

# THE WEEK:

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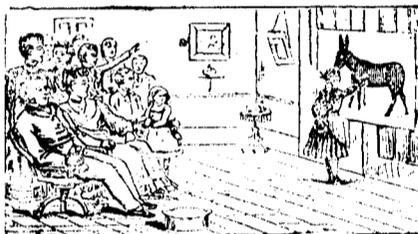
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### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Federation League Meeting	275
The Practical Difficulty in the Way of Federation	275
Progress of the Reciprocity Debate	275
Negotiations for the Removal of the Manitoba Difficulty	275
The Work of the Session of the Ontario Assembly	275
The Municipal-Bonusing and Early Closing Bills	276
The Progress of the Quebec Resolutions	276
Resignation of a Quebec Minister	276
Condition and Prospects of the North-West Indians	276
Mr. Walter Blaine on the Fisheries Treaty	276
International Copyright Discussed	276
The Crown Prince of Germany	277
Sir Morell Mackenzie at the German Court	277
The Porte's Bulgarian Telegram	277
THE CHAIR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE	277
THE FIRST EASTER (POEM)..... M. Le Sueur MacGillis	278
THE LENTEN SEASON AND THE ANGLICAN CHURCH..... G. Mercer Adam	278
OTTAWA LETTER..... Sara J. Duncan	279
A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—IV..... Goldwin Smith	279
KAISER WILHELM (POEM)..... Fidelis	281
INDIVIDUALITY..... C.	281
A SECOND-CLASS TICKET..... Barry Dane	282
CANADIAN FAITH (POEM)..... W. D. Lighthall	284
FROM NEW YORK..... Louis Lloyd	284
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Winnipeg Board of Trade..... Lansing Lewis	285
VILLANELLE..... Seranus	286
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	286
MODERN GUIDES OF ENGLISH THOUGHT IN MATTERS OF FAITH..... E. C. C.	287
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	287
CHESS.....	288

THE meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Imperial Federation League on Saturday evening, was large and enthusiastic. The speeches breathed the spirit of loyalty to the Mother Land and faith in the possibility of realizing the great idea which underlies and animates the League. It is to be regretted that some of the speakers should have thought it necessary to intermingle with their declarations of attachment to Britain and British institutions expressions savouring of hostility to the great English-speaking nation on our borders. These sentiments are, of course, but those of individuals, but they seemed at least unnecessary on the occasion, and must be detrimental rather than helpful to the cause. The policy and diplomacy of the United States are based upon about the same principles as those of Great Britain and other nations. The spirit in which the speeches of Colonel Denison and others were conceived was, in this particular, in marked contrast with that which was so noticeable in the recent addresses of Mr. Chamberlain—those delivered since his return to England as well as those given in Toronto and Washington. The people of the United States will always be our next door neighbours, whatever may be our future relations to the great Empire of which we form a part. They are of the same blood and very much of the same traits as ourselves, and there is no reason why our international relations should not always be pervaded by kindly regard and mutual esteem.

WHILE the enthusiasm of the speakers at the Federation League meeting was all that could be desired, the speeches were still characterized by that absence of practical features which has been so far the conspicuous weakness of the movement. It is, of course, evident, as Mr. McCarthy observed, that it is not for a Colonial Branch of the League to formulate the exact terms of a basis for the federation of the Empire. At the same time it is suggestive of the difficulties with which the question is beset that no such basis, even of the most general kind, has yet been formulated in England itself. Some of the speakers asserted that commercial discrimination in favour of the Colonies was not indispensable to the success of the movement. If this can be shown, the prospects of the final consummation of the federation will be vastly improved. The commercial arrangement seems hitherto to have been regarded as the turning point and crucial test of the scheme. It has loomed up in the distance as the rock on which

it might be doomed to founder. In England there seems to be almost a complete solidarity of sentiment against any change that would involve a return to taxation, however slight, of food products. And yet it could not escape observation that the thoughts of the speakers on the commercial resolution at the Toronto meeting seemed to revolve around this idea of discrimination, or rather to recur to it as a point of special attractiveness. On the whole, however, the managers of the Toronto Branch of the League may congratulate themselves on having given by their meeting a distinct impulse to the movement.

THE debate on the Reciprocity resolution still drags its slow length along, and judging from the large number of members on both sides who still wish to give their views, is not likely to be concluded before the Easter recess. Though the question is of great importance it is one of those upon which the *pros* and *cons* are soon exhausted. After the first two or three speakers on each side had addressed the House there was really little that was new left for any other debater to say. Subsequent speakers were of necessity compelled either to exercise their ingenuity in reproducing the substance of previous speeches in new form, or to turn aside to matters more or less irrelevant. The inconsistency of the present opinions of the leading men on both sides with positions taken on former occasions has been much dwelt upon, and it would be hard to say which party has been most successful in unearthing the embarrassing speeches of opponents. It must be somewhat discouraging to the supporters of the resolution to know while speaking that they are foredoomed to defeat, however they may console themselves with the reflection that such has been the fate of all great reforms in their earlier stages. On the whole the speaking has thus far been above the average, and there have as yet been, happily, few of those violations of the amenities of debate which too often mar the best efforts of parliamentary orators.

THE Manitoba Railway Question is still *sub judice*, or, if a basis of agreement has been reached by the negotiating parties, it has not, at the date of this writing, been given to the public. Considerable excitement was caused last week by the somewhat unceremonious departure of Messrs. Greenway and Martin, the Manitoba Ministers, from Ottawa. They complained, it is said, and not apparently without some reason, of the long delay to which they were required to submit, without explanation or definite promise, at a very inconvenient time, the Manitoba Legislature being in session, and of the scant courtesy with which they were being treated, after having come so far at the request of the First Minister. Since their departure, however, Sir John and his colleagues seem to have been giving earnest attention to the question. An understanding has, it is believed, been come to with the managers of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Messrs. Greenway and Martin have, at Sir John A. Macdonald's request, returned to Ottawa. Rumour has it that a very comprehensive and costly scheme is being elaborated for the removal of the hateful monopoly, and the satisfaction of all the conflicting interests involved in the dispute.

THE Session of the Ontario Legislative Assembly, which came to an end last week, was perhaps not less fruitful of useful local legislation than the average, though there was much waste of time during the first few weeks. The chief political interest of the Session centred, of course, in the debate on the Quebec Resolutions. What practical result will follow the adoption of those resolutions remains to be seen. The adoption of manhood suffrage was so slight an advance on previous legislation that its effect upon the political complexion of the next house cannot be great. If it were otherwise the Government would have been bound by precedent, both British and Canadian, to dissolve the House and appeal to the new constituencies. Even as it is it might be contended with a good deal of force that this course should have been adopted, since after the first of January next, when the new Act comes into operation, there will be a considerable number of electors who had no voice in the selection of the present representatives. Were the parties in the House more evenly divided, so as to afford the Opposition some reasonable hope of success in a new contest, this view of the case would, no doubt, have been more urgently pressed. As matters now stand, neither party having much to gain by a new election, it is not likely that the course of the Government

will be seriously challenged. Prince Edward Island having already adopted Manhood Suffrage in local elections, if the other maritime provinces should follow suit at an early day, which seems not unlikely, it would be very difficult for the Dominion Government to adhere to its cumbersome, complicated, and most expensive Franchise Act.

AMONG the useful and practical measures passed by the Ontario Legislature two are perhaps worthy of special mention, that limiting the power of the municipalities in the matter of bonus-giving, and that providing for early closing of places of business and limiting the hours of labour of employees. Both measures as at first introduced were objectionable; as intermeddling quite too much with local and personal freedom of action. As amended in the House and in Committee their provisions seem in the main eminently reasonable and just. Instead of taking away, as at first proposed, from municipalities the right of granting bonuses for the encouragement of local industries under any circumstances, the Municipal Statutes are now amended so as to make a two-thirds majority of all those in the municipality entitled to vote, necessary to its bestowal. This affords a pretty sure guarantee of the rights of citizens, and will be found to approach practically very near to absolute prohibition, while it avoids arbitrary interference with local autonomy. The Early Closing Bill as finally passed consists of two parts, one permissive, the other compulsory. The permissive clauses provide that a certain hour for closing shall be fixed by the municipal councils if three-fourths of the occupiers of shops petition in favour of it; or a council may of its own motion close the shops in any line of business or in all, at any hour not earlier than seven p.m. The compulsory part of the Bill limits the hours of labour for boys under fourteen and girls under sixteen years of age—though the limit, seventy-four hours per week, is still a very wide one—and enacts, most mercifully, that “the occupier of any shop in which are employed females shall at all times provide and keep therein a sufficient and suitable seat or chair for the use of every such female, and shall permit her to use such seat or chair when not necessarily engaged in the work or duty for which she is employed in such shop.” Such an enactment ought not to be necessary in a civilized and Christian community, but if necessary, as facts unhappily show, should be made by every Government with the least possible delay.

THE Legislatures of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, which are now in session, have lost no time in adopting the Quebec Resolutions. In the case of New Brunswick, after an animated debate, the vote for adoption fell short by only four “noes” of being unanimous. In the Nova Scotia Legislature, the resolutions were passed by about the usual party majority, and, strange to say, without debate beyond a two-hour speech made by the Premier in introducing them. This hasty action seems to have been the result of accident rather than design. In fact, it is said that honourable members on both sides of the House having elaborate speeches in preparation, were not a little chagrined at the unexpected turn of affairs. The motion was, it appears, put somewhat hastily by the Speaker, when, during a moment of hesitation, some honourable members, whether in jest or earnest, called for the “Question.” At least such is one version of the affair. Manitoba may be relied on to give her sanction to the Resolutions promptly on the reassembling of the House. The next step, it is understood, will take the form of a deputation, consisting of the Premiers of the respective Provinces, who will go to England to lay the resolutions at the foot of the Throne, that is, of the British Ministry. What will be the final issue it is useless to conjecture.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused in local political circles by the resignation of Hon. Mr. McShane, Minister of Public Works in the Quebec Cabinet. The result, which has long been expected, is due primarily to jealousies which have long been growing between the Quebec Nationalists and the Irish Catholics, who regarded Mr. McShane as their representative in the Cabinet. The affair is no doubt a source of serious embarrassment to Mr. Mercier, who is understood to have been personally loath to accept Mr. McShane's resignation. It is scarcely probable, however, that Mr. McShane's retirement will lead, as the Conservatives are predicting, to the upbreak of the Liberal Cabinet of Quebec. Mr. Mercier has, evidently, some heterogeneous and discordant elements to deal with in the party he leads, but he has proved himself to be a leader of large resources, and may be able to turn the difficulty to advantage by reconstructing his Cabinet on a more stable basis. His hold on the Province has, on the whole, been greatly strengthened since his accession to office. Yet the situation has in it many elements of difficulty and danger, which a well organized and

harmonious Opposition would have been able to make use of to its advantage. The absence of such an opposition is one of the circumstances in Mr. Mercier's favour. Some interest will attach to the account which it is said Mr. McShane will shortly render to his Montreal constituents.

SOME of the rumours concerning alleged dissatisfaction and unrest amongst the North-West Indians seem almost too direct to be utterly devoid of foundation. However, Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, whose authority, as Indian Commissioner, ought to be good, scouts the idea that there is danger of trouble. If trouble results it is pretty evident that the Government agents and the Commissioner will be in fault; for it is in the last degree improbable that the Indians will go on the war-path except under pressure of starvation. Mr. Dewdney is no doubt right in the opinion that the present system of keeping the various tribes on various reserves is much better than any of the schemes talked of for placing them all on one reservation or territory. It is very satisfactory to learn that the health of the red man is improving, and the rate of mortality diminishing, since he has given up his nomadic mode of life. But few will agree with Mr. Dewdney that the Indian problem presents no difficulties. That problem is not simply how to keep the Indian alive, or to improve his health. It is how to make him a self-supporting citizen in the shortest possible time. It would be a fatal mistake to regard the reserve system as permanent, or as anything but a stage in the process of civilization. What people should ask and insist on knowing definitely is what progress is being made in the work of civilizing and educating both parents and children? How large a proportion of the Indian children are at school, and learning industrial pursuits, for the two kinds of education should always go together in their case at least? Could the work of assigning farms in severalty to the most industrious and hopeful families and young men be commenced with any hope of success? We ought all to know a great deal more about the North-West Indians than we do.

ACCORDING to present indications it would not be surprising if the Fisheries Treaty should be discussed almost simultaneously in the American Senate and the Canadian Commons. The discussion is still going on in the newspapers of the United States. Amongst others, the *New York Tribune* has recently published a long letter from Walter Blaine, a son of the ex-candidate for the Presidency. This letter has attracted attention, perhaps more because of the natural suspicion that it represents the views of the father than of any special weight attaching to the utterances of the son. Mr. Blaine writes from Chicago, and so represents to some extent what an exchange describes as “that broad Western view of this dispute which regards the interest of Maine and Massachusetts in the cod and mackerel of Canada as extremely small in comparison with the general interests of the country, and which holds it to be the utmost folly to sacrifice to a local interest the commercial intercourse of two friendly neighbours.” He speaks with respect of the opinion that “our eternal bicker over the right to catch cod or mackerel is one unworthy the dignity of a great country.” Mr. Walter Blaine says that there are but two ways of settling the Fisheries dispute: Commercial reprisals against Canada, or commercial union and reciprocity. The President, in his opinion, should use the power vested in him by Congress to “deprive Canada of all business relations with this country,” or “to grant to her” a treaty of reciprocity “on the basis of unrestrained interchange of products.” This is illogical enough, seeing that there is open to the United States the third plan, that of adopting the Chamberlain Treaty; unless indeed he considers this treaty as no real settlement. This treaty, according to Mr. Walter Blaine's own admission, contains some concessions beyond those which are, in his view, demanded in the interests of international justice. This is especially the case in regard to the question of bays and harbours. Referring to the decision of the Board of Arbitration in 1857, that bays ten miles in width were to be considered as the open sea, he says that this is “a principle reasonable in itself, founded upon the distinctions of international law as laid down by the older writers, and recognized and admitted by many statesmen in Great Britain and by nearly all those of other countries whose opinion is of value.” This from a leading Republican is certainly a remarkable, though frank and honest, admission. “But what then,” asks an American exchange, “will become of our claim to exclusive jurisdiction over Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay?”

THE agitation in favour of an international copyright law is being pushed with considerable vigour by many prominent men in the United States. It is a hopeful sign when speakers and writers on such a question cease to speculate on the effect which an honest recognition of the claims

of justice would have on the price of the commodity, and begin to carry on the discussion on the broad ground of individual and national righteousness. In answering an invitation to a public meeting in Buffalo in the interests of international copyright, Bishop Coxe recently used the following bold words: "We owe it to our country to relieve her from her present discreditable position in the republic of letters; a position which the civilized nations regard as piratical. Please call attention to the fact that, after all, it is not so much the disgrace as the injustice of which we should be ashamed." Other distinguished men wrote in the same strain. Similar expressions abound in other influential circles. There can be but little doubt that the triumph of justice is now but a question of time, and it may be hoped, of a very short time.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the Crown Prince of Germany is not the unfeeling wretch and the military firebrand he is pictured by the newspaper correspondents. Otherwise his accession to power, which there is reason to fear must come all too soon, can scarcely fail to be the signal for a general European conflagration. It is not unlikely that the portrait presented of him is at least greatly overdrawn. If he is as represented, brusque in manner and democratic in feeling, he is just the character liable to be misunderstood in the Court circles in which he moves. There is at least a palpable contradiction between the representation of him as a man of harsh and war-loving disposition, and that which shows him as an idol of the common people. The professional soldier may, indeed, admire such a character. But the toiling masses in Germany, as elsewhere, cannot be lovers of war, or of those who would involve them needlessly in its hardships and horrors. European wars are generally waged by despots or dynasties. All the interests of the people are opposed to war, and it can scarcely be credited that their sympathies would be with the man who would lead them into it, unless in defence of the national honour. It is on the common people that the enormous burdens of modern warfare fall most heavily. They have to pay the taxes. Theirs it is to make the forced marches, to occupy the trenches, to shed the blood, while the favoured few carry off the honours and reap the rewards of victory. It is incredible that the people should long for the enthronement of a fighting monarch, or that if Prince William is really their friend and favourite, he can be impatient to lead the national army to the battlefield.

THE presence of Dr. Mackenzie at the Berlin Court in attendance on Emperor Frederick has revealed the people, and especially the professional men, of Germany in a new aspect. We have been accustomed to regard the Germans as a staid, reasonable people, as little likely as any other to be influenced by baseless prejudices and antipathies. Their renowned men of science we have supposed to move on a higher plane than that of common life, a plane exalted far above the reach of the petty jealousies and rivalries which abound at less serene altitudes. And yet, if the reports which are daily reiterated can be relied on, the masses are ready to mob and kill the foreign doctor who is doing his best to save the life of their sovereign, for no other crime than that of being a Briton, and even doctors and professors of high standing are eyeing him with a dislike scarcely less malignant. It is not wonderful that the Empress should have resolved to have her royal husband in the hands of one of her own nation, whether the preference is justifiable on the grounds of good policy, or superior professional skill, or not.

THERE are no indications of change in the Bulgarian situation, though some weeks have elapsed since the Porte notified M. Stambouloff, the Bulgarian First Minister, that the election of Prince Ferdinand was illegal. It is not very likely that the Porte expected any practical result to follow its notification. The suddenness with which Turkey, after so long hesitation, yielded to Russian pressure, and the singularly hasty and informal mode in which the notification was transmitted, have naturally given rise to some speculation. Perhaps the most probable conjecture is that the telegram was regarded as a convenient way of complying with the letter of the treaty obligation, and at the same time conveying a hint that the notification was merely formal and perfunctory, and might be disregarded with impunity. The Porte is evidently not anxious to force the matter to a crisis. Turkey can better afford to have her mild mandate disobeyed by a State whose vassalage is pretty well known to be now little more than nominal, than to have her precarious seat of empire subjected to the shock of a collision of the great European Powers. It is certainly doing no injustice to a Government so renowned for its subtle diplomacy to suspect that it did not without some design depart from its customary deliberate method, and resort to the electric telegraph for the transmission of an important State document.

### THE CHAIR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THE long-contemplated step of strengthening the staff of Toronto University by the appointment of a professor of political science is about to be taken. In accordance with the course customarily pursued when a vacancy of this sort is to be filled, the announcement has been widely circulated. Advertisements have been inserted in leading English and American newspapers, and no doubt a large number of applications from those quarters, from men in many respects well qualified to fill the position, will be presented for the consideration of the Education Department. It is specially desirable that in instituting a chair of this description the best available talent should be secured, and that no considerations other than those of fitness should influence the selection.

The importance of this new departure in university teaching can hardly be over-estimated, when we bear in mind that everywhere economic questions are coming to the front with ever-increasing urgency. The rapidly changing social and political conditions demand the revision of old formulas lately considered as finalities. Theories which have long been generally accepted as a matter of course are being largely discarded or assailed. The dogmas of one or other school of political economy have become partisan battle cries in the mouths of men often grossly ignorant of the fundamental principles of economic science. Under such circumstances it is essential to the success of the new department that the professor to whom it is entrusted should possess something more than book-knowledge. The post is one which demands in addition not merely tact and judgment to avoid even the suspicion that it is being made the stalking-horse to advance partisan interests, but extensive acquaintance with purely local conditions. No one having the true interests of education at heart can have any sympathy with the outcry against "imported" professors or the demand that none but Canadians should be selected to fill university chairs. A similar contention that only natives should be honoured with the leading educational posts would be indignantly scouted in the great universities of Europe or the United States, where, as a rule, the broadest cosmopolitanism prevails and merit is the only recognized standard. But there is nothing of chauvinistic narrow-mindedness in giving due emphasis to the fact that among the special qualifications needed to fit any applicant for this position, not the least is a thorough knowledge of the actual political conditions in Canada, and especially in Ontario, such as few, if any, outsiders are likely to possess. It must be remembered that political science is much wider and more comprehensive in its scope than political economy. In order to impart to Canadian students such a practical training as will efficiently equip them to deal with political and economic questions, a merely technical knowledge of abstract principles, no matter how profound, will not be sufficient. The teacher should be able to show the bearing of those principles upon existing laws and institutions and the subjects of current discussion. To do this he must know something of the constitution of the Dominion and the Province, and their relations in the past. He should be fairly conversant with the general course of Provincial and Dominion legislation, especially where it has modified the law of contracts and the relations between employer and employed. He ought to be familiar with the history and growth of our educational system, and to know something of the special forms assumed by the labour question in this country. The subject of extradition and other treaties affecting our relations with our neighbours—the share we have had in making them and the measure of freedom we enjoy under them as a *quasi*-nationality—presents a wide and intricate field with which it is hardly possible that a stranger to Canada, no matter how great his general attainments, would have any such acquaintance as it is most desirable that a professor of political science in the leading Canadian university should possess.

To sum up, let the applicants for the post by all means be judged by their qualifications, but in doing so it ought to be borne in mind that one of the principal qualifications is such an intimate knowledge of political and social conditions as can only have been acquired by close observation and study. The origin, nationality, or present place of residence of the applicant are not worth a moment's consideration. But familiarity with past and existing Canadian laws, institutions, and traditions, with our industrial and educational polity and the features of our public life, is such an important requisite to the successful discharge of the duties of the position that even the most brilliant attainments in the way of theoretical scholarship could hardly compensate for its absence.

LORD DUFFERIN'S Indian career has been one of personal popularity and political success; and whatever differences of opinion may exist regarding his measures, it may be said that his administration as a whole has been characterized by singular ability, clear-sighted statesmanship, and consistent regard for the welfare of the Empire.—*Calcutta Englishman*.

### THE FIRST EASTER.

THE holy morning dawneth fair and clear,  
 And white-robed angels stand a-listening near  
 The sacred spot where the dear Lord was laid.  
 They wait and listen joyfully to greet  
 The first out-goings of His glorious feet ;  
 While gazing raptured on the risen face,  
 "More marred than any man's," but full of grace  
 And love ineffable.  
 The sweet spring-time more balmy seems this morn,  
 While breath of roses on the air is borne,  
 And spicy odours from the cedar trees,  
 And tall white lilies nodding in the breeze.  
 But lo ! the eastern sky is all alight,  
 The rose and gold have chased away the night,  
 Rejoicing Nature hails her rising King,  
 And e'en the feathered songsters as they sing,  
 High in the arching branches over head,  
 Seem carolling, "The Lord is risen indeed."  
 For He *hath* risen unseen by mortal eye,  
 Death's conqueror left the tomb all silently,  
 Only the angels saw the risen Lord,  
 One moment, then fell prostrate and adored.  
 Into the garden Jesus walked unknown,  
 Where Mary sorrowing sought her Lord alone,  
 "Where have they laid Him, canst thou tell me where,"  
 One look, one word, and Easter dawned for her.

Winnipeg.

M. LE SUEUR MACGILLIS.

### THE LENTEN SEASON AND THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

DESPITE the prevalence of unbelief and the eclipse of faith which recently threatened Christendom, it is assuring to note in the general observance of the recurring Lenten season the hold the Church still has on the world and the influence it continues openly to exercise on society and its votaries. It may be said that this influence is more or less nominal, and that the suspension by fashionable society of its distractions and dissipations during the ecclesiastical season of Lent is only a polite tribute to religion. This in part may be admitted, though it is not wholly the truth ; nor does it do justice to the adherents at any rate of those Churches which observe the season. There may not be that strictness in the observance of Lent, or that rigid abstention from the pomps and vanities, as well as from the good things of the world, which the Church enjoins ; neither may there be that increased diligence in alms-giving and deeds of charity which we are called upon to observe. But the season nevertheless is not unmarked, for not only is there an absolute cessation of society's pleasures and the outward and seemingly faithful observance of the period of fasting, but, if we may take the Anglican Churches in Toronto as proof, Lent has its reverent religious observers and the Church its daily and devout worshippers. As Easter Day approaches, still less is it seen that the respectable and reputable world at least is indifferent to that great festival of the Church which commemorates the central fact of the Christian system, or that society in any appreciable degree really chafes at the restraints of religion. It is true that the great body of Dissent takes notice of neither the festival nor the season which precedes it. But this may not long be the case if the Churches are to draw closer to each other, and denominational barriers are to fall before the fervid onslaught of brotherly love and the wand of union.

But is Church Union, though it may be largely, and from the best motives earnestly, discussed at the present day, really a practicable or essential thing, save among those denominations that are akin in doctrine and in mode of Church government? We think not. Nor do we see the desirability of any fusion which shall appear forced and discordant. For ourselves, while we do not fail to appreciate the spirit which prompts to unity, we are content to see some division of labour amongst the Churches, and deem diversity itself not only a natural thing but one of the best factors in keeping the denominations from contracting rust. It is true that there is much in common among all Protestant communions: there is the same enemy to fight and the same heaven to be won. But foes have been conquered with a variety of weapons, and the abode of the blest has many mansions. Historically, there is a bond between the Methodist and the Anglican Churches, but they have now drifted far apart. John Wesley, it is true, never assumed an attitude of antagonism to the National Church, while his brother Charles always remained a minister of the body, and never gave up orders. What the Wesleys did was to undertake a special mission to the poor, and, at a time of great worldliness, religious formalism, and class separation, to shape an ecclesiastical polity and a form of worship adapted to the wants of the many. What in England has helped the Church they founded was not so much its separation from the State as this adaptation to the needs of the masses. Here in Canada, in bygone

days at any rate, this also has been the secret of its success. To-day, however, and speaking broadly, the Anglican Church cannot be charged either with exclusiveness or with class indifference. Whatever may be the case in some few places of worship in the cities, in the country towns and rural districts, at any rate, it is essentially a missionary Church. To realize this, one has only to go among its mission stations, and see how it opens its doors to the poor and to the spiritually destitute in the backwoods. Episcopacy in Canada, moreover, has lived down the odium of its early connection with a State Church, though its people, in the matter of giving, have not yet become so enamoured of voluntarism as to do all that they might do in behalf of the Church's organization and its missionary extension. It is confessedly hard to turn one's back on bequests and endowments from outside sources, and to rise superior to the spirit that receives clerical subventions and State aid. But this spirit will disappear with time, and to time's influence will be added that of the increasing local wealth of the Church.

With all its drawbacks, and amid the active rivalry of other communions, the Anglican Church in Canada continues to maintain its grand historic character, and very noticeably to gain ground, particularly among the more educated classes with conservative tendencies. To such its liturgy is attractive, while its doctrines are reasonable. In structure it is of course more or less composite ; but a knowledge of the fact is rather advantageous than otherwise, save that it tends somewhat to encourage religious polemics, and to offer a tempting field, among other things, for the play of belligerent ecclesiastical journalism. Aside from this, however, the Church presents itself in a fair and comely guise. It has a learned, pious, and self-sacrificing clergy, an attractive ritual, and a form of government which is neither irksome nor inquisitorial. Moreover, it imposes upon one's reason and conscience as little in the way of obscure dogma and metaphysical subtleties as one cares to accept. There is room within its fold for people who hold different views ; and the number is increasing within its pale who, holding these diverse views, do not wish to impose them upon others, or, when they are raised, do not want the Church to be made untenable by their acrid and fruitless discussion. They seek in the Church, in a quiet way, the comforts and associations of old and endeared forms of worship, with neither the chill of extreme Evangelicism nor the fervent heat of ultra High-Churchism. They have no wish to prevent people from discussing, after their own fashion, and outside the sacred walls, all the doctrines and ceremonies they have a mind to discuss. What they do want is to apply the clôtüre in such discussions upon those who would bring discredit on religion, and at the same time enfeeble or wreck the Church. Of the distraction of present-day ecclesiastical controversies they are heartily sick ; and, happily for the peace of the Church, there are signs that these wretched controversies are at last wearing themselves out. But for frenzied editors and pugnacious contributors to the denominational journals, with the thumbscrew and "fire and faggot" policy which actuates them, they would long since have disappeared.

When an institution stands in place of a principle, whatever *raison d'être* there may be for its existence, there will rally its defenders, and around its walls will the battle fitfully rage. This seems specially to be true of the two local colleges of the Church, one of which, being founded in secession, is maintained as a rival institution, and, however it may seek to avoid doing so, it necessarily perpetuates discord, or at least precludes hope of union. There may be no help for this state of things, at least so long as extreme views are held by Churchmen on either side, and while good feeling and Christian charity are alike powerless to disarm hostility and to dispel suspicion. But why should extreme views nowadays be held by any one, or, if held, why should they be constantly and offensively thrust in one's face? If men were only tolerant, and would exercise a becoming moderation, should we not see a ready agreement, and would not the gulf of separation speedily be bridged? In these recent years, have we not thrashed out all the controversies that have well-nigh rent the Church, besides sowing the dragon-teeth of hate, and seriously retarding her work? Surely the sores have long enough been kept open ; may they not now be suffered to be healed? Moreover, have not both sides had their innings? After the Revolution, did not the clergy oppose alterations in worship in the direction of ultra-Evangelicism ; and in our own day have they not opposed innovations in the direction of an extreme Ritual?

In the Church's formularies, it may be admitted, there always lurks the danger of Ritualistic reaction and sacerdotal assumption, from which only the most vigilant Evangelicism, it would seem, can deliver us. But if this is a real menace, why is it that the Reformed Episcopal Church has been a failure, and why have our services of recent years, even in so-called Evangelical Churches, become more ornate? Does it not show that in these days of æstheticism a certain amount of ritual is, if not desirable, far from being objectionable, so long, of course, as Ritualism does not assume the form of a conspiracy and seek to restore mediæval practices and unprotestantize the Church? If this can be affirmed, what is now to prevent a compromise? Theoretically such a settlement is held to be bad ; but in practice has it not often been fraught with good? It is true that, in the history of movements in the Church in the last half-century, there are reasons which both sides can advance for alienation and mutual distrust. But in the issue of things have parties in the Church learnt no lesson from their bitter wranglings, and over the ashes of the strife must there in the coming time brood no spirit of peace? If this be the case, what a mockery are our Lenten fasts and searchings of heart, and how vain for us that the "Christ has risen!" G. MERCER ADAM.

## OTTAWA LETTER.

## A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—IV.

In the Commons, the debate which will give its name to the Session of 1888 steadily goes on. Every day's *Hansard* adds something, if not to the main arguments *pro* and *con.*, at least to their bearing upon the interests of classes and sections of the country for which honourable gentlemen speak. Failing which, it is very illuminative of the rhetorical methods whereby honourable gentlemen induce themselves to believe they are making this contribution to the discussion, when they are not. So that the student of his country's affairs and of human nature under Parliamentary conditions can hardly do better than provide himself with the two or three hundred pages of this official report. A glance at the decorations of the speeches alone would repay the effort. Our legislators seem to understand very fully the value of poetry as a weapon of debate, but the extracts which they hurl across the House show an amusing choice of arms. Some of them are so old that they actually won't go off. Witness:

A primrose by the river's bank,  
A yellow primrose was to him;  
And it was—and it was—and  
It wasn't anything but a primrose, gentlemen!

For the horticultural-commercial connection the reader will have to consult his imagination—I have forgotten it. Other ancient quotations, though rusty in the service, still do dire execution, as the invocation of the witches in *Macbeth* and Poe's depressing remarks to the Raven, by which the Opposition, doubtless suffering severely, have been compelled to hear their policy illustrated. Perhaps the duties of our legislators are too engrossing for a very general or intimate acquaintance with the Muses as various of our fellow mortals have been privileged to introduce them to us. Somebody should suggest to these gentlemen, however, that time might be saved, and important information gained perhaps, by using merely an introductory line or two of their poetic resources, and depending upon the conscience and memory of the other side. The mere displaying of such formidable metrical bombs ought to cause the widest dismay without any necessity for their explosion whatever.

Ottawa unprivileged at Rideau is not very well amused, except by Parliament. "The House" is lecture-room, concert hall, theatre, magic lantern show, menagerie and all to the dwellers in Canada's Capital, so unfortunately in this respect "off the line" of the travelling companies. And it is free. This is a world of compensations. When a stray opportunity, like a comet, or Matthew Arnold, does visit Ottawa, therefore, it is gratefully received. Even such a meteor as Max O'Rell was bravely applauded in his dazzling track eastward last week. I believe you did not hear Monsieur Blouet in Toronto. That is a pity; hardly so much because you missed this clever Frenchman's observations, for many of them are to be found in his books, but also because you missed the gentleman himself, whose individuality as it is expressed upon the platform is abundantly entertaining. Monsieur Blouet is a very unconventional lecturer in his disposition of himself and of his ideas. He is a perfect master of a curious kind of sleight of thought, to the expression of which his contemptuous curve of lip, his look of ironical indifference, and his perfect control of his features lend themselves admirably. His lecture is much more entertaining than his books, not only because of the personality that accompanies, but because it is a condensation of such good things as appear only at intervals of several pages in *John Bull* or *Friend Macdonald*. The personality is potent though. It is one thing to say that Mons. Blouet found the American servant girls "simply reduced to duchesses," and quite another to hear him say that he did. The impression was very general that the lecturer expected his audience to be more French than it was. Of "Jacques Bonhomme and John Bull," Jacques was let off much the more easily.

We are a curious people in literary matters, as "Soranus" and "Sarepta" proved in the *Empire* some time ago, and as Mr. Bain and his committee probably compelled the Hon. the Minister of Customs to concede last week. It is to be hoped that this will not be the only concession that the interview of the gentlemen who want free books for free libraries will result in. Our present theory of taxing the rich man's luxuries rather than the poor man's necessities is not very well illustrated by a duty on books technical and other, intended not for trade purposes, but for the direct benefit of the people, which must deprive the shelves of the smaller struggling institutions of this kind of many volumes with which they should be supplied. This rigorous treatment of ourselves is supplemented by the twelve and a half per cent. which we very properly impose on all reprints of British copyrighted works, issued in the United States. This we collect and remit to the Imperial authorities, with a list of the works on which it is collected, and by them it is divided in proper proportion among the holders of the copyright. By a less conscientious obedience of the law we need not send a dollar of this money to England, as we are compelled to remit only the amount in excess of the cost of collection, and the cost of collection is more than double the amount collected, the services of an official being required at some ports for this purpose alone. So that although the sum itself is not large, being last year only \$1,236.52 all told, we do penance pretty severely for the sin of receiving stolen goods, and it is to be hoped that the recording angel who is spiritual secretary for the International Copyright League, and all that thereto appertains, will not forget to put it down to our credit.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

"THE British infantry," said the French General Foy, "is the best; fortunately there is very little of it." Of the cavalry there is still less. Sea-girt Britain owed the preservation of her political liberties in no small measure to the absence of any necessity for a great standing army. Even now, when instead of being girt by any sea her members are scattered over the globe, and five-sixths of the population of her Empire are in Asia, her standing army is a mere "thin red line" compared with the hosts of the great military Powers. Seventy thousand British soldiers hold India, with its two hundred and fifty millions of people. Of the Duke of Wellington's seventy thousand at Waterloo, not thirty thousand were British, and it is doubtful whether England has ever put more than thirty thousand men of her own on any field of battle. The stranger, therefore will see little of the military manifestations of power, or of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war. In St. James' Park he may see, and if he cares for the Old Flag, he will see not without proud and pensive emotion, the march of the Guards. Thirty years ago, had he been standing on that spot, he might have seen the Guards march in with the majestic simplicity which marks the triumph of the true soldier, their uniforms and bearskins weather-stained by Crimean storms, and their colours torn with the shot of Alma and Inkerman. He may also see the array of Cuirassiers, superb and glittering, but a relic of the past; for, since the improvement of the rifle, the Cuirassier, whose armour would be pierced like pasteboard, has become almost as useless as an elephant. These corps are also memorials of the times in which the army was an appanage of the aristocracy, who amused their youth with soldiering, went through no professional training, and as leaders of the troops in the field were, as Carlyle says, "valiant cocked hats upon a pole." Valiant the cocked hat, beyond question, was, as many a hillside stained with blood, and with the blood of the Guards not least, proved; and as even Fontenoy, though a lost field, could bear witness. But Lord Cardwell and Lord Wolseley changed all this. The British army is now, like the armies of the Continent, professional: it will henceforth bring science as well as valour into the field. Those who would see it manoeuvre must go to Aldershot.

To Aldershot the visitor must go to see the regular army; but by going to the Volunteer Review at Easter, wherever it may be held, or even to one of the district reviews, he may see the military spirit combined with the patriotism of the country. What the volunteers are actually worth as a force in case of war it must be left to the professional soldier to determine. They are good stuff, at all events, for an army, and some of the corps are well drilled. But the Volunteer movement may be safely pronounced the most wholesome that there has been in England for many a year. More than anything else on the social or political horizon it gives reason for hope that the destinies of the country will be determined in the last resort by the spirit which has made it great.

The other and the stronger arm of England is to be seen at Portsmouth and Plymouth, unless you should be lucky enough to come in for a display of its full might at a naval review. But the British navy no longer appears in the guise of the great sailing ships which fifty years ago we used to see moving in their majesty and beauty over the waters of Plymouth Sound or of Spithead. The very name sailor is now, as regards the navy, almost an anachronism. Old Admiral Farragut, when desired by his Government to transfer his flag from a wooden ship to an ironclad, replied, that he did not want to go to what the Revised Version calls Hades in a tea-kettle. To Hades in a tea-kettle, in case of a naval war, many a British seaman would now go. These wonderful machines, the latest offspring of the science of destruction, are fraught with far more terrible thunders than the ships of Rodney and Nelson; but the grandeur and romance of the navy are gone. What will be the result of a collision between two of these monsters, with their armour, their colossal guns, and their torpedoes, who can undertake to say? It is difficult to believe that the old qualities of the British tar, his aptitude for close fighting and for boarding, would preserve their ascendancy unimpaired. It is difficult also to believe that in these days of steam it would be as easy as once it was to guard the shores of the island against the sudden descent of an enemy. But these are the dread secrets of the future. Some of the men-of-war of former days may still be seen laid up at the war ports; and, no doubt, while her timbers can hold together, the *Victory* will be preserved, and we shall be allowed to see the spot on which Nelson fell. But the best memorial of the old British navy, perhaps, is Turner's picture of the *Fighting Temeraire*.

Still Great Britain is an island. The maritime tastes of her people are strong; and though steam-yachts are coming in, at Cowes and on Southampton Water the beauty of the sailing vessel, though not the majesty of the line of battle ship under canvas, is yet to be seen.

The immense debt of England to her sailors is not unworthily represented by Greenwich Hospital, which is also a fit monument of William and Mary. A monument it now is and nothing more. The veterans are no longer to be seen grouped in its courts on a summer day and talking about their battles and voyages. The rules of the institution galled them, and they preferred to take their pensions, with homes of their own, though on the humblest scale.

In describing almost any other land than England, notably in describing France, we should go first to its capital, as the centre of its life. But in England the centre of life is not in the capital, but in the country; hitherto at least this has been the case, though now, in England as elsewhere, there is an ominous set of population from the country to the city. Hitherto country society has been the best society, ownership of land in the country has been the great object of ambition, the country has been the chief seat of political power, and for that as well as for the social reason land has

borne a fancy price. Every lawyer, physician, and man of business has looked forward after making his fortune in the city to ending his life in a country house; every city mechanic has kept, if he could, some plant or bird to remind him of the country. A charm attaches in all our minds to the idea of English country life. The organization of that life, widely different from anything which exists on this continent, may be surveyed, in a certain sense, from the train. Everywhere in the rural districts as you shoot along your eye catches the tower or spire of the parish church, with the rectory adjoining, the hall of the squire, the homestead of the tenant farmer, and the labourer's cottage. The little dissenting chapel, which steals away a few religious rustics from the parish church, and represents social as well as religious antagonism to the "squirearchy and hierarchy," hardly anywhere obtrudes itself on the view. The parish is the Unit; it is thoroughly a unit so far as the common people are concerned, not only of rural administration but of society and gossip. Every one of its denizens knows everything about all the rest, and usually none of them knows much about the world outside. Any one who wished to lie hid could not choose a worse hiding-place than one of these apparently sequestered communities, in which not only no strange man but no strange dog could well escape notice for twenty-four hours. The parish is the unit, and the parish church is still the centre. Even those who go to the meeting-house to hear the Methodist preacher go to the church for christenings, marriages, and burials. The farmer, though no theologian, is a Churchman by habit; he likes to meet his fellow-farmers at church on Sunday and to gossip with them after and before service; not to do so seems to him unsocial.

The clergyman is the parish almoner; by him or his wife, a personage who, if she is good and active, is second only to him in importance, charitable and philanthropic organizations are headed. When he plays his part well he is the general friend and adviser, and his parsonage is the centre of the village civilization. Herbert's country parson is realized in his life. But the king of the little realm is the master of the hall, which is seen standing in the lordly seclusion of its park. "The stately homes of England," is a phrase full of poetry to our ears, and the life of the dwellers in such homes, as fancy presents it, is the object of our envious admiration. Life in a home of beauty, with family portraits and memories, fair gardens, and ancestral trees, with useful and important occupations such as offer themselves to the conscientious squire, yet without any of the dust and sweat of the vulgar working world, ought to be not only pleasant but poetic; and the "Sumner Place" of Tennyson's *Talking Oak*, no doubt, has its charming counterpart in reality. But all depends on the voluntary performance of social duties, without which life in the loveliest and most historic of manor houses is merely sybaritism, aggravated by contrast with the opportunities and surroundings; and unfortunately the voluntary performance of duty of any kind is not the thing to which human nature in any of us is most inclined. Not one man in a hundred, probably, will undergo real labour of an unambitious kind without the spur of need or ambition. The country gentlemen of England are seldom dissolute, the healthiness of their sports in itself is an antidote to filthy sensuality; but many of them are sportsmen and nothing more. Their temper and the temper of all those around them is apt to be tried by a long frost which suspends fox-hunting; and they too often close a useless life by a peevish or morose old age. We have heard of one who, after riding all his life after the fox, ended his days alone in a great mansion with no solace when he was bedridden, but hearing his huntsman call over the hounds at his bedside; and of another, who being paralyzed on one side could find no diversion for his declining years but preserving rabbits, which eat up no small portion of the produce of his estate, and going out to shoot them in a cart, seated on a music-stool by turning on which he could manage to get his shot. Till lately, however, the squire at all events lived in his country-house among his tenants and people; even Squire Western did this and he thus retained his local influence and a certain amount of local popularity. But now the squire, infected by the general restlessness and thirst of pleasure, has taken to living much in London or in the pleasure cities of the Continent. The tie between him and the village has thus been loosened, and in many cases entirely broken. The first Duke of Wellington, whenever he could be spared from the Horse Guards and the House of Lords, used to come down to Strathfieldsaye, do his duty as a country gentleman, show hospitality to his neighbours, and go among his people; his successor came down now and then to a battue, bringing his party with him from town. And now another blow, and one of the most fatal kind, is about to be struck at squirearchy by political reform. Hitherto the old feudal connection between land and local government has been so far retained that the chief landowners, as justices of the peace, have administered rural justice and collectively managed the affairs of the county in Quarter Sessions. The justice, no doubt, has sometimes been very rural, especially in the case of the poacher, but the management has been good, and it has been entirely free from corruption. Government by the people would be the best if it were really government by the people; unfortunately what it really is too often and tends everywhere to be, is government by the Boss. Quarter Sessions, however, are now, in deference to the tendencies of the age, to be replaced by elective councils, from which the small local politician is pretty sure to oust the squire, who, thus left without local dignity or occupation, will have nothing but field sports to draw him to his country seat.

Even of field sports the end may be near. Game-preserving will die unlamented by anybody but the game-preserver, for slaughtering barn-door pheasants is sorry work, imprisoning peasants for poaching is sorrier work still, and the temptation to poach is a serious source of rustic demoralization. Fox-hunting is manly as well as exciting, and overworked statesmen, or men of business say that they find it the best of all refreshments for the wearied brain; but it is in great peril of being killed by high-

pressure farming, which will not allow crops to be ridden over or fences to be broken, combined with the growth of democratic sentiment. The farmer who rode with the hounds was a farmer sitting at an easy rent and with time as well as a horse to spare. So if any one cares to see a "meet" in front of a manor-house, with the gentlemen of the county in scarlet on their hunters, he had better lose no time. In seeing the meet, he will see the country club; for this is the great social as well as the great sporting gathering, and the gentleman in an English county who does not hunt must find his life somewhat lonely and dull.

Rents have fallen immensely in consequence of the agricultural depression, caused by the influx of American and Indian grain into the British market; nor is there any prospect of better times. Mortgage debts are heavy, and the allowances to widows and younger brothers, which the system of primogeniture entails, have still to be paid. Thus the situation of the squire, and of the social structure which he crowns, is perilous. Will he bravely face it? Will he cut down his luxuries, learn agriculture, become his own bailiff, give up game-preserving, and renounce idleness and pleasure-hunting, for a life of labour and duty? If he does, agricultural depression may prove to him a blessing in disguise. But it is too likely that instead of this, he will shut up the Hall and go away to the city, or perhaps to the Continent, there to live in reduced sybaritism on the remnant of his rents. The Hall will then either stand vacant, like the chateau after the Revolution, or pass, as not a few of them have already passed, with its ancestral portraits and memories, into the hands of the rich trader or the Jew, perhaps of the American millionaire, who finds better service and more enjoyment of wealth in the less democratic world. A change is evidently at hand, for land can no longer support the three orders of agriculture, landlord, tenant farmer, and labourer. If the Established Church is abolished, as in all likelihood it will be, and the rector departs as well as the squire, the revolution in the rural society of England will be complete.

The bodily form of the British tenant farmer is known to us all from a hundred caricatures. It is he in fact who figures as John Bull. He is not very refined or highly educated; sometimes perhaps he is not so well educated as the labourer who has been taught in the village school, for in this respect, as possibly in some others, he rather falls between the stool of genteel independence and that of dependence on the care of the State. Tennyson's Lincolnshire farmer is the portrait of the class as it exists or existed in Tennyson's boyhood in a county which, when it rebelled against Henry VIII., was graciously designated by His Majesty as "the beastliest county in the whole kingdom"; but the portrait only requires softening to make it pretty generally true. The British farmer is strongly conservative, in all senses, and if left to himself unimproving. Left to himself he would still be ploughing with four horses to his plough. To make him yield to the exigency of the time and give up his immemorial trade of wheat growing for other kinds of production is very hard. Being so tenacious of old habit, he does not make the best of settlers in a new country. Nevertheless, he has managed to make the soil of his island, though not the most fertile, bear the largest harvests in the world. He is a man withal of solid worth. Politically he adheres to his landlord, who is also his social chief and his officer in the yeomanry. Between him and the labourer the social gulf has for some time past been widening. They have entirely ceased to sit at the same board, while the farmer's wife plays the piano, reads novels, and bears herself as a great lady towards the wife of the labourer. The antagonism was strongly accentuated by the "Revolt of the Field" under Joseph Arch. The farmer, however, met the revolt with a firmness from which a salutary lesson might have been drawn by public men whose nerves have been shattered by demagogism so that they have learned to regard every outcry as the voice of fate.

A great change has come within two generations over the outward vesture of English country life. The old style of farming, with its primitive implements and antiquated ways, with its line of mowers and haymakers in the summer field, with the sound of its flail in the frosty air, and with many other sights and sounds which linger in the memory of one who was a boy in England half a century ago, has been passing away; the new agriculture with machinery has been taking its place. Gone too, or fast going, is the clay cottage, with the thatched roof, which was the characteristic abode of Hodge, the farm labourer, and the undermost in the three grades of the agricultural hierarchy. Improving and philanthropic landlordism has now generally substituted the brick house, with slated roof, more civilized than the thatched cottage though not so picturesque, nor perhaps so comfortable, for the thatch was much warmer than the slate in winter and much cooler in summer. A corresponding change has been taking place in Hodge's lot. It was much needed. Within those picturesque cottages, even when they were covered with roses, too often dwelt not only penury but misery, together with the grossest ignorance, the uncleanness, physical and moral, which is the consequence of overcrowding, and the hardening of the heart which must ensue when parent and child cannot both be fed. The Union Workhouse, which with its grim hideousness deforms the rural landscape, was too often the symbol of Hodge's condition as well as the miserable haven of his toil-worn and rheumatic age. But now his wages have been raised, his dwelling and his habits have been improved, and the State has put him to school; while the railroad has opened to him the labour market of the whole country, whereas, before, he was confined to that of his parish, and was practically like the serf of old, bound to the soil, and forced to take whatever wages the farmer of his parish chose to give him. At last, in the grand Dutch auction of Party, political power has been thrust upon him, and he has suddenly become arbiter of the destinies not only of England but of two hundred and fifty millions of India, and of the destinies of other lands and peoples of which he never heard. It need hardly be said that he votes in

total darkness, following as well as he can the voice which promises him "three acres and a cow." Before the last general election those who knew him best were utterly unable to divine what he would do, though they thought that having failed to get the promised three acres and a cow from one party he would most likely try the other, as in fact he did. In his own sphere he deserves the highest respect. No man has done so hard a day's work as an English labourer; no man has stood so indomitably as a soldier on the bloodstained hillside. If he has too much frequented the village ale-house, in his home he has been generally true and kind to "his old woman," as she has been to "her old man," and there has been a touching dignity in his resignation to his hard lot and in the mournful complacency with which he has looked forward to "a decent burial." He has, for the most part, kept out of the workhouse when he could.

The mansions of the squires are not the only mansions which meet the traveller's eye. Almost on every pleasant spot, especially near London, you see handsome dwellings, many of them newly built, the offspring of the wealth which since the installation of Free Trade has been advancing "by leaps and bounds." Not a few of these are very large and magnificent. The architecture of those recently built challenges attention and generally marks the reversion of taste to the old English style. But the general aspect is rather that of luxury than that of stateliness, in which these mansions of the new aristocracy of wealth certainly fall below those of the Tudor age. The details may be studied and correct, but the mass is not imposing and the front is seldom fine. Even Eaton, the newly-built palace of the Duke of Westminster, though vast and sumptuous, lacks a grand façade.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(To be continued in our next.)

### KAISER WILHELM.

"Relying on my steadfast trust in the Almighty, my unceasing care is solely for the welfare of my beloved people."—January, 1888.

HE filled his niche in history passing well,  
 And there the kingly figure long shall stand,  
 The last of the old Kaisers—simple,—grand,—  
 Staunch to his conscience, whatso'er befell,  
 Whether with firm imperial mien to quell  
 Tumult and discord in the Fatherland,  
 Drive back its foes with strong heroic hand,  
 Or weld it into One, 'neath Victory's spell;  
 His care alone to seek his people's weal,  
 His trust in Him who all events controls;  
 Not his to gauge all thoughts of widening souls,  
 Not his, young Freedom's bounding pulse to feel;  
 Others may see the dawn of morning light;  
 He followed one clear star through storm and night!

FIDELIS.

### INDIVIDUALITY.

Not very long ago it was remarked by one of our leading men—we believe it was the present able Minister of Education—that there was, in these days and in this country, a great and even lamentable want of individuality. The same thing has been observed in the United States. A traveller who crossed the Atlantic to England, some years ago, told the present writer that nothing struck him so much, in arriving in London from New York, as the difference between people of different classes and callings. In New York no one could tell who was who by his outward appearance. In London, he said (be it remembered he was an Englishman born), he could distinguish the lawyer, the doctor, the country gentleman, the clergyman, and the last, again, from the Nonconformist minister.

It is probable that, even in England, the distinctions referred to are becoming much less apparent; but they are very far from being obliterated, and they are certainly very much more clearly marked than they are in the new world. To some extent it is easy to account for the change which has passed upon the descendants of Englishmen on this side. The change was partly inevitable, partly in the work of our institutions. In some respects it is good; in other respects, it is an evil, or, if not a positive evil, it has a tendency to make society less interesting, and even to impoverish the intellectual and literary life of the people. It is of deep interest to discover the bearings of this question and to ascertain how far the change is good and how far it is bad, and, again, how far it is inevitable, and how far it may be under our own control.

Some of the causes of the "dead level" in which some exult and which others bewail are beyond our reach; we cannot alter them. In the first place, as compared with the old world, we have no ranks or classes. We have no aristocracy. In the old sense of the word, we have hardly an upper class. In the European sense, we hardly have a lower class. We are a middle-class people; and although in every country that class admits of many subdivisions, still there is a greater community of tone of thought among all classes here than in any of the countries of Europe. Then another circumstance which tends to destroy individual peculiarities is the mingling of people from different parts of England and of Great Britain in the same place. Every county in England, one might almost say every village, has its own traditions, its own customs, often its own dialect. Railways and electric telegraphs and newspapers are doing their best to destroy the local peculiarities of England and of other countries. In former times people were born and lived and laboured and died in the same parish. The same old names appeared on the shops of country towns from generation to

generation. But this has greatly changed in the last fifty years. There are now towns in England where three-fourths of the names of the tradesmen have changed during the last half century. Still the old local substratum remains and the traditions are perpetuated.

How different is it in the new world! On New York Broadway the names of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, and, although in less numbers, Frenchmen and Italians, stand written side by side. As a consequence New Yorkers are not Yankees, and still less are they Knickerbockers. The Dutch element is almost indistinguishable; the old American element is, no doubt, the basis of all and the moulding power of society. But the New Yorker is, to all intents, a citizen of the world. It is very much the same with ourselves. Our people come from all parts of England and Scotland and Ireland and Germany, and live together in one society, which is rapidly forgetting the local and national peculiarities which distinguished the first settlers; the angles are getting all rubbed away, and the stones are polished into the same shape.

Another power which tends to destroy individuality in Ontario is our system of public education. It is hardly possible for one who is brought up under the systems which prevail here and in the States, to form a conception of the difference by which they are marked off from the English methods. From the teaching of the alphabet to the highest work of the universities, there are in England diversities of method which have been handed down for centuries. In regard to elementary education, there are the Church of England schools, generally known as "National Schools," the undenominational schools, generally known as "British Schools," and the "Board Schools," which were created by the Education Act of 1870. Above these there are "Middle Class Schools," some of them, although not many, of great antiquity, some quite new, and some founded on older institutions. Above these, there are "Grammar Schools" of all kinds, intended to prepare young men for the universities, at the summit of which stand the great "Public Schools," Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, together with a number of modern foundations, such as Rugby and Marlborough.

Now each of these species of schools, and almost every individual of the species, has its own traditions and observances and customs; so that one boy knows another to be of his own school or not by the very names which he gives to the buildings and the exercises of the school. And the same differences are found between the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which to a stranger seem hardly distinguishable, but to their own children are respectively a home and a foreign land. Some persons "with very fine noses" say they can distinguish Eton and Harrow in the boys and Oxford and Cambridge in the men.

It is impossible that such differences should ever exist in this country. Something perhaps may be done to give variety to our methods of education in our Universities and Colleges, either by encouraging Universities of a denominational character, like the new MacMaster University, or by federating Colleges in the same University, each College preserving its own internal autonomy, as is now proposed in the University of Toronto.

We will refer to only one other cause of the uniformity of tone of which we are speaking. We mean the practical nature of our life and work. We are all workers rather than thinkers or students. No doubt, such a state of things has some advantages. We have very few drones in the hive. We do not encourage or like useless members of society. We think too that this struggle for existence and well being gives a kind of reality to our life which is sometimes missed in communities in which there are many idlers. Still, it has its drawbacks. There is a loss of that idealism which gives elevation and beauty to human life, or, at any rate, there is a tendency to lose it. There is a temptation to judge of everything by a merely practical test, and that of a too material kind. Utilitarianism has a tendency to defeat itself. "Man doth not live by bread alone," and the most practical man among us lives by sentiment far more than he knows. Only, there is a danger of the sentiment becoming prosaic and sordid, instead of spiritual, refined, elevating.

There can be no doubt that, however great our gain in diminishing the intervals by which class is separated from class, we are tending to lose individuality, and, if we do so, we shall suffer for it. Can any one believe that the intellectual and social life of man would be as rich and as deep if we were to lose the greater writers of the past who stand out apart from each other, so as to be clearly discernible in their individuality through the centuries which roll between them and us? If we think of Spenser and Shakespeare and Milton and Cowper, we see before us men not merely of different ages, but of different mental and religious types, of different circumstances, of different culture, each of them contributing his own share towards the enriching of our experience, our life, our history.

It would be of little use speculating as to many of the methods which may hereafter be followed in order to secure the cultivation of individual gifts and tendencies. But we have, in the remarks just made, some suggestions which may help us. We may at least do our best to encourage the intelligent and devoted study of our glorious literature and the literature of other peoples. And this ought not to be a hopeless enterprise. But it may be an arduous one. How many of our young men and women now study the poetry of Spenser or of Shakespeare, or even of Milton? What is the reading which results from our universal education? It is so unsatisfactory that some old-fashioned people declare that many of their fellow-creatures would be better without the power of reading. We cannot go so far as that. We do however believe that there is great need to encourage a thoughtful study of our higher literature among our younger men and women. Let the press and the pulpit and our teachers of all kinds assist in this work, and we believe that the reproach of dull uniformity will in time be, in some measure at least, wiped away from our people.

## A SECOND-CLASS TICKET.

ONE bright spring morning in the year 187-, a young man might have been seen lazily leaning against the sunny side of that popular hotel in the Canadian Capital, "The Bustle House." His listless hands were invisible in the depths of his trousers pockets, ably performing the task of crowding fortune out of those needy, though highly fashionable, receptacles; while an ancient and well-seasoned briar pipe, from which rose little spirals of blue smoke, added a serenity and completeness to the figure. This was Augustus Doolittle, Esq.

Half an hour passed, in which Mr. Doolittle's sole occupation was to relight his pipe, dropping the expiring match on the back of a small dog that had stopped for a moment to investigate that gentleman's shining shoes.

"Mornin', Gussy!"

This brief salutation was addressed to Mr. Doolittle by another young man, whose cadaverous appearance might have led an unthinking observer to believe that his principal article of diet was wooden toothpicks, as, at that moment, his chief occupation was the deliberate mastication of one.

"Mornin'," replied Gussy, still more laconically, and without looking up from the absorbing occupation of guiding with his toe a distracted ant toward a hole in the wooden pavement.

"Coming with me as assistant, Gussy?" enquired the toothpick destroyer, at the same time scattering to the four winds of Spark Street the debris of one of those mangled articles of diet. "Shoved the thing through last night, and got survey all hunky, goin' to start Wednesday mornin'."

Gussy looked up with some little show of interest, and replied, "Yes, guess so." Then looking calmly at his companion for a moment or two, he continued, "This Government takes a fearful heap of responsibility sometimes. I'd give my brains any day for an uncle sleepin' in the Senate."

Mr. Euclid Brown, D.L.S., for that was the name and affixed title of Gussy's companion, accepted the compliment with befitting dignity; and with a kindly condescension, born of the feeling of possession of slumbering legislative ancestry, linked his arm within that of Doolittle, and said,

"Come on in, and let's shake Billy for the groceries."

It is unknown to history whether Billy, a gentleman whose form disported large areas of spotless and shining linen, was successfully "shaken," or whether Gussy or Brown became liable for the liquid measure so delicately hinted at under the commercial *nom de salon* of "groceries"; but it is certain that during the process of concoction and deglutition the plans and arrangements for the proposed expedition were discussed. It was unanimously agreed that on the morning of the tenth day thereafter, Gussy and Brown should meet at the Empress Hotel, in Ontario's busy metropolis; whence they were to proceed together to the North-West, where Brown's appointment as chief of a survey party called him.

Mr. Euclid Brown, D.L.S., had many and important interviews with departmental officials, from lofty deputy ministers to lowly extra clerks, the latter of whom were smitten with respectful wonder at his great knowledge of the vast expanses of the North-West, while the former all fervently prayed that he might start soon, and lose himself forever in their trackless wilds. With his final instructions, Mr. Brown received, as preliminary expenses, a foretaste of the boundless wealth which, according to a belief prevalent among the aforesaid lowly extra clerks, was eventually to accrue to him. Then he left the capital.

The amount of life that can be compressed into a week or ten days upon St. Lawrence steamers and in small country towns, with the aid of a Government advance, is almost incalculable. It is far beyond the conception of any one who has not come in contact with a noble spirit, who on his own responsibility has undertaken to distribute Government patronage and revenue to whole trembling and wondering constituencies. To thoroughly estimate it the scenes must be witnessed as they come ruby-tinted, fresh from the artistic touch of a Government D.L.S. "on the loose."

Brown had many failings—shortcomings—which a severe moralist might have classified as vices; but he had one virtue which shone all the brighter in the relief of his sombre surroundings. As a keeper of appointments he was exact. He absolutely never failed to turn up at one. To keep an appointment was, with him, the *summum bonum* of all business and professional ability. As to the result of the interview, or whether or not the parties thereto were in a condition clearly to understand and lucidly discuss the subject under consideration, were matters of but secondary importance. In fact it was generally believed among his associates that death alone could intervene between Brown and an appointed spot and hour. So it was that, on the morning stipulated in the verbal agreement ratified ten days previously in the presence of Billy, Brown was standing at the registration book in the hall of "The Empress Hotel," making enquiry for Mr. Doolittle.

From appearances it might have been inferred by any one who had met Brown ten days before, that death had made a frantic struggle to prevent this young man from keeping his word; but it was also evident that death had suffered defeat, not, however, without leaving traces of the desperate character of the conflict.

Enquiries failed to develop the whereabouts of Mr. Augustus Doolittle. Brown rubbed his chin and meditated; then walked toward that portion of the hotel set apart for the manufacture and consumption of "revivers," "eye-openers," "pick-me-ups," and such other fancifully named beverages as will restore momentary steadiness to shattered nerves; constructing, the while, in his disturbed brain several lofty and highly moral periods on the sacred obligations of a promise. With these it was his intention to greet his offending assistant when chance should finally bring them together. The formula in which these were to be presented had been for some time in a comparatively nebulous state, being, to speak by the book, represented by that mysterious letter *x*. Nevertheless they were gradually assuming planetary proportions, and beginning to revolve, though with an eccentricity that implied a final cometary existence, when the whole celestial system was knocked into a chaotic mass.

The cataclysm which produced this unlooked for disaster was but a breath,—a brief exclamation,—but which bore, in the falling inflection of its five protracted monosyllables, a whole volume of overpowering and undiluted truth. "Great Scott! what a wreck!" uttered with as much pathos and surprise as the drawing accents of Gussy Doolittle seemed capable of, and followed by the faintest suggestion of a laugh.

Atlantis was not more irretrievably overwhelmed by the volcanic destroyer that overtook it than were Brown's periods of virtue, beneath this brief phrase. He made a futile effort to counter the unexpected blow; but it was no use, the collapse was complete, so he resigned himself to fate, and steered his way toward the goal he had been seeking, accompanied by Gussy, who cheered him, after a repetition of the obnoxious phrase, by saying: "But that's nothing, old boy: just think of the fun you've had."

Brown's perceptions of this pluperfect amusement were too much biased by the present result to give important consideration to the scenes of the past ten days, so, after a few moments of vague thought and painful effort, he said candidly, "Yes, you just bet, I'm a wreck," and then proceeded to repair the ravages of the recent storm by another plunge.

After caressing his moustache with his pocket handkerchief for a moment or two, he assumed a spurious air of indifference, and remarked, "I say, Gussy, how are you off for coin?" "How are you off for coin?" echoed Gussy, "that's what we want to know; you don't mean to say you've 'blown' the whole Government advance, and want to raise more."

Now this was just what Brown had done, and what he desired to do; but he had also proposed to himself, dealing gently with the subject, and by slow degrees to educate Gussy up, or rather down, to the ideas expressed in the latter's question. He purposed sinking from the elevated financial plane, whereon Gussy had last viewed him, down to the level of criminal bankruptcy so gradually that the motion of his declension would, like that of a star, be imperceptible to the naked eye. Here at the threshold of his intended scheme of gradual and unnoticed moral decay, came Gussy's question, straight from the shoulder. He wavered a moment, then descended like an aërolite, and was extinguished.

Painfully candid, once more he said, "Haven't enough to pay our passages to Winnipeg, and can't get any till I get there."

Had he made this revelation to the Minister of Finance, it could not have been in a more penitent tone.

"Not even for second-class?" said Gussy, enquiringly.

"Yes, mor'n enough for that; I think," replied Brown.

"That's all right," said Gussy, "we'll get there. Have another of these, and pull yourself together, and we'll see about getting things ready."

Now that the confession had been made, and that, without exciting any pious horror in Gussy, nor receiving from him the amount of profane comment that he conscientiously felt his conduct deserved, there came signs of returning vigour to the shattered spirits of Brown. Gussy was a philosopher, or had at least some philosophic instincts that caused him to withhold tears and all other symptoms of grief or rage over the broken milk dish and its departed contents. His attention was now devoted to the ways and means of getting to their journey's end. To possess the remaining coin was his first intention, and a mild suggestion, having this end in view, was made by him.

Brown's spirit, as we have seen, had risen, and began to reassert its dignity. So he said, in his loftiest tone, "Well, you can see about the trunks and instruments, and I'll look after the tickets."

Gussy surveyed his companion for a moment, with a look of pity, and then drawled out, "You don't say so. Now, sonny, if you take my advice, you'll give your gigantic intellect a rest from financial worry, and look after those trunks and things yourself. Permit me to bear the disgrace of purchasing second-class tickets for two distinguished travellers. In fact, fork out."

Brown said no more. His clouded brain felt the influence of a will stronger than his own, and so with a second weak substitute for unconcern, he handed out every remaining dollar, which Gussy pocketed with genuine satisfaction.

A second-class passage in this democratic America is not all that can be desired. Apart from the humiliation to a soaring spirit like Brown's, there are uncushioned angles, unwashed floors and windows, uninviting companions and undisguised odours. So it was not without some feeling of trepidation that he entered upon this lengthy journey, and only buoyed up by the nerve of Gussy, who remarked, "You leave it to me, sonny, and it will be all right."

Early the following morning the two companions were seated in a first-class coach, there being no second-class, speeding on their way to the port where lay the steamer that was to take them to Duluth. Fortunately for these young men the captain and purser of the steamer were friends of Gussy, a very slight friendship, in fact only an acquaintance.

However Gussy made it out a very deep friendship, so much so, that as the steamer was not crowded he had no difficulty in making arrangements on very favourable terms for a double stateroom. Brown found himself a cabin passenger, much to his satisfaction. He had always had an unconfessed high opinion of Gussy's genius, and now he was experiencing the benefits therefrom; whereas, had a just retribution followed him, he would have been miserably quartered with the steerage passengers below.

"How do you do it, Gussy?" he asked next morning of that serene individual, who lay in his berth sipping a cooling beverage.

"Genius, sonny, genius. If I'd an uncle in the Senate, like you, I'd own the whole North-West, or bust the Government; but that's just it. I've got brains instead of an uncle."

This banter did not affect Brown's temper, which was particularly genial at this moment. He knew the other could read him, could turn him inside out like a pocket. So it was only during one of his fits of dignity, which came upon him periodically, that he ever resented such language, which he did by relapsing into melancholy grandeur, his temper seldom nerving him to the unequal conflict.

At Duluth the travellers were detained for a day. During those early days in that North-Western land trains did not run so regularly or frequently as now. Nor was there much distinction between first and second-class, being principally the latter, by whatever name it was called. An uneventful stage of their journey was thus made from Duluth to Fisher's Landing on the Red River, in the State of Minnesota.

The locomotive paddled its way carefully into Fisher's Landing through various depths of water, for it was a year of flood. There never had been a large town at this point, and at this particular period of its history it was smaller than usual. Not, perhaps, smaller in population, but decidedly so in habitations. About three-quarters of it had wandered away. What remained looked like the relics of gigantic orgies, where inebriated houses had staggered aimlessly about, and lain down where they felt most tired. Some were stranded in uncomfortable positions on sides of declivities, where they had been anchored by some stump or tree on which they had settled, like the unreturning dove, proclaiming the subsidence of the waters. Others lay in utter and helpless wreck in the lower levels of gully, or washout. All was bustle and confusion during the transfer of passengers and freight from the train to the steamboat, which latter, on account of the flood, was drawn up so near the former that an old scow served for a gangway on which to pass from one to the other.

A motley crowd of emigrants, dirty and clean, principally dirty, enlivened the scene, and they suffered many things. "The long pedigree of labour, the nobility of toil" did not shine to any great extent on this occasion. It listened in silent awe while the aristocratic deck-hands of the *Pride-of-the-Stream* swore a great chorus of harmoniously selected oaths, apostrophizing the known or unknown owner of some ark-like trunk or tool-chest: it stood helplessly watching its household gods being hurled hither and thither by imprecating titans, an imbecile smile flitting across its features when a perspiring and blaspheming devil knocked its wind out with a wildly-aimed carpet-bag: it lost all its manhood and dignity beneath the appalling cyclone of household stuff that darkened its super-immediate heaven. And when the storm had ceased, and the whistle blew, and the *Pride-of-the-Stream* floated out into the Red River, it was a nerveless, trembling, crouching, agonized mass, that abjectly apologized if it trod on a stray rope's-end, or bruised its own shin against a projecting trunk corner.

Have you, reader, ever seen a Red River steamboat of the olden time, before the days of railroads in those parts? They plied between Fargo, Fisher's Landing, and Fort Garry or Winnipeg. There are still one or two remaining to lend a picturesque appearance to the muddy stream, whose occupation is well-nigh gone since the advent of the locomotive. Let me describe one of them. The hull, a large, oval, shallow dish. On the centre of the deck stand the engine and boilers. From the stern forward, about three-quarters of the boat's length, is a superstructure that covers the whole width of the boat. Upon this stand the cabin and staterooms, their roof forming an upper or promenade deck. On this latter stands the wheel-house. The propeller is an enormous single paddle-wheel across the entire stern of the boat. The whole of the lower deck, except those portions occupied by the machinery and freight, is the steerage passengers' quarter. Bare dirty boards, without partition for privacy or bunk, for rest and sleep.

Gussy and Brown had watched the storm from a distance. They were now a portion of the calm, and felt its depressing influence. "You don't mean to say we have to lie round on these boards for three mortal days and nights," said Brown in a melancholy tone, after enquiring the length of the journey to Winnipeg. "That's just what we've got to do, sonny, unless we play an awful big hand on these cusses; but don't you worry. Just float round as big as a house, as if you enjoyed the whole thing. Talk to the emigrants like a philanthropist hunting for poor-house statistics."

Presently a gong sounded for dinner, and a clatter of dishes in the cabin told of the first-class passengers enjoying their midday meal. By and by the mate, a gentleman who combined with his nautical duties that of first profane soloist and bully for the boat, announced that deck passengers might partake of dinner from a second table set in the cabin, for which a remunerative fee was charged.

For some time Gussy had been in deep conversation with Brown. He had conceived a great scheme, and was laying down an outline of it, when the second dinner was announced. He had also enlisted the services of a young man who had been their fellow-passenger all the way, and to whom was imparted the scheme of action. This young man had several characteristics which pointed him out to Gussy as a necessary aid in the complete success of his plan. First, he was a cabin passenger; secondly, he had the gift of speech; and third and lastly, a point of much importance, he wore a yachting suit, which, with its brass buttons and gold cord in one or two places, gave him, to the uninitiated, the appearance of a young naval officer.

The second table being ready, our friends ascended, with a number of others, to partake of the repast prepared for them. Being travel-stained it was a natural act to enter the cabin wash-room, and there make a hasty toilet for the table. In the midst of their ablutions the door, which was partially closed, flew open, and their ears were saluted with a recitative that in matter and manner would have done credit to an archangel of darkness. This was followed by an earnest invitation to certain degraded and utterly lost deck-passengers, whose intellects were not of a high order, to abdicate the aristocratic quarters thus polluted by their perditioned bodies and souls, and to betake themselves with divine, yet doomed, rapidity to quarters better suited to their ruined and unforgiven condition. During the progress of this entertaining rehearsal Gussy was deliberately wiping his face, and smoothing his hair, then he turned with a look of listless enquiry

toward the mate, for he was the speaker, and drawled out, "I beg your pardon, sonny,— but, would you say that over again, and say it slow." The mate stood mute and trembling with rage and surprise as Gussy thus addressed him, then suppressing his evident wish to throw the speaker overboard, said in that surly, savage tone, as he caught Gussy's steady eye, "Can't yer read what's on that thar door: 'fer fust-class passengers only.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Gussy, as he slowly fitted an eye-glass into his eye, and calmly inspected the notice, "you're a pretty good scholar;" then sauntered past the scowling mate, and took his place at the table.

After dinner the friends went down to the lower open deck, among their fellow-sufferers, the steerage passengers. Brownly drew a novel from his pocket, and reclined in the most comfortable quarters he could find. Gussy lit his pipe and wandered about among the people, now and then joining in a conversation.

A shabbily-dressed woman was sitting on a bench near the stairway. She was evidently without any male protector, probably going out to her husband who had previously emigrated to the land of promise. A little boy sat beside her, while in her arms she held an infant at the breast. They were a sad, unhealthy picture, as they sat there, making a scanty, dry meal from the contents of a not over-stocked basket. Not far from the little group stood the mate. The woman turned toward him and asked if she could get a cup of warm tea.

"Well I guess there's tea aboard for them as pays for it," said the mate, slouching off across the deck, at the same time drawing his fingers across his opened lips with a peculiar swing, and extracting therefrom a brown, well-masticated pellet, which he flipped against the gunwale, where it flattened out and clung like a spatter of mud.

Gussy had seated himself on a coil of rope near the bow of the boat and taken from his pocket a note-book, on the cover of which, inscribed in letters of gold, might be seen that young gentleman's unabbreviated name, and beneath it the name of a leading Canadian newspaper and the city where it was published. These identical covers might have been seen the previous session of Parliament in the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons, where Mr. Augustus Doolittle had represented the said journal as its correspondent. After making a few entries in the note-book, Gussy looked up. His eye rested upon the poor woman and her babes. He watched them for a few moments. Then came the little scene between the woman and the mate. Gussy closed his book and muttered audibly, with a vicious thinning of the lips, "Damn!"

That little irreverent, and seemingly irrelevant, word was but the initial letter of a page of unspoken indignation against brutality and compassion for its victims. Then he rose, walked across the deck, up the stairway, and disappeared through the cabin doorway. This was not a very extraordinary proceeding, and yet the mate, who was standing near, who had watched the note-taking, and heard the audible expression of displeasure, seemed to think it was, and waited with a certain amount of suspense to ascertain the result. Had he not already encountered Mr. Doolittle in the washroom it is probable he would have followed him now, with a view of suggesting that the climate of a first cabin was too cool for a deck passenger. As it was, he waited. In a few minutes his patience and forbearance were rewarded. Gussy emerged from the cabin and descended the steps, carefully carrying a cup of steaming tea. He walked up to the little group, and bowing to the woman, smiled and said gently, "You are travelling alone, I think, without any one to forage for you, so I have brought you this."

It was delicately done, not as charity to a beggar, but as courtesy to a woman. If ever a man received a priceless reward for a kind act, it was the look of gratitude that moistened the haggard woman's eyes, as she murmured her thanks.

He stood for a moment chatting with the woman, making her feel at ease before him, then as he turned away he said laughingly, "You must let me keep an eye on you till the good man turns up at Winnipeg; for I'm not a stranger to the ways of these parts, as you are."

All eyes had been turned on this little scene. The easy-going, almost foppish young man, so foreign to his surroundings, and yet evidently master of them, was a mystery.

This incident, though fitting well into the profound scheme then developing in Gussy's fertile brain, was not part of it. It was unpremeditated, as probably were most of his better actions. He resumed his coil of rope and his note-book. He made a sketch of the mate, who for want of any person or thing to swear at, was moodily leaning against one of the supports of the cabin. That worthy man was not aware that his portrait was being taken, until he noticed the smiles and glances directed toward him by several curious onlookers, who gradually formed a semi-circle behind the draughtsman. He thereupon changed his position and then walked away, his ears being saluted by a few half-jesting guffaws, and such expressions as "Bully," "Look at the stoile uv him, wud ye'es," "Where's the wart on his nose?" which remarks were addressed to the artist, in commendation or criticism.

"The dignity of labour" had begun to reassert itself. The discomfiture of the mate in the washroom, the incident with the poor woman, and now this last daring act of caricaturing the awful form of this Neptune of the North, threw an heroic lustre round the young man. A feeling of security diffused itself on deck—a confidence in a ruling spirit. In fact, a mutiny, which would have made Gussy captain and sole proprietor of the *Pride-of-the-Stream* for the remainder of the voyage, could at this particular juncture have been carried out successfully, such was the spirit that pervaded the breasts of the deck passengers.

Everything had once more relapsed into quiet, except the eternal splash of the stern wheel. The steamboat shot from angle to angle of the crooked river, bumped its nose against the banks, and turned like a giant water beetle to skim along in another direction, bump its nose again, and again redirect its course. The passengers lounged about and yawned. The haggard woman sat with her babe asleep in her arms, and the boy resting his head on her lap, also slumbering. Brownly was deep in his novel. Gussy was still taking notes, or appearing to do so.

The mate came down on deck with a paper in his hand, and beginning at one side of the boat went through the crowd of passengers, taking down the nationality, destination, and occupation of each emigrant. Whether this list was for some Government statistics or for the information of the steamboat company nobody knew nor enquired.

"Canadian," replied Gussy, in answer to the question of nationality, when it came to his turn.

"North Pole, *vid* Winnipeg," in answer to the question of destination.

The crowd began to titter.

"Mor'n likely a hotter place than that," said the mate, enjoying his own little repartee, as he wrote down "Winnipeg."

"I'm an orphan," answered Gussy, gravely, to the question of occupation.

Here the crowd laughed outright, and the mate, with a savage gesture, said, "That ain't no occupashun."

"A very sad one indeed for my thoughts," replied Gussy in a melancholy tone.

Now the crowd fairly roared. The remark was not very witty; but they were a good humoured house, and bound to be pleased with everything their favourite actor said.

"Don't be givin' us so much chin, young feller. Ye can't bluff me. Can't ye answer a civil question?"

Before Gussy could reply to this appeal to his higher feelings, a voice from the crowd ventured to suggest, "Ees a hartist; put 'im down a hartist."

Another roar went up from the crowd, and even Gussy was forced to smile as he said, "That'll do; put me down 'artist.'"

The thrice-discomfited mate looked ten thousand curses in the direction of the Cockney humourist, and went on with his enquiries among the rest of the men, feeling somewhat more uncomfortable than ever under the gaze of a number of the cabin passengers and the captain, who had come forward on the upper deck to learn the cause of the uproarious laughter.

Gussy's friend in the yachting suit came down to see what was going on, and stood chatting with him for some time.

"This thing's ripening," said Gussy, "we'll eat the fruit of diplomacy before long. There are the captain and mate jawing no end and looking down this way. Give it to him pretty strong; he's prepared to swallow anything just now, and he's sure to ask you."

Gussy was right. His friend had returned to the upper deck but a few moments, when the captain sauntered up to the bogus naval officer, and after a few remarks said:

"Who's that gennelman you wuz a tawkin' to jes' now; him thar that's writin'?"

"You don't know who that is?" said the naval gentleman, with a little laugh and look of well-feigned surprise.

"Wal, I reckon I don't, that's what I'm askin' for," replied the captain.

"Why that's Doolittle, Augustus Doolittle, the great newspaper correspondent," said the imitation sea-dog.

"Noospaper correspondent, eh! Wal, what's he doin' second class; haint his paper

get spondoolicks enuf to pay for a fust-class ticket?" said the captain with a faint sneer of scepticism.

"Spondoolicks enough," echoed the yachtsman, falling into the western vernacular with an alarming rapidity for a British naval officer. "I should smile! They'd buy him a whole steamboat if he wanted one. He don't want a first-class ticket just now. He's on a special trip writin' things up, you know."

"Dam 'fidono," said the captain, more mystified than ever; "writin' up what?"

"Oh! he's writin' up the emigration system just now. Seeing how the different transport companies treat their emigrant passengers, and all that sort of thing," replied his companion, with a vague, yet suggestive wave of the hand toward the crowd that was huddled below. Then he continued:

"You know it's a new feature of journalism. Some of these specials will break a window or steal a leg of mutton, bang a bobby or get drunk, just to get run in: and when they come out they just turn that jail inside out in the newspapers, and get the jailer and turnkeys bounced for slanging the prisoners or making the skilly too thin. I don't know, but he'll do a bank robbery or a forgery when he gets through this trip just to get sent to penitentiary and write it up. How he could just handle a penitentiary or a lunatic asylum. Oh! he's a daisy, he is," continued the young man, growing more enthusiastic, having long lost all the dignity and never having known the diction befitting an officer of Her Majesty's navy.

However these discrepancies were very kindly overlooked by the captain, who only replied in tones of subdued wonder, "Ye don't say!" Then after a few moments of silence, he continued in a half satirical humour (so much so that the young man, at first, feared he had overstrained the captain's credulity), "Who's that young feller with him? I s'pose that's his own private detective on hand to pull him any mimit he wants to get run in."

They both laughed at the captain's little joke, and then it was explained that Mr. Doolittle's friend was Mr. Euclid Brown, a Government engineer or surveyor, on his way to Manitoba, who, by way of a lark, had joined his friend to share the fun.

"Wal, I'll be dog gonned," exclaimed the captain after this explanation, as he turned on his heel and sauntered up to the pilot house to speak to the man at the wheel.

It was not very long before the captain stood on the lower deck. "Fine spring weather," said the skipper, as he strolled up to Gussy, revolving, as he spoke, a partly-eaten, but unlighted cigar in the corner of his mouth. Gussy, who closed his note-book as the captain approached, was looking lazily at the banks of the stream as they sped swiftly astern.

"Yes," replied that young man. "It's a lucky thing we hav'n't rain, or we'd be rather uncomfortable here."

"Yes, not extry pleasant," confessed the captain. "Ye see," he continued, "we're a little crowded this trip. Didn't expect such a load, er we'd done some fine fixin' up fer 'em."

There was a silence for a few moments, then the captain broke it by saying, "Why don't ye come up on deck, thar's more wind thar, and the muskitters don't hang so clus."

Gussy laughed and said, "I'm afraid you are overlooking the fact, captain, that my friend and I are only steerage passengers."

"Overlook nuthin'," said the captain, in a tired sort of voice. "Come up on deck an' bring the other gennelman along. I'll knock ye down to the leddies. Thar's no end of fun goin' on thar. Ye aint afear'd of gals, I'll bet."

As the bet remained without a taker, it must be presumed that Gussy was forced to tacitly acknowledge his perfect indifference to the danger of "gals."

An hour later the two friends might have been seen seated on the back of the wheel-house accompanied by two very fair and pleasant companions. One young lady had a dim idea, gathered from casual remarks dropped by the captain and modestly uncontradicted by Gussy, that he, Gussy, was the distinguished proprietor of some great metropolitan journal in the far east; while the other fair being, for similar reasons, had similarly vague conceptions that Brownly was a surveyor-general, whatever that might mean, or some other high official intimately acquainted with the Queen of England.

It was a proud moment for Gussy. What were a Blenheim or a Waterloo compared to this? The hero of a deck-load of emigrants, a whole Red River steamboat, captain, mate, and crew at his feet, while a very pretty and interesting American girl sat by his side.

The captain was graciousness itself. He showed them over the boat. There was not much to see except a very unsafe looking boiler and engine, that snorted spasmodically, at which the fair young American uttered little shrieks and wails, and clutched Gussy's arm with an innocent but thrilling pressure, which made him quite tender in his assurances that the machine would not go off this trip. The captain spent much time in explaining how the big stern wheel was made to revolve, and why it was used instead of side wheels. In fact so complete was Gussy's victory, that when they were again alone, he offered to bet a hat with Brownly, that he could persuade the captain to run the boat stern first for a mile, just to show them how it would work; but Brownly was himself so impressed with the completeness of the conquest, that he would not accept the wager.

It seems almost unnecessary to state that whatever accommodation the boat could afford was at the disposal of Gussy and his friend, and had it been their desire to sleep in the smokestack, to avoid the mosquitoes, Brownly verily believed that the fires would have been reduced to the proportions of a camp smudge to afford them that comfort.

And thus three days and three nights slipped away and were numbered with the past. Let me say just here that, though Gussy found his fair companion more dangerously entertaining than he had ever found any "gal" before (and it may also be stated in proof of the bravery which the captain had so delicately hinted at on their first meeting, that Gussy courted danger most recklessly), he did not permit her rosy cheeks and very deep blue eyes to shut out from him the careworn face of a woman below stairs. A more comfortable position in the boat, many a cup of hot tea, and many a cheery word, were rewarded by a thousand unspoken blessings showered upon the head of this graceless youth.

At last the steamboat ran its snub nose into the muddy bank just below the ancient walls of Fort Garry, and off trooped the passengers at the town of Winnipeg.

The lonely woman's husband was there waiting, and said, with a knowing look from his keen, gray, Scotch eyes, "Am over glad to thank 'ee, sir. It's a bonny lass ye'll be winnin' yersel' aye day, an' ye'll ken hoo to mak her hert licht."

Gussy did not blush, nevertheless he felt the nearest approach to that accomplishment since his school-boy days. There was, however, a face quite near at the time, doing duty for two in that line.

Some ten days after this the *Pride-of-the-Stream* again steamed into the mud bank at Winnipeg.

Brownly's survey party were preparing for departure to the wilds.

Dressed as befitted their intended expedition, Gussy and Brownly were coming down the Main Street, the former carrying a surveyor's chain and pins in one hand, and a tripod over his shoulder; while the latter carried an instrument box.

They met the captain and mate of the *Pride-of-the-Stream*.

"Hello!" said the captain to Gussy, "what's up now?"

"He's agoin' ter rite the inside out uv a survey party, I guess," suggested the mate, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"No," replied Gussy slowly, as he gave a steady tranquil look, straight into the mate's eyes, "I'm attending to my legitimate occupation, at the same time I'm looking round for a Yankee that I can't bluff."

The friends resumed their way.

The captain looked at the mate. The mate glared at the captain; and as they moved on, the former murmured to himself, "Wal, I'm dog-gonned"; while the latter performed a staccato passage of profanity, that must have wrung applause from Beelzebub.

Did he, or did he not? Ah, sentimental reader, I know you long to look behind the curtain, and find the actors preparing for one more scene.

The management is very sorry to disappoint you; but the play is over. Perhaps she found out that he did not own a great metropolitan newspaper, and had not got unlimited passes to the opera, and that his friend's position did not necessarily imply a standing invitation at Court. Perhaps he sits at this moment, with his feet in a pair of shop slippers, and wonders if her cheeks are still as rosy and round as they were in 187-. Then, sentimental reader, this is all we can reply to the question of "Did he, or did he not?"—

BARRY DANE.

## CANADIAN FAITH.

## I.

In the name of many martyrs  
 Who have died to save this country,  
 Poured their fresh blood bravely for it,  
 And our soil thus consecrated ;  
 In the name of Brock the peerless,  
 In the name of Spartan Dollard,  
 Wolfe and Montcalm—world's and ours—  
 The high spirit of Tecumseh ;  
 Of the eight who fell at Cut Knife,  
 Bright in early bloom and courage,  
 When our youth leapt up for trial ;  
 In the names of thousand others  
 Whom we proudly keep remembered  
 As our saviours from the Indian,  
 From the savage and the rebel,  
 Or from Hampton, or Montgomery  
 By Quebec's old faithful fortress ;  
 And at Chrysler's Farm and Lundy ;  
 And upon the lakes and ocean ;  
 Or who lived us calmer service ;—  
 Many is the roll, and sacred ;—  
 In their names a voice is calling,  
 Through this native land of ours !

Hark, for we have need to listen !  
 All our martyrs warn and shame us.  
 Do not let them see us cowards !  
 Why are all these faint heart whispers  
 In the very hour of progress ?

Tattles of disquiet vex us,  
 And among us are new enemies—  
 Cowards, weak, ignoble whiners,  
 Esaus, placemen, low-browed livers,  
 Traitors, salesmen of a nation.  
 Some would have us drop despondent  
 And convince us we are nothing.  
 (Us of whom ten thousand heroes  
 Hitherto to here have conquered  
 And we *must* be faithful to them !)  
 Some are hypocrites and cynics ;  
 Some would wreck us ; some would leave us ;  
 Even in the hour of peril  
 Would the hand of many fail us ;  
 They would almost make to falter  
 Our old simple faith in God.

Therefore this appeal, O brothers,  
 Earnestly do I adjure you  
 To believe and trust your country.

By the glorious star of England,  
 Shining mast-high o'er all oceans ;  
 In the name of France the glorious ;  
 In the world-proud name of Europe ;  
 Whence you draw your great traditions ;  
 I adjure you trust your country !

By all noble thoughts of manhood ;  
 By the toil of your forefathers ;  
 By their sacrifices for you ;  
 By the Loyalist tradition ;  
 And your own heart's generous instincts ;  
 I adjure you be Canadian.

## II.

"Is there a place, a work, a rank  
 Our Canada is called to fill ?—  
 She has but struggled till she sank  
 Hers it is but to toil and till :  
 No seat among the peoples ours."—  
 So speaks the Tempter in our bowers.  
 So soft he presses on his bonds :—  
 But hark ! a loftier voice responds :

"Behold, Canadians, this your place  
 Your task, your rank, in earth and heaven  
 To make you an especial race  
 To God and human progress given."  
 Too holy is the task for jeers  
 Too lofty to permit of fears.

Ignoble is the fear of loss ;  
 The call of honour *all* demands !

What thought those generous hearts of dross  
 Who sowed our races in these lands ?  
 Who blames the Loyalist of pelf ?  
 Champlain, what cared he for himself ?

Ignoble is the dread of harm :—  
 Expurge it for a manlier creed !  
 Until we smile at all alarm  
 Poor will be our Canadian breed.  
 He may not count on victories  
 Who will die as patriot dies.

Ignoble the consent to take  
 The light opinions of our worth  
 That strangers condescending make  
 Who own not better brains nor birth :—  
 Children of men who toiled and fought,  
 Build your own fate ; respect your lot.

Arise ! Live out a larger dream—  
 Your nation's that ye may be man's :  
 Advance ; invent ; improve ; the gleam  
 Of dawn for all illumine your plans !  
 Greece lived ! the world requires again  
 The lives of nations as of men ! W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, February, 1888.

## FROM NEW YORK.

"DES OPPORTUNISTS." Yes, Monsieur O'Rell, and they are more. To profit by an opportunity is one thing, to discover, to make one is another, but to do both is to be an American. The blizzard that would have seemed with us, had we been situated like New Yorkers, a most unmitigated evil, afforded the people here an opportunity of display, and mild swindling, in which arts (of such an appellation are they worthy when practised by hands so expert) the extremes of society manage to find an aim and end to existence. Emergency men, those lean, shuffling, green-coated attendants at public disasters generally, flocked out from every cranny and crevice and overran the city. They were masters of the field, and periodically showed it in demanding confidently \$10 for clearing away a few feet of snow. Picturesque and dainty, with coloured tassels, or plumes, or pompons, the sleighs that darted hither and thither we could afford to take as models. As for the snow itself—why our worthy aldermen must smile grimly when they learn that scarcely had the blizzard ended than the sidewalks were dry, and what was one day an impassable turbulent sea, the next had receded into two neat heaps, and we wended our way dry shod. But the enemy was not yet conquered, so with bonfire and boiling water they went to work as only Yankees can, and piles of flaming wood and steaming hoes made havoc of the little white mountains.

Mayor Hewitt's decision that the Irish flag should not be hoisted on the City Hall in honour of St. Patrick was much applauded. Suddenly to discontinue a custom of thirty odd years' standing evinced an independence quite invigorating. No path could be wider or freer than that which the born and naturalized American are allowed to tread side by side ; such being the case, surely the authorities might be permitted to decide which is the gravel and which is grass, when any fractious portion of the community seems desirous of overstepping the bounds. If the bit hurts the horse's mouth, must the driver always be to blame ? "The flag is the symbol of sovereignty ; public buildings are peculiarly the home of sovereignty ; in these, only one jurisdiction can be recognized and suffered to prevail. Hence over them should float only the flag of the country to which they belong."

It is a bold attempt and an unhappy one to translate Sardou's plays. They must be spoken in French, acted by French people, and witnessed by a French audience, otherwise the effect is disastrous. Impertinently did Monsieur Sarcy sneer the horrors of *La Tosca* would be swallowed as so much cordial by the Yankees, and the surfeit of gore that even Parisians found revolting, and hissed, might nevertheless flavour the play once again when Sarah should act her *role* beyond the seas. As usual, when things American are concerned, the French critic was woefully mistaken. Not that people here don't go to see *La Tosca* ; they go but they are unhappy about it. An unsympathetic, curious gathering waits upon Miss Davenport every night. If there is no hissing, there is likewise very little applause. Though one must certainly censure this too enterprising actress for her gross ignorance of American taste, her pluck and courage cannot but be admired. The public, according to Voltaire, is a beast that we should conquer or flee. Miss Davenport fails in the accomplishment of the first duty, yet she boldly acts her part despite the cold, merciless eyes fixed upon her. *La Tosca* in English is like an orgy by day-light. Few if any Americans would miss seeing Sarah in it at the Porte St. Martin. The play is neither better nor worse than *Marion Delorme*, *Theodora*, and many others in Bernhardt's repertoire ; but of course if *Scarpia* be played by a fifth-rate Anglo-Saxon actor and the minor parts by "sticks," the piece becomes not only decidedly disagreeable, but absurd. *La Tosca* contains neither plot nor pretty speeches ; it is merely an episode. But what amply suffices for Sarah to manifest all her transcendent power, seems poor and meagre truly when in the hands of less brilliant players. To begin with, the accent of each and all of the actors is simply atrocious. Floria Tosca,

the heroine, was intended by Sardou to personify a prima donna: nervous, high-strung, passionate, *gamine*. Miss Davenport is fidgety, twangy, cheeky; she lacks delicacy and charm. In the last acts, however, she redeems herself, but only partially, for her funny little American ways and intonations that come to light ever and anon miserably destroy all illusion. To consider Scarpia and the rest seriously is no easy task. One, Mr. Frank Mordaunt, makes of this first rôle a coarse monster, sadly at variance with the playwright's idea. The terrible baron, according to Monsieur Sardou, "is hypocritical and a villain, but withal a perfect gentleman." Mr. Mordaunt has no "Second-Sight," and he presents to us a character of so ignoble a mould as to warrant no sane man's study from an artistic point of view for a moment. *La Tosca* should not have been translated at all, but the mistake made, a company differing very widely from the one at present playing in the new Broadway Theatre should have undertaken to act it.

Last night Mr. Irving's engagement here closed with *Olivia*. In a witty, kindly, most appropriate speech, the distinguished actor bade us farewell. "Argue ever so elegantly against success; the success wins every time." Many are the reasons for Irving's enthusiastic reception in America, but the chief of these is not his ability as a player. He has surrounded himself with so many accessories, that he has become what in vulgar parlance we style "an institution." One spark of live fire were worth all his gorgeous scenery, and his studied, too well studied effects. But that one spark Mr. Irving, with the artists generally in this age of ours, has been denied. Do not imagine for an instant we consider lightly the exquisite art and study and intelligence the English actor displays everywhere throughout his rôles. No, the Galatea is beautiful and delicately shaped, but no drop of human blood tingles in her veins, and Irving with all his courteous (too courteous) wooing will never call a blush to those pale cheeks. One might almost wish his fear of "tearing a passion to tatters" did not haunt him so persistently, and that he took less care to present us with an exhumed passion, than the pardonable anachronism of a modern heart beating beneath a thirteenth century doublet. Surely, it seems to me, though I am a member of no Shakespeare society, this lesson is plainly taught by our dramatist. Irving's realism out-realizes reality. In art as in love it is fatal to analyze. Not that we should never prune, direct, restrain, and fashion, but the brute force, the brute material, must be there; if the fire burns within it is not difficult to collect the fuel. Irving has built a pile of neatly fashioned sticks, and then deliberately set a match to them.

But now what must we say of Miss Terry, the loving and lovely Olivia, the bewitchingly saucy, but essentially womanly Portia, the sad, innocent ideal Margaret? It would be simply impossible to sit down calmly and criticise her in cold blood; nobody ever does. With that golden hair glinting before my eyes, that liquid laughter ringing in my ears, and the memory of so sweet a presence still quite fresh, I may be forgiven if I but blindly bow with all the throng. We never question the fitness or unfitness of a sunny day, the perfume of flowers, or the nightingale's song (unless we are Girton girls). If we are not tempted to analyze Ellen Terry's acting, it is the greatest compliment we can pay her. Could any one desire another Portia? Then must he be adamant. She is unique. Love from admiration and admiration from love are very different sentiments, you know. That woman Goethe painted in his Margaret, Ellen Terry is always. I never heard a purer voice, I never saw a more witching, innocent manner that appeals to one with all the artless grace of an ideal child. Only Americans would dream of calling her Terry. Bernhardt finds the way through our hearts by a very different channel; she is one of Mephistopheles' protégées, while the English actress comes before us as a sort of modern Beatrice. Through the one we are condemned, through the other we are saved. Bless the fates that have preserved in an age of "Doctor Marys," "Rev. Anns," and "President Janes," some specimen of womanhood as it was originally imagined.

The American Art Association's galleries are quite gorgeous in their way. Here we find exhibited, previous to their sale, collections of pictures and *bric-à-brac*. Among other brilliant achievements of this Association may be counted the disposal of paintings belonging to G. J. Seney for \$1,405,821, of Mrs. M. J. Morgan's collection, for \$1,205,153.30, and of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, for \$31,738.70. At present the galleries are filled with the works of Hamilton Gibson, the illustrator of *Harper's Magazine*, and Krusman Van Elten. Mr. Gibson's pictures are graceful, dainty, fresh, and exhibit almost every conceivable subject. Van Elten has employed yards upon yards of canvas to paint the most uninteresting aspects of nature you can well imagine. His technique is clever enough, but a total lack of originality in choice or treatment makes his work extremely monotonous. My next letter, I hope, will give you a glimpse of New York schools of art, music, and acting, all of which I have visited.

LOUIS LLOYD.

FINANCE is not a subject specially calculated to promote the growth of flowers of rhetoric, and yet it was in connection with finance that two of the best "bulls" we know of were perpetrated. In the first instance the speaker alluded to a sum as "a nest egg for us to take our stand upon"; in the other case a projected economy was described as "a mere flea bite in the ocean of Indian debt." For the following we are indebted to an Irish medical man, who assures us that it was the creation of a colleague. Some change was contemplated in reference to which he expressed himself in terms of the most vehement disapproval, declaring that it would have the effect of throwing "an apple of discord in their midst which, if not nipped in the bud, would burst out into a flame that would inundate the whole country."—*The Spectator*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your issue of the 8th instant contains a communication under the above heading from George R. Coldwell, of Brandon, who takes exception to some of THE WEEK's comments on affairs in this Province, drawn from statements made by the Board of Trade in this city. Whilst complimenting Mr. Coldwell on the moderate tone of his letter—a refreshing exception to most utterances by members of what is known as the "yellow dog" party in this country—I must express my regret that an excess of party zeal should have led him to make statements so far removed from what is true. He has fallen into another error, often made by young aspirants to literary fame, in referring to the ex-President of the Board without that title which is generally used by one gentleman in speaking of another, especially when that other is so much his senior in years and his superior in mental attainments.

Mr. Coldwell asserts: 1st. That the Winnipeg Board of Trade is continually playing the trick of presuming to speak for the whole Province. Whilst I personally believe that the Board here, from its position at the capital and commercial centre of the country, can properly assume to speak in the interests of the country at large, I beg to say that it has been careful to obtain the opinion of the outlying towns and municipal divisions, on every important subject brought before it: witness the copies of circulars in the Secretary's Office.

2nd. That the whole country outside of Winnipeg is more contented and satisfied than it ever was. This is simply a question of veracity, on the one side Mr. Coldwell, on the other every merchant, every banker, every man, woman, and child to whom I have spoken on the subject here and in the country.

3rd. Boards of Trade are usually peaceful and conservative—that there is an exception—we find it in Winnipeg. Some Boards are so peaceful as to be entirely useless—others fortunately are alive to the interests which they are formed to supervise. A telegram a few days ago announced that seven hundred members of the Board at Montreal had held an emergent meeting to take immediate action regarding the Government's policy in relation to the trade of Montreal. Has the Winnipeg Board ever done anything more "dreadful" than this?

4th. "At one time it clamours for one thing and at another for something else;" this I will not deny. But let us see what our "clamours" have amounted to. The old post office with one wicket to supply 15,000 people, which was cartooned in *Grip*, was a shameful annoyance to the public and an object of ridicule to the whole country. The Board sent resolution after resolution to Ottawa, and the Government gave the people no satisfaction. At last, exasperated at such cool indifference, the Board telegraphed that the people insisted upon having postal accommodation at once—and the reply was wired back "Plans will be sent up next week." In the next place, the merchants of the city were subjected to unreasonable delay in passing their goods through the Customs on account of the smallness of the staff, elsewhere so extravagantly large; the Department did not even answer the Collector's telegrams reporting the blockade. The Board took the matter up and by its vigorous action the staff was reinforced and trade relieved. Later on, two officials of the Government acted in such a manner that in answer to the Board's protest they were removed from the positions they held. A third request (otherwise "clamour" or "agitation") made by the Board was that there should be a daily mail to Portage la Prairie and Brandon, and that—for which I have no doubt Mr. Coldwell is thankful—was also granted. These and many other conveniences have been obtained through the instrumentality of the Winnipeg Board, and I am sure if any one would take the trouble to look into what has been accomplished he would be impressed with the fact that the Board of Trade of Winnipeg has been one of the most useful in the country. In a truly frank and becoming manner we recently asked the co-operation of the sister Boards in Toronto and Montreal in our present fight—for the C. P. R. have themselves made it such—against that huge cuttle-fish, and the resolutions passed by those Boards show how thoroughly they sympathize with us. *The Board of Trade at Brandon did not wait till we sent them our resolutions for their approval—but held a meeting at once and "heartily endorsed" our action!*

The *Commercial* speaks of the efforts made by such gentlemen as Mr. Coldwell in the following terms:—Owing to the work of a little clique of political schemers it has been proclaimed abroad that Brandon was quite satisfied with monopoly. The untruthful statement of these Brandon wire-pullers, however, is squelched by the utterances of their own Board. These schemers were unable to influence the public opinion at home, but they were liable to do the Provincial cause great harm abroad. As one looks through the list of the council, George F. Galt (G. F. and J. Galt), James Redmond (Ames, Holden and Company), J. H. Brock (Canada Permanent Loan Company), Wm. Hespeler (German Consul), F. W. Stobart (Stobart Sons and Company), etc., it is but common charity to Mr. Coldwell to believe that when he charged the gentlemen who drew up the recent resolutions with "financial embarrassment," "insufficient self-reliance and principle," he completely forgot about whom he was writing.

The fact of certain Eastern papers—"for value received"—having sought to cast discredit on the Winnipeg Board must be my excuse for sending you a longer letter than was called for by the merits of Mr. Coldwell's communication.

LANSING LEWIS.

Winnipeg, 22nd March, 1888.

## VILLANELLE.

FATHER COUTURE loves a fricassee,  
Served with a sip of home-made wine,  
He is the *curé*, so jolly and free,  
And lives in P'tite Ste. Rosalie.  
On Easter Sunday when one *must* dine,  
Father Couture loves a fricassee ;  
No stern ascetic, no stoic is he,  
Preaching a rigid right divine,  
He is the *curé*, so jolly and free,  
That while he maintains his dignity,  
When Lent is past and the weather's fine,  
Father Couture loves a fricassee.  
He kills his chickens himself—*on dit*,—  
And who is there dares the deed malign ?  
He is the *curé*, so jolly and free.  
Open and courteous, fond of a fee,  
The village deity, bland and benign,  
Father Couture loves a fricassee,  
A sensible *curé*, so jolly and free.

SERANUS.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## OLD TIME READING.

LET one who is sated with modern magazine-writing turn back again to old Montaigne, and see if that stream of wise, varied and fruitful prattle does not still have a keen relish. What good sense, vivacity, simplicity, and fertility of thought and illustration are here with perfect ease and grace commingled! What a storehouse of suggestive anecdotes, ancient and modern! What light upon men and customs! What insight into the human heart! What unstrained delineations of character! What useful and practical philosophy! Let some of our book-seeking folks who are tired of newspapers and the current periodicals try Montaigne again. It will not take long to discern of what texture and quality are the writings that survive the centuries. Critics may speculate as they will and spin out fine disquisitions, but true natural humour, sense, and portraiture in prose and in poetry live, whilst shallow or artificial productions die, despite the healing grace of ornamental words and the bravery of binding, typography, and pictures. Don Quixote flourishes immortal, and Epictetus comes down fresh and sparkling from the far times, whilst the genial Horace lives in his own words and in the faithful reflection of numbers who are unconscious that he is their master. The "old familiar faces" of which Lamb plaintively sang still beam upon us in books that defy the assaults of time, books that are ever young and ever old.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

## BIG WINDFALLS.

NAVAL men, especially in the last century, have often grown rich on the proceeds of a single successful expedition, or even on those of a single captured hostile ship. In 1743, during Commodore Anson's cruise, for example, the *Centurion*, on June 20, took the Spanish galleon *Nostra Signora de Cabadango*, which had on board bullion and cargo to the value of £400,000; and, before the Commodore returned to England, his squadron captured other vessels which were worth £600,000. Anson's share of this sum was, I believe, over £70,000. Again, on July 30, 1745, the *Prince Frederick*, Captain James Talbot, brought home prizes which, with their cargoes, were worth over £1,000,000. The treasure and plate alone filled forty-five waggons, and the captain's share of the plunder was about £120,000. In the same year another English vessel took a Spanish ship with £400,000 on board, and a third, the *Surprise*, captured a French East Indiaman worth £150,000. Other captures in 1745 were the *Charmante* (£200,000), the *Héron* (£140,000), the *Notre Dame de la Délivrance* (£600,000), and the *Conception*. The latter's cargo—I take the details from a contemporary account—consisted of a large quantity of cocoa, sixty-eight chests of silver, gold and silver coin to the amount of over £200,000, much plate, a two-wheeled chaise, the wheels and axle trees, etc., of which were of silver set with diamonds and other precious stones, and a quantity of gold in bars. "When the ship was put up for sale, the French captain, upon the promise of a reward from Captain Frankland, the captor, discovered to him 30,000 pistoles, which were concealed in a place where no one would have ever dreamed of finding anything." This ship was one of the richest prizes ever taken; but its value was exceeded by that of the *Hermione*, a Spanish treasure-ship, which was taken in 1762 by Captain Pownall, of the *Favourite*. The three lieutenants of the British vessel received as their shares £13,000 apiece, and the captain obtained £65,000, while £64,000 went to the flag officers on the Mediterranean station, where the capture was made. The admiral was at the time miles away from the scene of action, and had very little more to do with the capture than I had.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

## THE DRINKER AND THE SELLER.

MEN take leave of common sense who assume that a prohibitory liquor law has the same moral foundation as any law against crimes, and that not to enact or execute such a law is the same as to abandon all laws against crime, and that to treat the selling of liquor as anything but a crime is

immoral. The great difference in morality between this and all other subjects of moral and penal statutes is that it does not hold the taking of a drink of cider, wine, beer, or spirits a crime, not even an immorality. But the drinker is the principal in the affair. The seller is only his purveyor, serving his call. And if it is not immoral to take a drink it is not immoral to sell the drink. The stiffest prohibitionist of the seller is limber to the drinker. He would not like himself to be under a law which made it criminal for him to take a drink of cider, wine, beer, or spirits. The most violent preacher of prohibition politics who would have the seller crucified will not lay down a rule that a member who takes a drink, either occasionally or regularly, may not come to the communion. This is the base of the morals of the whole business, and this is the moral baselessness of the penal law. This is why the fiercest Prohibitionist has no standing or morals. The law which makes the secondary part a crime while it holds the principal part innocent is baseless in morals and is itself immoral. This is the radical difference between liquor laws and all other laws of crime. This is why every man's hand is not raised against the offender as against murderers, robbers, thieves, and violators of person or property. This is why these laws are not supported by public sentiment. The moral sentiments of the Prohibitionists themselves does not support them, for they assume the innocence of the drinker, the principal in the act. This makes the law against the seller a mockery of the principles of law and morals. Yet they take leave of common sense by assuming that the secondary part is the same as the guilt of crimes against persons and property and by demanding: "Would you tax murder? Would you license adultery? Would you have the State divide with the burglar?" But law must be founded on morals. The lack of moral foundation for a law which makes a crime of the selling of a drink which it is no crime to drink makes this penal legislation radically different from all other, and will always break it down.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

## THE COMING NOVEL WRITER.

THE world of letters is watching curiously the scramble among the writers of the day for the laurel crown which fell to the ground when Eliot and Dickens and Thackeray died. When those great writers lived there was a swarm of second-rate novel-writers among whom it was believed that a successor to their fame might be found, but he has not appeared. There is no writer in the English tongue who can command the audiences Dickens could, nor is there one who can delight the refined taste of the scholar as it used to be charmed by the authors of *Middlemarch* and *Henry Esmond*. There are many bright romances, many amusing, many delightful, but where is there one whose works the reader wants to buy in solid binding and put away on the shelves of his book-case? Yet it is not to be supposed that the last word has been said in novel-writing, or that fiction has reached its highest pinnacle. Our grand-children, depend upon it, will have novels as brilliant as any that have appeared in the present generation, and some of them, no doubt, will be from pens which are now fleshing their maiden point, and by authors whom no one knows; hence whenever a bright book makes its appearance the reader eagerly waits for its successor, in the hope that it may be the coming *chef d'œuvre*. What disappointments have followed! How few modern story-writers have followed the example of Dickens and Thackeray and gone on ripening to their last hour! It seems to be the fate of the present generation of authors to write themselves out in their youth. Is there any chance that *In Far Lochaber* will equal the first part of *The Princess of Thule*? Will Rhoda Broughton ever write anything that can compare with *Good-By, Sweetheart*? Will Howells ever again rise to the level of his early work? Still the coming man or woman must in all probability be working his or her way through the magazines, or testing the strength of his or her pinions in an occasional volume. There are reasons why the coming novel-writer should be an American. Neither in England nor in this country does it pay to write novels. There is as much truth as humour in the late caricature of *Life*, which describes an author applying to his publisher for a position as canvasser for his book, "in the hope that he might make a little money out of it." There are not above a dozen novel writers in England who make a living with their pens; most of them live by other work. In this country the magazines furnish a writer with bread while he is writing a book for fame and posterity. No such magazines exist in England. Hence it is more likely that the possessor of the genius required to write *Vanity Fair* or *Our Mutual Friend* will be found in a country where he can live while he is at work than in one where the composition of a novel either implies a position under government or a prolonged period of polite starvation.—*San Francisco Call*.

## GRANT AS A GREAT SOLDIER.

As a military study the "campaign of attrition" is scientific, and will be sustained by the highest authorities as the art of war. The problem before Grant was what has rarely devolved upon a great captain. It was not the defeat, but the destruction of his enemy. He could not fight, like Wellington or Moltke, for a peace conference, or a treaty—to fight while diplomatists were in negotiation—but to destroy or be destroyed. He had an enemy with whom he could not treat, with whose commander he was sternly forbidden to have a conference on any but military matters. His "campaign of attrition" was, therefore, to hold as in a vise his immediate antagonist, sending minor armies to destroy the country upon which that enemy subsisted. When those armies came within supporting distance Grant launched forth and conquered in one of the greatest battles of history. He not only defeated but destroyed his enemy, securing freedom to millions of slaves, and assuring republican form of government to hundreds of millions of freemen. "If," says Thiers, in the passage quoted

by General Smith, "the identification of the multitude with a single individual, which produces force in the highest degree, serves to protect, to defend a noble cause, that of liberty, then the scene has a grandeur in its moral as well as in its other aspects." I see this grandeur in the achievements of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, who are the great captains of this age, and as such will be honoured by our children. I take Grant as the chief and type, one of the host of patriotic people who, suddenly aroused to war, met it as brave men should. Some had professional education, some limited experience, but they had one soul, one purpose. They were the heroes, and because of what they did Freedom is the law of the land.—*North American Review.*

## EMERSON'S WISDOM.

It is by this side, also, of his homely, every-day wisdom that Emerson differs from Marcus Aurelius. Not that the latter lived in the air either; but he is somewhat too grave, and always takes the world in a moralizing vein. Emerson writes of all these things lightly, flowingly, and in full sympathy with the farmer and the citizen, putting himself in their place with shrewd Yankee common-sense. Emerson himself speaks of Plutarch and Montaigne as joining hands across the gulf of time which separated them, and when I read certain sides of his writing, I incline to put him with them as an equal third. Or better still, he reminds us of what the old Greeks used to call a *wise man, par excellence*, some Solon, or Thales not a metaphysician, but a man who studied life and coined it into wisdom.—*New Princeton Review.*

## MODERN GUIDES OF ENGLISH THOUGHT IN MATTERS OF FAITH.\*

It is a long time since we have come across a more charming volume than Richard Holt Hutton's essays on "Some Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith." The reader who is inclined to pass by this volume imagining it is a collection of theological essays had better pause and peep into it. Mr. Hutton writes in a style less luminous perhaps than that of Matthew Arnold, but in breadth of sympathy, keenness of insight, and critical acumen, he is unrivalled. In dealing with those leaders of thought whom he has singled out—and they are well chosen—he is not inclined, while doing them full justice, to bestow his praise blindly. There is a steady under-current of criticism, which without being mere detraction, causes his reader to feel where his guide in matters of thought should be carefully watched, cautiously followed, and at times abandoned. Mr. Hutton, in this volume, has singled out Carlyle, Newman, the great Oxford thinker of the second quarter of this century; Matthew Arnold, the great Oxford thinker of the third quarter; George Eliot, and Frederick Denison Maurice.

These essays, though in the main literary, contain a subtle analysis of the attitude of these modern thinkers towards the Christian faith, which runs through them as a thread continually appearing and reappearing, never obtrusive, but never altogether absent. His estimate of Carlyle is admirable; he admits "that he had to the full the prophet's insight into the power of parable and type, and the prophet's eye for the forces which move society and inspire multitudes with contagious enthusiasm whether for good or ill." He claims "that he fell short of a prophet in this, that his main interest after all was rather in the graphic and picturesque interpretation of social phenomena than in an overwhelming desire to change them for the better." Who has not felt this in reading Carlyle? The fact is, Carlyle did not think sufficiently well of human nature either to hope much or to care much regarding its destiny. "Fifty millions of people, mostly fools," he mutters, and then spends his life's energy in a grim, humorous railing at the same. "Ordinary life was *sawdustish*, according to Carlyle, and he interprets not so much the *veracities* or *verities* of life as the moral and social spells and symbols which for evil or good have exercised a great imaginative influence on the social organism of large bodies of men, and either awed them into sober and earnest work or stimulated them into delirious and anarchic excitement." And so we find his heroes are men who fill the imagination rather than satisfy the conscience and the heart. "But," adds Mr. Hutton, "Carlyle was far the greatest interpreter our literature has ever had of the infinite forces working through society, of that vast dim background of social beliefs—unbeliefs, enthusiasms, sentimentalities, superstitions, hopes, fears, and trusts, which go to make up either the strong cement or the destructive lava stream of national life, and to image forth some of the genuine features of the retributive providence of history."

Carlyle loved men who could stand up against "heavy odds in weight and reach," and dauntlessly struggled against destiny. Self-dependence was what he worshipped; therefore Exeter Hall, and other caricatures of Christianity with its "Froth-oceans and benevolences," made him dyspeptic, and we may add that this same rugged self-containedness made him narrow and unsympathetic, rendering him perfectly oblivious of contemporaries who held with him in his crusade against Idolatries and shams. Carlyle might have been a thorough-going "Calvinist," holding an uncompromising "survival of those fit to survive," and annihilation—the speedier the better—for all not heroes in the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. Summing up Mr. Hutton says, "Carlyle certainly stands out a paradoxical figure, solitary, proud, defiant, vivid; no literary man in the nineteenth century is likely to stand out more distinctly than Thomas Carlyle, both for faults

and genius, to the centuries which follow him." The contrast between Newman and Matthew Arnold, both products of Oxford in the same century, is next dealt with. The difference in their attitude towards faith is assigned partly to the difference in their casts of mind. "There are but two things in the whole universe—our own soul and God who made it," says Newman; while Matthew Arnold tells us "with that wild intellectual arrogance which is the leading characteristic of his didactic prose, 'I do not think it can be said that there is even a low degree of probability for the assertion that God is a person who loves and thinks.'" Mr. Hutton's contrast of the literary style of these two writers is inimitable; we can only quote a few sentences: "Both," he says, "are writers of the style in which 'sweetness and light' predominate; Newman's sweetness is the sweetness of religious humility and ardour, Arnold's is the sweetness of easy condescension. Newman's sweetness is wistful, Arnold's sweetness is didactic. . . . Arnold's prose is luminous, like a steel mirror, Newman's like a clear atmosphere or lake. Arnold's prose is crystal, Newman's liquid." We would like to quote pages, but we must pass on.

The essay on George Eliot as an "author" takes up quite a third of the volume. It is a study of her method and aims in the delineation of her chief characters, as well as the running commentary of a keenly appreciative critic, throwing strong lights upon the movement of her novels. The essay will not yield its sweetness to the bird of passage, but no lover of George Eliot can afford to leave it unread. His essay on Maurice is a warmly sympathetic study of one to whom he owed a great deal. Mr. Hutton is eminently fitted for the work he has undertaken; he has himself passed through many of the phases of thought with which he deals, and consequently views things from within as well as from without; while his own charming literary style rivets the attention of his reader, already engrossed in the interesting circle of thinkers he has here brought before us. E. C. C.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by George Long. New York: John B. Alden.

The publisher has done well in reproducing in very inexpensive but attractive form the thoughts, maxims, and reflections of the imperial Stoic, the wise Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Like many old books, this one has been a quarry in which makers of new books have frequently and profitably worked. It is replete with directions for conduct, food for thought and subjects for speculation. But "there is nothing new under the sun" was said by one who lived centuries before Marcus Aurelius, and the wisdom of the Roman Emperor is, to a great extent, merely a re-setting of the wisdom of sages who lived and wrote long before him. This edition contains a biographical sketch of the Emperor and a critical study of his philosophy, both of which will help, if help be needed, to an appreciation of the best thought prevailing among cultured Romans in the last half of the second century of the Christian era.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA OF KNOWLEDGE AND LANGUAGE. Vol. IV. New York: John B. Alden.

This volume maintains the excellent characteristics of those before published. The only wonder is that so much useful information can be condensed in so small, yet not too crowded, space, published in such good form and sold at so low a price. The fourth volume covers the topics from "Baptism" to "Bilberry," and is of the same size, typographical execution, and binding as those already noticed in these columns.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is another of the beautiful little "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series already noticed by us. Goldsmith's delightful story needs no commendation, but even those who have read it will want to get this handy and beautifully printed and bound edition with its excellent reproductions of Mulready's illustrations. The Putnams are doing well in bringing out a series of standard works in this exceedingly attractive form.

A BOUQUET OF SONNETS FOR THOUGHTFUL MOMENTS. By John Imrie.

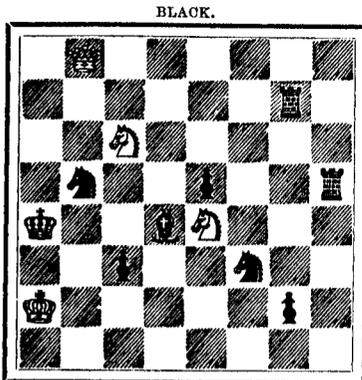
In whatever way the verses contained in this little ribbon-tied booklet may be described they are certainly not sonnets. There is not in the whole collection of thirty or more a single one that strictly conforms to any recognized model. Mr. Imrie seems to think that so long as he can compress what he wants to say into fourteen lines he has composed a sonnet. Liberties are too often taken with this form of verse, but the liberties Mr. Imrie takes are unprecedented.

THE colony of Victoria, South Australia, is reported to have a wheat area for the crop of 1887-'88 of 1,121,000 acres, against 1,031,000 acres for the crop of 1886-'87. The yield per acre for the crop just harvested is 12.99 bushels, against 11.70 bushels for the crop of 1886-'87. The aggregate for the 1887-'88 crop is 14,562,000 bushels, with 7,220,750 bushels available for export, against 12,071,000 bushels for the aggregate crop of 1886-'87, and 4,973,323 bushels available for export. The middle of January, 1888, found unusually wet, changeable weather, with but little new wheat on offer at Melbourne, where millers were prompt to secure all the wheat on offer at 82c. per bushel.

\* Essays on some of the Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith. By Richard Holt Hutton. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

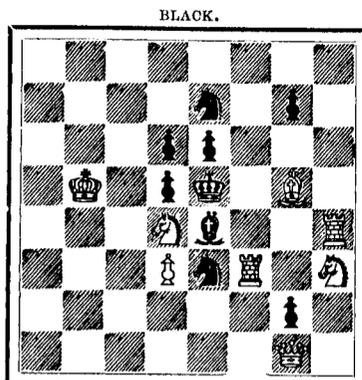
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3. P-Q 4	P x P	24. Kt-Kt	P x Kt
4. Kt x P	B-B 4	25. P-B 3	K-B 2
5. B-K 3	Kt x Kt	26. R-Q 7 +	R-K 2
6. B x Kt	B x B	27. R x R	K x R
7. Q x B	Kt-B 3	28. R-Q 6	R-B 2
8. Kt-B 3	Castles	29. K-B 2	K-B 2
9. B-K 2	P-Q 3	30. P-Kt 4	P-Kt 3
10. Castles K R	P-K R 3	31. P-R 4	P-B 4
11. P-B 4	P-B 3	32. P-B 5	P x Kt P
12. Q-B 2	P-Q Kt 4	33. P x P +	K-Kt 2
13. P-Q R 3	Q-Kt 3 (a)	34. B P x P	R-B 7 +
14. Q x Q	P x Q	35. K-B 3	R-B 6 +
15. Q R-Q 1	B-Kt 5 (b)	36. K-K 4	R-B 5 +
16. R x P	Q R-B 1	37. R-Q 4	K x P
17. P-K 5	B x B	38. R x R	P x R
18. Kt x B	Kt-K 5	39. K-Q 4	P-Kt 4
19. R-Q 4	Kt-B 4	40. P-R 4	P x P
20. P-Q Kt 4	Kt-K 3	41. K x P	P-R 4
21. R-Q 6	K R-K 1	42. P x P +	and Black resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) Bad. White has the better game from this out.  
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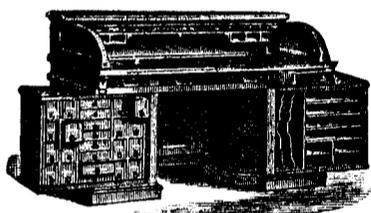
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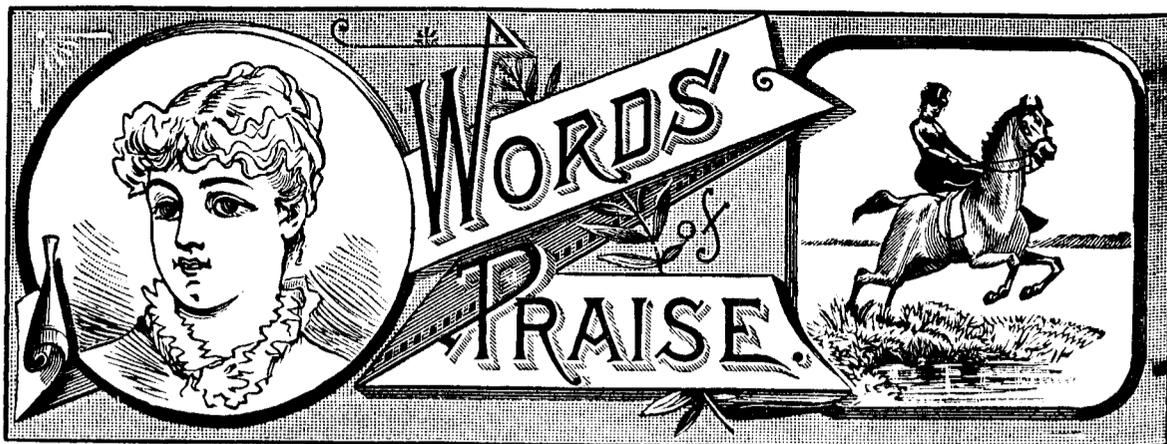


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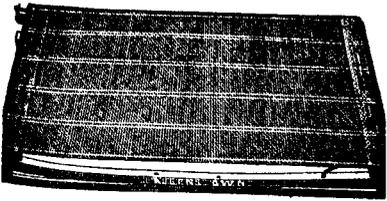
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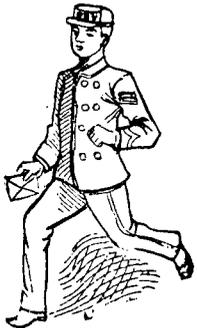
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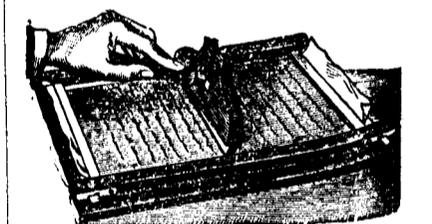
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