

# THE WEEK:

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## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.  
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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

At Regina the Governor-General has been received with an address praying for the representation of the Territories in Parliament. "We are here," say the framers of the address, "in the North-West, laying the foundation for British institutions under wholly new conditions, not thoroughly understood outside, nor until lately fully understood by ourselves; nor can the laws be brought into harmony with those conditions, nor due provision be made for education and other needs, until after we shall have representation in the Dominion Parliament and such self-government as is enjoyed in other parts of the Dominion." The Regina Leader puts this demand into a practical shape by suggesting for Assiniboia five Members of the House of Commons and three Senators, for Alberta and the Saskatchewan two Members and one Senator apiece. The Leader also puts forth a list of particular reforms, the most important of which are a reduction of the price of Government land and an increase of the subsidy. But the list does not include either of the two articles which we should have thought would be regarded as the most essential of all—the abolition of the protective tariff and freedom of railway development. Not till the people of the North-West are allowed to have access to their natural markets, and to open up their country in the best way, can they enjoy their full measure of prosperity. Instead of asking for an increased subsidy from the Dominion, we cannot help thinking that they had better press their claims for an administration of their own lands in their own interest. That the legal ownership of the lands in the Dominion is a fact of which we cannot entertain a doubt, all arguments about the devolution of the title through the Hudson Bay Company notwithstanding; and the Dominion has a right in the first place to repay itself all charges, in which, however, we do not include the cost of political sections of railway rendering no special service to the North-West. But otherwise we hold that the Dominion is morally bound to administer the fund in the interest of the communities, and especially to employ it in aid of the construction of railways, without which the most fruitful prairie is worth no more than so much sand. To the motion for representation at Ottawa a rider must be

added depending for its execution on the settlers themselves. They must choose as their representatives men of such character and substance as to be above sinister influence. Otherwise, if they had a hundred Members and Senators instead of the thirteen proposed, the only result would be that within a month from the arrival of the delegation at Ottawa there would be a hundred more ducks quacking in the Government decoy.

SYMPATHY for Riel and the superstitious dislike or fatalistic neglect of vaccination which has bred a plague of small-pox are not directly connected with each other; but both are French and have alike awakened the antagonism between French and British. It is curious to hear frantic calls for the military from quarters in which a few months ago we were being fiercely abused for believing that the antagonism existed. Riel will pass off the scene, the small-pox will be subdued, but the feeling of race will remain. New France is a separate nation from British Canada; the fact is becoming daily more evident. Had the British conqueror used the extreme rights of conquest, the number of French Colonists being then so small, the French language might have been suppressed and Quebec might have been turned into a British Province. Had the British race on this continent remained united, the same result might have been brought about in a milder way by the assimilating forces of the great mass acting upon a small element of alien population in the midst of it. But an end was put to this possibility by the unhappy schism in the race which followed the American Revolution. Perhaps, when the union of the two Provinces was recommended by Lord Durham, the hope of Anglicizing the French Province had not been entirely resigned; now, however, it is totally extinct. We need not say a harsh word or admit an unkind thought with regard to our French partners in Confederation; their character, their religion, their tastes and habits, their objects of pursuit, differ from ours, as do their origin and language, but are not on that account to be disparaged. If they are less progressive than we are, and have a lower standard of material well-being, perhaps they are not less happy. Their manners are courteous and attractive; their morality, if somewhat ecclesiastical, is pure. Our social relations with them have hitherto been, and it is to be hoped will always be, kind; but it is hardly possible to believe that we and they can ever be one nation. The representatives of British Canada and New France may sit in the same Parliament, but they will act in different interests, as we have already too good reason to know. Fusion is out of the question; it becomes more hopeless every hour. The case of England and Scotland has been cited as a proof that national prejudices, however strong, may in time die away and give place to a cordial union. But in that case there was no difference of language, no fundamental difference of religion or of blood, nothing to keep alive antagonism when once the political barrier had been removed. Population circulates freely and intermarriage goes on from the Land's End to John of Groat's. Whatever of British population there is in Quebec is being rapidly swamped or shouldered out, while the connection of New France with its mother country, to which in the case of Scotland there was no parallel, is growing stronger every day. Could the statesmen of 1838 have foreseen the course of events, they would scarcely have proposed wedlock in which there could be no real union. For us Confederation means, and is likely more and more to mean, subjection to the solid vote of Quebec. Quarrel with the French-Canadians it is to be hoped we never shall; but it is quite possible that on both sides the conviction may some day prevail that it is best to part in peace.

THE Hon. John X. Merriman, whose lecture on the Formation of a Nation we have received, is one of the leading public men of the Cape Colony, and his lecture shows that with political ability he combines generous aspirations, high culture and literary power. His theme is Imperial Federation, and he, too, is evidently impressed with the conviction that a crisis has arrived, and that some great thing must be done. But what this great thing is to be he, like some other eminent persons, finds it difficult to say. One definite proposal he makes. He would have the Colonies contribute to the expense of the Imperial navy. What may

be the state of feeling at Cape Town Mr. Merriman knows better than we do; in Canada we discern not the slightest tendency to contribute to Imperial expenses of any kind. To us, in fact, the means are wanting. Besides, if the Colonies contribute to armaments, whether military or naval, they will claim a voice in the disposal of the armaments and in questions of peace and war. But how difficult it would be to get the British Parliament to divest itself of its diplomatic supremacy Mr. Merriman does not fail to see. "People," says Mr. Merriman, "talk glibly of Federation and of Representation who would be shocked at the very mention of the contribution and taxation which are their inseparable concomitants." Exactly so; and of the two assignable objects of Imperial Federation, contribution to common armaments and submission to a common tariff, neither appears to have any chance of acceptance. Association without any definite object would be futile. Enthusiasm will continue to be evoked for a moment by platform generalities, but will die at the touch of practical detail. Mr. Merriman, who surveys the subject with a statesmanlike eye, taking fair notice of objections, has acutely remarked that the affection of the Colonies is for the Mother Country, not for each other, and that between Colony and Colony there exists no such bond of national feeling as would be needed to hold together a Federal nation. He exhorts us to the cultivation of such a sentiment. But how can we cultivate it if the circumstances and relations of the communities are such that it does not spring up of its own accord? Sentiments cannot be raised like cucumbers, though public meetings may cheer the idea. Besides contribution to Imperial armaments, Mr. Merriman embraces, though less decidedly, the proposal of a Council of Advice, composed of the agents of the Colonies in England. But surely, unless the agents had power to represent the Colonies, their palaverings would be mere moonshine; while no Colony would entrust such power to a man resident in London and acting without the control or knowledge of the Colonial Parliament. It seems to us that there are some prevalent fallacies from which Mr. Merriman is not entirely free. He lumps the Colonies and India together under the name of Empire; but the cases are totally different: it is to India alone that the relation of Great Britain is really imperial; nobody suggests the abandonment of the Indian Empire; nor could England, so long as she retained it, be reduced to "a Holland," even supposing that she were not far greater than any Holland in herself. Again, Mr. Merriman appears to identify colony with dependency, and to suppose that Colonies are not valued, materially or morally, by any one who does not believe that they will forever remain in a state of political tutelage: a strange confusion of ideas, especially when it is considered that the Greek Colonies, the first and not the least memorable example of successful colonization, were all independent from the outset. Not a syllable has ever been said in depreciation of Colonies by any advocate of Independence. It is also a fallacy, and one very prejudicial to a right view of this case, to confound dependence with mutual citizenship, and to imagine that when dependence ceases mutual citizenship must also come to an end. There is no reason why, if a Colony became a nation, its citizens should not retain the privilege, on settling in England, of resuming British citizenship without naturalization, the same privilege being reserved to Englishmen in case of their settling in the Colony. This is practicable, and it is even conceivable that a Federation of this kind may some day include the English-speaking people of the United States. Anything else, we feel convinced, will, to use Mr. Merriman's phrase, "evaporate in talk." The advocates of Imperial Federation may, perhaps, be encouraged by the statement that Lord Rosebery has proclaimed their scheme a part of the Liberal programme. But if he has, he is merely a private interpolator of the Koran. Not a thread of anything of the kind is to be found in the texture of Mr. Gladstone's umbrella. Mr. Chamberlain, so far as we know, has said nothing on the subject; and Mr. John Morley, who is Mr. Chamberlain's literary mouth-piece, treats "Pan-Britannic gimcrackery" with disdain.

THAT England, if she granted independence to her Colonies, would not become again the England of Elizabeth or Cromwell, but would sink into a Holland, is a saying of Professor Seeley which has had great vogue and seems to have particularly impressed Mr. Merriman. Yet of this oracular utterance the first part seems to be true without significance, and the second to be significant without truth. That the times of Elizabeth or Cromwell will never return is a fact incontrovertible, but barren of instruction. That England, if she ceased to hold her Colonies as nominal dependencies, would sink into a Holland, is about as random and as baseless an assertion as a controversialist ever made. Holland is, for her size, a most respectable power, and her people, though debarred from the glories and excitement of military aggrandizement, enjoy a quiet and substantial happiness. But her population is only four millions, and her foreign possessions are insignificant compared with the British Empire in India. The

commercial supremacy which she once enjoyed was almost as artificial a creation as the land, painfully redeemed from the ocean, on which some of its emporiums were built. In this respect she may be classed with Venice, which a combination of accidents once made the diminutive centre of a mighty traffic. The exceptional influences having been withdrawn in the case of Venice by the change of the routes of commerce, in that of Holland by the rise of more powerful competitors for the carrying trade, a subsidence of the artificial prosperity followed, and each power was reduced to its natural basis, Venice sinking almost into a maritime Petra. A similar subsidence must be looked for in the case of England as other mercantile marines and other centres of manufacture arise, apart from any change in her relations with her Colonies. But her thirty-five millions, with all their qualities, will remain; nor is there any reason why she should cease to give birth to the heroic adventurers by whose exploits, from the days of Drake and Raleigh down to those of Brooke, Livingstone and Gordon, far more than by the policy of her aristocratic government, her fortunes have been advanced. To suppose that the mainstay of her greatness is the privilege of sending out puppet governors to Colonies already virtually independent would be as fatuous as to imagine that the strength of her navy resided in the figure-heads.

Mr. JUSTICE FERGUSON declares that life and property never were less secure in Ireland. Members of the Government deride this statement and assert that there has been an immense change for the better in the last two or three years. If there has, it is due to the administration of the Lord Lieutenant who has received such scurvy treatment at their hands. Whether Mr. Justice Ferguson is free from interested bias in what he says we do not know; the members of the Government certainly are not. Boycotting, it is allowed on all hands, is rife; and there is proof enough that the spirit of terrorism still prevails, though its more murderous manifestations have of late been suppressed by the vigour of the law. Mr. Parnell, after long encouraging outrage by silence or faint blame, has no doubt passed the word to abstain from it for the present. He wants a quiet Ireland till the election is over. But it seems not quite certain that his orders will be universally obeyed. Rumours are cabled to us of disaffection among his followers, which, though probably exaggerated, are not unlikely to have some truth in them. He has, no doubt, by his arbitrary arrogance given the Irish a foretaste of the sort of freedom which surely awaits them under their own demagogues when they shall have been emancipated from British rule, and it is natural that such of them as dare to have souls of their own should wince and kick against his dictation. Moreover, he is a landlord: the large sum of money which he has received as a fee for his disinterested and patriotic exertions has enabled him to get his estate out of the hands of his mortgagees, and his sympathy with agrarianism, no doubt, has now its limits. But the main object of a Land Leaguer is agrarian; if he cares for Mr. Parnell's political aspirations it is only so far as he believes that the cause of agrarianism and nationalism is the same, and that if freed from the restraints of British law he would be at liberty to despoil his landlord at his will. It is not at all improbable, therefore, that Mr. Parnell may in some degree lose his control over the agrarian insurrection of which Mr. Davitt is the chief; and in that case, as winter draws on, the curb of the Crimes Act having been removed, it is too likely that agrarian outrage will be renewed. Such evidently is the belief of the Irish landlords.

THE attempt to draw a parallel between the case of Ireland and that of Canada, and to evoke Canadian sympathy for Irish Nationalism on the ground that the Nationalist is contending for the same thing for which Canada once contended, seems to us, with due respect for a very able writer, to imply a strange misinterpretation of facts. Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom supposed to be seeking separation from it, though the worthiest and foremost Irishmen seek nothing of the kind. Canada was a distant dependency seeking, not separation, or any change in her external relations, but Parliamentary and Responsible Government, which up to that time she had not enjoyed. Parliamentary and Responsible Government Ireland has already in full measure. She has more than her due proportion of representatives in the United Parliament; and nobody has yet attempted to show why, if the Irish members would conduct themselves as the Scotch members do, and, like them, act together on questions of local interest, Ireland might not have just as much self-government as Scotland. Nothing like the oligarchy of the Family Compact exists in Ireland; and as to the Viceroyalty, we have pointed out before that the House of Commons more than thirty years ago voted its abolition by an overwhelming majority, and that the Bill was dropped only in deference to the opposition of Irish members. Extension of local institutions for Ireland, as well as England, Parliament had already taken in hand when the Irish rebellion

broke out. But it is not this that the Parnellites seek, it is an Irish Parliament and a separate nationality of which Mr. Parnell shall be the king. If they desire, as Mr. Healy hypocritically pretends, to remain under the same Crown, why do they show habitual disrespect to the Queen's name, refuse to pay any respect to her representative, and erase "God Save the Queen" from their list of toasts? Enmity to Great Britain is the animating spirit of the Irish movement. The Nationalists in Canada and everywhere else pour forth an incessant torrent of foul and frantic calumny against the British race and name. But in the Canadian Revolution no such sentiment prevailed; it was expressed by American settlers or sympathizers if it was expressed at all. It is instructive, however, to note the expression by Canadian Conservatives of sympathy with Irish demands for Separation. In the same quarter the idea of any contribution to Imperial armaments is strenuously repudiated. Protective duties against British goods are imposed by the head of the Imperialist party, with the Grand Cross of the Bath on his breast. He also forwarded to England, at the crisis of the struggle, an address in favour of a repeal of the Legislative Union. What then does Great Britain gain by her present connection with Canada? Neither military strength nor commercial advantage, but a political engine to be used under the influence of her enemies for her own disintegration.

It is vain to speak of the political struggle in England with a manifesto from the Tory leader impending. We know the exigencies of Lord Salisbury's position, and especially his fatal need of the Irish vote, but the exact way in which he will meet them we cannot divine. Foreign politics, on which he would be likely to dwell most, are made a less advantageous ground for him by the collapse of his Berlin Treaty. What will be the result of the Eastern imbroglio is also a question the answer to which is at present shrouded in darkness. The situation is complicated not only by the rival interests and jealousies of the Great Powers, but by the antagonism between the Greeks and the Slavs and their conflicting claims to the lapsing inheritance of the Turk. Servia on one side and the kingdom of Greece on the other are fired with ambitious hopes and pressing for extension of territory. One thing is certain, the policy of propping up the carcass of Turkey as the warder of the Dardanelles has failed. Islam is an alien and an intruder in Europe; it has never embraced and never can embrace European civilization; it first trod the Christian communities under the hoofs of its conquering barbarism, and it has done nothing ever since but degrade, oppress and corrupt them by the foulest of misrule. It is the mere curse and bane of the part of Europe beneath its sway, and the hour for its withdrawal to its own Continent has now arrived. If the sinister interests of the Great Powers did not intervene, the most obvious solution of the problem would be a federal union of all the Christian communities, including the little Kingdom of Greece, for mutual protection, with complete internal autonomy for each state. Constantinople might be the capital of the League, and might be made a Free City. But a settlement so conformable to nature is not likely to please the diplomatists or their masters.

In the state of morbid excitement into which society has been brought by the operations of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other purveyors of scandal, every case of immorality which comes to light is indefinitely multiplied by suspicion. Now, it seems, two clergymen of the Church of England have been detected in licentious practices. They are two out of twenty-three thousand; but the inference drawn by popular imagination will be that all clerical virtue is a mask, and that if the houses of ill-fame could be thoroughly searched the leading ministers, and, perhaps, the Bishops, of the Church of England would be found in some of them. People may work themselves up on these subjects to a state of moral hysteria. As we see in the Armstrong case they become like spiritualists, capable, without being absolute impostors, of manufacturing evidence in support of their own hallucinations. A lady who took an active part with the *Pall Mall* in the hunt for "minotaurs" had previously published a pamphlet in which she accused all the members of Parliament of passing the Contagious Diseases Act (which applied only to garrison towns) for the purpose of facilitating and covering their own vice. This belief in minotaurs is nearly related to the belief in vampires. Louis XV. was imagined both to carry off the daughters of the people by hundreds into his seraglio and to bathe his wasted frame in the blood of infants abducted by his myrmidons. But the only reality which corresponded to the *Parc aux Cerfs* of hideous romance seems to have been a small house adjoining the Park at Versailles and used by the King, whose character was bad enough, as a place of assignation. The Honourable Mrs. F. Jeune, a most competent authority, says, in the *Fortnightly*, that "a long period of anxious work among the poor fallen women of London and other places has taught her

two things: first, that these women are invariably untruthful; and, secondly, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the men who led them astray are in their own position of life." She specially cautions us against receiving the statements of women themselves hardened in vice or the ministers of vice to others. To the point in the indictment that the wickedness "is the result of the self-indulgence and luxury of educated and aristocratic men," she gives an emphatic denial. Of the thousands of women whom she has come across in her work, she says she can count on her fingers the number who even said that they were ruined by "gentlemen." Luxury and idleness do certainly lead to vice; but high education and social position lead the other way. The Methodist Church, which, it seems, is taking up the *Pall Mall* crusade in England, had better study Mrs. Jeune's paper, and especially her exhortations to a calm treatment of the subject, and her warnings against making "capital" out of so grievous a reproach. When Mr. Stead and his associates were brought before the magistrates they threatened, if they were committed, to reveal the names of a number of sinners of rank. Committed they have been, but the revelations are postponed.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury has ended a career of singular beneficence, and of beneficence which Agnosticism can hardly deny to have been distinctly inspired by Christianity. To the close of a long life he gave unremitting labour as well as a large part of his income to the relief of the suffering classes. There could be no stronger disproof of the universal hardness of heart and indifference to the claims of those who toil which Socialistic orators always impute to the rich. But the death of Lord Shaftesbury is an ecclesiastical as well as a social event: it marks, at least, the close of an epoch in the history of the English Church. He was the lay head of the Evangelical party in England, and it may almost be said that the party descends into his grave. Founded by Simeon at Cambridge it first stirred the spiritual stagnation which, after the rejection and final secession of Wesley, had become the condition of the Established Church. It was in fact a Methodism within the Establishment, holding close communion with orthodox Nonconformists outside, and regarded by High Anglicans as little better than a form of Dissent. The Bible Society, in which it united with Dissenters, was to it what the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was to the more exclusive Churchmen, and it had a sort of Church government of its own in the Board of Trustees who appointed to the livings the advowsons of which had been purchased with Simeon's fund. The May meetings at Exeter Hall were its Synods, and formed the regular theme of orthodox gibes. It held a number of pulpits in the great watering-places, and was accused by its enemies of too much cultivating the art of the popular preacher and collecting too many pairs of slippers from devout women. Breadth of sympathy was not its characteristic, and the *Record*, its chief organ, was not only narrow but sometimes malignant. There can be no doubt, however, that it did much good work in a spiritual way, and by promoting in a religious spirit social reforms and works of benevolence. The negro, and the subject and oppressed races generally, are its debtors. The worst episode in its career was its political connection with Palmerston, who bought its vote with Bishoprics and Deaneries, which Lord Shaftesbury was allowed to dispense, and thus secured its support for his immoral policy of aggrandizement and his China wars. The spiritual perils of State patronage never received a more signal illustration. The Evangelical party is now tending towards extinction, and retains under its banner a mere fraction of the clergy. In its struggle with Ritualism and Liberalism it was vanquished, and the Ritualist is now left to fight against the Liberal for the Established Church, if the Established Church continues to exist.

IN the United States an irrepressible conflict has once more begun. The battle is now fairly set in array between Civil Service Reform and Corruption. On the side of Civil Service Reform President Cleveland's trumpets give no uncertain sound. In a letter to Mr. Eaton, who retires from the Civil Service Commission, he says: "I believe in Civil Service Reform, and its application in the most practicable form attainable, among other reasons, because it opens the doors for the rich and the poor alike to a participation in public place-holding; and I hope the time is at hand when all our people will see the advantage of a reliance for such opportunity upon merit and fitness instead of a dependence upon the caprice or selfish interest of those who impudently stand between the people and the machinery of their Governments." He adds that in one case intelligence and education are the credentials to office; while in the other "the way is found in favour secured by a participation in partisan work, often unfitting a person morally, if not mentally and physically, for the responsibilities and duties of public employment." To this manifesto practical emphasis is lent by the suspension of Mr. Sterling, who had been appointed, in flagrant violation of the principle of reform, to an office in the New York

Custom House made vacant for him by the removal of his predecessor. Corruption, embodied in Tammany, responds by a peal of defiance, and nominates at the Democratic Convention for the State of New York, almost by acclamation, Mr. Hill, the proclaimed favourite of all the enemies of reform. The Republicans, on the other hand, schooled by adversity, appear to have made very good nominations. To them will, no doubt, be transferred the support of the Independents or "Mugwumps," who, in voting for Cleveland, voted not for the Democratic candidate but for Reform. The fact is that the President and the Mugwumps alike are now fairly outside party. The President is a National President, appealing to all who desire purity of administration and hated by none so much as by the opponents of reform in the party by which he was elected. The Mugwumps still, we suppose, profess to be Republicans in spite of all the abuse and kicks which they have received from the orthodox representatives of that party; but though they may vote the Republican ticket when they think it the best they will never get back permanently into the Republican lines. Nor does it seem possible that the respectable Conservatives who form one wing of the Democratic Party should continue to act with so strange a confederate as Tammany against that which every respectable citizen must desire. The artificial combination which owed its origin to Slavery, in support of which a wealthy class was united with the Irishry, can hardly last much longer now that Slavery is dead and gone. The dissolution of the Party system in the United States seems fairly to have set in. Purity and Corruption may divide the nation, but they are not Parties, nor do they at all coincide with the existing party lines. The interest at all events now centres not in a battle of parties but in a battle of the brave and upright chief of the nation with the forces of corruption. On one side Hercules, the Deliverer, grasps his club; on the other the mighty monster opens its foul maw. May the arm of the Deliverer be strong!

VERY notable are the "labour planks" in the platform of the Republican Party in the State of New York to which our Washington correspondent called attention. The platform, in effect, promises the "working-man" (1) that the employer shall not be allowed to reject men from his employment on account of connection with Trade Unions; in other words, that he shall be compelled to employ Unionists even though he may deem it ruinous to his trade; (2) that in cities the State shall see that the artisan has a comfortable and healthy dwelling; (3) that importation of labour shall be more strictly prohibited; (4) that the products of convict labour shall be entirely excluded from the market; (5) that taxation shall be "equalized," that is, we presume, that it shall be regulated on more socialistic principles than at present. These propositions are the more remarkable as they emanate from the Party to which still belongs the greater part of the wealth, intelligence and public morality of the nation. They point—the second of them especially—to the advent of a proletariat, which will look to the State for bread, and perhaps in course of time learn, like the Roman proletariat, to subsist not by industry but by the use of its vote. A strange and sad renunciation of the faith in liberty and self-help which has hitherto specially characterized Americans! So rapidly have the United States run through the course of social and economic change which it has taken the old world ten centuries to traverse. We are less surprised to find, as we do, Mr. Chamberlain in England promulgating a policy identical in principle with that of the New York Republican platform. It is doubtful, however, in both cases, but especially in the case of the United States, how far the supposed needs are real, and even how far the proposals are the spontaneous demands of the working-class. Party must have planks wherewith to build its platforms, demagogism must have material for its trade; and while party strives to outbid party and demagogue to outstrip demagogue in the race, they may not only teach the industrial class to become a proletariat, but in the end bring on social war.

THE result of the French elections has corresponded to our anticipations in all respects. In the first place, not one of the Parties has obtained a majority sufficient to form the basis of a stable government; so that, if the Party system is to be retained, France will enter on another, and apparently interminable, course of cabal, intrigue, parliamentary anarchy, shifting combinations and ephemeral Ministries. In the second place, there has been a strong reaction, and the Monarchists, or, at least, the opponents of Revolution, have gained largely. For this different causes are assigned; but we are persuaded that the principal cause is the revulsion produced by the violent attacks of the revolutionists on the national religion. It is singular that these men, to whom the annals of the First Revolution are a political bible, which they con day and night, should never have laid to heart the lesson which its failure so signally teaches

and learned the fatal folly of an attempt to act in defiance of the fundamental beliefs of the people. Their blindness is the more surprising because the same Party in Belgium had just committed the same error and met, in consequence, with a disastrous overthrow. The Republican proper, or Opportunist, section, on which the present Ministry rests, appears to have suffered most, and it would seem that the Brisson Government can now stand only by a coalition with M. Clemenceau, who, in reference to his strategical position, as the holder of the balance of power, is compared to Mr. Parnell, but who, in his policy, is an advanced counterpart of Mr. Chamberlain. His programme, besides the abolition of the Senate, the abolition of State payments to the Church, gratuitous education and female suffrage, includes the detestable proposal of an elective magistracy. He wants also to make the Ministry absolutely subordinate to the Chamber. He wants, in short, a reign of demagogism pure and simple, without check or limit; and he is now supposed to be master of the situation. Of this, however, we are not so sure.

AMONG the various perils of society, great and small, nobody, we believe, has hitherto noted the private spy system, to which the letter of "Civis" calls attention. A public detective service, as "Civis" admits, there must be; but he is also justified in thinking that even this is a dangerous instrument and requires vigilance on the part of those who use it. It is sometimes necessary to employ doubtful characters, and temptations are sometimes strong. Many years ago a case of murder occurred in which a large reward was offered for the conviction of the murderer. The wadding of the gun from which the shot had been fired was picked up and was found to be a leaf torn from a National school-book. Suspicion fell upon a person in the neighbourhood who had such books in his possession. A detective went down, disguised as a book-peddler, obtained access to the house, and on his return reported that he had found the book and that the leaf was missing. The book itself was then seized. But the first act of the legal authorities when it came into their hands was to send it to the publisher for identification; and the publisher's report was that, though it was the same book as that from which the leaf had been torn, it was not the same edition. The detective, therefore, had himself taken the book with the leaf torn out to the house of the suspected murderer and deposited it there, hoping that upon this evidence there would be a conviction and that he would pocket the reward. Still there is no reason for misgiving as to the general trustworthiness of the public detective service. But there is not a little reason for misgiving as to the use that may be made of a private detective service always at the command of inquisitiveness and malice. We have had a taste of the tendencies of such a system in the affair of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and we are likely to have further experiences, if we bow our necks to the yoke of Prohibition. In fact, a riot was caused the other day at Barrie by a Scott Act spy, who, it appears, had been following the example of Noah Claypole. Even a man whose walk in life is pretty clean, and whose character is pretty sound, may feel a reasonable objection to being "shadowed." If the eye which tracked our movements were that of pure and disinterested morality, though we might wince, we could perhaps hardly dare to complain. But it may be that of a rogue in the service of a blackmailer or of the editor of a sensational journal.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* there is a touching paper on the question, Why Men will not be Clergymen, by one who has himself struggled with the difficulty which, in these days, confronts a man anxious to enter the spiritual calling, but also anxious to keep the truth, when he is brought face to face with ecclesiastical tests. The trouble began at Oxford and Cambridge, as soon as Puseyism had broken up the long torpor of the Church and unsettled that tranquil belief in the infallibility of her tests and the perfect wisdom of her system which, before that time, had made candidature for Orders as simple a matter as eating your dinner. Newman's secession, while it carried comparatively few with it, scattered dismay and perplexity among those who remained behind, and made almost as many converts to scepticism as it made to Rome. Soon it was noticed that where there had been half-a-dozen candidates for a Clerical Fellowship before there was now only one; only one at least of the right sort; for the dull and worldly continued mechanically, as before, to tread the beaten path which led to what was too aptly termed "a living." It became evident that unless the requirement of Holy Orders as a condition of holding a Fellowship was relaxed, almost all the active-minded and distinguished students would be excluded from Fellowships and from College offices at the same time. But what were the doubts and misgivings raised by the conflict between Anglicanism and Romanism compared with those which are raised by the conflict between Religion and Science, and by the conflict between Criticism and the Canon? A layman, satisfied at



heart of the fundamental truth of religion, and at the same time feeling that it lies not in his power to solve the tremendous problems presented to the world, may quietly await their solution at other hands, using uncritically the offices of the Church, and trusting that time and conscientious inquiry will sift what is vital from what is not vital, and reconcile to each other the different parts of truth. But a clergyman has to preach, to teach, to answer questions, to give others assurance of their faith, to pledge his word continually to his parishioners for all those facts and doctrines which Science and Criticism are calling in question. It is true, as the writer reminds us, that in 1865 an Act was passed modifying the iron-clad subscription to the Articles which bigotry had framed with its usual recklessness of conscience, and imposed not only upon candidates for Orders but upon boys at their entrance to the University. For the particular has been substituted a general assent which, however, as was observed at the time, must comprehend all the particulars of which the dogmatic system is made up. But, apart from subscription, the performance of service, the reading of the lessons, the ministration of the Sacraments are tests in themselves. Truth or falsehood, as we had occasion to say before, may be taught through a Ritual as well as through a Confession. The Bishops, according to the writer of the paper, do their best to reconcile consciences by liberal interpretation; but the limits within which this can be honestly done are narrow. For the Church at large and the nation, the thing to be feared is, that there will be a secession of intellect from the Clerical Order and a reign of mere Ritualism and Obscurantism, which, as the light cannot be shut out for ever, will lead, in the end, to more utter scepticism and worse ruin.

The good and evil of College examinations are a stock question for the opening of the Academical year. Professor Max Müller is now brought forward as a witness on the adverse side. He says, we are told, that an examination is a mere lottery. A mere lottery it cannot be if it is conducted with tolerable care and judgment. The results usually correspond very closely with the opinions previously formed of the candidates by their teachers and their classmates. Reasonable anticipations are at least as seldom disappointed in the result of an examination as they are in practical life. In fact, examinations have some claim to respect as exceptional specimens of fair-play. But admitting the imperfection of the test, we must ask what mode other than examination there is of ascertaining a student's progress in his work? Professor Max Müller, though a very eminent man of letters, is perhaps not the best judge of this question. He has a favourite study to which he has always been devoted, and which he would have pursued without any examination to excite his industry or guide his aim. But ordinary students require both a stimulus and a mark. In Lord Althorp's life there is a remarkable passage showing that a college examination, by arousing him to exertion and making him conscious of his powers, turned him from a mere sportsman into one of the most useful of statesmen. That nerve and quickness, as well as knowledge, tell in examinations is true; but so they do in life. Men too often overstrain themselves in competitive examinations, and against this the voice of warning cannot be too loudly raised. But the sufferers are usually not steady students; they are men who put off all their work to the last. A student who reads regularly a certain number of hours every day, does not work too late at night, does not smoke too much, lives a temperate life and takes sufficient exercise and relaxation, is never hurt by an examination; and the preservation of health is essential to success in the examination itself, since without health both nerve and memory will fail.

### THE IMMORAL IN FICTION.

In the sphere of literature not many subjects have been so bewritten as that of the proper function of the immoral in works of fiction. The far greater part of all the writing, however, has been of no avail. What tending down of "broad" expression or elimination of narrative nastiness has been effected is much less owing to what is known as moral criticism, than to a general modification of society's customs and manners. Productions of the immoral standard of "Tom Jones" or "Peregrine Pickle" would now be considered outrageous and hyperbolic, more because they would be anachronistic in treatment than in subject. Such nastiness is no doubt rife to-day; but people have the decency not to speak of it for delectation. But, though no conspicuous agents in this change, discussion and criticism are not to be disdained. For, apart entirely from the frequent opening of the flood-gates of cant and hypocrisy upon the question, and the consequent depreciation of the supposed value of the better kind of criticism; apart from all this, the subject is one insusceptible of definite treatment, and to prescribe rules is quite impracticable. As the dramatists would say, the difficulty lies not

so much with the subject itself as with the action, and to circumscribe the latter were to circumscribe genius and taste. In the hands of one writer a subject may be piloted through innumerable immoral shoals and rocks with safety, while under the guidance of another shipwreck would be inevitable. Perhaps the embarrassment of the critic of the immoral may here be expressed by saying that he is obliged to assume chiefly a negative position: to ostensibly circumscribe and confine, while yet conscious that to many cases his strictures are impertinent. Such being generally the position of moral criticism, it is interesting to read the two pseudonymous articles in the September issues of the *North American* and *Contemporary Reviews* in temerarious advocacy of well-nigh unlimited freedom being allowed the novelist; the article in the former *Review* being by "Ouida," that in the latter by "Vernon Lee." Mdlle. de la Ramé's essay, while agreeing with the fundamental assumption of latitude in fiction, is so bizarre in detail as to detain us but a moment. It need only be said that the writer contends—and her sincerity is evinced by her own books—that, because English fiction does not care to openly discuss illegitimate love, the senses and passions, it is "grotesque," and that not to be erethistic and erotic, or to look to matrimony as the event of love, is to be "bourgeois." This is probably enough.

"Vernon Lee's" article is a much more elaborate, and in every way more able, discussion. It is argumentative, in the form of a "dialogue"; but there is no difficulty in identifying her own opinions with the utterances of "Baldwin." This character states his position thus: "I want absolute liberty of selection and treatment of subjects, to the exclusion of all abnormal suggestion, of all prurient description, and of all pessimistic misrepresentation. I want the English novelist to have the right of treating the social and moral sides of all relations in life, as distinguished from treating their physical sides." Both the English and French schools, therefore, are to be condemned: the English, because they fear Mrs. Grundy too much, the French, because they give a false impression of life, because it offers "as something we instinctively accept as a generalization" that which is merely "an accidental, exceptional heaping up of revolting facts." In her own novel "Vernon Lee" may be supposed to have illustrated these her views, and with the aid of that illustration there need be little hesitancy in repudiating them. The entire plot of "Miss Brown" certainly comes under the head of a "pessimistic misrepresentation," and approximates so closely to morbidity as to be distinct without any considerable difference. "Prurient" suggestion—true it does not go into minute "description" here—it is full of; and of "abnormal suggestion"—the expression is a trifle hazy—there is no exiguity.

Throughout this article is urged the argument which is most frequently, employed in justification of introducing the immoral into the novel, namely: that of imparting knowledge of the world. There is indubitably an enormous amount of immorality in this world, and therefore it is contended that fiction should display its workings, its effects and its influences—always' however, as euphemistically as possible. The school of fiction, "Vernon Lee" contends, which does not do this is "pernicious, because it permits people, or rather, let us say women (for the ethics of novels are, after all, framed entirely for the benefit or detriment of women) (*sic*) to live on in the midst of a partial, and therefore falsified, notion of life." A girl, according to this, should be made conversant about the "realities of life" (more euphemism for adulteries, intrigues and lusts), else is her knowledge of only partial "practical utility." Bah! If it is not sophistry, how foolish is all this pretended necessity for "knowledge of the world"! Is that "a ridiculously partial idea of life" which believes it not permeated with sensuality and lawless self-gratification? Must the girl be, like "Vernon Lee's" heroine, familiar with "nudities and Elizabethan dramatists"? Must she know of the damned brute who seduces innocence, and must she follow the probable course of his victim to the brothel? This is life, the life of thousands of girls once as pure as she. Balzac somewhere says that if the young wife but knew the past life of her husband she would be completely horrified. Must we tell her of it? Yes, much of all this a girl must know; but she should learn it at her mother's knee, in the secrecy of private and inviolable converse. Fiction is primarily designed for amusement, and while it may inculcate a moral lesson, it must not play upon the mind a *can-can*, or imprint upon it a loathsome picture. "Baldwin" expresses this when he says: "Commit to the intellect, which is that which registers, re-arranges and develops, only such things as we may profit by having registered, re-arranged and developed." True, as we have seen, "Vernon Lee" disclaims in words the French school; but it is rather to the "physical detail" that she objects, and once or twice her realism is in the vein of Zola. Let those who write about immorality in their novels defend it on some less diaphanous pretext than imparting a "necessary knowledge of life." If a girl is to be trained to consort with *hetairæ* then, of course, the

more familiar she may be with the "ways of the world" the better. Let her be made to appreciate Zola so thoroughly that, when asked her opinion of "Nana" she may hiss through her clinched teeth her expression of full realization of its disgusting fidelity to truth, as did a "professionally improper" not long since. If, on the other hand, a girl is to lead a life of virtue, such knowledge will advantage her not one jot, and make herself unhappy. What man would prefer to marry a girl who knew as much of the world as he did, even though her knowledge were gleaned from books? Show me such a man, and I will show you the lowest type of man. Need it be said that this is no argument for the exclusion of the immoral from fiction. It is the abuse, not the use, that is prescribed here. We want none of the licentiousness of "Ouida" in our fiction, and none of the libidinous latitude which is the logical outcome of the "freedom" of "Vernon Lee." In justice to the latter we would say that her convictions are obviously honest, and if the world were composed of such brilliant and highly-cultured intellects as hers, we might give it pabulum highly "spiced," but upon the stomachs of the mass of novel readers it would lie an *indigesta moles*, sure to produce a moral dyspepsia. What the novel readers of to-day want is not an amalgamation of the good with the bad, requiring mercurial analysis. The moral purpose must be so obvious as to subordinate all considerations of a contrary nature. The *raison d'être* of all "improprieties" of plot or incident must appear at once. Immorality should never be allowed to prosper for more than a short time, and then its downfall should be greatly emphasized. Moreover, it should never be described in luxurious surroundings, except to serve an ultimate and distinct purpose. Finally, the immoral in fiction should never be taken as a matter of course, and acquiesced in as a mere foible that all must at some time give way to. This is one of the commonest vices of the novelist, and among young men (for we think the morality of fiction appeals to men as well as women) is superlatively pernicious. Such complacent contemplation of the immoral tacitly engenders the idea that it is a man's proper act to sin, and that it is almost less than venial: a sort of prerequisite to the attainment of the much-coveted title of man-of-the-world. Already decided disagreement has been expressed with those who choose their subject with a view to enlightenment in worldliness. The more than problematical utility of such a course is so overbalanced by the weight of its injury as to be practically imponderable in the moral scales. Far rather let the subject be chosen with the primary aim of inculcating a moral lesson, with reluctance to increase knowledge of immorality, than with the chief aim of familiarizing with vice and adventitious indoctrination of virtue.

That there are other and important rules that should be observed in the novel dealing with the immoral is obvious. These rules, as well as those mentioned, are not new ones, and moreover, as before mentioned, are chiefly negative. The aim of this brief article has been to indicate the insidious and pernicious propagandism of two novelists of international reputation from publications that command the attention of the best classes of the reading world.

C. DAVIS ENGLISH.

### CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON.

CANADA and Canadian affairs have become objects of increased interest in the United States during a year or two past. I shall not attempt, within the limits of this letter, to pick out all the threads composing the strand of fact just indicated, but shall select a few of those lying readiest at hand.

One ground of the growing interest is not a subject of pride or congratulation on either side of the border—the conversion of Canada into a convenient and seemingly friendly asylum for fugitives from justice in this country; nor is such the kind or degree of interest contemplated in the preceding paragraph.

The Canadian incident that has most engaged public attention in the United States is the opening up and development of the North-West. Even when Confederation had been accomplished, it seemed to the average observer here that the Dominion was destined to a very moderate career, the course and limitations of which might be outlined with practical accuracy. The bounds of northern settlement had been reached; the western limits would not get much beyond Ontario within the century ahead, that is as far as most people care to think about, and British Columbia would find no change in her actual relations with her sister Provinces. Long before the intervening stretches should be peopled, the older parts of the Dominion would have gravitated into the Union by the operation of involuntary and inexorable forces. Such is substantially the way in which a thoughtful American would have been likely to put the case ten or a dozen years ago, while the thoughtless would have blankly assumed that Canada was not and never could be of particular consequence to a country galloping along from grandeur to sublimity in the periodical count of polls and dollars.

The facts and probabilities connected with the North-West Territory have compelled a recasting of opinion. It is now perceived that Canada

has surface-room, depth and quality of soil, and other natural resources, sufficient for the production and maintenance of a great and wealthy population. Within so comparatively short a space as fifty years her military power, if not dangerous, will be far from despicable, singly or in alliance. Her still abundant forest land, and the consequently fuller and quicker benefit she will be able to realize from the application of the budding art of forestry, secures to her a source of wealth rapidly drying-up in the States. Her wheat fields will apparently hold their own in competition with ours, and already it seems that we shall reach the limit of capacity for herding cattle before our neighbours. If we are to continue to be restricted to our existing classes of exportable commodities, we must reckon with Canada as a competitor who will pull down our profits in the three years out of five when business is but so-so in movement and result. The new country has been opened, solid foundations in it have apparently been laid. Nature has dealt liberally with it, and that great transformer of desert-places and the course of trade, the railway, is at work like a mighty lever, lifting everything along. The dullest and most indifferent among us must perforce take notice of the existence of our neighbour and the influence of that neighbour's apparent future upon our own career.

Possibly, the importance of the railway by means of which Canada has been able to stretch herself along our border from ocean to ocean, and to plant the germs of great populations and industries, has been over-estimated, now that we have been stirred from our stereotyped indifference; but certain it is that the consequences of that great work are beginning to impress themselves strongly upon the American imagination, the workings of which, under the inspiration of our emotional press, are always in inverse ratio to our moderation of action.

Another fact that has brought Canada further within the American horizon is her adoption of an industrial policy modelled upon our own cherished institution. We are in a rather queer state of mind, just now, towards our protective system—wondering whether it does in truth protect, doubting that it does, afraid to think that it does not, and clinging to it with true Anglo-Saxon arrogance, obstinacy and dogmatism. Many of us are beginning to think that a moderate, experimental course of free trade—that is, a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection—would be a good thing, after we respectively shall have "unloaded" and got to cover. We are comforted to see Canada take to protection, but curious, likewise, to know the outcome of it before doing anything of a decisive character ourselves. The communities of farmers and fishermen that lately made up what we now call Canada could not have greatly interested us had they remained as they were; but the Canada of to-day touches us at many points and threatens to elbow us now and then in the race of life as we run it at present.

These are a few of the leading considerations that explain and, *a priori*, prove the growth in the United States of a widened interest in and study of Canadian life and affairs, in despite of the deep concern we are affecting in respect of our relations with our Spanish-American *protégés* and neighbours.

B.

### EDUCATION NOTES.

THE recent Annual Convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association was marked by proceedings of the usual interesting and varied character. It is claimed, and the claim cannot be denied, that most of the reforms of late years in our educational system originated in the discussions at the meetings of this Association. That the Education Department has a wholesome regard for these meetings is proved by the fact that the Minister of Education was pleased, at the invitation of the meeting, to fill the gap caused by the lack of an address from Dr. McLellan, the President—a lack, by the way, of which no authoritative explanation was given—by entering into an elaborate and interesting explanation of the new revised Provincial Regulations, and to invite discussion on them, with a view to their further improvement.

Mr. Houston's paper on "The Study of English" attracted the greatest amount of interest, and, judging from the tone of the discussion it elicited, we hope to see greater intelligence in the teaching of this important subject. He advocated that more attention should be given to written and spoken language, and less to formal grammar, which he would banish from our schools until after the entrance examination to the High Schools had been passed. In the earlier classes he would replace it by the study of literature—of course such literature as is within the capacity of the scholar.

The other papers read during the afternoon sessions were "A Plea for Science," by Mr. Glashan, "Technical Education," by Mr. Merchant, "The Permanency of the Teaching Profession," by Mr. Fotheringham, and "Reading as a part of Elocution," by Mr. Swift.

During the forenoon of each day of the meeting the Sections met in separate rooms. The Inspectors' Section gave their attention principally to the new Regulations, and they passed a resolution to the effect that no person should be allowed to be an Inspector who could not give proof of successful teaching in a public school while holding a Provincial certificate. In the Public School Section the time was divided between the Entrance Examination to the High Schools and the new Regulations. In regard to the former the History paper set at the recent examination was strongly animadverted upon, and a committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Ross to express the opinions of the Section about it.

The High School Section had a shot at the obnoxious papers set at the recent examinations; they discussed with the Minister the new Regulations bearing on High Schools; and, led by Mr. Houston, they gave considerable attention to the constitution of the University Senate, and to some of its doings. "The anomalous position of Upper Canada College in our sys-

tem of education" was considered by a committee appointed by the Section, and reported upon. This report, which began by declaring that "it is no longer in the interests of secondary education that a school of this character should be maintained from Provincial funds," and ended by saying, "It is therefore the opinion of this Section that in the general interests of education in this Province Upper Canada College should be closed, and its revenues appropriated for other purposes," was adopted by a vote of eleven to four. Its value will perhaps be somewhat depreciated in the estimation of our readers when they know that the seceder of the motion for the committee has since been appointed Principal of Upper Canada College, and one of the most active men upon it was a candidate for the position.

THE appeals against the results of the recent examination for Second and Third Class Teachers' Certificates amounted to the large number of seven hundred. This is about one-seventh of the total number of candidates who wrote. As each appeal has to be accompanied by a fee, we may conclude that there were seven hundred candidates at least who felt that they had good reason to be dissatisfied with the results of the examination. Who is to blame? Perhaps all concerned—the candidates in not making thorough preparation, their teachers in not training them thoroughly, the examiners in not framing their questions wisely, and the sub-examiners in not reading the candidates' papers carefully. The extent of blame to be attached to the last-named can be fairly estimated, for we learn that about twenty per cent. of the appeals were successful, owing to unwise or careless marking. The examiners are disposed to lay the blame on the teachers as being either careless or incompetent, and both teachers and students are strong in denouncing some of the examiners for the character of the questions they put.

ONE of the issues at the coming parliamentary election in England will be Free Schools. This is the logical sequence of Compulsory Education for the poorer classes.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, in his address as President of the British Association at Aberdeen recently, put in a strong plea for greater attention to the education of the people, holding that the position England will take in the future must largely depend upon the scientific education of her people. Dr. Gladstone in one of the sections took the same ground, and urged that systematic scientific instruction should be given in elementary classics to fit boys to enter technical schools.

AN International Educational Congress recently assembled at Havre in France at which 2,500 members were present. It was addressed by Mons. Goblet, the French Minister of Education, who in the course of an interesting speech pointed out the triple character of French education in being compulsory, free, and secular. Amongst the resolutions passed at this Congress was one in favour of industrial training because it develops "activity, observation, perception and intuition." Another urged the establishment of "Apprenticeship Schools to receive the abandoned children, and the waifs and strays of large towns." These resolutions were particularly appropriate in a city which has an excellent technical school in which 250 boys receive not only intellectual training, but are initiated into the arts of metal working and carpentry. In industrial drawing they make designs which they are required to carry out in their work. But this is not all—attached to each superior primary school in Havre is a workshop, in which from one to seven hours per week, according to age, are devoted to manual labour in iron and wood.

"THEORY and Practice of Teaching," by the Rev. Edward Thring, M.A., published by Macmillan and Co., and for sale in this city by Williamson and Co., is not a book that has been "made to order," but contains the spontaneous utterances of a man of cultured intellect and ripe experience. When he chooses to be practical his remarks, expressed in earnest and impressive language, are well worthy of serious study. But unfortunately he is much given to fanciful writing, and as a consequence he spreads over two hundred and sixty-two pages what for practical purposes might very easily have been condensed into a much smaller compass. His experience has evidently been gained in classical teaching, and the work is, therefore, particularly suited to High School teachers. It will well repay perusal to those who can spare the time to pick out the valuable grains of wheat from a good deal of intellectual chaff. One of his best chapters is that entitled "The Lecturer," another good one is that headed "The Teacher," from the concluding words of which we select the following specimen of his style and thought: "A teacher has as his subject life and mind. A teacher's life is in living beings, not in printer's ink. A teacher is an artificer of mind and noble life. Above all, a teacher never lets a single life of those put into his hands be spoiled, or wasted, or flung aside through neglect or scorn. A teacher is the helper and friend of the weak."

CENSOR.

FASHION ought to have more alert scouts out in Europe, and quicker methods of diffusing the new styles here. We are always behind time. Now before we get universally and well settled in the Bond Street walk, the English youth will be walking in an entirely different manner, and we shall be as much out of fashion as a last year's almanac. How do we know now that it is the correct thing for a young man to stand with a thumb in each trousers pocket? It may be as out of date as that old and independent American way of wearing the thumbs in the armpits of the vest. Very likely when we are adepts in the high-shouldered, crooked-elbow, rushing gait, the Pall Mall clerks may be turning out their toes, and sauntering along with a sort of bowie-knife nonchalance caught from Texas ranch life. We need Decorative Young Men's Societies to keep us up to the mark.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

## HERE AND THERE.

THE Toronto *Globe* has declared against those "undesirable competitors" the Chinese labourers. At the same time our contemporary foresees that Ontario's entire immunity from the presence of large numbers of Chinamen "cannot continue, seeing that the Celestials now engaged in railway work in British Columbia will presently make their way eastward over the line they have helped to construct." It is sufficient that we are to deal with these, and the *Globe* calls upon the Government to protect the country from further Chinese immigration. Coming from the leading Reform organ this declaration is significant in more ways than one. Taken in connection with the extremely cautious tone adopted in treating of Quebec politics, of Catholic assertiveness, of the independence cry, of our commercial relations with the United States, of the woman's rights question, of the Home Rule agitation in England—it is at least suggestive of the idea that "opportunism" will be the Grit slogan at the next Dominion election: that the Party led by Mr. Blake is not above borrowing the tactics of his clever opponent in order to obtain the sweets of office. It remains to be seen whether this policy contains the elements of success. So far as the *Globe's* declaration on the Chinese question is concerned it must disappoint a large section of advanced members of the Party. The only possible objection to the Chinese workman is that he labours for a small wage. The same fault has been found with the Irishman, the Frenchman, and the German. The difference is merely one of degree. All the enactments of all protective governments will fail to suspend the economic law which regulates wages, and without that John Chinaman will obtain employment so long as his greatest offence is selling his labour cheaply. If he is not permitted to assist in the production of cheap articles here, why he must go over to those whose competition will have the effect of bringing down all wages in the countries which have refused to receive the child of the sun. Better to have him working with us than for our commercial rivals.

THE *Globe* and the *Montreal Star* have set an example which we may be permitted to hope will soon be followed by other leading Canadian dailies. Our enterprising contemporaries now receive important English news direct by cable instead of relying upon the coloured "specials" supplied by the anti-British *New York Herald*. It remains to be seen if the right man is at the other end of the wire; if so, much confusion will be avoided, and the bungling home manufacturers of foreign news will find their occupation gone.

WE note with pleasure that the Rev. Principal Grant has a paper in the current *Century* on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Grant is nothing if he is not loyal, and an enthusiast at that. Nothing less, therefore, could be expected in such a sketch than a panegyric upon the Dominion and its colossal railway enterprise; but with discontent in the air on every side—with the North-West just emerged from rebellion and the Maritime Provinces threatening secession, with Quebec becoming daily stronger and hourly more anti-British—it is strange to find Mr. Grant assuring our neighbours that the Canadian Pacific Railway was the one thing lacking to make us a nation, and that the completion of a single line of steel rails operating across the continent is by a touch to transform a sparsely-populated semi-arctic region into the prosperous abiding-place of fifty millions of people. Meanwhile, our labour councils demand that Chinese workmen shall be forbidden to develop the country in the East, and that European immigrants shall be discouraged from landing in the West.

IN the eyes of Ontario Liberals, Sir John Macdonald's unpardonable sin is his dalliance with Quebec Bleus. Party corruption and administrative extravagance serve very well to ring the changes upon during election campaigns, and in the big gooseberry season; but that "our friend the enemy" is made virtually master of Parliament, in the same way as Parnell hopes to hold the balance in British affairs, is gall and wormwood to the true Grit. The suggestion, therefore, made by a contemporary, that Mr. Blake is equally culpable with Sir John in this matter, is one calculated to move the nether depths of Gritism. Unfortunately, if not altogether true, it is true in part. If the Opposition leader had not coquetted with the Bleus, they would not dare to have been so insolent in their demands of the Premier—they would have grumblingly accepted less, had they not believed it possible to make terms with the party leader who was waiting to step into Sir John's shoes. Fortunately Mr. Blake is not a diplomat, and is not likely to acquire power by political corruption so long as a prince of corruptionists holds the reins. "Codlin's the friend, not Short," says Mr. Blake to the French Tories in a stage whisper which Short is not slow to understand and act upon.

IT ought not to be difficult to settle the dispute between allopathic and homœopathic vaccinationists. Either the human system can be inoculated with vaccine *via* the stomach in such a way as to avoid small-pox or it cannot, nor does it appear to the lay mind that elaborate experiment is necessary to set the matter at rest. The onus of proof naturally lies with the homœopathists, whose theory apparently lacks demonstration, whilst allopathic vaccination is known to have saved thousands of lives. The latter method is no doubt attended with risks; the "antis" have reason in protesting that many persons have been physically ruined by the introduction of impure vaccine into their systems, and in complaining that the law places them practically at the mercy of careless or incompetent surgeons.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the blood may with facility be impregnated with deleterious substances taken internally, and that if the stomach will "take" pure lymph it is equally apt to absorb any poisonous matter introduced in a similar manner. In which case, it is hard to see sufficient reason for substituting an experimental for a well-tryed preventive.

OUR American neighbours have apparently made up their minds that Montreal is given up to the small-pox fiend for an indefinite period, and that they may not hope to take part during the approaching winter in that annual saturnalia known as the "Carnival"—at any rate in the afflicted Canadian city. Montreal's extremity, however, proves to be Saratoga's opportunity, and the fashionable American resort is to have an ice palace on the lake, three toboggan slides, a grand ball, sleighing procession, and all the concomitants of a winter carnival.

THERE were twenty-three failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty in the preceding week, and thirty-three, thirty-two and eleven in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and seventy-two failures reported during the week as compared with one hundred and forty in the preceding week, and with one hundred and eighty-eight, one hundred and sixty and one hundred and twenty-two, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-four per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

It is impossible, without confirmation, to accept the statement telegraphed as coming from the London *Daily Telegraph*, to the effect that the Literary and Art Pension Fund in England has been "diverted from the purpose originally in view to go toward the payment of Cabinet debts." Diversion there undoubtedly has been; but it has rather taken the direction of alms to aristocratic paupers, who have not hesitated to accept assistance from a fund intended for the nobility of intellect. £1,200 a year, moreover, could hardly prove an irresistible temptation to a British Cabinet!

A VERY striking development is going on in many London constituencies in connection with the approaching general election. The Radicals insist upon being so styled. They object to be called Liberals. "I belong to the Radical wing of the Liberal party" used to be the phrase. It is so no longer in some places. "I am not a Liberal; I am a Radical," say these lovers of clear distinctions. If they are summoned to a public meeting they insist upon being summoned as Radicals. "A meeting of Liberals and Radicals" is now the announcement required of party managers. The same sort of movement is going on in some provincial districts. Of those who are leading it one may ask whether it is quite wise. The name of Liberal has an advantage in itself which Radical will never suggest. The Conservatives use Radical as a term of opprobrium, which they cannot do the name Liberal. They would offer up Lord Randolph Churchill as a gift to the gods if only they could thereby discover a name for themselves as good as the old-fashioned "Liberal." They plead that their name is the worst thing about them; that Tory means nothing, Constitutional is flabby, and Tory Democrat too new. There is a moral meaning in the word Liberal which makes it of value. Yet the advanced men are going to throw that away if they can, and to take a term which has no moral associations. "I have tried to argue them out of the prejudice," a chairman of a Liberal association complained, "but they will not be comforted with any appellation except Radical." What's in a name? A good name is better than riches.

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said.

"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"

"You won't understand it, sir," she said.

"What is the subject, my pretty maid?"

"The final extinction of man," she said.

"Then you won't marry, my pretty maid?"

"Superior girls never marry," she said.—*Anon.*

THE "Café and Boulevard" lounge who represents London *Society* in Paris says that the struggle for feminine ascendancy in France is yet in its infancy, but that the infancy is a very troublous one. "The latest invention of the disturbers of the good old-fashioned jam-making and stocking-mending ideas of woman's rights and duties is 'female candidatures.' The General Election is coming in here, and although women's votes have no electoral value in France, several ladies have come forward as candidates for seats in the Chamber of Deputies." The ungallant unbeliever gives a racy sketch of some women candidates, with specimens of their oratory which we would prefer not to reproduce: they are—too French. We cannot, however, resist culling the following characteristic description of a more moderate victim to man's brutality: "Another prominent female candidate is Madame Roger, who was arrested at Père La Chaise '*pour tapage public*' about three years ago. She is a waistcoat maker by trade, but her public duties absorb so much of her time now that the waistcoats have to go without buttons and binding. . . . The Citoyenne Roger is always at meetings of one sort or another, but she has an ideal husband, who stays at home and skims the *pot au feu*, sweeps the apartment, washes the platters, cleans Maria's boots, warms her slippers, and

waits upon her at her meals. In him the man of the future is prefigured. The women of the coming time will do all the work of the world in which honour and renown are to be sought, and the men will stay at home and nurse the babies—if these encumbrances are not suppressed by a higher civilization—look after the dinner, and think themselves lucky if their wives, on their return from a parliamentary fight, do not make them dance for some neglect of duty."

THERE has been a scare on the European continent lately as to the danger of persons being buried alive, and a Belgian has invented a new species of coffin to prevent such a calamity which he is excessively indignant the committee of the Antwerp Exhibition has declined to exhibit for him. It seems that the peculiarity of the newly-designed coffin, called "*le cercueil perfectionné*," is that there is fitted into it an ingenious piece of mechanism which effectually obviates the possibility of being buried alive. The coffin contains a species of stiletto, which is so placed that on being disengaged by the presence of the earth thrown on it, it pierces the heart of the occupant. Had this latest invention been known to Meyerbeer he need not have asked his friends to bury him with a loaded pistol in each hand; nor should we hear of clauses being inserted in French wills directing that a surgeon shall be called in to perform the operation which is effected automatically by the Belgian coffin. One cannot but think that the energies and skill of the Belgian inventor would have been better applied, not to take away life in the coffin, but to devise adequate means for preventing the rare but possible cases of persons being buried wittingly or unwittingly who were really not dead. As years go on, and among other burial reforms in this country the time of keeping bodies so long above ground is still further curtailed, the possibility of premature burial will be such as to make any proposal for testing, so to speak, the reality of death by others than professional men a really useful addition to our scientific knowledge.

It is not generally known that the Pope is a poet. But he is; and recently he distributed among his Cardinals copies of an *edition de luxe* of his Latin effusions. The book is printed on rose paper, with a border of engravings. The total number of poems is thirty-three. They are arranged in chronological order, the first being dated 1828. His Holiness has also translated them into Italian verse, and these translations are included in the volume, which is an octavo, bearing the title "*Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina.*"

"I READ a few days ago in a Tory journal," says Mr. Labouchere, of London *Truth*, "an enthusiastic allusion to Lord Beaconsfield's 'fine epigram' about critics being 'those who have failed in literature and art.' Lord Beaconsfield's novels are very brilliant and amusing, and often highly instructive; but he was a most audacious plagiarist, and only very innocent or ignorant people will quote his good things with admiration. This very epigram, which occurs in '*Lothair*,' is boldly gleaned from Walter Savage Landor's 'imaginary conversation' between Porson and Southey, in which the former says, 'Those who have failed as writers turn reviewers.' One constantly finds that Lord Beaconsfield's undiscerning admirers are giving him credit for inventing the phrase 'gondola of London' for the hansom, but this felicitous idea was a crib from Balzac."

THE well-preserved skeleton of an enormous aurochs has been found at Aken, on the Elbe, by some workmen occupied in digging a canal. The horns, from one extremity to the other, measured over nine feet. The vertebrae and ribs resemble those of the antediluvian monsters. As the aurochs avoids the proximity of man, and as the district where the skeleton has been found was thickly populated at the time of Julius Cæsar, it is believed that the skeleton is about 2,000 years old.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

##### THE SPY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—A remarkable phase of modern times is the development of a class whose source of income is an occupation which a generation or two ago would have made them the objects of universal contempt, and which in the times of chivalry could not have existed for a day. We refer to the numerous army of detectives of various kinds to be found at every centre of population. With regard to the properly constituted detective staff in connection with the police department of every city, who are under authority and on the civic salary list, we have nothing to say, except that where they are well conducted and conscientious in the discharge of their duty they are entitled to the respect and support of the community as a valuable branch of the police service. Our business is at present with the outside volunteer class. A prominent citizen, a few days since, was reported as deploring the spy system, he having seen instances which convinced him that its inevitable tendency was to make men suspicious of their neighbours, and to create a general distrust and want of confidence in the community. One thing is quite apparent, that, if the system is to be permitted, it should be placed under legal restriction, and be supervised by responsible officials of undoubted integrity and sound judgment. What is the object of the detective business? Evidently the bringing of criminals to justice, and thus protecting society against their deprivations. But it is to be observed that it is not to the interest of the detective to prevent the commission of crime; his interest lies the other way, because the more crimes committed the more money for him. Bank losses arising from forgery, defalcation, etc., make a harvest for him; and they appear to be



more constantly recurring than they were twenty-five years ago when detectives were very rare and bank officials more careful. Leaving that, however, to the bankers, we should like to call attention to the possible danger which may grow out of fostering a class of irresponsible spies in a generally law-abiding community like that of Ontario. We have received through the post a business card headed, "Detective and Enquiry Agency," and amongst other things on it are the following: "Witnesses found, evidence collected, suspected persons watched, cases worked up. All business conducted with secrecy and dispatch. Agents in all parts of the world." Without weighing each of these items separately it may be noticed that the witnesses which would be "found" would not unlikely be suborned witnesses. The men who thus advertise can no doubt be hired for illegitimate purposes as well as for other business. If a man has a grudge against his neighbour all he has to do is to fee one of these self-constituted detectives to dog his steps, "suspicion him," circulate whispers and point him out as a "suspect," and the thing is done. These valuable services are available for political party whips, boycotting societies and others. The Rev. Dr. Talmage, in one of his able discourses, describes how many in New York City, against whom there was nothing but the hatred of some man of money, have been ruined and driven into bankruptcy, or an insane asylum, by the process referred to. And it may here be noted that our amateur detectives are the products of that enterprising country. Many of them are of a distinctly low moral type, and loose women are not unfrequently associated with them in their schemes. Others, again, present a polite and somewhat respectable exterior. Grand juries would do well to look into the whole system carefully, and make suggestions in their presentments upon which the necessary legislation might follow.

We do not wish to weaken the administration of justice; on the contrary, we wish to strengthen the hand of the rightful authorities, while we would at the same time seek to prevent the liberties of the people from being interfered with improperly. Every law-abiding subject of Her Majesty, or of any other country, should enjoy in this Province the fullest immunity from all oppressive acts; and the principle "that a man should be held innocent until proved to be guilty," under which British justice has flourished for many years, should continue to be held sacred.

CIVIS.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Will you allow me to remark that it looks to me very like begging the question when you talk about throwing "domestic life into the political cauldron" in the face of the fact that neither here nor in England does the law give any franchise to a married woman (except, indeed, the school franchise in Ontario, and that only when the married woman's name appears on the assessment roll)? To exercise the right to vote a woman must be *jeme sole*, either unmarried or a widow, and in that case how can the peace of home be involved, or the relation between the sexes be disturbed?

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

S. A. C.

[It is true that the present proposal is to extend the franchise only to unmarried women. But it is not concealed by the leaders of the movement that this is only the thin end of the wedge and that the ultimate aim is universal suffrage for women. Nor can it be doubted that such would be the logical result.—ED.]

## FURIOUS BULLS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Two more sad cases of goring by infuriated bulls have just occurred in the Dominion—one at each extremity of the country. That in Manitoba resulted in the death of Mr. Lumsden, a brother of Sir Peter Lumsden, and a noted agriculturist of the Prairie Province. Now, it ought to be generally understood, (1), that the danger from these animals almost invariably results from artificial restraint of their native affections; (2), that the proper person to lead them from the stable to their destination in the show stalls is the proprietor, but the man who habitually feeds and tends them; and (3), that the special danger of an attack on the road, while the great creature is being led, may be obviated by the expedient of having two chains attached to the nose-ring, so that the person leading on each side can hold one. It is obvious that holding the bull by the nose-chain is no protection against his approach to the leader, as the chain will only then fall into a festoon; but the second leader, by pulling on the sensitive connection, can keep him back with ease from goring his fellow.

SOCUS.

## FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK, 1763-1827.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—May I venture to ask the favour of a place in the columns of THE WEEK for the following list of a small collection of objects having reference directly or indirectly to the Duke of York, A.D. 1763-1827, displayed last week, along with a number of other allied relics and reminders of the local past of Toronto, in one of the pioneer cabins in the Exhibition Park? The collection had an historico-didactic purpose, discerned perhaps only by a few in the promiscuous crowd which every day filled the primitive edifices referred to. In the wider circle of your readers there will be more who will enter into its spirit, albeit seeing and handling the things described would be more satisfactory.

Most people are aware that Toronto, during its non-age, or period of unincorporated existence, was known as York, Upper Canada, and that this name was given to it in honour of Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George III. The projector of the Canadian York was a personal favourite with the old king on account of his exploits during the war of the American Revolution, and he showed his devotion to the reigning family by not only naming the capital of the new Province of Upper Canada after the title of the young soldier-prince, but also assigning to its thoroughfares names commemorative of several other members of the Royal household. Besides loyally giving the general name of King Street to the principal thoroughfare, and Duke and Duchess Street, respectively, to the two parallel thoroughfares, he distinguished the cross streets, the most westerly one, by calling it George Street, in honour of the heir apparent, afterwards the Regent and George IV.; and the next easterly one, Frederick Street, from the baptismal name of the "eponymous hero" of the whole place; and the next easterly one, Caroline Street, from Caroline, wife of Prince George, afterwards so unhappily famous as Queen; and the next following one, and the most easterly, Princes Street, collectively, out of regard for the five other sons of the king—names which continue in common use in Toronto, with the exception of Caroline Street, which has been extinguished through the recent extension southward to the water's edge, of the name "Sherbourne Street," and Princes Street, which, occasionally at least, is now unmeaningly written and printed Princess Street.

Now, although on a review of our Duke of York's early military achievements and his early career altogether, we may see little reason to regret the supersession of his name by another, and that a very euphonious and appropriate one, previously borne by the

locality; still it is highly desirable that Toronto should retain as many of its primitive legends, traditions, and old historic memories as possible; for let its population be ever so great, its buildings ever so fine, and its situation ever so picturesque, how poor and insipid and colourless seems every place without a ray or two from

"The light that never was on land or sea,  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

The objects displayed were: (1) A bronze medal showing the head of the Duke of York when quite a child; above it a tall mitre; around the whole a Latin inscription, *Fredericus Episc. Osm.*, Nat. Aug. 6, 1763—Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg, born Aug. 6, 1763; and below, *Summus sine labe sacerdos*—a stainless high priest; of which mysterious expressions this is the explanation:—Through a singular practice arising out of the treaty of Westphalia, the Lutherans of Osnaburg were wont, for some years, to nominate a young prince of the House of Brunswick-Lunenbourg titular Bishop of Osnaburg. The second son of George III. was thus complimented—the last instance of such an anomalous church dignitary. That the Duke was a bishop in any sense gave rise, of course, to many jests at his expense. (The other side of this medal shows the head of the eldest son of George III., also as a child, surmounted by the Prince of Wales' coronet and plumes, and surrounded by the inscription, *Georgius Wal. princ.*, Nat. Aug. 12, 1762, with *Spes regis et patrie* underneath.) (2) A volume entitled "An Abridgment of Scripture History, with sixty curious engraved copper-plates, dedicated to the infant Bishop of Osnaburg, by an Eminent Divine. London: Printed and sold by E. Ryland, at the Old Bailey, 1765." The dedication, in the usual adulatory strain, is headed by the Royal Arms. An elaborate frontispiece, engraved by Grignon, shows "Science, or Learning, leading the young Bishop of Osnaburg by the hand to Divine Wisdom, who is seated upon an eminence with a book of seven seals, on which is the image of the Holy Lamb, by which is designed the Book of Revelation or Prophecy. The two Genii underneath Divine Wisdom are bringing the Mitre, the Crozier, and the Rochet, or Robe, the ensigns of his dignity, to the young Bishop." The crude realism of some of the cuts could not fail to suggest more of evil than good to a young mind. (3) A full-length engraved portrait of the Duke, young, but in a wig and old-fashioned military costume; inscribed below, His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg, Earl of Ulster, etc. (4) A full-length engraved portrait of the Duchess, by an artist named Benezach, in graceful costume, and with flowing hair; inscription below, Her Royal Highness Princess Fridericke Charlotte, Duchess of York. The marriage took place November 23, 1791. She died August 6, 1820. She was the eldest daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia, a degenerate nephew of Frederick the Great. (5) A volume entitled "Eastern Anecdotes, designed for youth; inscribed to H. R. H. the Duchess of York. London: Sampson Low, 1799." The Duchess is herein spoken of as "the distinguished Benefactress of Youth and Innocence, and an illustrious example of those virtues that deserve the general tribute of respect and admiration." (6) "Investigation of the Charges against the Duke of York made by Gwyllym Lloyd Wardle, Esq., M.P. for Oakhampton. London: J. Stratford, 112 Holborn Hill, 1809": two volumes, with portraits of persons concerned, counsel, witnesses, etc., several of them by Rowlandson. (7) "Memoirs of Col. Wardle, with Thoughts on the State of the Nation. London: T. Kelly, 1809." A fine portrait of Wardle, by Boquet. (8) "The Miss-led General: a Serio-Comic, Satiric, Mock-Heroic Romance, by the Author of 'The Rising Sun.' London: Printed for H. Oddy, Oxford Street, 1808." Under the pseudonym, Frederick Gildzig, the Duke is sharply criticised. (9) A rather youthful-looking portrait by Courbold, labelled simply, His Royal Highness the Duke of York, taken from Cooke's edition of "Hume's History of England." (10) A portrait in advanced life, and bald, as Commander-in-Chief, the second time, and a K.G.; engraved by Blood from an original drawing. (11) A draft on his bankers, wholly in the Duke's handwriting: "London, Feb. 6, 1798. To Messrs. Thomas Coutts and Co. Pay to Frederick Anders, or Bearer, the sum of One Hundred and Sixty Pounds, and place it to my account. FREDERICK." (12) A characteristic volume from the Duke's library, Sappho, in French, stamped with his crest, in gold: "Poésies de Sappho; suivies de différentes poésies dans le même genre." Amsterdam: 1777; with a French portrait of Sappho. (13) A volume entitled "The Duchess of York: an English story; printed for W. Lane at the Minerva Press, Leadenhall Street, 1791." A novel; the heroine, however, is the Duchess of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. (14) "Public and Domestic Life of George III., by Edward Holt, Esq. London: Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row, 1820"; 2 vols., 8vo., with twenty fine portraits of men of the time: Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Sidney Smith, Mr. Whitbread, Fox, Duke of Kent, etc. (15) A catalogue of the Duke's library, which, at his decease, was removed from his residence, Rutland House, South Audley Street, to Mr. Sotheby's, in the Strand, and sold by auction in 5,548 lots, some of them consisting of a whole series of volumes, as the "Annual Register," in 300 volumes; the "Gentleman's Magazine," in 138; complete Bibliothèques Portatifs; long files of contemporary newspapers, etc. The sale occupied twenty-three days. The collection embraces numerous works on military subjects, Napoleonic topics, political questions of the day, natural history, voyages and travels (nineteen works relate to America in general, and six or seven to Canada in particular); Geography and Costume; Atlases on a grand scale; many large-paper copies of works in sumptuous bindings; a sprinkling of theology and poetry, and an immense assemblage of novels and light reading in most of the European languages. On the title-page is a wood-cut of the Duke's crest enclosed in the Garter, with the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. As a frontispiece to the volume there is a fine portrait engraved by Roffe, from a painting by Minast; it is inscribed, Field Marshal, H. R. H., etc., Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's Forces.

By the aid of these trivial objects we trace the career of the man from whom our Canadian York, embryo Toronto, derived its name; a peculiar career, possible only, perhaps, under the circumstances of the first quarter of this century and the period just before. We see a prince starting as an infant bishop, and ending by an apotheosis in bronze, on a column in the midst of the metropolis of the empire, as the greatest benefactor of his time to the British soldier, who, without doubt, owes to him very many of the improvements in discipline, dress, diet, housing, and status generally which he now enjoys.

Toronto, September 21, 1885.

H. S.

VICTOR HUGO is reported to have once said: "At night when I do not sleep, and any idea comes into my brain, I formulate it at once, and I write it—sometimes without a light—in a little note-book that I keep always within reach. The little note-books contain what I call my chips. I have already a certain number of them quite filled. They will be found when I am gone."

HUMOROUS literature, says the *Art Union*, appears to bring its professors specially good fortunes. Messrs. Mitchell and Carleton, of *Life*, have both made excellent matches, and Mr. Bunner, of *Puck*, has followed their example. Mark Twain married \$100,000 of cold cash as well as a charming lady, and even Eli Perkins solaced his resignation of a latch-key with a well-fed bank account.

## GROWING OLD.

WHAT is it to grow old?  
Is it to lose the glory of the form,  
The lustre of the eye?  
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?—  
Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength—  
Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?  
Is it to feel each limb  
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,  
Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this, and more; but not,  
Ah! 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be.  
'Tis not to have our life  
Mellowed and softened as with sunset-glow,  
A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world  
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,  
And heart profoundly stirred;  
And weep, and feel the fulness of the past,  
The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days  
And not once feel that we were ever young:  
It is to add, immured  
In the hot prison of the present, month  
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,  
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.  
Deep in our hidden heart  
Festers the dull remembrance of a change;  
But no emotion—none.

It is—last stage of all—  
When we are frozen up within, and quite  
The phantom of ourselves:  
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost,  
Which blamed the living man.

—By Matthew Arnold.

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

## A LIVELY FIVE MINUTES.

WE are told every day that "truth is stranger than fiction;" and that this is so is again shown by the following facts, which I narrate as nearly as possible in the words of the person (an assistant to a well-known veterinary surgeon) to whom the adventure occurred:

"We had been having several cases of rabies at the surgery during the last month or two—more cases than usual; but with the exception of one, they had all been brought in before the disease reached its utmost virulent stage. I am rather interested in the disease, and had been reading about it; and, sitting in the surgery alone and quiet (but for a poor beast in the yard with rabies which gave vent every now and then to the dismal howl peculiar to the disease), it was not particularly lively; and when my master (a veterinary surgeon) came in from his usual round I was not sorry. He when into the yard and inspected the patients as usual, ordering the collie with rabies to be killed at once. I attended to this, and, returning to the surgery, received orders to go to the Britannia public-house, in Soho, and poison a large retriever belonging to the landlord. My master had seen the dog during his rounds, and found it in a dangerously rabid state. I filled a small bottle with hydrocyanic acid, and taking a syringe, went off at once to see about it.

"Arriving at the house, I stated my business, and was handed over to the pot-boy to be conducted to the dog, which I could hear howling every few seconds. There being no yard to the house, they had chained the dog down in the cellar, to a staple in the wall. 'E's a verry bad case, sir,' said my guide, 'an' I'll be glad when it's all over; for although he was a great pet with us all, an' that fond of the kids you never see, its awful to see 'im not know any of us; but when we goes near 'im to have 'im come a-flyng at us. Think 'e'll suffer much? There 'e goes! 'ear 'im. All day long 'e 'owls like that.' I assured him it would soon be over, without much pain; and, descending some steps, we passed through a room in the basement that was dimly lit by a small and grimy window. Cases of wines and spirits were ranged against the walls, and we could hear the tramp of the thickly shod customers in the bar or tap-room just above our heads. Opening a door, we passed into another room; this was lighted only by the small window in the room we had just left, as it shone through the now open door. 'E's in there,' said the pot-boy, pointing to another door in the wall, opposite. Thinking there was a window in the room, I pushed the door open, and immediately heard the rattle of a chain and the hoarse half howl, half growl of the poor beast, whose eyes I could see, against the far wall, gleaming through the dark. Window there was none. 'Why on earth didn't you bring a light?' I asked, angrily; 'you don't suppose I can poison him in the dark?' 'Thought I 'ad a match,' said the man, fum-

bling in his pockets; 'there's a gas-jet just inside the door.' I had no matches, so I sent him upstairs to get some, and, awaiting his return, sat down on an empty keg near the door.

"The dog seemed uneasy; and, fancying the light through the doorway annoyed and distressed him, I pushed it to with my hand. The man was some time gone (I found afterwards he had been to ask his mistress if she would like to have a last look at the old dog), and I sat there thinking over the notes I had been reading in the surgery. The air of the cellar was close, and the smell of the wet sawdust on the floor was most unpleasant. Clank went the dog's chain against the wall or the floor, as he moved uneasily about, wondering, I daresay, what was my errand there. Then the movement ceased for a time, or, partly absorbed in my thoughts, I failed to notice it. The next minute I started feeling something rub against my leg. Looking down, I saw two glaring eyes just at my knee. The dog was loose; the staple having worked its way out of the damp and yielding mortar.

"For a second or two I nearly lost consciousness. My heart seemed to stand still; but by an effort I kept from going off into a faint. I shall never forget the next few minutes as long as I live. I was alone in the dark, with this rabid beast rubbing against my legs—first one and then the other, as if he was trying to find out who I was. Then he rested his nose on my knees and looked straight up into my face. I sat like a statue, knowing that at the slightest movement he would probably seize me, and knowing (who better?) that such a bite in his advanced state of disease was almost certain death, and a horrible death too. Nerving myself, I sat perfectly still, calculating as well as I could my chances of escape. Presently the dog put first one paw, then the other, on my knee, and, standing on his hind legs, gently rubbed his head against my breast, then over my arms, and then commenced to explore my face. I shut my eyes, and felt his nose pass several times across my face, covering it with saliva. Yet I dare not move! I expected every instant he would seize me; the very beating of my heart might disturb and annoy him; and I felt that, come what might, I must fling him off and make a dash for the door.

"Suddenly he ceased rubbing against me, and appeared to be listening. He could hear the steps of the pot-boy descending the ladder. I also could hear it, and knew not whether to call to him or keep silent. The dog now dropped down on my knees again, still listening; and as the light of a candle streamed through the crevices of the badly fitting door he crept into the far corner of the cellar, evidently dreading being put upon the chain again. Then I made a dash at the door, swung it open, and, banging it to behind me, sank, more dead than alive, on a case near the wall. Seeing my state, the man brought me quickly a nip of brandy, and I pulled myself together. All this time the dog was growling furiously on the other side of the door, and tearing at it in his mad endeavour to get at us. Steadying myself as well as I could, I placed the light on a pile of cases, and, filling my syringe with acid, opened the door about two inches. As I expected, the infuriated beast rushed at the opening; and as he did so I discharged the contents of the syringe into his open mouth. In a few seconds all was over. When I went upstairs I found my trousers, vest, coat, hands and face covered with the saliva from his mouth. I felt sick and faint, and looked—so the people said—white as a ghost; in fact, I could hardly stand.

"The dog I had killed was bitten by the mad dog that ran down Piccadilly some three weeks since, and had only showed symptoms of madness during the last few days."—*W. Pocklington.*

## A VINOUS CANDIDATE.

THE Liquor Prohibitionists of New York have made the dangerous discovery that Ira Davenport, the Republican candidate for Governor of that State, is President of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company. This damaging fact, they say, precludes all alliance of the temperance men with the Republicans of New York in the present campaign. But the Prohibitionists would do well not to push their cold-water campaign against Davenport on this ground too far. They will be likely to make many more votes for than they can take away from him. Multitudes of people in New York who have no political sympathy with Mr. Davenport and his party will resent at the ballot-box a fanatical persecution of a candidate because he converts the juice of the grape into a mild and wholesome wine. If more of this wine were produced and consumed in the United States the motive for prohibitory legislation would be vastly lessened. The use of this light and comparatively innocuous wine and beer has done more to promote the cause of genuine temperance in this country by competing with the fiery fluids than all the Prohibitionists in New York can accomplish from this time to the end of the century. Should mild fermented liquors utterly banish from consumption whiskey and the other potent intoxicating liquors the political party of prohibition would cease to nominate candidates for President, Governor and members of the Legislature. No prohibitory party could be organized or could exist in this country on a proposition to forbid by constitutional amendments the manufacture and sale of domestic wines and beer. The bottom would fall out of such a prohibitory platform.

Dr. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio, has testified to the medicinal virtues of liquor in his own experience. On one occasion his life was saved by the liberal use of champagne in an attack of malaria, at another time he was brought out of a violent inflammation of the lungs by Bourbon whiskey, and at still another he was cured of a serious case of dyspepsia by old stock ale. No such potent virtue can be claimed for the light domestic wine which Davenport makes. It is only a mild and comparatively harmless substitute for fiery and deleterious intoxicants, and this is the chief ground of prohibition hostility to it. The Prohibitionists prefer rain-water for a beverage, and for this reason they want to

provide by law that other people shall not drink Davenport's wine, and insist that Davenport is not a fit man for Governor of New York. Macaulay said that the Puritans prohibited bear-baiting not so much because of the pain it gave the bear as on account of the pleasure it afforded the spectators. In a tyrannical spirit not unlike this the Prohibitionists would deprive other people of an enjoyment that does not agree with their stomacheal tastes. But they will hardly make much headway in this aquarian campaign against Davenport in New York.—*Philadelphia Record*.

ALTHOUGH Canada is a good long journey from England, she possesses, in THE WEEK, of Toronto, a gazette which would be a credit to Fleet Street.—*The Art Union*, New York.

PROFESSOR FISK P. BREWER, of Grinnell, Iowa, writes to the *New Englander* for September on prohibition. Professor Brewer was one of the advocates of prohibition in Iowa, and has become well acquainted with the effects of the law. He now says that prohibitory legislation is useless for the accomplishment of ultimate good. He also thinks that it has a tendency to encourage "a disregard of fundamental social rights." He says prohibition regulates the diet of individuals, an interference calculated to do more harm than good. He finds that Iowa statistics show that forty-five out of every one hundred citizens use liquor, but not one-tenth of the forty-five use it in such a way as to justify putting them under restraint by prohibition. The difficulty of enforcing a prohibitory law is plainly pointed out.

COPYRIGHT in Canada is a perplexity of perplexities. A work copyrighted in the United Kingdom is copyright in Canada, but a Canadian copyright holds only for Canada. The "Foreign Reprints Act," passed by the British Parliament in 1847, authorized the suspension, under local colonial laws, of the prohibition of the importation of foreign reprints of English works. In pursuance of this, the Canadian Legislature passed a law admitting American reprints, subject to a customs duty of twelve and one-half per cent., to be finally paid over to the British author. The returns were ridiculously small—only £1,084 in the ten years ending in 1876. In 1875 the Dominion Legislature passed a Copyright Act, which, under a permissive Act of Parliament of the same year, was approved by the Queen, but with a proviso against the importation of Canadian reprints into the United Kingdom. This law makes it possible to issue in Canada cheap reprints of English works without interfering with the more costly English editions.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

THERE is something significant in the remarkable change that has taken place in the principal cities of the Dominion of Canada during the past few years in discussing the affairs of the British Provinces. Not long ago the mere intimation on the part of a Canadian paper, or an individual citizen, that there might be some advantage to them in being annexed to the United States was looked upon as rank treason. Now the question is as freely discussed as is any problem connected with their own business affairs. By the tone of several of the influential papers, one is naturally led to the conclusion that either annexation to this country or absolute independence is inevitable. A gentleman from the States who recently spent a few weeks in Montreal says that annexation was freely talked of there as though it was a settled fact very soon to be consummated. Would Uncle Sam welcome the British Provinces into his community of States, or would he prefer that they should set up independently for themselves? Under any circumstances the bonds of sympathy and fraternity are yearly becoming stronger between the United States and her northern neighbours, and they will in the future form an alliance of mutual aid and protection.—*Boston Home Journal*.

## MUSIC.

### THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE directors of the Monday Popular Concerts of Toronto have completed their plans for the carrying out of their scheme, and announce that the opening concert of the season will take place in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens on the evening of Monday, October 19th. The initial concert will be awaited with great interest, as it will be the first practical step in an undertaking of great magnitude, and the first musical concert of the season. The objects the directors had in view in establishing these concerts may be summarized as follow: 1. To form a string quartette club of resident professional musicians. 2. To give lovers of good music opportunities of hearing frequently the best compositions of the great masters in the domain of chamber music. 3. To arrange for the appearance of eminent pianists and concert vocalists from the United States. 4. To give the public the privilege of subscribing either for the whole series of concerts, or for single concerts, on the lowest possible terms.

The above scheme, which was most fully explained in a circular issued by the directors in May last, must have strongly commended itself to our amateurs and to musicians; for, in less than a month, subscriptions had been received for two hundred and fifty season tickets, while, by the 9th of September, when the list closed, that number had been doubled. The undertaking has so far been carried out in good faith, and with a surprising amount of energy and enterprise. The string quartette club has been formed by the engagement for the season of Messrs. Jacobsen, Bayley, Arthur Fisher and Herr Ludwig Corell, the last named artist—a solo violoncellist—having been specially sent for from Germany. The second object has been secured by fixing the number of concerts at twelve, one to be given fortnightly throughout the season. The third feature of the scheme has been provided for by the engagement of Miss Emma Juch, Miss Emma Thursby, Miss Rose Braniff and other solo vocalists of

acknowledged excellence, and of Mr. William H. Sherwood, the world-renowned piano virtuoso, for the early concerts. The promise to adopt a moderate scale of charges has been fulfilled by fixing the subscription price of season tickets for the whole series of concerts at five dollars each, and for single concerts with star artists at one dollar and fifty cents each. These tickets entitle the purchaser to a choice of seats in the best part of the concert-room. The price of seats in other parts of the auditorium will range from one dollar to fifty cents for single concerts, and, on special occasions, will be made as low as twenty-five cents.

The directors, although they have carried out their promises in so liberal a spirit, are not yet satisfied with their work, and they propose to introduce at these concerts compositions which, being of an exceptional character, require for their performance solo artists on other instruments than those provided by their quartette club. Two celebrated examples of such works may be cited in Mozart's beautiful clarinet quintette and Beethoven's incomparable septette for wind and string instruments. In order to present such works in an artistic manner, the expense will have to be incurred of bringing over from New York or Boston solo performers on the bassoon, French horn, clarinet and double-bass.

The arrangements so far made for these concerts have not been brought about without the expenditure of considerable time and trouble, and the directors have found their office no sinecure. One of the most difficult and vexatious questions with which they had to deal was that of the allotment of seats. Experience had shown that the plan of dispensing with reserved seats was attended with such serious disadvantages as to more than counterbalance any benefits derived from it. It has therefore been finally decided to issue for each concert certificates entitling the holder to select reserved seats on the opening of the plan, and this method has been approved of by the majority of the subscribers. At the first concert, on the 19th inst., Mr. Goldwin Smith will deliver a short address *à propos* to the occasion. The artists who will then appear are Miss Emma Juch, the *prima donna* soprano with Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and formerly *prima donna* of Her Majesty's Italian Opera Company; Mr. William H. Sherwood, solo pianist; Herr Ludwig Corell, solo violoncellist; and the quartette club. At the second concert, on November 2nd, Miss Rose Braniff, the Canadian soprano, will make her *début*; and at the third concert, Miss Emma Thursby will be the solo vocalist.—*Clef*.

THE musical season has opened in Hamilton. The Philharmonic Society, under F. H. Torrington, has begun rehearsing Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" for the first of two concerts to be given this winter. Handel's "Samson" is to be the second work. It is probable that in the spring the conductor will ask the members to join his forces in Toronto in a festival at which "Israel in Egypt" will be the principal work for chorus and orchestra. No official announcement of this has as yet been made; but Philharmonic affairs have been quietly managed for some time past with this end in view. The festival, if it is held, will perhaps be a fine thing for the Toronto Society. What good will it do the Hamilton Philharmonic to participate?—Mr. R. T. Steele, teacher of singing and director of the Hamilton Musical Union, has announced that his society will at once begin the study of the comic opera "The Sorcerer," and will, if possible, perform this work, and also "The Mikado," during the season. The soloists so far announced are: Mrs. McCulloch and Mrs. Hamilton, sopranos; Mrs. F. Mackelcan, contralto; Messrs. T. D. Beddoe and B. Wild, tenors; and J. H. Stuart and F. Warrington, basses. With the exception of the last named these vocalists are all residents of this city. Mr. D. B. MacDuff is to be leader of the orchestra. He will work hard to secure a more efficient band than he was able to organize for the last concert of this society. It is part of Mr. Steele's scheme to have an operatic and a choral branch of this society, the latter to study cantatas, part songs, etc.—Mr. Aldans, organist of the Central Presbyterian Church, has organized an orchestra for the performance of chamber music, and greater works if the necessary skill and excellence of *ensemble* can be obtained this season. It is a good scheme, and with such an able and unselfish artist at the head the orchestra will be likely to succeed and benefit the cause of music in the city.—Mr. Newman, organist of St. Thomas's Church, has been giving a series of organ recitals weekly, and has received good support from the members of the congregation.—*U. Major*.

## THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Century* has now completed the fifteenth year of its whole career—the fourth under the present name. The average circulation, we are informed, during the past year has been over two hundred thousand per month—a magnificent result, largely due, no doubt, to the "War Papers." Other departments have also been exceptionally strong, notably those of fiction and travel, whilst from an artistic standpoint the premier illustrated monthly has completely out-rivalled itself. During the coming year the War Papers are to be continued, Mr. Howells will have a new novel, Mary Hallock Foote will follow suit, Henry James will bring "The Bostonians" to an end, G. W. Cable will contribute a novelette and a series of sketches of Creole slave-songs and song-dances, Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell and Mr. Pennell will describe a "Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," short stories will appear by Frank Stockton and a host of equally popular writers, and other departments "too numerous to mention" will receive treatment at the hands of able pens and pencils. Of the ultimate number it is only possible here to say that Canadians will naturally turn first to Principal Grant's paper on the "Canada (!) Pacific Railway,"—only, we fear, to finish its perusal with some misgivings. Three papers give reminiscences of Grant, which assist to make yet more lurid the light thrown upon the soldier-statesman. There are numerous other articles, several serial or complete stories, memoranda on the Civil War, open letters, poetry, and the usual editorial departments.



HAD Mr. Stead's defenders entered into a "conspiracy of silence" both they and he might have retained an amount of sympathy even from those who disapproved of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* "revelations." All the defences yet advanced, however, serve but to confirm the judgment of those who condemned the "banquet of nastiness." Amongst the most noteworthy female sympathizers with Mr. Stead's crusade are Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Hopkins, each of whom contributes a paper to the September *Contemporary* (Leonard Scott Reprint). The arguments are of the most flimsy nature, and show an amazing ignorance of life, but may be read with profit as showing why the "purity party" is supported by some good women. "A Dialogue on Novels," by Vernon Lee, is also worthy of thoughtful perusal in this connection, exposing as it does much of the sophistry and pharisaism of social life. Mr. Healy, M.P., has a flippant and impertinent paper on Home Rule, which answers itself, and there are half-a-dozen other articles on various topics from well-known pens.

WITH its latest (October) issue the *English Illustrated Magazine* begins a new volume. As a comparatively young candidate for the suffrages of the reading public its success has been striking, and its advancement artistically in so short a time (taking also into account the low rate of subscription) must have been specially gratifying to cis-Atlantic readers. The literary contents during a year past have testified to the judgment and enterprise of its promoters, whilst the names of contributors to this first number of another volume—Swinburne, Joseph Hatton, Robert Hunter, J. F. Molloy, Bernard H. Becker, Basil Field, and D. Christie Murray—are an earnest of good work to be done in 1885-6.

ANOTHER tale by the late Mrs. Jackson appears in October *Wide-Awake*: "Topsey's Table-cloths." First place, however, is given to a delightful "Story that Mrs. Hildebrand Told," and others, entitled "The Frying-Pan Bonnet," "Pete's Printing Press," etc., follow. "Boy-Shepherds in the African Mountains" is, as its name betokens, a travel-paper. Further instalments of the favourite novels "When I was a Boy in China," "The Governor's Daughters," "A New Departure for Girls," and "The Child's Paradise," also appear, with chapters of the more practical "Heroines of the Poets," "Pleasant Authors for Young Folk," "My Garden Pets," "Souvenirs of my Time," "Ways to do Things," "Some Italian Authors and their Work," poetry, etc.; the whole accompanied and enriched by a wealth of illustration.

THE conductors of *Godey's Ladies' Book* are not content to rest upon their laurels. In the October number they acknowledge a generous meed of support, and at the same time promise an increase of attraction for the coming year, such as must make their magazine irresistible to ladies who desire to be *au courant* with the world of fashion, who are anxious to continually add to their fund of household information, and who withal can appreciate the judicious mingling of these topics with a *souperonne* of fiction, poetry, music and general literature.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for the weeks ending September 26th and October 3rd respectively have the following contents: "A Jesuit Reformer and Poet," "The Liberal Movement in English Literature," "The Krakatoa Eruption, part IV.," "Anarchism in Switzerland, part II.," "Vittoria Colonna," "L'Afrique Spinks," "Thibet," "Norway To-day," "Lord Houghton," "Wild-Flowers of Old London," "A Scotch Porson," "The Caitiff Cat-fish," with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," "Mrs. Dymond," and the usual amount of choice poetry.

### BOOK NOTICES.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS. By James Russell Lowell. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Messrs. Houghton have paid a delicate compliment to the author in adding these "Papers" to their beautiful "Riverside Aldine Series" which the late American Minister to St. James's will know how to appreciate. It would be something more and worse than superfluous to add anything here to what has been already written about the sayings of Mr. Biglow, the Reverend Mr. Wilbur and Mr. Birdofreedom Sawin. No left-handed compliment, therefore, is to be inferred from the fact that attention is rather called to the "Series" of which "The Biglow Papers" forms the last but not the least valuable item. Some little time ago the celebrated Boston house conceived the idea of reprinting representative works by American authors of established reputation after the style of Aldus Manutius—a fifteenth century printer whose books have ever since been regarded as models of elegance as regard the form of type and proportion of page. Six works were issued in this "Aldine Series," when the publishers halted, much to the disappointment of those who love to see good books artistically produced. The resumption of the project, it may be hoped, is indicative of public appreciation sufficient to induce the Messrs. Houghton to swell the "Series" to the proportion of a library.

A WHEEL OF FIRE. By Arlo Bates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The story of an inexorable destiny": so has Mr. Bates' novel been epitomized, and such is about as truthful a description as could be crowded into half-a-dozen words. The author has been fortunate enough to get out of the beaten track in his plot, and is besides master of a most attractive and finished style. "A Wheel of Fire" is actually two stories, running side by side, each told with power, and both full of fascination. All other things being equal, Mr. Bates' novel must attain wide popularity.

THE CANADIAN ELOCUTIONIST. Designed for the use of Colleges, Schools and Self-Instruction. By Anna R. Howard, LL.B. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company.

With manuals innumerable already in existence treating of elocution it might appear difficult to establish a *raison d'être* for yet another. Mrs. Howard, however, it may safely be said, has demonstrated that there remained something to be said upon elocution which had not hitherto been placed within the reach and comprehension of students. In the manual under notice the subject is handled in a thoroughly practical manner. Instructions are given for the physical development of organs necessary for accurate and effective vocalization. These are followed by some remarks upon elementary sounds, pronunciation and accent, which in turn are succeeded by a chapter on the qualities of voice, and another on force and its application in speaking or reading. "Time," "Pitch," "Pauses," "Inflections," "Gesture," are treated in succession, and naturally lead up to some advice how to proceed immediately previous to appearing before an audience. Then come general examples for practice and a large number of selections recommended to the embryo orator or the private reader. Mrs. Howard's system, in a word, is thoroughly comprehensive and easily comprehended, and with the assistance of her book any intelligent youth might make himself a *desideratum* in the social world and a *tour de force* in public assemblies. The author, it should be added, is a teacher of elocution and English literature in Toronto, and is *Canadienne*.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

PROF. BRYCE'S long-expected book on the practical working of American political institutions is understood to be ready for publication.

STEPNIAK is at work upon a new book, which is to be entitled "The Russian Storm-cloud." It will be composed largely of papers printed or still to be printed in the *London Times*.

THE *London Daily News* hears that the principal attraction of the Christmas number of *Harper's Monthly* will be a series of drawings by Du Maurier, illustrating an article on "London in the Season."

MESSRS. HART AND COMPANY are the Toronto publishers of "The Life of John Brown" and "Memoirs of Caroline Bauer"—a fact which we inadvertently omitted to mention in our notices of those works.

THE eloquent eulogy on General Grant by Canon Farrar, delivered at Westminster Abbey on the Sunday preceding General Grant's funeral, has been published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. in a small pamphlet.

A NEW weekly paper, called *To-Day*, appeared in New York last week. It is unique in conception, and describes itself as a "weekly review of art, literature, the stage and society." Mr. Alfred Trumble is the editor.

MOORE'S "Lalla Rookh" is the holiday volume upon which Messrs. Estes and Lauriat have expended the largest share of their energy this season. American artists have made the drawings, which have been reproduced in photo-etching.

THE REV. H. R. HAWES will shortly visit this continent on a lecturing tour. He is expected to visit Montreal and Quebec about the end of October, and will speak in each city. In the former city he will be the guest of Canon Ellegood.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday at Newport on the 3rd current, is still hale and hearty, able to take equestrian exercise, enjoy good dinners, and bids fair to live for many years to wear the honours he has won.

WE (*Book-Buyer*) are authorized to announce that the biography of the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson will be written by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, associate editor of the *Christian Union*, according to the desire expressed by Mrs. Jackson shortly before her death.

MR. SIMS, the popular English journalist and dramatist, has successfully undergone a very dangerous operation for the removal of a cancer from his upper jaw. A part of the jaw had to be cut away, and Mr. Sims underwent the ordeal with the assistance of chloroform.

EVERY book-buyer should possess himself of the "fall announcement number" of *The Publishers' Weekly* (31 and 32 Park Row, New York), a 160 pp. catalogue of the latest additions to book literature, with valuable comment upon them and upon the movements of the publishing market.

THE members of the Royal Family of England seldom go to church more than once on a Sunday. They agree with Lord Melbourne, who once, staying at Nuneham with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt and being invited to attend afternoon service after going in the morning, said: "No, my lord. Once is orthodox; twice is Puritanical."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

BEGINNING with the current number of the *Book Buyer* there will be printed each month a portrait of a famous writer whose picture has not been so often reproduced as to become hackneyed. The October number contains a portrait of R. H. Stoddard. In the November issue a portrait of Mr. George W. Cable, engraved by Mr. Tietz from a photograph, will be given.

THE *Century Publishing Company* forward specimen pages of "St. Nicholas Songs: a Music Book for every Home," containing original music by thirty-two composers written for the poems and jingles of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. The conception is unique, the method of treatment is original, the letter-press perfect, and the *tout ensemble* will doubtless be a "joy for ever."

"AN enterprising person, with a taste for statistics, of this city," says the *Evening Post*, "reports that of the heroines of last year's novels three hundred and seventy-two were blondes and only one hundred brunettes. Considering how poor most of these three hundred and seventy-two were, the brunettes who did not figure in them may well congratulate themselves on their escape."

L. PRANG AND CO. announce for early publication a series of wood-cuts, over two thousand in number, selected from the works of the best artists, and forming an atlas of illustrations of the history of art at different periods. They issue also a practical work on "Mushrooms of America," by Julius A. Palmer, jun., illustrated with coloured plates of different species of mushrooms, both edible and poisonous.

THERE is already in English a translation of Barbo's life of Victor Hugo. Since the poet's death two other biographies have appeared in English, one a careful, critical study by Mr. Cappon, and the other a very faulty compilation by Mr. G. Barnett Smith. Now Chatto and Windus announce "Mr. Swinburne's new prose work, 'Victor Hugo,'" which is, we take it, a collection of the English poet's essays on his French master.

FOR some time now the French have been enjoying what they call five o'clock teas, only they don't have them at five o'clock. Nine o'clock is a favourite hour for these afternoon reunions that Lord Houghton loved so well; and Max O'Rell is authority for the statement that the invitation usually runs "On five o'clock à neuf heures." But this is hardly more absurd than to apply the name of breakfast to what is often a noonday meal, eaten several hours after the first cravings of hunger have been satisfied.—*Critic*.

IT is announced that the private correspondence of Peter the Great will be published this winter. The volume will be printed in the Russian language, but translations will soon after appear. No greater autocrat ever lived than Peter the Great, and his autobiography should be the history of Russia, if it is at all complete. He was a voluminous writer and prized the art of writing so highly that he appointed his former writing master, Sotoff, to the position of court fool—a distinction awarded to the man who could tell the truth most efficiently and pleasantly.—*Mail*.

AN important work on the history of the stage is announced by Cassell and Co. It will be called "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the Days of David Garrick to the Present Time." Brauder Matthews and Laurence Hutton are its editors, and they have secured the co-operation not only of well-known dramatic critics but of leading actors and actresses as well. Thus Henry Irving will write of Edmund Kean, Edwin Booth of his father, Lawrence Barrett of Edwin Forrest, W. J. Florence of Sothorn. Austin Dobson will treat of Garrick, Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive; Henry Norman of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson; H. C. Bunner of Joseph Jefferson; and Mr. Matthews of the Kembles and others.



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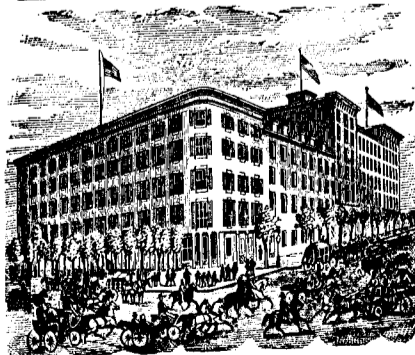
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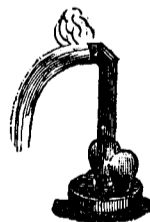
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