

# THE WEEK:

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Toronto, Thursday, June 10th 1886.

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Of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Banking House, in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 13th day of July next. The Chair will be taken at Twelve o'clock noon. By order of the Board.  
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A. M. COSBY, Manager.  
Toronto, June 4th, 1886.

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W. MACLEAN, Secretary.

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The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the banking house in this city on Monday, the 21st day of June next, the chair to be taken at twelve o'clock noon. By order of the Board.  
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Third Year.  
Vol. III., No.

Toronto, Thursday, June 10th, 1886.

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## THE FISHERIES QUESTION AND THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

To add to the troubles of England and of the world in general, the Fisheries Question seems once more to have assumed an angry aspect. The strongest are apt to be the aggressors, and it is very likely that the Americans are the aggressors in the present case. A Canadian, at all events, is bound to assume, till he knows the contrary, that his own Government has right on its side. The only thing I have to say is that we must not be too exacting in our demands upon the support and protection of the Mother Country. She has enough upon her hands in Egypt, in Greece, in Afghanistan, in South Africa, in New Guinea, in all parts of the earth and in all diplomatic spheres, besides this Irish difficulty, which Mr. Blake and a certain party in Canada have been doing their best, for their own political purposes, to increase. At the same time, some of her great interests are depressed, her commerce is in a precarious state, and her finances are not prosperous. It would be hard then, and more than hard, to expect that she should be ready to go into a war with the United States, a power superior to her in population and probably equal in resources, for the sake of a right of fishing over far distant waters, in which the mass of her people have not the slightest interest. I know that her honour is pledged to us, and I hope she will redeem the pledge, but, I repeat, we must not be too exacting. In case of a war we could do little to help her by land or sea, for our half-drilled militia could not be of much use, and navy we have none. It is doubtful whether our people could even be persuaded to contribute money to the expenses of the war. We are bound then, at all events, to be moderate in our language, and not to aggravate the difficulty and danger of the Mother Country by violence and bluster. Cherishing as I do the moral tie between Great Britain and her Colonies, I have always regarded the political connection with misgiving because I have feared that out of it might arise some cause of complaint which would make Separation take the form of a rupture, and a rupture with the Mother Country would, as I believe, be about the greatest misfortune that could befall us.

As I write, the debate on the Irish Bill appears at last to be drawing to a close. But the Government will not let the division take place till all the resources of the Caucus, and every other engine which can be brought to bear on seceders or waverers, shall have been exhausted. Without this pressure and Mr. Gladstone's influence I do not believe that the measure would receive twenty votes exclusive of the Parnellites. The speech of Mr. Finlay has convinced everybody that the Bill abrogates the supremacy of Parliament and extinguishes the sovereign power; and that the Government should have put up the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs to maintain the contrary only proves, once more, the haste with which the Bill has been concocted and the crudity of its provisions. Mr. Gladstone, however, seems bent upon forcing his measure through, and he closets himself with Mr. Schnadhorst of Birmingham, the Head Centre of all the Caucuses, to concert the means of getting up an incendiary agitation against the Union

which can hardly fail to develop into a revolutionary movement of a more general kind. He seems to be now dominated by an imperious egotism, the result of popular applause, of flattery, and perhaps of old age, which usually intensifies the ruling passion. At all events, he forgets things which a British Statesman ought to remember. His appeal to class passion against the more educated portion of the community, to which he belongs himself, excited universal disgust, and reveals the immensity of a self-esteem which can persuade him that, though he stands alone against all the intelligence of the country, his opinion must be right and anyone who differs from it must be influenced by bad motives. But worse still, as I cannot help thinking, is his treatment of the Irish Loyalists. He must know that these people are in peril because they are true to the country, and that the honour of the nation is deeply concerned in their protection. Yet he has for them no word of sympathy or even of common consideration; he treats them with contemptuous aversion as people who are guilty of standing in the way of his policy. The threat of confiscation which he throws out against the Irish landowners because they, to their great credit, refuse to take his bribe and support his measure of Disunion, is, I really believe, about the most flagitious thing ever penned by a British Minister. Nor does he show, as any patriotic Minister would undoubtedly show, in bringing forward such a scheme, a tender regard for the greatness of the country and an anxiety to prove that it will not be impaired by his policy. That Mr. Gladstone is designed by Providence to have the honour and glory of settling the Irish question appears to be the one engrossing thought of Mr. Gladstone.

I have expressed my belief that while the intelligence of the country is with unprecedented unanimity against the G.O.M., the masses are still with him. They do not understand the Irish question, much less have they studied the Bill. They are caught by vague and empty phrases such as "conciliation" and "autonomy," the latter of which has all the more effect upon their minds because it is Greek. But above all, their imaginations are filled with the imposing figure and the impressive oratory of the G.O.M., which there is nothing to balance, so that he reigns in the popular fancy alone. If among his opponents there were a Canning or even a Palmerston, the glamour which surrounds him would be at once dispelled, his despotic influence would cease, and his scheme of Disunion would be cast aside. Unhappily for the country, there is, at this perilous crisis, absolutely no one qualified to dispute his hold upon the popular mind. The only influence at all comparable in strength to his is that of the Sovereign, which has hitherto by constitutional rules been kept dormant. If the Queen were to intervene personally, I really believe she might even now checkmate him. But as he would certainly raise a great storm, there would be peril in such intervention, and who can give perilous counsel to a lady?

To escape certain and imminent defeat, Mr. Gladstone has stooped to take the strangest course, perhaps, ever taken by the head of a Government. He promises, if he is spared an overthrow on the second reading, not only to withdraw his Bill for the present, but to abandon its vital clause. Vital the clause excluding the Irish members from the Parliament at Westminster is; and dead, as I believe, the Bill will prove to be without it. It is plain that the Irish members cannot be allowed to sit in the British Parliament and vote on British subjects, when the British are not allowed to sit in the Irish Parliament and vote on Irish subjects. The only expedient left, therefore, if the Irish are still to sit at Westminster and at the same time to have a Parliament of their own at Dublin, will be to draw a distinction between Imperial and British questions, and to allow the Irish to vote on Imperial questions only. But I have shown before that such a distinction is in practice impossible. All the parts of the policy of a governing assembly are more or less interdependent, and play into each other; and you might as well attempt to divide into sections the active life of a man as that of a Parliament. Finance, especially, is a consideration which pervades every portion of a policy, foreign as well as domestic. Mr. Gladstone the other day asserted, and appealed to the political history of England for proof of his assertion, that only by means of Party could Parliamentary Government be carried on. Let him then show how the admission of an Irish representation on Imperial or reserved subjects only can be made compatible with the working of the Party system. Can the Irish members support or oppose a Party on the Imperial or reserved subjects without affecting its general strength? As I put it before, suppose want of confi-

dence is moved against a Government on its general policy, are the Irish members to take up their hats as often as any but the Imperial or reserved questions are touched. Can they vote want of confidence on the Imperial or reserved questions without overturning the Government on the others? The truth is that a Dublin Parliament without legislative separation is impracticable, and equally impracticable is legislative separation without separation of the nations. The attempt to combine separation with union, vary the particular method as you will, leads to nothing but absurdity and confusion. This fact will confront the contrivers of such schemes again in the autumn, or whenever they may resume their work. Mr. Gladstone, if his manœuvre succeeds, will boast that he has carried a resolution in favour of his policy. But a resolution which cannot be reduced to a practical form, must come to nothing in the end. Irreparable mischief, however, has, no doubt, been done, and Ireland has been made more difficult to govern than ever. Nor has the character of Government been raised by all this desperate dodging, or that of the House of Commons by the barefaced coercion which, in Mr. Gladstone's interest, the Caucus has applied to members.

In the meantime proofs are constantly coming in of the correctness of the opinion which I have steadily maintained from the outset respecting the real nature of this Irish question. The political agitation is the work of the political adventurers and their confederates in the United States. The Irish people generally do not care for a Dublin Parliament; or, if they do, it is only because they are told that it will give them the land. With anything like patriotic unanimity on the part of Parliament, the rebellion, for that is what it truly is, would be easily put down, and the authority of the National Government would be as easily restored. The real Irish difficulty is economical, and it is of a complex kind; so that no single Act of Parliament or single measure of any sort can solve it. There is a chronic congestion of population in certain districts arising from the heedlessness with which the people multiply on a soil incapable of affording them any but the most wretched and precarious food; and there is at the present time a depression of the value of agricultural products caused by foreign competition, which has rendered a large portion of the land unable to bear a rent. The case of many Irish proprietors is practically that of stockholders whose stock fails to pay a dividend. Unfortunately, the only mode of actually ascertaining that land is unable to pay rent is trying a new tenant, which involves the odious and, when undertaken on a large scale, dangerous process of eviction. It is in this direction, however, that the minds of statesmen ought to be turned, and that Mr. Gladstone does not turn his mind in this direction, but fancies that a political remedy will cure the disease, proves to those who take my view that he is not, as he imagines, destined by Providence to settle the Irish question.

WILL Mr. Gladstone's health and strength hold out much longer? That also becomes a vital question when it is determined to postpone the Bill. Success depends entirely on the glamour which surrounds this man, and which, in the present disastrous dearth of eminence and eloquence, especially on the Conservative side, there is absolutely nothing to countervail. The presence of a Canning or a Peel on the Opposition benches would make all the difference in the world. Mr. Gladstone's vigour is marvellous, but still he is seventy-seven, and though there are few men, I believe, on whom responsibility weighs less, he must be undergoing a considerable strain. By his manner during the delivery of Sir Henry James's telling speech he betrayed extreme excitement, and I am told that he did the same during the delivery of the equally telling speech of Mr. Finlay. If he were to go, his ministry of shreds and patches could hardly exist for an hour, and the hopes of the Disunionists would collapse. He it is whom the masses follow; for Lord Granville, Sir William Harcourt, or Mr. Childers they care not a pin. Nor have they any but the vaguest notions of the Irish question. Hodge, who gave Mr. Gladstone his majorities in the counties, does not know "autonomy" from cheese.

In the meantime, Mr. Gladstone's circular, inviting to a meeting of the Party those only who were in favour of a Parliament at Dublin, amounts to a final reading-out of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, with the immediate followers of each, and apparently even of Mr. John Bright. So far as the Hartingtonians are concerned, it is not likely that the schism will be healed. Mr. Chamberlain's position is an awkward one, and it is due to him to say that, having in the early stages of the Irish question given way to his demagogic tendencies, he has in the later stages shown both patriotism and resolution. Perhaps his virtue has been a little helped by resentment at Mr. Gladstone's somewhat contumelious treatment of him, and at Mr. Morley's attempt to supplant him. Mr. Morley's conduct is the more galling to him, because, politically, it was he that made Mr. Morley.

If the Party system is to continue (a question which these events have

rendered more doubtful than ever) a readjustment of British parties must take place. There can hardly fail to be a mutual approximation of the Moderate Liberals and the Conservatives, even if no formal coalition should take place. A common desire to uphold the integrity of the nation, to maintain the right of property, and to avert revolution, is a bond of union between these sections more important than anything which divides them from each other. The approximation would be more rapid, and the coöperation more cordial, if Lord Randolph Churchill, with his nonsense about Tory Democracy and his intriguing recklessness, could be got out of the way, and if the Primrose League would cease to play its pranks and be content with the red rose of England. The substitution of Lord Hartington as a leader for Lord Salisbury, if it were possible, would be an immense gain; but this is not to be expected at present.

Conservatives, Hartingtonians, and Chamberlainians are at this moment severally debating what course they shall adopt in view of Mr. Gladstone's change of position. Wisdom would seem to dictate that if there is any doubt as to the result of a division, they should treat the act of the Government as what it really is, the withdrawal of the Bill, and refrain from dividing. A victory for the Government on a division, however obtained, and whatever might be its genuine import, would certainly have a bad effect. It would stimulate the Fenians in the United States, and set the money flowing into their treasury again. But before this reaches you the decision will have been taken and the present struggle will be at an end.

OXFORD is full of boat races, cricket matches, and gaiety of all kinds. Indeed, it seems to me that there is rather too much of gaiety and of levity in the nation generally when the country is in such peril. The British people are certainly not in a heroic mood, and if disaster comes upon them their own apathy will be the main cause.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Oxford, May 28th, 1886.

#### HORACE.—BOOK I., ODE 24.

TO VIRGIL, ON THE DEATH OF QUINCTILIUS.

BLUSH not for tears in ceaseless sorrow shed  
For one so loved. Melpomene, inspire  
The dirge low-breathed, the trembling lyre,  
And pour from sacred lips the anthem of the dead.

Wrapped in the sleep of death  
Quinctilius lies. Ah! when shall spotless Faith,  
And Truth, and Modesty, and Justice, find  
A heart so pure, so constant, and so kind?

He died bewailed by all, but most by thee,  
My Virgil, who with loving piety  
Forever dost the gods implore  
Quinctilius, lent, not given, to restore.  
Ah, fruitless prayer! not even thy hallowed tongue,  
Sweet as the magic lute by Orpheus strung,  
That charmed the woods, can wake the dead once more,  
And through cold phantom veins the living current pour.

Hermes, he whose fatal wand  
Relentless leads the shadowy band,  
Mocks at our vows. What then remains?  
The strength that fate itself disdains;  
The soul to Fortune's worst resigned;  
Th' unconquered heart, and equal mind.

STEPHEN DE VERE.—*The Spectator*.

#### UNIVERSITY CONFEDERATION.

WE are heartily glad to find that the question of university confederation is not dead, but has only been sleeping. Why it should even have slept may seem unaccountable to those who have given any close, unprejudiced attention to the subject, especially if they have been much addicted to the consideration of university and educational matters. It is not, however, very difficult to account for the small amount of friendly interest manifested in the proposals for federation. Many persons are indifferent, thinking that no change of any kind will make much difference in the actual educational results. A good many are hostile, some fearing that the denominational universities will be injured by being merged in a larger and less definite system, others fearing that they will gain additional strength by becoming an integral portion of the national university. Upon the whole, we think the latter probability the greater. We think the religious universities will distinctly be benefited by the union. Unless this should be the case, it would be absurd to ask them to surrender their



independent existence and put themselves to all the trouble and expense of changing their location.

But we are far from thinking that, because the denominational universities would be benefited, the University of Toronto would therefore be injured. On the contrary, it is quite certain that it would gain much and lose nothing, and even University College, as distinguished from the University, would gain far more than it would lose, by having an increased number of colleges affiliated with itself in the same university, engaged in a spirit of friendly rivalry in doing the same work.

The advantages of university confederation have been frequently set forth in these columns and elsewhere. It is not too much to say that many persons who had a strong prejudice against the union have been won to its support. It is clearly advantageous, for example, that there should be a common standard for the university degrees. In the multiplicity of universities and of examinations it is hardly possible to gain any clear notion of the educational value of B.A., M.A., or any other academical distinction. It would extend the scope of the examinations to have the religious principle clearly recognized as optional in the national university, without making it compulsory on any candidate for its degrees. Moreover, it is clear that the department of science could be more thoroughly equipped if the resources of all the universities were united. These and many other considerations have been dwelt upon at great length on previous occasions, and are here simply noted, that they may not be forgotten or ignored.

The difficulty of carrying out the scheme generally agreed upon by a commission appointed by the Government of Ontario speedily became apparent. We wish to recognize the value of the work done by that commission, consisting of some members of the Government, and of the heads and leading members of the various colleges and universities. We think that their scheme, although susceptible of amendment, was in the main an excellent one. The slight alterations afterward suggested by the corporations of Victoria and Trinity might have been adopted in whole or in part without making any great difference to the general theory of federation. Besides, it would have been quite easy to make further changes whenever any part of the scheme might be found unsuitable.

The first check came from the University of Queen's College. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the supporters of the Kingston University were right in their decision to remain where they are. We are aware that not a few persons, whose judgment is of weight, are of a different opinion. When, however, we consider the distance between Toronto and Kingston, the excellent university buildings possessed by Queen's College, the claim which the city of Kingston may be said to have upon the university, the fact that it draws its alumni, in a considerable measure, from its own side of the Province, and further, the large amount of prosperity which it actually enjoys, it must be confessed that it would be difficult to prove that it was a duty to remove such an institution, and that those who did so would undertake a very grave responsibility.

The case of Victoria and Trinity was in various respects different. Cobourg has not the same claims that Kingston possesses. Trinity is already in the same city as the University. In the former case there appears to be a considerable diversity of opinion among the leading men of the Methodist body. It would be useless to follow here the arguments adduced on both sides. As a general rule, the opponents of federation seem to regard the subject from a merely denominational point of view. The advocates of union appear to have broader conceptions of their duty to the country and the cause of education at large. Among the friends of Trinity College there is also some lack of unity, several of its old and devoted supporters being vehemently opposed to the scheme. It may, however, be said that among the members of the corporation, and those who are most intimately acquainted with the working of the institution, there is a decided feeling in favour of union.

The final difficulty is the money question. Neither Trinity nor Victoria can afford, or would think it right, to sacrifice the capital invested in college and university buildings. Unless some compensation could be obtained for this outlay, or the buildings were sold to those who could make use of them and not merely have to pull them down, the loss would be considerable. Is the Government, is the country, prepared to meet that loss—to compensate these two universities for the sacrifices they would be called upon to make in moving their quarters? This would appear to be the present state of the question.

Full credit must be given to Mr. Mowat, the Premier of Ontario, and Mr. Ross, the Minister of Education, for the real and deep interest which they have manifested in the matter since it was first taken up. Their numerous and pressing duties in other departments have not hindered them from seeing that the future interests of education in this country are, in no small degree, involved in the solution of this question. To have one

great university in Toronto, with its cluster of colleges around it—a cluster increasing from age to age—would be an inconceivable gain to the cause of higher education. We might hope to see the advantages of the English universities on the one side, and those of the Scotch and German on the other side, to some extent combined. It was evident that Mr. Ross at least had a very clear vision of the grandeur of the conception, and was thoroughly in earnest in wishing to see it realized. At one time he spoke with the ardent hope that seemed begotten by undoubting faith. His faith has not failed, we may be sure; but hope is in danger of being quenched by the lukewarmness of fellow-counsellors. It is obvious to remark that the Government can do nothing unless the country is favourable to the outlay; that is to say, unless the country can be got to see the importance of the scheme. When that is achieved, then it will also be seen that no public money has ever been expended more profitably than that which is invested in perfecting the educational system of the country.

A very few words may be given to that aspect of the subject which will most readily occur to the supporters of the various institutions which would come into the confederation. There is no ground that we can discern for the supposition that such an union would act injuriously upon any of the colleges. Each would retain its own internal organization and discipline. Victoria College would be as much a Methodist institution when it was part of the University of Toronto as it is now. Trinity College would have its chapel, its services, its Divinity School precisely as it has now. No Government would have any more power to interfere with the constitution or the internal management of these institutions than it has at the present moment.

It would appear, therefore, that the only thing needed to bring about the completion of the work of federation is a grant of public money. It is greatly to be hoped that this will be obtained before the difficulty is increased by further expenditure upon the present buildings. C.

#### THE SKYLARK.

ENSKIED in cloudless calm this fresh May-morn,  
High up in soaring ecstasy the lark,  
A quivering speck of pulsing melody,  
Brims all the azure vault with rapturous trills,  
Thick-warbled coruscations of sweet sound,  
And pours his little being into song  
As if the summer day were still too short  
For all he has to sing. Now, upward yet,  
With joyous bounds, he mounts and mounts on wings  
Of reckless freedom, till height dims his notes  
To muffled softness, and the dazzling blue  
Absorbs his form in light, like some rapt spirit  
Which Heaven hides from earth. In praise to God,  
Who made this world so fair, his life so glad,  
His *Jubilate* rings. First treble, he  
Leads up the many-voiced choir of earth,  
Where spreads the sapphire semblance of the Throne,\*  
With psalm invitatory of cheerful lauds:—  
"O come before His presence with a song."  
So Love's full heart upon a morn like this,  
Impatient of low flights and tardy strains,  
Seeks larger utterance than mere words can give,  
And flings tumultuous song far into heaven.

A. SMYTHIE PALMER.—*The Spectator*.

#### SOCIAL CLUBS AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

TORONTO, either from its educational advantages or its large professional elements, may be regarded as the intellectual centre of the Dominion. Circumstances have rendered Montreal commercial, Ottawa political and viceregal, Kingston military, Hamilton musical, and Toronto intellectual.

It is not generally known that the fair sex, animated with a laudable desire for mental improvement, have added their quota to the diffusion of knowledge by the creation of a Reading Club, a German Club, and a French Club. The constitution or organization of these clubs has been, we believe, a much-vexed question among them.

Precedence must be given to the Reading Club on the ground of age and longevity. It was carried on for several winters, and finally abandoned for want of a system and a head. This club dealt naturally with literature—English, not foreign. A certain poet or author having been selected by the lady at whose house the meeting was to be held, she requested four or five members of the club to give readings from his works which she either named or left to their individual selection; in the latter case, she was notified of their choice, to prevent repetition and arrange a programme.

\* Ezekiel i. 26.

The introduction of music and singing between the pieces was sometimes resorted to, and most enjoyable evenings resulted from the combination of intellect and accomplishment; but, alas, the question of supper in quantity and quality arose and divided that club, and, moreover, it became unwieldy in number and critical in composition, so its downfall; we regret to say, came about two years ago; nor has it since arisen, Phoenix-like, from its ashes. It seems to us a pity, considering the greater lights that illuminate Toronto in the persons of Mr. Goldwin Smith and Professors Wilson and Clark, not to mention other lesser bodies who shall be nameless, that a Reading Club should not be re-organized for the next winter, composed of a small and select circle of literary people, not to exceed twenty or twenty-five, who will read *good* selections and *discuss* them, and improve the individual mind regardless of supper, and heedful of punctuality. We can imagine such a circle on a frosty winter's night in a cosy drawing-room with bright lights and a glowing fire, passing a most delectable evening, a veritable "feast of reason and flow of soul." Criticism and comment should be largely encouraged, and the meeting regarded as a friendly gathering, not a social entertainment to amuse an unappreciative audience.

The German Club follows the Reading Club by right of seniority, and has also existed for some years; indeed we hear it was most successfully carried on both afternoon and evening during last winter. Few people realise the strong Teutonic element which obtains in Toronto, or are aware that the city boasts a German church where service is conducted every Sunday in the mother tongue, and where a large congregation assemble. The daughters of several of our prominent citizens, too, have completed their education at German schools, and a few of their sons at German universities. Whatever the reason may be, the fact is incontrovertible that Germany is much more strongly represented in Ontario than France, and the formation of a German Club has proved most beneficial in stimulating and fostering the knowledge acquired abroad, and also in developing an acquaintance with German literature. It was customary, we believe, at these meetings of a dozen or more young people of both sexes (the fair however predominating) to take up some play of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, or other modern author, and read it aloud by turns, each individual being assigned his part. After an hour or more devoted to elocution, German conversation followed, and occupied the remainder of the evening, which closed about half-past ten. As several members of the club spoke the language fluently and the majority were more than novices, this interchange of ideas was not so formidable as it sounds, especially as there was always a higher court to appeal to when any point or expression was called in question, or the correct rendering of a sentence was desired.

Last, and decidedly least, comes the French Club, which led a struggling existence through part of one winter and autumn, and was conducted on the same principle as the German. Its career, however, was shortened owing to the little connection and apparent sympathy between Ontario and France: few educated people in Toronto are at all conversant with that language of the Court and the State, of diplomacy and etiquette, that versatile, witty tongue which can be epigrammatic to a fault, and can express itself in terms for which our English vocabulary offers no substitutes.

No person of intelligence and culture, who has any knowledge of French, can fail to appreciate its bright sparkling qualities or to enjoy its play of words; at the same time it does not surprise us that our sober citizens should prefer that their children should absorb the healthy, sound, moral atmosphere of Germany. In the realm of literature alone what a contrast the two languages offer, especially in reference to modern authors! France may possess a wider reputation, and has achieved greater successes in the drama of the present day, than her enemy. Her language is admirably suited to brilliant repartee and stage effect, and, besides, there is inborn theatrical instinct in the French character: it is a nation of actors and actresses from the cradle to the grave. Several of the best plays produced upon the English stage, such as "Diplomacy," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Ironmaster," and others whose names escape us, have been adapted and found their way across the Channel with highly remunerative results to professional managers. Victor Sardou and Dumas fils are prolific and brilliant playwrights, and the divine Sara has also familiarised *even us* with her mother tongue. What shall we say, however, of the light literature of France, which our children, if they acquired the language, would naturally wish to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, after a course of school classics, if they are not to sink into the slough of oblivion. Here we are brought face to face with the melancholy fact of the utter deterioration of the modern French novel. The realistic school inaugurated by Zola has given a death-blow to the old historical romances to which Dumas treated us. One writer now appears to vie with another in producing the most truthful and material photographs of poor, weak human nature. French novels have always had a bad reputation, and a naughty, wicked flavour

since the days of Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue; but George Sand, Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Vigny, all, with the exception of some few works, wrote books which our daughters could read without a blush. As much cannot be said for the productions of our contemporaries; in fact, after a perusal of a number of novels that have lately been issued, we are forced to the conclusion that they are utterly unfitted for the eyes of our maidens to rest upon, and cannot be edifying to any age or sex. Zola is universally admitted to be without the pale of civilization; he writes for the masses, and his materialistic tendencies are really appalling: with him all things are lawful and all things are also expedient. Doubtless he is a great descriptive word-painter, after Hogarth, but like the latter his pictures, though effective, are coarse and repulsive in tone; he neither paints a moral nor adorns a tale. Alphonse Daudet has, we suppose, the next widest reputation. Some few years ago *Blackwood's Magazine* devoted a long article to a most favourable criticism of his early work, "Le Nabal," "Numa Roumestan," and "Jack" receiving special mention. The two first are extremely powerful studies of the two men who give their titles to the books, "Le Nabal" being drawn from life and a well-known figure in Parisian society. Since writing them he has given to the world "Froment Jeune et Risler Aine"; in this work, however, he strays away from the right path, and falls into crooked ways with vicious plots of adultery. Alas for the future of French literature! The realistic school has been made so popular by the force of bad example that every writer now dips in his thumb to pull out some plum more rotten than his neighbour has secured, and the result is a flood of unprofitable books. Jules Claretie, Henri Greville, and Dumas fils, all contribute their quota of corrupt material to oppose the tide of mental progress and elevation.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* even, which a few years since was regarded as quite a high-class periodical, is now no better than the rest; its three and four part stories are mere tissues of vice and immorality. In fact, of all the French authors we have read during the past six months George Ohnet is the only one we can confidently recommend to the rising generation. His "Maitre de Forge," adapted and played upon the English stage as "The Ironmaster," is a most powerful and pathetic story of provincial life. He has just published another novel, "Les Dames de Croix Mort," which will, we trust, conduce to a literary renaissance. Where does the pride and glory of the French Academy, so much vaunted by Matthew Arnold, come in? Has this noble body of eminent men no voice in matters of taste and morality? If not, its sphere of usefulness is sadly limited.

In refreshing contrast to France is the light literature of Germany—we use the adjective "light" advisedly; it is scarcely applicable to those authors who err in their novels on the side of a heavy, pedantic style, often making their characters mere instruments to develop their philosophical theories and ideas, to carry on long metaphysical discussions,—this fault being particularly remarkable in the works of Freytag and Auerbach, "Soll und Haben," "Das Landhaus am Rhein," etc. Hackleander, on the contrary, is a very humorous, fascinating writer. His "Neue Don Quixotte" and "Europaen Schlavens-leben" are excellent social studies. Friedrich Spielhagen is a writer of romances also with social tendencies. To Paul Heyse and George Ebers, we are indebted for truly intellectual treats. The "Weltkindern" and "In Paradise" of the former, and the "Egyptian Princess" of the latter have caused their fame to be spread abroad in many lands. Among female authors we have Clara Mundt, whose *nom de plume* was Louise Mühbach, and who wrote a long series of historical romances, where fiction was superior to facts; also Eugenie Johns, known in literature as E. Marlitt; her best novels are "Countess Gisela" and "Gold Else." In every branch of literature—in the drama, with Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Werner, Von Kotzebue, and Koerner; in poetry, with the two first named, Heine, Weiland, Ritur, Uhland, and a score of lesser lights; in prose, with the novelists above mentioned,—we have legitimate material to place in the hands of our young people, which will both elevate and improve their minds and develop their brain-power. For German is a language always open to study—indeed its intricate construction and involved sentences seem to court it; while, without being puritanical or illiberal, we must condemn modern French literature as of the earth, earthy, in the lowest sense, and own with a sigh that the mighty are indeed fallen since the days of Fenelon, Bossuet, La Fontaine, Boileau, Racine, Le Rochefoucauld, Madame de Sevigné, and Saint-Simon and a host of others, who shed their light upon the age of Louis Quatorze in the seventeenth century.

L. C.

DR. ADAM CLARK, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at a dinner where the principal dish was a roast pig. He was reported to have said: "O Lord, if Thou canst bless under the gospel what Thou didst curse under the law, bless this pig."

## A PURE MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE fishery conflict now going on along the coasts of Nova Scotia proper and Cape Breton, seems, from our point of view, to be a pure misunderstanding, and in no respect a natural contest. Whatever politicians in Ottawa or Washington may say about it, the great majority of those most concerned are thoroughly disgusted with the wrangle; and they feel that every day it continues imposes an additional burden upon both Canadian and American fishermen. These honest toilers, who are not much given to the study of nice points in treaties and other international laws, think their Governments should settle the matter somehow, and give them a chance to go about their usual business. The theoretical part of the question is altogether outside of their reckoning, and their attention is entirely taken up with its practical aspects. Although, from many newspaper reports and editorials, one might suppose the entire fishing population of Maine and Massachusetts, as well as that of our Maritime Provinces, was on fire with patriotic excitement, and anxious to shed their blood in defence of national honour, there is really very little warlike feeling. The sailors of either country would much rather catch fish and dispose of them in a good market than shoot each other down in battles which they believe could be of no benefit to anybody. Of course, if some settlement is not reached pretty soon, actual strife must be stirred up, and between the Yankee schooners carrying cannon, and small arms and Canadian cruisers, there is a possibility of considerable sanguinary action. But our seafaring people earnestly hope such an issue may be prevented.

The interests of Provincial and New England fishermen are identical in the highest sense, and any conflict between them operates as a double-pointed, two-edged sword, which cannot be moved without cutting in every direction. This fact they fully realize, and in some of its aspects, understand the whole matter much better than the illustrious law-makers and law suggestors whose thunders of pen and voice are just now devoted to their affairs, with very slight prospect of making them any better. As is well known, few vessels at present leave American ports for any of our fishing-grounds a majority of whose crews are not Nova Scotians, and a large proportion of these ocean labourers still reside in their native country. There is scarcely one settlement along our Atlantic shores from which numbers of young men do not go away every spring to ship upon Yankee fishermen. And, if they escape the dangers of the deep, these hardy fellows usually come home in the autumn to spend the winter with their friends and relatives. If the bait difficulty, which is such a prominent part of this pure misunderstanding, keeps up much longer, the numerous bays and inlets indenting the Acadian peninsula, will be the scenes of a most unique struggle. Thousands of coast-dwellers who make a good part of their living by catching and selling bait, will devise all sorts of plans for disposing of this commodity to their brothers, sons, nephews, and cousins, upon Cape Ann or Boston schooners, which are seen scudding about just beyond the limits, ready at any moment to run in and procure the supply that they cannot do without. As an old shoreman recently remarked to the writer, "We must sell the bait, and the Yankees must buy it, and a hundred ships like the *Lansdowne* will not prevent us from carrying on this business." It is manifest that in a conflict of this kind the cruisers would labour under great disadvantage.

Finding that the only existing treaty operates so completely against their convenience, a great many mariners, as they see the season slipping away, are at this moment settling the bait-question after their own fashion and regardless of law. While trying to illegally procure their supplies, a few vessels have been captured. But scores have run in under cover of darkness and friendly headlands, quietly made the purchase from friends who were only too anxious to sell; then spread their canvas and sailed away in safety. In some cases this transaction has been completed while the slow-going Dominion flag ship was actually in sight. Now, however, it appears, the Yankees may get all the bait they need without the trouble and risk of running in. A number of small vessels have been fitted out in the Bay of Fundy and on the western coast for taking cargoes of this requisite to Americans waiting just beyond the three-mile line. This is a perfectly lawful business, and if energetically conducted, may supply the demand and leave the Canadian navy without an occupation.

For several seasons to come, at least, our fishermen cannot hope to deal very extensively with transatlantic countries; and therefore, as matters now stand, their occupation is anything but remunerative. Were the gates of trade open so that they could have untrammelled dealings with the merchants of Boston and New York, every troll and seine would find plenty of employment. All the vessels that could be sent from Canadian or American ports might in every case make splendid trips, and still find dealers to purchase their wares at good figures. For each week's consump-

tion, fifty-five millions of people require a pretty big stock of cod, mackerel, etc.; and under present circumstances it may be safe to say they are not receiving one half of what they desire. For some measure that will allow them to carry on their traffic without hindrance, nine fishermen out of ten, regardless of nationality or politics, are most devoutly praying.

After viewing the above and many other similar features in this unfortunate complication, we are constrained to think with the fishermen that some way out of the maze ought to be immediately discovered, and that the question could be settled in such a manner that both countries would receive benefit—the United States, by having their fishermen pursue their calling in our waters under reasonable restrictions, and Canada, by having the most important industry of the Maritime Provinces regain its former commanding prosperity.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Halifax.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

WE are in the midst of the Fêtes of Industry and Commerce, organized by the Government for the benefit of the unemployed workmen of Paris. During the last few weeks but one cry has been heard,—"*Pour les pauvres s'il vous plait.*" Bazaars, balls, and shows everywhere—never has being charitable seemed more attractive! For the rest, there is an almsgiving more difficult than the buying of a ticket for a delectable dance; and a sacrifice sharper than the posing in simple beauty at a fancy fair.

The beautiful gardens of the Tuileries have been invaded by innumerable booths and theatres, where the French heart is charmed at the sight of clowns, acrobats, and dancers. The Palais-Royal has been subjected to like innovations. But of all these fêtes, by far the most interesting has been the *carrousal* or tournament on the Champs de Mars. Thousands upon thousands collected in the vast area stretching between the Ecole Militaire and the river. At one end in crimson liquid tribune sat the President of the Republic, surrounded by his civil and military household, the General Boulanger, and several Ambassadors: in adjoining tribunes the gay, enthusiastic *tout Paris*. First on the field came the Colonel de Bellegarde, followed by the quadrille of artillery and cavalry officers, organized by the Ecole de Saumur, the first military school of cavalry in France. Then followed tilting at the ring, hurdle-racing, etc. All mounted on thoroughbreds, one can imagine what a pretty and exciting sight was this manœuvring of the most skillful of horsemen.

All the way from Algiers, especially for the occasion, had come a gorgeous company of fifty Arab Spahis. These are so called from a corps of light cavalry, originally instituted by Amurat I. in Turkey. The name is now applied to native cavaliers forming part of the French army in Algiers. Very grand and picturesque they looked in their brilliant dresses, seated on their fiery little steeds. The "*fantasia*" in which they were to take part was reserved almost to the last. Taking their stand at the farther end of the Champs de Mars they galloped with breathless speed till they reached the tribunes, when suddenly stopping, they fired their guns, threw them into the air, and caught them as they fell. One had a good opportunity of judging of their courage in a flying attack.

If any man sufficeth unto himself it is the Frenchman. At present he is contemplating with infinite despair what he calls the Americanizing of French modes. First there is the *reportage*, that dreadful importation which will kill all journalism; that expression of inquisitive impertinence, the nearest approach to literature those barbarians of over the sea can make. Then there is the duel. *Vive le duel!* This at least we shall not abandon. "Yes," said a Frenchman to me, "you may laugh at us if you like, but it is far more brave to meet your enemy face to face, than to fall upon him unarmed, and shoot him down, as they do in the streets of New York." (!) But perhaps after all it is best that the duel should continue to exist in France, for what tongue could convince us of the Frenchman's honour, were that of steel to be dumb.

L. L.

PARIS, May 23rd, 1886.

For many years Archbishop Trench suffered from breaking health, and whether in rural rambles, in the train, or even at formal dinner parties, his daughter was generally to be found by his side. There is a story originally told in Dublin society of the Archbishop which is too good not to be preserved. The last course had been served at a certain grand banquet when His Grace is stated to have said to his daughter, with some slight agitation, "I fear that I am threatened with one of my bad attacks. I have been pinching my knee for the last five minutes, and I cannot feel the slightest sensation." "Make your mind easy, Your Grace, rejoined a lady on the other side; "it was my knee you were pinching all the time!"

## The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE session of the Dominion Parliament that closed last week was not distinguished by much useful legislation. Besides the Bills giving representation to the North-west Territories, and introducing the Torrens Land System there, no measure of first-class importance has been this year placed on the Statute-book. The session began rather late, and much of its time was spent over the entirely useless discussion as to whether or not the sentence pronounced by the courts on Riel ought to have been set aside by the Government. In this discussion the Opposition were by a skilful manœuvre led to muster their whole forces and fight a pitched battle against a windmill, and of course they were worsted; but it may be hoped, notwithstanding the waste of power, that they have reserved enough force for the larger campaign that ought now to be fought without the walls of Parliament. A dissolution cannot be far off, and it is in the ensuing election campaign that the policy and conduct of the Government in the North-west should be arraigned before the country. Never before, under Confederation, had the Liberal Party such a genuine advantage over their adversary as is afforded by this plain issue—the results of Conservative Government in the North-West. These results are patent to all, they were experienced by the whole country in a terrible manner a year ago, and some of the causes have come to view during the past session in the blaze of political scandals wherewith it began, continued, and ended. If the men concerned in these scandals be not relegated to private life at the approaching General Election, it can only be because the constituencies are as corrupt as the representatives. In many cases doubtless it is a matter of mutual bargain: the member plunders the public treasury for local purposes, and is allowed to take his share in the shape most convenient to himself. The whole system of State-aid to local improvements is in fact wrong and fraught with danger under our system of parliamentary government; and while it is by no means clear that if the Liberal Party had the patronage of a vast, newly developed territory to dispose of they would do much better than their rivals, none the less can it be good that the present state of things should continue longer unchecked.

THERE is something in the contention of the American fishermen that they are so handicapped by the tariff on articles used in their business as to be compelled to seek protection against Canadian competition. The cost of the necessary preparations for a cruise are enhanced by their tariff, they allege, by \$1,200 or \$1,500; but instead of demanding a reform of the tariff, by which the whole nation would be benefited and they enabled to compete with the Canadians, they insist that its burden shall be still further aggravated by the exclusion of Canadian fish and the consequent enhancement of the price of this necessary of life to its chief consumers, the poor.

THE indications are that Canada will receive the support of the Mother Country in exacting a *quid pro quo* for what the American fishermen demand. No doubt it would have pleased England better if the dispute had not arisen just now; but, having arisen, Canada, with her recent development, her Pacific Railway, makes too large a figure for her desires to be ignored or overridden as they were by the Gladstone Government of fifteen years ago. In the ever-changing scene of American fishery politics it is somewhat difficult to fix upon the exact point of dispute in the present case, because the moment this is done the ground is shifted. The other day it was the treaty of 1818 that bore on the subject, as not expressly prohibiting the buying of bait, but now that it has been discovered that the pertinent clause in that treaty, as originally proposed, read—"Provided, however, that American fishermen shall be permitted to enter such bays and harbours for the purpose only of obtaining shelter, wood, water, and bait"; and that the American plenipotentiaries expressly gave up the right to take bait, and acquiesced in the omission of that word after the word "water" in the treaty;—now that this has been pointed out, the treaty of 1818 has been thrown overboard altogether, and it is claimed by the journalistic champions of the New England fishermen that the denial to these of the right to buy bait in Canadian ports is a withdrawal of a commercial privilege granted to the States by the Imperial

Parliament in 1849, which then accepted the privileges of an Act passed by Congress in 1824, tendering to any Power the same degree of commercial privileges for its shipping in American ports which it conceded to American shipping in its own ports. But the reply to this is that buying bait is not wholly a matter of commerce: it belongs rather to the fishing industry than to trading. Every nation has the right to control its inshore fisheries, and the denial of bait to the American fishermen is in the legitimate exercise of this right. If Americans wish to buy Canadian bait they must give a fair *quid pro quo* for the privilege, which is a key wherewith Canada expects to open the American market to her fish; but if it do not, she is not going to throw the key away.

IN a new work on Craft-organisations ("Les Corporations d'Arts et Métiers, et les Syndicats Professionnels, en France et à l'Étranger." Paris,) Dr. Hubert-Valleroux has the following passage:—"One is surprised, in looking at the towns of the Middle Ages, especially when one goes to the bottom of their constitution, at the place held by the embodied traders and artisans in their political constitutions. Nowadays commercial or other associations play but a quite private and quite obscure part; artisans are swallowed up in the crowd, they are voters in the same right as other citizens, workmen in the same right as the master. In the Middle Ages, on the contrary, the man of the Third Estate is nothing by himself; he has no strength but through the company of which he is a member. He takes honour from its splendour, profits by its force, is only independent through its power." There are evident signs, we think, that this is the type of trade-unionism that will emerge from the present labour troubles, and finally prevail. The Order of the Knights of Labour is founded on an opposite and erroneous principle; and like all unsound things it must sooner or later collapse. And the common sense that it is certain must be not wanting in the artisan class, is an assurance that the collapse will not be long delayed. Already the revolt of the trades-unions against the Knights has shown itself in the formulation of grievances—in the shape of six demands presented to the Cleveland Assembly—the granting of which will be equivalent to disbanding the Knights of Labour altogether or reducing the Order to very small proportions; and if the demands be not granted, the trades-unions must, it would seem, at once declare their independence. As most Knights belong also to trades-unions, such a step would sweep away the Order as suddenly as if it were a Napoleonic dynasty. The two powers cannot, in fact, stand side by side for long: they are, as we have said, based on opposite principles; and the trades-unions being, in our opinion, the more conducive to the welfare of the workmen, will, as we think, survive. "The idea at the foundation of the Order [of Knights of Labour]," says the *New York Nation*, "is, that it is possible to bring 'Labour' of all kinds into one society, and direct its united power against Capital in such a way as to squeeze profits down to nothing, or next to nothing. In practice it is an attempt to enable all trades to get the better of each other—as futile as the proverbial endeavour to lift one's self over a fence by the boot-straps. The trade-union idea is to enable each particular trade to do the best it can for itself, not intending any harm to other trades, but leaving them to look out for themselves. The Knights of Labour would seek to enable the workers in a coal mine and those in an iron furnace and those on a railway connecting the two to jointly get the better of the mine owners, the railway, and the furnace. In case of a 'grievance' in the furnace, the workingmen in all three of the trades might be 'ordered out.' Two entirely innocent and disinterested trades, together with many others which depend upon the mine and the railway, would be prostrated or injured in order to give a victory to the furnace men. The trade-union method of dealing with the same grievances would be to order a strike of the furnace men, and, by means of their national organisation, to prevent the furnace from getting other workmen to take their places. In an extreme case they would order strikes in all furnaces, but would not molest any other trade."

THE trades-union idea has by much the better chance of enduring, in a community dominated by the Teutonic habit of individual action. It represents Individualism, as against Socialism, the dominating principle of the Knights of Labour. This Order seeks to bring all trades into one organisation, in order to get the better of Capital; but in its indiscriminate warfare against Capital it is really fighting Capital only to the extent of ten per cent., while it is fighting Labour to the extent of ninety per cent. Take any article of manufacture, and estimate what proportion of its price has been paid to Labour for producing it—take the case of the Toronto street-car strike, and,—if the operations of the Company had been effectually stopped,—estimate the relative effects of the strike on the mass of labour employed by it, and on the capital invested, from the car-builders and



cognate and dependent trades, through the producers of forage and breeders of horses, the employés, and the countless trades dependent in part on their custom for food, clothing, rent, up to the President. Mr. Smith is known to be a good man of business, and no Knight even can believe that he buries his profits in the ground; he invests them rather where they yield him a further profit—to do which the capital must be aiding the production of something, and consequently must be affording employment to labour. And so the industrial world goes—inextricably interdependent; and in fighting Capital, tying up one arm of this industrial giant, the Knights of Labour are only impeding the effectiveness of the whole body. The trades-unions as we say, it is to be hoped, may by and by discriminate better than the Knights; but they too at present have much to learn. "Hitherto in the history of the human race," says our friend, the *Nation* again, "it has been held that the ambition to rise in the world, to make one's labour more valuable to one's employer, and thus to earn higher wages than the lazy and the shiftless, was a very proper and laudable ambition." But a bricklayers' union in Washington has fixed upon \$4 a day as the rate which should be paid to all workmen, whether good or poor, and, a number of men having found employers who are ready to pay them \$6 a day, it is authoritatively announced these must refuse to earn over \$4 and that "the Union will punish any member, by imposing a heavy fine, who shall accept anything in excess of \$4!"

MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLEY when asked as to the truth of a rumour that the "Plumed Knight" was also a Knight of Labour, indignantly replied: "No; in heaven's name there have been enough bad things said about us without that. Let it rest there." In sober truth, the United States narrowly missed national disgrace when, eighteen months ago, Mr. J. G. Blaine came so near carrying the Presidency. Mr. Blaine is little better than a political adventurer, who, as President, would continue to trade, as he has always done, on the hatred of the Irish toward Great Britain, lowering the dignity of his office, while making political capital for himself, by posing as swashbuckler-in-chief for the most turbulent element of the nation. But after all, we think Mr. Blaine scarcely deserves the censure now being heaped on him by the London Press and the Marquess of Salisbury, for his recent criticism on the latter's speech. As that speech was cabled here, as even it was reported in England by the Gladstonian Press, and interpreted by Mr. Morley, Lord Salisbury was said to have no alternative policy to propose for Ireland but coercion for twenty years, and emigration; but as it now appears from the full report of the speech and an explicit correction made by Lord Salisbury himself,—which could hardly have reached this side when Mr. Blaine spoke,—what Lord Salisbury really said was that crime must be put down, and to that extent he recommended coercion, but that the duty of the Government was not only to repress crime, but to ameliorate the condition of the people; and, as to emigration, he had not recommended emigration, but had only observed that, if a large sum of money were to be spent, it had better be expended on emigration than on the very contemptible process of buying-out landlords. Whether Mr. Blaine, when he made his speech, knew or did not know what Lord Salisbury had really said, we are not aware, but certain it is that in applying the words, "impudent," "insolent," and "brutal" to Lord Salisbury, he went little beyond the terminology used by the Canadian Home Rule Press in commenting on the same utterance; and, therefore, we trust that as the Plumed Knight has now declared that he used these opprobrious epithets in a sort of Pickwickian, or parliamentary, sense—(which admits of saying that a statement is untrue, without implying that its author is guilty of falsehood)—we hope the Canadian critics of Lord Salisbury will likewise make some amends by a frank admission that their Fenian cable-correspondents have for once been guilty of a small prevarication.

It is extremely gratifying to find the *Globe* at last admitting that it will never do to submit Ulster to the rule of a Parliament at Dublin. Commenting on a passage in Mr. Chamberlain's speech, reminding the House that the Constitution of 1840 which united the two Provinces of Canada was found not to answer, and the result was that the two Provinces separated, our esteemed contemporary remarks that Mr. Chamberlain does not appear to have learned, from the failure of the old Legislative Union of Ontario and Quebec, the obvious lesson that "it is folly to attempt to weld into one two peoples who differ widely in many respects; nor how much stronger may be the union between two such peoples when each is allowed to manage its own affairs in its own way." Precisely; but we beg pardon—this appears to be exactly what Mr. Chamberlain has learned. He cited the failure of the Canadian Constitution of 1840 to show the necessity of keeping Ulster and Celtic Ireland apart: if we do not misinterpret his plan, he proposes that Celtic Ireland and Ulster shall each manage their

own local affairs, just as Quebec and Ontario do theirs; but he objected to Mr. Gladstone's scheme, according to whose fundamental principle—applying it to Canada for illustration—the Ontario Assembly and the Dominion Parliament would both be abolished, and Ontario, in a minority of one to five, would be obliged to send representatives to the Quebec Assembly, which would hold co-ordinate authority with the Parliament at Westminster.

THE agony of the past six months is at last over; Mr. Gladstone has been shown that there are other minds in the Liberal Party besides his; the Empire has been relieved from perhaps the gravest peril that has ever threatened it, because brought upon it, not by foreign foes, but by the insane recklessness of a most powerful parliamentary chief; and finally, let us hope, Parnellism has, with all the evil it implies, begun its decline. Never again, we feel persuaded, will a British statesman of the first rank be found to betray the confidence placed in him by his countrymen, by secretly concocting without the knowledge of his colleagues or the mandate of his constituents a measure for the reward of treason and outrage, and trying to commit the country irrevocably to the principle of that measure through the votes of his subservient following in Parliament. Never again will the Irish Nationalists come so near surprising the constitution; and their leader having failed so miserably in his designs, may be expected, in accordance with Irish precedent, now to sink like an exhausted rocket. His utter rout will not be clearly seen perhaps till an appeal has been made to the country; but of the result of that appeal we have not the smallest doubt. The British people will not be governed by an American Irish dictator. If Mr. Gladstone, placed by his trusting countrymen in command of the fortress, could not with all the resources of his position succeed in betraying it to the enemy, the nation, made fully aware of the design, may be depended upon to replace him and his forces by a more trustworthy garrison and commander. All honour to the Moderates of the Liberal party who have prevented this great treason! On them as the true representation of the great sound Liberal heart of England rests the hope of all patriots of the British name; and in the elections that probably may ensue, or at all events must be held before this Irish question can be settled, we confidently predict that the principles of these Moderate Liberals, loyally supported by the Tories and the Radicals, will overwhelmingly prevail over the faddist adventurers, nonentities, and traitors that make up the Gladstonian army.

WE much fear that sinister events are brewing in Eastern Europe. A Russian army of 130,000 men has been gathered in Bessarabia and the Crimea; the collection and equipment of war vessels in the Black Sea has been pushed on, and the whole Black Sea fleet is in commission; and the Czar in a General Order issued to that fleet the other day, wherein he expressed a wish for the peaceful development of the nation's welfare, says, most ominously—for no doubt every word in the paper had been carefully weighed: "Circumstances, however, may render the fulfilment of my wishes difficult, and may force me to the armed defence of the dignity of the Empire." That warning we are persuaded can have but one meaning—a menace to Turkey. It was addressed directly, it would seem, to the new National Bulgarian Assembly then about to meet, which was expected to proclaim a kingdom. Russia will never willingly consent to the consolidation of an independent Bulgaria; and the proclamation of a kingdom, with Prince Alexander as king, may be the affront that will "force the Czar to the armed defence of the Empire." But his forces would be hurled against Bulgaria, only to open and continue their road to Constantinople; and then it may be counted on that the mistake of stopping short at San Stefano, so bitterly repented by Alexander II., will not be repeated. And who is to prevent, is a question that, while the alliance between the three Emperors is extant, can only be answered *after* the outbreak of war and the disclosure of the now secret terms of the alliance.

THE bed of the ocean is to an enormous extent covered with lava and pumice stone. Still more remarkable is it to find the floor of the ocean covered in many parts with the dust of the meteorites. These are like miniature comets, and are for the most part broken into innumerable fragments. We are all familiar with the heavenly visitants as shooting stars, but it has been only lately discovered that this cosmic dust forms layers at the bottom of the deepest seas. Between Honolulu and Tahiti, at the depth of 2,350 fathoms, over two miles and a half, a vast layer of this material exists. Falling upon land this impalpable dust is undistinguishable; but accumulating for centuries in the sea depths it forms a wondrous story of continuous bombardment of this planet by cometary bodies.

In the course of a recent speech, Sir G. A. Macfarren pointed out that the Puritans advanced the cause of music in England. So far, he said, from thwarting the musical character of the people they (*i. e.*, the Round-heads) caused a counteraction. It was in the time of the Commonwealth that native musical competitions had their rise, and that native melodies were first published. The first opera was given by the special license of Cromwell, and in this opera a lady singer appeared on the stage. This last assertion is curious, in the face of the decided antipathy of the Puritans to anything in the shape of a stage play. English defects in the musical way began, the Professor truly observed, with the accession of the House of Hanover and the introduction of Italian opera, which latter gave the nation the appearance of a sterility in composers. Nor have the present Royal Family, in his opinion, freed themselves from the preference for foreign artists. He, however, takes a hopeful view of the future of English music, in which everybody will probably agree with him.

SOME very painful statements, the *St. James's Gazette* states, were made in the House of Commons recently, respecting what are termed "non-intoxicating beverages." The subject was brought under notice by Mr. B. Fletcher, who somewhat imprudently asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer if his attention had been called to the fact that the Excise officers had interfered with and stopped the sale of "herb-beer," and if he would state why there had been any interference with the manufacture and sale of this non-intoxicating beverage. Sir W. Harcourt explained that some of these so-called "non-intoxicating beverages" are found, on being tested, to be considerably stronger than London porter. It has, he alleges, also been found, that temperance drinks are popular in proportion to the number of degrees of proof-spirit they contain. These frightful revelations will fall like a bombshell in temperance circles. Perhaps it will even be discovered that non-intoxicating drinks are a prolific source of crime. It is sad to think that many a total abstainer may be unconsciously on the road to delirium tremens, and many a home be drifting to misery and ruin by over-indulgence in ginger-beer.

OF the birth of the boy-king of Spain the *St. James's Gazette* says:—To be born a king, like the latest of European Sovereigns, is the rarest of all lots. No parallel fortune can be found in the history of united Spain; while in French history we must retrace nearly six centuries to come upon the reign of John I., posthumous son of Louis X., whom he succeeded on the 15th of November, 1316. The infant monarch died four days later, when his uncle Philip V. resumed the sceptre he had provisionally held during the five months which elapsed between the deaths of his brother and nephew. Neither English nor Scotch annals offer a similar incident; though the luckless Mary Stuart was all but born a queen, having just completed the first week of her existence on the day of her accession, the 14th of December, 1542. No younger Prince ever bore the title of King of England than Henry VI., who ascended the throne in the ninth month of his age, September 1, 1422. Lest these instances should seem of evil omen, it may be observed that a long minority has before now been the prelude to a long and glorious reign—witness Louis XIV., who inherited the crown in his fifth year. Peter the Great, too, was Czar at ten.

IN a single passage of a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Justice Stephens thus expresses the utter hollowness and folly of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme:—Will they (Mr. Gladstone's measures), to use his words, "restore to Ireland the first conditions of civilized life—the free course of law, the liberty of every individual in the exercise of every legal right, the confidence of the people in the law, and their sympathy with the law?" Mr. Gladstone's words show that Ireland is at present deprived of "the first conditions of civilized life," and this no doubt is true. Who has taken them away? The National League. Who has interfered with the free course of law? The National League. Who has deprived individuals of the exercise of their legal rights? The National League. Who returned the eighty-six Nationalists to Parliament? The National League. How are the first conditions of civilization to be restored? By making the representatives of the National League the ruling power in an Irish Parliament. How is the confidence of the people in the law and their sympathy with the law to be restored or excited? By entrusting legislative power and the administration of justice to the very men who have taken from Ireland the first elements of civilization and of personal liberty.

HAS science, asks a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, any explanation of the prevalence of yellow among the earlier wild-flowers of the year? In a scrap of woodland near my house I picked, the other day, a posy of nine wild-flowers, seven of which were yellow; and in New Jersey

the same tint would seem to be characteristic of April. Not that American names are to be translated by English equivalents, as every one who has been "on the other side" has discovered. Thus, I went out "snipe-shooting" in Utah, and found the birds were large, tame, crane-like waders. I asked for Yorkshire pudding in New York, but found it a custardy thing in a glass. In natural history this tendency to transfer the old-country names to transatlantic objects altogether unlike those which they represent in Europe is specially conspicuous. Thus, for instance, "sparrow," "robin," and "wren" do not mean the birds whose names they have borrowed, any more than "daisy," "buttercup," or "primrose" stand for the flowers that are so called in England. Here and there occur instances of this acclimatization of transplanted terms which are specially interesting. Thus in England the hornbeam is called the "wych-hazel." This has gone across as "witch-hazel," and the name is applied to a tree of a perfectly different family, which has been adopted by "water-witches" as their magic "twig" with which they profess to locate subterranean springs. As a matter of fact, any forked twig is as good as, and no better than, any other, as I demonstrated for myself when studying the water-witches' avocation in the States. From maple to sage-bush, every "twig" acted in the same way under the same conditions.

ANCIENT history, says the *St. James's Gazette*, it has been well said, was made by geography and modern geology. The indented coast-lines of the Mediterranean peninsulas were a condition of their supremacy in the ancient world, while the greatness of England and the United States is largely based upon their coalfields. Within the last few years another mineral agent has begun to play a great part in the world. All the last developments of Russian policy in Central Asia would have been impossible without the sudden growth of the petroleum industry at Baku. The oil-wells have converted the barren shores of the Caspian into perhaps the most prosperous portion of all the Czar's domains. They have changed Baku itself from an isolated outpost to a flourishing seat of trade. They have built the railway between that port and Tiflis; they have added to the importance of Batoum; they have created great fleets upon the Caspian and the Volga, and added to the receipts of all the central Russian lines that converge at Ozaryzin; lastly, they have brought the Transcaspian railway, the great factor in the Central Asian politics of the near future, within the range of practical politics. It is satisfactory to find that the supplies of petroleum are not confined to the western end of the Central Asian line. Discoveries have been made at what the Russians hope will soon be the south-eastern terminus. The oil-wells of Sibi already feed the locomotives of the Indus Valley road, and will probably soon supply the Pisheen frontier trains. That adds much to the value of the prospective terminus of M. Lessar's system. Unluckily it also increases very appreciably that gentleman's difficulties in getting there.

THE "Lounger" of the *Washington Sunday Herald* thus describes one of the dynamite bombs that have lately become so famous on both sides of the Atlantic. It is now in the hands of a gentleman who had received it as a *curio* from a Pole, who became possessed of it by a curious and interesting train of circumstances, which, for want of space, are not given: If there ever was a machine, says the "Lounger" that could properly be called infernal, it is this. The contrivance I saw was one of the pattern known to the French police as the "Orsini bomb," so denominated because it was first used in the attempt to assassinate the late Emperor of France, Napoleon Third, nearly thirty years ago. It is somewhat larger than the egg of a goose, of very much the same shape. It unscrews at the smaller end, and was so cast that when it exploded it would break up into bits of iron nearly the size and shape of lumps of cut sugar, the pieces being about one inch square. There were screwed into it twelve little tubes, like those of an ordinary muzzle-loading musket. Each of these tubes was filled with fulminate—the white explosive in the common percussion cap—and upon the tube was placed a cap (made to explode very easily) about the size and shape of a musket cap. The weight of the shell, in falling three feet upon a hard substance like a pavement, was sufficient to explode these caps, and as they were all over the shell it could not fall without dropping on some one of them. The interior of the shell would hold a piece of dynamite somewhat larger than an ordinary egg, enough to drive the inch square fragments of iron through a man at thirty or forty yards. The shell was beautifully smooth, and had evidently been made by an expert in iron work. Its end was so perfectly fitted that you could scarcely discover that it was not one piece. A notch in the small part showed that an ordinary screw-driver was used to put it together. It was in form and shape the simplicity of perfection in destructiveness.

## ON THE ST. LAWRENCE AT BROCKVILLE.

THRO' the whispering leaves,  
And across the river,  
Light playing with shadow  
The moonbeams quiver.

From the water's edge  
The white rocks rise  
With crevice and ledge  
To meet the skies.

Like ruined towers,  
They rear on high;  
And their mantle of green  
Gleams dusk 'gainst the sky.

And so still is the night,  
So calm is the river,  
That we hear on the shore  
The poplar's shiver.

Now we leave the land  
And noiselessly glide  
In your little canoe  
'Neath the steep rock's side.

And the trees in greeting  
Lean over the ledge.  
Now stop, while I pluck  
From its mossy edge

This tiny blue-bell,  
Whose dark cup, mayhap,  
Is a fairy's robe,  
Or an elf-clown's cap.

Let us sail to-night  
Down that golden track,  
That pathway bright  
Thro' the waters black.

A silver thread  
As it nears our boat,  
It grows broad and broader  
As more remote.

Till over yonder  
It is lost in a sea  
Whose golden ripples  
Stretch endlessly.

We move towards it,  
(Together, thou and I,  
But, lo! as we near it,  
It seems to fly.

The narrow pathway  
Is still a thread,  
Unattained, towards the day  
Has that bright sea sped.

In vain we pursue it,  
Then turn to the shore  
Whose tender beauty  
Can touch us no more.

It is thus in life—  
There ever lies  
Some joy before us  
That ever flies.

The yearning soul  
Stretches hands in vain;  
Our blest ideal  
We never gain.

KATE WILLIAMS.

## TWO NIGHTS.

[Translated from the German of HACKLAENDER for THE WEEK.]

## THE FIRST NIGHT—1884.

THE post-house stood on the farther side of the village on a slight hill thickly planted with grape vines extending, in fact, quite to the walls of the house. Although they were obliged to drive the entire length of the village, and one postilion woke the echoes with repeated cracking of his whip and his loud huzzas; he failed to rouse more than the echoes, for nothing stirred in the sleeping town, and even at the post-house it was only after repeated calls and vigorous raps from whip and sword on the stable door that a light finally appeared in an attic window. Presently a

disordered head was thrust out and its dazed senses gradually awakened to the fact that an extra post was waiting below; and after a minute or two the entire individual stumbled downstairs and opened the door—a picture of boorish perplexity as Count S. demanded a fresh relay.

"May the Holy Virgin be merciful to me! The Signor will have to wait at least two hours, till the horses come back from the next station—three miles from here."

"Have you no others?" asked the Count, much annoyed, while the postilion stood by shrugging his shoulders—another way of saying "I told you so."

"But where are your extra post-horses? According to law you should have at least four."

"So we have, Signor, but they went away an hour ago with an English travelling carriage."

"Sapristi!" murmured the Count angrily. "Come, you shall have a double pour-boire if you get me on."

"Impossible, Signor, I can do nothing. So few people come here, and the master—"

"Where is the master? I will speak to him."

"Gone to Lodi, Signor. I am the only person in the house," stammered the boy.

There was really nothing to do but wait for the return of the horses. It was a bore, of course, especially at that distance from the village café where one might possibly have found an enlightened newspaper and a cup of coffee with which to beguile the long two hours. The postilion helped to put up the horses, and then he and the stable boy betook themselves to a bench beside the door to chat the time away. And now, alas! even the exquisite night was powerless to quell the rising impatience of our traveller; in vain the nightingales sang more divinely than ever in the bushes; in vain the stars shone radiantly in their deep heavens; in vain Nature breathed forth her fragrant stillness, and the insects droned away their brief summer life. Count S. grew momentarily more angry, and, rather than wait alone, would have fraternised with the most unbrotherly man in the world. He walked round and round the stables, and at last climbed the little hill behind the house, in hopes of finding some one or something to shorten the enforced delay.

Arrived at the top, before him lay the long valley bathed in the soft light of the stars, the roads crossing it in every direction looked like bands of white ribbon in the dimness, here and there a tiny lake, and everywhere the dark close clusters of the vines and mulberry bushes. Once or twice he fancied he could hear the rippling of the brook below the hill, and the sound of a distant post-horn, but that was fancy; no one was in sight, and, disappointed, he turned to retrace his steps, when he caught a glimpse of a light burning in a lower window of the house—the vines which heavily framed it catching the reflection.

Count S., overjoyed at the thought of at last finding some one to speak to, approached the window. When near enough to look into the room he stopped in sudden surprise. Seated on an old-fashioned, high-backed wooden chair, a young girl—beautiful even in that light and at that distance—trying to sing and coax a small child to sleep; irresistibly he moved forward, and, not to startle her with the sound of his step, began to sing softly an old Italian aria. In an instant the girl covered with her hand the reflection of the lamp and leaned forward to peer into the darkness; an old dog lay evidently at her feet, for the Count distinctly heard two or three low growls, but the girl quieted him, and, bending as far out as she could without disturbing the child, called "who is there?"

"A traveller," came the answer, "who is forced to wait here for a fresh relay. I confess I dreaded at first the idea of waiting two long hours; now, however, if the Signora will permit me to stand and chat here for a while I shall be grateful for the delay."

So saying he came nearer still and leaned upon the window-sill,—the surest way to dispel girlish fears when the object is as young and handsome, with such a charming blond moustache, as our hero. The girl smiled and almost before she had seen his uniform, exclaimed:

"Ah, il Signor is an Austrian officer!"

What suddenly changed all his angry impatience to supreme content? Surely the charming picture now before him, framed in the dusky setting of the night, a picture more beautiful, he thought, than any he had ever before seen. There leaned the girl in her high-backed chair, her dark head rising from her white chemisette, her little bare feet peeping from beneath the hem of her scarlet skirt. Count S. gazed entranced at her long dark plaits which hung half unbraided over her shoulders and seemed to reach to her knees.

The child had wakened at the growling of the dog and now lay in wide-open wonder, his great eyes fastened on the gold braid and Attila cords of the stranger's cap.

"So the Signor must wait until the horses return? Well, it often happens, for this is a lonely station and father cannot afford to keep many horses,—times are bad; Lodi and Piacenza take the best of everything away from us. Long ago, when the dear mother was alive, we had a small inn, too, but that had to be given up—until Cecco here becomes a man, father says, then he can do it, either he or the son-in-law," the girl laughed.

"The son-in-law? And who is he?"

"Why, who else but Teresina's husband?" and she laughed again.

"And who pray is Teresina?"

"Why I am!" She glanced coquettishly at him from under her black lashes, then lowering her voice and passing her hand tenderly over the boy's dark curls—"yes, either Cecco or papa's son-in-law is to open the inn again some day and make us all rich."

"Ah," smiled Count S., "so you are married?"

"Who, I?" laughed the girl. "Madonna! I married? No indeed.

To marry, one must love, love—as for example I love this child; must give all one's heart, and that I have never done yet."

"Have you really never loved any one, Teresina? I mean has no one pleased you so much that you felt you could give love for love?"

"No, Signor" she answered, having one arm on the window sill—a movement which quite closed baby's view of the gold cords, and was the signal for a burst of weeping which continued till the young officer took off his cap and gave it to the child.

"And whom has papa chosen for his future son-in-law? Some one from Pusterlengo, or a young merchant from Lodi?"

"No, no, Signor! I fear it is the master of the post-house in Piacenza; he has often been here for no reason whatever, and father seems to like him,—but he does not please me," and she sighed.

"Is he young, good-looking?"

The girl glanced shyly around her, then whispered, "No, indeed; besides he is tyrannical, and a hypocrite. I shall never love him; if I must marry him my whole life will be spoilt,—for they say it is dreadful to marry where one cannot love."

"Perhaps it were better, or at least happier," he ventured, "to love and not to marry."

"Happier, mayhap, who knows?" sighed the girl, raising her clear eyes to his, "but surely not better, Signor."

A pause, during which the nightingales sang louder and more joyfully, and the young officer measured with his eye the height of the window-sill, weighing the chances of being able to vault it noiselessly; but the girl apparently divined his intentions for pointing to the stables, she whispered: "Hush! old Pietro has donkey-ears. I ought not to stay here chatting with you; but"—and the dark eyes smiled at him—"I like to stay."

"Would you rather talk to me than to the postilion from Piacenza?"

"Yes, rather."

"Perhaps you might even prefer to love or marry me?"—he smiled and laid one hand on the soft white arm so near him.

"Not the first, because it does not go without the other—and tomorrow you will be miles and miles away from here—and not the last because you are a cavalier."

"But suppose I stay here?"

"Ah, impossible, Signor! Do not talk like this, because you cannot mean it; and besides father would tell you to go to the inn at Lodi, or Piacenza,"—drawing her arm back until her warm fingers rested in his palm, unresisting as he held them close.

A strange, new sensation crept over her—a sensation so old yesterday, so new to-day, when love meets love, and a look, a word, are all-sufficient to proclaim their kinship—was it only an hour ago that they were worlds apart?

Yielding to the strong current of this new emotion, Count S. pressed her hand again and again to his lips. Ah! who shall say it was not all the fault of the tranquil, silent, magical Italian night, the heavily scented air, the love-songs of the nightingales? Oh, these nightingales!

"Ah, happy fate that brought me here and kept me here that I might see you, Teresina!"

"I too am glad," so glad, murmured the girl, "but I scarcely know which I would rather do—laugh or cry!" Her head drooped forward till it rested on her arm, her forehead on his hand.

For a few moments the world stood still for these happy mortals—a lover and his loved one and the child upon her knee,—for baby had at last succeeded in tearing off the gold cords from his plaything, and announced the event by crowing and clapping his little fat hands. But baby's crowing, however joyful, was powerless to direct the attention of the other two from each other;—taking her head in his hands and gently turning it towards him he kissed her forehead. At the same instant the merry tones of a post-horn rang through the night. There is something strangely startling in these tones when they fall upon so intense a stillness.

The girl started and listened. "It is father," she cried, trembling. "Addio, Signor, addio caro, mind; he must not find us here together." With a swift movement she laid the child down on the floor beside the dog; then pressing close to the window she threw her arms around the young officer's neck, murmuring: "Forgive, and thou too, Holy Virgin! It cannot be wrong! I shall never see you again in all my life. Indeed, how could I bear to see you after this? I should feel so ashamed, so unhappy! But I love you almost before I have found you, love, and so I dare to kiss you thus, and thus, and yet again! Our Lady help us! And now go!"

Count S. felt these soft, clinging kisses upon his lips, then the girl pushed him gently away from her, hurriedly closed the window, and put out the light.

The tones of the postilion's horn rang clearer and sharper on the night air. A moment later the post-horses dashed around the foot of the hill, and drew up at the stable door, and the Count saw his orderly advancing towards him. Waving his hand to signify that he had heard, Count S. followed to the carriage-door; walking slowly and silently as if fearful of waking from the dreamful wonder of the last two hours; and, in waking, break the spell of this witching summer night.

If sometimes through the long journey the image of Teresina seemed to fade for a moment—in another he felt again the warmth of her three soft kisses upon his lips, again he stood beside the window,—only now no light streamed through it. All was silent in the little room. How could he forget? Through all his life, this night would gleam like a white millstone set forever in his remembrance.

"Beg pardon, sir; but you have lost your cap," were the first words Count S. heard as he gradually emerged from the shadows of dreamland. He smiled as he said:

"I fell asleep on a bench beside the house, probably it dropped off then. Have you another here?"

They started again. The postilion from Lodi recommended his successor to drive fast and make up for lost time; the horses trotted gaily off, the new postilion blowing his horn—the same air, alas, Count S. had heard in the distance as he stood beside Teresina's window; he wondered if she were listening to it now as she lay at rest—and perhaps in tears! Yes, surely, she heard them now, and would hear them again to-morrow, and indeed for many a long and weary day—while baby crowed over his favourite plaything, the forage cap; and the old father brought again and again the postmaster's son from Piacenza to the house. Poor child! there was little else but cloud for her at home,—and yet through all his silver lining—Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples, and amid all the *ignes fatui* of the grand monde, Teresina, as he saw her in that far lone night-tide, shone like a star: "all the fairer for that oneness!"

(To be continued.)

REN.

### TO-DAY.

Of yore, the thunder of the Roman arms  
Forbade the languid melodies of peace  
And Victory was ruler of the State;  
No woman dared her lord's despotic frown,  
Nor dreamt that she was half the Commonwealth.  
A woman, then, was worth her market price.  
To-day, the subtle magic of her power  
The rudder is of our good ship of State;  
No longer slaves to work their lord's sweet will,  
But empresses of hearth, and house, and heart.  
Of old, a man and wife were one—'twas he,  
To-day, a man and wife are one—'tis she.

J. H. BURNHAM.

### "CHANTRY HOUSE."\*

THIS is a tale of the beginning of the century. It opens in London, where the Winslows live and practise that economy which makes two ends of a small income meet. Shortly after "Chantry House" comes unexpectedly to them, through the death of a distant relative.

The book possesses the fault of too many characters, though the principal ones are well drawn out.

Griff and Clarence one follows with much interest, Clarence's sensitiveness and timidity of nature, his frequent fallings, strivings and strugglings, serving as a great contrast to Griff's bold daring spirit, and healthy way of looking at things, great and small. How the weak nature gains strength and the strong one falls, is shown as the story goes on.

The three young girls, Ellen, Emily, and Anne, are perfect pictures of true womanhood.

Adjoining "Chantry House" is the Fordyce estate. The two families have been bitter enemies on account of a feud between their ancestors, a wrong done to one Margaret (Fordyce) Winslow, which wrong has caused her ghost to revisit "Chantry House" at stated periods. She appears to Clarence (who from extreme youth has shown a wonderful power of second sight), and after a consultation with his brothers they decide to sit up the next night to watch for the apparition. This scene is strikingly given.

Presently Clarence exclaimed "There!" and on his face there was a whiteness and an expression which always recurs to me on reading those words of Eliphaz the Temanite, "Then a spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up." Even Griff was awe-struck as we cried, "Where? What?—Don't you see her? There! By the press—look!"

"I see a patch of moonlight on the wall," said Griff.

"Moonlight—her lamp. Edward, don't you see her?"

I could see nothing but a spot of light on the wall. Griff (plainly putting a force on himself) came back and gave him a good-natured shake. "Dreaming again, old Rell. Wake up and come to your senses!"

"I am as much in my senses as you are," said Clarence. "I see her as plainly as I see you."

Nor could any one doubt the reality of the awe in his voice and countenance, nor of the light, a kind of hazy veil, nor of the choking sobs. "What is she like?" I asked, holding his hand, for, though reflected by his dread, my fears were chiefly for the effect on him; but he was much calmer and less horror-stricken than on the previous night, though still he shuddered, as he answered in a low voice, as if loth to describe a lady in her presence. "A dark cloak with the hood fallen back, a kind of lace headdress loosely fastened, brown hair, thin white face, eyes—oh, poor thing!—staring with fright, dark—oh, how swollen the lids! all red below with crying—black dress with white about it—a widow kind of look—a glove on the arm with the lamp. Is she beckoning—looking at us? Oh, you poor thing, if I could tell what you mean!"

I felt the motion of his muscles in act to rise, and grasped him. Griff

\* Chantry House. By Charlotte M. Young. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.



held him with a strong hand, hoarsely crying "Don't!—don't!—don't follow the thing, whatever you do."

The story goes on to show how this apparition is always the forerunner of evil to the Winslow family, how Clarence finds an old will and repairs a wrong done, and how Griff—the hero—proves unworthy of Ellen's faith in him.

The book has touches of quiet humour, and possesses throughout an undercurrent of restfulness.

FERRARS.

### FRENCH AND GERMAN SOCIALISM.\*

THIS is an admirable little book and should be read by everybody who takes an interest in what is going on around him. It gives a clear and succinct account of the theories of Cavet, the dreams of Saint-Simon, the crazes of Fourier and the ravings of Proudhon, together with a well-digested resumé of the more argumentative and thoughtful Socialism of such German Socialists as Robbertus, Marx, and Lassalle. The difference between the two schools is well described—the French, a mere meaningless and illogical striving after equality; the German, a well-reasoned and to a certain extent practical demand for a more even distribution of the rewards of labour, as between workmen and capitalists. The fact that modern improvements in machinery and the consequent great division of labour has caused a yawning gulf to open, as between employer and employed, and that even the old feudal system was in some respects preferable as compared with our present regime, is also well brought out. Hallam pointed this out long ago, and also Professor Rogers as quoted by Dr. Ely. "It is in vain," says Professor Rogers, "to rejoice over the aggregate of our prosperity and to forget that great part of the nation has no share in its benefits. It may be that the wisdom of our forefathers was accidental; it is certain that society was divided by less sharp lines, and was held together by common ties in a far closer manner, in the times which it has been my fortune to study [the Middle Ages], than it is now. The feudal system of the Middle Ages was one of mutual interests; its theory of property involves far more exacting duties than modern rights ever acknowledge, or remember, or perhaps know."

The opinion of an intelligent Socialist like Karl Marx, as to the complete failure, from his own point of view, of modern Liberalism is also extremely interesting. "Although the Liberals," says Marx, "have not carried out their principles in any land as yet completely, still the attempts which have been made are sufficient to prove the uselessness of their efforts. They endeavoured to free labour, but only succeeded in subjecting it more completely under the yoke of capitalism; they aimed at setting at liberty all labour powers, and only riveted the chains of misery which held them bound; they wanted to release the bondman from the clod and deprive him of the soil on which he stood, by buying up the land; they yearned for a happier condition of society, and only created superfluity on one hand and dire want on the other; they desired to secure for merit its own honourable reward, and only made it the slave of wealth; they wanted to abolish all monopolies, and placed in their stead the monster monopoly, Capital; they wanted to do away with all wars between nation and nation, and kindled the flames of civil war; they wanted to get rid of the State, and yet have multiplied its burdens; they wanted to make education the common property of all, and made it the privilege of the rich; they aimed at the greatest moral improvement of society, and only left it in a state of rotten immorality; they wanted, to say all in a word, unbounded liberty, and have provided the meanest servitude; they wanted the reverse of all that which they actually obtained, and have thus given a proof that Liberalism in all its ramifications is nothing but a perfect Utopia."

The sketch given by Dr. Ely of the German professorial Socialists is amusing though it is evident that the author does not intend it for a caricature. "Some of them," says Dr. Ely, "do not expect that their ideal will be realized for a thousand years to come." "To them the State is, above all things, a moral person," and "Professor Schmoller\* defines the State as the grandest moral institution for the education and development of the human race." To us, on this side of the Atlantic, who know what the State has become under a pure Democracy, these views appear very visionary, and they would seem to indicate that practical Socialism is, after all, but ill adapted to the German mind. It is indeed a noteworthy fact that the great leaders of the movement in Germany were not pure Ger-

mans. Karl Marx was of Hebrew descent, and so was that great apostle of German Socialism, Lassalle, whose name would also seem to indicate French extraction. Lassalle, too, found it no easy task to drive Socialism into the heads of the German working men. "It is this damnable, easily satisfied disposition of you German labourers which is your ruin," said he. That he succeeded in altering all this is only too true, but there is something melancholy in the reflection that almost the only practical effect of his teaching, up to the present time, has been to substitute discontent for that "contented mind" which can never return.

The fundamental error which would appear to lie at the root of all Socialistic doctrine seems to be that it presupposes that perfect equality means perfect contentment, and that an equal distribution of wealth would result in happiness for mankind. But the question as to what is happiness is no nearer its solution to-day than it was when Plato listened to the words of wisdom as they dropped from the lips of Socrates. The beggar on his dunghill is often happier than the king on his throne. And who can forget the touching complaint of poor Henry IV. as he lay tossing about on his weary bed and yearning for a few moments of quiet slumber?

Sleep, gentle sleep  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

"Pity nobody and envy nobody," says a somewhat cynical writer; "you may be quite sure that you are envying or pitying the wrong man." Without going quite so far as this, we may at any rate admit that the statement contains quite as much truth as many of the doctrines put forward by modern Socialists.

H. S.

### ENTERTAINMENT.

#### MR. BELFORD'S THIRD RECITAL.

The announcement that Mr. George Belford was to give a final recital at Shaftesbury Hall, on Monday evening May the 31st, previous to his departure for England, was an unexpected pleasure for his numerous admirers. We are sure he must have been gratified by the large attendance which filled the hall to the very doors, on the evening in question, and represented the fashionable, intellectual, and professional element of Toronto, the Church and the Bar occupying conspicuous places. Mr. Belford owes to his own talents and abilities, the reputation which he has created in a few short weeks; and we are glad that these have met with due encouragement at the hands of our citizens. The youthful elocutionist possesses in a marked degree the power of animal magnetism; he carries his audience along with him and succeeds in striking a note of perfect sympathy, by the absorption of his individuality in his subject. The programme presented on Monday evening was the most varied yet given, as it contained selections from one French and two American authors; also from the works of Shakespeare, Macaulay, Tennyson, Wilkie Collins, and W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Belford's rendering of Lord Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" in its peculiar dialect, was one of his happiest efforts, as indeed his impersonation of characters will always be. We think, however, in Shakespeare scenes he does not appear to such advantage, owing probably to the massive character of these plays, which are difficult to treat single-handed. "Major Namby," by Wilkie Collins, was a very good specimen of the humorous class; but in the "Lay of Horatius" (Macaulay) Mr. Belford brought down the house. In reciting this stirring poem he appeared animated with the very fire and spirit of the piece, and in the descriptive portions he was on the banks of the Tiber with the whole tragedy passing before his very eyes. The spell-bound and breathless attention of his listeners ought to have been an ample reward; they hung sympathetically on his words, borne away by the musical rise and fall of the historian's rhythmic verse. "The Hat" (translated from the French and recited by M. Coquelier of the Comedie Francaise) was a particularly graceful sparkling little piece, which had not suffered much from translation and was still essentially French. It afforded Mr. Belford a charming opportunity of making his farewell bow to a Toronto audience, hat in hand, in an original and effective manner.

L. C.

#### THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE labours of the Committee of the Toronto Musical Festival have been crowned with success, as far as preparation of the music and programmes, and arrangements for the comfort of the audience and chorus, are concerned. The rehearsals have been most assiduously kept up, and a high degree of artistic excellence may confidently be expected. The attendance has been so large and enthusiastic that the immense platform, accommodating nine hundred singers, was found to be too small, and an extra hundred seats had to be added. The Rink has been seated to receive 3,500 auditors, every seat being good, as to comfort, sight, and hearing; and the acoustic properties of the large building have

\* "French and German Socialism in Modern Times"—by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., New York. Harper and Bro., 1886.

\* In his controversy with Professor Von Treitschke, Professor Schmoller confounded his adversary by asserting that he had spent more years in the study of the subject than Von Treitschke had weeks; to which the latter might fairly have replied that had Professor Schmoller spent less time in his study and more in the world he might have modified some of his views.

been found to leave nothing to be desired. The orchestra will number ninety-four pieces, the largest ever assembled in Canada, and has been chosen from the best instrumentalists in Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, and Rochester, with quite an addition from New York. The public has taken hold of the scheme in the most generous manner; upwards of \$8,000 worth of seats having been sold. Not the least interesting feature will be the Children's Festival Chorus, numbering fully 1,200 voices, which has been in constant rehearsal under Messrs. Torrington and Schuch, the latter acting under the direction of Mr. Torrington, whose energy and ability have been conspicuous throughout this momentous artistic undertaking.

ATTENTION is called to the card of Mr. J. Harry Wheeler, of the N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston, who will spend the summer months in Toronto, and receive a limited number of pupils in voice building. Mr. Wheeler's long experience in his profession will ensure accurate instruction to all who avail themselves of his services.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have received the following publications :

- ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. June. New York : Macmillan and Company.
- BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. June 5. New York : 7 Murray Street.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. June. Boston : Littell and Company.
- OVERLAND MONTHLY. June. San Francisco : 120 Sutter Street.
- MAN. April. Ottawa.
- THE SIDERREAL MESSENGER. June. Northfield, Minn. : Carleton College Observatory.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

LITERARY LIFE for June contains a fine poem, illustrated, entitled "Isis," by the prince of Western poets, John Antroubus. It is a marvelously dainty ode, and will become a classic.

THE Andover Review for June contains several important contributions to the discussion opened by Professors Palmer and Ladd. President Gilman, after an interesting sketch of the origin and environment of the Johns Hopkins University, gives a full exposition of the principles and methods of its collegiate department; and Rev. John H. Denison, of Williamstown, argues that "Individualism" is an insufficient basis for a theory of education, and that the Church and the State have rights which must be regarded in the appointment of a college curriculum. An editorial article considers the government of Colleges by their Alumni, on the basis of a statement of methods now in vogue in the older New England colleges. Dr. William W. Adams completes his series on "The Spiritual Problem of the Manufacturing Town" in a paper replete with important practical suggestions founded on a thorough study of the facts in the case. An editorial on "The Insensibility of Certain Classes to Moral Obligations" is equally timely. Rev. Mr. Starbuck's "Survey of Missionary work in India" will be found of special value from its comprehensiveness of view and abundance of interesting details. Rev. Mr. Tylor, long a missionary in South Africa, contributes to the department of "Ancient Religions," an account of Native Worship in South Africa, and of the Zulu Hades and Spiritualism.

THE June number of Lippincott's Monthly Magazine is largely devoted to the labour question. Mr. Fred. Perry Powers foresees the coming of "The Industrial Republic," under which the labouring classes will get a larger share of the fruits of their labour than they do now. He looks upon the present troubles as necessary attendants upon even the most orderly social revolutions. There is no cause for alarm. The labour agitators are no doubt doing a great many unwise and some wrong things, but we inherit our political liberties from men of whom the same might be said. The final outcome of the struggle will be beneficial to all. To the Experience Meeting, Martin Irons contributes an autobiographical sketch, "My Experience in the Labour Movement," written with a frankness and sincerity which make it very entertaining. "Some Experience of a Working-Girl," another article in the same department, is a powerful and pathetic appeal on behalf of the ill-paid factory girls, by one who has seen and suffered the wretchedness she commiserates. "The Experience of a Street Car Conductor" is noteworthy from the fact that the writer finds nothing to complain of in his position, but contrasts it favourably with the lot of thousands of his fellow-beings. "John Turner's Invention" is a capital sensation story of the Hugh Conway type. There is some excellent poetry. In the Monthly Gossip, W. H. Babcock advances startling views on the Mormon question, and there are other bright discussions of current topics.

THE June Magazine of American History is a strong and intensely interesting number. Six articles of antiquarian and historic prominence precede three of current War literature—nine in all, and each a treasure in itself. The "Sketch of San Antonio," with which the number opens, touches upon some of the most exciting events in the history of Texas, and is as readable as a romance; its illustrations of the old mission buildings carry us back to the beginnings of America with wonder and admiration. From early Texas to modern Canada seems but a step, and Dr. Bender's argumentative paper is a striking feature of the issue. Then comes Mr. Bancroft's forcible essay on "Self-Government," which every school-boy should study as part of his education. Dr. Ellis, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, follows with a chapter on the "Reconstruction of History," expressed in clear, terse language, replete with suggestions. The Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, former Minister to Greece, contributes a notable paper on the "Triumph of the American Principle," in connection with the Trent affair, showing the motives of Lincoln and Seward in their action at the time. Mr. Clason writes of the "Convention of Virginia, 1788." The three Civil War Studies are of the first consequence. General Lee elucidates Stonewall Jackson's generalship and Frémont's defeat at the "Battles of Port Republic and Lewiston." One of the retreating party describes the "Retreat of Davis and the Confederate Government from Richmond," accompanied by a superb portrait in steel of the fallen President; and Mr. Waller gives a vivid account of the capture of Mosby, "The Last of the Confederates." The several departments are crowded with matters of the first interest and importance. This magazine is a veritable necessity in every good library collection. Typographically, it is not excelled by any periodical extant.

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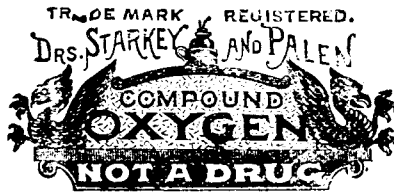
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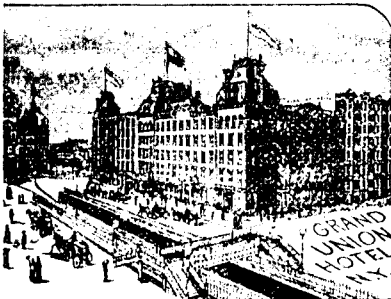
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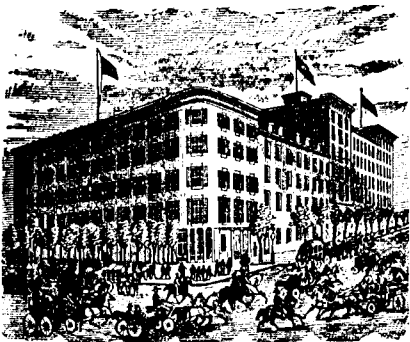


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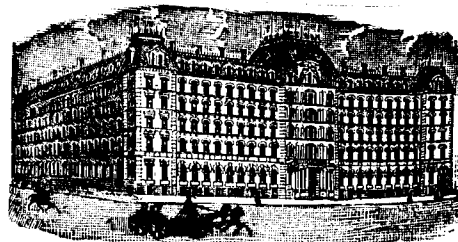
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