

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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Edited by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

NEITHER in the Dominion nor the Provincial Parliaments has the legislative machine yet been got thoroughly to work. A few tentative turns have been given to the wheel previous to full pressure of steam—or wind—being turned on. But the serious manufacture or repair of statutes has not yet commenced. There is every probability of a considerable amount of friction being developed in the Commons on the proposed additional railway grant, but Sir John Macdonald can afford to view the approaching difficulties with a childlike and bland smile, well knowing that he commands an obedient following, and that Mr. Blake's record on the question will not permit of his attacking the most vulnerable point—the original construction of the line. The appointment of Sir Charles Tupper as High Commissioner in England will doubtless form the ground for a very pretty quarrel, in which the Opposition may surely score a point. But for the moment all is flat, stale, and unprofitable.

In the Ontario House the opening formalities and sessional hand-shaking were followed by a desultory debate upon a commonplace address. No better proof of the generally satisfactory state of the initial proceedings could be found than in the fact that Mr. Meredith saw nothing to complain of but the customary ceremonies and the mode of election returns. Mr. McIntyre's speech in moving the address in reply to the speech from the throne, though halting in delivery, covered the more salient points, and his reference to "the surrender by the Dominion Government through its servants in Manitoba," on the boundary question evidently went home. The Government are sanguine that South Oxford and Muskoka will send representatives to the Speaker's right hand, in which case their majority would be increased to sixteen.

MR. TILLEY's admission in the Senate on Wednesday, in reply to Mr. Cartwright, that the Government loaned the Exchange Bank \$300,000 when they knew that concern to be insolvent, will probably cause some

loss of prestige to the party in office. The *tu quoque*, that the Mackenzie Government similarly accommodated the Ontario Bank, will not satisfy those who have to pay the piper.

SOME American journals having spoken in glowing terms of the Montreal Winter Carnival, and further testified to the more philosophical way in which Canadians prepare for and extract all possible pleasure from the cold season, an Ottawa contemporary goes into ecstasies on the whole subject, and sings pæans to snow-shoeing, skating, tobogganing, sleighing, and curling. It would, indeed, be strange if such sport did not form the recreations of a people whose forbears, for generations, were keen hunters, sailors, cricketers, foot-ball players, and all-round athletes. The *raison d'être* of Canada, as of all other British colonies, and English-speaking settlements, is the hardy physique and indomitable pluck fostered by the out-door sports which made the Englishman of the past, as of the present, the best colonist in the world.

"A GENTLEMAN lately returned from England" may be right in stating that "systematic fraud is practised under the policy of assisted passages to Canada." But he was misinformed when told "men who are sent from Canada to England in charge of cattle regularly return on assisted passage tickets as emigrants." There is no necessity for such fraud. The great steamship companies who carry cattle provide free return tickets for the drovers whom dealers on this side send out to look after beasts destined for the English shambles.

THE commercial barometer shows a slight improvement during the last few days, but is still stormy as compared with this period the last two years. There were thirty-eight failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's the past week, being four less than the preceding week, twelve more than the corresponding week of 1883, and thirty more than in the corresponding week of 1882. In the United States there were 289 failures last week, as against 383 during the week preceding.

"WHAT are we to do with our sons" who are educated emigrants? asks the Vicar of Clerkenwell, England. Whilst acknowledging that farming offers the best field for such, Mr. Herring reminds his readers that "to send out on the wide world a young man unaccustomed to dig or delve is a suicidal policy." He draws attention to the facilities offered for learning farming at the Agricultural College, Guelph, and also to the fact that many Manitoban farmers are prepared to give the necessary instruction for \$16 a month with \$100 premium. Two years is considered a sufficient period to learn all necessary to fit a young man to take up an allotment of land, though Mr. Herring thinks it is a great mistake for a man to take up land by himself. "Let two to five go partners, to cheer and stimulate each other, and relieve their solitariness—which an old 'Varsity oar said was the only drawback." Lady Hardy, in her "Down South," recommends Florida and the south generally for this class of emigration. As each young man has special capabilities, so parents ought to study the advantages and drawbacks of each colony. A Bishop, and other church dignitaries, speak in glowing terms to Mr. Herring of "ranches," "farms," and "mercantile" positions now occupied by sons who were, they considered, not suited to cope with the ever increasing requirements made upon our educated young men.

The Shaftesbury Institute for Destitute Boys and Girls, of London, England, has hit upon a capital scheme for preparing such of their boys as desire to learn farming for that pursuit. So many as it is thought may be able to obtain employment in Britain are taught in an Institution Home Farm; but the committee, recognizing that the systems of farming in England and Canada are almost totally dis-similar, and having regard to the increasing desire of boys to emigrate, during the past three years sent out some hundred youths to various farms in Ontario to learn Canadian farming, and so satisfied are they with the experiment that it has been decided to acquire a training farm in this Province, to which a proportion of the boys they save may be regularly drafted. A meeting in aid of this object was held the other week in Hamilton, when Mr. Ward, late Superintendent of Great Queen Street Home, gave a sketch of the Institution's scheme, and at which a large number of their proteges were present.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE voice of the North-west is still rather doleful, but if coal has been found in abundance, the future is sure; fuel was the problem, which seems now to be happily solved. Drawbacks there will still be; it is nonsense to say that an intensely cold and very long winter is not among them. What land under any zone is free from them? Agriculture will adapt itself to them, probably by farming on a large scale with such appliances as may secure the harvest. But the settlers declare that the winter and the alkali in the water are not their only enemies. They complain of the Administration. They say that the country is made a political dust-bin. The settlers whom Canada has sent there have been of the very best quality: in truth Ontario mourns the flower of her farmers, whose departure is about the only return which she is likely to receive for all the millions which she has spent on the North-West. But the officials, or some of the most important of them, have been of a different stamp. They have been rapacious politicians sent by Party, and as a reward for party services, to make their fortunes in the new territory. What they went to do, they have done. Speculation ought to have been strictly interdicted to every holder of an office, political or judicial. Nothing short of this could have prevented jobbery injurious not only to the commercial interests but to the political character of the new settlement. Neither Party can reproach the other. Loud are the outcries in some quarters against the administration of Mr. Dewdney, and his conduct will probably become the subject of debate in Parliament: but no appointment could be much more discreditable than were those of Chief Justice Wood and Lieutenant-Governor Cauchon. Party is party, and will act in Manitoba and everywhere in accordance with its nature; it will do this more and more as the struggle grows fiercer until the system is radically changed.

CHANGES of government in Quebec are as frequent as revolutions in Mexico; they are also about as intelligible, and are caused by the action of influences equally pure. The Liberal Opposition having sunk into a state, apparently, of almost hopeless weakness, the Tory party, no longer held together by the pressure of antagonism, and rent internally by a struggle for the plunder, has become, as was said of another party in a similar case, fissiparous, and given birth to two rival factions, one of which bears the singular name of Castors, and which wage against each other a war fully as bitter as that waged by either of them against the Liberals. There does not seem to be any reason why a good citizen should care a straw which of these two factions wins, though the name of Sir Hector Langevin, which is identified with one of them, is, it must be owned, a bright beacon of warning. It is needless to say that the financial gulf yawns wider for the Province every day. Nor is there any prospect of a change for the better, but the reverse. It is in the British and Protestant element alone that any spirit of independence, such as might sustain a struggle against corruption, is to be found; and the British element in Quebec is continually growing weaker. It seems likely at last to be reduced to the mercantile community of Montreal. In the city of Quebec the number of British has dwindled to seven thousand; and it is said that in the Eastern Townships the French race and language are gaining ground. The connection between Old and New France is at the same time being industriously revived, and in the Province itself the spirit of French nationality is being actively stimulated and is displaying itself in more pronounced antagonism to the rival element. While we are politically incorporating Vancouver's Island, we are apparently in danger of morally losing our connection with Quebec.

THE Premier of Ontario congratulates himself from the throne on the adoption of his Library Act. If there were no object more pressing than the supply of light literature at the public expense his jubilation might be echoed without reserve. But Toronto is full of distress, the amount of which is likely to increase; night after night the police stations are beset by unfortunates seeking for a night's shelter; what is still worse, and disgraceful to any Christian community, persons guilty of no real offence, are being sent in greater numbers than ever to the city gaol, where they must herd with criminals, merely to give them shelter and save them from dying of hunger. With these sufferings unrelieved and these scandals unremoved, to spend money in the circulation of free novels, to which nobody has any more claim than to free theatre or excursion tickets, may be the height of liberality and enlightenment, but surely it is not the height of justice. At any rate, if the expenditure is so wise, it ought to commend itself to the unforced judgment of the community and to be made dependent like other appropriations on a free and annual vote. There can be no excuse for taking the power of taxation away from the citizens at large, or their

regular representatives, and placing it in the hands of an arbitrary board. But this is a favourite device of Radical philanthropists, who being haunted, perhaps, in the midst of their enthusiasm by a lurking misgiving as to the self-evident excellence of their scheme, think to place it beyond the control of the unenlightened masses by consigning the power of levying the tax for it to a body specially identified with their policy. The separate power of taxation vested in the School Boards is not unlikely some day to become a matter for discussion. If the Provincial Opposition, instead of fighting against the Province on the Boundary question, and thus giving itself the character of a Bleu garrison in Ontario, would take up a position as the defender of municipal self-government, it would find work to do, and the number of its adherents would increase.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has written, with his usual attractiveness of style, a curious paper on "New Toryism." His New Toryism is the Radicalism of the present day. Restraint, he says, is the Tory principle; the true Liberal principle is relaxation of restraint, which used to be the aim of all Liberal legislation. But from doing good to the people by relaxation, Liberalism has in these latter days been led on by a false connection of ideas to doing good to the people by coercion; and Mr. Spencer cites a long catalogue of measures such as the Factory Act, the Merchant Shipping Act, the Agricultural Children's Act, the Licensing Act, interfering in various ways with individual freedom. Whatever may be thought of the special theory, Mr. Spencer's paper signalizes a fact about which there can be no question, and the knowledge of which is essential to a right comprehension of English politics. A change of character has of late been undergone by a large section of what once was the Liberal party. Twenty or thirty years ago individual liberty was still the aspiration and the watchword. Mr. Mill, who pushed that principle about to the extent of a worship of eccentricity, some might even think, of lunacy, was the prophet, and his treatise on liberty was the gospel. The paramount object of Liberal endeavour then was to confine the direct action of government within the narrowest possible limits and to secure to each citizen the utmost possible freedom of self-development. But now, in the section of the party headed by Mr. Chamberlain, a complete revolution of sentiment has taken place. Everybody's life is to be regulated by the direct action of a government, paternal though democratic, and vested in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain. Collectivism is now the word; it marks the renunciation of individualism and is separated from Socialism by very narrow bounds. Economy, which, like liberty, was a Liberal watchword, is, with liberty, to be discarded. Taxation, general and local, instead of being reduced, is to be indefinitely increased, and the proceeds are to be applied, under the direction of Mr. Chamberlain, for the benefit of those classes which support him by their votes. Stand in the way, and even if your property is not confiscated, you will be summarily expropriated, and the amount of your compensation will be fixed by the fiat of Mr. Chamberlain. Attempt, as Liberal, to vote for the candidate of your own choice, instead of voting for the candidate designated by Mr. Chamberlain as a pledged supporter of his beneficent policy, and Mr. Chamberlain's caucus will coerce you. What a Jacobin means by liberty is the absence of any restraint, political or moral, on his own will, and Mr. Chamberlain is in temper a Jacobin, though it may be doubted whether a man who has himself made an immense fortune by methods anything but Collectivist, will not soon find the pace of the less opulent Collectivist too rapid for him. Mr. Herbert Spencer is a Liberal of the Old School, and he carries its doctrines, as some people think, to an extreme. There is more of his paper to come, but so far it would seem that he was opposed to any intervention of Government for the protection of the weak, the women and children in factories and mines for instance, against the tyrannical cupidity of the strong. He does good service, however, by challenging a tendency which, in England, is developing itself with formidable rapidity, which receives an artificial impetus from its identification with the aim of a personal ambition, and the rational limits of which should be fixed, if possible, without delay.

As a rule, the people of the United States regard Canada and her affairs with the apathy of ignorance. Our dread of hostile machinations on their part is baseless to a degree which, though reassuring to our fears, is not flattering to our pride. But just at present, owing perhaps partly to the Pacific Railway, partly to the Tariff question, they seem awake to the fact of our existence. It is a pity that their inquisitive minds should be misguided, and therefore it may be useful to tell them that they will hardly be able to study Canadian opinion to good purpose anywhere but on the spot. Our Press is connected with Parties: The Parties like those in the United States are bound as fast as any dogmatic church by their traditions; and the politicians, besides their professional fear of speaking out,

of speaking at all before the time, are personally, one and all, attached by their feelings and interests to the existing state of things. But of all places to which the inquiring American can go for light, the worst is Ottawa; and of all writings on the subject, those which he ought to read with most mistrust, however able and even honest they may be, are such as emanate from that place. Ottawa stands by itself; everybody in it is an official; everybody in it is a guest of Government House. Its society basks in the present rays of a peculiar and most powerful sun. Its literary men inevitably share the general influence. There is a distinct Ottawa stamp upon their work, and they make in perfect good faith statements as to the general state of feeling in the country, which are true only with reference to their own circle. A paper on the condition of political sentiment in England, written by a Lord-in-Waiting, would, without prejudice to the integrity of the noble author, be received with some grains of allowance; so must a paper on the condition of political sentiment in Canada by a writer who dates from Ottawa.

THERE seems to be little chance of a change in the American tariff during the present session. The people, no doubt, are by a great majority in favour of a reduction of taxation: they would be in their dotage if they were not. But nothing can be carried which is not taken up by a party; and neither of the parties is in a position to take up reduction of the tariff. Each has a Protectionist wing; each is afraid of grappling with the vested interests. The Democratic party, which is mainly in favour of Free Trade, unfurls its banner and sounds its trumpet, but fails to advance. So it has hitherto been; so it is likely still for some time to be. Thus, under Republican institutions, which are supposed to give effect to the will of the majority, we have the singular spectacle of a majority, and probably an overwhelming one, held completely in check, and compelled to pay a heavy annual tribute, by a minority which is compactly organized and thoroughly knows its own mind. The patience of the Western Farmer, however, must depend on his condition, and it is not unlikely that his condition may be altered, and materially altered, by an economic force operating upon it from a far distant quarter of the world. That India could export wheat was at first denied; and when exportation actually commenced and began to increase in volume, those to whom the fact was unwelcome continued to parry its significance and to wrap themselves in fond illusion like Napoleon at Waterloo, when he descried the march of columns along the heights of Wavre. A paper by Mr. John W. Bookwalter, of New York, which appeared in *Bradstreet's* the other day, seems, if its statements are correct, to leave no longer any room for self-deception. The Indian farmer plows with a forked stick, yet he raises eleven bushels of wheat to the acre, which is nearly as much as is raised by the American; the British Government is supplying him with better instruments, and doing all in its power to stimulate and direct his industry; there are in India immense tracts of land not yet cultivated, but suitable for the cultivation of wheat; much remains to be done by irrigation; still more by the construction of railways, from 10 to 15,000 miles of which are now under contemplation. Already the figures are formidable. The first trial cargo was sent to Europe less than ten years ago, and in 1875 the export was 1,500,000 bushels. In 1881-82 it was 37,000,000 bushels; and the returns for the year just closed, though imperfect, indicate an increase of fifty per cent. Apparently the American farmer has to prepare himself for a competition in the European market which will affect the Canadian farmer also; and neither of them will be able long to bear any handicapping in the race for the benefit of the home manufacture of implements and machinery, or in any interest whatever.

MR. JULIAN, the American politician, was a thoroughgoing Abolitionist—thoroughgoing enough to be spoken of by Moderates as “having the temper of a hedgehog, the adhesiveness of a barnacle, the vanity of a peacock, the vindictiveness of a Corsican, the hypocrisy of Aminadab Sleek and the duplicity of the devil.” The Political Recollections which he has just given to the world are a swift, succinct and vivid narrative of the great Revolution. That title belongs to the struggle which liberated the Republic from Slavery more justly than to the struggle which severed the connection with the Mother Country. A severance of the connection with the Mother Country was sure to come: colossal babyhood could not possibly have been the permanent condition of the communities of this hemisphere, which had not only in bulk outgrown dependence, but in intelligence and power of self-government outstripped the Imperial people. The end of the slave-owners' domination was by no means sure to come. The political power of Slavery had, for some time, been rapidly increasing; it had bound to its chariot wheels one Northern statesman after another, and it threatened the moral life of

civilization on this continent, whereas the Government of George III. only threatened the pockets of the colonists, or, at worst, the political principle of self-taxation. Was it possible that the struggle should have been confined to the political arena and that civil war should have been avoided? The temper of the slave-owner conspired with the tremendous stake which he had in the issue to make it almost certain, that as soon as the advance of Abolitionism grew alarming, his hand would seek the hilt of his sword. Yet a Government which acts with promptitude and vigour on the first appearance of rebellion, has a great advantage; and, small as the military resources of the American Government were, in the hands of a thoroughly loyal and resolute executive they might have proved effective. But President Buchanan was as far as possible from being either resolute or thoroughly loyal. His successor though thoroughly loyal was not resolute; on the contrary, he took a very long time in emancipating himself from the thralldom of the doctrines to which he had committed himself on the stump about the natural right of rebellion; nor did he grasp, during the early stages of the conflict, the fact that it was a war with Slavery, and that only by treating it as what it was, could the path be opened to victory. It is just, however, to Lincoln to say that his hesitation was that of a large portion of the people, and that had he moved more decisively, he might have left half his forces, especially in the Border States, behind him. The North as well as the South drank the cup which itself had filled. The nation, for the sake of political peace, territorial greatness and commercial gain had made a covenant with evil, and it paid the price. The spirit of Slavery was one which could not come out without rending. If there is a special lesson which Mr. Julian's narrative enforces, it is the blindness of politicians who sell themselves for a “vote.” Webster and Douglas, perhaps in some measure Clay also, sold themselves for the “vote” of the South. The South used them, ruined them, and flung them away. That it should do so was inevitable, apart from perfidy on the slave owners' side: no half apostate can ever be thoroughly trusted or heartily accepted as a leader by the party of evil with which he intrigues. Let all who are seeking “votes” of any kind, at the expense of their principles, lay this warning of experience to heart. Let them listen to Webster's political death knell, still audible in history. On the other hand, the madness of the slave-owners was astounding. Douglas was a thoroughly selfish knave and would have served them body and soul had they made him President, as, if they had chosen, beyond question, they might have done. But they were desperately bent not only on grasping power, but on grasping it in their own name, and in the person of one of their own chiefs: they threw Douglas over, nominated Breckenridge against him, and plucked down ruin on their own heads. The Crittenden compromise, which, as Mr. Julian truly says, would have surrendered everything to Slavery, was defeated by a single vote, and the cause of its defeat was the abstention of six Southern Senators, who would hear of no compromise but were resolved on war. Jupiter, we know, blinds the doomed, and in the case of slave-owners, the demon of plantation despotism was the Jupiter.

It might have been supposed that such national peril as hung over the United States at the time of Lincoln's first election would have abashed the spirit of place-hunting even in the most sordid breast. Not so. The new President had to encounter a domestic army of place-hunters, more terrible than the public foe. Even Mr. Julian, who was only a member of Congress, fled from his home in February for relief from importunities; but at Washington he found the number of his tormentors doubled. The pressure, he says, was so great and constant, that he could scarcely find time for meals or to cross the street. He gave his days and nights to the business, hoping to finish it, but it only increased. At every turn was a miscellaneous swarm of people looking hungry as wolves and ready to pounce upon members as they passed, begging for personal intercession and letters of recommendation. March, April, brought no pause. Beneath the darkening sky and amidst the rolling thunders of civil war, after the fall of Sumter and the burning of the armoury at Harper's Ferry, when Washington was filled with troops and threatened by the enemy, when the country had been called to arms, when the whole land was blazing with excitement, the scuffle for place went on without abatement, and the jaded President found no mercy. It was after Chancellorsville, if the current anecdote is true, that a Senator seeing the President deeply dejected tried to cheer him by bidding him remember that their cause was just, and that Heaven, after all, would protect the right. “Ah, Senator,” replied Lincoln, “it is not the war, it is your Jonesville Postmastership.” Such is the inevitable result of the party system; it always draws away a multitude of people from honest industry to that most dishonest industry of which the wages are political appointments. By a happy conjuncture of events, rather than by the love of reform in either party, the Americans have obtained, so far

as law can give it them, a permanent civil service : that they have practically secured it is not yet certain. It already appears that the party which when out of power voted for reform, being, or expecting soon to be, in power, deploras its improvident virtue. In Canada we have always been better off, but we must hold fast our advantage. Superannuation, if abused, may become a cloak for removal, and we have had proof enough already that flagrant jobs may be perpetrated in that way. In England it was by the weariness of the dispensers of patronage, and to release them from incessant importunities, that competitive examination was introduced. Here, the dispensers of patronage are not yet weary.

To the proposal to limit holdings of land to 320 acres, or any other arbitrary quantity, the objection was obvious that this would preclude the possibility of farming on a large scale, which may prove, and seems likely to prove, the most productive system of agriculture, and therefore the best for the whole community. It is replied that large tracts might be held not as freehold, but on lease. What would be gained by that arrangement? If the lease was long, the land would be as much appropriated by a private owner as if it were held in fee, though the inferiority of title would somewhat diminish its value; and the monster iniquity, which it is the aim of Nationalization to slay, would practically be as full of life as ever. If the tenancy were at the will of the State, that is, of the politicians, the invariable consequence of insecurity, however caused, would follow; less labour and capital would be expended on the land, it would be worse cultivated, production would fall off and the community would have less bread. Mr. George, like Rousseau, believes that the whole world has gone astray since the dawn of civilization; he would take us back to primeval barbarism, the relics of which in Afghanistan and other half-savage communities, though he seems not to be aware of their existence, are the actual realization of his ideal. Nothing, surely, can be more evident or notorious, nothing can be proclaimed more loudly by economical history, than the good effect of secure tenure on agricultural industry, and consequently on production. And this, for the community in general, is the decisive consideration. We cannot all hold land; if the country were divided equally among us to-morrow, everybody who was not an agriculturist would have, next day, to part with his lot to those who were: the one thing of importance to the mass of us is that the land should yield as much as possible and thereby give us plenty of bread. We have not yet had any attempt on the part of the Nationalizers to prove that if the politicians were the universal landlords, the land would yield more than it does at present. But, in truth, the minds of these theorists generally are too much engaged in anticipating the social delights of confiscation to take in so secondary an object as the subsistence of the community. Some of them perceiving that security is necessary to production, aver that the security needed is not that of land ownership, but of labour. What is meant by labour? The fruits of labour? If so, as raw land is worth no more than so much water, and as the whole value, in the case of farm land at least, arises from labour spent in clearing and tillage, secure tenure of the fruits of labour is equivalent to secure tenure of land, and Nationalization is reduced to a name. Either it is a name, in which case it will hardly put an end to the existence of poverty, or it is robbery; and if it is robbery, the large, powerful and perfectly innocent class which the philosophic bandit threatens with spoliation, as soon as the threat becomes serious, will draw the sword. Nor will the farmer or landowner stand alone. Even Radical journalists in England who have been dallying with Agrarianism and the Land League, begin to perceive that their own plant, as well as their neighbours' harvests, is the product of labour, and would, by the use of the same talismanic phrases be brought within the sweep of confiscation. It is much easier, and to some natures much more agreeable, to confiscate than to produce. This is a solid fact, and it is the only particle of solid fact which underlies the theory of Nationalization. What would Nationalization itself, according to the very principles of the Nationalizers, be? It would be a robbing of the human race, to whom the earth is given in common, for the purpose of enriching a special body of monopolists who style themselves a nation.

THE prophet of Nationalization has been trying to stir up social war in a country of which he is not a citizen, by declaiming on the contrast between the habitations of different classes in London. He finds, he says, the good houses tenanted by those who do not work, and the bad houses tenanted by those who do work, an iniquity which, he suggests, ought to be at once purged away by revolution. His statement, as usual, is a gross exaggeration. In London, as in every great modern city, while unhappily there are quarters full of heartrending squalor and misery, there are also multitudes of artisans, and of others engaged in manual labour, comfortably housed, and well provided in other respects; while of the larger houses,

though some are occupied by mere men of pleasure, an immensely greater number is occupied by men of business of various kinds, commercial or professional, who are just as much "workers" as any navvy. The flatterers of the artisan have taught him that his labour alone deserves the name of work; and that all other members of society, however industrious they may be, and however indispensable their activity may be to the subsistence of the artisan himself, are human caterpillars and encumber the earth. Gladstone, Bright, Huxley, Tyndall are not entitled to the honours of labour. But are the dwellings in Whitechapel worse than those of a savage tribe, and is the lot of their inhabitants generally worse than that of the savage? This is the real question to be asked when modern society is arraigned as one vast aberration from the path of primitive right, and when it is proposed that to escape from the inequalities of our present lot, we should revert to a state of nature? Human society, like everything else in the universe which science reveals, is imperfect in its structure, though, as we hope or believe, as religious men at all events hope and believe, it advances through cycles of gradual improvement towards ultimate perfection. The accumulation of wealth brings with it undeniable evils, overgrown fortunes, idleness, waste, luxury, frivolous display. Yet, upon the whole, it has manifestly been not only helpful but indispensable to progress. Without it we could have had no great undertakings of any kind, no commerce but the pettiest barter, no science nor any of the things which science has brought; we should be still dwelling in caves and chumping acorns. Nor would the distribution of places in the cave and of acorns be more equal than in the distribution of wealth in a civilized country: the stronger man would always take more than his share. Vile and miserable is the existence of the sybarite who lives in sloth and uselessness by the sweat of other men's brows; before God, in his own conscience, and for the sake of his own true happiness, every rich man will, as far as possible, regard his patrimony as wages for which some service is to be rendered to humanity. But the lowest of sybarites is nothing like so noxious to the community or practically so great an enemy to its progress, as is the preacher of plunder, class enmity and social war.

IT is certain that had the Lord Chief Justice of England crossed the Line, as he intended, he would have been followed into Canada and here attacked by four Irish assassins detailed for that purpose. Had he been murdered, his blood would have run on Canadian soil, but the flag stained by it would have been that of the United States, the guest of whose people the Chief Justice was, and by the hands of whose Irish citizens he would have fallen. It is now announced that a large sum has been sent to England by Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, for the purpose of "avenging O'Donnell." We know the form which vengeance takes; public buildings will be blown up, with any Saxons who may chance to be in or near them, and crowds of innocent passengers will be massacred in railway trains. Open war there will not be, nor will Mr. Patrick Ford be under fire. When the "Alabama" and her consorts stole forth from British ports to attack the commerce of a nation at amity with Great Britain, the Americans were justly indignant, and the best morality of England not only protested but insisted, and at last with effect, that satisfaction should be made for the wrong. Yet that was, at any rate, a war of men, and not of devils. This is a war of devils, and not of men. It may be doubted whether there is in the history of crime any previous example of public meetings held and subscriptions openly taken up for the perpetration of the greatest, most dastardly, and most diabolical assassinations. Murder generally has, at least, the grace to cloak itself in darkness. Ask any decent American what he thinks of having the citizenship of his country used as a cover for the operations of thugs against a friendly nation, and, if he is not a politician on the stump, or a journalist writing for Irish subscribers, he will frankly tell you that he is overwhelmed with shame. But the government is too weak to uphold public morality and vindicate its own honour. It is too weak because it is not a national government, but a government of faction, and dares not alienate Satan, if he can command votes. The British government has wisely abstained from pressing demands which could not have been granted, and which might have estranged the moral sympathies of the better part of the American people. But no harm would be done by a calm and respectful protest against the wrong. Such a protest seems to be due not only to England herself, but to civilized humanity.

Among the Irish in Canada, as was said before, there has been scarcely any manifestation of sympathy with the Invincibles and their atrocities, nor does it seem that much money for the Skirmishing and Dynamite funds has been drawn from this country. The absence on this side of the line of the frenzied hatred of England and Englishmen which prevails among the Irish on the other side, is conclusive proof that the virulence is

not spontaneous but the work of demagogues who live by the trade. Against Irish sympathy with a party in Ireland, manifested in ways consistent with morality, British Canadians can have nothing to say. Most of them hold, apart from any feeling for British greatness, that the proposal to sever Ireland, with her mixed population of Catholic Celts and Protestant Saxons from her sister island, in which there is also a great mass of Catholic Irish, and to erect her into a separate, and as she assuredly could be, hostile Republic, is insane; that it emanates not from anything worthy of the name of statesmanship, but from incendiarism which is mainly selfish; and that if it prevailed the results would be civil war and a recurrence of the whole cycle of calamities. But if Irish Canadians think differently they are of course at liberty to maintain their own opinion. Active participation in the Fenian war against Great Britain will of course be opposed. So, let Mr. Blake and any other political swain who may be counting the Catholic vote, take notice, will any attempt again to use the influence of the Parliament of Canada in aid of a conspiracy for the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. Otherwise, we may differ on this as on other questions without breach of civil amity, and certainly without breach of religious tolerance, since the head of the Catholic Church has declared against Mr. Parnell.

Let the point of difference, too, be clearly understood. No party of Englishmen, in Canada or in Great Britain has a word to say against the extension of local self-government in Ireland. Parliament was preparing to deal, in a liberal sense, with the local institutions of all three kingdoms, as it had dealt in a more than liberal sense with the Land question in Ireland, when this rebellion broke out, and for the time rendered decentralization impossible, inasmuch as a police in local hands would be in the hands of terrorists and murderers. Whether the Irish peasant really cares much for institutions, either local or central, or for anything but the land, may be doubted; as it may be doubted whether County Councils would infuse into his breast the spirit of independence, and render him less the slave of the Priest and the local agitator in Ireland, than he is of the priest and the Boss in New York. Yet what is done for England and Scotland, supposing rebellion out of the way, must be done for Ireland also, and there would be a double gain in anything which, by consigning local affairs to local councils, would at once relieve the Imperial Parliament of a needless burden, and take the strain off the bond of Union. Nor has anybody a word to say against the cultivation of an Irish nationality like the Scotch nationality, which is perfectly compatible with the Union. But neither extension of local self-government nor a nationality within the Union is the aim of Mr. Parnell. His aim, and that of his associates, as they frankly own, is Separation, accompanied, if possible, by the destruction of the British power; for their hatred of Great Britain is, at least, as strong as their love of Ireland. Their confederates are the foreign enemies of the realm and of the British race, who are waging against us a war of assassination, and twice invaded Canada. That Canada should, under any pretence, be drawn morally into the conflict on the side hostile to the Mother Country, will not be tamely endured; and any intriguer who plays that game is likely to be practically reminded of the forgotten fact, that though Englishmen and Scotchmen are not given to sinister and unpatriotic combinations apart from the body of their fellow citizens, there are an English and a Scotch, as well as an Irish, vote.

A BYSTANDER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of the *Lancet's* philippic upon the same question, the English *Queen* has now taken up the subject of intemperance amongst women. It is somewhat remarkable that public attention on both sides of the Atlantic should have been simultaneously drawn to the fact that this vice is largely upon the increase. It is not less worthy of note that the unfortunate effects are attributed with singular unanimity to the same causes, by writers on either side of the ocean. Not a few keen observers prophesied that Mr. Gladstone's measure cheapening light drinks would prove disastrous to the English nation, and four or five years ago pointed to the increase of female intemperance as one result, though it has taken until now for this to become a burning question in the press. The grocers' licenses are principally blamed. With apparent truth, the *Queen* and its trans-Atlantic contemporaries say: "A woman who would not be seen entering a public house, can obtain, without suspicion, bottles of spirits from the grocer, and indulge in secret drinking until such times as the results make themselves manifest." The pitiable condition of a husband and father who daily returns tired with toil to find his home worse than desolate, is graphically portrayed, and a pessimist view of the situation formulated. The ladies' organ referred to can see no

hope for female inebriates but in a compulsory Habitual Drunkards' Act, whilst the preventives advocated are abolition of grocers' licenses and the exclusion of women as license holders.

It is more than probable that our contemporary has overlooked a strong pre-disposing cause for alcoholic indulgence by women. The pernicious habit of giving children small quantities of alcohol is doubtless answerable for a great deal of adult drinking. But it is generally conceded that dipsomania is hereditary, and that the child of even what is known as a moderate drinker will probably inherit a taste for alcohol. This has been abundantly demonstrated in the case of young men; but, previous to permits to sell liquors being granted to grocers, young women had no "respectable" means of getting at the article craved for. And it is precisely amongst the class of women who could be influenced by considerations of "respectability" that the increase of intemperance has taken place. Amongst their poorer sisters the evil has only too long been common. And when it is remembered that the women of to-day are the mothers of the coming generation, the importance of the question becomes intensified.

AFTER receiving the intelligence, just to hand, that Mr. Gladstone's new Reform Bill will embrace the establishment of the franchise on a national and liberal basis identical in the three kingdoms, it is reassuring to know that a later cablegram announces the meeting of loyalists in Dublin not only passed off peaceably, but that in complete contrast to the company at the Parnell banquet, it included representatives of the best sections of Irish society. The *Times* describes it as "the most imposing political demonstration within the memory of men now living."

A LONDON correspondent, referring to Lord Randolph Churchill, the ultramontane leader of the "fourth party" in the British House of Commons, says: "He has what I suppose must be called a policy on Irish matters. I can imagine an Irishman summing it up in two words—bully and bribe."

STRIPPED of all technicalities and side-issues, the result of the *cause célèbre* *Belt v. Lawes*, which for so long a time occupied the attention of Baron Huddleston last year, was that Mr. Lawes was ordered to pay Mr. Belt £5,000 for saying that gentleman was not a sculptor. The costs of course followed the verdict, bringing the total up to £15,000, and the finding of the jury met with unqualified approval from the British public. The defendant, however, appealed to a court comprising Justices Coleridge, Manisty, and Denman, and the two latter reduced the fine to £500 and the sum total to £10,500. Probably nauseated at the interminable length to which the case was being drawn out, the plaintiff consented to accept the award, but to the amazement of everyone Mr. Lawes gave notice of further appeal, and so the end is not yet.

THE New York *Tribune* thus pithily summarises the illogical and absurd position of *soi-disant* promoters of international copyright schemes:—"It is true" they say, "that the American author is entitled to the ownership of his work abroad as well as at home, and that the parallel rights of the foreign author ought to be recognized here. It is true that it would be of great advantage to us all if these rights were protected by law. But we will not protect them entirely. We are willing to admit the principle by protecting them a little; we are not willing to treat products of the brain quite so well as we treat products of mechanical skill, or to place international copyright on the same level as home copyright." In the measure introduced by Congressman Dorsheimer it is proposed that copyright in a foreign work shall be limited to twenty-five years, without the privilege of renewal, and that it shall cease on the death of the grantee. Why should a distinction be made between a native and foreign author? Twenty-five years is too short a time to pay for the laborious composition of higher class literature, and the proviso that a copyright shall lapse on the author's death is still more mischievous, not alone to his heirs and successors, but to himself. What publisher will purchase a book the right to which is contingent upon its author's life?

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the dailies to the effect that both the English Tory leaders, the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, were presidents of the celebrated Union Debating Club at Oxford. So also were Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Goschen, the Earl of Dufferin, Lord Chancellor Selborne, Sydney Herbert, and Cardinal Manning. Gladstone and Coleridge were previously renowned at Eton, where, in company with many others, they debated in the "Pop,"—a room so named on account of its being situated over a ginger beer shop. Glad

stone is said by people who have heard him to have spoken at Oxford quite as well as he does now, the drawback of debating societies being that whilst they form style they produce a lack of freshness. The Liberal leader has amazing fluency and force, but has lost that freshness which was at Oxford a characteristic feature of his speaking. His speeches do not read nearly so well as those of Mr. Bright, and the latter statesman never joined a debating society. He studied oratory first by going round the country delivering one speech on temperance which he learnt by heart. He still writes his speeches, hence their freshness and the rank they take in permanent literature. But though Gladstone's speeches do not read well, he retains to the full the advantage of his early fluency, and speaks readily, whilst Bright is still not free from nervousness. He once confessed that before making an important speech his knees trembled under him. It is probable the Greek orators, like Mr. Bright, practised speaking in private. We nowhere read of Demosthenes being president of a debating society. Mr. Gladstone, most people are aware, has long had a certain repute as a connoisseur of porcelain, although, as authorities in bric-a-brac seem to be convinced, he knows nothing about art pottery, ancient or modern. But he once had a large collection, and though it was sold under the hammer at very moderate prices some time ago, the Liberal working-men of Derby evidently imagine the right hon. gentleman has not forgotten his old love, for they made him a present of a service of Crown Derby china the other day, in acknowledging which the recipient made some flattering remarks on English art pottery in general. *Apropos* of this, it will not be uninteresting to recall a story, at one time current, of Mr. Gladstone. When a younger politician, he was, as he is now, remarkable for a robust character, and entered heart and soul into whatever, for the time being, occupied his attention, whether it was statesmanship or china. His detractors set it about that he was mad, and that he had bought the whole contents of a china shop, and ordered them to be sent to his house. A friend, being asked if the alarming report of Mr. Gladstone's madness was correct, replied: "I begin to think it is. I have heard the story every season for ten years, so I think it must be true."

It is well known in Canada that Mrs. Langtry has the utmost abhorrence of the regulation hotel *menage*, and wherever practicable *en tour* lived in the palace car she travelled in. Her New York house, in west Thirteenth street, is one of the "show places" of that heterogeneous city. Of course the "Lily" has a Parisian cook; her butler is two yards and three inches in length; her coachman's and footman's livery is of white cloth, with sable capes and cuffs. Rugs presented by the Khedive of Egypt, carvings by Verbrugen, a dinner service from designs from Millais, and a silver teapot presented by her company on Christmas day, are amongst her most prized treasures.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY.—II.

(B) THE FRENCH SHORE.

The French Shore of Newfoundland serves France in two ways. It is her basis of operations for the Bank fishery, and has a fishery of its own.

A century before Massachusetts was founded, Newfoundland was a bone of contention between France and England. The result of early disputes was that a station in the south of the island called Placentia was raised into a French colony, fortified, and a tribute of five per cent. on the value of the fish caught was paid to England. In 1675 Charles II. relinquished this with other jewels of his crown. History tells us that time and again since that date the French were expelled wholly from Newfoundland. Why, then, you may ask, have they rights there? Until the hidden workings of diplomacy shall be revealed, no such question may be answered. Our mother-land, it would seem, feels herself more at home in war than in treaty-making. In the cabinet she has prospered not much better with the French than with the Americans; in Newfoundland than in Maine or Oregon. Under Utrecht, Paris, and subsequent arrangements France has certain rights on a shore-line that stretches from Cape Ray, the south west corner of Newfoundland, north along the west coast to Cape Norman, thence south-easterly to Cape John, a distance of four hundred miles as the crow flies, but much greater if you follow the outlines of the bays. This is the French Shore.

Of what do these rights consist? They include no ownership of soil, but embrace two things. First, the right to fish within and without the three mile limit; second, the right to erect on shore rooms, stages, store-houses and such other buildings as are necessary for curing purposes and for the enjoyment of the right first mentioned. Now, to these privileges were annexed two provisos as of the essence of the grant. First, the

fishery was to be exercised not to the exclusion of His Britannic Majesty's subjects, but in common with them. Second, such erections as were set up by the French were to be removed without fail at the end of each season. The negotiators of the Treaty of Utrecht, no doubt, regarded the above as a plain arrangement and easy to work out. Abstractly reviewed, it does not bristle with complications. So long as English and French kept apart, exercised their rights as several rather than common, all went well. But when both parties, each pursuing its undoubted treaty-privileges, sought the same fishing grounds, the same heads and shoals, interference begat words, words grew to blows, blows ripened into war.

Fifty years later, that is, in 1673, the two nations sat down to make a treaty in the city of Paris. England had defeated France and had wrested from her all her American possessions north of Cape Cod. Pitt, to whom the victory was in great measure due, who knew what Newfoundland had been worth to France and England in the struggle, stood for a fishery exclusively British on these coasts. Why not? "Surrender rather," said he, "the tower of London;" but he was "defeated," to quote his words again, "not by a foreign enemy but by another enemy." The commissioners among other things, undertook to "define" French rights in Newfoundland, and, in the process, to spite their home-enemies it may be, actually enlarged them. In the first place, they gave over absolutely two islands off the south shore on one of which now stands St. Peters, the French headquarters. It is true, they annexed certain conditions and police regulations to the grant. It is true, also, that these were never carried out, that no effort was ever made to have them carried out. Looking upon them, the veriest tyro in law would see that both conditions and regulations are inconsistent with the *dominium* that had already passed. As well might the commissioners have cast salt at the tail of a comet.

But not content with surrendering the Great and Little Miquelon, they inserted in the treaty a clause prohibiting the English from interfering with the French in the prosecution of the fishery. Afterwards, proclamations were issued thereunder. Now, the French shore question in small, is this: what effect has that clause on French rights as set out in the treaty of Utrecht? There are two interpretations, for there are two opposing interests.

The French contention, as I take it, is that the prohibitory clause so enlarges their privileges that wherever and whenever monsieur chooses to fish or squat John Bull must there and then give way; that English settlement on the shore line is a direct infringement of the treaty, the shore line by custom running inland half a mile from high water mark; that, in fine, the common right of fishery which they obtained by the treaty of Utrecht was, by process of explanation in the treaty of Paris, converted into a several right, exclusively French, on the west coast of Newfoundland.

Newfoundlanders waste no love on either treaty, find in the prohibitory clause which the French quote a proviso reasserting Britain's absolute sovereignty over all Newfoundland, all rights incident thereto, exercised or exercisable there anent, and base a contention thereupon. They assert that they have, at least, an equal right of fishery with the French upon water; and that, on shore, they have and always have had superior rights. *De jure*, they are freeholders, the French but casual and temporary users; *de facto*, they have exercised the rights of freeholders. Further, they deny that in any fair interpretation, the prohibitory clause of the treaty of Paris has any other operation in the island proper than its police regulations have in Great or Little Miquelon; that is, is of no force at all.

An undertow of feeling among the English tends to the opinion that the mother country favours France more than her own children on the French-shore question. Since 1763, something, big or little, seems, at least to the eye of fear, added to the French claim every time the matter is stirred. The climax came in 1856-7 amid congratulations over the fall of Sebastapol. By a convention then drawn, England agreed to give France absolute possession of the debated coast. At the same time, she bestowed responsible government on the colony with the object, it is said, of making the concession palatable and afterwards agreeable. Not so, but the reverse of so. As the Gauls were more Roman than the Romans, Newfoundlanders are more British than the Britons. The mere taste of the bolus nauseated. Newfoundland made use of her newly acquired liberty, first, to raise a huge cry against so gratuitous a sacrifice of British power, privilege and territory. The other maritime provinces made common cause with her, and backed their elder sister up so firmly that the preposterous clauses were dropped, and herself assured that at no time thereafter would her territorial rights be infringed without her direct consent. This is the *Magna Charta* of the Island; but how does it effect the French shore question? It brings back the *statu quo* under the treaty of Paris.

One merit or demerit may be allowed that document. It has not only

confusion in itself but has been the cause of more confusion in other things, more darkening of counsel, more diplomacy, than, probably, any other treaty Britain has had the misfortune to enter into.

What is the situation to-day on the French Shore? Ever incipient, never ending conflict. France makes no pretence of removing her fishing rooms, stages, buildings: the treaty says she shall do so year by year. She has appropriated certain parts of the coasts. Once in five years her merchants toss for choice of locations and fishing stations with buildings attached, and pass them from hand to hand as absolute proprietors; the treaty says she shall appropriate no land and no portion of it. She excludes the English from the portions appropriated and exercises sole rights there; the treaty says she shall have common rights only. Is there no violation of the treaty of Paris? Further, she presumes much on the disposition of the Home Government as set out in their correspondence, in the abortive convention, and is said to push her claims more rigorously when the Liberal party accedes to power. The English squatter may have no telegraphic communication, no newspaper, no literary correspondence, may be unable to read, but he can tell you with wonderful accuracy, and often to his cost, of the flow and ebb of political favour in the islands across the sea, the rate and direction of the current. French men-of-war do not hug that coast for nothing. In a word, France's attitude on the French Shore is one of aggression tempered by policy.

As regards the British situation. Years were consumed and many rebuffs received in the effort to extract from Downing Street the right of appointing magistrates and administering some form of law to the mixed population who, in defiance of difficulties, have settled on that shore, a population variously estimated from 8,000 to 15,000. Time and again, Acts to give them representation in the Local Legislature that their wrongs be righted, their wants supplied, were disallowed. But persistency has so far triumphed that you will now find magistrates with large powers north of Cape Ray, and for the first time in history a member for Bonne Bay sat last year in the Island Legislature. Newfoundland has not only hoisted the flag of "No Surrender," but is taking measures to make the French shore profitable to her.

What may we fairly expect to see done? First, the country taken possession of, opened to settlement, and industry set under rigid protection of law. Now, an Englishman may put up wharves, build storehouses, farm, invest capital, and get exit for his produce on or over the shore line, but not without fear of being called in question for trespassing on French rights, maybe, under menace of a cannon shot. Climatologists tell us that in America western are milder than eastern coasts; it is so in Newfoundland. In an agricultural point of view, the French shore is the richest part of the Island. Add to this its large deposits of mineral wealth chiefly coal, bituminous coal, and you will understand why Newfoundlanders object to a great part of their country being held any longer as a sealed book. Second, the Chinese wall which France has erected on this coast will be knocked down and through it a door of communication opened with the United States and Canada. Newfoundland will connect herself with her continent, gain access to her natural markets the nearest way, and take command of her territories.

But would not this injure France? How? With the privilege of fishing inside the three mile limit she would have on sea all the advantage she possibly could get under the treaty. As to land, her merchants would hold a much better position than now. The foundation of the peculiar condition of the French shore and of views regarding it rests on alienage, the idea that an alien is a natural-born enemy, a Samaritan with whom you shall have no intercourse, no dealings. It is a survival of antique modes of thought into a modern civilization. The nineteenth century has outgrown these notions. All civilized peoples grant, and find it advantageous to themselves to grant, aliens the same rights of acquiring, holding and transmitting property, which their own subjects enjoy. The laws of Newfoundland in this respect are not one whit behind those of her neighbours, and would give the French, in the true sense of the term, equal rights with the English, the object of the treaties both of Utrecht and Paris. Concretely, then, what would this mean to France? First, stable protection of law to her industries. Is that nothing? Her only engine of righteousness on this side of the Atlantic is volatile, a cruising war-ship, one of the sublimest works of man, noble and powerful for destruction, but, as a peace-officer—what? You cannot discharge a cannon for every cause. Second, as an arrangement between nations, France would get outside the prescription which the treaty contains, to remove her fishing apparatus yearly, no slight advantage one would think. Thirdly, a local matter which interests her merchants greatly, their properties on the French shore, which, as between themselves, are communistic, would then be individual. Now, will they, they are turned out

of their holdings, no matter how improved, without compensation, every lustrum, every five years, and must take what the risk of a lottery turns up, as to buildings, accessories and fishing grounds, for the next term. This distribution of plant by way of rotary calabash, what is it but a damper on investments, most injurious to French industry itself? Then, they could make substantial improvements without fear of dispossession, invest money with good hope of reaping the returns, and develop their industries on a solid basis.

Instead of merely taking possession of the French shore and converting it into an English one, it is mooted in the colonial office to purchase all the rights of France in Newfoundland. What does Newfoundland desire to buy? St. Pierre and Miquelon? No. The French shore? Fisheries within the three-mile limit? Maybe. If the French feel inclined to abandon their bounty system, to give up the idea of maritime power, the negotiation may be concluded on such terms as she could or would entertain; but that is very doubtful. Further, if it were possible, would it not be a questionable benefit to remove from the island such capital as France has invested there or prevent the introduction of more French capital? What else is meant by the purchase? Suppose Newfoundland law prevailed over the length and breadth of the land; suppose the French were accorded such rights as aliens are given in other lands and prosecuted the fisheries there, what question could arise? Nothing but this: The allegiance of children born of French parents on the French shore, shall it belong to England or France? Well, the twentieth century of the Christian era is at the door. To-day, the settlement of such a matter is surely, neither beyond the competency nor the morality of the two foremost nations of the world.

Whichever plan, whatever method, seems best unto the wisdom of nations, *Carthago est delenda*, the French shore must be wiped out.

T. B. BROWNING.

TWO OF A TRADE.

BY JOHN MACLEAN.

BEFORE an audience of English freetraders Lord Lorne has been saying a good word for Canada, and in a very effective way, too. Not, indeed, by attempting to prove that Protection is beneficial, for that would only have stirred their prejudices without convincing their reason. But what he did was to present the view of Canadians as a people having a mind of their own, and firm in the belief that they can manage their own business better than anybody else can manage it for them. They insist, he said, on making as much as they can out of their own country in their own way; and are as self-willed as children of John Bull may be expected to prove. And John Bull should respect in his children that spirit of pluck, and self-reliance, and sturdy independence, which he so much admires in himself. Even were it shown that they had adopted a wrong trade policy, their right to choose a policy to suit themselves would still have to be left unquestioned. And the Marquis' hearers cheered his good-natured yet firm assertion of the right of Canadians to think and to judge for themselves, much as they dislike the way in which we have of late been exercising it. It may be added that substantially the same thing was said by Sir John Macdonald a few years ago, when he told a representative meeting of English manufacturers, flatly and plainly, that Canada's commercial system would be framed to suit her own circumstances and to promote her own interests, and not those of any other country whatever.

Our late Governor-General puts the case for Canada in such a way as almost to disarm free trade criticism, while appealing effectively to the national respect for people who are independent enough to think for themselves. None the less, however, will Englishmen continue to look upon ours as an "anti-British" tariff, maintained by the Dominion for its own special benefit, but to the injury of the Mother country. They will do this for reasons which they have in their minds, but which will not bear being stated in public. By what we may call the commercial instinct business men among them feel that Canada is gaining by her National Policy, and that some part of her former custom has been lost by somebody. But this they cannot say in public, for that would be to admit the success of Protection, which they cannot under any circumstances afford to do. And yet our tariff is not an "anti-British" one after all, as the word is generally understood; for, while bearing heavily upon imports from the United States, it bears very lightly in comparison upon imports from Great Britain. Statistics for the last eight years—the four next before and the four next after the change of 1879—show this most incontestably. With- out, however, on the present occasion marshalling in long array the figures

which would prove this in detail, it may serve a purpose to seek for some large general considerations governing the operation of Protection in Canada, the apprehension of which will enable us to understand what it is and what it is bringing us to. To know merely bare facts, without understanding their causes—whence they come and what further results they tend to—is not the most satisfactory kind of knowledge. Supposing it to be proved by figures that certain things are so, we still want to know the reasons why, under the circumstances, they must be so, and why they cannot possibly be otherwise. If with regard to the operation of this tariff of ours we can once get on the right line of sight, then much groping about in the dark will be saved, and the true meaning of what might otherwise appear a huge jumble of facts will be revealed.

It is an old saying that "two of a trade can never agree"; and the struggle between two or more of the same trade is what we call competition. Competition is always between those of the same trade, not between those of different trades. The nearer alike the products of any two countries are, the more direct is the competition between them. Now, we come to a vital point in this whole matter when we realise that Canadian manufactures are in a general way *like* those of the United States, and *unlike* those of England; for which reason our competition must be with the former far more than with the latter country. Whatever the political differences between ourselves and our republican neighbours may be, natural circumstances, and the industrial conditions arising out of them, are very much the same here as in the Northern States. In agricultural productions these Provinces and the States lying nearest to them are very much alike, and in manufacturing, both peoples tend to follow the same lines, and to run in the same grooves. In politics, and in many details of manners and morals, Canadians perpetuate old country resemblances, but we make cotton cloth as they do in the States, and not as they do in England, even though we use English machinery to do it. In style, quality, and general get up, the goods turned out by our cotton mills are exact copies of fabrics made at Lowell and Fall River, while differing greatly from the products of Lancashire. Enter a Canadian foundry or reaper and mower manufactory, and you see just the same methods used, and the same kinds of articles produced, as in similar establishments over the border; both methods and products being very different from those of England. Almost the only conspicuous exception is the woollen trade; there, indeed our competition is with England. With something like superstitious reverence we follow English precedents in the administration of laws which ourselves have made, but when it comes to driving shoe-pegs by machinery we copy Massachusetts. Our railways are all built and run on the American, and not on the English, plan. Our farm implements are all of American pattern, and are all made and used in the American way. Almost every new industry started in Canada is a close copy of something already in operation in the States. In the domain of politics and of morals we are largely under old country influences, but by pressure of material circumstances it is decreed that in our industrial progress we must move upon American, rather than upon European, lines. Canadian industries are and must long continue to be mostly *like* those of the United States, and *unlike* those of England. Further, this likeness in manufacturing production between the two sides of the border must keep increasing with every year of our industrial progress; which means that the competition between them must keep increasing too. We are more competitors with our neighbours now than we were twenty-five years ago; twenty-five years hence the similarity of production, and with it the competition, will be greater still. We must get a grasp of this important truth concerning the two countries, that the natural relation is that of competitors with each other in the same branches of production, some obvious exceptions allowed for. Raw cotton and tobacco we must bring from the Southern States, but the cotton manufacture is no more a natural industry of Massachusetts than it is of Ontario or Quebec. We may have to bring more or less Indian corn from Chicago, but carrying Minnesota wheat to Manitoba would be like carrying coals to Newcastle, the product of each being the same kind of wheat—hard spring. Montreal is not and never will be a natural market for boots and shoes made at Lynn and Haverhill, for the obvious reason that she is herself producing the same kind of goods, and in the very same way. It is the case of two of a trade; the one is no natural market at all for the products of the other. Observe, too, that this similarity of production, which is the basis of competition, has increased, is now increasing, and must continue to increase in future time. The only way to stop the growth of competition would be for Canada to call a dead halt, and stop improving her manufactures. Every new development of Canadian industry marks a new point of similarity, and therefore of contact and competition, between ourselves and our neighbours. Details might be cited at length to illustrate; but they are not needed by any one who

knows what manufactures are on both sides of the border respectively, and how rapidly we are following in the industrial tracks of our neighbours. The theme is a fertile one, a very practicable one for Canada besides, and will bear dilating upon to an indefinite extent. It will not soon be exhausted, either, because it is a *growing* theme, which must keep increasing every year in interest and importance.

JOHN MACLEAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON EMERSON.

THE greatest good fortune that has recently befallen the United States is the visit of Matthew Arnold.

Justice Coleridge was received with great favour, and seems to have formed many happy associations connected with this country. Dr. Freeman, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and others of distinction have been very beneficial to us. But only Mr. Arnold, of eminent literary men, has come among us to tell us frankly what he thinks about certain phases of our character and certain ones of our authors. He is too honest a man, and has too high an opinion of his calling as a critic to flatter us. And such a critic as Mr. Arnold is, accomplished and subtle, is sure to find things to criticise that will be of infinite benefit to us, whether public sentiment agrees with him now in the main or not.

A few of our authors, especially in or about Boston—Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant and Hawthorne—have gained a national reputation and acquired a degree of popularity, which furnishes the newspapers and publishers the pretext for bringing forward their names on all occasions. Not only do they publish a blue and gold edition, pocket edition, riverside edition, globe edition, and various other editions, but they make up a great variety of books, with extracts from these authors, and many more about these authors. In fine, I for my part, while sincerely glad that they have produced some excellent things, have long been weary of hearing the changes rung on these names. There is a great want of critical perspective among the American readers of these men. And nothing can be more wearisome than the constant allusions to them in the American, and especially in the New England, journals.

I knew Mr. Emerson personally, and know that he had no such exalted opinion of his own books, nor of those of his friends.

It will be productive then of the greatest good to American readers to have some of these men compared by an able critic with men of other countries and other times.

Americans speak of these men as if they were the only authors of eminence of recent times; as if there were no contemporary literature in England, France and Germany. This diletanteism is entirely ignorant of all estimates that imply a comparison with other countries. For instance, the Boston literary correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, the ablest newspaper in New England, severely criticizing Mr. Arnold's estimate of Mr. Emerson, claims that Emerson was a greater poet than Gray, and a greater philosopher than Spinoza. He confounds the technical and the popular use of the word philosopher. It is only in the latter meaning that Mr. Emerson can be called a philosopher at all, just as we speak of Dr. Johnson or Carlyle as a philosopher. In Germany, to call such men as Emerson by the name philosopher is regarded as extremely absurd, and as indicative of very crude notions of criticism.

Again, in a criticism in the *New York Times* a column and a half long, on the new edition of Emerson's works, the critic says: "Verily, in half a dozen somewhat harsh verselets of Emerson there is more flavour, more song, more meatiness than in all the verses of the living British poets put together."

* * * * *

So far from doing harm to Emerson's greatness, the criticisms of Mr. Arnold are likely to set men thinking that they may have been neglecting a writer the like of whom no nation can at the present day show."

When our leading journals form such exaggerated estimates, the hopeless condition of criticism among general readers can be imagined.

Now when a critic of Mr. Arnold's ability comes among us and frankly and honestly states his far lower estimate and gives his reason for it, it is well calculated to set us thinking and comparing. There is nothing we need more at present than frank criticism, combined with learning and insight, applied not only to our literature but to politics and many other departments.

Mr. Arnold appeared before a large audience in Assembly Hall, New York, on the evening of January 4th. He is a tall man, rather slender, sixty-one years old, but looking younger. He is not handsome, and is awkward in gesture and movement. His voice is not good or, to speak more accurately, he has poor control of it. When he speaks, his lips protrude as

far out as he could push them if he were to try. He is wholly wanting in eloquence. In short, it is rarely that one sees an eminent man, whose delivery in public is worse than Matthew Arnold's.

But as to the matter of his lecture every sentence is worthy of close attention, and received it.

I can give only an outline of his lecture, but the following statement may have value to readers of Arnold and Emerson, because it contains not a sentence that Mr. Arnold did not speak, in sense, and often I have retained his exact words.

He first spoke of the intellectual influences that made their way to Oxford forty years ago when he was a student there. Among these voices was that of Newman, of Carlyle, of Goethe, and finally that of Emerson.

From that time he had never ceased to be interested in Emerson. And now that he found himself in America looking out on Boston Bay and had seen Concord, and had read so many high estimates of the man, he desired "to pull himself together," and come at some definite conclusion about him.

He then considered him successively as poet, prose writer and philosopher.

He said he had recently read an interesting criticism of Emerson, in which it was asserted that some fifty or sixty passages of Emerson's poetry had already passed into the common speech and become household words. Now what is it to pass into general speech and become a household word? We may say that of Shakespeare's "patience on a monument," Milton's "darkness visible," Gray's "where ignorance is bliss." Now, instead of fifty or sixty, not one passage of Emerson has become a household word. In fact Emerson is not a legitimate poet at all. He is an interesting poet. Milton says poetry should be simple, sensuous and impassioned. Tried by these qualities Emerson's poetry does not satisfy us. His poetry lacks feeling, clearness and energy. It has no evolution. In his "Titmouse" one is never quite clear what the titmouse did for him; one is left to guesses about it. The poet is not concrete enough—is not poet enough.

He goes further and does not place Emerson among the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? Such writers as Plato and Cicero, Bacon, Swift and Voltaire. Emerson has written passages of noble eloquence and pointed wit, but his style as a rule wants the "requisite whole of good tissue"; therefore he cannot be ranked among these writers of the first class, and "I insist on trying Emerson always by the highest standard."

Furthermore, Emerson has been called a philosopher. Speaking carefully, Aristotle and Kant cannot be called great writers. Yet they built up systems; but Emerson could not build a system. He knew his own defects well, and described the defects of his own style well when he called it the lapidary. Emerson is not then a great poet, nor a philosopher, nor a great prose writer. But still he is of very great importance. His relation is like that of Marcus Aurelius. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. The secret of his effect is his temper—hopeful and serene. One can hardly estimate too highly the importance of holding on to hope and cheerfulness.

It has been said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the present generation is not coming up to the standard anticipated by him. It may be that this and the next few generations will not come up to his hopes. But time will demonstrate the truthfulness of his theory.

New York.

PENDLETON KING.

ALPHEUS TODD.

Not the greatest, yet, by the nature of his work, one of the most prominent and most authoritative figures in Canadian literature, has passed away. Mr. Todd died on the morning of January 22nd, at his home in Ottawa, his death being caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain. The office of Chief Librarian of Parliament, which Mr. Todd held for twenty-seven years, will not easily find another occupant so fitted for the post. Mr. Todd's intimate acquaintance with the minutest details of his office, and his encyclopædic knowledge on all subjects constitutional or parliamentary, made his presence invaluable to all who were on the search for information. However well qualified his successor, the capability that comes only from use must long be a felt want.

Mr. Todd was born in London in 1821, and came to Canada when nearly twenty-three years of age. He may be said to have passed his life in a library, his connection with the Upper Canada Library having begun in 1835, and continued, through all changes, till he attained the office which he held at the time of his death. His writings are all on parliamentary or closely-allied subjects, and have commanded attention in England as well as at home. They are marked by most painstaking accuracy, careful collaboration of material, and temperate judgment. In

1840 was published his first work, "Practice and privileges of the two Houses of Parliament"; in 1866, his "Brief Suggestions on the Formation of Local Government"; and in 1867-69, his most important work, in two volumes, "Parliamentary Government in England." On the appearance of this work, it was acknowledged by English critics that they were indebted to a colonial author for "one of the most useful and complete books which has ever appeared on the practical operation of the British Constitution." A pamphlet which exerted a strong political influence in Canada was that upon "The Position of a Constitutional Governor under Responsible Government," published in 1878; and in 1880 was issued his last work, entitled "Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies."

In company with the poet, Louis Honour Frechette, Mr. Todd received the degree of L.L.D. from Queen's, in 1881. In the same year, with Principal Dawson, of McGill, he was made Companion of St. Michael and St. George, and, on the foundation of the Royal Society of Canada, Mr. Todd was appointed to a Fellowship therein. But the chief honour that rests upon his name must be derived from the high rank which he won for himself, in our literature and in our thought.

A DAY AND A FRIEND.

We sat upon the shore, my friend and I;
The lake lay rocking in the morning shine,
Odours of gum were round us, and a pine
Played music while the waves danced—hauntingly.

Joy of wild winds and water and blue sky
Flowed through our spirits like celestial wine;
We talked of poets' hopes and thoughts divine,
And he was generous, and I was shy.

O golden heart of all that golden day,
Wise friend! so kind to my reluctant thought,
So gentle with the grace that went astray
Through stammering speech and woodland ways untaught.
He read me by the things I dared not say,
And loved me for the trust that doubted nought.

French Mountain, N. Y.

O. C. AURINGER.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

VI.—Continued.

The footman was now heard, as he sprang from the box. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Kindelon; "I haven't condemned it! It condemns itself."

Pauline gave a laugh full of accusative satire. "Oh!" she burst forth. "I should like to hear you speak against it before Mrs. Dares—and your friend, Miss Cora, too—as you have just done before me!"

The footman had by this time opened the carriage door. He kept one white-gloved hand on the knob, standing, with his cockaded hat and his long-skirted coat, motionless and respectful in the outer gloom.

Kindelon threw up both hands, and waved them in a burlesque of despair. "There is no literary society in New York," he murmured, as if the admission had been wrung from him. "Don't go inside there with any idea of meeting it, for it is not to be found! Mrs. Dares herself will tell you so!"

Pauline shook her head vigorously. "I'm sure you can't mean that," she exclaimed, in grieved reproach.

Kindelon gave one of his laughs, and jumped out of the carriage. Pauline took the hand which he offered her, while the displaced footman decorously receded.

"I do mean it," he said, as they went up a high, narrow stoop together, and saw two slim lit windows loom before them.

"I hope I am not responsible for this last change of faith in you," she answered while Kindelon was ringing the bell.

"Well," he at once said, "I believe you are. There is no kind of real society here except one. Mind you, I don't say this in any but the most dispassionate and critical way. And I'm not glad to say it, either; I'm sorry, in fact. But it is true. . . ." And then, after a second of silence, he repeated—"No kind of society except one."

Pauline smiled as she watched him, but there was both exasperation and challenge in the smile.

"What kind is that?" she queried.

"Ask your aunt, Mrs. Poughkeepsie," he replied.

Pauline gave an irritated sigh. As she did so the door of Mrs. Dares' house was opened by a spruce-looking young negress, and they both passed into the little limited hall beyond. Tapestries of tasteful design were looped back from the small doors which gave upon the hall. Their blended stuffs of differing colours produced a novel effect, wholly disproportioned to the real worth of the fabrics themselves. The deft skill of Mrs. Dares' younger daughter was responsible, not alone for these, but for other equally happy embellishments throughout this delightful miniature dwelling. In every chamber there was to be found some pretty decorative stratagem, whereby a maximum of graceful and even brilliant ornamentation had been won from a minimum of pecuniary expense. Pauline's eye had swept too many costly objects of upholstery not to recognise that a slender purse had here gone with a keen artistic sense. The true instinct of beauty seemed never to err, and its constant accompaniment of simplicity in the way of actual material lent it a new charm. Screen, rug, paneling, mantel-cover, tidy and chair-cushion took for her a quick value because of their being wrought through no luxurious means. It was so easy to buy all these things in velvet, in silk, in choice woods; it was so hard, so rare, to be able to plan them all from less pretentious resources. Before she had been five minutes in Mrs. Dares' abode, Pauline found herself affected by the mingled attractiveness and modesty of its details, as we are lured by the tints, contours and even perfumes of certain wildflowers which glow only the more sweetly because of their contrast with cultured blooms.

Mrs. Dares herself had a look not unlike that of some timid little wildflower. She was short of stature and very fragile; Kindelon's past accounts of her incessant accomplishments took the hue of fable as Pauline gazed upon her. She was extremely pale, with large, warm, dark eyes set in a face of cameo-like delicacy. Her dress hung in folds about her slight person, as if there had been some pitying motive in the looseness of its fit. But she wore it with an air of her own. It was a timid air, and yet it was one of ease and repose. The intelligence and earnestness of her clear-cut face gave her an undeniable dignity; you soon became sure that she was wholly unassuming, but you as soon realized that this trait of diffidence had no weakness in mind or character for its cause. It seemed, in truth, to correspond with her bodily frailty, and to make her individualism more complete while none the less emphatic. The personality that pushes itself upon our heed does not always make us notice it the quickest. Mrs. Dares never pushed herself upon anybody's heed, and yet she was seldom unnoticed. Her voice rarely passed beyond a musical semitone, and yet you rarely failed to catch each word it uttered. Pauline not only caught each word, as her new hostess now stood and addressed her, leaving for the time all other guests who were crowding the rather meagre apartment, but she tacitly decided, as well, that there was an elegance and purity in the expressions used by this notable little lady which some of the grander-mannered dames whom she had intimately known might have copied with profit. One peculiarity about Mrs. Dares, however, was not slow to strike her: the pale, delicate face never smiled. Not that it was melancholy or even uncheerful, but simply serious. Mrs. Dares had no sense of humour. She could sometimes say a witty thing that hit hard and sharp, but she was without any power to wear that lazier mental fatigue-dress from which some of the most vigorous minds have been unable, before hers, to win the least relaxation. This was probably the true reason why her small drawing-room often contained guests whose eccentricity of garb or deportment would otherwise have excluded them from her civilities. She could not enjoy the foibles of her fellow-creatures; she was too perpetually busy in taking a grave view of their sterner and more rational traits. She found something in nearly everybody that interested her, and it always interested her because it was human, solemn, important—a part, so to speak, of the great struggle, the great development, the great problem. This may, after all, be no real explanation of why she never smiled; for a smile, as we know, can hold the sadness of tears in its gleam, just as a drop of morning dew will hold the moisture of the autumn rainfall. But the absence of all mirthful trace on her gentle lips accorded, nevertheless, with the inherent sobriety of her nature, and they who got to know her well would unconsciously assign for both a common origin.

"My dear Mrs. Varick," she said to Pauline, "I am very glad that you chose to seek my poor hospitality this evening. Mr. Kindelon has already prophesied that we shall be good friends, and as I look at you I find myself beginning to form a most presumptuous certainty that he will not prove a false prophet. He tells me that you are weary of the fashionable world; I have seen nothing of that, myself, though I fancy I know what it is like. . . . A great Castle of Indolence, I mean, where there are many beautiful chambers, but where the carpets yield too luxuriously underfoot, and the couches have too inviting a breadth. Now in this little drawing-room of mine you will meet few people who have not some daily task to

perform—however ill many of us may accomplish it. In that way the change will have an accent for you—the air will be fresher and more tonic, though shifting from warm to chilly in the most irregular manner. I want to warn you, my dear lady, that you will miss that evenness of temperature which makes such easy breathing elsewhere. Be prepared for a decided atmospheric shock, now and then: but you will find it rather stimulating when it arrives, and by no means unwholesome."

Pauline could scarcely repress her astonishment at this very original speech of welcome. She and Mrs. Dares were separated from all other occupants of the room while it was being delivered; Kindelon had moved away after making his two friends known to each other, and doubtless with the intention of letting his hostess stand or fall on her own conversational merits, as far as concerned the first impression which Pauline should receive from her. But this impression was one in which admiration and approval played quite as strong a part as surprise. Pauline had wanted just such a spur and impetus as her faculties were now receiving; she kept silent for a few brief seconds, in silent enjoyment of the complex emotions which Mrs. Dares had awakened. Then she said, with a low laugh that had not the least suspicion of frivolity:

"If it is a social temperature with those barometric tricks and freaks, Mrs. Dares, I promise you that I shan't catch cold in it. But I fear Mr. Kindelon has wasted too many premonitory words upon me. He should have politely allowed me to betray myself, as a specimen of harmless and humble commonplace. . . I am sure to do it sooner or later."

"Oh, he has told me of your aim, your purpose," said Mrs. Dares.

Pauline coloured, and laid one hand on the lady's slender arm. "Then we are rivals, I suppose?" she murmured, with an arch smile.

Mrs. Dares turned and looked at her guests before answering; there was a mild, dreamy comprehensiveness in the way she seemed to survey their many shapes, letting her large, soft, dusky eyes dwell upon no special one of them. A little later she regarded Pauline again. She now shook her head negatively before replying.

"Oh, no, no," she said. "What you see here is not in any sense a representative assemblage. I have often wished that someone would establish a stricter and more definite standard than mine. We need it sadly. There are no entertainments given in New York where the mentally alert people—those who read, and think and write—can meet with an assurance that their company has been desired for reasons of an exceptional personal valuation. The guest without the wedding-garment is always certain to be there. I fear that I have paid too little heed to the wedding-garment; my daughters—and especially my eldest daughter, Martha—are always telling me that, in various ways. . . Oh, no, Mrs. Varick, we shall not be rivals. You will have the leisure to sift, to weigh, to admit or exclude, to label, to endorse, to classify—to make order, in short, out of chaos. This I have never had the leisure to do." She looked at Pauline with an almost pensive gravity. Then she slowly repeated the word, "Never."

"I fancy you have never had the cruelty," said Pauline.

"There would be considerable solid mercy in it," was the firm answer.

"Yes. . . To those who were both called and chosen. But how about the repulsed candidates for admission?"

"They would deserve their defeat," said Mrs. Dares, with thoughtful deliberation. "Morals and manners properly combined would be their sole passport."

"And ability," amended Pauline.

"Ability? Oh, they nearly all have ability who care to mingle night after night where that qualification is the dominating necessity for mutual enjoyment. Remember, an organized literary and intellectual society would not demand what that other society, of which you have seen so much, imperatively demands. I mean wealth, position, modishness, *ton*. All these would go for nothing with an aristocracy of talent, of high and true culture, of progress, of fine and wise achievement in all domains where human thought held rule. There, gross egotism, priggishness, raw eccentricity, false assumption of leadership, facile jealousy, dogmatic intolerance—these, and a hundred other faults, would justly exert a debarring influence."

Pauline did not know how her cheeks were glowing and her eyes were sparkling as she now quickly said, after having swept her gaze along the groups of guests not far away:

"And this is what you call making order out of chaos? Ah, yes, I understand. It is very delightful to contemplate. It quite stirs one with ambition. It is like having the merciless and senseless snobbery of mere fashionable life given a reasonable, animating motive. I should like to take upon myself such a task." Here she suddenly frowned in a moderate but rather distressed way. "Not long ago," she went on, "Mr. Kindelon

told me that I would find no literary society in New York. But I contested this point. I'm inclined to contest it still, though you have shaken my faith, I admit."

"The word 'literary' is very specializing," said Mrs. Dares. She had drooped her large, musing eyes.

"Do you mean that for an evasion?" asked Pauline with a tart pungency that she at once regretted as almost discourteous. "Allow," she went on, promptly softening her tone, "that the word does cover a multitude of definitions as I use it—that it is used *faute de mieux*, and that no society has ever existed anywhere which one could call strictly literary. Come, then, my dear Mrs. Dares, allowing all this, do you consider that Mr. Kindelon was right? Is it all chaos to-day in New York? Is there no gleam of order?" And here Pauline broke into a furtive tremor of laughter. "Must I begin my good work at the very earliest possible beginning if I am to commence at all?"

Mrs. Dares's dark eyes seemed to smile, now, if her lips did not. "Yes," she said. "Mr. Kindelon was right. You are to begin at the very beginning. . . In London it is so different," she went on, lapsing into the meditative seriousness from which nothing could permanently distract her. "I spent a happy and memorable month there not many years ago. It was a delicious holiday, taken because of overwork here at home, and a blessed medicine I found it. I had brought with me a few lucky letters. . . They opened doors to me, and beyond those doors I met faces and voices full of a precious welcome. You would know the names of not a few of those who were gracious to me; they are names that are household words. And there, in London, I saw, strongly established, a dignified, important and influential society. Rarely, once in a while, I met some man or woman with a title, but he or she had always either done something to win the title or something, if it was inherited, to outshine it. . . I did not stay long enough to pick flaws, to cavil; I enjoyed and appreciated—and I have never forgotten!"

(To be continued.)

POPPY DREAMS.

Sweet, sunny poppy-garden mine,
Where birds and bees came flying;
Where, hid 'midst vine and columbine,
I found dear love a-lying!
So beautiful, so strange a guest,
He set my heart all thrilling;
I could but rest against his breast,
And yield me to his willing.
And I was love's, and love was mine,
Beneath the vine and columbine;
And fairer still the fairest seems
Within the world of poppy dreams.

For poppy odours, as we lay,
Lulled every thought of sorrow;
And yesterday had passed away,
And there was no to-morrow.
With scent of poppies in the air,
And love's soft arms entwining,
What mortal there could think of care,
Regretting, or repining!
And I was love's, and love was mine,
Beneath the vine and columbine;
And fairer still the fairest seems
Within the world of poppy dreams.

Ah cruel flowers! did you know
Your fatal gift's forsaking?
Why bloom, and grow, and vanish so,
And leave me to awaking!
No more I plant your traitor red
That turns to burning fires:
My garden bed shall grow, instead,
Kind thorns and welcome briars.
Yet, I was love's, and love was mine,
Beneath the vine and columbine;
And fairer than the fairest seems
My vanished world of poppy dreams.

—FREDERICK A. DIXON.

Mr. GRANT ALLEN, in his own phraseology "a wandering and lazy field naturalist," says birds are reptiles with feathers. Some birds, he says, like the ostrich, do not fly, and some animals, like bats and squirrels, fly without being birds. They build nests, so do water moles. They have horny bills, so have turtles. Therefore birds cannot be called "flying animals," and every other apparently distinctive point about birds except the possession of feathers is "not distinctive at all."

EVENINGS AT HOME.

WHITTIER'S THEOLOGY.

PEOPLE came to him, also, in their grief and trouble, and to more than one tortured soul has he given peace. The story is told of a friend of his early days, in the time when religion held men by crueler bonds than now, who was pursued by the idea of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and felt himself doomed to damnation.

"And so thee really thinks thee will go to hell?" said Mr. Whittier, after listening to the tale of torment.

"Oh, I am sure of it," cried the sufferer.

"Does thee hate thy fellow-men?" asked Mr. Whittier.

"No, no," said his unhappy friend.

Don't thee hate God, then?" came the next question.

"I love Him," was the answer, "whatever happen to me."

"Don't thee hate God, who would send thee to hell, and let others, who thee knows have led worse lives, go to heaven?"

"No. I am glad of every one that is saved, even if I am to be a cast-away."

"Now what does thee think the devil will do with thee? How can he use thee—one who loves the God who condemns him to torment, one who loves his fellow-men, and would keep them out of the clutches of Satan—how can the devil employ thee or endure thee?"

For the first time in months the wretched man laughed with his old heartiness, and from that moment began to shake off his morbid terrors.

"MORNING GLORIES."

How beautiful those climbing convolvuluses are, winding in and out the laths of the green trellis, and mingling with the brilliant tracery of that vigorous scarlet runner and the paler green of that broad-leaved and predominant American vine! The pure white are like brides in "silver sheen," and the deep purple are like queens in regal robes, resplendent, self-assertive, magnificent. When the morning has fully come and the glad sun touches the earth and fills it with life and joy, then these beautiful flowers open into the glory of their name. They are all over the arbour, making it look like a bit of Florentine cinque-cento work, where dainty rosettes of porcelain flowers star the golden network of the basket, giving a sense of animation to the whole. But the pity of it is, this exquisite beauty lasts such a short time! The sun which called it all into being soon destroys his own work. He is too bright and strong for his own creation; and when the hot noon has come the pageant is past, the beauty has faded, and the glory of the morning is no more. Only closely shut, in-turned, crumpled margins of white and purple show above the rim of the calix; only memory remains of what was such joy to possess—though hope steals out from the shadow of that dusky form, and the knowledge that there is to be a to-morrow lifts one over the losses of to-day. And when to-morrow comes, then that vine-covered, scarlet-scrolled arbour will again be like a piece of Florentine cinque-cento work, with its rosettes of dainty porcelain flowers starring the golden filigree of the network.

How those morning glories suggest to you certain types and conditions of womanhood! You look at them till you see in them the same spirit and essence as are expressed in some women whom you have known individually, and some who are known to you more generally by life histories and the ordering of circumstances. They are living sermons on the fleeting beauty of youth, the fragile quality of delicacy, the transient splendour of life. Links in the great chain by which all nature is bound into one whole, as are flowers together with sentient things, it needs no great stretch of fancy to see their analogies in human life, and to read into them the same ideas as inform higher manifestations. How many pretty fairy-like creatures are like those white convolvuluses, so delicate and bright in the early days, but closing up and withering away as soon as the touch becomes heavy and the strain makes itself felt? In the beginning, while everything is fresh and tender, the young wife is in her beauty, and the glory of her morning is undimmed. But she cannot bear the passage of time, nor the inevitable trials of her state. She "wilts" under her burdens—from the unsatisfactoriness of the servants and the exactions of the tradespeople; from the inevitable translation of the lover to the friend in the husband, to the teething and and the tempers of her children. Her children indeed destroy her all round. That famous French dogma, "*Le premier embellit; le second flétrit; le troisième détruit.*" finds its all too-certain justification in her. She was never made for the cares which come with maternity. A child herself, even if she be past twenty, her babies should be like wax dolls, and should give her no trouble physically nor morally. She might give her mind to their clothes, and be able to compass pretty frocks and bonnets without too great mental fatigue. But that would be the utmost she could do, if she had to keep her own radiant beauty unspoiled. When it comes to loss of sleep, to anxiety, to perplexity as to the best way of management, to doubt of nurse's capacity, and consciousness of her own ignorance, to desire to do right, and ignorance of the way how, then she is lost, and her whole being suffers in consequence. She is a fairy, not a woman, made only for beauty and sport, and gentleness and dainty cares. She is a human Titania, and all men and common circumstances are to her Bottoms, coarse and gross, who munch her chaplets of roses, and leave her flowerless and forlorn, who destroy her grace and degrade her fairyhood. Fancy such a one, born only for the softnesses of life, hemming huckaback, looking after the family linen, caring for her husband's dinner, and mending that basket of socks! The thing is too incongruous; and so the poor little fairy wife proves it to be when, like that white convolvulus which was so beautiful but a short time since, and now is flaccid, faded, drooping—she falls into the hopelessness of moral dejection and the ruin of personal uncomeliness.

THE PERIODICALS.

Outing and the Wheelman for February opens with a pleasant and well illustrated paper on the "The St. John's Region in Florida" by Mr. John Ransom. Mr. Maurice Thompson's "Summer Sweet Hearts," goes on breezily and wholesomely; this instalment contains a mild bit of fun at the expense of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan." Mr. John S. Phillips contributes part II. of "A-Wheeling in Norambega" with Mr. Sandham's spirited sketches; a portion of it is devoted to that beautiful little New Brunswick Watering-Place, the Island of Campobello. "Under the Southern Cross," by Mr. T. E. Edwards, is a paper on Bicycling; in Australia. A humorous short story is the "Twiddle Twins," by President Bates, which we quote for the edification of men of the wheel;—

THE TWIDDLE TWINS.

It was a sultry August day. The sky was covered with a thick blanket of clouds, which yielded no cooling rain, and scarcely moved in the still air. Though these clouds shut out the direct rays of the sun, they also seemed to shut out every breath of wind and to pen in and reflect back the quivering heat which rose from the steaming earth. The road was deserted. Its length of baked gravel and clay stretched away a silent and lonely whitish-yellow streak across the languid landscape. Mr. Twiddle drove his wheel along with a faint and half-wilted indifference as to whether he ever arrived anywhere. He had the whole road to himself, and he took improper liberties with it, wobbling all over its glowing breadth, with many lazy side-lurches, as if he did not care how many rods to the mile he made of it. It was so hot—so almost infernally hot—that nobody else was abroad on the highway. Man and beast remained at home. As he rode the sweat poured from every pore of his body, and enveloped him in filmy steam that would have been almost visible if anybody had been there to see him. Where he was riding the road traversed a wood, without a house within a mile of him, either before or behind. This wood on either side, instead of looking cool and inviting, seemed like two rows of vast ovens, out of whose myriad mouths exhaled a heated air, making the highway thus walled in still more insufferably sultry. The woods seemed toilsome because of their monotonous silence and sameness. No squirrel rustled their leaves; no bird flitted among their branches; even the insects had retired to the deeper shades to seek shelter from the heat.

Presently Mr. Twiddle rolled slowly across a wooden bridge spanning a ravine, through which flowed a sluggish brook. If the water of this brook had exhibited a lively motion, if it had looked cool, clear, and inviting, for either drinking or bathing, Mr. Twiddle would have been tempted to leave his saddle and refresh himself by bathing his head, neck, and arms in its current. But its waters flowed slowly and looked dark and warm; the banks were steep, and the exertion of dismounting and going down to the water appeared a greater task than his languid ambition was willing to undertake.

Nevertheless, after riding two or three rods beyond the bridge, Mr. Twiddle suddenly checked his wheel. He came so nearly to a stand-still that he lost his balance and dismounted after a few preliminary wobbles. Then he leaned one arm on his saddle and stared sharply, with his mouth ajar, at an object under the edge of a thicket on the left-hand side of the road. Presently Mr. Twiddle shut his mouth with a snap, pursed his lips, and emitted a long whistle, expressive of great astonishment. Waiting a moment as if to see what effect his whistle would produce, he pronounced in a solemn and emphatic manner the word "Je-ru-sa-lem!" expressive of prodigious surprise.

The object whose appearance in that retired and silent place had thus singularly upset Mr. Twiddle's long and pretty thoroughly trained equanimity—a virtue which receives a pretty sharp and continual tillage at the hands of the club wits—was a small red and white checkered shawl spread out upon the grass, with a three or four months' old baby sitting bolt upright in the middle of it, and no other person, especially no female person, anywhere apparent either to sight or hearing!

This baby was dressed in crumpled white muslin, with a soiled pink ribbon about its waist. It held in one of its chubby fists a rubber rattle. It stared at Mr. Twiddle for a moment with unwinking eyes, and a very business-like expression, as if taking an inventory of his visible qualities. Apparently its investigation proved satisfactory, for it suddenly raised its rattle and brought it down with a vigorous whack of approval on one of his legs, and looked at Mr. Twiddle to note if he had anything to say about it.

Mr. Twiddle looked up the road, down the road, all along the wood and at the brook. He saw nobody; he heard nobody. Then he looked at the baby again, and remarked with sincere earnestness:—

"Great Scott!"

This remark the baby immediately applauded with another vigorous whack with its rattle.

Thus far Mr. Twiddle had stood facing the baby, and had not looked at the opposite side of the road. But now a slight noise beside him caused him to suddenly turn about. He started violently, and let his wheel drop rattling to the ground. In falling, one of the handles grazed the pet corn of his left foot. He immediately gathered up this foot affectionately in both his hands, and sought to press it to his bosom, while he hopped ludicrously about on the other foot till he stumbled and sat down hard on the road. All this time he kept his eyes fixed upon the object which had a second time upset his equanimity. After sitting and staring a few moments, Mr. Twiddle slowly arose and dusted off the expanse of his knickerbockers with various slaps of his hands. Then he ejaculated with solemn force and deep feeling:—

"I'll be blowed!"

This second object which had so singularly disarranged Mr. Twiddle's collection of ideas was another small red and white checkered shawl, spread upon the grass, under the edge of the thicket, on the right hand side of the road, with another baby, very much like the first one in size and appearance, and also dressed in soiled white crumpled muslin, with a pink ribbon about its waist, sitting bolt upright in the middle of the shawl, and staring at the astonished wheelman. This second baby in white was also armed with a rubber rattle.

Seeing that this second baby made no reply to Mr. Twiddle's first eloquent remark, he looked first at one, then at the other, of the singular phenomena, meanwhile mopping his face and neck with a handkerchief already saturated with sweat, and observed with increased emphasis, indicative of the extreme climax of surprise:—

"Well by George!"

To this pertinent remark both babies responded by simultaneously banging their rubber rattles down upon their knees, producing the effect of unanimous applause.

Mr. Twiddle now walked to the right-hand side of the road, where he mounted a log and peered carefully into the recesses of the wood. Nobody in sight. Then he crossed to the left-hand side of the road, mounted a stump and looked sharply into all the woody vistas. Nobody there. Then he walked back to the bridge, and looked over each side down at the water. Nobody visible. Then he went back to his wheel, and looked first at one baby and then at the other. They were both there. He went up close to the right-hand baby, and ventured to touch its head softly with his right forefinger. It was a sure enough live baby. Then he crossed over the road and touched the head of the other baby with his left forefinger. It was a no-mistake-flesh-and-blood infant. No optical delusion about either of them. Then Mr. Twiddle went back to his wheel, mopped his face and neck some more with his wet handkerchief, and cried out:—

"Hello-o-o!"

No reply from anybody. He tried it again, a good deal louder and longer:—

"Hello-o-o-o!"

No answer. Silence everywhere, thick enough to be felt. Then Mr. Twiddle laid his head back between his shoulder-blades, opened his mouth wide, shut his eyes, took a big breath and let out a yell that would have strained the vocal chords of a four-horse-power-steam calliope:

"Hello-o-o-ah!"

He paused for a reply, and gasped for air. Not a sound anywhere: not an indication that there ever would be any sound. Only the two babies looked at his performance with grave surprise and some alarm. But they concluded that this was merely a vocal entertainment gotten up out of pure kindness of heart for their amusement, so they simultaneously banged their rattles again in unanimous applause.

After waiting a few moments in the vain hope that somebody would appear, Mr. Twiddle began to consider the situation seriously. It was exceedingly awkward and perplexing. He thought of mounting his wheel and riding on to give an alarm at the first house where he could find a woman. It seemed to him that a woman was the one central necessity of the universe. His respect for woman rose almost to veneration. He felt that he would gladly give all the money in his pockets, and his note for any reasonable amount in addition, for a woman,—any sort of a woman, young or old, ugly or beautiful, without regard to race, color, or previous condition,—anything capable of taking charge of babies.

On further reflection he concluded not to ride on. Suppose a cow should come along and trample on one of the babies, or a hog, or dog, and attack them, or a snake. He thought that either of these animals would be a fool of its kind to travel on such a hot day; still one might do so, and he dared not take the risk. He wished ardently that some traveller would appear; but the road was deserted and lonely, as far as he could see in either direction.

Suppose these deserted babies should cry? His hair rose at the thought. He felt sure they would begin to cry pretty soon. Suppose they should get hungry? Dreadful supposition! They would, they must, ere long. A cold chill ran down his spine, in spite of the heat of the day.

While he was thus cogitating, the right-hand baby began preparations for crying. It snarled up its little face. Mr. Twiddle hastily snapped his fingers at it. It looked a little astonished for a moment, and then snarled up its face again. He rattled his watch-chain; no use. Then he blew a soft note on his wheelman's whistle. Only a temporary check. It suddenly emitted an unmistakable yell, indicating a fixed and business-like determination. He ran to it and tried to stop it by shaking its rattle, poking his finger at it, and saying "Boo!" and other demonstrations which he had read as the proper thing to do in such cases. The baby looked at him a moment with indignant astonishment and then shut both eyes, puckered its face all over, and howled. Mr. Twiddle stooped to pick it up; but suddenly drew back. Suppose it should be—sweaty? Very likely that was what ailed it. As if to reduce him to despair, at this instant the other baby began to cry also. Probably they were both—sweaty. The situation was simply appalling. Consternation; confusion; chaos; all nature demanding a woman!

Suddenly Mr. Twiddle heard flying footsteps. Two women darted past him. One swooped upon the right-hand baby. She was a comely woman, apparently aged twenty-five or twenty-six years, and evidently a mother. She lifted the child to her bosom, where it instantly cuddled and became quiet. The other was a pretty girl, apparently about eighteen years old. She snatched up the left-hand baby, gave it a dexterous toss or two, and a pat on the back, when it also became quiet. Then the pair faced Mr. Twiddle and scrutinized him with a decorousness so demure and grave that he was instantly sure that they were inwardly laughing at him. No woman would be quite so unnaturally sober, he felt, unless she was sitting on the safety-valve of her laughter, to prevent an escape of pent-up merriment. The girl, he was convinced was inwardly boiling with giggle. Imps of mischief were dancing in her large, black eyes; but her face was as sober as the face on a postage-stamp.

Mr. Twiddle mechanically lifted his hat and bowed. Both the women nodded, but said nothing, only continuing to look at him demurely. Then the mother began making strange motions and antics with her fingers, her hands, and her free arm, looking fixedly at the girl. The girl shook her pretty head solemnly, and then made antic motions at the mother with her fingers, and hands, and her free arm. Then the women turned to Mr. Twiddle, who was watching this performance with increasing amazement, and began making queer motions at him. He started, backed away a step or two, and fell over his wheel. Both women advanced hurriedly. He thought they were about to attack him; but the kind concern in their faces, which, in spite of themselves, was mingled with mirthful smiles, reassured him. He arose, dusted himself with furtive slaps of his hands, picked up his wheel, and leaned upon its saddle, still gazing at the pair with deep astonishment. Then the mother smoothed a place on the surface of the road with the sole of her neat walking-shoe, stooped and traced in the sand with her forefinger the words:—

"Deaf and dumb."

She pointed to this inscription, and Mr. Twiddle bent and read it. He bowed, smiled, and pawed the air with lunatic gesture, which he fondly imagined conveyed to the woman a whole dictionary full of expressions of sincere sympathy. But she watched all his gestures closely, and then shook her head, signifying that she did not understand. He was about to go through another ridiculous pantomime when the girl, who had been shaking with suppressed merriment during his first attempt at sign-talking, suddenly burst out laughing in a clear, joyous, irrepressible peal. She laughed till she sat down on the grass, with the baby in her arms, and the tears softened her dark eyes. Mr. Twiddle's confusion was immense. He grinned, then looked sober, then grinned again, then looked indignant, and finally stood smiling like an idiot. As soon as the girl could command herself she spoke in a soft and lady-like voice:—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but really it was too funny to resist. We were sitting under the bridge when you first came, and saw the whole thing through a crevice. We had been down to the brook to bathe our faces, it was so hot. You looked so astonished when you saw the babies that we really couldn't help waiting and watching you. It was rude, perhaps, but I really never saw anything more amusing in my life. But we both beg your pardon. It was kind and gentlemanly in you to stay by the deserted little darlings, and we thank you. This is my sister, Mrs. Rudd; I am Jenny Wilson. She is deaf and dumb. You are Mr. Twiddle, I think. We have often seen your club ride by, and know the names of most of the gentlemen."

Mr. Twiddle instantly knew that the home of these ladies was the next farm-house. He had met Mr. Rudd, a prosperous deaf-mute: but he did not know that Mr. Rudd had a wife also a deaf-mute. He fell to chatting with the young lady while he walked with the pair to their house. At the gate he expressed a desire for a glass of water, when he was invited in and given a glass of iced milk, which Miss Wilson said she had been told was the favorite drink of wheelmen. After that he mounted his wheel again, and rode slowly into the city.

This is the reason why Mr. Twiddle always votes to have the club ride on the O Road. This is the reason why the club members so often speak of "The Twiddle Twins."

President Bates.

HINDOO and Parsee students sometimes write the most extraordinary English. One of them wrote recently to a Bombay newspaper about the overbearing manner of the professors, who, he said, were so iron-handed that it had become quite dangerous to "sneer the nose at them." He finished his complaint thus. "Very nice indeed! Poor students that we are, we have to kneel down before their menaces, their widened eyes and what not! lest we suffer rustication at their iron hands and be thrown into the same pitiable plight as 'a bud bit by an envious worm, ere he could spread his sweet leaves to the air, or dedicate his beauty to the sun!'"

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS. By Frederick Locker. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

The critic finds it impossible to take up this volume without being prepossessed in its favour by the dainty loveliness of its dress. The covers, of a delicate tint which we believe the ladies call "crushed strawberry" are chastely ornamented with gold; the title page is printed with intense red, and in handsome design; the paper is charming, the margins are liberal, the type neat and clear. The whole appearance of the volume has just that individuality of beauty, refined, but a little quaint, which is characteristic of Mr. Locker's verse. As for this verse, in our opinion it stands at the head of the *vers de société* written in our language. No other lyrics so completely fill the requirements of this well-gloved species of composition. Præd's work, inimitably clever, has a certain metallic hardness and lack of sympathy; and Præd did not at all times keep strictly to his own domain. Mr. Austin Dobson strikes a deeper note, and has a wider range; for which reason it is, perhaps, that his touch is not always so light and accurate. Mr. Dobson is the greater poet; but Mr. Locker is the more perfect master, as he is more avowedly a specialist. He is always well within his limits, giving us the idea that if he would, he could move us more deeply;—could persuade us to laugh aloud, where he now merely draws a smile, and steep us in luxurious sorrow where now he but hints to us of pathos. Of passion he has sung with more decided voice, but with rare tenderness, whole-heartedness, and restraint. A poem of earnest, though but half expressed, feeling, exquisitely lyrical, marvellous in its technical flawlessness, and full of strikingly contrasted colour, is "A Garden Idyll," quoted in a late issue of THE WEEK. Perhaps still more beautiful, certainly more simply passionate, is the following, entitled "At Her Window:—"

"Beating heart; we come again
Where my love reposes:
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses,

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly;
Lily-clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating.
If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be decked anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone!—Oh, hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song, thou transcéd thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel!—dearest.—"

We have some twinges of conscience, after making this quotation, because it must be confessed that this is not the most markedly characteristic of Mr. Locker's work; and we have not space to quote other verses. No one but Mr. Locker could have written the above lute-like and silvery lines, but they leave very many of his distinctive qualities uninstanced. His dry, sweet, humour, which leaves a fine relish on the lips, his piquant wit which can sting but creates no sore, his unfailing sanity of thought and speech—these must be left for the reader to discover for himself.

IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the innumerable notices which this story has called forth there has of course been a predominance of praise, yet most of the critics have, with a certain aggrieved air, called attention to the fact that Bret Harte was continuing to work on his old lines. We fail to regard this as a grievance. We have learned Bret Harte's special aptitudes, and we do not see any reason for desiring him to essay a new field. It is probable none but malicious critics would rejoice at the sight of Bret Harte in the *role* of microscopic novelist. As it is, with "In the Carquinez Woods" he has given us the strong, moving, highly vitalized, deeply coloured work which we expected of him. He has not proved at odds with himself, therefore he has not disappointed our expectations. The utmost we can ask is that he go on doing such work. It is not the kind that wearies one; and uniform as are its characteristics its variety is wide. Bret Harte's descriptive touches fill the eye and his incidents are so vivid as to become part of one's own experience. His characters in this story are outlined with even more than his old decision of stroke and keenness of insight. The popular-at-any-price parson, Reverend Wynne, and his daughter Nelly, unlike him in externals, but one with him in character, are so skilfully set in contrast that we *feel* their relationship while most impressed with their outward diversity. The climax is the most effective we remember in any novel of the last year or two.

Mrs. TENNYSON is said to write and also sign any letters which her husband has occasion to write. Autograph-collectors, having found the above, may make a note of it.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

At the Toronto College of Music on Saturday evening Mr. J. D. Kerrison delivered a lecture on "Bach and Handel; the piano of their day and their compositions for it; and the perfect development of the oratorio." The lecture contained an interesting account of the two great masters, enlivened by well-told anecdotes illustrating their personal characteristics, together with a dissertation upon the development of modern music and of the oratorio, with what preceded and led up to them. Bach's fame for a long time after his death seemed well nigh to have perished with him. Handel, born in the same year, established the mode which prevailed for nearly a century. But with distinctly modern music Bach's genius seems strangely in sympathy, different as it is in form and method. It is to Mendelssohn we owe the Bach revival. He, with Schumann and other enthusiasts, turned the eyes of the world to the splendid greatness of the half-forgotten genius, who was able, self-taught and with no adequate precedents to guide him, to compose such work as the glorious Passion-music to St. Matthew and that unsurpassable masterpiece, the Mass in B minor. In saying he achieved these things under guidance of no precedents, it must not be inferred that Bach was ignorant of the work of Palestrina and the old Italian masters. But while he had studied these intently and to good purpose, the lines he pursued led in a widely different direction. His counterpoint placed in comparison with the polyphonic richness of Palestrina and his school, displays a more individualized personal quality, a keener intensity of fervour. The unyielding fugue he inspired with the living breath of passion. He gave to Germany a distinctively national music, and may be called the creator of the Germanic school of musical art as opposed to the Romantic school. After the lecture Mr. Kerrison gave a recital on the piano, illustrating the characteristics of the two masters. From Bach he played, with an admirable mastery of the great technical difficulties to be encountered in these selections, the Prelude and Fugue in B flat, and that in D minor. From Handel he gave the Gavotte Aria Gigue, Suite VIII, and air and variations from Suite V.

"SILVER KING" BARRETT will bring "Claudian" on this continent at an early date.

HENRY IRVING will appear in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd February.

Mrs. LANGTRY has been so successful in New York that her present visit to Boston will almost certainly be equally profitable.

HENRY IRVING and Ellen Terry were burlesqued at the New York Grand Opera House last week, by Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Goodwin.

MISS ELLEN TERRY, ever to the fore in good works, will make a special journey from the west to give a reading in New York in aid of a local charity.

KATE FIELD: The theatre is the child of the church. She was born in religious mystery, and what God has joined together, prejudice cannot always keep apart.

The latest of the thirty-six theatres opened in London—the Prince's—has a noiseless curtain, a Moorish smoking-room, superb paintings, and lounges for seat-buyers. Mr Irving contemplates yet another addition to Metropolitan theatres—one to be constructed upon the plan of the celebrated Boston theatre.

A NEW YORK critic thus writes after seeing Mrs. Langtry in "A Wife's Peril:" "She trusts to her own gifts, and does not ruin them by artificial aid. Her appearance, in that respect, was very refreshing." As an actress he thinks she is "a good joke." She lacks training, "yet it is not her fault, for she tries hard enough; but until now she has not found the right key to the mysterious lock beyond which real art dwells."

MARIO's name is pleasantly revived before the public since the famous singer's death. It is doubtful if a more delightful conjunction of gifts could have ever endowed a single mortal; and his critics years ago used to allude to the story of the good fairies and the baby when writing of him. He had a voice which made all others seem discordant by comparison. He had a perfect figure. His face was most noble, and his expression at once manly and sweet. He acted with never-erring taste. He had an intuitive knowledge of costume, and dressed on the stage as if he were a moving picture. And with all this he was a gentleman, and modest to his life's end.

MR. MAPLESON has discovered a new tenor, and is in raptures with him. Speaking of Andres Anton—that is the name of the last-discovered musical star—Mr. Mapleson says: "I heard of him three years ago, when he left the Conservatoire, but he disappeared. Then Gayarre told me of him about a year ago, but I couldn't find him. About a month ago, however, I was dining aboard Admiral Cooper's ship, and all the officers began telling

me of a marvellous tenor they had heard at Caraccas. Then I heard of his success in Havana, where in 'Trovatore' he took a true D in the 'Della quella pira.' Well, to cut a long story short, I spent my last dollar cabling at fifty cents a word, and have finally secured him, and he will probably sing here in April. Patti will sing the 'Figlia di Regimento,' and has fallen in love with some uniforms she saw on Evacuation Day, and wants my chorus of two hundred to dress in it. It turns out to be the 7th Regiment; so that will take all the boys, won't it? Gerster will give 'Lakmé,' and Patti 'Romeo and Juliet;' so, altogether, I think we shall make a good fight of it."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON and his wife are now in the South.

ANOTHER author, Mr. Robert Buchanan, is suffering from nervous prostration.

HARPER Brothers, New York, are to publish "General Beauregard's Military Operations."

A VOLUME of George Eliot's essays has been issued by Blackwood. It contains all that she was willing should be published.

In the *Critic*, New York, Jan. 5th, Walt Whitman writes "A Backward Look on My Own Road." He speaks especially of "Leaves of Grass."

EDMUND YATES, of the *London World*, is writing his autobiography, and it will appear in a few months. Mr. Sala is also writing his autobiography.

"MOTHER HEN," by Emerson E. Sterne, is a collection of new jingles for children, on the style of "Mother Goose." Published by the American News Company.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again.

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, two papers were given; one by Principal Buchan, on "Flora Hamiltonensis," and one by Mr. Frederick Phillips on "The Antiquity of the Negro Race."

"PA, what is poetic license?" "Well, my boy, as nearly as I can learn, poetic license is something which enables a man to say things in verse which would incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum if worked off at a political meeting."—*Ex.*

R. J. BURDETT is forty years old, Bret Harte is forty-five, Mark Twain is forty-eight, W. D. Howells is forty-six, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is forty-five, Joaquin Miller is forty-two, James Russell Lowell is sixty-four, and John G. Saxe is sixty-eight.—*Ex.*

It is pleasant to learn that Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, at least, cordially approves of Tennyson's acceptance of a barony. Mr. Tupper is probably a philosopher. Here is the obvious reason for his approval:—"As our noble Tennyson has broken through the pale, there is hope for some of his literary brethren and sisters being thought worthy of public honours from our great and good Queen."

THE "degenerate one" mentioned below had in him a startling power of suggesting great truths. He was also possessed of deep insight into the mystery of man's fallen nature:—A moral poetess had begun a poem in uncompromising blank verse on the degeneracy of man:

"God made man in His own image; but he—"

and here she was compelled to leave it. A degenerate one came in, and took the liberty of helping her forward a little:

"Would probably have remained so; but she—"

THE *Atlantic Cable* tells us that a person referred to by the *Athenæum* as high authority writes from Massachusetts as follows: "Mr. Matthew Arnold's success as a lecturer is unequivocal. It is like Plato in Sicily. On the same night he and Mr. Bryce were lecturing at Cambridge. England is certainly doing her best to civilize America." And America is doing her best to civilize England. Have we not sent her Minnie Palmer and the accomplished Lotta? Neither of these notabilities may be exactly like Plato in Sicily, but either may be compared with Sappho in Greece.—*The Critic.*

No. 12 of the *Acadian Scientist*, the organ of the "Acadian Science Club," has come to hand. This society "aims to awaken and foster a more general interest in scientific knowledge, to induce young men and young women to engage in systematic study at home, and to afford its members the means for mutual assistance in the pleasing and ennobling study of nature's works." It has a three years' Course, embracing the following sub-

jects: Philosophy, Geology, Botany, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Zoology, and Mineralogy. Its object, apparently is to do for science, in Canada, what the Chataquau Society does in America. Its Secretary is Mr. A. J. Pineo, B.A., of Wolfville, Nova Scotia. THE GOSSIP offers his very best wishes for its success.

THE GOSSIP desires to say a word concerning the approaching *Winter Carnival* at Montreal, however little this may be connected with literature. It should, if as complete a success this year as it was last winter, be the fruitful mother of much Canadian literature, in the shape of brilliant-descriptive letters, sketches, and songs. The Ice Palace should be to all men typical of winter's splendours and delightful possibilities. The sports and amusements, for which has been arranged an elaborate programme, are to be distinctively Canadian, and will go a long way toward convincing any sceptical foreigners who may have the good fortune to be present, that the Canadian winter is no such dreadful affair as they had imagined it to be. The Carnival is to be held during all next week, commencing on February 4th.

LONG and severe has been the strife between the disciples of "Webster's" and those of "Webster's." Here is one who feels compelled to confess himself a convert to Webster. Indeed, the tide generally seems to be setting in that direction. Webster's claims to contain 3,000 words more than any other American dictionary; certainly, no other American dictionary has so large a constituency or is so implicitly believed in. Indeed, it may be regarded as the one final authority, safely to be relied upon when others are emphatically differing among themselves. To bow before the authority of this dictionary, or rather encyclopedia, is not now to give in one's adherence to all the strange doctrines in Philology and Etymology of which Noah Webster's brain was so fruitful. Webster's work is merely the foundation upon which some of the ablest scholars in America have united to construct the most perfect dictionary of our time.

WITH all our boasted activity, I think that the so-called slow-going Briton manages to do a great deal more work than most Americans, and of a better quality. Take, for example, the literary workers of England. There is the late Professor Palmer, the Orientalist. The amount of work he accomplished, and of the highest class, too, was more than we should naturally expect three or four men to do. Among journalists, look at Mr. Joseph Knight. He is the dramatic critic of three or four important London papers, besides being the editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and of *Notes and Queries*, the London correspondent of *Le Livre*, and a regular contributor to half-a-dozen popular magazines. He has, of course, to go to all the new plays, and is a favorite diner-out. The secret of this ability to accomplish a great deal of work is—system. When a man once realizes the value of time, and knows how to utilize it, he has an advantage over his unsystematic fellows for which he cannot be too thankful.—*The Critic.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Philadelphia Press*, writing from London, thus delivers himself on the subject of Tennyson's ability to maintain his new position with requisite lavishness:—"If he be as unsocial and inhospitable as a baron as he has been as plain Alfred Tennyson, his sustenance of the title need not be expensive. The common opinion that he is only well-to-do is erroneous. For a literary man, he is very rich. No author in America has ever begun to make so much money as he. His poetry has brought him, it is estimated, £80,000 or \$400,000, at least, and the sum has been put as high as £100,000 and £120,000. Being a careful, not to say close, manager, he has so invested his earnings as to have a property worth at present £220,000 or \$1,000,000. He owns, or did own recently, a house in town, where he spends very little time; he has a beautiful place at Farthingford, Isle of Wight, and another country-seat at Aldworth, in Surrey. For a poet he is very practical, driving, it is said, very sharp bargains with his publishers, holding out for the last shilling."

"ON being introduced to an invited guest of the Saturday Club, Emerson said: 'I am glad to meet you, sir. I often see your name in the papers, and elsewhere, and am happy to take you by the hand for the first time.' 'Not for the first time,' was the reply. 'Thirty-three years ago I was enjoying my school vacation in the woods, as boys will. One afternoon I was walking alone, when you saw me and joined me, and talked of the voices of nature in a way which stirred my boyish pulses, and left me thinking of your words far into the night.' Emerson looked pleased, but rejoined that it must have been long ago indeed, when he ventured to talk of such fine subjects. In conversing with Richard H. Dana, jr., the latter spoke of the cold eyes of one of our public men. 'Yes,' said Emerson, meditatively, 'holes in his head! holes in his head!' After an agreeable conversation with a gentleman who had suffered from ill-health, Emerson remarked, 'You formerly bragged of bad health, sir; I trust you are all right now.'"—*Mrs. Annie Fields in February Harper's.*

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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY FOR DECEMBER.

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FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of John Page, first of the celebrated Page family of Virginia—from a painting by Sir Peter Lely, London, 1660.

CHRISTMAS TIME IN OLD VIRGINIA. John Esten Cooke. Illustrations: Old Smithfield Church—Portrait of Col. Archibald Carey, from a painting by West—Rosewell, home of the Pages—Portrait of Governor John Page, of Rosewell, from portrait by West—Christ Church of Alexandria—St Peter's Church, where Washington was married—Stratford, the home of the Lees—Portrait of Judge Edmund Pendleton—Christmas Tree in Old Virginia (by Will H. Lowe)—Saratoga, Home of General Daniel Morgan—Portrait of General Nelson—The Nelson Home.

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ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of *Private Daily Intelligence*. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addie Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter III. Also, two valuable Original Letters.

NOTES. Historical Societies in their relation to Local Historical Interest—Mr. Cary's Answer—Martin Luther's Memory—Morse's American Geography—Noah Webster's Love Romance—The Nelson Homestead—Death of David Van Arsdale—Evacuation of New York—A Venerable Historian—The Star-Spangled Banner.

QUERIES. Origin of Aboriginal Dialects of America—An Old Clock—Is it the First American Coin?

REPLIES. To be Prepared for War is one of the most effectual means of Preserving Peace—Note and Query—Sawing—First Money—Colonel Francis Barber—Quisquising—Letter from General Horace Capron.

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From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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