

THE WEEK:

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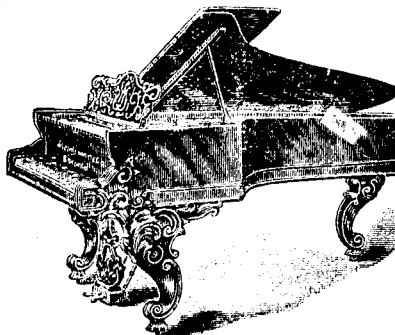
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THE REVOLT AGAINST PARTY.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose authority is the highest, tells us that a revolt is beginning in earnest against the dominion of Party, and that men are asking on all sides to be shown some way of escape from the Party system. He refers, no doubt, to men who think for themselves. Over the masses, who do not think for themselves, the hold of the Machines is still evidently strong. Three or four "Independents" have been elected. On the other hand, the Machines have been successfully set up in the North-west, a new country with interests of its own, where the old Party division is absolutely senseless; and the people there have allowed themselves to be driven into the sheepfolds almost as submissively as the tamest political sheep of the old Provinces. In Quebec there has been a Nationalist bolt; but this can hardly be regarded as a promise of independence. The election, even by increased majorities, of Party candidates of the most tainted character, and the large number of votes polled by others not less disreputable, is a mournful proof of the ascendancy of Party ties and passions over morality in constituencies which we have no reason to believe inferior to the rest. In the case of one constituency the two Party organs actually coalesced against an Independent candidature, like two gamblers who, though they hate and cheat each other, unite in drawing their revolvers against an outsider if he threatens to touch the stakes. Still, this very incident shows that the Parties are alarmed by the growth of revolt. In the Press, independence has of late been unquestionably gaining ground. Of all the Toronto dailies one alone is now an organ. Let the motives of the *Mail* for its change be what they will—let them be as low as its bitterest enemy imagines—the fact remains that its proprietors, who may be supposed to understand their own interests, find independence their best policy. That public morality is really awakened, the utterances of Dr. Grant and Mr. Macdonnell are eloquent and impressive proof.

Certainly, if anything could breed reflection on this subject, the spectacle of the late faction fight must have done it. As preludes to the contest, both parties had gerrymandered—one in the Dominion, the other in Ontario; and both had bedevilled the franchise. Each flagrantly abused, for a strategical object, the prerogative of dissolution. It is very generally believed that on one side the dissolution was precipitated by the fear of disclosures. That there has been a lavish use of corruption, in the shape of promises of jobs, is certain; and there is reason to believe that there has been no small amount of downright bribery. When the Prime Minister assembled the manufacturers in the Queen's Hotel it was, in fact, to tell them that if they would vote for him, and subscribe to his election fund, he would regulate the fiscal policy of the country in their favour. In this he acted as other Party leaders act; but he would have done less harm to the country, and even to public morality, by handing each of those present a draft upon the Treasury. The Opposition, with less of

the means of material corruption in its power, purchased the Rielite vote by professions which no stretch of charity can enable us to regard as honest, since they had been recently condemned and repudiated by the leader himself in the most emphatic terms which the rich stores of his eloquence could supply. The battle was waged on both sides with appeals to the narrowest passions and the most selfish interests. For weeks, respect for truth disappeared, and a tempest of mutual calumny raged. The English language broke down under the fury of the combatants, and it was necessary to invent a hideous jargon to give full expression to their rage. It was not possible, we were told, to "whip mutinous Sepoys with daisy chains, or to purify Sodom with rosewater." It is as mutinous Sepoys and denizens of Sodom that the Party system trains one-half of the community to regard the other. Is it possible that the political character of a nation should fail to be depraved and degraded by these orgies of hatred, falsehood, and corruption? Can the sense of common citizenship remain unimpaired by the periodical excitement of passions hardly less malignant than those of civil war? Can a Government which issues from such a caldron be expected to be in any tolerable degree an embodiment of public reason, patriotism, and justice?

We need not slay over again the philosophic reasons which have been invented to show that a division of the community into two parties, with bosses and wirepullers, is an eternal ordinance of nature and the only conceivable basis of government. The theory that each of us is born a little Conservative or a little Liberal, belongs to the comic opera. The shades of political temperament are innumerable, and it would be as easy to bisect the rolling waves as to divide the community into halves upon this principle. Age, as a rule, is Conservative, youth is sanguine and disposed to innovation; yet there are no such Tories as the youth of an aristocracy. If the division into two parties is the mandate of nature and indispensable to government, why does not each party recognise that fact, and instead of vilifying the other and striving to destroy it, treat it as, equally with itself, an essential part of the Machine? Faction is a sort of war, and satisfies the barbarous love of fighting which lingers in us, while it also tickles the love of sport. These are its only roots in nature. Its supposed universality as the basis of government is an ignorant generalization from a limited period of English history, and of the history of those countries which have copied what is called the British Constitution. While organic questions are open, combination is natural, and the sacrifice of independent opinion on minor questions to the great object may be moral and rational. When organic questions, the list of which cannot be inexhaustible, have been settled, party degenerates into mere faction. Parties are thenceforth held together, not by principle but by habit, passion, and corruption. The wirepuller then becomes master of the State. Independence of mind, high intelligence, and unbending integrity are excluded from public life as unfit for the service of faction. By a process of natural selection, fatally sure in its operation, the opposites of these qualities are advanced to power. Legislation, especially legislation relating to the franchise and to the distribution of political power, instead of being regulated by the public good, becomes part of the game of faction. Public appointments become bribes, and public works are turned into a fund of corruption, while a swarm of knaves deserts industry for the service of faction, and prepares to live at the public expense. Sinister interests and fanaticisms of all kinds, by putting up their votes to auction when the contest between the parties is close, compass their ends at the expense of the community. There results, in short, the scene which is now before us, and he who thinks that this scene can be prolonged forever with impunity, must fancy that Parliamentary institutions are protected by some supernatural power. In England, the parent and model of the party system, we see the integrity of the nation now the sport of faction, and likely to perish in the fray. To all which must be added the growing instability of Governments, which arises from the inevitable splitting of factions into sections, not one of which is broad enough to form the basis of a Ministry. In Australia you have three Ministries in six months. Nor is government much more stable in the Parliamentary countries of Europe, except in Germany, where, though the hydra of faction has already nine or ten heads, at least, it is at present kept under control by the personal power of Bismarck. In England herself the two parties have split into four or five, not one of which is strong enough to govern

the country, while, by their attempts to patch up alliances for the purpose of grasping power, they compromise the most vital interests of the State.

What is to be done? The root of the evil is the practice of setting up the offices of State as the prizes of a faction fight, which, though taken to be common to all nations and indispensable, is, as has been already said, a mere accident of the recent history of England. For this it is easy to substitute the regular election of the Executive Council by the Legislature under proper conditions, and with such a scheme of rotation as will preserve sufficient harmony between the two. The men may then also be chosen on account of personal fitness for the particular office, whereas, at present, the offices are simply distributed as booty among the leaders of the party, often with no regard to special fitness at all. No valid or even definite objection has ever been raised, so far as we are aware, to this change. That the mode of election to the Legislature itself will in time be seen to require alteration is more than likely. The one valid excuse for Party is that it is, or rather has been, a mode, though the worst of all possible modes, of collecting together a sufficient number of the atoms into which a democratic suffrage divides the supreme power, and which have no cohesion or faculty of combination among themselves, to furnish the foundation for a Government. Democracy was sure, in its first stage, to be unformed and crude. Such changes require organic legislation, which those who desire to get rid of partyism must steadily keep in view as their ultimate aim. But to bring about organic legislation will take time and effort; the Legislature is in the hands of the party leaders and the wirepullers, who will not, if they can help it, kill their own trade. The advocates of National, in place of Party, Government must be prepared for an uphill struggle. We must preserve our own independence, and do our best, each in his sphere, to awaken public intelligence and loosen the yoke of the Machines. We must not disdain small mercies: we must promote and support independent candidatures where we can; where we cannot we must, of the two machine candidates, support, without regard for party, the best and the least servile. The formation of a third party, if it were possible, would not be desirable; it would be a recognition of the system, and the third party would soon have wirepullers and bosses of its own. But without forming a third party we may combine our action wherever we can. A few really independent members in Parliament would have a moral weight out of proportion to their numbers. The growing independence of the Press is an immense gain to our cause. The debating societies, which are multiplying, will be useful in accustoming young men to hear both sides, keeping them out of party clubs, and tempering the violence of their antipathies. Everything that quickens the intelligence and opens the minds of the people fights on our side. There is no royal road to this any more than there is to any other great reform; but to this as to other great reforms, if reformers are in earnest, there is a road.

THE JUBILEE IN INDIA.

THE fiftieth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne was celebrated in India on the 16th of last month. In no dependency belonging to that wonderful little group of islands in the north-east corner of the Atlantic Ocean will Queen Victoria's Jubilee be regarded with so great interest as in India; for in no other region will the festivities bear so significant a meaning, or be more seriously observed as indicating the temper and loyalty of the people, as will they in the land which now stretches from Beloochistan to China.

What conception the average native of India has formed to himself of the sovereign of the mighty nation that has ruled his country for some two hundred years, probably no western mind can wholly comprehend. The line drawn between castes is so strongly defined, so great a gulf has for centuries been fixed between the rich and high-born and the poor and mean, that the latter has a most strange and exaggerated notion of "great place." To the Pariah a Brahmin is a being of quite a different genus; a Rajah probably something divine. What, then, must be the Kaiser-i-Hind, the Empress-Queen, of whom the highest Maharajah is but a slave?

In a land where nature is gorgeous and lavish it is natural that the popular signs of greatness should be gorgeousness and lavishness; and for ages display has been the instrument by which the ruler has sought to impress the ruled. It is natural, too, therefore, that in celebrating the Jubilee of the ruler of rulers India should indulge to the utmost her love of display. This the accounts of the *fêtes* prove. The City of Palaces at day-break inaugurated the proceedings by a royal salute of one hundred and one guns. At nine the Viceroy, wearing his insignia of the Star of India, attended by the Commander-in-Chief and a brilliant staff, and escorted by a bodyguard, held an imposing review. The artillery fired an Imperial salute, the infantry a *feu de joie*, and the massed bands played the National Anthem.

Three cheers were given for the Empress, and the troops marched past. In the afternoon an immense number of addresses were received in public with all the ceremony that the oriental mind could conceive of, and a display of fireworks delighted thousands in the evening. At Bombay similar festivities were indulged in, as also at Madras. Nor was the celebration confined to the Presidency towns alone; but in the great inland cities, in the capitals of semi-independent principalities, even in Burmah, at Mandalay, but nineteen months ago the stronghold of a troublesome enemy, great and real enthusiasm was exhibited.

Nor was the celebration confined to reviews, ceremonies, balls, fireworks, and illuminations. Twenty-five thousand prisoners were liberated, many debts were paid by the Government, and large arrears of land-revenue were remitted. The foundation-stone of a library—the Victoria Library—was laid at Indore; that of a college, also styled Victoria, at Gwalior; new waterworks were begun at Bhopal; a dispensary at Rewah; a women's hospital at Ulwar; and at Bombay eighteen thousand children of all races and creeds were feasted.

The fine arts, too, were not forgotten. Lord Dufferin, recognising the great learning and scholarship attained by many loyal Hindoos and Mohammedans, has instituted two new and high-sounding titles dear to oriental ears, even to those of sages and philosophers. They are: "Mahamahopadhyaye" for Hindoos, and "Shamsululama" for Mohammedans. The title is to be prefixed to the name of the holder, and is accompanied by a *khillat*, or gift of honour. Such things may raise a smile amongst us in the new world. "Mahamahopadhyaye Jno. Bright," or "Shamsululama Wm. Barnes" has a somewhat ludicrous sound; but, in the eyes of Ramasawmy Venketachellum Moodelliar, or Ali Kadir Sayid Husan, a K.C.M.G. or G.C.B. is not to be compared to them.

Nowhere will the celebration of Her Majesty's jubilee be attended with so deep, lasting, and perceptible benefit as will it be in India. India, a scething caldron of fanaticism, a fanaticism kept ever at boiling-point by the extraordinarily heterogeneous mixture of religions, races, castes, of varieties of thought and modes of life, is a country extremely difficult to rule. In this single dependency, between the Hindoo Koosh and Cape Comorin, are collected all varieties of intelligence, from that of the mud-hovel-building Toda of the Nilgherries to that of the haughty and pedantic Pundit. With such divergences, universal consent to measures for the protection of person or property is impossible. Clemency is mistaken for weakness, justice for oppression. To overcome such all but insuperable obstacles to good government, nothing is more efficacious than such measures as will tend to knit together this conglomeration of nations, will give them some common aim, will implant in them some common sympathy. Towards the accomplishment of this surely the Jubilee will do much. It has done much. No more significant proof of this, perhaps, could be found than in a proclamation issued by the high priest of Baidyanath, one of the most sacred Hindoo shrines of Lower Bengal, exhorting Hindoos of every class to give evidence of their loyalty in a befitting manner. This appeal, thousands of copies of which, in Sanskrit and Bengalee, were printed for circulation, runs thus:

May that great Empress under whose protection religious ceremonies have been practised without molestation for fifty years, may that august Empress, Victoria, live long! The lustre of her reign, which illumines the hollow vales of the wilderness and the concealed places, and which brightens the sight itself, has like a second sun made India blossom like the lotus, by dispelling the gloom of injustice originating from the severe tyranny of Mohammedanism. May the Empress Victoria, under whose kindness all her subjects have grown strong in the strength of religion and happiness, may she live a hundred years with her sons and friends! May the Empress, under whose influence uninterrupted peace reigns in India, live long!

It behoves you, Aryans, one and all, to pray for long life for the Empress. May that Empress, in whose Empire men of science sing with delight the manifold blessings of telegraphs, railways, and other inventions; may the Empress, whose moonlike deeds spread a halo of light far and wide; may the Empress Victoria be victorious! This is my constant prayer to Shiva.

Coming from such a source, this appeal may be looked upon as weighty evidence of the popularity of British rule.

The Jubilee has come at an opportune moment for India. With Russia intriguing and encroaching on our north-western boundaries, it is well to foster and maintain a deep-seated loyalty to England. Such loyalty England richly deserves. She has done much, very much, for India. Trade has increased from £21,000,000 in the year of the Queen's accession to £156,000,000 in the year 1885-6. No less than 13,000 miles of railway are now open. Public works abound. Education has marvellously spread. It is well, also, now and again to obtain widespread, tangible evidence of this loyalty. This evidence the Jubilee has undoubtedly given.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

"THE time is short!" no matter what we do,
Stern Death will come and lay his grim, cold hand
On us, and lead us into the dread unknown.
"The time is short!" what use for us to strive
After content or power, riches or peace?
For, ever comes that message murmuring down,
"Do what you will—all things must cease."

So, let us idly wait. Ab! no;
Short is the time—*greater the need*—
So work, to win our way; *then* at Death's call
We go, willing at last that he should lead.

FERRARS.

Montreal.

THE MATTER OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

FLAWLESS legislation seems more hopelessly out of human reach, if there are degrees of unattainability, than perfection in any other respect or direction of our strivings for it. Since government is but the net and general expression of our balanced imperfections as individuals, this is not, perhaps, remarkable; but in view of its potent influence upon national, as well as individual character, it is certainly regrettable. When human limitations were laid down in the beginning, the decree that made the greatest happiness of the greatest number a principle forever to be obscured by the practice intended to illustrate it, was in the nature of a tight, hard bandage across our prehistoric eyes. It has never been removed, and it never will be, for it is as old and as vital as selfishness; although, of course, there is not to be found in any legislative chamber a politician who will acknowledge the least imperfection in his vision. And, indeed, since it often sweeps a whole riding, it is comprehensive enough.

We are ostensibly engaged in an unending struggle for ideal government. That the struggle is fought out on party lines, and is in the nature of internecine war, is not permitted to throw any shadow of insincerity upon the motives that inspire it. That one half the nation should be compelled to wring a benefit to the whole by main force from the other half, is accepted as normal and reasonable. In this peculiar way, which is not without its justifiers, we have made such advance as that class interests were never more directly represented or more strongly defended in the government of the people than they are to-day. We have brought this about by liberal and more liberal franchise acts; and presently we shall ensure the flawlessness of the Governmental machine by putting the tools for its construction into the hands of all sorts and conditions of men. The right and the justice of this is apparent enough. The possible wrong and injustice of it lies *perdu* in the common impression that evils of legislation can be swept away upon the tide of universal suffrage. They change in form, but they are still rampant, and as long as there is a difference of opinion which amounts to a fight for existence between bodies of men the world over, they will be. When we have said that a democratic form of government, based upon every man's ballot, affords an opportunity for fair and righteous law-making, we have said about all in its favour that it is safe to say.

Every now and then we are reminded of a force, the tendency of which is toward nullifying that opportunity, the free and unfettered action of which points to a tyranny as remorseless and relentless as any despot's. We were reminded of it a few days ago in the Local House, when the member for North Middlesex gave notice of the motion to "abolish" an old, and in every way worthy, educational institution of the Province; we shall be reminded of it again and again before the debate which deals with its destinies closes. It is a blind, irrational, and dogged force, that is only beginning to awake to a sense of its own potentiality. It gathers momentum with time and knowledge of itself, and the member of Parliament who can rightly value its arguments, and resist its demands, when they encroach upon the rights of the minority—even the sinful rich—is better than he that taketh a city. He will also deserve and receive the gratitude of future generations who will see and know, better, perhaps, than we do the value of what has been saved for them out of the coarsely utilitarian wreck of this half-educated age. For to the voter who represents this power in the land, there is no beauty and no sacredness in the past or in its memorials. The site of Upper Canada College means so many shops and so much traffic to him; the old red brick buildings are a thorn in his iconoclastic side. His zeal for their demolition would almost induce him to take axe and crowbar in hand himself for the purpose, provided he were properly compensated for the loss of time. He has no shadow of respect for any claim which appeals in the least degree to sentiment for support, nor the least consideration for any institution,

no matter how slow and painful its growth, or how necessary its existence to any portion of the community, that does not afford any point of contact with his narrow existence. His action is also inspired by a petty and bitter jealousy of those who find an advantage in it. Circumstances have decreed that a common school education, terminating at fourteen or fifteen, shall be "good enough" for his boy. The son of no other man, therefore, shall have the benefit of any other if it can possibly be denied him. This person is not content to share in the blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity; he wants to limit them. And this is the sort of person whose influence prompted the bill under discussion.

Besides this merely sentimental aspect of the question, which is not however, of such trifling importance as might be inferred, there are one or two other considerations that should be borne in mind in any discussion of the matter at the present juncture.

The College is *not* an institution, the entrance fee to which excludes all but the sons of rich men from its rolls. The entire charge per term is but \$52.50, or \$210 per year—a sum which would barely cover a boy's expenses at a High School away from home.

The institution has *not* outlived its usefulness; nor are there any fossil influences in its management. It is doing better work now, and more of it, than at any other period of its existence. It is full of vigour; it is abreast of all the most advanced educational methods of the day; it is thoroughly appreciated by the people of the Province, as the attendance amply shows, and its efficient teaching staff is headed by a gentleman who made his brilliant and thoroughly practical educational reputation in public and high school work in Canada.

The scope of Upper Canada College is *not* duplicated, as we often hear, by every High School in the land. There are few that approach it in the quality of one part of the work done, fewer that equal it; and none at all that attempt the other part—the formative influences on mind and character, and the development of individuality along its most promising lines, that is undertaken by the College, and undertaken most successfully. Without residence under collegiate conditions, there can be little or no opportunity for this.

The moral tone of the College is high. It is not a reformatory, nor does it prepare inmates for a reformatory. It receives no student rejected by the authority of Toronto Collegiate Institute or any other. Wealth and influence have no mitigating power over the discipline it exercises. The son of a millionaire has as little chance of remaining upon its rolls if his presence is inimical to the interest of the body of students as the son of the millionaire's clerk. Illustrations of this are not lacking.

The educational necessity of the College, even in the common and limited acceptance of the term, has *not* been done away with by the multiplication of High Schools throughout the Province. The latter would meet at present the needs of only one-third of the population, should the education they afford be generally taken advantage of.

The same advantages and facilities could never be given to the public at the same price by an unendowed institution. To "abolish" Upper Canada College would be to make the broad and liberal education it affords the exclusive advantage of the rich, for no man of moderate means could continue to pay for it. Another evil, the increase of denominational schools, anachronistic as they are in the present age, would immediately result from it, and people would be called upon, through the pulpit, to pay taxes for their support with which they are not at present burdened.

This institution is as necessary in its way to the formation of strong and creditable national character as any public school. It has gathered a moral force with age and dignity, and history and tradition, that nothing could replace. Its loss would be a direct blow to Canadian interests of the higher sort that we can ill afford to sustain. Let not the so-called democracy, hostile to the welfare of all in whose affairs it is too blind to see its own deep concern, strike this blow.

S. J. D.

IN ABSENCE.

THE secrets of the gray and wise old sea,
Her carven shells may murmur unto thee,
For thee the lilies incense may unseal,
And white and golden loveliness reveal.

Yet not more musical the carven shell,
And never sweeter the pure lily's bell,
Than songs that would arise from heart-depths clear,
To greet thy presence, an' thou wert but here.

S. J. D.

UNLITERARY PEOPLE.

"Is it not said that George Eliot was a woman?" inquired a young lady of more than average intelligence and refinement, at a social gathering the other evening. The gentleman addressed looked rather shamefaced, and said "Yes," in a low voice. Not that he was ashamed of parading his certainty over another's doubt, but it seemed to him that every board in the house was shrieking in the affirmative, and he was afraid that she might hear them, and feel hurt about it. It is strange and pathetic that a worthy member of society, a successful teacher, of irreproachable antecedents, grammatical and otherwise—in short, one of those persons who are respected by all—should, by an innocent query, touch the springs of that sort of pity which is closely allied to contempt. No other branch of ignorance can be relied upon to produce this effect of half-pitying scorn in the mind of a person who is not unliterary. Frankly expressed uncertainty with regard to well-known geographical, political, or historical facts may make no impression on the literary mind, but an inquiry as to whether Chaucer really did or did not know how to spell, sinks deep—sinks deep. Alas! it is too true that he who is doubtful of the sex of George Eliot and George Sand, and has never heard of Charles Egbert Craddock, who believes Henry James to be the son of G. P. R. James, and gets Black and Blackmore "mixed up,"—such an one is in imminent, deadly danger of unwittingly confessing that he has never moved in the best society—that very best society which, from our bookshelves, continually woos us with its myriad voices of authority and insight, of thrilling eloquence and tender beauty.

An unliterary person is one who has a confused idea of the difference between the ephemeral and the permanent in literature, between the best thoughts of the best minds and the idle imaginings of those that are feeble or impure. He reveres facts, and sees no reason why the oils with which a great picture is painted are not as valuable as the completed picture. If he hears you spoken of in general terms as a writer, he may suspect you of being at work upon an almanac, a book on horse-medicine, or a dime novel. In any case, you sink in his estimation to the rank of an unpractical sort of person. He tells you that the last work of fiction in a sensational story paper is "just splendid," and your own less pronounced praise of it is set down to professional jealousy. A visit from him is one of those calamities that cannot be averted. He takes down your choicest books, glances superciliously at their contents, and tosses or bangs them upon the table. All this he can do with entire self-possession, though you are never able to view the process without an inward shudder. He reads aloud a sentence from Carlyle, and asks you what you suppose the writer is "driving at." Unwilling or unable to enter into explanations, you briefly reply that you don't know, whereupon, spinning the book disdainfully from him, your visitor doesn't believe that Carlyle knew either. He turns the leaves of "Paradise Lost" with his thumb, occasionally moistening it to facilitate an operation that fills you with horror, and says he never could see any sense in Milton anyway. He evidently thinks it would be in bad taste to criticise Shakespeare, so is content to glance over the pages, and guess that it's a "real nice book." On going away he borrows some volumes of John Stuart Mill, and returns them next day with the remark that they are first-rate. Next time you chance to meet him it may be in company with others, and he puts you to confusion by suddenly inquiring, apropos of nothing, your opinion of Aristotle, or Zola, or "Bingen on the Rhine"—some person or subject esteemed literary. Unable to deliver yourself of valuable original opinions at a moment's notice, you make a few ineffective remarks, at which your auditors, who had hitherto cherished a lofty appreciation of your critical powers, regard you with marked contempt.

There are humbler representatives of the unliterary tribe, who are less offensive; worthy folk, who generally move their heads and their lips when reading, and always mark the place where they leave off—a precautionary measure that reminds one of the fond mother, who was accustomed to kiss her numerous family all around every morning, but occasionally, being too much hurried to complete the task, she marked the one at which she left off, so as to know where to begin again. These people may be trusted in your library, for they at least respect what they do not love. Not with rash presumptuous hand, but with tender if indiscriminating remorse, do they venture to touch your idols, and you bless them unaware. They have the highest opinion of your literary ability, and believe that you receive fabulous sums for each of your published works. On this point they differ from their unliterary brother quoted above, who is very certain that you have gained nothing by them save the comparatively inexpensive luxury of seeing your name in print. Blessed souls! though they are almost certain to regard a book as valuable or not according to

the number of pictures it contains, and, indeed, to look upon reading as a task rather than a delight, still they bear continually about with them that sweet inward grace of humility without which the highest literary gift or taste lacks its most potent charm.

At first sight it would seem that the unliterary person suffers the sorest of deprivations, but the law of compensation is active, and heaven has decreed that for every susceptibility granted to mortals they must barter a portion of their slender stock of serenity. You who sit under the ministrations of an unliterary pastor, are never able without a pang to hear him declare that "all this was done for you and I; for such unthankful creatures as us. Shame on you and I that it should be so!" In a half sad, half satiric way you reveal this source of suffering to a fellow parishioner, who joins you at the church gate, and are met, not with the expected laughter or tears, but with a cold uncomprehending stare. This is bad enough, but it is not your only grief. By accident you discover that your fourteen-year-old daughter can point out with glibness and accuracy the faults of "The Ancient Mariner," but she has a very vague idea of its excellencies. She will tell you in an off-hand way that some passages are extremely weird, and others show great powers of imagination, but in her secret heart she has never thrilled and trembled before that immortal picture of desolation and despair outlined in six small words:

"Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

Her teacher is thorough, painstaking, and conscientious, but he has a fault; he is not in love with literature. This in its final analysis is perhaps the greatest point of difference between a literary and an unliterary person.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A NEW SCANDAL ABOUT MISTRESS ANNE
SHAKESPEARE.

THE old scandals about Shakespeare's wife are well-known. On more or less convincing evidence, we have been constrained to believe that the great poet was ill-mated, and that Mistress Anne was so far from making his home happy, that he escaped from it as far as he could by living nearly all his life in London, while his wife and family remained in Stratford. The slight and incidental mention of her name in his will, in which she receives only the shabby bequest of a second best bed, looks as if he did not hold her in much esteem, and nothing to contradict this inference has been recorded. We may, however, assume that she held her husband's memory in honour, as, either from affection, penitence, or pride, she expressly desired to be buried by his side, where she now lies.

In spite of all the years that have gone by since she was laid in her grave, scandal still pursues this poor Mistress Anne, whose greatest fault, perhaps, was that she was unequal to the honour of being Shakespeare's wife. To-day we learn that she was a stingy housekeeper, a bad cook, and kept a miserable table. The proof is to be found in the wondrous cipher story which Bacon concealed in the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare, the clue to which has been discovered by the ingenious Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, who is now engaged in unravelling the mystery, and giving instalments of it from time to time to the world. In one of these new "Ignatian Epistles" it is related that Robert Cecil, Francis Bacon's treacherous cousin, privately told Queen Elizabeth that the plays of which Shakespeare was the reputed author were full of cleverly concealed treason, and that he suspected them to have been really written by Bacon. On hearing this the Queen ordered Shakespeare's instant arrest, and commanded that if he did not at once reveal the real author he should be racked till he did so. Fortunately Bacon heard of the danger that threatened him in good time, and sent his faithful friend-servant Harry Percy, to warn Shakespeare, to fly the kingdom before the Queen's officers could find him.

"The interview between Percy and Shakespeare," writes Mr. Donnelly, "takes place at Stratford in the presence of Shakespeare's wife and daughter. It is told with the utmost detail. The whole Shakespeare family is described; his young brother Edmund, his daughter Susanna, his wife, his sister. The very supper bill of fare is given, and a very mean one it is—'dried cakes mouldie and ancient,' roast mutton far advanced in decomposition, the odour of which perfumed the room, bitter beer, and worse Bordeaux stuff. The smell of the meal took away the dandy Percy's appetite."

This "mean supper" must certainly convince every reader that Shakespeare was a vulgar fellow who had never been used to better fare. Such a *ménage* reflects as much discredit on him as on his wife. In the same passage Percy calls Shakespeare "the foul mouthedst rascal in England," and says that "transformed in new silk and feathers, he bore his blushing honours which Bacon had put upon him through all the disreputable houses in London."

From this we plainly see that the cipher story justifies the description which Mr. Donnelly gave of Shakespeare's character and career, in a lecture delivered before the Boston Classical Society a year or so ago. He told his audience that the man who had so long been the supposed author of "Shakespeare's plays" was the untutored son of a butcher, himself apprenticed to a butcher; the veritable cowboy and outlaw of Warwick-

shire, a coarse, clownish deer-stealer; an *inarticulate* man, who carried on no correspondences, had no friendships, and was unknown in the literary circles of London. Such assertions have been proved thoroughly worthless by the most learned and conscientious students of Shakespeare's life and times; but to call the man whose brilliant "wit-combats" with Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern were remembered long after his death *inarticulate*, is such a curious infelicity of language, and so accurately indicates Mr. Donnelly's knowledge of his subject, that I may be excused for repeating rare Ben's well known testimony to Shakespeare's gifts of expression.

"He had," says his great contemporary and constant companion, "an excellent fantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary that he should be stopped: *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius."

It is a curious coincidence that just now when the conjunction of that erratic and dangerous political comet, Mr. Gladstone, with Mr. Parnell's baleful planet, threatens the unity and greatness of the British Empire, a new phase in what has been called "the Bacon movement," is being put prominently forward in a leading English literary review. I hope it is not an omen of England's decay, that while Mr. Parnell is openly receiving many thousands of dollars from the subjects of a foreign nation (no doubt with Mr. Gladstone's approval), to aid in the scheme of dismemberment, and Mr. Gladstone is dealing with Irish politics with the same reckless hardihood, imperfect knowledge, and arbitrary assumption, with which he writes about the Iliad and the Book of Genesis, a certain clique in America, assisted by some crack-brained people in England, are trying in various ways to soil and degrade the glorious name which for so many years has been the symbol of England's highest genius and noblest patriotism, and to make of it a stalking-horse on which they may exercise a puerile ingenuity. If there is one feeling which Shakespeare shows more strongly than another it is his patriotism. His loyalty to his sovereign and his country, his pride in the greatness and glory of England, speak with passionate power in the grand scene of the battle of Agincourt, and in all his historical plays. The Germans call these plays England's national epic. They are the noblest food on which the English race could be nurtured, and if they were more read and laid to heart, there would be more true patriots to uphold the honour of England. The name of Shakespeare has borne his country's fame over the world, and is a strong tie to hold the whole Anglo-Saxon race in a kindred bond. If it were possible that it could be thrown down and trampled in the mire, England would lose half her glory. Yet there are English iconoclasts who seem quite ready to assist the crazy faction that are trying to bring about such a downfall. There are also Englishmen who are willing to aid in destroying the power and prestige of the greatest empire the world has ever known, in the spirit of party, in blind obedience to an eloquent demagogue.

Stamford.

L. M.

THE WORK OF THE LATE CONGRESS.

THE forty-ninth Congress since the establishment of the Union, in 1788, came to an end yesterday, without any of the scenes of disorder and incidents of corruption that used to characterise such occasions a few years ago. The legislative result of its two years of existence has not been much in quantity, but it has done nothing really bad, and has passed a few good measures, of which the first in importance is the act regulating the counting of the Presidential vote by the two Houses of Congress. For want of such a law the country was brought measurably near to a civil war in 1876, and was filled with anxiety in 1884, when it was seen how close was the vote between Messrs. Cleveland and Blaine in the pivotal state of New York that year. Another important act is that regulating the Presidential succession in the event of the offices of President and Vice-President being contemporaneously vacant. More immediately important is the act repealing the Tenure of Office Act, passed during the administration of President Johnson, to protect those Republican office-holders who refused to "rat" with him from his party, and since used by Presidents, Senators, and office-seekers in aid of all sorts of corrupt bargains and traffics in public offices. By way of reaction from the policy under which empires of territory have been squandered in subsidies to railways, acts have been passed rescuing nearly fifty millions of acres from forfeited land-grants, and the quantity would have been much greater but for the strength possessed by land-grabbing corporations in the Senate. Reaction is further indicated by the law to prevent aliens from acquiring lands in the territories owned by the Federal Government, a blow at the Scotch Syndicates that have been making fraudulent use of the laws intended for actual settlers to acquire vast cattle ranges on the plains. An apparently effective blow has been struck at the polygamous arrangements of the Mormon Church, though time will be needed to see full and actual results. A start has been made in the direction of freeing Congressional Committees from the labour and scandal of investigating private claims against the Government, by sending such cases to the Courts for judicial proceedings.

Moderate provision has been made for continuing the restoration of the almost vanished navy, and it is gratifying, in this connection, to know that the millions upon millions recklessly voted by the Senate under the spur of a newspaper craze for national defences—a rage stimulated by a syndicate of people interested in supplying the Government with material—were withheld by the House. Another reckless measure that failed was the Canadian Retaliation Bill, promoted by the House for purposes of buncombe, and which the promoters knew could never have any practical consequences. The more moderate Senate bill on the same subject became law, but will probably find no other use than as a stick for the Republicans to belabour the President with, as the shadow of the next general election draws nearer.

Having regard to the social life of the country, the act to regulate the trunk-line railways is of the first importance, but rather as a matter of intention than performance; for many additions and changes will be needed before much practical control of the great lines of commerce can be exercised. The indications are that this act is the beginning of a series that will, in the end, put the railways and the public on a just footing toward each other, to the benefit of both.

The extension of the system of free delivery and collection of letters to all towns having not less than ten thousand inhabitants will promote the comfort and convenience of the people materially. The relief of American ships from a multitude of small imposts and other burdens must lead, in the end, to an act allowing our citizens to buy ships wheresoever they can do so with the greatest advantage. Another step forward has been taken in the civilisation of the Indians, by providing for an allotment of their lands among them in severalty, and protecting their titles against their own improvidence for a long term of years.

The most serious omissions of the expired Congress have been the failure to revise the oppressive tariff on imports; to stop the debasement of the currency by the depreciated silver dollar, and to grant to the mercantile classes a National Bankruptcy Act. The scandals of the sessions have been the reckless granting of pensions for alleged merit or disability in the Civil War, and the corrupt combinations by which the public treasury has been plundered to erect useless Federal buildings all over the country, and to improve rivers and harbours that have but an apocryphal existence. On many of such jobs and swindles the President, by means of the veto power, has set a heavy foot.

As the days of the Congress drew toward their end there was an increasing disposition on the part of Democratic members to harmonise with the Administration. This is partly due to recently-acquired wisdom and partly to fear. The Administration, on its side, is a little more plausible, and a slow but steady attenuation of the Civil Service Reform goes on, to the grief of the independent supporters of President Cleveland.

The general tendency and experience of all modern legislative bodies is recounted in the following words of the New York *Herald*: "More bills were introduced in both Houses, more Committee reports made, more bills passed, more became laws and more were vetoed than ever before."

Washington.

"THE PITY OF IT."

WE are standing in the face of a terrible crisis in Ireland, in spite of all that Lord Randolph Churchill has prophesied to the contrary. It is not a political crisis; it is not a social crisis, though both these have helped to create it. It is a financial crisis. Whether Home Rule be granted or not, whether the Plan of Campaign be successful or not, a vast number of Irish tenants will be ruined this year. It is the natural outcome of a legislation which has rewarded idleness and perjury; of an agitation which has directly recommended them. Almost the whole of English legislation upon Irish land questions since 1881 has been a direct incitement to look poor, to show debts, and to swear that "the rents are impossible." The farmer who owed arrears had them wiped off; the farmer who showed his land full of weeds and rushes had his rent reduced; the farmer who had set his land for crops of flax, and so ruined it for years, was relieved and commiserated; while the honest man who did his best, and paid his rent on the adjoining farm, got nothing. These plain hints given by English legislation have been improved upon by Irish agitation. The former only rewarded lying and idling; while the latter plainly recommends them. It is of the last moment to the sordid patriots who are sucking the life-blood of the Irish peasant, that his destitution shall be signal and his rent proved impossible. The people have been openly and deliberately taught that agitation will pay them better than agriculture, and that an ostentatious poverty is the sure road to wealth and comfort. The result is that in the poorer districts Irish farming has gone to ruin. All the zealous and constant care which the honest farmer bestows upon his land is now regarded as mere folly. What use is there in getting up early, in sowing and planting betimes, in watching the weather, in keeping down the weeds? If men appear comfortable and thriving in their farms, will not agitation decay, and the National League die a natural death? Accordingly, the Irish peasant has been really dragged down into terrible poverty, not by paying rent, but by being trained in idleness, lying, and false sentiment. He is taught to attribute all his wrongs, real and imaginary, to somebody else. He is told that he can become rich and happy by legislation and not by labour. If this be so, what matter is it whether this or that law be proposed for his good? If he got Home Rule to-morrow would that help him out of his difficulty? If a great foreign war brought with it a sudden rise of prices, will the man who has neither crop nor stock on his land profit by it? This is the terrible future which is before us. A generation of men, however well disposed and quiet, who have been systematically urged both by empty bombast and solid bribe to idle and to throw the blame of their poverty on some one else, will not be untaught these lessons without terrible distress and suffering. There will be despair, and with it crime, the natural consequence of despair. There will be more expatriation and expropriation than was ever dreamt of by any legislator. But the real blame will rest not upon the landlords, however their foolish harshness and still more foolish weakness may have produced occasional harm, but upon the blunderers and the plunderers, the English legislators and the Irish agitators, who have assiduously and only too successfully taught a social and pleasure-loving people that idleness is no harm, and that labour is mere vanity and vexation of spirit. What laws can save a people who fall into this terrible snare?—*J. P. Mahaffy, in the Dublin "Union."*

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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So ODIUS and dangerous, says Mr. Mowat, is the enforcement of the Scott Act, owing to the feeling against it, that hardly any of the justices of the peace can be induced to do their duty in Scott Act cases. A justice of the peace who should act would be exposed not only to unpopularity but to outrage. It is therefore necessary to set aside all the ordinary safeguards of personal liberty by sending down special magistrates, with arbitrary powers, and selected in the interest of the promoters of the Act, so that the magistrate is at once prosecutor and judge. Some of these men, Mr. Mowat admits, have not even had the necessary legal training, to get men legally trained to accept the place being often impossible. In other words, by legislation which does not carry with it the consciences of the people, a number of districts in this law-abiding country have been got, as regards this subject, into the condition of Ireland, and it has become necessary to resort to what in the case of Ireland would be considered an extraordinarily violent measure of coercion.

THE Provincial Government has been interviewed on the subject of Prohibitionist text-books. It was submitted that text-books ought never to be made the instruments of any party or propagandist object, and that nothing ought to be introduced into them but that which is universally accepted as truth. The doctrine of total abstinence, whether true or false, is not yet universally accepted as truth, since the vastly larger portion of the civilised world holds and acts upon the opposite principle. The New Testament is still the authority generally received in morals, and there cannot be a shadow of doubt that its teaching is temperance, not total abstinence. Christ, in fact, according to those who pronounce any use of wine noxious and immoral, must have been either ignorant or criminal—ignorant if He did not know what mischief wine would do; criminal, if knowing this, He not only set the example of using it, but consecrated its use in a sacrament for ever. Moreover, great Christian Churches, such as the Roman Catholic and the Anglican, by celebrating the sacrament in accordance with what they deem Christ's ordinance, practically assert that the use of wine is not immoral. It is also proved that the Prohibitionist's doctrine is, as a matter of fact, as far as possible from being the unanimous verdict of the scientific world. That text-books ought not to be made the vehicles of party dogma would seem to be the plain dictate of reason and justice. Yet the answer is conclusive. The Government cannot risk the loss of the Prohibitionist vote.

THERE is nothing disparaging to woman in refusing to send her into the political arena. This only is implied—that the spheres of the sexes, though equal, are by nature distinct, and that public life belongs to the man, while maternity and home belong to the woman. The reason why men make the laws is that men alone can enforce them. A law which has not force to back it is a nullity, as would soon be seen if women were to become the legislators, and were to legislate in the fashion threatened by some of them. Nature will not allow her landmarks to be removed, though society may be thrown into confusion in attempting to remove them. That the spirit of politics will not be improved by casting womanhood and home into the caldron, we have already had abundant proof; no violence or bitterness can go beyond those of platform women. The fact is that the true woman, with her gentle and refined nature, shrinks from the platform and the polling booth, while public excitement is sought by those who are the least genuine representatives of the sex, so that, in reality, instead of more of the good influence of women in the government, we should be likely to have less. The women who lead this movement do not mean to stop at the suffrage: they mean to sit in Parliament and hold public office; the first concession, in fact, involves the second: and we shall presently have to consider whether all distinction of sex is to be set aside, and whether women, like men, can be held responsible and called to account for public conduct. What the women themselves expect is that they will get rid of the limitations and yet retain the privileges of their sex. They will find in the end that this cannot be; that if the limitation is to be set aside the privilege must be renounced; and perhaps their sisters who do not wish to set aside the limitation may be involved in the

forfeiture of the privilege. The only practical question is what government is the best. If a masculine government is the best, it is the best for the women as well as for the men. But female suffrage will probably come. It will come, like other improvident extensions of the suffrage, because somebody wants the female vote, and demagogic legislatures have not firmness to resist. So we shall go on dealing with the franchise till we arrive at an anarchy out of which, at the bidding of stern necessity, a strong and masculine government will arise.

THE argument of the Female Suffragists that women must vote, because otherwise the property held by them would be unrepresented, is based on a mere delusion. No property is represented except the bare minimum necessary for an electoral qualification. Everything which a man has beyond that minimum is just as much unrepresented as if it were held by a woman. Property is no longer the real basis of the suffrage, nor does abstract justice, any more than social policy, enjoin us to drag women into politics, and disturb the relations of the sexes. It never has been and cannot be alleged that property held by women suffers any special legislative injustice. Equally fallacious is the allegation that women are an unfranchised class. They are not a class but a sex. Their interests are bound up with those of their husbands and their male relations, and, unlike those of an unfranchised class, are guarded by affection. It is hardly possible that in the matter of matrimonial relations, women's property, or any other matters affecting female interests, a legislature entirely composed of women could go further in doing what is supposed to be justice to women than male legislatures have gone. It might even be surmised that a legislature entirely composed of women would do less injustice to men.

ONE of our journals complains that the French from St. Pierre and Miquelon encroach on the rights of the Newfoundlanders. To obtain the removal of this injustice, it says, persistent pressure must be applied to the Colonial Office. It then proceeds to reprove British apathy and pusillanimity because the English Government prefers snubbing Newfoundland to getting into a quarrel with France. We should rather think it did, especially when it has Irish rebellion, Russia, Egypt, and Burmah on its hands. "They (the English people) care very little whether the people of Newfoundland fish or do anything else; all they object to is being bothered on their account." Nothing is more true, nor could anything be more natural. The classes in which the spirit of Imperial ambition resided, and which would have been willing to rush into a war with France about a question of Newfoundland bait, no longer reign in England, and the democracy which reigns in their place is totally indifferent to anything which does not concern itself and its own industries. Let us lay this fact to heart: it materially affects our destiny. Our contemporary proposes that two of the Channel Islands should be ceded to France in exchange for St. Pierre and Miquelon. This we expect the British people to do for us while we are levying protective duties on their goods! What can be done in the way of negotiation the British Government will faithfully do; but it will not go to war with France or cede the Channel Islands.

By enabling a patriotic Government to triumph over Parliamentary cabal, and, by placing the national defences for seven years beyond the reach of demagogism, Germany has very likely assured to herself peace. Boulanger will now be apt to subside. The state of the French finances is such that he cannot go on spending for ever. Now let England beware that the wounded and unquiet ambition of France does not look elsewhere for its satisfaction. In the *Nineteenth Century*, M. Reinack, the editor of the *République Française*, has an article written in a tone of the most engaging moderation, assuring us that there is nothing to be apprehended from Boulanger, and full of peace and good-will towards England. But he cannot make us forget that France has been giving England all the trouble that she could in Egypt, and is doing so still.

It never was more necessary to remember that our English news comes through New York. England is still in extreme peril, nor can any one pretend to say that it will not after all be wrecked by the crude and ignorant democracy into whose hands supreme power has been thrust by the recklessness of faction. But so far as we can see or hear from private sources, the Government, though not adamant, is tolerably firm, and the Unionists are pretty staunch. The Unionists are somewhat disquieted no doubt by the restless hankering of Sir George Trevelyan and some of the Radical wing for a reconciliation of what they style the Liberal party. A patching-up of this kind, at the expense of principle, is in fact the immediate danger. But Mr. Gladstone, fortunately for the Unionist cause, adheres inflexibly to his own plan. He is satisfied of his own infallibility, and

probably he is committed past recall to Mr. Parnell. Between Mr. Parnell and Lord Hartington a junction, we are confident, is impossible. The end can hardly fail to be a junction of the Hartingtonians with the Conservatives, out of which will issue a Liberal-Conservative Government, appealing not to the Carlton but to all who wish to avert dismemberment, the dissolution of the Empire, and socialistic revolution.

THE Irish rising against the Union has been sometimes compared by its abettors to the rising under Garibaldi for the assertion of Italian independence. The compliment is a little maladroit, inasmuch as the champions of Italian independence had to encounter an army of Irish arrayed against them in the service of the Pope. But did Garibaldi and his followers ever set fire to the thatch of a house in which five men were sleeping, as the Irish patriots have just done? Did they murder men before the faces of their wives and families, shoot and maim old men in cold blood, kill women, or cruelly persecute them for trying to protect their parents against assassins who swarm out to hoot a widow as she returned from seeing her murdered husband's corpse, refuse medical aid to a woman in travail, milk to a sick child, a coffin to a murdered peasant, a lodging to a woman in the town where her husband's body was lying? A little boy was summoned as a witness in court, and answered the questions put to him. For this his parents shut the door in his face, and he was compelled to take refuge with the victims of the crime, under the protection of the police. "Crimes of this sort," says an English journal, "are not ordinary crimes; they show that in some parts of Ireland there is a regrowth of the most barbaric passions." And can any one believe that the mere withdrawal of the only power by which those passions are repressed will make these people highly civilised, self-controlled, and law-abiding?

THE air of Ireland, at least of Celtic Ireland, appears to be fatal to the common sense of every one who breathes it. General Redvers Buller was sent over, as a military man, to manage the constabulary and police, but instead of confining himself to his own functions he undertook to perform those of the legislature or a court of law by regulating rents. He thus drew upon himself rebukes, and now, in accordance with the sense of duty which seems generally to animate public servants in these days, he gives the Government all the trouble that he can. He will probably give not a little. His evidence cannot be worth much if he says in the same breath that it is impossible to collect rents, and that there is no law except for the rich. But whatever may be its value, it relates to the agrarian question alone; and the agrarian question has nothing to do with the political question, though the political agitators do their best to prevent a settlement of the agrarian question, because they know that unless the fire of discontent were thus kept burning, steam for the political agitation would fail. Ireland, like England, has been struck by agricultural depression. In both countries a great reduction of rents has become necessary, and in England it is being effected without shooting men before the faces of their wives and families, committing outrages on women, or cutting off the udders of cows. There is also serious congestion in certain districts of Ireland, though priest and political agitator alike persistently oppose its relief by emigration. But agrarian maladies, whatever they may be, will not be cured by any political revolution. They will only be aggravated by lawlessness which, besides breaking up society, is fatally injuring both production and commerce, and which it was the business of General Redvers Buller, if he would only have minded his business, to keep down. If further agrarian legislation was necessary, it was the business of Parliament, not that of the temporary chief of the police. That the number of nominal evictions is very small, and that of real removals still smaller, compared with the total number of holdings in Ireland, has just been proved by statistics, the accuracy of which is not impugned. The constabulary themselves, who are a most respectable and intelligent class of men, would hardly be so staunch as they are in enforcing the law, if they believed themselves to be the ministers of organised injustice.

THE banquet of the Irish Protestant Society, which was held last week, turns our attention to a fact of which sight ought never to be lost, and in presence of which a crowd of malignant fictions must disappear. The North of Ireland is not more favoured, but rather less favoured, by Nature than the rest of the island. The laws, the institutions, the conditions of the Union with Great Britain are precisely the same there that they are in the Celtic and Catholic Provinces. Yet the North of Ireland, so far at least as it is Protestant, is prosperous, peaceful, contented, and loyal to the Union. The inevitable inference is that the source of evil and disturbance in the Celtic and Catholic Provinces lies not in laws, institutions, or the Union. It would be impossible for science itself to devise a more con-

clusive demonstration, nor has an attempt, so far as we know, to meet the argument ever been made. Mr. Gladstone is evidently disquieted by the loyalty of the Irish Protestants, and is appealing to them to show themselves worthy of the glorious heritage bequeathed to them, as he thinks, by Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen. Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen were no more Protestants than they were Roman Catholics: they held in religion as well as in politics the creed of the French Revolution, with the Jacobin chiefs of which they were allied. Mr. Gladstone not only picks up Irish history, but makes it as he goes along.

A TRIANGULAR duel is being waged by Canon Liddon, Professor Huxley, and the Duke of Argyll about "the laws of Nature." The Canon, in a sermon, spoke of laws as powers, with an objective existence, he being, perhaps, a little under the influence of the Realism of the Middle Ages. Professor Huxley took him to task, and maintained, truly, no doubt, that what we call laws are not powers, but generalisations from observed facts, having their existence only in the mind of the generaliser and observer. The Duke rushes to the rescue of the Canon, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which, we confess, the copiousness of the language seems to us to bear a full proportion to the number and importance of the ideas. A little reflection will satisfy any one that Professor Huxley is in the right. But then what becomes of the majesty of the laws of Nature, and of the proposal to embrace reverence for them as a substitute for religion?

DR. RUSSEL WALLACE'S second lecture at University College was more interesting to the bulk of his audience than the first. But the two together were an excellent presentation of the Darwin-Wallace theory. They were not the less so, if some of the audience heard them with a suspicion that the question was not yet perfectly settled, and that there was still a difficulty in the enormous tract of time postulated by a theory which accounts for everything by the improvement of accidental variations. As we have said before, this difficulty seems to be forcibly brought before us in the case of a bird which builds a nest in anticipation of laying an egg. The bird, we are told, remembers the nest in which it was itself brought up, and imitates it. But what is the genesis of memory and of the tendency to imitation?

IT is an age of strikes. While the tenants are in arms against the landlords, and the workmen against their employers, the authors are in arms against the publishers, who, they say, deprive them of their just gains. There are, no doubt, grasping and dishonest publishers, as there are grasping and dishonest men in every line of business. But we cannot help thinking that there is some exaggeration in the complaints of the authors. Publishers do not seem, as a class, to make inordinate fortunes, while large sums are made by some authors. An eminent publisher provides his authors not only with paper and print but with a constituency. What is most needed, as it seems to us, is that the book trade should conform to the ordinary rules of commerce, and that books in general should be printed in a cheaper form.

WE receive proofs that the Christian Socialists are still actively at work. For their philanthropic efforts we have the highest respect. The much decried Stoecker, for example, and the other Christian Socialists of Germany, who are struggling to save the German peasant and artisan from the grip of the Jewish usurer, are doing in their way a needful work. But we doubt whether Christianity gains much by borrowing the title of Socialism. Between the Christian and the Socialist method, there seems to us to be a fundamental opposition. Christianity begins reform from within, Socialism from without. Christianity teaches you that happiness is not to be attained without self-improvement; Socialism leads you to hope that it can be gained by altering your social environment. We never see in Socialist writings exhortations to self-culture and self-control, any more than we see in labour journals exhortations to honest work, prudence, and thrift. It is assumed that the existing structure of society alone stands in the way of universal bliss, and that if it can only be torn down all will be well. But Christianity can assume nothing of the kind. To the visions of confiscation which are the real attractions of Socialism, in the case of nine-tenths of its adherents, Christianity can lend no sanction, though it inculcates, as nothing else ever did, the duty of the rich towards the poor. An indefinite antipathy to political economy is the only bond between Christian Socialism and Socialism proper. We cannot be surprised if the Christian Socialists do not make much way.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is leaving Toronto for the South to recruit his health, which, we regret to say, has been failing for some time past.

It is a mistake to think that the Toronto Ladies' Repository is used by ladies who are well off as a means of getting a little more money for gloves. It is a genuine charity, and really relieves that "genteel poverty" which is the bitterest of all. Let not support be withheld from it under any false impression.

We wish to be just, but we cannot admit that Mr. Blake has not surrendered to the N.P. The ground he takes is that Government extravagance has rendered the increased revenue necessary. But Protectionism, as we have said before, is a sacrifice of revenue. Let Mr. Blake say whether he is in favour of Protection.

OUR Protectionists are always lecturing England on the folly and wickedness of her free trade system. Do they want her to protect the British farmer by laying protective duties on Canadian grain and cattle? Farming, we presume, is a "home industry."

It is not easy to say which of all the ways of celebrating the Jubilee is the best. But the worst is a wholesale prostitution of public honours. We are threatened with twenty-five Jubilee knighthoods for Canada. Why not? Where nobody has any claim at all, no distinction can be made. It is to be hoped that here and there a man will have the spirit to refuse, and by his refusal brand this spurious coinage of distinction.

A LATE addition to the Senate is Mr. Senecal, a man whose name is too well known. Never was patronage more ignobly used than the appointments to the Canadian Senate. Electioneering services and subscriptions to election funds are probably the best passports to one branch of the national legislature. We talk of the abuse of patronage by kings and their favourites; what could they do worse than is done by the party leader and demagogue?

It seems that treachery has been rife among the men employed in the British arsenals, and that there has been a regular traffic in the betrayal of secrets. This is most deplorable. But we must not be too hard on Terry and the other miscreants of the artisan class. The decay of public honour and patriotism has begun at the top.

Two letters of Mr. Blake's, which the *Globe* reproduces, refusing to help candidates by bidding against the Government in corrupt promises to the constituencies, are eminently creditable to him. Here, we say again, is his strong point, and we hope he will show it in the coming session. He will have some difficulty, however, in protesting against corrupt demands when they are preferred by his friends in Quebec.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is a man of picturesque genius, and he may perhaps have overpainted the moral glories of Kingston. But he remains a strong witness against the operation of the Scott Act, and his evidence is corroborated on all sides.

THE worst abuses, Mommsen tells us, in Egypt were connected with religious feuds for the precedence of the ibis over the cat, and the crocodile over the baboon. "In the year 127 A.D., on such an occasion, the Omlites in Southern Egypt were suddenly assailed by a neighbouring community at a drinking festival, and the victors are said to have eaten one of the slain. Soon afterwards the community of the Hound, in defiance of the community of the Pike, consumed a pike, and the latter, in defiance of the other, consumed a hound, and thereupon a war broke out between these two nomes." We wonder whether the leaders were named Macdonald and Blake.

THE death-agonies of Grant were watched by reporters stationed in a house opposite. Death has been almost as much desecrated by curiosity and sensationalism in the case of Ward Beecher. Obscurity has its privileges; it has the privilege, at all events, of going quietly and with decency out of the world. It is right to say, at the same time, that the Beecher family have given little encouragement to sensation seekers, and abstained from all foolish parade of grief.

CANADIANS who visit England will be sorry to hear that the Crystal Palace is in danger of being shut up. It always seemed to us to have, besides its attractions as a place of amusement, a pleasant social significance. It was the Versailles of the people. It showed that what was once the monopoly of the few had become the heritage of the many. Millions enjoyed these gardens, fully as beautiful *fêtes*, fully as magnificent as those, the enjoyment of which, in the days of the French Monarchy, was confined to Royalty and its courtier train. There is a set of prints representing the most splendid of the Versailles *fêtes* in the time of Louis XIV., with fire-works on the grandest scale; and it seems that the guests numbered a few hundreds at most.

"BY CAR AND COWCATCHER."*

(Respectfully dedicated to Lady Macdonald.)

WE sped away in the morning gray,
Through the sleeping country towns,
Or in mid-day sheen and pastures green,
And summer woods and downs.

The river smiles

With its topaz isles

Of emerald garb so bright,

All lying still

Without the will

To wake with its stormy might.

It basks away

In the scorching ray

Of the ball of fire on high;

And the shadows stand

In the depths so grand

As our train goes flying by.

We are off, and the gaunt pines guard our way,

And the distant rocks of the Laurentides

Stand up, with their heads in the clearer day,

And mirror the waves in their centuried sides.

We are off, from the East, to the sunny slope

Of the bright Pacific strand,

Where the Ocean's pulse throws fields of dulse

And shells on the shimmering land.

Now far behind you must look to find

The fields and the homesteads fair,

With thrilling scream from our steed of steam

We dash through the panther's lair:

The bear growls fierce in his distant den,

And the wolf by the hidden lake

Flees north from the threatening might of men,

And hides in the thickest brake.

We skirt the shore of the Nipissing,

Where the brave Algonquin roamed;

Where he stalked the roe on the frozen snow

Till himself and his tribe were doomed:

We fly through the Huron hunting-grounds,

Where, two hundred years ago,

The towns of a mighty nation stood

With their tale of war and woe.

The long day draws to a sultry close

As we rush by Thunder Bay:

Through the forests dense of Rainy Lake

We speed on our quest away,

Till the summer prairie stretches wide,

With its carpet of living green,

And the wolf-rose flings its perfumed breath

The slats of our lattice between;

Then we leave the flowers,

And the stately towers

Of Winnipeg are seen.

We are off o'er billows of waving grass,

By towns and their pastures fair,

And fields of wheat that turn gold to greet

The life of the summer air.

The dusky Blackfeet gather to hold

With *my* chief a big pow-wow;

And boast that they never, by forest or river,

Have broken a plighted vow—

They are true to their mother over the sea,

Though billows may roll between,

And the white man's lodge on their hunting-ground

On every side is seen.

Calgary sleeps by the peaceful Bow,

And the Rockies lift on high

Their hoary heads, with their crowns of snow,

To flirt with the azure sky.

We are threading now the mountain side:

The friendly cowcatcher gives us a ride—

As the coupé's glass,

In the Alpine pass,

When the burly Diligence toils and heaves

By chalets and churches all the day,

So a picture all new

Is spread out to view

"As fresh as the month of May":

The kings of the forest wave on high

Their arms, and the torrent's roar

Leaps down, and is lost in the cañon's gloom,

And we hear its expiring sigh.

Hurrah! we are up in the world just now,

But soon we go rolling down,

Till the ocean's blue

Comes again to view,

* Vide Lady Macdonald's contributions to *Murray's Magazine* for February and March.

And we feel like Xenophon's men,
 When they heard once more
 The wild waves roar,
 And knew they were home again.
 We have spanned a continent—shore to shore ;
 The strength of an iron band
 Has bound the Provinces all in one,
 And has called, like a fairy wand,
 An empire up from the virgin soil
 To an honoured place and name ;
 And perhaps, some day,
 Our children may say,
 To high rank in the scroll of fame.
 When the chief, who has laboured for Canada's good,
 Has at last been laid to rest ;
 When malice is dead, 'twill be freely said
 "He served his country best!"

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

BRET HARTE'S vein is apparently inexhaustible. The quality of the ore it produces does not change, and he works it now in precisely the same rudimentary fashion as he did years ago, when its novelty made the method of its production of somewhat less consequence. "A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready" is his last book, issued in neat brown cloth by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, of Boston, and for sale by Williamson and Company, in Toronto. The story is, as usual, brief, concentrated, full of garish lights and black shadows. Bret Harte's genius seems incapable of sustained effort; and indeed, it would be a difficult matter to greet such effort seriously. His work is so intensely dramatic that it suggests the artifice of the stage as well as the art. We see its clever mechanism, its "make-ups," which are not so clever; we smell the burning powder which casts such lurid magnificence over the scene, and we fall to criticising the characters in their relation to melodrama, not to fiction. Nothing could be more insupportable than an interminable play. Bret Harte is wise therefore, in putting nearly all of his into three or four acts.

"A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready" will mark, for those who are speculating about its author's future work, a backward tendency which many will regret to see. It embodies, with all the vigour and picturesqueness that are inseparable from his writing, all of its poorest features, and few of those that won the place in literature Bret Harte now occupies. The people of the book are unnecessarily coarse, without a single redeeming man or woman. The situations are strained to a degree, and the plot is evolved out of a series of improbabilities that tax even the willing and charitable imagination to the utmost. Then we get little of that delicate and graceful descriptive writing that goes so far to soften and condone in Bret Harte's books, and nothing at all of the Spanish life the book gave ample opportunity for. On the whole it must be considered a disappointment.

"IN ONE TOWN," by Edmund Downey (New York: D. Appleton and Company), is a novel of seafaring life, in which the destinies of a number of the inhabitants of "Sloughford," an English seaport, are tangled and straightened. The characters are crude depictions, and the story lacks colour. Its narrative drags somewhat, and seems to indicate a lack of experience on the part of the author. It contains some amusing dialogues, however, and is not without merit as to plot.

It is a matter of regret that even such faint praise must be withheld from "Taken by Siege," just issued by J. B. Lippincott and Company, of Philadelphia. The book attempts to treat of newspaper life in New York, but does it in such a feeble and ineffectual manner as to convince the reader of a total lack of experimental knowledge on the part of the writer. The characters are vapid and self-conscious creations, and the book is saved from ignominy only by the pleasant and wholesome tone that pervades it. A volume like this from the Lippincotts' press is a disagreeable surprise. The care and consistency with which it is written may be gathered from its final paragraph, describing the happy dénouement:

"My darling!" And Rush's strong arms were around her in a second, and her head was resting on his broad shoulder. The long twilight shadows lay across the floor; but Rush saw only the glory of the October sun as its rays fell upon the face of her whom he had at last won after years of patient waiting.

The book is quite as amateurish as this remarkable "twilight effect" would suggest.

THE fact that Dr. Wells's "Study of Mexico" (New York: D. Appleton and Company) is a reprint of the various papers contributed by that author's scholarly pen to the *Popular Science Monthly* is not only a guarantee of its value, but an indication that its value will be very widely

and thoroughly appreciated. None of the publications that endeavour to translate science for the benefit of the great majority whose scientific education has been neglected succeed more signally than does this journal; and the firm by which it is issued could hardly bring out a more acceptable book than one that owes existence to the monthly demands of its readers. As the title indicates, Dr. Wells's "Study of Mexico" is not an exhaustive work upon the subject, and makes no pretence to supply fully the needs of the serious student of Mexican history, or the present condition of that interesting country's affairs. Neither is it a mere pleasantly written collection of notes by a traveller who has kept his eyes open. Dr. Wells chronicles many facts that came within his experimental knowledge in Mexico, but he adds to them in the way of comparison and conclusion most of what goes to make his book most valuable. The range of the volume is very wide, and the information given of the most practical nature. It is an important addition to the Mexican literature that recently quickened interest in that country is rapidly filling our shelves with.

WE have nothing but commendation for the idea of which "The Golden Justice," by William Henry Bishop, is an outgrowth. It is simple, direct, forcible, well conceived. The story opens with the criminal action of David Lane, which results in the death of a fellow-citizen under circumstances that throw an accidental appearance over the affair and effectually shield Lane, whose life is ever after, however, haunted by remorse. He makes it one long atonement, and his many public benefactions result in his being elected to fill various offices, finally that of governor. During his incumbency a brass statue of Justice is placed upon the dome of the city hall of the western town which is the chief scene of the story. Burdened by the knowledge of his crime, Lane relieves himself of it in a strange but quite comprehensible fashion—by writing out a full confession of it, and dropping it, with other memorial papers, into the globe on which the "Golden Justice" stands, upon the occasion of the hoisting of the figure into place, when he as governor officiates. Lane has a daughter, and Barclay, the man he has indirectly murdered, a son, who meet abroad, and become mutually attached. Lane prevents the match, and marries his daughter to a German scamp of nobility, who deserts her. Returning to America she again meets Barclay, and again, upon the death of her husband, they desire to become united, and meet the same opposition from Lane. At this juncture the Golden Justice blows down in a tornado, and the paper containing the confession comes directly into Barclay's possession. This, of course, is the climax of the story. Barclay destroys it in Lane's presence, marries the daughter, and the secret is buried between the two individuals most nearly interested in it. This is the barest outline of a plot, every detail of which is worked out with an ingenuity and faithfulness which is most creditable to the author. It is remarkable that in spite of the skill which has gone into its construction the book signally fails to please. There is a coldness and hardness about Mr. Bishop's style which repels the reader. We are conscious of a lack of that sympathetic relation which should exist between an author and his creations. Mr. Bishop manipulates his people as he would so many dummies. We cannot say much for the people either. Mr. Bishop's insight, where human nature is concerned, is not very keen, or he has chosen extremely shallow types to concentrate it upon. This fault, a grave one, with the forced air and artificial action of the book, seriously interferes with the reader's enjoyment of the really clever conception upon which it is based. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston; Williamson and Co., Toronto.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

UNDER this title the Rev. Dr. Jessopp contributes a bright paper to the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he rallies that portion of the general public resident in cities, who know little of a country parson's life, on the false conceptions prevalent of them, as a class, and the mistaken notions of their character and their work. His paper is a genial compound of banter and rebuke, with not a little that is serious as well as amusing. It is chiefly directed against those who have somehow formed the impression that the country parson leads an idle, useless life; that he is well paid and tenderly cared for; and that the profession have earned the right to be set forth in fiction in the various guises which novelists of the time love to portray the handsome young curate and the pompous, twaddling old rector. Dr. Jessopp gives us the other side of the picture, and manages with a great deal of cleverness to place before his readers some of the real trials of a country parson, interspersed with a good many sly rubs at those complacent critics of "the cloth" whose ignorant "chatter and babble" have long and freely been poured out upon the profession. The writer is specially effective in combating the notion that the country parson has little to be anxious or perplexed about, that there is little need of his harrowing his heart over distress and suffering, which he has no business to relieve with charity, and that, in the routine of his somnolent

existence, if he meets with any trouble or is "taken in" by cant or knavery, he has only himself and his soft heart to blame. This, of course, is the reasoning of ignorance, which Dr. Jessopp proceeds to gibbet; and, to show how unfair and fallacious it is, he sets against it a picture of the trials of a country parson, which is manifestly the product of a real and personal experience.

Often this experience is an amusing one, where, for instance, in remarking on the prerogative of the country parson to be duped by a swindler, the writer cites the case of his purse having repeatedly been levied upon, as he remarks, to "replace dead horses, and cows, and pigs, and donkeys, that never walked on four legs, and that no mortal ever saw in the land of the living." Equally happy, as well as apt, are his remarks about those who persist in talking of the country parson as "an exceptionally thriving stipendiary," and who little consider how his scant resources are reduced, first, by "the rates" and taxes levied upon him in such a country as England; and, secondly, by appeals to his humanity, which are a continuous and heavy drain upon his slender income. Those who talk flippantly of "the parson's narrowness, and his bigotry, and his cant, and who sneer at him for being the slave of superstition," should learn what it costs a clergyman—a saintly parish priest—to devote his life to the service of his Master, and read what Dr. Jessopp has to say of the trials of a country parson, who has "hardly a thought that does not turn upon the service of the sanctuary, or the duties that he owes to his scattered flock." Here is his reply to the "worldly wiseman" who flouts him for pauperising his parish by almsgiving, and for encouraging, as he imagines, the beggar and the tramp. "I, for one," says the writer, "hereby proclaim and declare that I intend to help the sick and aged and struggling poor whenever I have the chance, and as far as I have the means, and I hope the day will never come when I shall cease to think without shame of that eminent prelate who is said to have made it his boast that he had never given a beggar a penny in his life. I am free to confess that I draw the line somewhere. I do draw the line at the tramp. I do find it necessary to be uncompromising there. Indeed, I keep a big dog for the tramp, and that dog, inasmuch as he passes his happy life in a country parsonage—that dog, I say, is *not* muzzled."

Perhaps the most amusing portions of Dr. Jessopp's paper are those that illustrate the narrow range of ideas among the rustics of his congregation, in addressing whom much plainness of speech becomes necessary. "I think no one," says the writer, "who has not tried faithfully to lift and lead others can have the least notion of the difficulty which the country parson has to contend with in the extreme thinness of the stratum in which the rural intellect moves." Here are some examples in illustration of this which, in closing, we extract from Dr. Jessopp's interesting and amusing paper:

"The stories of the queer mistakes which our hearers make in interpreting our sermons are simply endless, sometimes almost incredible. Nevertheless, no invention of the most inveterate story-teller could equal the facts which are matters of weekly experience. (Here follow a couple cited by Dr. Jessopp.) 'Young David stood before the monarch's throne. With harp in hand he touched the cords; like some later Scald he sang his saga to King Saul!' It really was rather fine—plain and simple, too, monosyllabic, terse, and with a musical sibilation. Unfortunately one of the preacher's hearers told me afterwards, with some displeasure, that 'he didn't hold wi' David being all sing-songing and scolding, he'd no opinion o' that.' . . . 'As you was a saying in your sarmint, 'tarnal mowing won't du wirout 'tarnal making—you mind that, yer ses; an' I did mind it tu, an' we got up that hay surprising!' Mr. P. had just a little misconceived my words. I had quoted from Philip Van Arteveldt, 'He that lacks time to-mourn, lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that.'" We close with this picture of Arcady from Dr. Jessopp's paper:

"There is one salient defect in the East Anglian character which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the country parson who is anxious to raise the *tone* of his people, and to awaken a response when he appeals to their consciences and affections. The East Anglian is, of all the inhabitants of these islands, most wanting in native courtesy, in delicacy of feeling, and in anything remotely resembling romantic sentiment. The result is that it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to deal with a genuine Norfolk man when he is out of temper. How much of this coarseness of mental fibre is to be credited to their Danish ancestry I know not; but whenever I have noticed a gleam of enthusiasm, I think I have invariably found it among those who had French Huguenot blood in their veins. Always shrewd, the Norfolk peasant is never tender; a wrong, real or imagined, rankles within him through a lifetime. He stubbornly refuses to believe that hatred in his case is blameworthy. Refinement of feeling he is quite incapable of, and without in the least wishing to be rude, gross, or profane, he is often all three at once quite innocently during five minutes' talk. I have had things said to me by really good and well-meaning men and women in Arcady that would make susceptible people swoon. It would have been quite idle to remonstrate. You might as well preach of duty to an antelope. If you want to make any impression or exercise any influence for good upon your neighbours, you must take them as you find them, and not expect too much of them. You must work in faith, and you must work upon the material that presents itself. 'The sower soweth the word.' The mistake we commit so often is in assuming that because we sow—which is our duty—therefore we have a right to reap the crop and garner it. 'It grows to guerdon after-days.'

"Meanwhile we have such home truths as the following thrown at us in the most innocent manner.

"'Tree score?' Is that all you be? Why, there's some folks as 'ud take you for a hundred wi' that *hair* o' yourn!"

"Mr. Snape spoke with an amount of irritation, which would have made an outsider believe I was his deadliest foe: yet we are really very good friends, and the old man scolds me roundly if I am long without going to look at him. But he has quite a fierce repugnance to gray hair. 'You must take me as I am, Snape,' I replied; 'I began to get gray at thirty. Would you have me dye my hair?' 'Doy! Why that hev doyd, an' wuss than that—it's right rotten, thet is!'

"Or we get taken into confidence now and then, and get an insight into our Arcadians' practical turn of mind. I was talking pleasantly to a good woman about her children. 'Yes,' she said, 'they're all off my hands now, but I reckon I've a expense-hive family. I don't mean to say as it might not have been worse if they'd all lived, and we'd had to bring 'em all up, but my meaning is as they never seemed to die convenient. I had twins once, and they both died, you see, and we had the club money for both of 'em, but then one lived a fortnight after the other, and so that took two funerals, and that come expense-hive!'

"It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands, exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are *always* proud of having been married more than once. 'You didn't think, Miss, as I'd had five wives, now did you? Ah! but I have though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and *tree on 'em beewties!*' On another occasion I playfully suggested, 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' 'Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really du! But my third husband, he *was* a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed, fighting—you've heerd tell o' that I make no doubt. The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ah! He'd 'a made nothing of 'em!'

"Instances of this obtuseness to anything in the nature of poetic sentiment among our rustics might be multiplied indefinitely. Norfolk has never produced a single poet or romancer. We have no local songs or ballads, no traditions of valour or nobleness, no legends of heroism or chivalry. In their place we have a frightfully long list of ferocious murderers: Thurtell, and Tawell, and Manning, and Greenacre, and Rush, and a dozen more whose names stand out pre-eminent in the horrible annals of crime. The temperament of the sons of Arcady is strangely callous to all the softer and gentler emotions." G. M. A.

MUSIC.

A LULL in the busy life of the reporter, the critic, and the performer has occurred. We can rest on our laurels—if reporters and critics ever have any—and, gathering together our impressions, sit down and make them into an article, well knowing that the period of musical depression coincides with the religious and fashionable one, which will, too suddenly for our impressionable nature, start into activity again on Easter Monday. The Hot Cross Bun will mark the Rubicon of our social and artistic life, and when it is eaten and digested—they do sometimes take more than a day to digest properly—we may again be due at four musical "teas," a *matinée musicale* and a grand evening concert, all on the same day. The days are long distant when two concerts a year were the *summum bonum*, or highest musical good of Toronto; the first in importance being, perhaps, the visit, long-looked-for, long-delayed, of Carlotta Patti, with an Italian company—concert company, of course,—or Mdme. Anna Bishop, or Parepa Rosa; the second, a grand concert in aid of some charitable institution, at which the shining local lights of fashionable musical society were to sing, and both attended by the genuine *élite* of Toronto in low evening and dinner dress, lumbering two-horse cabs, a good deal of charming ignorance, and a faint remembrance of how things went once upon a time at Her Majesty's or Drury Lane. The favourite *morceaux* on these occasions were "*Una voce poco fa*" sung by the soprano with unlimited *floritura*, to which a furious encore was invariably given, resulting in "Five o'Clock in the Morning," or "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Toon." The tenor always sang "*M'appari*" when "*Com è Gentil*" was not requested by the audience, and for an encore gave "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!" oftener than anything else. Gottschalk's pieces were favourites with the pianist, and the trio from "*Attila*" usually concluded the concert. There was a wonderful amount of good feeling in these audiences. They smiled across to one another, walked about between the parts—even the numbers—encored everything vociferously, and in those days the artists had none of this high-toned, modern superiority to encores—they liked them, and showed that they did—and Mdme. Rudersdorff was known to have sung two encores in this city, and then sit down and play her own accompaniment to a third. At the big charitable show the good feeling and the intimate terms of acquaintanceship were even more openly exhibited, and the appearance of some society singer on the little platform of the old Music Hall was invariably hailed by a burst of sound from hands and throats that must have startled the celestial cherubs on the walls and the floating nymphs on the ceiling out of the little propriety their creators had left them.

By the way, we wonder how many people remember those same little curly cherubs, with long pink and blue ribbons streaming from their necks and ankles, the yellow bulls, the rosy clouds, and the corn-laden ear of Ceres! From the St. Lawrence and the old Music Hall to the Pavilion is a tremendous jump, though in reality bridged over by gentle gradations in art and enterprise apt to be forgotten by the present generation of musical tea-drinkers and promoters of artistic growth. These intermediate days are not so long distant, but that on viewing the splendid glass proportions of the Pavilion of to-day we remember the "Gardens" of yesterday, around which, and notably around and within the pretty rustic building

of that degenerate time, cluster so many charming memories. Degenerate or not, how enjoyable they were, those days in which bands used to play, the Grand Duchess sang, the rain came through the roof, the small boys climbed up outside as they do in a circus, and the young people courted the shady walks, the ginger-beer man in the arbour, and—each other! A pleasant unconventionality occasionally prevailed to the extent of much whispered conversation at the back of the building, and a coming and going quite irrespective of such stupid things as seats, tickets, our own umbrellas and other people's feet. Oranges could be eaten, mottoes exchanged, shawls put on and rubbers taken off, without the curious gaze of the vulgar, or the stern and ominous expression of approaching wrath on the countenances of chaperone and aunt, interfering with these harmless eccentricities of Young Toronto. The scratch of a fusee or the pop of a ginger-beer bottle could frequently be caught over and above the soaring notes of the *Cavatina* from "Il Barbiere" or "Ah, non Giunge!" As for the operatic makeshifts seen there, what was ever more delightfully rickety than *Amina's* bridge in "La Sonnambula," or the stall in the "Doctor of Alcantara?" The act-drop, the side scenes, the bunting, the supers, the leader of the orchestra, and above all—the orchestra itself—what has ever been more unique, more amusing, more original? Yet there was a *go* about many of those performances that put to shame the more legitimate efforts of well-known and established play-houses.

So we have our memories, too. No Vauxhall, no Cremorne (except it be the Island), have we; no Sadler's Wells, no Drury Lane, no Willis', and no Argyle Rooms—yet we have the "Gardens." And on gala nights how pretty they were, with the audience scattered all over the grounds, the gleam of rosy and yellow Chinese lanterns, the scent of roses or geraniums, stocks and mignonette, and the strains of fervid Italian composers in our ears! And besides the "Gardens" we have the Music Hall and that queer tunnel of a place, the old St. Lawrence Hall, whose walls re-echoed to the notes of Santley, Mdme. Patey, Mario, Carlotta Patti, and others as notable.

On the whole, life is not nearly as pleasant as it was. Blind Tom is gone, so is Tom Thumb; the glass-blowers, conjurers, small opera companies and ventriloquists, if still alive, do not visit us often, and when they do, we do not enjoy them. They may be the same, but we—we are changed. The children are no longer brought up on panoramas of the Holy Land and the Bible; the troupe of Royal Japps no longer pleases, or, if by chance it pleases, it arouses no great curiosity, for do we not send our washing round the corner to Ah Sin and his pigtailed brother.

SERANUS.

ART—MR. LAWSON'S NEW PICTURE.

THERE are few circumstances to which we would refer more gladly than to those which seem to mark the growth of the sentiment which promotes and sustains art in Toronto. Culture must follow wealth sooner or later, and if, for various reasons, art culture seems a laggard in the steps of our prosperity, there is the more reason to rejoice at the likelihood of a stimulus to her tardy progress. We are pleased therefore to note the opening of the "Rembrandt Art Rooms" in Leader Lane, and to observe how strong the influence upon popular taste of such a centre is likely to be. A place in which pictures are bought and sold, which is still a place where nothing is to be seen that has not distinctive merit of some sort—a picture-shop, in fact, with some of the limitations of a picture gallery,—has long been needed in Toronto, by both artists and public. And it is to be hoped that the opening of the "Rembrandt Art Rooms," with the opportunities it offers all picture lovers of both seeing and possessing the best work of Canadian and other artists, will not be found premature.

Chiefest, perhaps, among the attractions of the "Rembrandt" easels just now, is a picture by Mr. J. Kerr Lawson, of Hamilton. Nor will any one who is familiar with Mr. Lawson's work be surprised to find a canvas of his dominating a room full of pictures, many the work of older and better known men than he. There has always been that subtle quality in Mr. Lawson's painting that arrests attention, and holds it. The force may be of attraction or repulsion, but is invariably to be felt. There is a potency of individuality in it, that nobody who is in the least degree responsive to the influences of the canvas can escape. The present picture marks something of a departure from Mr. Lawson's usual manner and choice of subject. He is apt, as we know, to be a little ruthless and autocratic with us. We have always looked to him for truth and energy and the genius of interpretation, and we have been seldom disappointed. But he has not always or often given us the grace, the tenderness, the gentle, natural, beautiful sentiment of his last picture. It is of a girl at a piano. She is leaning forward, her face upon the music, her elbows upon the keys, and her hand, in the first quick gesture of grief indulged, pressing her tear-filled eyes. That is the whole subject, and it is treated with such skill and sympathy as to tell a story that seems to make the last inch of canvas eloquent. The girl is in evening dress of white brocade, the arrangement and texture of which strike one—afterward—as being particularly good. It is a triumph of the artist, however, that we forget the dress with its many virtues, as its wearer has forgotten it, in the half-repressed but wholly natural and lovely impulse, which is the *motif* of the picture.

The March number of *The Canada Educational Monthly* opens with an article on "The Teaching of Reading," by J. A. McLellan, M.A., LL.D., Director of the Teachers' Institutes in Ontario. The article is a vigorous denunciation of certain new theories of teaching reading. Prof. Goodwin, of Queen's College, contributes an article on "A School of Science for Eastern Ontario, located at Kingston," which will be read with much attention. An excellent article on "Science Teaching in Schools," by D. F. H. Wilkins, B.Sc., Science Master in Prescott High School, and another on "A Neglected Work in our Educational System," are worthy of the high reputation of Canadian teachers, and of *The Monthly*.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE COMPY.

OFFICES—157 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL, QUE.

Fourteenth Annual Report for the Year Ending 31st December, 1886.

DIRECTORS:

ANDREW ROBERTSON, *President.* J. R. THIBAudeau, *Vice-President.*
DUNCAN McINTYRE. HUGH MACKAY.
JONATHAN HODGSON. ROBERT ARCHER.
GEORGE W. MOSS. JOHN OSTELL.
WILLIAM SMITH.

The Directors have the pleasure of presenting the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Company for the year ending the 31st December, 1886, together with the Auditor's Report thereon.

REVENUE.

Fire and Marine Premiums	\$466,595 02	
Interest account	27,859 96	
From other sources	7,616 68	
		<u>\$502,071 66</u>

EXPENDITURE.

Losses, Fire and Marine, including an appropriation for all claims to 31st December	\$327,553 41	
Re-assurances and Return Premiums	70,429 29	
Expense of conducting the business, including commissions, etc.	94,396 44	
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account	9,692 52	
		<u>\$502,071 66</u>

ASSETS.

Cash on hand and in Bank to Current Account	\$36,740 93	
Cash deposits in Bank of Montreal at interest	140,000 00	
Loans on collaterals	9,205 39	
Canada Central Railroad bonds	111,349 31	
Canadian Pacific Railway Land Grant Bonds	162,240 00	
Consolidated Fund of the City of Montreal	30,000 00	
Dominion 4 per cent. Scrip	101,226 32	
Canada Cotton Company's 8 per cent. Bonds	6,748 75	
Montreal Cotton Company's 7 per cent. Bonds	5,362 50	
City of Montreal 5 per cent. Debentures	25,793 33	
Mortgages	28,000 00	
Bills receivable—Marine Premiums	28,997 04	
Due from other Companies for re-insurance	16,162 74	
Premiums in course of collection	6,111 87	
Agents' Balances and Sundry Debtors	11,240 35	
		<u>\$719,178 53</u>

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid up	\$400,000 00	
Losses under adjustment	32,600 89	
Re-insurance Reserve	166,823 58	
Dividend No. 10, payable 15th February, 1887	24,000 00	
Unclaimed Dividends	97 80	
Surplus	95,656 26	
		<u>\$719,178 53</u>

Appended hereto you will find an abstract statement showing the progress of the Company during the years given, which speaks for itself without comment on our part. All the Directors retire this year, but are eligible for re-election.

Respectfully submitted.

ANDREW ROBERTSON, PRESIDENT.

MONTREAL, 24th February, 1887.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

MONTREAL, 8th February, 1887.

Andrew Robertson, Esq., President, Royal Canadian Insurance Company, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—I have examined your Company's books and accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1886, and found them correct and completely vouched for.

The cash, investments, securities, and other assets owned by the Company, as well as the liabilities, have also been proved by me to be correct, as stated on the final balance sheet.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN McDONALD, Auditor.

ABSTRACT OF STATEMENT 1884-5-6.

	1884.	1885.	1886.
Revenue	\$476,638 59	\$517,378 19	\$502,071 66
Assets	643,299 73	708,328 08	719,178 53
Surplus	47,775 17	62,957 78	95,656 26

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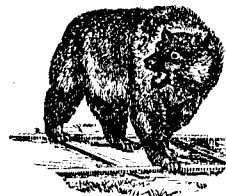
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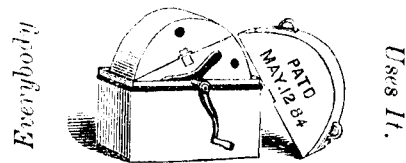
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