mr. Kirby's

creations, from cover to cover. And yet the story as it stands to-day, seven hundred pages long, was originally just twice that length when the London publisher returned it to its author, with the usual letter of regrets. Still, it is by far our best piece of fiction, and Canada is deservedly proud of it. The *World* names Vera's *Honor Edgworth*, the anonymous novel of *Constance of Acadia*, and Captain Marryatt's *Settlers in Canada*. The two last should certainly not be included in a list of Canadian fiction by Canadian authors. There is no mention in the *World's* article of John Lesperance's really striking *Bastonnais*, which treats in a highly dramatic way of life in Canada during the exploits of Benedict Arnold and the outlawed woodrangers. M. Frechette's play of *Papineau*, and M. Napoleon Bourassa's touching tale of *Jacques et Marie*, which afford good studies of French and Acadian manners, customs, and methods of life, are omitted from the list published in the *World*. Nor do we find a word about *An Algonquin Maiden*, the joint production of two of our most entertaining writers, Mr. G. Mercer Adam and Miss Wetherald, which illustrates several episodes of value in our social history. The charming collection of short stories, *Crowded Out*, by Mrs. Harrison ("Seranus"), is inexcusably omitted, and yet those tales reveal an intimacy with life and experience in French-Canadian country homes which few can read without interest or emotion, the spirit and characteristics of the people being emphasised with sympathy and tact. The writer in the *World* alludes to Charles W. Hall's *Twice Taken*, which deals with the siege of Louisburg in a lively manner, but the same author's metrical legends of the Gulf are not considered, apparently, worthy of remark, though to our mind they show better workmanship. James De Mille's series of juvenile books, *The B. O. W. C.'s*, is alike discarded, but the same writer's *Lily and the Cross* receives honourable mention. To say nothing of French novels, of which we have more than a score of average merit, there are still a few fairly written tales in English, the work of Canadian writers. Mr. Grant Allen is a Canadian novelist as well as a man of science, but as he publishes his writings elsewhere, and never puts Canada into his fiction, we may not include him in a list of distinctively Canadian romancers. But after surveying the field, what can be said? Why, only this: Canada has the material for many good novels. The country is full of incident, wonderful scenery meets the eye at all points, and every foot of the ground is rich in history of the most eloquent and picturesque character. War and peace, the Indian and the early settler, the *habitant* and his grand surroundings, invite the novelist and the painter. The strong and brilliant novelist has yet to come. We have done fairly well. There are some good names on the list, but only a few have performed the work required of them in an artistic and skilful manner. Every one who takes an interest in letters says the Canadian field is a mine of wealth to the romancer. I have myself repeatedly urged our authors to develop the romances at their command. But the time is passing away, and the mine remains unworked. The field is so rich, and we might add so vast, that we cannot long expect to enjoy a monopoly of it. Thus far, American writers have stayed their hand. Some of them have been generous enough to say that the Canadians should remain in undisputed possession of their material. But if we do nothing ourselves, may we hope to long enjoy this immunity? Rich preserves like ours may expect the poacher any time, and who is there to say him nay?

The *Literary World* sounds a warning note when it says:

But Canada, with its adjuncts, is a land of equal form and colour with Mexico, its romance is of a healthier type, and our sympathy therewith would certainly be far stronger. The Prescott of Mexico, too, is fully matched by the Parkman of Canada; nothing is lacking but the skilled and glowing mind to fuse the mass, and mould it into an image instinct with life. If any one of our readers has just returned from Quebec, he will feel the truth of what we say; only perhaps he will add that the bald prose of Canadian history is so romantic that it is almost painting the rainbow to turn it into fiction. Just now, when there is a call for romance as against realism, and when our novelists are scouring the continent from the villages of New England to the canyons of the Sierras in search of a promising "claim," why does not some one of them, or more, turn their eye northward to this almost untrodden but inviting region of great forests, great waters, great heroes, great events, and great episodes, and adventure a literary effort in that direction? If Hawthorne could only have had Parkman to go before him! Who knows but the coming "American novel," for which we are all expectant, is to be a Canadian novel, and that it is to appear out of the North?

It would be a pity if our local men and women were to lose this

\* See THE WEEK, September 29.

chance of writing the "great American novel." But may they not let us have a few readable Canadian stories? If they are to be historical, and perhaps historical novels only are demanded, everything should not be sacrificed to dry details. Can any one fancy a more distressing thing than a heavy, over-burdened historical novel, where the characters move like plaster images, and the action halts? From novels of that sort defend us! A *souppçon* of history ought to leaven every hundred pages. But perhaps directions for a Canadian novel are not needed.

GEORGE STEWART, JUN.

### EVENTS IN ENGLAND.

THOSE who do not wish to see the Mother Country dismembered and humiliated may be glad to hear that while cable accounts of what is going on are still adapted to the Fenian taste, private accounts are more hopeful. Thomas Hughes, among others, writes to me very confidently as to the prospects of Liberal Unionism and as to the ultimate issue of the struggle. He speaks very lightly of the significance of the bye-elections. He admits that Mr. Gladstone is doing a great deal of mischief by his appeals to Provincial hatred in Wales and Scotland, but says that there is little chance of his ever being in power again. Another correspondent, who watches events very carefully and is not over-sanguine, after describing a speech of Mr. Morley—who has now evidently sunk to the level of mere demagogism,—expresses his firm belief that the Union will never be in Mr. Morley's hands.

Coalition is probably at hand. This I say on what I deem the best authority. The Government will then receive an accession of administrative force—of which, to tell the truth, it stands in need—and at the same time it will broaden its basis in the electorate. As I have said before, the loss of the bye-elections is probably to be ascribed largely to the votes of Liberals who return to the old party lines now that the great issue of the Union is no longer distinctly before the people. It may be hoped that Lord Hartington's name will attract these electors once more, and finally, to the Unionist and National standard. We must be grateful to Lord Salisbury, who has behaved admirably except in the one fatal hour when, led astray by the shallow and profligate ambition of Lord Randolph Churchill, he accepted office at the hands of the Parnellites, and as the price of their momentary support abandoned the Crimes Act. But he is too much identified in the public mind with the highest and most reactionary Toryism to command much Liberal support except under the most manifest pressure of public peril, and his name, for the same reason, is particularly unacceptable to the masses. His health, it is to be feared, is failing under his immense burden of anxieties, and failing health shatters any nerve which is not adamant. If ever unshaken nerve was required in a British Minister it is now, when to the Irish difficulty there may any day be added a crisis of the most formidable kind in foreign affairs. In case of a war between France and Germany—which in the present temper of both nations may any day break out—it will be absolutely necessary, at whatever risk or cost, to impose neutrality upon Russia.

When the coalition has taken place there will be two parties in British politics. One, under whatever name, will be Liberal-Conservative, and will comprehend all who uphold the unity of the nation and are opposed to revolution. The other will comprehend all the Radicals and Disunionists, whether English or Irish. It will then be seen whether patriotism is in the majority or not. If it is not, the crash must come, and the nation must go through some rough process by which fresh forces, perhaps of a republican kind, will be called out, and a new order of things will be evolved.

Already, in helping the rebel Irish to wreck the House of Commons by obstruction, and in supporting the insurrectionary League against the Queen's Government in Ireland, the Gladstonian Opposition seems to have crossed the line which divides party action from civil war; and calamitous as a resort to force is, worse things might happen than the decision by a trial of strength, which would probably be short, of the question whether the destiny of England is to be settled by her patriotism and her worth or by a combination of lawless Irish and denationalised factory-hands, set on and subsidised by a foreign conspiracy.

One of my correspondents speaks very hopefully of Mr. Balfour, who, he says, is now all that could be desired as a debater and as an administrator, "one who means business, without the least bounce or bluster;" while his health, which was supposed to be weak, appears to have borne the strain well. Mr. Balfour's appointment, it will be remembered, was at first received with mistrust on the one side and with ridicule on the other. Amidst the general failure of statesmanlike firmness and fortitude which is the worst part of the situation, we welcome anything

which seems to show that there is still in the public character of England latent force which may be evoked by national peril. The wonderful manner in which Lord Hartington, who used to be regarded as little better than a lounge, has risen to the needs of the situation, is above all things reassuring to those who tremble for their country.

I would call special attention to the article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Theodore Von Bunsen (the son, I presume, of Dr. Arnold's illustrious friend), entitled, "A German View of Mr. Gladstone." Herr Bunsen declares that notwithstanding many considerations and influences that might dispose the other way, public opinion in Germany has been even quicker and less hesitating than in Great Britain to range itself on the side of the Liberal Unionists *versus* the Home Rulers. A correspondent of the *Times*, whose statement has not been contradicted, deposed the other day to the same effect with regard to the organs of public opinion in Italy. The Italians are Unionists; they have just achieved by a glorious struggle the unification of their own country. They have moreover still a vivid recollection of their encounter with an Irish army, which had come to fight for the Pope and the Bourbon against Italian independence. Mr. Gladstone, who declares that the whole civilised world is with him and against England, will have to put Germany and Italy out of the civilised world.

Mr. Gladstone after capitulating to Mr. Parnell took up Irish history to find justifications for his surrender. A study of history so hasty, superficial, and prejudiced naturally led him into blunders; and these have been exposed, notably by Dr. Ingram, who, in his history of the Union, has scattered to the winds the charge of "blackguardism," levelled by Mr. Gladstone against Pitt, a man with all his faults not less honourable and upright, although considerably more patriotic than the "old Parliamentary hand." Instead of admitting incontrovertible facts and doing justice to Pitt's memory, Mr. Gladstone, if the cable summary of his article is correct, has recourse to the singular expedient of declaring that the history of the Union is lost, a general conspiracy having existed to suppress the documentary evidence. If the history of the transaction is lost, it is difficult to see how Mr. Gladstone can so confidently pronounce on its character. But who believes in this conspiracy so suddenly hatched from Mr. Gladstone's brain? The Union was fiercely opposed by the Whigs in the British Parliament as well as by their allies in Ireland, and we may depend upon it that nothing was neglected at the time which could incriminate the author of the measure and discredit the measure itself. Sir Jonah Barrington laboured with the industry of the most intense hostility to bring to light every sort of scandal. If a conspiracy to suppress evidence had existed, about the first things suppressed surely would have been those letters of Lord Cornwallis, which have been preserved to us in their integrity and upon certain passages in which the imputation of "blackguardism" is largely founded. Mr. Gladstone, according to the cable report, accuses the Home Office of locking up papers which contain proofs of the scandals and not allowing them to be seen. Probably no Ministry of the Interior in Europe would allow its archives to be rummaged, even for a purpose so laudable in Mr. Gladstone's eyes as that of casting a stain upon the honour of the country. But if the authorities of the Home Office had been in a conspiracy to suppress evidence, instead of locking up the papers they would have destroyed them. I have reason, moreover, for believing that none but strictly official papers are deposited in the archives of the Home Office, and it is not in strictly official papers that the evidences of scandals are likely to be found.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

### INDUSTRIAL PARLIAMENTS:

THEIR RELATION TO COMMERCIAL UNION AND TO IRISH HOME RULE.

A LITTLE book, recently reviewed in *THE WEEK*, presented a plea for what might be called an Imperial public opinion. By the courtesy of the editor the author is permitted to continue the subject in these columns.

The English race has great common interests, not limited by mere geographical separations, nor even by political boundary lines. At the bottom of what is known as the "Irish Question," for instance, are larger problems, touching the Colonies and the United States almost as much as Great Britain, and worthy of the earnest and dispassionate study of thinkers in all those countries.

The real difficulty, which has been made prominent by events in Ireland, is the difficulty of doing impartial justice between class interests by Parliamentary action. Far from being a merely local embarrassment, this is a difficulty which finds its parallel in the experience of all modern English-speaking and constitutionally governed peoples.

Every popular Parliament tends to become an untrustworthy and inefficient deliberative body as soon as a question between influential class interests has come to the front. The question is made the football of political parties, and ceases from that moment to be capable of receiving sincere and *bona fide* treatment.

Observe the treatment of the Fishery question in the United States:

how every prospect of obtaining any peaceable settlement, consistent with reason and honour, which is the true (but faintly perceived) interest of the country at large, has been frustrated in consequence of the bidding for the votes of a small but energetic and unscrupulous local section. Observe, again, in Canada, the fate towards which the Commercial Union question is moving. The interests of the manufacturing and commercial classes seem to them to lie upon one side; the agricultural class are being persuaded that their interests lie upon the other side. The astute politicians in possession of the Government are waiting to see for which view the largest or most determined mass of voters is likely to declare itself. The responsible Opposition leaders exhibit nearly equal caution, notwithstanding that their more youthful followers show their usual impatience to take up a new cry, since it may, by possibility, lead to that most desirable of alterations—the change of their party from a party in opposition to a party in power.

The more thoughtful people in these countries have too long contented themselves with quietly satirising the blind unreasonableness of party spirit, or with privately and helplessly deploring the growing tendency towards demagogism. The universal degradation of public life is proceeding with a momentum that ought to be alarming.

Let the reader review the reckless tergiversations of both of the two old English parties during the past ten years, particularly over the Irish question; let him again recall how nearly a party conspiracy had recently delivered over the government of the great city of New York to the hands of Communists; let him also observe what bids party organs and conventions are even now making for any and every unsocial alliance that will carry votes in its train;—will he not pronounce that there is cause for very practical disquietude? Has not the time come when moralising ought to be replaced by action?

Public demoralisation must at last throw a shadow down into the private life of the people. The unfaithful trustee is becoming a frequent figure in modern society. Can we say that he is not to some extent a product of the conspicuous cynicism of political life; or of the still greater cynicism with which the public accepts, rather than tolerates, the habitual breach of the most momentous trusts? Shall the spectacle of demagogism be displayed openly, continually, and successfully, and shall it have no educating effect on the principles of the growing youth of a nation?

How, therefore, can the thought of the community be more usefully employed than in devising means to diminish the corrupt duplicity of politicians? Surely it is at least becoming vitally necessary to rescue legislation touching the important industrial interests of the country from such insincere meddling.

Reformations not infrequently take the form of revivals or restorations. It seems to me that by turning at this moment to our past history we can derive from it both wisdom and hope.

It will be found that the duplicity of our politicians corresponds to a defect in our institutions which did not always exist.

The processes of legislation are distinguishable by analysis into two consecutive parts or degrees. There is, first, the stage of deliberation: the sifting of the matter, by investigation and critical discussion, leading at length to its approval or condemnation. After this comes the enacting stage, when the conclusions arrived at are given the force of law.

Now it is obvious that of these two stages of legislation, the former, under modern free governments (where authority is only the minister of public opinion), is really the more substantial, if not the conclusive part of the process. To place this preliminary stage, in the case of class legislation, beyond the reach of the political parties would be a great gain. If the deliberative function could be wrested from Parliament, the merely formal power of legislation would be left a comparatively harmless possession. Now, that a virtual division of those functions *can* be effected in the legislative machinery is not a matter of theory. It is one of the most conspicuous facts of early English constitutional history. For a long time after the origination of English Parliaments, they were, as far as legislation was concerned, no more than deliberating and advisory bodies. Parliament only petitioned for new laws: the power of actually enacting them was entirely optional with the Crown. The tradition of that original procedure has been preserved by Parliamentary usage to this day. Turn to a current volume of the Statutes of Canada and we shall find it declared at the head of every chapter, that "*Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts,*" as follows.

This form is now of course a mere fiction, corresponding to that twin fiction which represents the Crown as the seat of executive power. Parliament now enacts, and a Committee of Parliament called the Ministry carries the laws into effect.

But in the continuance of the form the evidence remains that for a great series of years the practical legislation of the country was carried on (and carried on with fair success), with the deliberative function vested on the one hand in Parliament, and the enacting power on the other hand reserved to the King. In respect of their function, therefore, the Industrial Parliaments I have proposed would not be an innovation but a restoration. Voluntary representative assemblies constituted for deliberative purposes only would reoccupy a place similar to that formerly held by the House of Commons, before it had absorbed the formal enacting power as the transferee of the prerogatives which anciently belonged to the King.

But if it must be admitted that there is precedent for the institution of a representative body for deliberation merely, does any basis exist in modern times making its revival possible, if it should be thought to be beneficial? Can we establish a representation substantially distinct from the existing political assemblies? Can an independent constituency be found? Here again our English history comes to our assistance. In their constitution as well as in their function the ancient Commons assemblies offer a

model: following which a modern Industrial Parliament may again be reconstructed.

The first Parliamentary assemblies, not in England only but throughout Europe, were simple meetings of deputies of the different classes or *estates* in the country, summoned by the Crown chiefly to agree on the part of their respective constituents to special assessments being made upon the different classes of subjects for extraordinary expenses of state. The same meetings were naturally made use of for the purpose of discussing measures required for their common welfare. The divisions of classes in those early times were few and simple. On the one hand were the merchants and handicraftsmen, forming the population of the chartered boroughs. On the other were the agricultural yeomanry. Above and apart from all stood the great landowners—the military nobility and the endowed clergy. To each of these classes the King issued separate writs; to the nobility personally; to the yeomanry and the burghers through the sheriffs. In the early writs are found injunctions to the Sheriffs to see that the representatives from these class constituencies should be persons of the like rank and calling. Thus the membership of those ancient representative assemblies stood not for numbers and localities, but for classes and interests. They were in constitution really Industrial Parliaments.

Events seem to have been silently preparing the way for the restoration of a similar institution.

Nothing it appears to me would be more feasible than for the different class interests (severally organised as they now are in all English-speaking countries), to join in a series of great representative conferences for the preliminary debate in a non-political form of any question which, like the Irish land disputes, may involve diverse class interests. On this side of the water an assembly might perhaps be first convened for the solution of questions like that of continental Commercial Union, on the one hand, or of a more universal Commercial Union between all English-speaking countries on the other; both of which may really be reduced to a thorough enquiry into the true virtues and the proper limitations (as now developed by practical experience), of a moderate protective policy. Vexed questions between labour and capital and the like would naturally come before such a forum. In these mutual conferences evidence would be brought to the true facts bearing on inter-class difficulties, fallacies would be exploded and misrepresentations corrected. There all parties might probably finally settle down to business-like conclusions based on knowledge, and on reason and justice, these being after all the mutual interest as well as the common desire of all honest men. A clearing house would be established where practical experience and opinions would be compared and balances struck.

None, I think, would be better pleased than the politicians themselves by the revival of assemblies founded upon such principles, and for such purposes, as an addition to our modern institutions. Could anything relieve the mind of a leader of the Government more than to find it possible to relegate every movement touching class interests, and likely to arouse class jealousies, to await the discussions of an independent assembly for whose deliberations no party was responsible, and whose conclusions would nevertheless indubitably represent the collective judgment of the country? The reluctance of the party leaders in Canada to touch the Commercial Union question is evidence that there is no anxiety on the part of the politicians that practical industrial class issues should become mixed up with the party fortunes. Such perplexities are not courted by politicians. They do not love the ordeal of picking their way blindfold over a series of burning questions. But the system leaves them no choice. At a general election the same body of constituents chooses (often by one and the same act and in the same persons) its representative for legislative purposes and a representative through whom the support or condemnation of the Ministry is to be pronounced. The fate of every general election is the result of a balance of popularity. A good Administration may be defeated if its action upon some legislative question has been offensive to some section of a constituency. On the other hand, a universally condemned Administration may maintain itself by a prudent alliance with some popular legislative policy. The people have no opportunity of casting a clear, distinct vote. They cannot give expression to their legislative wishes, independently of their judgment on the acts of an Administration.

Confusion between executive and legislative functions has been condemned by the best thinkers upon constitutional law, beginning with Montesquieu. The British experiment, resulting in the corruption and inefficiency of modern political life, confirms the wisdom of the older theory. The one-sided development, which in the long struggle between Crown and people our institutions have undergone hitherto, is responsible for the unsatisfactory treatment of so large a part of modern legislation. As a result of that struggle the existing constitution in "free" countries is a system under which the parties (in or out of Parliament), under one or another of a series of legal fictions, are at once the legislators for the country and its governors. The description given in sarcasm of the two principal parties found in every country as the "party of the ins" and the "party of the outs," is literally and necessarily true. The control of the Administration is regarded as the greater business of Parliament. The possession of the Government is consequently the chief party objective. It presents itself as a conspicuous and continuing goal of contention, offering tangible victories and holding forth a prospect of substantial rewards.

Hence the great national parties tend to develop into two great permanent corporations existing for these purposes. Their names, Liberal or Conservative, Republican or Democrat, do not indicate any particular principles. They are merely the continuing corporate names under which they maintain a perpetual corporate personality throughout the most complete changes of membership, leadership, and even of ostensible principles. Such parties, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, are an irrepressible growth from human nature.

Their struggles for power are apparently destined to be as endless as they are untiring. Those alternations of success are the *systole* and *diastole* of the political body, which seem to accompany its life, and whose absence perhaps would be inconsistent with sound health. The element of insincerity, which leads to so much corruption and is threatening to become a public danger, is forced into the struggle. The system which throws legislative questions into the same parliamentary mill is the cause of their inevitably becoming grist for the party leaders. This results from the unscientific incompleteness of our institutions in their present state, as already pointed out. Hence the benefit to be expected from reverting to an equivalent of the older system, under which the inconsistent functions of legislation and of executive government were in a great measure severed in their exercise. To Parliament—the elected repository of the authority of the nation—belongs the choice, the support, and the criticism of executive governments. With it must also remain, as a part of its supreme power, the duty of giving final effect to new projects of law. But let the most substantial part of legislation, the business of approving or condemning all proposed legislative action, at least on those questions which are the subject of class jealousies, be once more undertaken by a voluntary convention from time to time of representatives of all the class interests of the country liable to be affected by impending economical legislation.

These conferences would be held on a neutral territory which Party would not easily invade. Party organisation—or even party spirit—seems to stop at the doors of the Bank Board and the Company meeting. Equally distinct and independent will be the constituency of the Industrial Parliament. A like sense of separate and important interests being at stake may be expected to make every class vigilant in repelling political intrusion.

I have (in the book referred to) used Ireland as an illustration that the whole can be done by the classes severally interested acting for themselves in the matter.

It does not seem to be impossible that local Industrial Conventions or Parliaments, habitually assembling, as described in the book, in all the British Kingdoms, would give much of the desired relief to Parliament, the necessity for which has formed the chief English argument for the creation of local legislatures, not in Ireland alone. They might even prove to afford such perfect expression to all genuine local demands, that the desire for a Home Rule Parliament would lose much of the hold it now has on the minds of many reasonable men.

But whether the seal to be put upon those conclusions, in the form of an ultimate authoritative act of legislation, is to come from the Imperial Parliament or from a Home Rule Parliament, is really a secondary matter.

Thus the proposition may be entertained altogether aside from the more theoretical question of the expediency of political "Home Rule" for Ireland.

The institution to which I give the name of an Industrial Parliament is proposed as supplying a gap which meets us everywhere in our processes of evolving industrial legislation. It is needed in Canada—notwithstanding the complete Home Rule which Canadians are admitted to be enjoying—and the same want is experienced in the different States of the American Union.

It seems to me that the assembly of one of those extra-political Industrial conferences must under any circumstances be a useful, if not an essential, preliminary step in arriving at a just and peaceable solution of the misunderstandings now existing between the two great Irish industrial classes.

It has been the habit of the advocates of a Home Rule Parliament to urge in answer to the fears of their opponents that when left to make a settlement for themselves, the various classes and interests in Ireland would proceed with more fairness than some expect; and that they would end by arriving at some reasonable and just basis of agreement. I venture to point out that it is easy to put the justice of those fears beyond controversy by an immediate and conclusive test. What prevents those classes from meeting in a conference now, and proving the possibility of an agreement by arriving at it in advance? Let the challenge be fairly given by either side, and those declining it would exhibit a want of confidence in the righteousness of their claims—a reluctance to submit them to fair discussion, an anxiety to reserve them for an overbearing majority in a Parliament, partial on one side or on the other, which would almost at once decide against the recusants the wavering sympathies of the civilised world.

Already, since the appearance of the book expressing such hopes, more than one step has been made towards their accomplishment. Within the past month the Irish landlords have organised themselves into a completely representative class assembly, corresponding to that previously existing on the part of the tenants. Between these two plenipotentiary bodies protocols for a conference have actually commenced to pass. Two distinguished Irishmen, both no doubt earnestly desirous of bringing about a peaceful and honest settlement, have concurred in forwarding this tendency. The cable telegrams have announced that Lord Monck, a nobleman who was once Governor-General of Canada, and who is himself an Irish landlord, has joined his voice to that of Archbishop Walsh in urging the conference. It will no doubt interest the readers of THE WEEK to see the language used by the Irish Landlords' Convention in reference to the Archbishop's proposal. I quote from the *Times* of September 16:—

"Mr. Bagwell, as a middleman as well as a head landlord, had much pleasure in proposing the following resolution:—'That this meeting desires to express satisfaction at the kindly expressions contained in Archbishop Walsh's letter of the 27th of August, 1887, and to reciprocate his Grace's wish for an amicable settlement of the land question.' He was glad to see a prelate in the position of his Grace stating that there was something to be said on both sides of this question, and discountenancing the

idea that landlords had no rights. Archbishop Walsh in a letter subsequent to that of the 27th of August stated that he was inclined to think the moment for the terms of settlement to be discussed had not arrived. He concurred with this view, but they were anxious to show that they were not unreasonable people, and had no objection to consider any reasonable proposition. Archbishop Walsh would receive the blessing which Christian morality had described to be the portion of peacemakers. . . .

"The motion was put and carried.

"On the motion of Mr. James Wilson, seconded by Mr. B. W. Bagot, it was resolved that it be an instruction to the Executive Committee to carry out the wishes of the meeting as expressed by the resolutions which have just been adopted." (All mention of this important resolution has been carefully suppressed in the partisan despatches of the American Associated Press.)

Since action has gone so far on the lines I have advocated, I am emboldened to point out that many objections the Archbishop's proposal has met with from writers in the *Times* would probably be removed by more fully adopting the features of an Ancient Parliament in the form of the Industrial Assemblies I have ventured to advocate.

In the first place, for the settlement of the land question a conference must be incomplete unless, along with landlords and tenants, the other great classes of Irish people are included in the invitation.

Thus one of the chief objections already made to the proposed Irish land conference would be overcome. The presence of the bankers, the merchants, the manufacturers of Ireland, would remove the possibility of the assembly degenerating into a mere wrangle between extremists of the landlord class on the one hand and of the tenant class on the other.

Strange to say, this necessity for a more general conference has been set forth by one of the landlords taking part in the recent convention in language remarkably coincident with some of that to be found in the book.\*

Lord Castletown, seconding the above-quoted resolution, is reported as saying that "They were all anxious to see kindly relations renewed between landlords and tenants, but in a settlement of the land question they must remember that other interests than those of the two classes referred to in Archbishop Walsh's letter were deeply concerned and intimately connected—the labouring classes in Ireland and the smaller artisan class—while many of the great commercial houses derived much of their income from the same source. They, as well as the present owners and occupiers of Irish land, must have a voice in this settlement. The question was Imperial and comprehensive. It was not local and circumscribed. The interests of these sections of society must be consulted, and their views regarded. The land question must be solved, and will be solved soon and finally, but it must be solved in such a manner that the best interests of every class in Ireland, not of two only, are consulted, that every portion of the community might be equitably and properly protected in that settlement, and that the unity of our empire might be maintained."

I had called the meetings suggested in my book *Industrial Parliaments*, because on nearly all great class questions the conference ought to be a universal one—a national representation, and not a mere representation of the one or two classes apparently most directly concerned. As a general rule all classes will prove to be affected to some extent by the prosperity or depression of any one important industrial class. Moreover, the delegates least directly interested in each subject under discussion would act a semi-judicial part, holding the balance of reason between the immediate parties to the dispute. Would not the summons to a general conference come more acceptably from some of the mercantile bodies than from either landlords or tenants?

A second cause of distrust would disappear if the representation of each class were understood to be strictly confined to members of that class. If Mr. Parnell should appear at all, it would be as a representative of some association of landlords. As a politician he would have no *locus standi* whatever.

Finally, but perhaps most important of all, is the condition that there should be complete freedom from anything like a foregone programme or theory, either with or without a political savour. This I think is a defect in Archbishop Walsh's proposal which would appear to justify the landlords in declining it in that shape. To bind down the assembly in advance to the mere working out of the details of some set proposition, like the "abolition of dual ownership," would not only prevent the possibility of a conference being agreed to, but would diminish the dignity and might fatally cripple the usefulness of the assemblage, if it were to take place. It would expose its deliberations to the chance of being reduced to an absurdity, such as befell the Imperial arbitrators appointed under the Washington Treaty for the purpose of deciding the San Juan boundary dispute. The terms of that reference required the arbitrators to declare which one of two disputed channels formed the historic boundary. To this they found themselves limited, although the result of the evidence was to show that a third, an unmentioned channel, not known to the draftsmen of the treaty, alone truly fulfilled the description. It is to be hoped, therefore, that when the Irish national conference eventually takes place it will be a full and free conference. Delegates should not be sent to it hampered with "mandates" or "instructions." It ought to be assumed that the assembly would be wiser than its conveners. The meeting of that assembly, which the principal parties have all but promised, ought to be looked forward to with widespread interest. Its success must not only give peace to Ireland, but may enure to the benefit of the English-speaking world. Ought not the Press to lend the vast force of its moral encouragement towards hastening the consummation? O. A. HOWLAND.

\* I would refer readers who happen to have copies of the book to pages 80-81.

## NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

MAGAZINE readers, we are told, are gradually dying out. *Temple Bar* only just pays its way—the most remunerative one of the lot—while the others drag on, and hardly any one (except perhaps some country reading society) cares for the stuff with which their pages are filled. Month after month America sends us her periodicals: dreary lives of statesmen, long-winded descriptions of battles, wearisome stories written by imitators of Messrs. Henry James and Howells, and bristling with the worst points of both. All these are illustrated so admirably that for the sake of the drawings we buy the magazine, no one, I think, plodding through the letterpress. But *Scribner* has since April contained a mine of wealth—nearly exhausted now, alas!—in the shape of some of Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield, letters which are quite inimitable, and give Thackeray's lovers a pleasure it is impossible to exaggerate. "The more I think the less I can conceive where you picked up that style," said Jeffrey to Macaulay, apropos of the famous Essay on Milton. One feels with regard to the author of *Vanity Fair* that *his* style was never "picked up," but was part and parcel of the man. I saw Mrs. Brookfield at Whitby a few years ago. She was then a gentle-faced old lady, with gray hair and quiet, untroubled eyes, who used to sit on the sands all day long with the children of "Magdalene,"—the little Miss Brookfield of whom Thackeray speaks, who married Mr. Ritchie, brother of Miss Thackeray's husband, and who died in 1880. Brookfield, a fair actor, is the only son of "Grace and William," who did so much to comfort Thackeray at the time of his terrible trouble.

I HAVE been trying to find out the Hotel de la Terrasse, from which Thackeray dated some of his notes, but it has been pulled down. He gives no hint as to the whereabouts of the Osborns' rooms, or the name of the inn near the park at which the Rawdon Crawleys lodged. How real all his creations are; how enthralling his manner of telling a story; what lessons he teaches on every page! "Any one with the smallest tincture of letters must love his books," says Andrew Lang, that excellent critic, to whom Stevenson pays so many pretty compliments in his charming new volume of verses. I went down to the Allée Verte the other day, and wandering towards Antwerp came upon Lacken, where George was buried after Waterloo. They are rapidly demolishing the church, as too small for the present congregation. "Have you the graves of any English soldiers?" I asked the sexton, who answered, no: half a dozen were in a Brussels graveyard, but none here. In spite of his denial I am sure Emmy's husband rests somewhere in this dusty, noisy, rubbish-strewn spot, and lies quiet under one of these mounds with their worn inscriptions.

NEAR the palace, and about half a mile from the church, is the villa where Maximilian's poor mad wife is sighing out her days. I was told that since the awful time of the execution, Charlotte, till a month ago, never mentioned her husband's name. But one night, not long after the ex-Empress had gone to bed, one of her ladeis sat playing all sorts of airs on the piano, and then, without thinking of what she was doing, glided into the Mexican National Anthem. Unfortunately Charlotte heard the music through the open windows. A small spark was suddenly lighted in her lamp of memory, and by its light she stumbled her way to the sitting-room. The music stopped with a crash. "Maximilian!" she cried; and then the Princess fainted. When the poor tortured soul recovered she had no remembrance of what had occurred; all was dark again, and though her doctors thought a repetition of the hymn might do good, it has been tried without success.

"I WENT over to Peterborough to see the Mary Stuart relics," writes an English correspondent, "and was much interested, for though doubtless they didn't all belong to the Queen, most of them are of the period in which she lived. She spent eighteen years in captivity—do you remember that?—and would have been more than a woman if she had not tried, many and many times, to escape. But this absurd attempt at canonisation has been nipped in the bud; for, as Labouchere says, if she had been living now she most surely would have been in the Divorce Court, and most likely would have been tried for murder. Both miniatures and portraits are worth studying, but Mary can only have sat for one or two, they are all so unlike each other. Some paint her with large blue eyes, others with small brown ones. In a glass-case is the original letter written by James I. to the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough, to tell them to deliver the body of his mother to his messengers, as he wished to bury her under a suitable monument in Westminster Abbey, where she lies now, as all the world knows, close to her enemy and cousin Elizabeth. Not far from the letter is the gold rosary she held as she walked into Fotheringay Hall that chill February morning; and there is a twist of fair young hair sent from Windsor Castle, which must have been cut off years before the execution, at which time Mary was forty-six, and, as Froude tells us in his wonderful description of the scene, wore a wig. In a case by itself is a large square of fine checked lawn, which veil she is said to have worn on the day when for the last time she adorned herself; and near it is a hand-bell, rung often no doubt to summon the 'Maries.' By the way, most of the owners of these things are tremendous Stuart partisans, and write in the catalogue of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. Some lace is shown, which came into the possession of the present owner in rather an odd manner. Some years ago a Mr. Fox, having the care of the Holyrood apartments, discovered, thrust behind a wooden dado in the Queen's rooms, a silk kirtle much trimmed with old point, both lace and gown blood-stained. His niece, an actress, being at Edinburgh at the time, he gave her the treasure, and she wore it in the play of Henry VIII., in which she had need of fine garments, not objecting either to the blood or the desecration of the relics; which assuredly did not belong to Mr. Fox. The actress married, and was

the great-aunt both of Mrs. Kendal and the author of 'Ours.' Were I the Queen I should insist on the restitution of the relic, which is both valuable in itself and interesting from association. A crowd of people, dull and depressed as most folks are when sight-seeing, thronged the room where these things are arranged, and gaped and gazed, and talked in awe-struck whispers. I soon saw all I wanted, and so went for a few minutes to the cathedral vestry, where Mary's body was buried twenty years. There I found the slab marked with the name of Catherine of Aragon, and on the wall a full length portrait—an odd church ornament—of the sexton who dug the graves of two queens: Catherine's, when he was young, and Mary's, when he was old."

Most of the Brussels quality are still away in their country houses, but the town is always so bright, it never is dull (like a contented person) even when the rain streams all day on those absurdly ugly statues in the cramped little park, and the wind whisks down the long street crowned with that magnificent Palais de Justice. How Brussels can be proud of Wiertz puzzles most of us, I suppose: he is the French Haydon, I take it, with all the Englishman's exaggeration, and very little of his love for the beautiful. And how the town can have spent so much on all the mediocre works that crowd its national gallery is also a surprise. With the exception of a fine "Descent from the Cross" by Rubens, two good portraits by the same painter, and a delightful piece by Cornelius de Vos, there is nothing to keep one's attention for a moment. De Vos is comparatively little known, and was but a painter after all, never an artist, but the love of the man for his work was so genuine he could not but make a fair success of some of his pictures, and a great success of one or two. This group is full of character—a smiling father; a stiff, proud mother; two unconscious children—and once seen one never forgets the different faces, or the fine costumes, from the lady's black gown to the babies' green skirts and red necklaces. The one fault in the piece is in its composition; it is as if a photographer had arranged the sitters' positions. There it hangs for nineteenth century tourists to glance at and find fault with, in the glare of a public gallery, after being the pride and ornament of some dim Dutch parlour three hundred years ago. "Truly," as the Spanish monk said to Wilkie in speaking of the Murillos in the monastery, "these are the realities, and we are but shadows."

IN turning away from St. Gudule not long ago, I came upon the Rue Isabelle, and found to my astonishment Charlotte Brontë's school, exactly as she describes it in *Villette*, and as Mrs. Gaskell draws it in the *Life*; the name of Héger is still on a brass plate on the door, and the quaint old street is precisely the same as it was when the homesick north country girls used to look out of the windows. It is a curious part of the town, and well worth exploring. Queen Isabella (whose portrait is in the gallery) lived here, and I was shown part of her house, now let out in flats, which is extraordinarily interesting, while round the corner is the ancient palace of the Counts D'Albe, deserted years ago by that family, and used to-day as lodgings for the poor—the most picturesque pile of buildings you can imagine, so picturesque as to look unreal, and make one think of the stage or the opera. Emily and Charlotte must often have described all this in their letters home: these sights must have vividly impressed their country minds, fresh from wild moor and dreary, bleak village.

HAS it ever struck you how rare is a gift for acting? I think it is the best gift of all. We in London could count on our fingers the actors and actresses we possess. Many of us begin and end with Mrs. Bancroft, who has assuredly inherited the spirit of one of the stage ladies of long ago, say Kitty Clive or Mrs. Bracegirdle. (Great people live again. Charles Lamb still writes and dreams near the Temple; Macaulay is again making a stir in the self-same world; Hogarth is busily painting with the same brush.) We appreciate Irving and Ellen Terry; and, a long way after them, clever Mrs. Wood, smart Miss Norreys, conscientious Mrs. Kendal; and we know the good points of Farran, Coghlan, Willard, Marries, while Beerbohm-Tree astonishes one occasionally. "He's the cleverest actor I ever saw in his particular line," said a great authority on matters theatrical once to me at a first night, "but he is so disappointing sometimes." I am reading the various criticisms on Mary Anderson, with the autumn leaves from the plane trees that shade the Boulevard de Waterloo falling on my papers, and I am wondering how she will like all the plain speaking which should have been given her from the first. I saw her one evening at the Boughtons, a vision of loveliness, dressed in gleaming white satin, like one of Leslie's Shakesperian heroines, with eyes far brighter than her diamonds, and I thought what a pity she cannot be content with the freely-given homage of the drawing-room, as without an effort she enchants us, and cease to strive for the applause of the theatre, which applause she can never hope to earn. She is no actress. I have seen her in everything, and can find nothing in her but a limited amount of intelligence. She and Mrs. Langtry run neck and neck, though perhaps the American feels more than her Jersey rival. Miss Anderson is a beautiful woman,—cannot she be content? As a woman she is perfect; as an actress, a failure.

WALTER POWELL.

Brussels, Sept. 14.

MR. W. H. TULLOCK'S *Story of the Life of Queen Victoria* contains a solitary instance of a pun made in answering a Royal question. The occasion was the Queen's visit to the Mansion House in the first year of her reign.—"I wonder," she said to Lord Albermarle, "if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I to see them?" He replied by pointing to the letters "V. R." woven into all the decorations, and saying, "Your Majesty can see their loyal cockney answer, 'Ve are.'"

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It is only to court a degradation of the institution, to confer the right of Trial by Jury on a people unfit to exercise it. No doubt our old English forefathers were ignorant or ill cultured enough, but they must have had honesty and common sense, or Trial by Jury would never have taken root among them, to be transmitted to the *héritiers* of British institutions whose surprising performance in the Court of Queen's Bench at Montreal last week gives occasion for these observations. We can understand how in Ireland it is impossible to obtain conviction by a jury: the whole people, including the juries, are in a conspiracy against English law, and a refusal to convict, even on the most convincing evidence, is, according to their view, an effectual means of obtaining their ends, and an allowable mode of warfare. But it has not before this been supposed that the French were likewise in rebellion against English law. Yet it would seem to be so; for the French-Canadian half of a mixed jury have refused to convict a compatriot of a crime about which there could be no manner of doubt of his guilt, solely because he was their compatriot. He was French-Canadian, therefore he must not be convicted. It is extremely touching to read how a French-Canadian advocate, after strongly appealing to the national feeling of the French-Canadian portion of the jury, detailed in pathetic language the miseries of the penitentiary and the sufferings the prisoner would have to undergo if convicted, also depicting in vivid terms the anguish that the young man's relatives would suffer. From this they might be saved if only the jury would acquit him. Thereupon an Irish *confère* took up the cue, which it seems had reduced all the six boobies to tears, and having opened his way to their hearts by remarking that when the English-speaking element came to Canada, most of them had hardly a rag to their backs, and were indebted to the ancestors of the nation of the prisoner, who, when they were poor and in trouble, opened their doors and had compassion on them, he dwelt pathetically on the horrible agony the prisoner's mother, sisters, cousins, and aunts would experience if he were convicted; and in view apparently of some awkward facts of evidence, he urged that all policemen and detectives were professional liars. The result of all this was that the six French-Canadian jurors obstinately refused to concur in the verdict of the others convicting their fellow citizen, and the jury had therefore to be discharged. The prisoner, however, is held for a new trial at the next term. Another failure of justice will probably then take place; national feeling will have been thoroughly aroused at such persecution of *ce pauvre garçon*, and unless the Crown can find a more respectable panel, a repetition of the present farce will ensue. But why not carry an absurd practice to its logical conclusion? If we trust ignorant, stupid, and dishonest men to judge their fellows of the like character, why not let every rogue be his own judge?

It is pleasant to note indications that Mr. Cleveland's Administration are earnestly bent on doing their utmost to bring about a settlement of the fisheries question. The appointments, just announced, of the two United States Commissioners who are to act with Mr. Bayard, are unexceptionable, as far as we in Canada are able to judge. Mr. Putnam, a Democrat, has been of counsel for the United States in the fishery cases that have arisen during the past two years, and is therefore doubtless quite familiar with the merits of the question, while he may be depended upon to do all that is possible for the interests of the United States; and Mr. Angell, a Republican, is a jurist, of tried experience also as a diplomatist in negotiating a difficult international treaty. With six such men as have been chosen Commissioners, sitting around a table, talking matters over quietly, it will be hard if the differences between the two countries cannot soon be satisfactorily composed; and the arrangement made under such respectable auspices will, we have little doubt, be concurred in by the Senate, in spite of the present antagonism of a portion of the Republican, or rather anti-Cleveland Press.

MR. BALFOUR has been the dark horse of the Conservative Party. Years ago it was predicted by those who knew the man, that, given the opportunity, he would make a large mark in history; and this promise is being fulfilled. During the past Session he has advanced into the very

front rank of statesmen—the first Irish Secretary that has emerged from a Session, in times of Irish turbulence, with a reputation increased instead of diminished or ruined. The Irish Secretary is peculiarly the aim of the Irish attack: the object of the Irish Members is to badger him incessantly—to so magnify any trifling blunders committed by subordinate officials in Ireland that it may appear to Mr. Gladstone's "civilised world" that the whole Administration is blundering and floundering. These tactics have been completely defeated by Mr. Balfour, whose readiness to administer a cold-water douche of common sense to Parnellite rhetoric—a wretched example of exaggeration without humour—has earned him the deep hatred of his assailants. How they hate and fear him may be seen by the extent of their vituperation. They know by this time that he is the besom that can sweep Ireland clear of their treason; and their despair is great. There must be no hesitation now the battle is joined. The Queen's Government or the League must once for all prevail in Ireland; it is not a time to shrink from the duties of Government when a Lord Mayor of Dublin is praising the Irish people for resisting an Imperial law, and English Members of Parliament are joining the League of Irish Reds.

THERE is little doubt that—whether the state of Lord Salisbury's health demands it or not—the Government will be re-constructed before the next Session of Parliament. Lord Hartington indeed intimated as much in a speech a few weeks ago; a firm and durable basis for the re-constitution had to be found, but that was only a matter for conference between the Conservative and Liberal Unionist leaders. A united Unionist Government is absolutely essential, not only to the preservation of the Union, but seemingly also to the preservation of law and order throughout the United Kingdom. If the political immorality with which the Radical and Gladstonite Members have become so deeply tainted through association with the Parnellites continue to spread—as no doubt it will, for the demoralisation of Parnellism is an excitement very taking to certain minds—the Conservative and Liberal Unionist lines must be closed up in self-defence. The Liberal Unionist electors must be enabled to see that they are voting, not for a Tory Government—which, though it is supported by the cream of the Liberal Party, they have a natural dislike to do—but for a Government of which the Liberal Unionist leaders form a component part. It is this uncertainty in the minds of many, wavering between a wish to help maintain the Union and a dislike to lend support to a Tory Government, that constitutes the danger of the present situation; but a Coalition and a visible participation by the Liberal Unionist leaders in the measures and responsibilities of Government would re-assure the waverers, and attract and give to the Unionist Party every non-Gladstonite vote in the three Kingdoms.

THE shooting of Frenchmen on the Franco-German frontier was done, it appears, on French soil. It was an inconsiderate act, due evidently to the rash stupidity of the German patrol, for which apology and ample satisfaction is due by the German Government. Frenchmen ought to be able to approach their frontier without risk to life: it is preposterous that these peaceable sportsmen should be shot down in such a fashion. A state of war does not exist between the two nations: then why should a mere trespass be punished with death? Better have a state of war than such a peace, France is very likely to think—and think justly. A high-spirited nation cannot at any rate be expected to bear patiently the perpetual recurrence of these frontier provocations, which, it must be observed, all proceed from Germany; and if one of them be made a *casus belli*, the guilt of the war will rest, not on the nation that resents the injury, but on the one that persists in doing injuries.

IN prospect of the Franco-German war that is surely coming, it may be noted that Baron von der Goltz, one of the junior members of the German staff, and now in Stamboul instructing the Ottoman Army, in an interesting volume published some years ago, and just translated into English—(*The Nation in Arms*. London: W. H. Allen and Co.)—does not, according to *The Spectator*, write with confidence of the future for Germany. He is evidently impressed by that belt of forts and strongholds which has grown up on the Eastern frontier of France, showing few gaps, and these left with a set purpose. "The problem of closing all the roads upon which it would be possible to penetrate into the country from the East and North-East has been almost solved." Almost, but not quite? "The actual effect of the systematic fortification of a frontier is this,—it deprives strategy altogether of its mobility," and only affords opportunities to the engineer. Von der Goltz is of opinion that "a Franco-German war in the present day would begin with a number of battles around the fortifications. If the girdle of forts were broken through, a chain of fortified



encampments would lend new support to the defence, and again hinder the mobility of the assailant." And after turning the subject over, he arrives at the conclusion that war, where it has to reckon with fortifications like those constructed in France, "will, for a time, be of a dilatory character." Shall we go back, then, to the days of Marlborough and Eugene, and spend months, not to say years, before a barrier such as did not exist at the beginning of the eighteenth century? If so, the boasted "war of movements" will cease, until a new Gustavus or Turenne breaks the charm. "If in a future war," the author goes on, "the leadership of our armies is just as circumspect, and the bravery of our soldiers and Generals as great as heretofore, we must at the same time be alive to the fact that it will not be possible to conceive of a similarly rapid course, and of like fortunate and rapid results as [were attainable] in 1866 and 1870. As King Frederick, after the battle of Lowositz, wrote to the bold Marshal Schwerin, 'we do not find the old Austrian,' so shall we at the beginning of a future war be obliged to confess 'we do not find our old foes more.'" These words are consolations for the French, and imply how deep an impression has been made on thoughtful Germans by the brand-new army and bristling frontier of France.

THE projected visit of the Shah to Europe next year, especially to St. Petersburg, where he goes first, impels the Calcutta correspondent of *The Times* to advise that England should take some steps to cement an alliance with him, giving him a promise of active support; or he will probably return as a practical vassal of Russia. Well, let him. If he is fit for his position he must know very well that the objective point of the Russian advance in Asia, southward, is Persia, not India, and if he chooses to sell himself to his enemy why should England interfere? The Russians planted on the Persian Gulf might perhaps threaten the road to India, if she had any designs in that direction; but most likely the achievement of a sea outlet for her land-locked populations is all she wants, and the government of Persia would be as much as she could manage. The Czar might be as good a neighbour in Persia as the Shah. At any rate, if England is to keep her road to India clear of possible foes in this fashion, it will be necessary that she take possession of half the earth.

It may be that England is more firmly planted in India than is generally supposed: the free gift of two million dollars made by the Nizam of Hyderabad to the Indian Government for the purpose of strengthening the defences of the northwest frontier against possible Russian aggression, is a substantial indication of loyalty on the part of the Mohammedan populations that must be disturbing to Anglophobists everywhere. All India evidently is not groaning under English tyranny; and an invader could not count on the whole population rising to aid in shaking off the English yoke. And if Russia really has any designs India-wards, perhaps the fact of this gift, and the reflection that England has fifty million loyal Mohammedan subjects whose fighting men would ask nothing better than to be led against the Power that is threatening the Caliph of Constantinople, may induce an enduring hesitancy. The fate of Constantinople too may rest in the hollow of England's hand, while she has this reserve of soldiery antagonistic to the Muscovite.

THE English Court officials appear to have blundered disgracefully in the reception of guests during the Jubilee festivities. Not only were the host of petty German Princelets given precedence over the Indian Princes, but even the Queen of Hawaii took superior rank. The consequence is that several of the Indian Princes—to please whom on such an occasion extraordinary efforts should have been made—were deeply offended, and have carried a lasting grievance home to India.

THE current number of the *Westminster Review* contains a very fair and full statement of the arguments which are being urged with increasing force by statisticians, to the effect that India, over a large portion of which wheat can be grown for from 5s. to 7s. 6d. per quarter, as compared with 12s. or 13s. in Dakota, could, with Americanised facilities and Americanised railway rates, compete favourably with the United States as an exporter of cereals, cotton, etc.—might, in fact, "wake up like a young giant refreshed, and assume a position in the economy of nations that her many disabilities have hitherto hindered her from attaining." The development of India as a wheat-growing country is of great interest to Canada: a successful rival to Dakota would be a successful rival to our Northwest also; but the *Westminster* reviewer seems to make too little of the great difference in freight between India and America to England, which must always heavily handicap the first-named country.

LORD DERBY, a most cautious and competent authority, has stated lately that the land-owning class in England had, as a body, lost \$1,500,000,000, or nearly a-third of their whole property. The main weight of the continuous depression of seven years has fallen upon them. This is grievous; but we are inclined to believe that bottom has been now quite or nearly reached: and if rents are adjusted to the lower value of land, agriculture in England may revive, and with it the prosperity of the landlord class. Of course nothing can bring back the lost value, and much hardship must result to individuals, necessitating numerous changes of proprietorship; but that accomplished, there is no reason why agriculture should not flourish on the new basis.

A LATE number of the *Illustrated London News*, of which the excellent American reprint is before us, contains a view of Krupp's latest big gun, made for the Italian navy. It is a monster, 45 feet long, weighing 118 tons, and capable of throwing a steel projectile of nearly one ton weight a distance of nearly eight miles. Simultaneously with this comes news of a discovery which if genuine may make of the Latest Big Gun the last of a race of giants—soon to become as antiquated as any giant of old. A new explosive named Sleetover is said to have been discovered by a Russian engineer, whose qualities are such as to cause a complete revolution in methods of warfare. Ordinary gunpowder and guncotton explode by expanding either simultaneously in all directions, or else downwards. In using gunpowder, therefore, to propel projectiles from a cannon, the cannon has to be made of sufficient strength, weight, and thickness to resist the explosion of the charge. The new gunpowder is an explosive which only acts in one direction,—namely, forwards. This quality immediately does away with the necessity for solid, heavy instruments from which to throw the projectile. It is said, indeed, that ball-cartridges loaded with Sleetover have actually been fired from cardboard tubes with complete success, and without damaging the tubes in any way. Again, one of the great difficulties of the repeating-rifle also is its weight. If, however, the barrel could be made of some light substance—paper, sheet tin, or aluminium, the lightest and toughest of metals, the weight saved might be utilised by adding to the charge in the magazine, and a rifle that would fire thirty shots in succession might conceivably be produced. The new explosive can be produced at a tenth of the cost of ordinary gunpowder, and its strength is equal to that of pyroxyline. If the artillery-train for an army can consist of tubes of aluminium, and a siege train can thus be carried on men's shoulders, or slung between horses, the protection now afforded by mountain ranges will be gone. The people of wild and mountainous regions, as the Boers, the Montenegrins, and the Swiss, who have been able to maintain their independence against far superior military forces, owing to the practical impossibility of using artillery, will lose this advantage, and with it their liberty; while in the case of India, the formidable Himalayas will be surmounted, or a Russian advance by the snowy passes of the Cabul range, the most direct route into India, always regarded as impossible because of the difficulties of conveying the cannon, will become most easy. And in the case of war ships a still more complete revolution may take place: the whole plan of construction may be changed when it is no longer necessary to provide for carrying heavy artillery; much greater speed may at any rate be gained; and the growing revulsion against big ships may issue in a perfectly new and more efficient type.

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY has written the following letter to the hon. secretary of the Church of England Burial Reform Association:—"The inquiry how to dispose of the dead continues to exercise men's minds as believers in the 'resurrection of the dead.' We do right in showing respect to their mortal remains, but the endeavour to prolong the period of their natural decomposition is not true respect for them, and is a violation of the laws of nature. We profess to be restoring 'earth to earth,' and yet, by solid coffins and bricked graves, we prevent the healthful separation of human remains into their component parts, and store them up to the injury of the living."

A WRITER in *Macmillan's Magazine*, dealing with politics in England, has a few sentences that are not wholly inapplicable to politics this side of the Atlantic. The divorce, he says, between politics and reason is now complete; even expediency, in the honest sense of the word, has little to do with them. They are purely a matter of partisanship even among those politicians whom it is most possible to respect: what they have sunk to among the rank and file, and even in some cases among men who once were leaders, the exigencies of the law of libel forbids me to explain to you. The proceedings of our House of Commons, if ever literally reported, would furnish you, however, with a vocabulary ample for the purpose.

On a public such as that to which political writing (and perhaps we might add political speaking) is now addressed literature would be wasted: they would not understand it, nor would they appreciate it if they did. Our present electoral system is probably the best that the unaided intelligence of mankind will ever devise for fostering all that is most deplorable in human nature, and most degrading to the human intellect.

### CONFLICT.

THE driving spindrift fills the salted air,  
And snows with flecks of foam the verdant lea  
Far from the beaten wave-marge, where the sea  
In fury sweeps the yellow sand-line bare.  
Dense is the swirling sea-smoke's misty glare,  
Wild is the white surf's senseless revelry;  
A thousand shapes of awful phantasy  
Meet in the seething strife, and wrestle there.

When morning lies rose-red along the land,  
And the spent seas breathe out their ling'ring ire  
In soft low sighs of yet unquenched desire,  
Ye who go down unto the shining strand  
Tread softly—for, lit by the dawn's first fire,  
Strange ocean-wrack bestrews the sea-ribbed sand.

BESSIE GRAY.

### PROMINENT CANADIANS.—II.

DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.R.S.E., *President of the University of Toronto.*

THE burden of the Psalmist's span of life—the inexorable threescore years and ten—sits lightly on the lithe and still active figure of the President of Toronto University. Were it consistent with the dignity of advanced years, the learned Doctor seems as able to-day to march with his rifle in the ranks of the Canadian militia as he was, long years ago, when, with flowing locks, though lacking the now venerable beard, I first became familiar with his marked personality. This early reminiscence, slight as it is, and doubtless familiar to many a Toronto volunteer of the exciting times of the *Trent* affair, may serve as a faint indication of what has ever been Dr. Wilson's patriotic habit, viz., enthusiastically to identify himself with the country of his adoption, and loyally to accept the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, into whatever field these might call him, in common not only with his fellow professors and the students of the national university, but with the humblest representative of our young Canadian commonwealth.

The passing years have dealt kindly with the subject of this brief sketch; the figure, always spare, is still erect, and the step has lost little in the march of time of its early elasticity. The eyes look at you with the old-time keen, rapid glance; and there is the same kindly note in the voice, which rises and falls with that familiar, soft, measured cadence which belongs, I think, distinctively to those who hail from the Scottish metropolis. For thirty-five years President Wilson has been connected with the University and College of Toronto, and has given to that institution the abundant fruitage of a rich, matured, and industrious life. During that long period, though he has daily gone in and out among almost all classes of the people of Toronto, and in many ways has contributed to the intellectual life and to the enriching of the scientific thought of Canada, and indeed of the continent, there are not many, I fear, outside of academic circles who recognise the genius, the learning, and the pre-eminent abilities of Dr. Wilson, or who appreciate him as a man at his true worth. In a general way, the few here may know him as a learned scientist, and perhaps as an accomplished *littérateur*; but to the mass of his fellow-citizens he is little more than a prominent educationist, and the head of the national university. If this statement seem unfair, let me ask, How many know of his great reputation and high recognised status in the first scientific circles of the Old World, or who think of him in the light of his deserts—as one of the foremost men of the age in his own special departments of archaeological and ethnological science. Canada as yet has not been fertile in great men; but here doubtless is one, if we are to take the measure of his worth not only from his books, though these undoubtedly are an author's best and truest memorial, but from the estimation in which he is held in high scientific circles abroad, and the unsought honours conferred upon him by many of the learned societies of Europe. Only eminent services to science could have secured him the recognition of crowned heads and the issue of royal diplomas setting forth these services, with enrolment among the distinguished honorary members of the great scientific societies and learned institutions of the mother land, and of France, Italy, and Denmark.

Of Dr. Wilson's early years little, I imagine, is known on this side the Atlantic, unless it has been gleaned from the interesting biography of his distinguished brother, Dr. George Wilson, the eminent chemist, who died in 1859, while holding the professorship of technology in the University of Edinburgh. From this work, however, as in other instances of the youth of eminent men, we learn much of interest—of early years of toil, laborious study, indefatigable research, and an enthusiastic devotion to the pursuits which were to become a life's work. The labour of these youthful days brought Dr. Wilson into almost European repute before he had reached

his thirty-seventh year, the period when we find him transplanted to Canada, at the instance, it is said, of the historian Hallam, who, with Lord Elgin, the then Governor-General of Canada, warmly recommended the appointment of the young *littérateur* and zealous Secretary of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries to the chair of history and English literature in University College, Toronto. The removal to Canada was a grave step in itself. But it was more than this when it broke in, as it did, upon serious studies pursued with great ardour, severed the dearest ties, social and professional, and withdrew from a promising field of labour one who was not only fast making his way to the front, but whose genuine abilities and true scientific devotion, had he remained in it, would doubtless have gained him rich pecuniary rewards with many accompanying honours. However, to Canada he came; and one of the interesting as well as valuable souvenirs of his parting with his Scottish friends and scientific associates is a costly service of silver in the learned Doctor's possession, the inscription on which bears the testimony of his Associates in the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland “to Dr. Wilson's intelligent and faithful labours as Secretary, and to their admiration of his great learning and genius so successfully devoted to the investigation of the archaeology of Scotland.”

Devoted student as he was of archaeology, and much as he had done in Scotland to enrich the subject by laborious local research, Dr. Wilson, in coming to Canada, found a wide field for its pursuit on the American continent; and much has he assiduously gathered in the interval to add to the stores of information and reasonable conjecture in this interesting branch of science. The fruit of this is abundantly found in important treatises on the subject which have come from his pen, as well as in the many occasional papers contributed to the scientific journals and transactions of learned societies in both hemispheres. The number and bulk of the latter would fill many portly volumes, and are in themselves a monument of intellectual labour. In the brief space at my disposal I can give but a bald enumeration of the more important works which have come from Dr. Wilson's pen. The first of these was *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, a work in two volumes, published in 1847, with illustrations from the author's facile pencil. This interesting work, with his *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh*, published in 1878, reveal Dr. Wilson's tastes as an antiquary and his varied accomplishments in undertaking the work of tracing the history, antiquities, and local traditions of the Scottish metropolis. A contemporary critic affirms of the first of these books, that “these volumes will do the author honour in his native city so long as the ancient capital of Scotland stands.” In 1851 appeared a kindred but more ambitious work in the wider field of Scottish antiquities, entitled *The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*. This scholarly and elaborate production drew from the historian Hallam the criticism that it was the most scientific treatment of the archaeological evidences of primitive history which had ever been written. The reviewers were also equally laudatory, a high authority saying that the work was “full of original views, bearing everywhere the stamp of independent investigation and of an independent judgment” and calculated “to form an epoch in the study of the earlier antiquities of Scotland and of Britain at large.” Another competent authority speaks of this work as one “of extraordinary merit, particularly in the lucidity of its scientific combinations and influences, the charm of its style, and the perfect fidelity of its many pictorial illustrations.” A second edition being called for, the author in 1863 republished the work, with large additions and a careful revision, under the shorter title of *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*. The term “Prehistoric” in its earlier use, in 1851, it may be worth noting, was, I believe, a coinage of the author's; he, at least, was the first to bring the word into vogue.

In 1863 also appeared what may be considered the author's *magnum opus*, a work embodying the results of researches in archaeology and ethnology in both hemispheres, and of which two subsequent editions, considerably re-written, have appeared. Of this production, which bears the title of *Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilisation in the Old and the New Worlds*, the *Edinburgh Witness*, at the time under the editorship of the geologist Hugh Miller, remarks that “the topic is not only vast in range, complex in material, and difficult from its nature, but brings the man who ventures to discuss it into contact with momentous and perplexing questions touching the origin of civilisation, the unity of the human race, and the time during which man has been a denizen of this planet. Dr. Wilson proves himself at all points equal to his task.” This emphatic verdict has been endorsed in other eminent quarters, and high commendation passed upon the book, not only for its scientific value, but for the attractiveness of its literary style. To these works have to be added three volumes, which, though notable in themselves, by no means represent the bulk of Dr. Wilson's purely literary labours. They are respectively entitled *Chatterton: A Biographical Study* (1869); *Caliban, the Missing Link* (1873); and *Spring Wild Flowers*, a volume of graceful verse. In the Chatterton biography, the author has lovingly gathered all that is worthy of record in the career of the ill-fated Bristol dreamer; and the volume is the best tribute known to me to the young poet's genius. *Caliban* is an interesting Shakespearian study, combining great imaginative power with a strong critical faculty, and giving the reader much curious information, with not a little fanciful disquisition, on the Evolution theory. The little volume dedicated to the Muses, of which two editions have appeared, emphasises the twin sisterhood of Science and Poetry, and enshrines some thoughtful lines on religious and moral subjects, with several happy examples of lighter verse. In addition to these published works, a whole library of contributions from the author's pen is scattered through the “Proceedings” of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, the London Anthropological Institute, the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, the British and American Associations for the

Advancement of Science, the "Journal" of the Canadian Institute (for some years edited by Dr. Wilson), and the "Transactions" of the Royal Society of Canada. Of this latter Society, to the Vice-presidency of the literature section of which Dr. Wilson was nominated by its founder, the Marquis of Lorne, the subject of this sketch has been the chief working supporter, and to it has contributed many valuable papers both in literature and in science. To the present (ninth); as well as to the earlier (eighth), edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Dr. Wilson has also been an extensive contributor. In the current edition, the articles on "Canada," "Confederation," and "Toronto" are from his pen, as are the biographical articles on "Ferguson" and "Chatterton;" while the article on "Edinburgh," it is understood, was written by him, and, oddly enough, was sent to Scotland from Toronto. Besides this mass of literary work, a number of contributions from the same source, on literary and historical subjects, with a good many reviews, art critiques, and academical addresses, have from time to time appeared in the pages of the *Canadian Monthly*, the *Canada Educational Monthly*, *THE WEEK*, and other native journals. These, with other important philanthropic and Christian labours in Toronto, covering the period of half a life-time, bear witness to Dr. Wilson's untiring industry and the force and range of his mental powers, as well as mark the nobleness of his personal character.

A sketch, however brief, of the life and work of Dr. Wilson would be singularly incomplete which contained no reference to his labours as an educationist, and to his onerous duties in University College, both as professor and since 1881, when he succeeded Dr. McCaul as its executive head. In some respects, and perhaps with truth, it may be said that Dr. Wilson would have done more justice to himself if he had made a choice in his life's work between literature and science rather than, as he has done, given the prose side of his mind to archaeological studies, and reserved its poetical side for literature. But the financial circumstances of the institution with which he has been so long connected made this from the first impossible, and compelled him, laboriously and ardently, to toil on in dual and somewhat incongruous fields of work. With the result, however, no one can reasonably quarrel, for in both fields it must be said he has acquitted himself well and won merited fame. He who would trace Dr. Wilson's life in the sphere of his academic labours must do so with real enthusiasm, with loving sympathy, and with hearty admiration for the scholar and the man. His life long interest in Toronto University, the many sacrifices he has made for it, his devotion to the subjects he has so ably taught in the College, and his inspiring and elevating influence upon the students who have successively come under his care, are matters that require little dwelling upon by any local pen. Nor is there need to say a word, to any graduate of the College at any rate, of the learned Doctor's ever ready courtesy, of his kindness of heart, of his simplicity of character, or of his high moral worth. Testimony to these and other lovable qualities in the President of University College is I am sure as abundant as testimony is emphatic to the learning and genius of their gifted possessor. If the State, strangely enough, has done little to mark Dr. Wilson's services both to science and education throughout a long and unwearying life, he has at least this consolation that, among those who have had the honour of personally knowing him, appreciation of their number and worth lies deep in every breast.

Dr. Wilson has now reached the evening of his days, and as the lengthening shadows fall athwart him and his labours, the writer of this, with many who love him, may well wish that a life so singularly pure and worthy may be prolonged and continue for many years yet at the service of his adopted country. But when the line of the allotted span has been crossed, wishes we know must be vain; and the granite shaft in yonder cemetery, with its touchingly beautiful tribute "to the wife of his youth," who "was the bright sunshine of a long and happy life," is a monition which neither he nor any wise friend can disregard, however distant all may wish the day when the Master's summons shall come to one who has been eminently faithful, and the sombre curtain shall drop forever upon his work.

G. MERCER ADAM.

#### MONTREAL LETTER.

If one might really judge of the happiness of a city by the uneventfulness of its history, Montreal would certainly be considered an enviable place. We are sauntering along at the calm, the dreadfully calm, pace peculiar to us, and this dignity of gait has only been augmented by the veritable "pea-soup" fog-like smoke, that has also taken away our most popular distraction—view-gazing. At last, however, the pall is slowly lifting, and we may once more contemplate a fair portion of the town.

To save all confusion, I shall mention recent great events in strictly chronological order. A week ago yesterday the hunting season was opened by a delightful breakfast at Lachine. From the city to what might almost be called one of its suburbs, the drive skirting the river is rather picturesque. The "rapids," tree-covered island, and brightly tinted woods make quite a pretty scene, though the landscape is monotonously flat. From here we may catch a glimpse of the new Canadian Pacific Railway bridge, a structure, we trust, some degrees stronger than it appears.

There was a delicious Old World flavour about the cordial reception our host and hostess gave us. The former, with his genial face and scarlet jacket, might very easily have figured as an English squire. Though the house where we met is not a very remarkable one, its good cheer and bright fires, the pretty women and brightly clad men crowding its rooms and doorway, presented an *ensemble* any ancient hall might have envied. After a preliminary collation, carriages and horsemen departed in clouds of dust to a field some distance away, where the serious business of the day

was to begin. I hardly knew what we expected to see, but we were certainly not a little disappointed. In the first place, the three damsels who appeared so very serious, so very determined, and so very well mounted, and who, we had a right to expect, would perform some very graceful feat, if I mistake not disdained the whole performance, that is to say, scorned to risk their fair necks in leaping a Canadian fence. Then those of us who had no personal grudge against the unfortunate fox let loose a few hours before, grew melancholy at the thought of his inevitable fate. Suddenly there flashed across our minds the sad analogy which this sport bears to the yet more cruel parlour-hunting. Though you may not recognise the name, you most certainly know the game. The rules are much the same as for our inane pastime in the field. It is usually some solitary victim, pursued by a whole army of irate enthusiasts, and the simpering world looks on contented. But surely this is no place for moralising. The hunters have left us, and we return to infinitely more rational distraction, namely, that afforded by the most generous of boards.

SOME idea has been given of the works which are to compose our musical programme this year. Heaven knows what we should do without the Mendelssohn Choir and Philharmonic Society! It seems passing strange, however, that whenever the latter has given a concert, the leading soloists and players in the orchestra have been imported either from Boston or New York. In the name of music how many cycles shall have to pass ere Montreal can boast a complete corps of professionals, capable of supplying our needs, at least inasmuch as an orchestra is concerned? Though we would not continually indulge in wholesale fault-finding, some preacher seems required to stir our lukewarm hearts—dreadfully lukewarm when music is in question.

Well, from the choir we are to have some of the compositions of Brahms, Rubenstein, Gounod, and Mendelssohn in the first concert, and in the second, Gade's "Crusaders." Towards the end of December the Philharmonic will give, on two consecutive nights, Mozart's "Requiem," Barnby's "Rebekah," Hoffman's "Melusina," and Gade's "Christmas Eve."

YESTERDAY we saw the latest and, I trust, final manifestation of what might be called, with all due deference, the Jubilee Craze. An incredible number of children were to have met in the College grounds, and to have marched thence, with banners flying, to the Victoria Rink. But alas! it rained so persistently that a procession was out of the question. Nevertheless, the Sunday schools were more than fairly represented in the densely crowded building. Unfortunately the distribution of medals and mugs had to be postponed till to-day, but this disappointment was forgotten in the contemplation of delightfully-made tableaux, in which figured none but Indian boys and girls.

We trust no over-enthusiastic teacher or superintendent had the misfortune to behold the three small urchins who, after the performance was over, strutted along with Jubilee badges on their manly little breasts and cigarettes parting their rosy lips.

Montreal, October 2.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THREE GOOD GIANTS: Being a compilation from the French of François Rabelais. By John Dimitry, S.M., illustrated by Gustave Doré and S. Robida. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Rabelais, the son of an inn-keeper at Chinon, is in these days very little to us beyond a name. The prototype of Rousseau, he was successively priest, doctor, author, and gray friar. His *Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel* was a ringing satire or burlesque on the men and manners of the sixteenth century, clever, incisive, and critical, but abandoned to the greatest license and folly; adorned it may be with turns of thought and words borrowed from the Greek, the Latin, and the Italian, enriched with many a *bon mot* and epigram, but none the less spoilt by the very riot of its imagery and the grossness of its pictures. So much for the dead Rabelais as we read him in our studies, spelling out laboriously the quaint *mieux* and *seroit* of the obsolete diction. *Three Good Giants*, on the contrary, is a story book for children, gorgeously and profusely illustrated by Doré and Robida, and presents a positively clear and instructive succession of pages which it has been the effort of the translator to arrange, so that the Augean stable of Rabelaisian profanity is conscientiously fumigated, and rendered acceptable to young and old readers of the present century. We remember at this point that Walter Besant has written his life, that his memory is still held lovingly by scores of the French, and that he is admitted into Mrs. Oliphant's *Foreign Classics for English Readers*. This all signifies a Rabelaisian revival, and the present beautiful edition of an amusing book cannot fail to amuse thousands of little ones, who perhaps in these *blasé* days are growing tired of *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and the *Arabian Nights*.

A PRINCESS OF JAVA. By Mrs. S. F. Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mrs. Higginson has given in this really very comprehensive and conscientious novel of over four hundred pages, small type, a clever picture of the people and customs of Java. It is to her credit that she has found and adapted new local colouring with which to enhance her story. The story itself is a very simple love-tale, but carries the reader along very fairly, with one drawback, which is, Mrs. Higginson's too profound acquaintance with the language of the country. The following is a specimen of what we undergo on nearly every page: "'Shall I bring the *dukun*?' asked Wagari, getting off the *bali-bali*, arranging her *sarong*, and

throwing a *sembong* over one shoulder to go to the *Kampong*." This tendency of the author becomes monotonous after a while; though exceedingly thankful for all the information conveyed—it must not be supposed that these terms have not been carefully explained—we are somewhat inclined to skip these purely Javanese details, and read the story alone, which however is charming reading in itself, and useful as indicating much that is interesting about Java.

**THE HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH WORD-BOOK.** A Manual of Orthoepy, Synonymy, and Derivation. By James W. Connor, B.A., and G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: The Copp-Clark Company.

The latest addition to Canadian educational publications, and one calculated to prove of much use to the younger students. In all three sections the best authorities have, we believe, been conscientiously followed—a fact which must steadily recommend the book, as in a matter of this kind what is mostly to be avoided is individual caprice or personal preference. In pronunciation, the English lead in preference to the American has been followed, the soft *a* being inculcated wherever it is possible, and other partial innovations of a similar kind denoting appreciation of pure and correct English. In passing, it may be well to remark that the pronunciation of our Canadian boys and girls as at present shown by the pupils of the public and collegiate schools, and in fact almost all our educational institutions, is of a nature calculated to raise very wonderful emotions in the breasts of those who listen to it. It is, in some cases, so atrocious even in after life, say from fifteen to twenty and twenty-five, that there are teachers of singing who declare it is almost impossible to turn out good singers from the fact that the words of the songs are invariably badly pronounced. Nothing but close attention, good models, and an entire overhauling of orthoepy and elocution departments will mend this painful matter.

**THE GATES BETWEEN.** By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It is often a delicate task to give an opinion of one of Miss Phelps' peculiar books, since her rare and somewhat contradictory genius finds as many detractors as admirers; the hostile camps are so easily formed, the spirit of opposition is so easily aroused, when a new book by the author of *The Gates Ajar* appears. This is because her genius is of that semi-mystical kind which is so foreign to the habits of thought of many really intellectual people. Men are perhaps ashamed to admire such stuff; women are ashamed to tell how much they do admire it and cry over it in secret. Some one will call it gush, another transcendentalism, a third, poetry. Few will call it true, vigorous, inspired; yet her work is all that these three adjectives imply. She is never so mystical that she cannot in the next page be matter-of-fact as well. She is never so sentimental that she cannot again on the next page furnish forth an amount of common-sense which betrays the American woman behind the philosopher and the poet. In some respects *The Gates Between* is one of her best books. It is less emotional, less sentimental, less poetic than the previous and there is nothing mystical at all about it. Still, it is an uncommon subject, and a mystical one at that. But the author has not read the myriad contributions of the last ten years for nothing that treat of similar subjects, such as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Archibald Malmaison*, and the whole tribe of Conway-Stevenson-Anstey novels. Miss Phelps treats her subject with as much terse manly force and colloquial naturalness as any of these writers, and so will gain the ear of many who before may not have cared for her manner. Written in the plain narrative or autobiographical style, it recommends itself chiefly on these grounds; while the emotions of Dr. Esmerald Thorne in the world that follows death are sketched with rare truth and restraint. In fact, Miss Phelps' conception of a life after death as evinced in this story is as probable and as consistent as any similar scheme yet given to literature. It is a conception free from any suspicion of "eternal simper," and fraught with abundant justice, pathos, and common-sense. We predict an increase in the already large circle of readers which the gifted authoress has long held as her own.

**THE MENO OF PLATO,** with Introduction and Notes. By St. George Stock, M.A., Pembroke College. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Mr. Stock claims in his preface to this very concise compendium of notes to an important classic that his work can need no apology, since the Oxford course prescribes the *Meno*, and there exists no English edition of it. His obligations to the patient and laborious Germans, who seem to have forestalled their English cousins in every department of critical analysis, are acknowledged in fitting terms, and a masterly introduction or rather treatise on the philosophy known as Platonic furnishes all the information necessary to the student, while the somewhat vexed and abstruse questions of order, date, and authenticity are considerably relegated in favour of more purely technical points. "Out of Plato," says Emerson, "come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought."

We have received also the following publications:

**THE FORUM.** October. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.  
**MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.** October. New York: 743 Broadway.  
**NINETEENTH CENTURY.** September.  
**CENTURY.** October. New York: Century Company.  
**POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.** September. New York: Ginn and Company.  
**ELECTIO MAGAZINE.** October. New York: E. R. Felton.  
**CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.** September. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publication Company.

## THE ARTS AND THE STAGE.

FROM the *Magazine of Art* we learn that the idea of reproducing in *fac-simile* the world-renowned Bayeux Tapestry has been undertaken and carried out by the Silk Embroidery Society in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The number of people who stop at Bayeux to see the original, still treasured in its cathedral, is few; and to the majority, although familiar in name, its actual appearance is unknown, and its very name is misleading, for in these days we have come to think of tapestry as a work of the loom only, whereas the roll of historic drawings which records the story of the Conquest of England by the Normans is a rude kind of needlework, executed in worsted upon a strip of linen cloth. It was originally in one piece, measuring two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length by about twenty inches—probably the width of the cloth. The story is wrought out in quaint picture-panels occupying the centre of the cloth, and at the top and bottom are two borders, in which the artist seems to have given his fancy full play; for, though in most cases the figures in the border have some reference to the central picture, we find in others figures of fabulous creatures and animals, such as the camel and the lion, which must have been hardly less creatures of imagination to the people of that time. In the lower border, near the beginning, are representations of Æsop's fables, and we observe also many of the operations of husbandry, such as ploughing, sowing, and harrowing.

At the Gallery of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, where there was recently on view an important exhibition of Mr. Du Maurier's works, to which we have already referred, there are now to be seen nearly a hundred drawings of Mr. Hugh Thompson's, who also illustrates life in its more humorous phases. Mr. Thompson trusts more to the power of his pencil than Mr. Du Maurier, and is excellent as a line draughtsman, his figures usually telling their own tale. The present series illustrate *Days with Sir Roger De Coverley*, *Sir Dilberry Diddle*, *A Journey to Exeter*, *A Morning in London*. They have all appeared in the pages of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, and are doubtless familiar to Canadian readers. Upon Mr. Thompson has fallen to a great extent the mantle of the late Mr. Randolph Caldecott, who contributed to the same periodical, though we do not consider him equal to that talented artist, whose early death in the Southern States, whither he had gone in pursuit of health and materials for American subjects for his fertile talent, has left a blank it is hard to fill. We are glad to see that his last illustrations for the *Graphic* are to be published in book form by the Messrs. Routledge, under the title of *Last "Graphic" Pictures*.

EX-JUDGE HENRY HILTON, of New York, has received flattering letters from Meissonier and Detaille on the subject of his recent presentation of valuable works by these artists to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Meissonier speaks of it as a "royal gift," and considers that the American capital should be proud to claim Mr. Hilton as one of its citizens. Detaille remarks "It is the highest testimonial to the excellent and very flattering reception that I have always received from America; and you were not able to confer on me a greater honour than you have done in placing my painting permanently in a museum, and in joining me in your generous gift with my master, whom I love and venerate, and to whom I am indebted for the precious artistic education he has given me."

MR. JAMES CARROLL BECKWITH, the well-known New York artist, has received honourable mention at the Paris Salon for his portrait of Mr. William Walton, the clever American art writer and painter, who has worthily succeeded to the position in the world of art criticism left vacant by the death of Earl Shinn.

It behooves art censors to beware how they invoke the power of the law. George P. Kimball, President of a Law and Order Society, recently undertook to prosecute Mr. Stubbs, an art dealer, for exhibiting immoral pictures in his window. Some twenty of the libelled works, and reproductions of Mr. Stubbs's stock-in-trade, were brought into court, and examined by Judge Gould, of Portland, Maine, who decided that there was no ground for the action, and dismissed the case, after complimenting the dealer upon his excellent judgment in art.

THE production at the Olympic Theatre of Messrs. R. C. Carter and Cecil Raleigh's new play, *The Pointsman*, was greeted with unstinted applause. Not one dissentient voice was raised when the curtain fell, and from beginning to end the audience were kept at the highest pitch of excitement. Indeed the piece seemed carried through by sheer force of its sensational effects which commenced at the very rise of the curtain on the prologue, and at once communicated itself to the spectators. No attempt whatever has been made to render *The Pointsman* an artistic piece of work. It is a rough and vigorous mixture put together without any method; its story is diffuse, and its climaxes thoroughly unconventional, but it has been written solely to please a certain class of play-goers, and having thoroughly succeeded in fulfilling this purpose, it can afford to dispense with the ordinary essentials of other melodrama.

THE dramatic season commences early this year, and has been started at the Opera Comique by a play as contrary to the laws of human nature as *The Pointsman*, but not nearly so effective. Mr. John A. Stevens, the American actor, can hope to make very little headway with *A Secret Foe*, a work altogether below the average of what is expected in London. Probability is shocked at every turn, and there are no scenes of stirring merit or interest to compensate for much that is silly and more that is distasteful.

THE weeks ahead of us are full of promise and interest. The Drury Lane drama of *Pleasure*, which is to contain more comedy than serious interest, the return of Miss Mary Anderson to the Lyceum as *Perdita*

and Hermione in the *Winter's Tale*, and the opening of the Novelty by Miss Harriet Jay, with Robert Buchanan's *Blue Bells of Scotland*, are the events which stand prominently forward.

THE Paris season has already commenced; the Comédie reopened in the end of August with *Le Cid* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, but the honours of the evening were not for them nor for the actors, but for the iron curtain or fire screen about which there was quite a buzz of excitement. Like the ordinary green one it is only put down at the beginning and end of the performance and not between the acts. Time works wonders, and before long that terrible catastrophe of the Opera Comique will most likely be forgotten by the public; the interval which has elapsed since the closing of all the theatres has done much to quiet the general anxiety with respect to them, and the public is looking forward eagerly to the events of the coming weeks. Most of the programmes have been published, and are as attractive as possible. To begin with the Théâtre Français, the rehearsals of Pailleron's *Souris* did not commence before September; in the meanwhile *Hernani* (with Mme. Segond-Weber and M. Leitner, both débutants, cast for the characters of Dona Sol and Don Carlos) were to be produced, and *Trancillon* and *The Marquis de Villeman* alternate with pieces belonging to the classic repertoire. These include an entirely new cast of *Monsieur de Pourceaugrac*, and Molière's *Don Juan*, *Œdipe Roi*, and *Les Caprices de Marianne*. Mounet-Sully will act the principal parts in the last two. Got and Mme. Céline Monhalaud are to play *Morcadet* as soon as the subscriptions for Balzac's monument are set on foot. With a comedy of Pailleron's in prospect, there is little prospect of any other novelty being produced in the course of the winter; but M. Claretie has several in reserve, *Le pere le Bonnard*, by Jean Aicard, *La Bucheronne*, by M. Charles Edmond, and a promise of a new piece from Octave Feuillet. Worms is cast for the only male character in *La Souris*, and for the principal part in *La Bucheronne*, with Mme. Baretta, who will also play the heroine of Aicard's drama, *Le pere le Bonnard*. E. S.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Does it [American Fiction] portray men and women at the close of the nineteenth century for the most and the best that is in them? Is it deep? Does it stir the deepest feelings, bring the deepest thoughts, help the deepest convictions, feed the desire to be fed on the utmost truth and beauty and goodness that human life provides? Or does it refuse to be deep and broad, and aim to be light and narrow—and thorough? We hold to our conviction that the main essential tendency of the novel is to become broader and deeper in the study of personality, though in doing so it may become narrower in the variety of human types, and may of necessity have to deal with social types less broadly representative and powerful; and that American fiction has not yet attained the high-water-mark of previous development in any one of these respects, however far it may have gone ahead in others.—A. Southerne, in the Critic.

It may seem strange to those who have not studied the matter, that wood should be recommended for the floors of large apartment houses or office buildings. It is so recommended because it is well known to be more fire-proof than iron. The latter is incombustible, but not fire-proof. Wrought iron twists with heat, cast iron collapses when water touches it, and structures built with iron joists and columns disappear before a conflagration with a rapidity almost equal to that of a board house. The only fire-proof materials are bricks, terra-cotta, concrete, and stone, and the last of these is very liable to split and crumble under great heat. Wood in masses is a slow-burning material. Ordinary floors, formed of joists set on edge, with inch boards laid over and lath and plaster under, are a series of flues divided by matchwood. But turn the joists flat and cover them with boards nailed closely down upon them, and it is not possible to burn down the structure by an accidental conflagration in a room. The solid mass of wood, untraversed by air currents, does not feed the flames, but slowly chars, and remains intact when water is poured upon it. Such a floor must be supported by strong beams at intervals of ten feet or even less, but even with this addition it is cheaper as well as far more reliable than an ordinary "fire-proof" floor of iron beams and brick arches dependent upon them.—W. N. Lockington, in the American.

It is perfectly true that no one ever heard of a snoring savage. In fact, if the wild man of the woods and plains does not sleep quietly, he runs the risk of being discovered by his enemy, and the scalp of the snorer would soon adorn the belt of his crafty and more silent-sleeping adversary. In the natural state, then, "natural selection" weeds out those who disturb their neighbours by making night hideous with snores. With civilisation, however, we have changed all this. The impure air of our sleeping-rooms induces all manner of catarrhal affections. The nasal passages are the first to become affected. Instead of warming the inspired air on its way to the lungs, and removing from it the dangerous impurities with which it is loaded, the nose becomes obstructed. A part of the air enters and escapes by way of the mouth. The veil of the palate vibrates between the two currents—that through the mouth and the one still passing through the partially closed nostrils—like a torn sail in the wind. The snore, then, means that the sleeper's mouth is partially open, that his nose is partially closed, and that his lungs are in danger from the air not being properly warmed and purified. From the continual operation of these causes—the increase of impure air in sleeping-rooms and permitting habitual snorers to escape killing and scalping—some scientist has predicted that in future all men (and the women, too!) will snore. It goes along with decay of the teeth and bald-headedness.—Fireside.

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PROSPECTUS FOR THE YEAR 1887-1888.

With the issue of the October Number THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE will enter upon the fifth year of its existence, and the Editor therefore takes the opportunity of setting before his readers the arrangements that have been made for the New Volume.

The fact that the past year has proved the most prosperous since the date of its establishment encourages him to maintain and to develop the special features of the undertaking, which have already won so large a share of public favour. It has been shown that the public is fully prepared to recognise and appreciate the sacrifices that have been made in order to secure the undisputed excellence of the illustrations of the Magazine; and, therefore, no pains will be spared to keep the work in this department up to its present high standard. While advantage will be taken of every process that may be fitly employed in the rendering of artistic designs, continued and increased encouragement will be given to the higher school of wood engraving, the delicate beauty of whose work is beyond the rivalry of any mechanical process.

It is a satisfaction to the Editor to feel that his efforts in this direction, both as regards the quality of the engraving itself and the refinement of printing needed to do justice to the engraver's work, have been warmly appreciated by many of the most distinguished painters of the English school, who have generously placed at his disposal many valued examples of their art; and he is happy to be able to announce that for the coming year arrangements have already been made for the reproduction of designs by Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., Sir John Millais, Bart., R.A., James Sant, R.A., E. Burne Jones, A.R.A., C. Napier Hemy, Hamilton Macallum, E. F. Brentnall, etc.

The Editor has also secured the continued and exclusive services of Mr. Hugh Thomson, a young artist whose talent is well known to the readers of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, and whose charming illustrations to "Sir Roger de Coverly" serve to place him high in the rank of original designers in black and white.

With the October Number will be commenced a series of papers on

COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS, By W. Outram Tristram,

wherein Mr. Thomson will find an appropriate field for the exercise of his talent. These papers will also be furnished with numerous drawings of the picturesque scenery of the old coaching roads, by Mr. Herbert Railton, whose artistic feeling for English architecture has already been exhibited in the pages of the Magazine.

Among other illustrated papers already arranged for may be mentioned—

- THE SEA OF GALILEE. By Laurence Oliphant.
- COAL MINING. By Miss Margery May.
- ANTWERP. By Thomas Macquoid.
- HELLIGOLAND. By Hamilton Macallum.
- MOATED HOUSES. By G. L. Seymour.
- LA MORTE D'ARTHUR. By H. Ryland.
- THE YOUTH OF GOETHE. By James Sims.

In the literary department of the Magazine the Editor is happy to be able to announce a new feature which he believes will prove acceptable to his readers, in the shape of a monthly article of criticism on matters literary, social, and artistic, from the pen of Mr. H. D. TRAILL.

With the commencement of the new volume there will also appear the first chapters of a new historical novel by PROF. MINTO, entitled

THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT, and the first instalment of a new story by the author of "MEHALAH," entitled

THE STORY OF JAEI.

Subsequent numbers of the Magazine will contain, among other works of fiction—

- THE MAGIC FAN. By J. S. Winter.
- A PLOT FOR A NOVEL. By B. L. Farjeon.
- THAT GIRL IN BLACK. By Mrs. Molesworth, etc.

The Editor has also arranged for a paper on "PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES DICKENS," by J. L. Toole; as well as for the publication of a series of "LETTERS BY CHARLES DICKENS." Early numbers of the Magazine will contain poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne and George Meredith.

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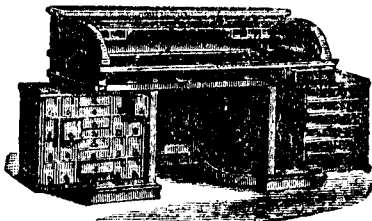
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