

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fourth Year.  
Vol. IV., No. 7.

Toronto, Thursday, January 13th, 1887.

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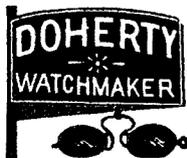
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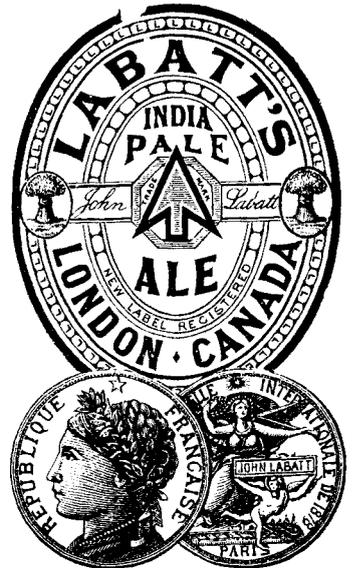
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# THE WEEK.

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Vol. IV., No. 7.

Toronto, Thursday, January 13th, 1887.

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## THE ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH.

WHILE the Provincial Election was raging it was impossible to discuss with calmness the question of French encroachment. But that contest brought two important facts to light. It showed us, in the first place, that the French were advancing in the eastern part of Ontario, extending the domain of their religion, and forcing their language upon the schools. In the second place, it showed us that they might reckon on having a subservient ally and an instrument of their aggrandisement in whichever of the two British factions might be at the time excluded from power. The ruin of the Imperial race by its own factions, which alternately sell it into the hands of its enemies, seems likely to be the sum and moral of the present series of events alike in Canada and in the United Kingdom.

The reason why British conquest has appeared to be specially unpopular is not that the British conqueror has been cruel; for, compared with other conquerors, he has been humane and mild. It is that he has not been a thoroughgoing conqueror. He has not, like the Roman conqueror, completed his stern work by effectually extinguishing resistance, and suppressing the voice of complaint. Had he, when he took Quebec, done as the Roman would have done—had he introduced his own language, and thoroughly Anglicised the colony—French nationality would probably have expired without a pang or groan. The handful of French who then formed the colony could have made no opposition, and would in reality have lost nothing by the change. Their language was to them not literary, for the mass of them could not read or write; it was not the breath of intellectual life, as it is to the highly educated: it was simply a vehicle of speech, and a gradual change to the language of the conqueror would have inflicted on the *habitant* no more of mental suffering than was inflicted on the Gallic or Iberian natives of a Roman Province by the introduction of the Imperial Latin. As a compensation, the French would have received an honest government, better laws, trustworthy tribunals, and protection for their industry, in place of the infamously corrupt tyranny which they had endured under Louis XV., or rather under his mistresses, and which would, probably, in a few years have brought the colony to ruin. It is very likely that the change of language and of institutions would have been followed by a spontaneous change of religion. Nor ought political power to have been put into the hands of the conquered until they had been thoroughly assimilated and become loyal members of the Empire. Prematurely conceded to them, it was sure to be used simply as a weapon for the purpose of insurrection against the dominant race. That this would, after all, have been rough work, is true; but, then, conquest altogether is rough work. It is rough work in Algeria, in Tonquin, in Alsace-Lorraine. Strong measures were still familiar to the military Europe of those days; nor would any protest have been raised by the public morality of the time. Louis XIV., when the Palatinate came for a time into his hands, thrust his religion upon the people, and perpetuated their enforced conversion by a clause in the Treaty of Ryswick. If Quebec was not to be made a British colony, what was the use of conquering it at all?

The result of the policy actually adopted has been one of the strangest

things in history. Left to itself, the French colony would very likely have come to nothing. It would certainly have been separated from the Mother Country at the time of the French Revolution; and would then, in all probability, have been merged in the English-speaking population of its own continent. But under British tutelage it has grown into a French-Canadian nation, to the increase of which there seem to be no bounds. Races, in the less advanced stage of civilisation, multiply faster than those in the more advanced state; because their standard of comfort is lower, and they are not restrained from adding to their families by economical forecast or by social pride. In their natural state, there are checks to their multiplication, which, by the tutelage of a highly civilised race, are removed, as in India, where British rule has caused an immense increase of population. In the case of the French-Canadians, too, as in that of the Irish, the Church actively encourages early marriages, which, as she holds, tend to morality, and which, unquestionably, increase the number of her liegemen. The consequences we see. There are now not above six thousand British left in the city of Quebec: the Eastern Townships, once British, are fast becoming French, and now the French are encroaching on Ontario. Mercantile energy being the appanage of the British, the commercial and wealthy quarter of Montreal remains in their hands; but it will soon be completely surrounded by French territory, and it remains to be seen how long British commerce will be able to flourish under a Government, both political and municipal, alien, if not antagonistic, to British interests. The overflow into the States is also, as we know, immense; and the Americans, who are always descanting on the danger with which their civilisation is threatened by Irish, German, and Italian immigration, may become aware, if they turn their eyes to the north, that there is a fourth invader, more formidable, perhaps, than any one of the other three, inasmuch as the hive from which the swarms issue is in this case on the continent itself, and not separated from it by an ocean. In Boston, the Irish already predominate. The Irish tide is met by the French, and it seems not impossible that before many years are passed the home of the Puritans may have passed into strange hands.

There is an important resemblance between the case of French-Canada and that of Ireland. Were Quebec surrounded by sea, instead of having a ready outlet for its surplus population on all sides, there would be dearth and occasional famine in Quebec as there is in Ireland; and it would be seen that the Union is not the sole cause of Irish misery. The action of the Roman Catholic Church in both countries is the same, and in both countries it exerts upon industry, commercial progress, and national well-being an influence similar to that which it has exerted on them in Italy, Spain, and the South American Republics. The same share is taken in each case by the Church of the earnings of the people. The analogy holds with regard to the concession of political power to a conquered but unassimilated race, which, alike in Ireland and in French-Canada, forthwith used its votes as weapons of insurrection. That Cromwell intended to extirpate the Irish is an exploded calumny. What he did intend to extirpate was Irishry. He meant to put an end to tribalism, lawlessness, roving habits, the empire of superstition, and to introduce English civilisation in their place. His methods would have been those of a stern time, but of a humane and large-minded man, and incomparably milder than those of the Roman Catholic powers; but from the progress which even in his short reign he made, it is pretty clear that they would have been successful. His premature death opened a fresh chapter of conflict between races, religions, and social systems analogous to that which was opened in Canada by the failure of the conqueror to use the rights of conquest. The weaker race now, by sheer physical fecundity, in its turn becomes the conqueror; and, as Carlyle said, the Englishman, whom no armed invader could ever dispossess of his land, is being thrust out of it by Irish immigration.

When the ill-starred union of British with French Canada took place the hope of assimilation probably lingered, though the grounds for it even then were weak indeed. It has now finally fled, and with it, apparently, all prospects of blending the British and French Provinces into a united nation. Politicians of Ontario and Quebec may combine for their party purposes, but this indicates no approximation between the masses. It is not likely that the French peasant has any ambitious ideas, or harbours any aggressive designs: he spreads and carries with him his French language, character, and beliefs. But the absence of any definite purpose on the part of the coral insect does not prevent the coral reef from growing,

or from wrecking any ship which has the misfortune to run upon it. Besides, the French peasant has, if not political, ecclesiastical leaders, who are by no means wanting either in ambitious ideas or in aggressive designs; and should the Jesuits become masters of the Church of Quebec, as everything at present indicates that they will, the influence of their guiding spirit will soon appear. Yet the progress of encroachment might be stayed, if it could not be reversed, and British and Protestant civilisation might be secured, were not the British and Protestant element torn by factions, whose reckless rivalry betrays it into the hands of a weak but united foe. People seem to have persuaded themselves that faction, which has ruined every other commonwealth, will be withheld by miracle from ruining ours. We shall learn in time, to our cost, that the supreme law is the same for all.

### THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

WHAT the precise state of things and the real outlook in England are we at this distance from the scene of action do not pretend to say, especially as it is manifest that the intelligence which comes through New York is made up to suit a Gladstonite and Irish market. But there can be no doubt as to the gravity of the crisis or as to the peril of the nation. Lord Salisbury has bravely faced the storm and reconstructed his Government. He will not suffer by the departure of Lord Iddesleigh from the Foreign Office, a post for which that respectable politician was quite unsuited; and though Lord Randolph Churchill will at once try to make his resentment felt, and will probably succeed in giving his late chief considerable annoyance, he has so far taken not a single member of the Government with him, and his enmity outside the Cabinet will, if boldly defied, be in reality less dangerous than his intrigue and treachery within it. But Lord Salisbury has not a majority in the House of Commons without the Liberal Unionists, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Goschen will bring with him the support of a sufficient number of that section on general questions to enable the Government to stand. Lord Hartington's aid, however, seems to have been definitely promised in case of need; and, if it has, the pledge will be surely and fully redeemed. Mr. Gladstone watches the disorganisation of the Ministry with glistening eyes, and he is evidently elated with the hope of once more grasping power. He has eagerly opened negotiations with Mr. Chamberlain and the Radical Unionists. Mr. Chamberlain is, of course, unwilling to break with the party which he still hopes to lead, and he cannot refuse to go into conference. But if Mr. Gladstone adheres to his Irish policy, as we are told he does, it is difficult to see how a reconciliation can be effected. If the expedient of modifying the scheme so as to admit Irish members to the Parliament at Westminster on reserved questions could furnish means of a compromise, that device has been distinctly shown to be totally unworkable, as Mr. Chamberlain's keen intellect can hardly have failed to perceive. Besides, Mr. Parnell can consent to no reduction; if he did, he would at once be supplanted by more violent men; and without his contingent a Radical majority could not be obtained. The Salisbury Government is not strong; but it is the plank between the nation and dismemberment, perhaps between the nation and revolution. There is still, we are persuaded, in the country a large element of moderate and anti-revolutionary Liberalism, which, seeing what ruin impends, is willing simply to support the Queen's Government until this peril is overpast. To this element, as well as to positive Conservatism, Lord Salisbury's cabinet, with Mr. Goschen in it, may look for support if the selfish folly of extreme Tories will refrain from driving the ship upon the rocks. In the last extremity there must be another appeal to the country. If that fail, the game is up, and the book of British greatness may be closed.

LORD SALISBURY'S personal conduct in this disastrous and disgraceful crisis has redeemed English public life; and English public life has needed a good deal of redeeming. On the behaviour of Lord Randolph Churchill in betraying, at a moment of extreme diplomatic peril, the most dangerous secrets of the Cabinet for the purpose of damaging the Government which he has deserted, and in caballing against his late colleagues, no comment will seem needful to any man in whose heart honour has its seat. If his lordship had his due, he would be struck off the Privy Council. Not public life but society must be in an unsound state, if such conduct can pass unbranded. His lordship has evidently a personal friend in the *Times*, to which he irregularly made known his resignation, before it had been communicated to the Queen, and fear of his influence with the Tory Democracy seems to seal the lips of Conservative critics; though, if the nettle were boldly grasped it would hardly sting; since the heart of a mob seldom clings to its idol when once the idol has been cast down. Mr. Gladstone has, of course, bestowed on perfidy

the meed of his calamitous approbation. But Lord Randolph Churchill, though supreme, is not alone in his disgrace. His ignominy must be shared by those members of the Conservative party who are thwarting their leader in his effort to effect the indispensable reconstruction of his Government, because they fear to see office given to any one outside of the regular pale of their faction. That partisans, and partisans not of the meanest or most ignorant kind, should thus, in the extremity of national peril, think of nothing but their party pelf and their Shibboleth, is surely as striking a lesson on the tendencies of the party system as its advocates could desire. But in other quarters there appears, if not positive disregard of honour, at least a want of the high spirit of patriotism which such a crisis ought to call forth. Men like Lord Northbrook, when summoned by Lord Salisbury to his aid, instead of promptly obeying the summons, begin to consider what effect the acceptance of office will have upon their personal position, as though any man's personal position could possibly be injured by going to the front when he is called by the head of a nation in peril. In the breast of Lord Iddesleigh also, a selfish pique has prevailed over the voice of duty. Politicians have been enfeebled and demoralised by the evil influences of the game which they play, and by their nervous deference to what they take for public opinion. We cannot yet afford to lose out of our social and political system the bracing influence of the military character which, at all events, still presents the example of prompt and unquestioning obedience to the call of duty. Indeed the soundness of the army, about which we trust there is no doubt, and its loyalty to the Crown and the nation, are assuming, even in a political point of view, an importance which it might have been hoped they were not likely ever again to acquire.

### LETTER FROM ITALY.

IN my slight sketch of Milan an unpardonable oversight was the non-mention of by no means the least interesting and important of its treasures—the *Biblioteca Ambrosiana*, the neighbouring Piazza de' Mercanti, and Santa Maria delle Grazie. The famous library, with its wilderness of book-lined walls, was founded in 1609 by Federigo Borromeo,—a very grave and worthy receptacle for the precious documents that lie shivering, glass-cased and shelved in the silent halls: The *Codice Atlantico*, a collection of original drawings and MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci; a Virgil, with marginal notes by Petrarch; letters of Tasso, Galileo, and many others; and lastly, evincing more than all a spirit of hero-worship, the gloves Napoleon I. wore at Waterloo.

Fully to realise those inspiring scenes, replete with life and colour, so dear to the author of "Romola," the effervescence of a thousand hearts, the full play of the brute that is in us, one must have beheld the principal piazza of some Italian town, surrounded by palatial edifices, and with the oft-accompanying loggia, or open hall, built on to one of these latter. Picture such a "square" filled with gesticulating, shouting, chattering men—only that of the Mercanti to-day is but a modern "Exchange."

In spite of Mr. Mark Twain's opinion to the effect that he always found the surpassing worth of the copies; in spite of the ever-advancing work of destruction, Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece in the refectory of the suppressed monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie holds still all its marvellous power. As in painting, so in music and other arts—only those who have given serious hours to their study have a right to criticise. There is infinite absurdity therefore in demanding, or even expecting, anything other than a more or less worthless criticism from the hundred and one open-mouthed starers, to whom a potato is a pear if you call it such, and the difference between "La Mascotte" and "Lohengrin" appears about as mazy as their own sentiments in general. But "The Last Supper" is among the few compositions which, it seems, even the least skilled in matters artistic may, to a certain degree, appreciate; a ground where common and higher humanity can meet.

"Verona, a public place." Enter Sampson and Gregory. It is even so, and all the time one is strutting the Lyceum boards, or dodging some infuriated villain around the card-board houses of the Grand Opera. The picturesque, toga-like cloak, so popular among Italians of the middle and lower classes, though charming in daylight, has an aspect sinister and threatening enough at night, especially when its wearer moves swiftly and shadow-like through streets dimly lighted, narrow, and mysterious. There is an air very captivating about this unique little town. Its piazza and its palaces, its amphitheatre and its memories, must endear it to all. The vast arena, built A.D. 290, capable of seating twenty thousand spectators, and affording standing room to almost as many more, though much repaired, gives a perfect idea of similar structures of its time. But the Piazza delle Erbe is really the gem among the many attractions of Verona. It is

market day, and in the square scores of white umbrellas cover as many stalls. The sellers are ugly, old hags, and the men unattractive, but you forget this under the glorious sky, in the sparkling air, and the colours of the abundant fruit are rich and warm. To the north of the Piazza rises a marble column, bearing a lion of St. Mark, indicating down to 1787 the supremacy of the Republic of Venice. At the corner to the right the Casa Mazzanti, once the residence of Albertine della Scala, the Palazzo Trezza (1668), the Casa de' Mercanti (1301), now containing the commercial court, and the fresco-decorated houses, add to the charm of the scene.

By a short street to the left the Piazza de' Signori is reached, a paved open space surrounded by delightful old buildings. Here rises a marble statue of Dante, simple and infinitely pleasing, though the ever grave face seems graver, and the corners of the mouth have a more marked downward tendency than usual. Hard by is the house in which the "divine poet" lived when an exile from Florence, 1316. In the north-east corner of the Piazza stands the old town hall, which, with its charming loggia, is among the most exquisite pieces of early Renaissance architecture one can find. Moving southward hence, in a certain Via Cappello we discover a house prodigiously tall, very narrow and plain and dark, and with a large archway in it leading to an extremely uninviting courtyard. Alas, alas! where are now the balcony, the orchard, the nightingale, and the lark? For here lived, so it is said, that "Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear." Looking about us at all the melancholy decay, we half wish these once bewitching scenes had perished too, perished with all the love and loveliness that dwelt in them. For now it is as if some coffin-lid had been withdrawn, and we beheld only the ghastly relics of some cherished form.

"A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets." But the churchyard to-day is no more, a withered garden supplanting it, and the monument, a small, partly-restored chapel adjoining a suppressed Franciscan monastery. In this lies a mediæval sarcophagus, empty but for the thousand cards of more or less interesting pilgrims to the Tomba di Giulietta. Poor Juliet! We cannot even say, "Thy canopy is dust and stones;" but, after all, what matter, since thy example, the immortal part of thee, is with us:

That while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

In summer time even the saddest heart can mask itself with smiles; to discover all the real bitterness and longings one must creep into the dark, cold chamber unnoticed, when a December wind beats its wings against the window-pane. For the troupes of eager travellers that go in warmer months to feast their eyes upon her beauty, Venice must perforce wear a far different aspect; but for the few wanderers of this colder season she makes no effort to hide the deep melancholy which hangs over her like some sad mist, that now, alas! there is no hope a future sunrise may dispel. It is neither moonlight nor May. A drizzling rain falls. The few lamps flicker faintly. The water in the canals is very dark, and the gondola very hearse-like. One fears to speak above a whisper. All the weird beauty seems of such stuff that dreams are made of, and our first journey through this city of the dead, a Dantesque expedition indeed. There are two ways in which we may contemplate the wounded Lion of St. Mark—"It is a wonderful, beautiful beast,"—and pass coldly on, and we may linger in infinite grief watching the slowly fading life. It would be hard to imagine a city in the fate of which all are compelled to take some interest. To-day the dead bride of the sea, but lovely still, for "hers is the loveliness in death, that parts not quite with parting breath."

Float with me down the Grand Canal. Nothing in the world could be more comfortable than these charming gondolas, with their luxuriant cushions, and their imperceptible motion. The watery path is paved with the reflex of purple and red from a winter sunset that changes to burnished gold the palace window panes. And we have on either hand an almost unbroken line of princely buildings. Here lived Byron; in that exquisite Palazzo Vendramin Calergi died Richard Wagner, in '83; and this is the Ca d'Oro, with its delicate façade in the pointed style, the most perfect gem of all. Amidst such silent grandeur, where the only sound is the cry of the gondolier, or the splash of his oar as he guides his swan-like bark, a dreadful *vaporotti* is brought, whistling rudely and vomiting smoke, and rushing wildly about like some small demon. Alas! alas! When we have converted our flower gardens into cornfields, and built our houses with the broken statues of the gods, what then? We hear a good deal of what should be done for "the people," but though "the people" form by far the larger portion of humanity, they fortunately certainly do not compose that part most to be considered. The question is simply this—are the lovely places of earth, and Heaven knows there are few enough,

to be opened carelessly to the curiosity of the multitude, or preserved for the appreciation of the few?

We will enter but one of these grave palaces, but one, perhaps, where ruin is more apparent. Its present owner is in Florence or Rome. A bleak staircase leads to the first apartments. The once gorgeous dancing-saloon is now placed at the disposal of artists to exhibit the pictures they desire to sell. And parallel with this, a long suite of grand deserted rooms, where the silken cushions are threadbare, and the countless objects of art lie unadmired, rotting in solitary splendour. The chambers of the upper apartment once sheltered soldiers, whose habitual Vandalism seems in no way to have been modified on this occasion.

À Venice, à l'affreux Lido,  
Où vient sur l'herbe d'un tombeau,  
Mourir la pale Adriatique.

Bologna, Dec. 19, 1886.

L. L.

### CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," office of THE WEEK.

WHEN was Halifax founded? The 8th of June was for a long time regarded as virtually Nova Scotia's natal day, because it seemed to be ascertained that on that day, in 1749, Cornwallis and his enterprising band of settlers first came to moorings in Chebucto Bay. Under this impression the Old Eighth was chosen as a national anniversary, and, to Haligonians especially, it became the chief gala day. On the 8th of June, 1849, the centenary of the foundation of the city was celebrated. The correctness of this date, however, came to be questioned, and, in 1862, correspondence between the Celebration Committee and the Commissioner of Public Records led to the production by him of a letter written by Cornwallis, in which he stated that he had arrived in Halifax Harbour on the 21st of June. A proclamation by the Lieutenant-Governor then appeared in the *Royal Gazette*, appointing the 21st of June, 1862, as the anniversary of the settlement of Halifax, and on that day it has ever since been observed. But, although Cornwallis did arrive in Chebucto Harbour on the 21st of June, it was only with his suite on board the sloop of war *Sphinx*. It appears, by his subsequent letters to the Secretary of State, that it was not until the 27th that the first of the transports that brought over the settlers appeared off the harbour, and it would seem that it was not before the 30th of June that he landed the settlers and that Halifax was founded.

WHAT became of the French colours previous to the capitulation of Montreal in 1760? Immediately after the signing of the capitulation, on the 8th of September, Colonel Haldimand was sent by General Amherst to take possession of the town. Upon his demanding the colours of the French regiments, as well as those of the English, which had fallen into their hands in the course of the war, they refused the former, declaring that, although each regiment had brought its colours with it from France, they were found troublesome and of little use in such a woody country, and were therefore destroyed. This answer being conveyed to Amherst, he required that Vaudreuil and De Lévis should affirm it on their word of honour, which they instantly did. They then delivered up two stands of English colours captured at Oswego from Provincial troops. Knox, who records this incident in his Journal, remarks that the colours must have been destroyed after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, as it was notorious that the French displayed them there. He says: "They were a white silk flag, with three *fleurs de lys*, with a wreath or circlet in the centre part and two tassels at the spear-end, all of gold." Other writers also are silent as to the time and manner of the destruction of the French colours, and an old tradition seems to be the only means of throwing light on this point. By an article of the capitulation, the French troops were refused the honours of war. Filled with indignation, the Chevalier De Lévis retired with nearly two thousand men to St. Helen's Island, whence he wrote Amherst an indignant but unavailing protest against such treatment. Vaudreuil's counsels finally decided him to bow to necessity, and the order went forth that arms were to be laid down next morning. At a late hour that evening the troops were drawn up in line in front of an immense fire, into which, at a signal from De Lévis, the colours were lowered, while the troops saluted them for the last time to the cry of *Vive la France!* He had burnt his colours rather than surrender them to the enemy.

AMONG the curiosities of railway building in Canada must be mentioned the ice-bridge railway, about three miles long, connecting for a time the terminus of the South-Eastern Railway at Longueuil, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, with Montreal, or rather Hochelaga. It was formally opened on the 31st January, 1880, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, who had assembled to witness what was described as "one of the most novel enterprises of the present day." Nevertheless, it was but another instance of there being no new thing under the sun. We read in E. V. Smalley's History of the Northern Pacific Railroad: "The building of the Missouri Division was begun early in 1878, by the transportation of ties, iron, and other material in the dead of winter across the Missouri River on the ice. A track was laid upon the frozen surface of the stream under the direction of General Rosser, then the engineer in charge of con-

struction, and for several weeks locomotives and cars were run from bank to bank, until the fires were actually put out on the engines by the water which covered the melting ice, and the hazardous passages were discontinued and the track removed a few days before the frozen bridge yielded to the rising current of the river. General Rosser's venturesome exploit attracted wide notice, and the Northern Pacific ice-bridge was pictured in the illustrated papers." It has been stated that the prototype of these two railways on ice is to be found as far back as the winter of 1851-52, when the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railway ran their cars across the frozen Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, where it is about three-quarters of a mile wide. According to a contemporary paper, however, the cars were drawn over by horses and not by engines, and the passengers drove across in sleighs or walked. But, nevertheless, this has been claimed to be the original of railways on ice.

### SONNET—FANCY'S OWN.

LET sober Reason, gowned upon her throne,  
With all her stern disciples at her feet,  
Proclaim her laws of life, for some most meet;  
Her sovereign ruling will I never own.  
Fancy's my goddess: to her power alone  
I bend the knee, for she is gracious sweet,  
And hath provided me with sandals fleet,  
That instantly transport from zone to zone  
Around this motley world; to me hath given  
Unchalleng'd passports through the realms of time  
Or past or future; by her leave I climb  
From hell's abyss up to the arch of Heaven—  
And at the secrets of the earth and sky and sea  
I marvel, moved to fear, at each new mystery.

Paris.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

### BERMUDA.—II.

BERMUDA contains numerous boarding-houses capable of accommodating from six to twelve persons; of these, the Melbourne House is the largest and most important; terms in all are from \$10 to \$12 a week, so that they are much cheaper than the hotels, but I imagine inferior both in accommodation and living. I have already referred to furnished houses; any number of these may be had during the winter for £7, £10, or £12 sterling a month, all more or less supplied with requisite articles, but without linen or cutlery. I know of only one house fully provided with every household requirement; this is rented by Mr. Trott, of Trott and Cox, the well known agents of the Steamship Company in Hamilton. The cottage in question is situated on a rocky point beyond the Princess Hotel, about twenty minutes walk from Hamilton, and its price is £14 a month. The great difficulty with regard to housekeeping in Bermuda is the question of domestics. The visitor must either bring her own servants, or depend upon such natives as she can get, and face the consequences, which, in the kitchen department, will mean considerable picking and stealing; the better the cook the greater the evil; and the sufferer must remember that the blacks do not consider it wrong, but, on the contrary, quite moral and justifiable, to support one family or more off the proceeds of their mistress's table. Wages are low, from \$6 to \$9 being paid to housemaids and cooks. White servants, when they arrive, are generally very much tried by the state of Bermudian civilisation; they may have to contend with stoves that are cracked, and with coal that is not suited to them; with salt that becomes damp and sticky when the south wind blows; with currants that blend into one undistinguishable and united body; with tiny red ants possessed of a demoniacal curiosity, that insist upon investigating everything; with meat that will not appear till the eleventh hour if then, and with milk often forgotten altogether. These are a few of the minor evils which upset the equanimity of the northern domestic, fresh from all the modern conveniences of the nineteenth century. With a white maid and a coloured cook, great comfort could be enjoyed, as the former would control peculation.

The blacks, in spite of their little weaknesses, are a good-natured and happy people, more like grown-up children than reasonable beings; they are very grateful and appreciative of kindness, and one is always impressed by their courteous and respectful bearing. Whether in town or country, every man or woman you meet gives you a pleasant nod, in which respect they offer a refreshing contrast to their brethren of the West Indian Islands, who harbour a most objectionable animosity to the white population, and seize every opportunity to annoy them. Living is expensive, compared with Canada, the price of everything but groceries being double. Beef is 1s. 3d., nearly 30 cents per lb.; mutton, a shilling, or 25 cents, and none but such as is imported fresh-killed, per steamer, from New York, is fit to eat; veal, 1s. per lb.; chicken and turkeys sell at 1s. a pound with their feathers on; fish is cheap, as a rule, and nasty, 4d. per lb.—some kinds are good boiled (as it is seldom or never eaten, and was an experiment of our own), but the majority is coarse and tasteless; it is very difficult to get, the hotels and boarding-houses consuming the moderate supply; bread is 6d. a loaf; milk, 6d. a quart; vegetables can be produced in fair abundance, but the potatoes are all imported from Nova Scotia, and are 1s. 3d. a peck. Fruit, in the way of bananas, is plentiful and cheap, 3d. a pound. Apples are a staple article of

food and largely imported; also, Florida oranges; but no fruit except bananas is grown by the natives for sale. There are any number of orange, lemon, loquat, avocado pear, Surinam cherry, and other queer tropical trees in the gardens of private houses, but, for their consumption, one is indebted to the kindness of friends.

Anything can be raised in Bermuda were it not for the laziness of the negroes; but since a disease blighted their orange and peach trees some years ago, they have abandoned the cultivation of anything but the prolific and profitable banana, together with tomatoes, potatoes, and onions for the New York market. Loquots are the fruit *par excellence* of Bermuda. They are of Chinese extraction, yellow in colour, and the shape of a tiny pear—about an inch long—they grow in clusters of eight or a dozen, upwards instead of downwards, in large leafy trees with queer straggling branches.

One great want in Bermuda is a market, which would be an immense economy of time and money; nearly every West India Island, however small, possesses one, and it is curious that none should ever have been established in Hamilton. Various notable old women travel about with vegetables, eggs, scallops, and oysters. Beware of the Bermuda oyster; it is a delusion and a snare, and the purity of the scallops' watery bed must be investigated.

The climate during the winter is decidedly variable; the temperature ranges generally between 60° and 70°, and frost is unknown; its essential characteristic is dampness, whatever may be said to the contrary. This is only natural in a small group of islands lying far out in the Atlantic, but there is neither fog nor mist of any description, though there are frequent squalls of rain which are soon absorbed by the porous nature of the ground. When a north wind blows, as it generally does after Christmas, it is cool and even bracing, making a fire in the morning and evening an enjoyable luxury; but when a south wind wafts the soft air of the Gulf Stream over the ocean, it is damp and enervating. This is supposed to be essentially a summer breeze, but it keeps its memory green in the winter also. November and December are fine warm months when cotton dresses may be worn, and doors and windows kept open night and day, also a prevalence of mosquitos expected. January, February, and March are stormy and unsettled, and thick dresses may be donned with comfort, and a heavy wrap worn in a north wind. April and May are again bright and beautiful; the sun increases daily in power and penetration, and cotton dresses can be resumed. A thick jacket is always useful, also a light ulster, and a mackintosh no family should be without, as an umbrella is practically useless in the heavy squalls of wind and rain which constantly occur; a couple of good dresses for state occasions, a few ball gowns, and a lady's wardrobe is complete, with the addition of an ancient cloak of some kind for boating, the salt water spoiling anything it touches. Boots and shoes should be taken, but gloves can be obtained better and cheaper than in Canada, provided that Americans who prevail in Bermuda have not bought up all the sizes you happen to require.

One great and inestimable advantage of the Bermuda climate is that you can stay in it just as long as you please. Indeed April and May are often the pleasantest months, with their lengthening days and their spring-like atmosphere, and in this respect its qualifications for invalids are superior to those of Florida and the West Indies, which the visitor must leave in March, when it is too early to return to Canada from any southern resort. Whether it is suitable for consumptive patients is a much-vexed question. I consider it entirely too damp and too variable; you see very few, if any, invalids. Bermuda is almost entirely the winter headquarters of Americans, who are pleased with its English flavour, and come down simply for pleasure and amusement. I heard there were upwards of 1,500 there last year, between Christmas and Easter. Many business men, who suffer from overwork and insomnia, will find the island, with its fortnightly mail and absence of cable communication, a capital recruiting ground; also persons troubled with nervous affections, to whom fresh air and out of door life are recommended. There is a great and perceptible change of temperature as soon as the sun sets, and a damp chill creeps over the ground in the winter months, which is felt even by the robust, and must be guarded against.

The naval and military society is a great attraction of Bermuda; there is always one regiment stationed there (at present the 76th, the Duke of Wellington's), besides a few companies of engineers and a battery of artillery. The North American squadron, with the flagship, the *Northampton*, under Vice-Admiral Lyons, and three or four smaller vessels, comes down from Halifax in November, and spends six weeks or more at the dockyard, then goes on to the West Indies and returns again for two months in March. The Admiral's official residence, Admiralty House, Clarence Hill, is a quaint old building, with very extensive gardens, laid out by some horticultural predecessor. It is beautifully situated on high ground, and commands an extensive view of the north shore of the island with the dockyard lying immediately opposite about two miles away, and the grand sweep of the Atlantic washing the rocks below.

The present Governor is General Gallwey, R.E. Government House, Mount Langton, lies on the north shore of Bermuda, and is an old-fashioned colonial residence, soon to be succeeded by a really handsome and commodious building, which is being erected on a better site than the present house, but within the grounds, which are more extensive and appear to far better advantage than those of Clarence Hill, and contain two excellent tennis courts. It is customary for strangers upon arrival to drive out, and inscribe their names in the books kept at Clarence Hill and Mount Langton. After paying their respects they are eligible for invitations to such general entertainments as may be given.

L. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"LORD SELBORNE ON DISESTABLISHMENT."

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In an article entitled "Lord Selborne on Disestablishment" in a recent number of THE WEEK, the following passage occurs in reference to the Church of England in the pre-Reformation era, which appears to me misleading. The writer says :

"Moreover, the Church in England was not the Church of England, it was a segment of Latin Christendom ; its head was the Pope of Rome ; when it showed its distinctive character, as it did under Becket, instead of being national it was anti-national, and set the Government of the nation at defiance."

A reference to Magna Charta will show that the first of these statements is historically untrue, and that the Church in England was then known as, and called, "the Church of England." The first clause of that celebrated document reads : "The Church of England, or English Church, (Ecclesia Anglicana) shall be free, and shall have all her whole rights and liberties inviolable." Other statutes and public documents might be referred to in which the Church in England is styled "the Church of England," e.g., in letters patent of 3 Edw. II., printed at p. 165 of Ruffhead's Edition of Statutes, the following words occur, "Nos ad honorem Dei et pro pace et tranquillitate Ecclesie Anglicane." In 9 Edw. II., st. 1, the same words occur. The 25 Edw. III., st. 6, speaks of "seinte Eglise d'Engleterre," i.e., "the holy Church of England." The 6 Rich. II., c. 1, says : "First, it is ordained and accorded that our holy mother the Church of England (sancta mater Ecclesia Anglicana) have all her liberties whole and unhurt, and the same fully enjoy and use." Many other statutes might be referred to, passed in pre-Reformation days, to show that the people of England called the Church in England "the Church of England," or "English Church."

The Church of England was, no doubt, in one sense, a segment of Latin Christendom very much in the same way that Ontario and Quebec are segments of Canada ; but Ontario is not Quebec nor a part of it, nor is Quebec Ontario.

Is it not also a popular error to speak of "the Church" as if it consisted solely of the clergy? Were there no laity in the Church of England in Becket's time? Were they anti-national? Did they set the Government at defiance? If not, how can it be truly said that the Church of England in Becket's time was anti-national?

The fact is, in Becket's time the Church of England was merely another name for the people of England, for the one composed the other, and there were no dissentient sects from the national church.

No doubt the priesthood contributed very largely to the Papal encroachments in England ; but whoever will calmly examine the statute law of England will find ample evidence that these encroachments were regarded long prior to the Reformation as usurpations of authority, and that the people of England in Parliament were constantly endeavouring to restrain these encroachments on the liberties of the national church.

For instance the 25 Edw. III., st. 5, c. 22, provided that persons purchasing "a provision" in Rome for an abbey should be out of the King's protection. The 25 Edw. III., st. 6, recites at length the grievances of the King and people by reason of the Pope assuming to appoint aliens to fill English benefices, and imposes penalties on those who seek such appointments from the Pope. The statute 27 Edw. III., st. 1, c. 1, imposes the penalties of *Premunire* (i.e., put the offender out of the King's protection) on all suing in a foreign Court, i.e., the Papal Court ; 38 Edw. III., st. 2, c. 1, imposes like penalties on persons receiving citations from Rome in causes pertaining to the King ; 3 Rich. II., c. 3, provides that none should take any benefice of an alien or convey money to him : obviously aimed at the Pope, who was the only alien who assumed to give away English benefices. See also 12 Rich. II., c. 15 ; 13 Rich. II., st. 2, c. 2 and c. 3 ; 16 Rich. II., c. 5 ; 2 Hen. IV., c. 3 and c. 4 ; 9 Hen. IV., c. 9 (Ruffhead's ed.) ; 3 Hen. V., st. 2, c. 4 ; all of which statutes are plain and incontrovertible evidence of the struggle maintained by the Parliament (in which of course both the laity and spirituality of the Church of England were represented) against the encroachments of the Papacy on the rights of the Church of England. So far from it being true that the Church of England was even anti-national in the pre-Reformation period, it must be apparent that it was always intensely national, and it could not well be otherwise, unless the people in their Christian aspect were opposed to themselves in their political aspect.

It appears to me the writer of the article in question also fails to grasp the distinctive character of the Reformation of the Church of England. Neither clergy nor laity at the Reformation pretended to set up a new church. Their object was simply to purge the old Church of England of errors. Out of 9,400 beneficed clergy in Elizabeth's reign, only 189 refused to conform, and yet the writer of the article says if the clergy could have had their way they would have left things as they were. For eleven years after the Reformation was effected in England, as we learn from Sir Edward Coke, those who favoured Romish doctrines continued to worship with their brethren who rejected those doctrines, and communicated at the same altars. Would they have done so if they had thought a new church had been set up? When the Pope, in the eleventh year of Elizabeth's reign, excommunicated the Queen, and ordered his followers to withdraw from the national church, the schism was effected, but that was the act of the Pope, not of the Church of England. She never excommunicated the Romanists ; all that she essayed to do was to prevent Romish doctrines being imposed on people as a condition of communion in the Church of England.

The position taken by the Church of England was simply this : her

reformers said in effect, Here is a mass of doctrine and practice which has grown up in the church, which is not sanctioned by the Scriptures, by the usage of the primitive church, nor by the church as a whole. Its sole sanction is derived from the decrees and usages of that part of the church which adheres to the Roman see. This part of the church is not competent to formulate articles of faith for the whole church ; that is a matter within the province of an Ecumenical Council alone. We will, therefore, no longer suffer these doctrines to be taught in the Church of England as necessary to salvation, nor require them to be accepted as a condition of communion in the Church of England.

I do not understand how any Protestant can adopt the argument that this had the effect of destroying the identity or historical continuity of the Church of England, unless he adopts the further argument that the rejected doctrines are essential parts of the Christian Faith. The identity of the Roman Church is maintained by her succession of bishops. So is that of the orthodox Eastern Church ; so is that of the Anglican Church. The standard of faith in the Church of England is the Nicene Creed, which is the standard to which, barring the *Filioque* clause, the whole church has assented. No other profession of faith is required from communicants at her altars.

No doubt in pre-Reformation days it was believed by members of the Church of England that the world was flat and stationary, and that the sun moved round it. No one would now say that this error was an essential part of the Christian faith, even though a Pope once thought it was, or that a church rejecting this error loses its identity. Neither can Protestants say that the belief in purgatory, transubstantiation, the worship of saints, angels, and relics, belief in the immaculate conception, the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, the use of images, the denial of the Eucharistic cup to the laity, etc., are essential parts of the Christian faith, or that a church which rejects these doctrines and practices loses its identity. To reject that which is an essential part of the Christian faith might well be said to destroy the continuity and identity of any part of the church, but how the simple rejection of erroneous or non-essential opinions or practices can have that effect is not apparent. The Church of England at the Reformation imposed no new creed ; she simply restored the ancient creed of the undivided church (namely, the Nicene creed) to the place of honour.

In this country we can afford to look at the question of disestablishment from the simple point of honesty, without regard to the exigencies of politicians. No one here will profit by the spoliation of the Church of England. If the Church of England is identical with the church of pre-Reformation days, as I think it must be admitted it is, then her title to the ancient endowments is older than any other title to property ; but even if, as her enemies allege, it dates only from the Reformation, is three hundred years of undisputed enjoyment not a sufficient title? Any honest man, if his own property were concerned, would say that it was.

No doubt the nation has power to deal with the property of the church just as fully as with that of individuals. It has power to take the property of A and give it to B, but such legislation can only be justified by extraordinary circumstances. If it could be fairly shown that the property of the church is in excess of its needs, or that it is being diverted to improper uses, a case for legislation might be made. But the attack is not based on any such suggestion, and the enormous sums which the members of the church have voluntarily given of late years towards extending the offices of the Church, is a sufficient proof that the ancient endowments are not adequate for the present spiritual needs of the nation, nor for that part of it which accepts the ministrations of the National church.

GEO. S. HOLMSTED.

["ECCLESIA ANGLICANA," in a document of the Catholic Middle Ages, is, we take it, either a mere expression of locality, or a synonym for the Clerical Estate. It does not mean that the Church was a national establishment, as it certainly has been since the Reformation, whether that event affected its spiritual continuity or not. The Church of England cannot be despoiled of property, for the simple reason that it neither holds nor is capable of holding any. It has no independent or corporate existence, and can no more maintain an action of ejectment for glebe or a suit for tithe than the Army or Navy can sue for the arrears of an officer's pay. Each incumbent is a corporation sole. Let us remind our learned correspondent that we take practically the conservative view of this question, and wish, so far as we have any interest in the matter, to see a good compromise made while there is yet time. But a good compromise can be obtained only by asking for it on practical grounds, not by filing a Bill in the court of ecclesiastical and legal history against the nation.—ED. WEEK.]

THAT the course of the reign of Charles II. should be ignored, and frequently misunderstood, is indeed natural enough. Neither to historian nor to student can it at first sight seem attractive. The age of great things is past, and the age of great men too. Admiration and sympathy and enthusiasm look in vain for one noble exponent of a worthy cause around whom they may gather. There is scarcely a man who lives his life in the open light of day, scarcely one to reverence or to love. Great principles, indeed, are at work, but to watch their working the historian has to breathe an atmosphere of profligacy and dishonour. The time, indeed, despised itself, and as men who look back through their own lives pass with averted eyes over the years of low motive or disgrace, so now we habitually and instinctively avoid a close and familiar acquaintance with the reign of Charles II.—*The Athenaeum.*

## The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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WE welcome an important accession to the ranks of Independent Journalism. The *Mail* has renounced its bondage to Party. About that, after the editorial of Saturday last, there can be no longer any doubt. All charitable conjectures as to the existence of a secret understanding between Sir John Macdonald and his ostensibly rebellious organ must henceforth cease. The divergence between the line taken by the *Mail* and that taken by the party leader in the late Provincial elections evidently rendered it necessary, as a matter of justice to the party, that any doubt which might exist as to relations should be set at rest. Our principles score a victory, the least part of which is the adhesion of the *Mail* itself, since we may reasonably suppose that the proprietors of that journal are not courting commercial martyrdom, and that in their deliberate opinion there is a growing taste among the people for something of a non-party kind. The *Mail* announces that, though independent, it will still be Conservative. There is no reason why it should not be perfectly independent, and, at the same time, as Conservative as it pleases. People fancy, or pretend to fancy, that an independent journalist must be a journalist without convictions. It is singular that such should be the case in politics, while in every other department of inquiry no conviction which is not formed by a mind perfectly independent is deemed worthy of the name. The *Mail* has of late been very ably written, its advocacy has been vigorous, but its opinion, being that of an advocate, has been worth nothing. Henceforth its opinion will be worth something. While people have been demonstrating the impracticability of independent journalism, the leading journal of the world, the *London Times*, has been independent, and has been able, by virtue of its independence, to render, in heading the struggle for the Union, an immense service to the country.

THERE are reasons against recognising the divine right of majorities, more cogent, in our opinion, than the mechanical defects inherent in the system by which majorities are ascertained. Yet these are not to be forgotten. Opposition journals in Ontario point out that while Mr. Mowat's majority of the popular vote is only one and a half per cent., his majority of the legislature will be thirty per cent., which makes him absolutely master of the House. That this result in the present instance is due partly to a Gerrymander is true; but such things are always happening, and will probably always happen, arrange the representation as you will.

THE private telegraph companies appear to have a case against the C. P. R., by which they, like every thing else, are being absorbed. Private competition must, they say, be faced, but the C. P. R. has received immense subsidies from the Government, and attacks private enterprises virtually with public money. It would have been fairer and better had the Company been confined to the national work which it has executed with so much energy and success. It is alleged that the private companies, being leased by the Western Union, are American, while the C. P. R. is Canadian, and that we ought to be glad as patriots to see American property destroyed by a Canadian rival. But the Montreal and Dominion Telegraphs, though connected with the Continental system, were built with Canadian money, and are owned, we believe, almost entirely in Canada. The Pacific Railway Syndicate was made up of houses or capitalists at Montreal, New York, London, Amsterdam, and Paris. No large proportion, we believe, of the stock of the railway is held in Canada; at least it is little heard of on our Stock Exchanges; and those magnates of the Syndicate who individually hold large amounts are socially more Englishmen than Canadians. However, it is a question, not of patriotism, but of commercial justice. The C. P. R. will find that a policy of moderation is the wisest. If it is too grasping it will soon provoke a formidable coalition.

LEGISLATIVE reformers, particularly those who undertake to set the world right on moral and social questions, seldom stop to consider the remoter consequences of their legislation. A writer in an American periodical, after discussing and rejecting the plan for making everybody happy by a

general confiscation of real estate, proposes, as a substitute, to apply confiscating legislation to inheritances and bequests. He seems to think that if we decline to commit a gigantic act of folly in one direction we are bound, by way of compensation, to commit one in another direction. As we refuse to throw ourselves out of this window, we must throw ourselves out of the next. What would be the consequence of confiscating inheritances and bequests? It would be that we should very soon have no more inheritances or bequests to confiscate. Men would either spend in their lifetime all they made, or give it away to their relatives before their death. The net upshot would be a great discouragement of the habit of saving, which is the mainspring of economical progress. In the same way, the effect of other confiscating legislation would be to prevent the accumulation of wealth, without which commercial enterprises could not be undertaken, nor the economical condition of man materially improved. All these plans of legislative robbery, when the pillage was once over, would recoil upon the welfare of those classes in whose supposed interests they are planned.

THE great inducement to spasmodic action with the writer to whom we have adverted appears to be his panic fear of the growth of colossal fortunes in the United States. We agree with him so far as to deem the growth of colossal fortunes, as a rule, an evil, and to think that the object of the lawgiver in framing laws relating to property should be the distribution, and not the aggregation, of wealth. Wealth is power: it is power without definite responsibility, and there is always a possibility of its being misused; at all events, a bad example of living may be set with pernicious force, and a false standard of worth may be created. Yet it would not be easy, we apprehend, to specify any particular harm which the millionaires of the United States have as yet done; or to prove that society or any member of it would be more prosperous or happier if Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and Cyrus Field could be reduced to beggary to-morrow. The opulence of these men moves envy, and envy is painful; but it is not a substantial grievance, nor is it one which is capable of removal, unless an absolute equalisation of conditions, not in respect of wealth only but in every respect, can be brought about. There are benefits, too, to be set against the evil. Cyrus Field's fortune, for instance, represents a benefit conferred upon the world in the shape of oceanic communication, the magnitude of which swallows up any conceivable mischief that his possession of millions can do. The Astor estate, as an inheritance of fashionable drones, is little better than a nuisance; yet even out of this New York has got the Astor Library. That the number of colossal fortunes is likely to increase is a mistake. They are made for the most part by the opening up of some new line of commerce, such as railways or telegraphs, or by the sudden development of some new riches of nature, such as petroleum; and the longer the country has been settled the fewer of such opportunities there are likely to be. In Holland, we believe, great fortunes are seldom made.

CAPITAL is one economical bugbear of the Labour Reformer: another is the influence of corporations which is supposed to be fatally oppressing the community, and especially the wage-earning class; and broad hints are frequently thrown out that those institutions ought to be wrecked and plundered. From the language held about them it would be supposed that they were dark conclaves of heartless and grasping millionaires, plotting the subjugation and spoliation of their kind. We have before us the lists of the stockholders in three of our large Loan Societies, whose names are published in England for the satisfaction of capitalists, though they are not published here. In one case the number of stockholders is 761, and it amounts in each of the other cases to several hundreds. A large proportion are women, or trustees and executors holding for women or children, the rest are merchants, professional men, farmers, and people of all descriptions, most of them probably with moderate resources. The corporations, in fact, have been the means of enabling a vast number of persons with small means to share the profits of a trade which otherwise would have been engrossed by a few great capitalists. The money loaned has fructified in the hands of farmers and others, who have borrowed it, so that it would probably not be too much to assume that the value of the property, on the average, had increased in a degree not far short of the amount of the loan; while by the money made available or brought into the country, upon the collective credit of the stockholders, in the shape of debentures, the rate of interest has been reduced at least four per cent. within the last twenty years. And these are the institutions which are denounced as scourges of industry, and of which certain reformers would, no doubt, be willing to relieve the world by transferring the contents of the monopolists' strong box to their own pockets.

A RIFT has distinctly showed itself in the menacing organisation of the Knights of Labour. This was sure to come. The Trade Unions, which the larger association seeks practically to supersede and absorb, may make mistakes, and may have sometimes misused their powers; the sharp line which they draw between employers and employed is evil, and we devoutly hope will some day be effaced or softened; but they aim at objects in themselves reasonable, as well as feasible, and therefore the basis upon which they rest is sound. It is otherwise with an organisation which aims at marshalling all the wage-earners of the continent in a social and industrial war against the rest of the community. There is nothing to justify such warfare. The community has done no wrong, much less any intentional wrong, to the wage-earners, while incontrovertible evidence shows that the artisans are receiving in raised wages and extended command of comforts and luxuries their share of the increased wealth of the world. That the whole of the world's wealth is the produce of their manual labour, and belongs of right to them, so that they are warranted in uniting their forces for the spoliation of the rest of the community, is a fallacy which will not bear a moment's inspection. Nor is the sudden transformation of society in the interest of the wage-earners, of which the organisers of such combinations as the Knights of Labour dream, a feasible object; gradual progress is our law, and attempts to break it only lacerate the social frame, and give birth to widespread misery. The basis of such an organisation as the Knights of Labour therefore is not sound, and sooner or later that which is built on it must fall. Those who levy war, above all unjust war against society, find themselves, moreover, under the necessity of submitting to the commands of a general; and they thus impose upon themselves the yoke of an iron dictatorship, of which, finding that nothing substantial is gained by the struggle, they do not fail to become weary. Mr. Powderly, so far as we can see, has used his power with discretion and moderation: he has certainly shown both wisdom and right feeling in trying, however vainly, to keep his association clear of Anarchism and Dynamitism; but he is the general of an army which is held together neither by a cause nor by martial law, and he has scarcely taken the field against his imaginary foe when he finds mutiny breaking out in his own camp.

In the *North American Review* there is an article by Mr. George, which confirms our impression that, while he confidently asserts that all property had its origin in rapine, he has never studied the subject historically. "The road," he says, "by which private property in land was instituted among English-speaking people was, by the shaking off their rents on the part of the feudal tenants, and the resort to general taxation for the public revenues, originally obtained from land." The reference apparently is to the commutation in the reign of Charles II., of the feudal payments and burthens for an excise. Just exception has been taken to a bargain which relieved the holders of feudal estates at the expense of the community at large; but to call this the origin of private property in land among English-speaking people would be preposterous. The institution of private property in land, was, before that time, in full force among the English-speaking people of the American colonies, where feudal tenures had never existed. What does Mr. George suppose was meant by the Anglo-Saxon distinction between folkland and bookland, and what does he suppose bookland meant but private property? He admits, by the way, that "secure possession by the individual man is of course necessary to the use of land, since it is requisite to secure the right of property in improvements." What is private property but "secure possession by an individual"? If we are threatened with nothing more revolutionary than the substitution of secure possession by individuals for "private property," holders of real estate may sleep in peace. Some of Mr. George's disciples apparently are not aware that a leaseholder has "an undivided interest in land." Let them trespass on a leasehold estate, and the fact will be brought home to their minds.

We find in the same number of the *North American*, rather to our surprise, a very forcible article, by Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, on the fallacies and dangers of Socialism. In reply to Mr. Hyndman's truculent declaration that "force or fear of force is the only reasoning which can appeal to a dominant estate or ever induce them to surrender any portion of their property," Mr. Bradlaugh most truly says that a Socialist State, "if it could be realised by force at all it could only so be realised after a shocking and murderous civil war." That the property-holding classes would certainly fight in defence of their property, and that they would by no means certainly be beaten, are simple and important truths which seem never to have occurred to the minds of Socialists and Labour Reformers.

THE curious fact has been brought to light by a writer in the *Contemporary Review* that an exact counterpart of the Irish land agitation has been prevailing for centuries in Picardy. The *droit de marché* of Picardy is the tenant right of Ireland. "Its history," says the writer in words which exactly fit the Irish case, "is a history of legal rights invaded by violence, of terrorism maintained by crime, of law defied by secret coalitions, of justice baffled by the impossibility of procuring evidence." Even the despotic government of Louis XIV. seems to have put forth its full power against Picard Agrarianism in vain. The man who took the farm of an evicted occupier is called a *depointeur*, and becomes, just as in Ireland, an object of rustic vengeance. He is boycotted. Men in masks, or with blackened faces, sow tares in his wheat, break his implements, destroy his crops, mutilate his horses and cattle, burn his ricks, set fire to his buildings, fire shots into his house. Everybody refuses to work for him; his family are branded and excommunicated. No evidence is forthcoming, and no justice can be obtained. Agrarian crime even courts publicity. A shepherd who had taken another's place was shot in the street in broad daylight, as he was walking between two friends. A curé, who had taken his glebe into his own hands, was shot at the high altar before his congregation. A farmer, who had taken his neighbour's farm, was shot at church. A series of edicts, continued with progressive severity to the eve of the Revolution, proved totally ineffective. The tenant right in this case seems to have had its origin in an exceptional claim for reward on account of the labour expended in clearing, Picardy having in former times been covered with wood. The conflict has now nearly died out, but it has left its moral, which is, that agrarianism is quite independent of politics, and that the treatment of the two in the case of Ireland as though they were identical, or closely connected with each other, can only lead to confusion.

WE have received from England the first number of a journal entitled *Imperial Federation*, a sign that the Imperial Federationists are on the alert. Our gratitude is due to the Colonial Secretary for doing anything to bring this question to a head. In its nebulous state it is beginning to work serious mischief. A number of Englishmen are persuading themselves that they can afford to surrender the integrity of the United Kingdom, because they will only be making raw material for the ampler and grander unity of a Federated Empire. But Mr. Stanhope touches the subject, it must be owned, in a very timid and gingerly way. He does not venture to direct the attention of his delegates to either of the two critical topics, contribution to Imperial armaments and submission to an Imperial Tariff. The only matters to be treated at the conference are postal communications and Colonial defences. With regard to postal communications, no doubt, most gratifying enthusiasm will prevail. With regard to Colonial defences, the only result, we suspect, will be a flood of friendly talk. No Colony will be willing to incur expenditure. Assuredly Canada will refuse. Besides, how can Australia help to settle the disposition of batteries on the coast of Canada, or the arrangements of the Canadian militia?

ON the cover of *Imperial Federation* is set forth the list of all the Colonies; and we wonder that any reader of that list should fail at once to be struck with the absurdity of proposing a federation of Great Britain with Cyprus, Labuan, Natal, Heligoland, St. Helena, and Fiji. The Confederation must, of course, have a written constitution, strictly defining all rights, powers, and liabilities, otherwise there would be as many quarrels as there were calls upon any of its members for contributions or the performance of duties. To this constitution Great Britain and Heligoland must be alike subject. To interpret it, and hear appeals against its infringement, there must be a tribunal like the Supreme Court of the United States, to the authority of which all the members of the confederacy, Great Britain as well as Heligoland, must submit. Let the Imperial Federationists try their hands at drafting such a constitution and at devising such a tribunal. They will then, at all events, be brought face to face with the practical problems which they have undertaken to solve. Let them also consider how the constitution is in the first instance to be made. The free consent of all parties will of course be requisite; and this, apparently, can be obtained only by means of a Congress in which each is fairly represented. In such a Congress, if Heligoland or St. Helena has one representative, Canada ought to have a thousand, and Great Britain ought to have five or six thousand. That this project when brought down from the clouds, and put to the test of practical discussion, will collapse, we regard as certain, and our only fear is that its catastrophe may be followed by a revulsion of feeling which would impair that moral bond between the Mother Country and the Colonies which is incomparably more

valuable than the political relation, and which, if not jeopardised by chimerical attempts to enforce political unity, may endure in increasing strength for ever. Imperial Federationists should remember that as soon as they set to work they will call all the centrifugal as well as the centripetal forces—all the jealousies and divergent interests, as well as the desire of closer connection—into play, and that the result may possibly be not only a miscarriage but a quarrel. For India, the population of which quadruples that of the rest of the Empire, and to which, indeed, alone the name Empire can be properly applied, no provision is made by the framers of these schemes. Is it to be governed as a mere dependency by a Federation comprising Cyprus, Labuan, and Fiji?

THE war cloud in Europe grows darker, and the faces of politicians gather gloom. All the Powers are increasing their armaments. Even those of which the finances are in the most desperate condition, and bankrupt Turkey herself, are putting a fresh strain upon their resources; and a state of tension is thus being produced which, in itself, it would seem must in the end compel one of the Powers to break. Three currents at once, as has been observed, set towards war: the temper and circumstances of the Czar, French desire of revenge on Germany, and German fear of the reviving military power of France. The Czar, who, by touching a bell, can, at any moment, set the world in a flame, is a Tartar in character, and whether he has arrived at the point of shooting his aides de camp or not, he has certainly been wound up by Nihilist threats to a pitch of mingled rage and panic at which he is no longer entirely master of himself. He has been hitherto ignominiously baffled in a most disgraceful attempt against Bulgarian independence. He, no doubt, feels that the conquest of Constantinople would produce a general outburst of Slavonic enthusiasm in his favour, abash his Nihilist assailants, and confirm his tottering throne. His father, had his armies entered Constantinople, would probably have reigned secure. The Russian finances are in the greatest disorder; but a half-barbarous nation, caring but little about its credit, does not shrink from bankruptcy, while the Government can lay its hands, to any extent, on men, horses, and provisions, so that it needs money only for arms and ammunition. If France were really governed by universal suffrage, she would remain at peace; for the mass of the peasant voters never think of Alsace-Lorraine, and hate war and the conscription with all their souls. But the French are a submissive, not to say a servile, people; they are easily dragged into war or anything else by any one who has grasped power; and Boulanger appears both to have grasped power and to be bent on using it for the purpose of renewing the combat with Germany. It seems certain that the French army has been greatly improved in character and equipment as well as increased in number under his administration, and by this time its spirit may have recovered from defeat. The German Emperor is known to be personally set against war; yet, if he sees that it must come, he will hardly prevent his generals from striking at the moment which they may deem the best. Mr. Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the *London Times*, has positively asserted that there is an agreement between Russia and Germany binding Russia to neutrality in a war between Germany and France, and Germany to neutrality in a war between Russia and Austria. This would point to an impending conflict between Russia and Austria, in which England, unless she altogether withdrew from the Eastern Question, could hardly fail to be involved; and though Mr. Blowitz's statement has been denied, diplomacy never shrinks from the formal denial of inconvenient facts. The science of destruction is hard at work in every arsenal, and all sorts of hellish engines and compounds are being prepared. Yet, war would be attended with havoc so dire, the interests opposed to it are so strong, so much diplomatic skill is being exerted to prevent it, and the feeling of humanity against it, whatever may be satirically said about our bellicose Christianity, is so decidedly on the increase, that we shall not believe it to be inevitable till the first shot is fired. If it is really coming, one of the Powers being resolved to attack, its coming will hardly be delayed till the spring. We look on calmly as though we were in no way concerned, but should England be involved in a maritime war, and the cruisers of the enemy get to sea, as if two navies were combined against her they almost certainly would, Canada, with her great mercantile marine, would be seriously concerned indeed.

AMERICAN universities are agitated by the question of compulsory attendance on religious services. If a religious service is a good thing in itself, which an Agnostic of course would deny, it is not quite certain that compulsory attendance, within moderate limits, is evil. A man who is got out of bed and taken to chapel by a rule may when in chapel join sincerely in the service and profit by it. But there is the danger, on the

other hand, of making religious services odious, which was certainly the effect of the daily attendance enforced at the English universities in former days. On the whole, probably, the voluntary system, with short prayers and private remonstrance in case of habitual non-attendance, is the best.

It is hard upon Carlyle that his best witness should step into the box when the court has risen and the jurymen, wearied with the controversy, have gone home. His "Early Letters," now published by his friend, Mr. Charles E. Norton (Macmillan and Co.), decidedly present his character and his relations to his wife in a far more amiable aspect than that in which they are presented by Mr. Froude. Mr. Norton indignantly exposes the use which Mr. Froude has made of his materials. Mr. Froude always makes the same use of his materials, and little does he care for the exposure so long as he creates a sensation, and his book succeeds. Mr. Norton, however, has done, with the utmost delicacy and good taste, his duty to the memory of his friend.

AN American sensationalist describes at great length the horrors of St. Lazare to show, if Lady Colin Campbell had been committed to it, what she *would* have gone through. He is determined to have his sensation in spite of fate.

AMONG other election reports it has been stated that Mr. Goldwin Smith has accepted an invitation to run for Lisgar, and that he is on the point of departure for that constituency. No invitation has been sent, and therefore none can have been accepted.

AMERICAN science has now started the theory of "inebriety by contagion." It is alleged that there are cases of men displaying all the symptoms of drunkenness from being in the company of drunkards, though they have drunk nothing themselves. This might be sometimes useful as a defence in the police court.

THERE has been another case of narrow escape from being buried alive. The son of the man about to be interred, recollecting the appearance of the body, was seized with a misgiving at the last moment, and had the coffin opened. When will the world mend its ways about burial, and put an end to the most hideous of all imaginable dangers?

HERE are two odd items of news, characteristic of social life in the States. In Kansas a woman on trial for murder has her divorced husband for her attorney. In Galveston a woman who worked as a union printer married a non-union printer, who was afterwards put under the ban. As the husband would not join the union, the wife left him at the command of her associates, and is going to sue for a divorce.

THE Americans who are always pointing the finger of reprobation at the social evils of England have themselves their tenement-house difficulty. The case seems almost desperate. If better houses are built, the low population does not live in them. Nothing apparently would cure the evil but the extinction of the low population itself, the extinction, in other words, of idleness, misfortune, vice, intemperance, and crime.

AN American journal moralises over the decline of political leadership, and finds the explanation in the prosperity of the country, which causes the minds of the people to be filled with other things than politics. That the minds of the people should be filled with other and better things than party politics is creditable to the good sense of the nation. But may not the explanation of the falling-off, which is not confined to the United States, be partly found in the growing ascendancy of stump oratory over statesmanship?

THE appearance of an Agnostic journal, entitled "Secular Thought," at Toronto, shows that all schools of thought have their representatives in Canada. The writing also shows that the representatives of Agnosticism in Canada are able men. No man of instructed and comprehensive mind can fail to understand or to respect conscientious doubt. "Secular Thought" is high in its tone, nor is there anything in its language to which exception can fairly be taken by any one who holds that religion must bear the test of free inquiry, and that when doubt is felt free inquiry becomes a duty. But we can hardly understand how any profound inquirer, however free, can at present feel warranted in treating the religious hypothesis as disproved; and this is what a man seems to do when he establishes an Agnostic journal.

## THREE SONNETS.

## I.—THE MAIDEN.

THE melody of birds is in her voice,  
The lake is not more crystal than her eyes,  
In whose brown depths her soul still sleeping lies.  
With her soft curls the passionate zephyr toys  
And whispers in her ears of coming joys.  
Upon her breast red rosebuds fall and rise,  
Kissing her snowy throat, and lover-wise  
Breathing forth sweetness till the fragrance cloys.

Sometimes she thinks of love ; but, oftener yet,  
Wooing but wearies her, and love's hot phrase  
Repels and frightens her. Then, like the sun  
At misty dawn, amid the fear and fret,  
There rises in her heart, at last, some *one*,  
And all but love is banished by his rays.

## II.—THE WIFE.

There stands a cottage by a river side,  
With rustic benches, sloping eaves beneath,  
Amid a scene of mountain, stream, and heath.  
A dainty garden, watered by the tide  
On whose calm breast the queenly lilies ride,  
Is bright with many a purple pansy wreath,  
While here and there forbidden lion's teeth  
Uprear their golden crowns with stubborn pride.

See ! there she leans upon the little gate,  
Unchanged, save that her curls, once flowing free,  
Are closely coiled upon her shapely head,  
And that her eyes look forth more thoughtfully.  
Hark to her sigh ! " Why tarries he so late ?"  
But mark her smile ! She hears his well-known tread.

## III.—THE MOTHER.

Beneath the eaves there is another chair,  
And a bruised lily lies upon the walk,  
With the bright drops still clinging to its stalk.  
Whose careless hand has dropped its treasure there ?  
And whose small form does that frail settee bear ?  
Whose is that wooden shepherdess and flock,  
That noble coach with steeds that never balk ?  
And why the gate that tops the cottage stair ?

Ah ! he has now a rival for her love,  
A chubby-cheeked, soft-fisted Don Juan,  
Who rules with iron hand in velvet glove  
Mother and sire as only baby can.  
See ! there they romp, the mother and her boy,  
He on her shoulders perched and wild with joy.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

## SAUNTERINGS.

THE publication of a Canadian work of poetry or fiction, or any of the lighter arts of literature, by a Canadian firm, among Canadians, is apt to be received with peculiar demonstrations. Their facial form is that of an elongation of the countenance, a pursing of the lips, a lifting of the eyebrows. This is usually accompanied by the little significant movement of the shoulders which we have borrowed from our French-Canadian relations-in-law expressly for use in this regard. We pick up the unfortunate volume from the bookseller's counter to which its too trustful author has confided it, and we turn its leaves in a manner we reserve for Canadian publications—a manner that expresses curiosity rather than a desire to know, and yet one that is somehow indicative of a foregone conclusion. Our other affairs are of so overwhelmingly important a character that our daily journals have no space for book reviews except at so much per agate line ; and have too much to do in "encouraging" the industries to pay much attention to the arts. Commercial, agricultural, and sporting editors abound, but the literary editor is an unknown quantity, to be represented by *x*, who might multiply himself by himself even more frequently than that, as a general thing, without producing any appreciable result. Conversationally we carefully follow the example set us by the newspapers, and ignore the native-born person who has had the audacity to make a votive offering to the literary divinities, and the temerity to print it. If by any chance we refer to him or to his production it is in terms that suggest the dreariness of the void he has attempted to fill, and the futility of his attempt at filling it. As a general thing, however, we relegate them to the list of illustrations which will go to support our position at the next meeting of the Debating Club when Canadian letters form the subject of

discussion. There are a great many debating clubs in Canada. It seems the favourite form of our mental activity. They are usually established to promote the humanities among us ; and the growth of Canadian literature is a subject much preferred by the members, on account of its pathetic and facetious opportunities, these making an oratorical combination which is known to be irresistible. The conclusion is usually, I believe, that, owing to the obscure operation of some natural law, it is not indigenous to our country—that Canada, like the Congo State and other districts known to us chiefly through the pen of the explorer, must contribute to literature objectively.

It will not be the business of this paper to discover the reason of these extraordinary manifestations, and to set it up for the edification of all present and future debating societies. We will take it for granted that there must be a reason, that such a very distinct and widespread animus against Canadian literary efforts could hardly have taken possession of the compatriot breast without more or less adequate cause. The instinct that so readily guides our hands and eyes to the literary products of the country to the south of us must have sprung from conditions which it is possible to understand. But in view of the fact that such an instinct does control our book-buying operations and our literary appreciation to so great a degree, it is a little surprising that the authors of "An Algonquin Maiden" did not adopt the *ruse* of introducing it to their fellow-countrymen under the disguise of the imprint of Boston or New York. Great caution would doubtless have been necessary to prevent the fact of its home manufacture from prematurely leaking out, a difficulty which would have been enhanced by the reputation in letters which one of the volume's sponsors already possesses. Still, one is convinced that it might have been done ; and while it is quite impossible to predict the precise effect of such a course upon the success of the novel, there are few who will deny that its circulation would have been "boomed" to an extent that would have more than counteracted the import tax. It is saddening to think that such an admirable opportunity for duping our hard-headed, political, prohibitionistic, excellent public into commendation of a book of its own has been lost, to say nothing of the tremendous joke of exploding the thing afterwards. Unless "An Algonquin Maiden" changes the situation very materially, however, the opportunity will still exist ; and for the benefit of any future Canadian novelist who may not wish his work condemned on that account, I may add that this suggestion is not copyrighted.

How futile is the attempt to make broad highways in any department of literature, and say dictatorially to them that travel in that direction "Walk therein" ! True, a general literary movement unflinchingly controls the masses, who trot after established leadership with the docility and unanimity of certain quadrupeds ; yet the beaten track is as conspicuous for the paths that lead deviously away from it, as for anything else. This is especially true of fiction, the art of which, having for its shifting and variable basis, humanity, is bound to present itself in more diverse forms than any other—constantly to find new ones, constantly to recur to old ones. Yet in fiction, rather more than anywhere else, are autocrats to be found, who announce to their scribbling emulators the only proper and acceptable form of the modern novel, announce it imperiously, and note departures from it with wrath. Hardly more months than one could reckon on one's fingers, and hardly years enough to reckon at all, have gone by since we became familiar with the principles and practice of the realistic school, for instance. We know the true definition of realism to be the everlasting glorification of the commonplace. If the commonplace and the remarkable could, by some reversion of natural laws, change places, we should immediately, we are told, become enamoured of the latter and indifferent to the former to such an extent that societies would have to be formed with the object of bringing the everyday extraordinary under public notice, and exciting public interest in familiar phenomena. Life under these conditions would be one long deification of the commonplace. In the meantime it springs all about us, vital and fragrant, and flowering as some weeds, but neglected—except by the realists—because it is a weed. Gentlemen of the realistic school, one is disposed to consider you very right in so far as you go, but to believe you mistaken in your idea that you go the whole distance and can persuade the whole novel-writing fraternity to take the same path through the burdocks and the briars. Failing this, you evidently believe that you can put to the edge of the sword every wretched romancist who presumes to admire the exotic of the ideal, and to publish his admiration. This also is a mistake, for both of the authors of "An Algonquin Maiden" are alive, and, I believe, in reasonable health ; and "An Algonquin Maiden" is a romance, a romance of the most uncompromising description, a romance that might have been written if the realistic school had never been heard of. One need go no further than the title to discove

it a romance; "maidens" are unknown to the literary methods of a later date. They have become extinct, and are less euphonicly replaced. Even in poetry usage has handed the word over to be, along with his coronet, the exclusive literary property of Lord Tennyson. More than this, the title boldly states, as well as implies, the character of the book. "A Romance," its authors have had the temerity to sub-title it, "of the Early Days of Upper Canada." This must be regarded as nothing less than a challenge to the modern idea of the form of latter-day fiction. One hardly knows whether most to admire the courage that inspired it, or to deprecate the reckless disregard for consequences that sent it forth into a world too apt, as we all know, to be unduly influenced by the opinion of the majority. But we cannot pause too long in this emotional vacillation. The fact is accomplished, published, and in all the bookstores; let us consider the fact.

"An Algonquin Maiden" is the beautiful foster-daughter of an old Indian chief. Her name is Wanda. She probably had another name, but the authors have mercifully left us in ignorance of it. The necessary struggle with the polysyllabic nomenclature of the noble red man has never yet been sufficiently considered among the facts inimical to Canadian immigration. Wanda is a sort of familiar in the household of Colonel Macleod, whose son Edward makes her the object of somewhat less than one-half of his divided affections. Edward has a sister Rose, a bright, sprightly, charming little damsel, whose character is said to be an easily recognisable portrait. Rose is in love with one Allan Dunlop, a sturdy young Canadian Reformer, who reciprocates, but somewhat hopelessly, he believes, on account of the political opinions of the gentleman he is anxious to make his parent-in-law, who is a Tory of a type that can only be called cerulean. The remaining character of importance to the working out of the story is Mdlle. Hélène de Berczy, the rival of the Algonquin maiden for the somewhat unstable and irresponsible affections of Mr. Edward Macleod. The story runs naturally and easily through various stages in the affairs of these young people, in which jealousy plays an important emotional part, and the chief incident is an accident to the piquant little Rose, by which she is romantically shut up for some days in the old stone farm house of her Reformer lover, who adds bucolics to politics in his worthy career. True to the traditions of romance, the authors arrange a perfectly satisfactory termination of affairs for everybody concerned. Odd numbers being incompatible with unalloyed bliss, Miss Wetherald drowns the unfortunate Algonquin maiden, in the chapter before the last, which she styles poetically "The Passing of Wanda"—drowns her in a passage of such sympathetic grace that one becomes more than reconciled to the sad necessity of the act, and convinced that the love-smitten Algonquin maiden herself could ask no happier fate.

One is struck in reading this book by the vast scope for word-painting in the matter of Canadian scenery, that has been lying comparatively waste, so to speak, under the very eyes and pens of former Canadian story-writers. Its opportunities cannot be said to have been totally neglected; but Miss Wetherald, who writes with a strong poetic, as well as romantic, bias, has so enthusiastically availed herself of them as to completely overshadow any former attempt that comes easily to one's memory. The story passes through two summers and a winter of country life in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe, and upon almost every page one may see traces of Miss Wetherald's sympathy with each and all of Nature's moods. This passage seems to come straight from the depths of her impressionable nature, and may be taken as illustrative of much that owns the same source:

The Canadian winter, with its bright, fierce days and sparkling nights, was upon them, but it held no terrors for the young hearts that met it in a mood as defiantly merry as its own. Only a suffering or a morbid nature sees in winter the synonym of death and decay; fancies that mourning and desolation is the burden of its gaily whistling winds; and regards the bare trees, rid of their dusty garments, and quietly resting, as shivering skeletons, and the dancing snowflakes as the colourless pall that hides from sight all there is of life and loveliness. Nature, when the labours of the year are over, sinks to rest beneath the fleecy coverings, lulled to sleep by the kindly yet frosty arms of the northern tempest. What wild, weird lullabies are sung to her unheeding ears, dulled by the lethargy of sleep. How early falls the darkness, and how late the long night lingers, the better to ensure repose to the sweet mistress of the earth! How bright the starry eyes of heaven keeping watch above her rest!

The dialogue, as a rule, is sprightly rather than strong, the chapter entitled "When Summer Days Were Fair" being an especially gay little bit of writing, and the incident of Lady Sarah Lennox's familiar escapade in Brussels narrated with much happy grace. We are much interested in the Indian annals and legends to which we are introduced by the way; yet the carping critic in us cries out at the idea of putting them in the mouth of an Algonquin chief in such grandiloquent manner as this:

By its clear light they saw, far in the distance, two strange, enormous things moving towards them. But whether these things were writhing

wreaths of thunderclouds descended to earth, or gigantic trees denuded of their foliage and suddenly gifted with the power of motion, or whether they were wild beasts of a size never seen before, they could not tell.

If this is a genuine product of the aboriginal intelligence fifty years ago, one is moved to tears at the thought of its degeneration under the vitiating influences of modern civilisation since.

MR. ADAM'S hand is easy to detect in the book. He does not romance. He will be doubtless equally guilty in the eyes of the realistic host with Miss Wetherald in supplying the facts upon which the romance is based; but we do not catch him *in flagrante delicto* anywhere. He does not allude to the Macleods' man-of-all-work as "the ancient servitor," to Edward Macleod as "the young master of Pine Towers," or to Miss de Berczy as "the lovely Hélène," and Miss Wetherald does. Nor does he anywhere stand confessed in such a sentence as:

Edward rose and beheld in the open doorway Hélène de Berczy; her large glance, darker than a thundercloud, was illumined by a long lightning flash of merciless irony.

As Edward had been kissing the Algonquin maiden, one cannot help feeling that this was precisely what he deserved; yet it is retribution which evokes a certain pity.

To return to Mr. Adam, it is impossible to help wishing that his guiding and restraining hand were evident upon more pages of "An Algonquin Maiden" than it is. Where he assists in the character portraiture, the result is much more satisfactory than Miss Wetherald's unaided creations, delicate and graceful though some of these may be. Allan Dunlop is decidedly the strongest individual in the book, and he owes most of his personality to Mr. Adam. The historical and political parts of the volume, which form by no means too much ballast for Miss Wetherald's more aerial writing, we owe entirely to Mr. Adam; and it will probably be wished in many quarters that we had been given more chapters like that upon "Politics at the Capital," even at the expense of a few of the sort of that upon "A Kiss and its Consequences." Mr. Adam has displayed a tact in this part of the volume which should commend it to all classes in this politically-rent Canada of ours who appreciate anything like a considerate treatment of their prejudices. Well aware that the foibles of both the early pioneers of Reform and the upholders of the Family Compact have descended almost intact unto the second and third generations, and doubtless desirous, above all things, to avoid fanning the flame of Provincial party strife, Mr. Adam alludes to their early disputes in such terms as these:

Of many of the members of the ruling faction of the time it may not become us now to speak harshly, for most of them were men of education and refinement, and in their time did good service to the State. If, in the exercise of their office, they lacked consideration at times for the less favoured of their fellow-colonists, they had the instincts and bearing of gentlemen, save, it may be, when, in conclave, occasion drove them to a violent and contemptuous opposition to the will of the people. But men—most of all politicians—naturally defend the privileges which they enjoy, and the exceptional circumstances of the country seemed at the time to give the holders of office a prescriptive right to their position and emoluments.

While the numerous admirers of William Lyon Mackenzie find their ire allayed and their sympathies appealed to by paragraphs like the following:

Chief among these actors, at the time of which we are writing, was he whose printing-presses had just been ruthlessly demolished, and whose founts of type youthful Torydom had gleefully consigned to the deep. The provocation had been a long series of intemperate newspaper criticism of the Government, numerous inflammatory appeals to the people to rise against constituted authority, and much scurrilous abuse of the leading members of the "Family Compact," who wished, as a safeguard against revolution and chaos, to crush the "Patriot" Mackenzie, and drive him from the Province. But, though thorny as was then the path of Reform, and galling the insult and injury done to its martyrs, Mackenzie did not shrink from pursuing the course cut out for himself, and his intense hatred of injustice, and sturdy defiance of those whom he held responsible for the maladministration of affairs, gained him many adherents and sympathizers.

While congratulating Mr. Adams upon the diplomacy with which he has compassed a somewhat complex situation, one cannot help observing in the necessity for it another and an unsuspected difficulty which besets authorship in Canada.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

LOUIS XIV. was one day conversing about the authority which kings have over their subjects. Count de Guiche ventured to remark that this power had its limits; but the king, who would not hear of it, passionately replied: "If I command you to throw yourself into the sea, you ought, without hesitation, to jump in headforemost." The count said not a word, but turned on his heels and walked towards the door. The king asked him, in surprise, where he was going. "To learn to swim," was the reply. Louis XIV. burst into a laugh, and there the matter ended.

MUSIC.

THE overcrowding of the musical profession has many pitiful points in connection with it, and not a few amusing ones as well. We have only to glance down a column of a London or New York paper containing the advertisements of singers and instrumentalists, or their professional cards, to observe how fearfully and wonderfully their names appear to have been specially created in order to strike the eye of the wandering public. What a mouthful we all remember "Barton McGuckin" to have been, when that eminent tenor first appeared upon the horizon! Yet we have his superior now in Mr. Holberry Hagyard, Mr. Redfern Hallins, Mr. Musgrave Tufnail, Messrs. Gawthrop, Butterworth Huxtable, Hedgecock, Peacock, Carnall and Stokoe. There is the alliterative dodge; Mr. Parson Price, Mdme. Blanch Barton, Miss Karolina Klausner, Mr. Wilmot Walker. Then there is the honest, plain, unvarnished name, which may, however, have been as carefully thought out as the more pretentious ones, such as Mr. Frank Cox, Mr. William Riley, Miss Julia Jones, Miss Patty Michie. The compound name is very popular; Mdme. Bayley-Mordaunt, Mdme. Farrar-Hyde, Mr. Wallis Wallis. The poorly disguised, like Miss Jeannetta Frazier, and the commonplace, like Miss Minnie Thompson, are yet a relief from the ultra Italian of Signorina Addina Martinenge, and the overdone German of Herr Ludvig Barenther Von Der Heide. After all, there is usually something very simple in the really great names of the world. The ear responds swiftly and easily to Sims Reeves, Arthur Sullivan, Walter Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Joseph Barnby, etc., etc., and our aspirants to modern fame must remember this simple and significant fact.

VERDI, the veteran composer, has more sense than Tennyson, the veteran poet. The former is in great trepidation over the production of his latest opera, "Otello," believing that he has done his best work, and that in all probability "Otello" will add little to his fame. La Scala, Milan, is the scene of the first representation, and if the work fails, which he half expects, he intends to destroy it. Sensible Verdi! Gounod, on the other hand, is not so wise. His latest work, a Mass in honour of Joan of Arc, is confidently expected to be the equal of the "Messe Solennelle," or portions of "Gallia." It will be performed, of course, at the fine old Cathedral of Rheims, next July. He is also engaged on some hymns written by the Pope, who is a very fair poet, and, like all distinguished people who write a little poetry, immensely anxious to shine in another way than the legitimate one. The result of this unique collaboration may be an impetus to other "powers that be," to put forth their poetic efforts, and the day may not be far off when Harper Bros., or Macmillan and Company, may bring out a volume of "Verses by the Crowned Heads of Europe," or "Songs by the Sovereigns of the World."

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THE appearance of the names Carreno-Huntington on the third programme of the Chamber Music Concerts called forth as brilliant an audience as was ever seen in Toronto. Perhaps the chief interest may have centred for some in the refined playing of our local quartette, and yet for others the most attractive feature may have consisted in the matchless performances of Mdme. Carreno, who occupies so elevated and distinct a place among the solo pianists of the day. Against all new comers Mdme. Carreno may still hold her own. Her playing is intact with perfect tenderness and perfect sympathy, and reveals the very innermost heart of the true artistic passion. Yet, in the midst of an *abandon*, dangerous in the extreme to youthful imitators, or imperfect performers, Mdme. Carreno maintains a splendid *technique* and a clearness of phrasing that are simply marvellous. When we add to this incomparable gift of genius, the other gift of a matchless personality, we have described Carreno. Of Miss Huntington it is a pleasure to say that she was received with acclamation by a large circle of friends, as well as the general public, and delighted every one by her rendering of Italian, German, and English selections. In the German song from the "Trumpets of Sackhengen" she was particularly happy, and the musical public will be glad to hear that she will appear again in this city on the occasion of the first concert of the Toronto Musical Union, in the Pavilion, on February 22. The Rubinstein quartet, which, with the exception of the first number, was played intact, suffered from coming too late on the programme, and from containing a slow movement, certainly too long drawn out for a mixed audience, who, nevertheless listened with wonderful forbearance. The Scherzo was admirably played; the finale required a little more power, but was given with much clearness and precision. Mr. Corell gave a couple of solos in his usual careful manner, and Mr. Arthur Fisher supplied the accompaniments.

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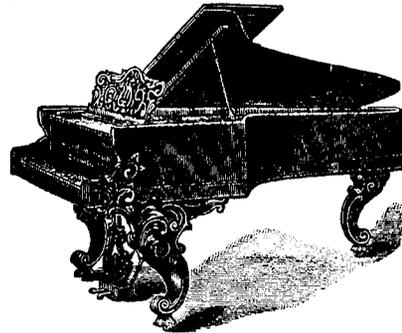
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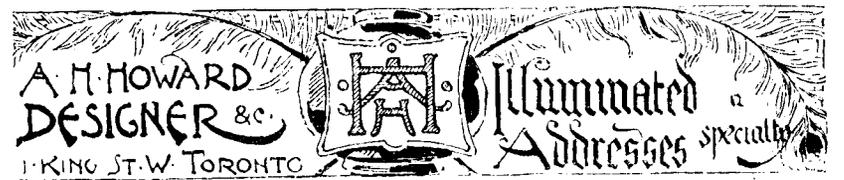
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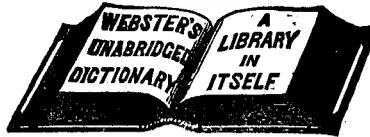
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