

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 49.

Toronto, Thursday, November 5th, 1885.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents.

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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

ONCE more there is a report of the retirement of Mr. Blake from the leadership, and this time there are indications that the report is not groundless. If Mr. Blake's health has given way, as nobody would be surprised if it did, to overwork and mortification, or if his income is suffering fatally by his devotion to public duties, retire of course he must. But another change of leader would do the party no good. Mr. Blake is their best man. Sir Richard Cartwright is a vigorous speaker and particularly strong on the financial and commercial questions which just now are chiefly before the country; but he has not Mr. Blake's position, and other qualities are wanting in him. The Premier of Ontario has skilfully trimmed for many years the sails of his little barque; but his little barque is not a three-decker, nor is the lake in which it swims a political ocean. To the Maritime Provinces and the North-West he must be almost unknown. Mr. Blake, notwithstanding his prolixity, can present a case as well as any man in the Dominion if there were only a case to present; but there is none. The Opposition has no policy; that, once more, is the cause of its weakness, a weakness which will be incurable till a policy is found. For the present the political machine will have to go with only one wheel, and we shall have an experience of the working of the party system without an effective Opposition. In the mind of the community at large a policy is shaping itself which in time will find expression and championship in Parliament. But it is one which as yet the politicians are afraid to touch. During the interregnum a nucleus and a rallying-point will be supplied by that portion of the press which is the exponent of the growing opinion. This state of things is unsatisfactory, no doubt, as well as anomalous; but within the last few months, and especially since the strong development of antagonism between the British and the French of Quebec, the progress of opinion has been wonderfully quickened, and the turning-point can hardly be far off.

The greater part of the deficit which Sir Leonard Tilley had to face at the end of the last fiscal year may be qualified as unforeseen. When the

estimates for 1884-5 were formed, no one supposed that an insurrection would break out in the North-West before the year was over. To that event, equally untoward and unexpected, an extra expenditure of \$1,700,000 is due. The balance of \$657,469.80, by which the total deficit is brought up to \$2,357,469.80, was within the range of estimate, and to that extent Sir Leonard miscalculated. To that extent the high pressure tariff failed to respond to his expectations. The event suggests the enquiry whether, at some points, the revenue limit has not been crossed; and this enquiry it behooves the Minister of Finance, whoever he may be, to make. Sir Leonard had predicted a continuation of the annual surplus for a series of years, at a time when the additions to the duties subsequently made were not contemplated. Last year the prediction failed, and now, apart from the expenditure caused by the North-West insurrection, there is a substantial deficit, which the increase of duties proved ineffectual to prevent. The expedient of increasing revenue by raising duties does not open up an unlimited source on which the Minister of Finance can draw: there is a point at which higher duties means a decrease of revenue, and when this point has been reached the last drop which it is possible to squeeze out of the tariff has been got. There have been occasions on which Sir Leonard Tilley deliberately sacrificed revenue for the sake of granting protection to plausible claimants for the bounty of the state. It is possible that the deficit may awaken in his mind a sense of the perils of this course of proceeding, though such a warning ought not to have been required. But his career as Minister of Finance is determined by a cause which everyone regrets and which is foreign to the result of his policy. Whether his errors are to be renounced in the immediate future, or persevered in, will depend upon the sagacity of his successor, so far as he will be free to modify the existing tariff policy. The discretion of his successor will be limited to a very narrow range. The expenditure has reached the enormous sum, for a population of less than five millions, of \$35,327,936.36, which will necessitate adherence to a high tariff. One thing is evident: the time draws nigh when additions to the public debt must cease. Nothing but the improved terms on which of late it has been possible to borrow makes the present burden tolerable, and it would be neither prudent nor safe to make any considerable additions to them.

LORD LANDSDOWNE'S passage over the Rocky Mountains was made too soon to enable him to be present at the driving of the last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway, though that achievement would take place a few days or weeks after he left. With the political necessity of the railway, not less than the magnitude and thoroughness of the work, he was impressed; going so far as to say, on the first point, that without the road the Confederation Act would not have been worth the paper on which it was written. This is the political view of the necessity for the railway expenditure which from the inception of the undertaking has found expression. It is a half-truth that requires to be supplemented by the economic considerations which the cost of the work presents. This is the serious aspect of a political enterprise, over which it is easy to be jubilant so long as we confine ourselves to an imaginative presentation of the political view. The wisdom of undertaking so costly a work has yet to be demonstrated. But it is too late for misgivings or regrets; the venture has been made and the rational thing to do is to make the best of the road now that it has been built. Whatever advantages are to be derived from a railway connection with the remotest parts of the Dominion are now within reach. With British Columbia the rest of the country can have very little trade until an increase in the population of the Pacific Province takes place. From the benefits of Chinese labour, which have been very great on the Pacific coast of the United States, the Columbians have voluntarily debarred themselves. One result will be that the labour by which mines of moderate richness might have been worked and in which it might not be possible to employ white labour at all, will be wanting. As a link between Europe and China, the East Indies and Japan, the value of the road can only be determined by experience. Speculation on

the question would be a waste of effort. On the completion of the road, the stoppage of the heavy expenditure on construction will be injuriously felt along the line; a large amount of labour will be set free, a part of which may find new employment in working the road; another part will drift back whence it came, in search of new railway work, while some of the floating labourers will be transformed into farmers, near the line which makes settlement in the distant wilderness possible. The severest financial trials of the company will come at first, when it has the maximum extent of road to work and the minimum amount of traffic from which to derive a revenue. With settlement only can an increase of business come; and the rate of settlement cannot be ascertained in advance. The repayment of the loan of five millions obtained from the Government last session is an achievement which few believed it would be in the power of the Company to make at so early a period. A set-back came with the North-West insurrection; but the promptitude with which the uprising was quelled, by the exertion of the local force, is likely to create the impression that order will in future be maintained and life and property made secure in the North-West. It is due to those to whose charge the work of construction was confided, to say that they have performed their task with an energy and a promptitude which are almost if not altogether without parallel; and when it is done no one will grudge them any benefits which they may derive from the operation of the colossal machinery which they have put together and set in motion.

To those nearer the spot the successes of the Government in Antigonish and St. John, N. B., appear no mystery. If, they say, Mr. Thompson had appealed to the county on his personal merits and popularity, he would have been beaten by a great majority. But seven-eighths of the people are Roman Catholics, and it is the residence of the Bishop. It is surmised that the Bishop, *in majorem Dei gloriam*, entered into a holy covenant with Sir Charles Tupper. At all events he caused two pastoral letters to be read in the churches on two successive Sundays almost commanding the people to vote for Mr. Thompson. He compelled his priests to speak for Thompson in their sermons; and not only all the priests in the county, but a number of imported priests, took part in a house-to-house canvass and worked at the polls. The election of Mr. Thompson, in short, was rather a striking episode in the struggle which, where Roman Catholicism prevails, is always going on between priestly encroachment and public right. In the case of St. John material influences of a local kind are held to have done what spiritual influences did in Antigonish. Portland, which is practically a part of St. John, wanted a bridge over the St. John River. The Government furnished money to build the bridge. Carleton, a town on the opposite side of the river, had built a branch railway which became useless when the bridge was built. The Government bought the railway at its full value, and poured the money into the pockets of the Carleton men. Large sums of money have been spent in the constituency during the summer, and the city has been made to understand that the way to make the horn of plenty flow was to elect a supporter of the Government. Nevertheless the best classes, we are told, voted against the Government, and in the opinion of our informant they will win at the general election. It is possible that at the general election they may have some better object to stimulate their efforts than the National Policy as carried out by Sir John Macdonald or the same policy as it would be carried out in an attenuated form by Mr. Blake.

THE advocates of the Scott Act dwell upon the instances, five or six in number, of unsuccessful attempts to repeal the Act, as proof that it has been found to work well. The answer is that the same influences which are exerted to carry the Act in the first place are exerted to prevent its repeal. Intimidation, boycotting and ecclesiastical terrorism are called into play on the second occasion as on the first. The vote is neither full nor free. A large number of electors who are opposed to the Act, having no personal interest of any kind in the matter and being afraid of encountering persecution, stay at home, while all those who are in favour of the Act are brought by the organization to the polls. But in addition to this the adoption of the Act is necessarily followed by a great change in the Liquor interest. The licensed and respectable dealers who all, of course, oppose the introduction of the Act, are largely supplanted, when once it has been introduced, by illicit vendors of whisky who, as they are freely selling under the Act without a license fee, by no means desire to return to the license system. On the other hand, the fact that, after a three-years' experience of the Act, the contest is renewed and a vote proportionally large is cast for repeal, seems to show that the beneficial effects of Prohibition cannot be so evident as we were assured they would be. If the need of gaols, police, courts of justice and lunatic asylums had

ceased or been visibly diminished, people would hardly be so mad as to seek the restoration of the former state of things. The more we see of the contest the more convinced we are of the large amount of intimidation employed in it and of the great number of those who stay away from the polls, or refuse to take any active part from fear of social or commercial consequences. Yet if these persons would only brace themselves up to a single act of courage, they would find that the bugbear was hollow and that the penalties which they dread would not follow. In constituencies like Haldimand, where the Act has been defeated, the feeling artificially worked up in its favour by organized canvassing and hired lecturers has speedily subsided, and hardly anybody has had reason to repent the manly assertion of his electoral freedom.

MR. W. H. HOWLAND, whose word cannot be doubted, gave us the other day, at a Prohibitionists' Convention, "a bit of secret history."

A gentleman referred yesterday to the attitude of the Manufacturers' Association in securing the return of a Protectionist Government. There was a bit of secret history which he believed had not been referred to in public before. He (Mr. Howland) was president of the Manufacturers' Association when it was decided to give their support to whichever party granted protection. The result of that motion was the overthrow of a government and the establishment of protection. If that could be done by a single association, and on such a question as that, surely they could do it on such a great question as that of Prohibition.

"Secret history," indeed; and, though on a far larger scale, precisely identical in character with certain pieces of secret history which when brought to light in election trials, lead not only to the voidance of the election, but to the disqualification of the candidate. This, then, is the history of the present fiscal policy of the country. The manufacturers, in conclave assembled, bartered their vote to the leader of a political party for protection, at the national expense, to their own commercial interests. They might almost as well have sold it for hard cash. Some of these gentlemen were Reformers, and if they were sincere in their political faith must have believed that in turning out a Reform Government and putting a Tory Government in its place they were doing the country a great wrong. We see how unfair it is to hold a single man responsible for the system of Government by corruption. How can Government be maintained otherwise than by corruption when the leading members of the commercial community thus give patriotism to the winds and trade away national welfare for their own gain? Deeply demoralizing as the system has been, prodigally wasteful as it has been of the earnings of the people, it might perhaps have been both more demoralizing and more wasteful had it been managed by a less skilful hand. We may be thankful, at least, that Sir John takes from sinister interests political support and not the money bribe which he might have often received if he had pleased. The Prohibitionists have not failed to follow the bright example revealed to them by Mr. Howland. There can be no more flagrant breach of a citizen's duty to the commonwealth than such a misuse of the suffrage, which he holds in trust for the general interests of the State; and whether the motive be lucre or the indulgence of a tyrannical crotchet the effect will be equally ruinous to the integrity of Government and to the highest interests of the nation.

As the time for the election in England draws on, the excitement increases; and well it may. The nation is going into a political and social revolution which fills the minds of wise men, however liberal may be their principles, with fear, and the ultimate results of which the shrewdest and most cool-headed observers profess themselves unable to foresee. The political change which has plunged the State into this peril was entirely gratuitous: no demand had been made for it by the great body of the people: it was brought about solely by the rivalry of the two Parties bidding against each other for votes. The shortsightedness or recklessness of its authors is shown by the absence of any attempt to review the constitution as a whole and see that its other parts are sufficiently strong to bear the great additional strain about to be laid upon them by the extended suffrage. Without the provision of any safeguard, without considering even whether any safeguard would be necessary, a share in the supreme government of the country has been given, with the vote, to great masses of people who, whatever their sufferings or their merits, have received scarcely any education and, being totally unfamiliar with politics, are incapable of forming a right judgment on any question of state. This is done, too, at a moment when rebellion in Ireland is threatening the nation with disruption, and when the blind extension of the suffrage puts political power into the hands of multitudes of Irish who avow beforehand their intention of using it for the dismemberment and destruction of the Realm. In the body of the nation there is still

plenty of courage, patriotism and moral force; but the habitual practice of demagogism has evidently told with fatal effect on the characters of the public men. Their addresses for the most part are hollow, hypocritical and weak. Evidently, the object is not to tell the truth and advocate what the writer or speaker thinks really for the good of the nation, but to catch votes, to construct a platform on which as many people as possible can stand, or an umbrella which, under a cover of ambiguous and elastic phrases, may unite, for the purpose of an election, factions between which there is no moral bond of union. Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen are exceptions; but there are not many others. Between the state of Great Britain now and that of France on the eve of the Revolution the difference happily is great; but there is also in some respects an ominous resemblance. There is the concurrence, which is so dangerous, of a political with an agrarian or economical movement, and of the two with the breaking-up of religious belief and of those moral and social convictions of which religious faith has hitherto formed the foundation. The weakness which scepticism necessarily engenders is too plainly visible in the attitude and language of the statesmen and of the members of the governing class generally, who seem to have helplessly abandoned themselves to the current and to have allowed their resolution to be paralyzed by a vague feeling of fatalism, which prevents them from making any effort to control events. The community is thus in danger of being delivered into the hands of violent men, who have the inestimable advantage of thoroughly knowing their own minds. The Jacobins were men of very low intellectual calibre, while their leader, Robespierre, was wanting not only in force of character but in common courage; yet they were enabled by virtue of their whole-hearted and unswerving scoundrelism to take the Revolution out of the hands of men of the highest political intellect, and to turn it to their own vile ends. However, the die is now cast. A few months back, a strong, resolute and patriotic man, thrusting his arm between the spokes of the wheel, might possibly have prevented the coach from rolling down the hill; but down the hill, and to the bottom of the hill, it is now likely to roll. The nation has such good stuff in it that, in extremity, the man can hardly fail to appear: but he is not upon the scene at present, and it is difficult to see how he can be brought upon it by anything short of a convulsion.

THE Loyalists in Ireland appear to have taken the field with spirit, and their vigour presents a favourable contrast to the feebleness of the great landowners, who in the beginning of the struggle threw themselves helplessly on the hands of the Government, declining even to aid it with advice. Their credit is the greater because they are fighting under the cold shadow of a Government which has entered into a virtual compact with Disunion, while the conduct of a large section even of the other party has been equally treasonable, and Mr. Gladstone himself, though he has not played such a game as Mr. Chamberlain, has never said one manly word for the Union. Once more those who do not choose to be blind can see that all Ireland is not rebel. The scene of the rebellion is in the three Celtic and Catholic Provinces. The Protestants of Ulster, the very flower of the population, are true to the Union; and not only they, but almost every educated man in the island except demagogues and priests. And what would be the fate of those men and their wives and families if the Union were dissolved and British protection were withdrawn? History gives us no doubtful answer. In 1641 the Catholic Celts set to work to expel all the English and Scotch Protestants from the country. But expulsion soon became massacre and massacre assumed its most hideous forms. That the character of the Irish Celt has not changed since 1641 all his acts and utterances too plainly prove. The dynamiter, the agrarian murderer, the mutilator of cattle in the present day, the man who deliberately slaughters the husband before the eyes of the wife, is the lineal representative of the butcher of Portadown. The same drama would be acted again: there would be a general expulsion of Protestants which would soon end in a massacre. That the Protestants of the North might once more turn to bay and, aided by their friends in England and Scotland, wreak a terrible vengeance on their murderous enemies is not impossible; they are as superior in moral force as they are inferior in numbers; but this could not diminish the horrors of the tragedy or reconcile any friend of humanity to its recurrence. The conflict would very likely extend to the larger island, in the great cities of which there are masses of Irish Catholics surrounded by an English and Protestant population. Demagogues and literary intriguers, whose throats are safe and whose hearts are hardened by their egotistical vanity, may be willing to make political capital by flattering Irish insurrection; but they will carry with them no man who is not deaf to the voice both of statesmanlike wisdom and of humanity.

MR. GLADSTONE, it seems, has been publishing an essay on the "Dawn of Creation," dealing, it is to be presumed, with the question between

Creation and Evolution; and this is taken to be a proof that the force of his intellect remains unimpaired. In a certain sense it may be; but it is at the same time a proof of fatal infirmity in a character on which, at this turning-point of the political destinies of Great Britain, so much unhappily depends. Mr. Gladstone's essays in theology and in classical scholarship resemble those of Lord Brougham in mathematics or in departments of science of which he had but a superficial knowledge, and are the products of morbid activity and discursiveness. In his "Homeric Studies" there is, as might be expected, good criticism on the speeches and on other points of taste; but the general theories are, in the estimation of scholars, mere crudities, the publication of which almost betrays a lack of sense. The theological essays are scarcely of more value; and anything but satisfaction was felt by the members of the Liberal Party when, on the eve of a general election, the programme of a magazine placarded over the streets announced to them that the thoughts of their leader, instead of being concentrated on the political issues and the struggle before him, had been occupied in an article on "Ecce Homo." An article of exceedingly little value it proved to be. Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary powers are marvellous; so are his powers of work; and they are backed by great moral force and excellence. But he totally lacks forecast: he seems hardly even to know what it means; and between one great Parliamentary effort and another, instead of studying, as a statesman should, the political situation, and considering how the future is to be shaped, he seeks an outlet for his restless energy and another field of distinction in the literary or theological sphere. He gets up a subject for Parliamentary purposes with amazing rapidity; and on this faculty, together with his boundless power of rhetorical presentation, he can confidently rely for a triumphant issue from any future difficulty in which he may personally be involved. Unhappily, his escape from Parliamentary defeat is not the escape of the country from disaster. Macaulay's prophecy that Mr. Gladstone's reactionary tendencies would one day make him the most unpopular man in England has been ludicrously falsified. He is more in danger of standing in history as the man whose want of foresight and practical wisdom plunged his country into a calamitous revolution. Rome is in flames, and the man who has kindled the conflagration amuses himself by penning a treatise on the "Dawn of Creation."

ELABORATE estimates have been formed of the relative strength of the Parties in England. To these we do not attach much value. As to the tendencies of the new electors everybody is still in the dark. That gratitude will make them vote with the Party which gave them the suffrage is an assumption which may do honour to human nature but is hardly agreeable to experience. When men have got power they use it for their own ends. Besides, they know that the Party in enfranchising them had its own ends in view. Demagogism is tacitly rated at its true value even by the ignorant and credulous audience to which it plays. There is, besides, a large fluctuating element in all English elections. There are numbers of political Quietists whom nothing but alarm can send to the polls. Alarm sent them to the polls at the last election to vote against the adventurous foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. It is a toss-up whether the Quietists will be most repelled by the profligate violence of Lord Randolph Churchill or by the socialism of Mr. Chamberlain; and up to the last moment things may be said or done which will turn the scale. The Tories seem to hope that some brilliant stroke in the Balkans or in Burmah may yet win them the national heart. But foreign or imperial policy will go for little. What the artisan and the farm labourers want, if they can get it, is less labour and more pay. Still, it seems pretty certain that the Liberals will win. Whether they will win by a majority large enough to outnumber the Tories and the Irish Disunionists combined is much more doubtful, and this is the serious question for the country. The rage of these two factions is such that there is little hope of their suspending their strife, even for a moment, to save the country from dismemberment.

If the press of the United States has any regard for its own honour it will lose no time in putting a curb on the "enterprise" of its interviewers. The last victim of the system appears to have been the Governor-General, whom, when he was in the North-West, an interviewer had the assurance to approach on the subject of the sentence upon Riel. The Governor-General, of course, declined to commit what would have been the grossest possible breach of official propriety. Nevertheless the interviewer seems to have concocted a report which appeared in an American journal, and which the Governor-General has been obliged to disclaim. Some years back an English man of science visiting New York was surprised to read a report of an interview in which he was represented as passing a stricture on the New York Fire Department, he never having even alluded to the subject. Not long ago we had a Canadian complaining that an American inter-

viewer had put into his mouth an attack on certain land speculators in the North-West of whom he had never heard, with a quotation from a document which he had never seen. This is mere fraud and forgery. People are told that the safe course is to insist on having the questions written down and writing your replies: but how can this or any other safeguard avail to secure you against unscrupulous fabrication? Even the sanctity of private intercourse and of the social board is not always respected, and a man to whose utterances any interest attaches has to be very careful how he talks unless he is sure that no one connected with the press is present. When the Prince of Wales was here, one of his *suite* was drawn into conversation at a ball by a very gentlemanly man whom he did not know, but whom he afterwards discovered to be the reporter of a New York journal. The consequence was that the Prince one morning came down to breakfast and laughingly handed to the member of his *suite* who had been interviewed a copy of the journal with the report, in which a comparison not flattering to his Royal Highness was drawn between his intellectual endowments and those of his brother. The Prince's good nature is well known to be unfailing, but the confusion of his unlucky friend may be imagined. The friend had been imprudent no doubt; but he came from a country where, in those days at all events, nobody would have been in danger of seeing reproduced in the newspapers anything that he had said at a ball.

We expect too much in these days of our great men. The result is that our great men, our political leaders more particularly, in their endeavour to accomplish all that is required of them, break down in health, and are either temporarily or permanently incapacitated for further duties. Mr. Gladstone only recently, the *Times* says, has been able to "resume his tree-felling occupation." Lord Salisbury has been obliged to take a rest. Sir Leonard Tilley has found it necessary to resign, and reports are circulated to the effect that Mr. Blake is about to give up the leadership of the Opposition. Mr. Chapleau complains of overwork; for the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie the exigencies of party strife have been too severe, and to this list many names may be added. True, some constitutions seem to be able to withstand an enormous amount of political turmoil. Sir Richard Cartwright is as yet hale; so also are Messrs. Hardy and Pardee—all hard workers. But nevertheless the general proposition is true that we expect too much of our public men. It is a consequence of the times. The possibility of making a speech at one place to-day, and at another five hundred miles distant to-morrow is too tempting to be withstood. The mistake is in expecting our leaders to take a share—or, at all events, so great a share—in electioneering. Electoral campaigns should be left to the command of political lieutenants, not undertaken by political leaders. The latter have already too much to occupy their thoughts. For leading statesmen to think and act ought to be accounted enough. Stump-speeches may be left to their subordinates. And a few years ago this was the case. Lord Palmerston or Sir Robert Peel would have been simply amazed if asked to address their electors as do nowadays our statesmen. Her Majesty would as soon have thought of mounting the hustings. A speech at the Mansion House, or at a more than ordinarily important political banquet, was all that was expected of them and of their predecessors. But to day our great statesmen speak several times a week; answer all manner of letters; attempt to state publicly their policy on minute points of foreign or home questions; or, oftener perhaps, attempt to satisfy the public on such points without definitely stating their policy, a task which must entail no little mental fatigue. From a social point of view, too, our public men live differently from their predecessors. They entertain more and are more entertained. This seems to be expected of them, at least, in England and also in Canada. In France it is otherwise. There it is taken for granted that a political leader has other and more important duties to attend to. If he writes, inspires, or gives suggestions for an article in his official journal, he is usually considered to be doing all that is requisite. There are but two alternatives: either the public will continue to demand from their leaders more than these can accomplish, with the result that they must sooner or later breakdown; or it must be acknowledged that the cares of state are enough for statesmen without adding to them those of stump-speeches and public banquets.

THE President of University College alluded, in his speech on Convocation Day, to one of the most burning topics of the hour—secular education. It was a fitting occasion on which to touch on it; and the speaker was one well competent to express an opinion on this variously-viewed subject. There is little doubt that the tendency of the day is toward the secularization of all education. But the advance has been slow. Religion, in the form of a system of religious doctrines, has been so intimately connected with all educational institutions that to their sepa-

ration there are serious obstacles. Within the recollection of many of us is the fact that an Oxford or Cambridge Fellowship was tenable only by one in Holy Orders. And to-day, upon this continent, a continent priding itself on its freedom from tradition, the proper line of demarcation between religious and secular instruction has by no means been clearly marked out. Everyone is familiar with the never-ending disputes upon the Bible in Schools; a Separate School System; the relative privileges of Denominational and Undenominational Colleges; and kindred questions. But of the fact that the community, as a whole, is gradually coming to take a clearer view of such problems, there are unmistakable evidences. Upon the subject of religious instruction, Lord Salisbury made, the other day, an admirable remark. "Believe me," he said, "the essence of true religious teaching is that the teacher should believe that which he teaches and should be delivering, as he believes it, the whole message of truth. Unless there is that sympathetic, that magnetic feeling established between children and teachers, that the teacher is dealing honestly with them, the public will believe that the religious teaching is a sham." If we grant this, then it necessarily follows that religious instruction must be left to the parent, the pastor and the denominational college. For no public or state educational institution can be relied upon for such religious instruction as that for which Lord Salisbury contends. The alternative—that religious bodies should possess schools and colleges of their own, supported by Government funds—is the thin edge of a wedge, which if driven in to its logical extent, would necessitate Government aid to every religious and, indeed, irreligious body, from the Ritualists to the Agnostics. The chief difficulty to a proper understanding of the respective spheres of religious and secular education seems to be that to the word "religious" has been given a meaning which belongs properly to the word "moral." The secular teacher has ethical functions to discharge as well as purely pedagogic functions. He will teach his pupils the value of right and wrong, and point out to them the true principles of conduct generally. But this he must do by example and precept, not by doctrine or dogma. What we want in our secular colleges is masters and professors of high moral character. Creeds may be left to the care of denominational colleges. To those who think that morality is the outcome of creed these latter are open. They cannot look to the State to inculcate their peculiar religious tenets. The State will do all in its power to foster morality. The fostering of various bases of morality is outside its province.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

AN article which recently appeared in the *Mail* suggesting that the Government should aid scientists in investigating the ancient mounds found in Southern Manitoba and throughout the North-West should be given attention at Ottawa. The Government of the United States has devoted money to such purposes, and so have several of the colleges as well as the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, with the result of throwing much light upon an obscure subject, yet not enough to permit us to distinguish with any degree of certainty when or by whom the mounds were built. So eager are scientists in the pursuit of data relating to the mound-builders, and their supposed contemporaries the cliff-dwellers, that some years ago Mr. Frank Cushing, a young American collegian, was commissioned by several scientific associations to give his entire time and energies to investigating the cliff-dwellers' relics and the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico. In order to equip himself the better for the task, he became a resident member of the Zuni tribe of Indians and studied their language and customs so that he might prosecute his researches with more diligence; he has become a chief of the tribe, and at the meeting of the British Association in Montreal last year he reported most satisfactory progress. The late Charles Darwin pointed out that the region which cradled the human race can never be satisfactorily identified. This has not decreased the ardour of the tireless gropers into antiquity who day by day are demolishing Ussher's Chronology, and dragging to light from the dimness of the ages astonishing facts regarding civilizations long since swept away. Theorists have pointed to the great plateau of Afghanistan as the region whence sprung the races which populated the earth. Others have pointed to Yucatan, Central America, India, Egypt, the legendary continent of Atlantis; while a more recent writer advances the polar regions, ere the earth lost her equilibrium and when her atmosphere was that of perpetual summer, as the cradle of mankind. These theories, however, take us far away from the mound-builders. Their work is recent, when we consider the immense period of time which must have elapsed since Adam was driven from his domain to labour and since Cain first taught covetous man the use of weights and measures, and conducted the first barter of land. There are no monuments which carry us back to that past; but the mound-builders have left remains which

establish their existence. It has been remarked that these remains are nearly all along the great watercourses, and this is pointed to as evidence that they were a nomadic people who followed the great rivers in their wanderings. The mounds are found along the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Yellowstone, in the vicinity of the great lakes, and along the great streams of the North-West to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and are said to extend beyond. Ignatius Donnelly, in his highly interesting work "Atlantia," says that the mound-builders were wanderers from a great continent which once existed in the Atlantic Ocean, connected by isthmuses with Africa and South America, which continent, according to Plato's transcription of a conversation between an Egyptian priest and Solon, was swept away in a single night by a mighty convulsion of nature as a punishment for the grievous sins of its inhabitants. The Atlantians or antediluvians were, according to this writing, a highly favoured people; arts and manufactures had been brought to a state of perfection amongst them. Their cities were magnificent, the people wealthy and powerful, and their ships sailed to every sea. But their opulence made them insolent: they drifted away from knowledge of God, became fire-worshippers and idolaters with hideous rites; for which their country was entirely obliterated and only a mere handful of them escaped to Europe and America. It was from this continent, according to Mr. Donnelly, who weaves the web of his theories in a most entertaining way, that the mound-builders came, and they penetrated the utmost parts of the earth in quest of gold and silver, which were dedicated to their chief gods, the gold to the sun and the silver to the moon.

The remarkable similarity between ancient remains found in Central America and Peru and remains in Egypt and the East, pointed out by Humboldt, and later by Captain Spiere, suggests a connecting link and intercourse in early times between the peoples of America, Europe and Africa. These travellers instance the arch in architecture similar to that found in ancient buildings in the East, sculptured heads of Ethiopians and carvings in stone of elephants and other animals purely eastern and altogether foreign to America as evidence of such connection; but the most remarkable fact is the similarity which exists between the writings found in Central America, the only ancient writings discovered on this side of the Atlantic, and those of the Phœnician, the oldest written language known to man. It is improbable that this similarity is accidental, and if the civilization of which these writings are testimony came from the far East it is improbable that it found its way to Central America from Asia by the Aleutian Islands and North America, as some would account for the populating of this continent. The mound-builders came from the South. There they erected their greatest monuments. They entered the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico. A short time ago a fragment of bone, bearing a rude carving, was found in a North-West mound, which was pronounced a fish-bone such as is found only on the shores of the Gulf. The mounds which they erected either for defence, for places of sepulture, or as altars upon which to sacrifice to their gods, are plentiful along the great rivers of the south. Had these works, some of which are circular enclosures, others square, and others again in the shape of animals and reptiles, the serpentine design seeming to have been the most popular, been designed for defence, they would suggest the proximity of settlements. No such settlements appear to have existed. People taking up permanent residence and throwing up such gigantic works to mark their presence would surely have built their homes with equal solidity; but no remains of habitations have been found, with one exception. The exception is a case in Tennessee, where a concrete or hard clayey floor, supposed to have been a threshing-floor, was uncovered many feet below the surface of the earth, and in an adjacent mound bones were found which decided a question medical men have long pondered over. Had they been an agricultural people, implements of tillage would have been found. They apparently had no settled life. Wherever they tarried during their wanderings they erected mounds. In these mounds they buried certain of their dead—perhaps their distinguished dead—and in the burial or other rites celebrated on the mounds fire played a part, for ashes are invariably found in the mounds. What more plausible than that these mysterious people wandered from place to place in search of metals, base and precious? In Arizona, Sonora, and in other parts of the South-West, miners' cuttings and shafts have been found which have been pronounced to far antedate the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and there is evidence that the Lake Superior copper mines were worked in ages long past, even beyond the traditions of the Indians. They must have been expert miners who did this, for Professor Wilson instances, in one of his writings, a block of copper weighing many hundredweights, which had been mined with great skill and had been raised from its bed on supports ready for removal. A derrick of some sort must have been used in moving the block. In the cavity from which the ore had been cut were found the tools of the ancient miners.

Who were these miners? Whence did they bear the result of their mining operations? What great calamity overtook them that they were swept away without leaving any identifying marks save these dumb remains which refuse to reveal their secrets? They must have been numerous. The mounds could not have been thrown up by a few. Many hands wrought long upon them. They were before the Toltecs of Mexico, for the mounds or pyramids presumably the work of the Toltecs are of stone and like to the pyramids of Egypt. If they were the mound-builders it is surprising that they should content themselves to work rudely in clay when they were so expert in working stone, which was plentiful in the vicinity of many of the mounds. The Hittite migration, one of the theories to account for the mound-builders, may be the solution of the mystery; but there is no proof to set against conjecture. The Hittites, in the days of Solomon, occupied the country between Palestine and the Euphrates, and to trade with them Solomon imported horses from Egypt. The Hittites then dealt in horses and, by implication, were horsemen. If they had wandered into America from Asia, it is reasonable to suppose that they would have brought the horse with them. There is no record that the horse was known in America previous to the conquest of Mexico by Cortez. The Mexicans had never seen a horse until they encountered Cortez's mounted men, and then they thought that horse and rider were one piece, and were filled with affright when they beheld the men dismounting. The Indians, which the "Book of Mormon" says are the remnants of an early Hebrew immigration to this country, came upon the scene long after the mound-builders, about whom their traditions are silent. The bulk of authority favours the theory of the Mongolian extraction of the Indians, and it is said, but not verified, that there are Indians in Southern California who speak a language intelligible to North Chinamen. While the indications are that the Indians were out of Asia, their legends, or at least the legends of a great many of the tribes, point to the East as the land of their origin. Then how account for the Mandans, who are Indians with blue eyes, flaxen hair and beards, who, at certain seasons of the year, practise rites strongly resembling Hebraic ceremonies. There is a wide field for research in these questions. Canadian scientists should proceed at once with the search of the mounds to be found in the North-West. There is no doubt but that the Government would act on the *Mail's* suggestions, and grant aid to such undertakings. The man who said that he was more concerned in discovering whither he was going rather than whence he came will take no interest in these investigations; but a large part of the community will watch eagerly for the great developments which they promise.

T. A. GREGG.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS, FRANCE.

It is only since 1844 that the question of public health, sanitary reform, or hygiene, has become an official study. We have now some idolaters of cleanliness who maintain such is more necessary than food: they seemingly desire that the blacksmiths, labourers and scavengers should go to their work in evening dresses and white cravats, with perfumed gloves, a cane and an eye-glass. M. Bourchardat in a "Treatise" exposes these sentimental hygienists. He does not believe diseases will appear when people are well-housed. Persons badly lodged pay the larger tribute to diseases because other misfortunes are associated therewith, notably misery. The rag-pickers who improvise their cabins or *kraals*, and live in the middle of gathered filth, suffer less from disease than the average of workmen. The men who work in the sewers, who empty night-soil reservoirs, and the labourers who irrigate soils with Paris sewage, do not exhibit any specially high death-rate. Since fifty years M. Bourchardat has been officially connected with the Public Charities of Paris, and does not appear at all enthusiastic over the ameliorations effected in hospitals and dwellings in accordance with modern principles. The author lays down that the true way to keep away diseases is to know them. That is the positive plan for preserving health. Two causes are demonstrated as truisms in the production of disease: defective food and over-population. He further thinks that nature has acted well by concealing from us the causes of many ailments, as that enforces attention to prudence and moderation in our habits. All that there is very positive about disinfectants and fumigations, the celebrated doctor adds, is the expense. Overcrowding is bad, but insufficiency of food and deleterious aliments are more injurious to health than insalubrious dwellings; a sound stomach is the best safeguard against epidemics. As for quarantines, lazarettes and *cordons sanitaires*, M. Bourchardat views them as relics of the Middle Ages. Legislators are strong in faith but weak in doctrine, and their cures frequently do not even come up to those of old women's, namely, to do neither harm nor good.

THE agrarian difficulty exists in France as in other countries, despite the fact that facilities everywhere exist for the cultivator of the soil to become its owner. The latter facility is an intricate social and economic problem. The small farmer's position is worse than that of a farm-labourer; hence why small holdings are not in favour. But there is a more serious

cause still: the cheapness with which foreign agricultural products can be transported to home markets, to say nothing of the conditions of production. The low prices for grain, meat and wool all render it difficult for a small agriculturist to exist, while, in addition, he has to compete with neighbouring large owners whose farm-steads are truly factories. To meet this crisis it has been proposed by M. Baudrillart and other economists to extend the *métayage* system in France. This would imply adequate capital to work an extensive holding, while inducing the rural population to remain in the locality. The *métayage* is nothing else but the system of association applied to land—to the relations between the landlord or employer and a working tenant as partner. If the arrangements be left free, and that they be mutually advantageous, they will not only suit but endure, because adopted to circumstances. There are about one hundred millions of acres of cultivated land in France; of this twenty-one per cent. is farmed by tenants; *métayage*, eighteen, and the rest directly by their owners. Fact singular, the *métayage* plan of working holdings has less suffered by the crisis than rented farms; it has reappeared in districts where it had next to ceased, and extended where it is practised. The peasant has little or no capital: in associating with a proprietor, giving his labour in exchange for a dividend in the produce, he has no anxiety about rent or taxes; he and his family execute their daily tasks, certain of food and shelter; he cultivates the soil with an interest, and the well-being of himself and family is secured. The landlord in return has his dividend for his capital, for the use of the land, the live and dead stock, as well as interest on any moneys advanced. But for the well-working of the system of *métayage*, the proprietor ought to be resident and display an active interest in the association. It is when he delegates his duty to a middleman—when he becomes, in a word, an absentee—that the union fails. Another innovation to uphold and encourage is the dividing the profits, not in kind but in cash. The latter is the true measure of all profits, whether from the farm or the counting-house.

GENERAL TCHENG-KI-TONG, first Secretary of the Chinese Legation here, is contributing a series of articles of a most remarkable character to dissipate many of the prejudices and legends connected with China. His official position, his authoritative experience, his broad and cultivated mind, his wonderful command of French, and his knowledge of western institutions, manners and customs, make his writings of immense value at the present time, when the Celestial Empire is about taking a new departure. His style is agreeable, full of sly sarcasm, and while not ignorant of the notes in the eyes of his countrymen, points out several very ugly beams in those of the Westerns.

THERE is a school of novelists who have created a special form of writing about the moral maladies of modern man. The brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt are types of this new departure. Since Balzac none has surpassed them in modifying the art of writing romances. Zola and Daudet are more or less related to their special line of treatment. The Goncourts laboured for twenty years in obscurity before their talent, so original and profound, was recognized by the public. Goethe, in his "Wilhelm Meister," has illustrated the idea that our divers experiences of life profit our personal ability or genius. It is a wide and prolific hypothesis.

Take Balzac for example. He commenced life as an attorney's clerk; next as a printer, and then was ruined. He experienced all the agonies of an unofficial bankrupt merchant. Now, in his romances what is found beneath his philosophical perspicacity, his magic creations and fantasies? Exactly himself, the business man, who at twenty-five years of age was ruined by trade liabilities. His "Biotteau," "Grandet" and "Gobseck," are only the recitals of a man struggling to obtain money to live. Stendhal in his salad days was an officer and a courtier; hence we find in his novels the soldier and the diplomatist. In "Madame Bovary," by Flaubert, there is an hospital odour: the rigid brutality of analysis and a concision of phrases that cut like surgical instruments. Flaubert was the son of a doctor and walked hospitals.

Theophile Gautier on leaving college became a painter; hence, all his poetry and prose reveal the artist. The Goncourts did not commence life as novelists; they started as sketchers, on foot, throughout France, haversack on back. Their note-books then revealed nothing save the number of miles travelled and the nature of their repasts; their reflections came later. It was only in the autumn of 1850, in their lonely lodgings in the Rue St. George, when twilight permitted no longer to paint, they set to and sketched a Chinese Vaudeville. Hence we can trace in their novels not literary but artistic criticism. There is nothing in them of the philosophy of Taine, or the splendid prose of Gautier. Their home became a museum, full of objects of art and designs, rare and suggestive. It is by a kindred taste that the young Greeks were led to love the statues of their gods, light and strong as themselves, and of that serenity which was the exact image of their person. "To comprehend is to equal."

The Goncourts were men of museums, creatures of bibelots and bric à brac; take away these and modern literature becomes in great part unintelligible. Is not the horizon of Racine's poetry limited from the standpoint of the Château of Versailles? But the Goncourts had no touch with the outer world, like Balzac, Goethe, or Hugo; they shut themselves up during four days at a time to develop the "hallucination fever," the better to evoke tears for pain and extract love by associating it with torture. This is the disease of ideal novels; it is playing with language as the Hungarian gipsies play their violins—sadly and passionately.

It is not by visions or day-dreams that the manners of any age can be written; they must be caught "living as they fly." There is no want of human documents; the only difficulty is to select them. It is not by bibelots from China and Japan that we can describe the manners of a street or a boulevard. At best it is only history as it might be. It was

not thus that Sir Walter Scott and George Sand wrote. Take Balzac, Stendhal, George Eliot, the Comte Tolstoi; they observe characters, while the Goncourts only paint them. The reader will not find in the latter volumes types of souls, curious and varied, but descriptions of life's daily habits, the singularities of trades; how we amuse, dress, work, and spend our money. These are the manners, not the passions of our century, and the latter include all vulgar as well as all superior men.

The Goncourts have little intrigue, little of drama in their novels; they replace such by descriptions. Drama means action, and the latter is not a very good sign of manners; their descriptions are so many pieces of mosaic work. They claim to paint the nervous maladies of their epoch, and exhibit themselves as victims of such in their work "Charles Demailly," the history of an unfortunate man of letters. De Coriolis, in "Manette," is clearly the brother of Demailly. Zola, like the Goncourts, rests his literary work on the diseased will; so does Alphonse Daudet, but with a finer sense of penetration. It would be a great error, not the less, to accept the Goncourts as painters of their epoch; their style is in direct contradiction with the intellectual habits of the French. They have no touch with contemporary life; they live in an ideal atmosphere of their own creation.

M. HECTOR MALOT'S "Lieutenant Bonnet" is a novel with a purpose, and a good one into the bargain. It is an axiom in the French army that a sub-lieutenant cannot live on his pay of one hundred and eighty-nine francs per month. It is this circumstance which explains why French officers have no mess: they board and lodge themselves; a café in the garrison town serves as a kind of club. After paying all obligatory expenses the sub-lieutenant has only thirteen francs per month for pocket-money. This is absolute misery for officers without private means, and it is the sad romance of such lives that M. Malot depicts. "Lieutenant Bonnet" is the type sub-lieutenant without fortune; he is a bachelor for economy's sake; he does not go to the regimental café; hence, he is "suspected" by his comrades. His uniform is dowdy and rusty; this appearance makes the rich colonel his enemy, for his regiment is a "crack" one. Lieutenant Drapier is, again, the type of the married officer without fortune. His situation is more frightful than Bonnet's. He has wed a strong farmer's daughter, who promised her a fortune, but has broken his word. If one hundred and eighty-nine francs a month be inadequate for a bachelor-lieutenant, what must two hundred francs only be for an officer with a wife and child? Drapier's home is chronic, horrible misery. The volume is very sensational, rendered still more painful because true—and new, because the central incidents are exposed for the first time to the world in a dramatic form.

"LES FRÈRES COLOMBE," by Madame Peyrebrune, is a simple history that will cause tears to well up in many eyes. It is full of human emotion, and that hard illustration, which nature daily forces on us, that we do not live solely for ourselves. The brothers Colombe are two old bachelors, who, employed in Paris, have, by dint of parsimony rather than frugality, saved up a little money to enable them to retire to their natal home in the Provinces to end their days in peace. Solitary though they be, they are good. They secure "pets": first a dog, then a little girl, and lastly a sparrow. The dog dies; the little girl, whom they loved and almost ruined themselves to humour and cherish, weds, leaves and goes to a foreign land; the sparrow flies away one spring morning and forgets to come back. Three times affection deceives them, and they thus learn what are the causes of the great joys and sorrows of this life. ZERO.

THE BREAKAGES OF CIVILIZATION.

SPEAKING at Edinburgh, and arguing that the *Saturnia regna* will not return even at Mr. Chamberlain's call, Mr. Goschen alluded to the Breakages of Civilization. The workhouses are a gathering of that chipped human ware, and there is porcelain as well as earthen pottery in the collection. "Men with broken hearts and broken fortunes come in from all classes of society." All societies must have, and will have, their Broken Men, as they were called of old in Scotland and Ireland. All of us know them. They frequently call: "and the person won't send up his name, sir; but he says he knows you very well." Then, at the giving of this message you are certain that one of the Breakages of Civilization is waiting for you downstairs; and probably you wonder how much he will take to go away, and whether he will carry off any of the spoons with him or the great-coats from the hall. Generally, poor fellow! he has not yet descended to such arts as these. See him you must: and you commonly find a quite unfamiliar face, and an unknown voice greets you—a voice husky with liquor and exposure. The closely buttoned-up acquaintance declares that he was with you at your private school; or don't you remember him? he was senior to you at St. Gatiens. You may perhaps remember his name. He rarely turns out to have been a friend in youth. His friends he exhausted and wearied out long ago; now he has come to the *Triarii*, to the last rank and forlorn hope of distant acquaintances. It is most pitiful to see for how little, after all, this poor Breakage will take himself off. His ideas of "ransom" are much more humble than those proclaimed by Mr. Chamberlain. After a discourse (how hard he tries to keep up the old Oxford tone!) on old days and old memories, he incidentally mentions that he has left his purse in a cab and would be glad to borrow half-a-crown. He goes away, apparently happy: and perhaps you never see him or hear of him again; or perhaps, on the other hand, he becomes a frequent visitor.

What is it that brings men to this pass?—to the broken hat, the sad broken shoes through which the wet must percolate; to the petition for

half-a-crown, offered with an air how broken-down and how jaunty! They seldom tell their story, these waifs of the educated classes. Nor is the story they do tell always apt to recommend itself to the judicial functions of the mind. One was a scholar; and he still writes a little bit of Greek in his begging-letters, in such a Greek hand, too, as you would pay well to acquire. But whiskey, the old explanation, was his bane. He got into Fleet Street; he fell among Publishers—cheap tenth-rate publishers; perhaps, too, there was an ill-omened marriage, or a *collage* (*une chaîne* M. A. de Pontmartin would say) not less fatal. Now he issues out of dank lanes bordering on the Strand and waylays the passer-by whom he knew, at least by sight or name, in old years. For this kind of Breakage those who have tried say they can do nothing. He is offered work, but work he cannot or will not do, and, indeed, how hard must be the struggle when the habit of work is lost and when books and quiet elbow-room are not to be had at all, or only at the British Museum. To this end men of great learning, scholars whose names all scholars respect, have notoriously come; but as a rule, these waifs and strays were never of great account—idle, shiftless smatterers at the best. But a great sorrow or unearned ill-luck may break down a man's moral as it may his physical nerve, and spirits or opium enter into the dwelling of his soul, till his end is the common lodging-house or the workhouse. We cannot pick up the pieces; but it is hard to grudge the sovereign to such a petitioner. He will be senseless for a day or two after the gift (the loan he always calls it); but, after all, he has nothing left but his *Paradis Artificiel*, to which you lend him the key.

There are a thousand other kinds of Breakage. They are strewn, like potsherds, all over the shores of the world, wherever civilized man has made his home. You find one acting as cook—and an uncommonly bad cook, too—in some shanty inn on the Rocky Mountains; and, behold! he pulled in the St. Boniface boat when it went head of the River, and he likes to talk about those times still. All over Australia, in stockmen's huts, these Breakages are scattered, living in something a little lower than a wigwam; but happier, surely, with damper and tea sufficient, than the wretched Breakage of Civilization. In the Camel Corps, on the desperate march from Korti to Gubat, there were social wrecks: men who could not, for the lives of them, go quite straight in peace, but who went straight enough at the Arabs. These, and such as these, not having "tint heart," have not "tint a'," and may yet make a name or retrieve a reputation. There is no greater rejoicing than over such sinners, when they come back, as they do every now and then, out of some congenial wilderness. It is not till he loses heart that the Breakage is utterly broken. When the Bold Buccleuch went to rescue Kinmont Willie, he took a band of "broken men" in his train, and the ballad tells us that they did yeomen's service. This is the best kind of broken man—he who is certain to turn up and be to the front when there is a breach to carry or a Border quarrel (say in South Africa) to settle. This sort is broken simply because, like Lord Byron, he must have "something craggy to dash himself against." At home he dashes himself against social rules; abroad, very often, against the enemies of England.

The Breakages are not without their minstrel, *nec carent vate sacro*. The singer of their order and their disorder is Adam Gordon, the one poet of Australia, whose verses gallop like a cavalry charge, who could not find death in the field or on the steeplechase course, and had to seek him otherwise. Surely when we look at the Breakages, and remember how many are the reefs, how wild the currents, how heady the winds of life, we may each marvel that we have escaped the rocks and, somehow, still are not among the shipwrecked of the world.—*St. James's Gazette*.

HERE AND THERE.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR's lecture on Browning has excited an interest in that writer which will no doubt be gratified in the highest degree by the course of readings from his works and from those of Mrs. Browning announced by President Wilson. As those readings are for the benefit of the News Boys' Hall, they ought to command the special support of all who are connected with the press.

HANLAN's defence of himself has the air of truth; and we regret that we should have been too much impressed by the representations of his enemies and by appearances which were unfavourable to him. We have no desire whatever to take part with his opponents. Betting we hold to be a very bad sort of gambling, and we regard its introduction as invariably and totally subversive of fair and manly sport. So far as Hanlan's career may have been the means of stimulating it among us he has been an instrument of mischief. But his personal conduct, so far as it fell under our observation, has been honourable; and has rather redeemed the character of the professionally sporting world.

THIS week and last Toronto theatre-goers have had opportunity to see two of the most prominent and successful *artistes* on the dramatic stage. Miss Rose Coghlan, whilst not a great actress, is a painstaking performer, pleasant to see and to hear, and was at once adjudged to deserve all the good things which had been said of her in the press previous to her visit. Mlle Rhea is still charming, still startling; but there was an impression that she is playing herself out, that her "effects" are not so spontaneous as of yore.

SALVINI has returned to this continent and is acting upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. "The Lounger," in the *Critic*,

says: "There is no other actor who could fill this enormous stage as Salvini does. He is a giant in his art, and he makes himself look a giant in size, though he is really no taller than some of the men by whom he is surrounded. I heard an actor say that it was very hard to get a company together to play with Salvini—that he dwarfs them so completely by his greatness that they are constantly reminded of their shortcomings and cannot do their best. I have heard a lady—an expert in such matters—say that almost any man could make his voice as fine as Salvini's if he only knew how to use it. Salvini, she says, puts as much art into the management of his voice as into his acting. See how he holds himself—how he speaks with his chin down, and 'places' the voice in the top of the head. His notes never sound 'throaty,' and the vocal chords are never strained. He can play a most exhausting *rôle*—Othello, for example—and his voice will be just as fresh when he leaves the stage as it was when the play began. Another actor after playing such a part will be as hoarse as a crow. The secret of this voice 'placing' is one worth knowing. I am told that it is very simple when one gets the hang of it."

THERE is gnashing of teeth among ladies in France. Not among those who take the world as it goes, and enjoy the sweets of life as they flow, but among those who pose as the political liberators of their sex. The elections have crushed their hopes for the moment, and the *Fédération Socialiste* hangs its head. But not for long. The energy of female politicians, touched with the mania for liberating their enslaved sisterhood, is irrepressible. Already the *Citoyenne* is speaking loudly, and M. Jules Alix, like Jove upon Olympus, is busy preparing his thunders. Out of the five feminine candidates proposed for the Department of the Seine, not one has been returned. Foremost on the list is Mlle. Maria Deraismes. She delivers lectures that make men wince, and writes articles almost fiery enough to set the Seine on fire. Mlle. Louise Barberousse comes second in the portrait gallery of discomfited female candidates. A Léonie comes next—no other than Mme. Leonie Rouzade, who, being a good housewife as well as a writer, a speaker and a would-be Deputy, is a strong argument in favour of her cause. Another Léonie is Mme. Léonie Manière. This lady fights the Republic while receiving from it a pension which enables her to live. Not unlike Mme. Clovis Hugues, who combined poetry with pistol-shooting, Mme. René Maroil, the fifth candidate, combines poetry with politics. Mlle. Hubertine Auclert, preferring her seat at the editor's desk to a prospective one in the Chamber of Deputies, is now the best off of what might not unfitly be termed a shrieking sisterhood. In the columns of her *Citoyenne* she can make herself heard, while her political friends are for the moment silenced. Very different was the style of Rosita Mauri, the favourite dancer of the opera, when she went to receive official information respecting the elections. She inveighed, not against masculine oppression, but against masculine politicians, as men who received good wages and did little work. "Failure, which in our case means ruin," she said, mournfully, "renders them popular. Upon their stage in the Palais Bourbon they have nothing to do; whereas with us, what dislocated limbs, what heart-burnings and heart-breakings we have to endure before we can present ourselves before our public!"

IT is rather startling to be informed that a Russian sect has been in existence for fifteen years calling itself "The Nest for Godly People." The title is rather misleading at first sight, as it suggests the notion of a very comfortable and select body of believers, who live in religious clover and prefer to dwell rather upon the privileges than the duties of their faith. It turns out, however, that this comparatively new sect is distinguished for its asceticism rather than for its lax and indolent self-indulgence. Its votaries dig a grave in the earthen floor of their habitations, in which they lie for days together without food, covered over with a coffin-like box which excludes the light and almost excludes the air. When these "nests" are dug in the gardens the worshippers are protected from intrusion, and as far as possible from observation, by a thick growth of bushes and by a savage dog, who drives away all who approach. The members of this body claim to see visions of angels and devils, and to be caught up in ecstasies of devotion into the highest heavens. The only thing new about the sect is its name. The experiences of its devotees are as old as religion itself, and have been common to the more devout and ascetic among all sects in all times.

PASTEUR told the French Academy of Sciences, last week, that he had finally completed his experiments upon the science of inoculation to prevent hydrophobia, and, while the Academy appeared perfectly satisfied, it is to be noted that the members did not go up in a body and bare their arms for the operation. A Frenchman is somewhat like a March hare—privileged to go mad. Pasteur will have to practise his art upon foreigners and dogs. If, says the *Springfield Republican*, this science of inoculation and vaccination to prevent diseases spreads, it will be about all a child's life is worth to travel to mature life. The young one will have its cholera, small-pox and hydrophobia scars; and then, if inoculation for measles, chicken-pox and kindred eruptions be added, half the fun of being a child will be swept away.

A TELPHER has just been got into operation at Glyndes, the seat of Lord Hampden, in England, and has proved an unqualified success—a most useful addition to the carrying resources of the country. And now, what is a Telpher? It is, we are informed, an aerial electric railway, consisting of rails propped upon beams set at moderately close intervals. The cars are suspended from stout iron rods made to work upon the rails. An automatic "block" arrangement allows these aerial cars to be despatched

one after another in quick succession, as they can by no possibility get within a certain minimum distance of each other. The motive power is electricity, and the experiments made showed that it works with the greatest ease and celerity. In this case the aerial cars, conveying clay for the purpose of manufacturing cement, were carried right over railway trucks, into which they were tilted with the greatest rapidity. For purposes of modest portage, where power is not required on a large scale, the Telfer railway promises to be exceedingly valuable. The works are light and inexpensive, costing little for construction, and occupying next to no ground. The ease and simplicity with which this method of carriage can be adapted to local circumstances seem to promise for it a very extensive adoption in districts where the goods traffic is insufficient to support the more costly appliances of an ordinary railway.

YOUR American is too prone to laugh at his brother in misfortune. An electric light wire became detached at Chicago the other day, and, swinging around, struck an iron railing, sending a powerful current through it. A coloured man leaned up against it with his hands, and, of course, stuck—he couldn't let go. His contortions and yells for relief soon drew a crowd, and, others touching the railing, it gave the appearance of an enormous string of suckers, squirming and wriggling. The crowd near by roared at the antics until some one recovered his senses and broke the connection between the wire and fence.

AMERICANS have come to the conclusion that red-headed girls can be ignored no longer, and flame-coloured hair is accordingly to become the fashion. The maid whose fiery locks have hitherto prevented her from being wooed and won has only to go to Philadelphia to have the pick of the whole male population. "Carrots" are no longer a calamity, but a good gift of nature with which a girl can go forth conquering and to conquer. Girls with dark hair will be left to languish in despair, for there is no known dye that will turn dark-brown or black hair to the brilliant shade now yearned for. Blondes and towheads will not be at such a disadvantage quite, but it will be no easy task for them to get a bright, clear red.

DAME FASHION, who has thus stepped in to remove the persistent aversion to red hair, is prepared with a defence of the character of red-headed people. She says what has been regarded as ill-temper is in reality extreme sensitiveness. Red hair is significant of a warm responsive heart, deep sympathy, and active generosity. Its possessor is rarely mean or niggardly in disposition. It has been said that red-headed people but seldom grow rich and are equally seldom poor. If such is the case, it is probably because they are generally industrious, frugal, temperate and, withal, generous and liberal. They live well themselves and like to see others do the same. Red hair is significant of warmth, not merely because it is the colour of hot coals, scorching blazes, or red-hot iron, but because it takes its colour from the blood rather than from an opaque pigment secreted by the hair follicle. So red-headed maids may cheer up. The yearning is at present only felt in America, but it will surely cross the "invisible line" in due course, and then all the rich husbands will pass over the most glorious blondes and majestic brunettes in favour of a bunch of carrots.

It is pleasant to know that the oldest man in the States is one who has lived a truly regular life. He is a coloured man, whose first owner was a Mr. James Ewing, and with the Ewing family he has lived ever since. He was born in 1765, and Minnesota may well be proud of a man who has both smoked and chewed for one hundred and ten years. If ever a man has been regular in his habits he has. As for alcohol, he never drank rum when he could get whiskey.

A NOVELTY in magazines, called the *Open Door*, is announced for this month. The specialty of this publication is to be articles by unknown authors. The mute, inglorious Miltons and latent Longfellows are to have a chance to print their poems in it, and the concealed Coopers and hidden Hawthornes their tales and novels. "I cannot quite make out," says a writer in the *New York Citizen*, "from the prospectus whether the unknown authors are to be paid for their articles, or whether they are to pay so much a page for the publicity. The proprietors say: 'Our object is to tempt these unknown authors from obscurity into print, knowing we shall thereby enlist for them the interest and appreciation of thousands of readers, while the publication of their valuable contributions will enrich the literature and thought of the times.' Quite so; but how much are the unknown authors to receive, or how much are they to pay? Then there is a hint that contributions which do not come within the scope of the *Open Door*—which is not to be wide open, after all—will be printed and published 'upon favourable terms.' This looks as if the unknown authors were expected to put up the money as well as the copy."

JOKES about printers' errors are always in order, and one of the funniest recently occurred in a serial story, by Mrs. Annie Edwards, published in a London magazine. The hero is represented as taking for breakfast red mullet, "accompanied by five old graves." What sort of a hero is this, who not only indulges in "graves" for breakfast, but actually devours "five" of them? When you have puzzled over this problem sufficiently you may discover that the authoress intended to write "accompanied by fine old Grave"—the grave she meant being a favourite wine to drink with fish.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—“Nevertheless it moves.” I can hardly accept on behalf of those who, like myself, favour, without feverish haste, the Federation of the Empire, your judgment that the Federation of the Empire “stands still.” Let me with a due regard for space, which I respect with a professional knowledge of its value, briefly state my reasons for differing with you.

In the first place, the Federation of the Empire does not “stand still” as compared with other movements of the time. It has, I think, a greater momentum, for instance, than the Disintegration of the Empire which some seem to favour and others seem to fear. As compared with that well-known, but so far not favourite movement, the Continental Policy, the Federation of the Empire seems to me to be quite a progressive scheme. As compared with the more ambitious and poetic scheme of Anglo-Saxon Union which some daring minds have entertained, the Federation of the Empire has quite an aggressive vitality. And as compared with the dream of Slavonic Unity, about which the statesmen of Europe have been and still are so much troubled, the Federation of the Empire is certainly a most practical affair.

In the next place, the Federation of the Empire does not “stand still” at all in any sense. It has been the thought of Colonial statesmen for half a century. It is at present one of the favourite ideas of the men who are at this moment adding one more chapter to the sparkling and splendid constitutional history of Great Britain, which has been, from the days of Philip de Comines to the days of Guizot, the object of the admiration of every man of parts in Europe. Mr. Gladstone has uttered a strong protest against being classed with those who do not favour the unity of the Empire. Lord Randolph Churchill has sounded a trumpet to his friends and followers on the subject. Lord Salisbury is in favour of the scheme and has not been silent. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper have given their adherence, with a due observance of caution, to the general principle of the policy. Mr. Dalton McCarthy has made a vigorous and brilliant appeal to the British public. Mr. Plumb in his speech at Montreal has put forth a strength which I have learned to admire. Principal Grant has flung himself into the movement with a propagandist power not surpassed in this country. I spare you the extracts which would prove my statements, but would unduly burthen your columns. How can you contend that a policy so fathered, so favoured, so vigorously patronized, “stands still.”

The absence of Parliamentary action is no proof of the absence of public, or even of Parliamentary, opinion. It does not take long to translate opinion into resolutions, and resolutions into legislative acts. The time was not long between the Leeds Conference and the Franchise Act which accomplished a revolution in English political affairs. The time was not long between the proposal for a Federal Council in Australia and the Act of Parliament which accomplished it. Next Session of the Imperial Parliament may witness a movement in England. Next Session in Canada we shall see what we shall see.

Your obedient servant,

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Ottawa, October 28, 1885.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER,

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

He, holding Sin and Misery as one,
Stern to the strong, yet shielding tenderly
The weak, went forth; and, stirred with solemn glee,
Coped the grim Foe. A hundred victories won
Dulled not the keen edge of his falchion,
New-whetted from his Master's armour;
Now, from all smoke and toil of battle free,
He rests in God's Valhalla, and is gone!

Aye, and indeed—is gone! Yet, ere he died,
He sowed such grand example round as calls
To fight his fight a thousand champions;
As some tall oak, the virgin forest's pride,
Which very old has shattered, fails and falls,
And leaves the large air to its last-born sons.

—Spectator.

“WONDER where Splashpen gets the big words he uses so plentifully in his writings.” “Out of the dictionary, of course.” “That accounts for it! He used three words in ten lines, the other day, of which I did not know the meaning. I went to the dictionary, but they weren't there. Probably, as you suggest, Splashpen had taken them.”

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT.

To his eye, in fine frenzy revolving, futurity
Is plainly revealed without any obscurity,
The wherefore, the why, and the when—
All things are laid bare to his faculties critical—
The social, ideal, the real, the political—
There's nothing escapes from his ken.

He'll tell you the wily Chinese, the Peruvian,
The River-drift man and the antediluvian,
The nigger of cannibal fame,
The Englishman, Hottentot, man of Manilla,
The Copt and the Celt and the gentle gorilla,
Are different only in name.

The king is a felon, with title erroneous,
The thief a poor victim whom doings felonious
Have wrongly deprived of a throne.
The pauper, *de facto*, is therefore a bishop,
The bishop his income should instantly fish up,
To give the poor pauper a bone.

Our wise men are fools who in great affairs meddle 'em ;
The actual sages are limboed in Bedlam,
Where he himself too ought to be.
All recognized truths are absurd and chaotic,
All laws are iniquitous, black, and despotic,
And the whole of the land is at sea.

He longs for the era of pleasure and jollity,
When all things shall be of such perfect equality
That everything's equally nice !
When those who can't read are the most academical,
When idiots as Premiers are shrewd and polemical,
And Jumbos no bigger than mice.

"Oh, welcome, blue ruin," he shrieks in conclusion,
"Embryotic, chaotic, abysmal confusion,
Topsy-turvydom, welcome ! All hail !
For never, until, by our language delirious,
All things but ourselves have been banished to Sirius,
Will Peace and true Freedom prevail !"

A. SUTTON.

THE WRECK OF THE AMANDA.

ABOUT the beginning of April, 1840, a black-painted ship of five or six hundred tons lay at the docks in Liverpool, her lower hold stowed, and her 'tween decks fitted out for the reception of steerage passengers; the cuddy, reserved for the accommodation of a few rich people, neat and comfortable; and overhead the tall masts and fine spars bespoke what in those days was considered a fast sailer. As the day drew on, drays arrived on the scene with the boxes and bags of the emigrants. Fathers and mothers were here to bid adieu to sons, sisters to weep over a brother, sweethearts to part with promise of a speedy letter and eventual meeting in a new land; and soon, amid the song of sailors on the yards, the *Amanda* swung from her moorings and headed seaward in fine sailing trim. All through that month, now driven forward, then backward, by gales from different points, the good ship toiled; the steerage passengers thoroughly wearied: even the more fortunate occupants of the after-cabin longing for the voyage to end. At last the Gulf was reached, and with northerly winds at night the *Amanda* crept steadily on, past Anticosti and Cape Rosier, with the snow still whitening the hills, until the evening of the 25th May, when a breeze from the east filled the squared canvas and sent her swiftly forward. A heavy mist settled on the waters, and when the morning broke it still lay like a pall; but before the light breeze the hull moved swiftly along, with a line of foam before her bows. The galley's smoke had just darkened the morning air, and some of the passengers stood questioning the captain, who leaned over the rail of the poop, as to the time which would elapse before they would reach Quebec, when, with a preliminary bump or two, the ship stopped in her course and the wavelets passed the stationary hull and disappeared in the fog; but the captain, after a pardonable start and a transient paleness, assured the frightened passengers that no danger need be apprehended. Her keel had caught bottom, it was true; but the tide was at flood, the sea nearly calm, and in another hour the ship would be on her course as if nothing had happened. With their doubts lulled to rest by the assurances of one who knew or should have known better than themselves, most of the passengers went cheerfully to breakfast. A few nervous ones remained on deck, leaned over the stern-rail to watch the splash of waters under the counter, and shuddered when the idle rudder swung from side to side with a rusty squeal. The second mate was evidently uneasy; he peered anxiously toward a point right ahead, whence a continuous wash and gurgle sent back its tones of warning; sniffed, sailor fashion, to the north, shook his head, and when the lifted mist revealed a deep reef close alongside, and right ahead a point of rugged rock, persuaded the captain to allow an anchor to be dropped, to which that worthy unwillingly consented.

Meantime an early-rising settler, looking seaward that morning, saw over the fog-bank the royals of a ship hard on the shore, and the news

therefore spreading like wildfire, a knot of anxious men gathered early in the morning on the reef, where the Little Metis Light-house now stands, and saw clearly a stranded ship, with every stitch of canvas set, within three hundred yards of where they stood, while no exertion was being made by her officers to land the human freight crowding her deck. To their repeated hail to know if the officers wished for assistance came back a sonorous "No." What did it mean? Overhead the dark clouds gathered; out of the wall of stone-gray mist hiding the north came the weird mocking laugh of the loon and the pibroch of the skurrying sea-gull, and a long glassy swell rolled shoreward with increasing velocity: yet not a man was to be seen aloft shortening sail, and the white boats hung quietly at their davits.

The end came soon. While those on the shore are yet gazing, a hoarse roar comes from the north, the screening fog is blown away, and riding on a long line of foam the hurricane drives straight on the ship. The waves sweep fiercely over her deck, now entirely visible to those on shore through the flying scud, as the ship lies down on her side before the blast. The men fly aloft to try and furl the canvas, but too late; jammed as it was against the masts, no crew that ever sailed could now bring that canvas to the yards, and the men descend quickly to the deck again. The boats had been lowered, partly filled with passengers, and sent ashore, only to capsize in the breakers and float away, keel uppermost, leaving their inmates to struggle for a moment, then to perish in the surf. A mountainous breaker struck the ship, accompanied by a wild blast of wind and hail; the main-mast swayed, the bolts of the chain-plates tore upward, sawing the hull in twain, and the after-part of the vessel rising on the sea, rolled over a low reef alongside—which, thus tragically christened, men call the Amanda Reef to this day—and broke into fragments, the wild screams of the drowning mingling with the howl of the tempest. Only the bow remained intact, and binding themselves to the windlass the captain and a few others were picked off by a boat launched by Rev. Mr. Paul, the Presbyterian minister, and steered by him to all that remained of the ill-fated ship—an act which, unknown to history, is yet one of the bravest I ever knew.

"When the ship broke up on the reef," said an old man, from whom I obtained most of these facts, "a little girl of about five years of age was floated ashore by her quilted petticoat; we spread ourselves along the reef, every man of us trying to catch her, but she happened to come in just where a large boulder was in the way. I was quite close, and she had put out her little hands to me, when a cross sea dashed her against the stone and killed her: a pretty child, with fair hair and blue eyes." They found her at low tide at the foot of the cruel boulder, her golden hairs tangled in the slimy sea-weed, but her blue eyes gazing sightlessly upward.

Thus the *Amanda* ended her voyage; and in so unlooked-for a manner had her passengers—who had been all speculating on their future in a new country—their doubts solved. The captain, who had eaten his breakfast cheerfully with the barometer at his back crying out against him, was himself saved, but had something to think upon for the rest of his voyage through life. Men went forth in the afternoon of that fateful day with barrows and gathered together the bodies; all night long primitive coffins were being put together; and, followed by a humble cortège, the dead were borne in carts to the Protestant burying-field. They were thought of for a time by those from whom they had parted at the docks in Liverpool: perhaps a few tears were shed for them: then they were forgotten altogether.

J. H. FERGUSON.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

It was at Doncaster, on Wednesday morning last, that I heard of the Duke of Wellington's death, which at first nobody believed; but they speedily telegraphed to London, and the answer proved that the report was correct. Doncaster was probably the only place in the kingdom where the sensation caused by this event was not absorbing and profound; but there, on the morning of the St. Leger, most people were too much occupied with their own concerns to bestow much thought or lamentation on this great national loss. Everywhere else the excitement and regret have been unexampled, and the press has been admirable, especially the *Times*, the biographical notice and article in which paper were both composed many months ago and shown to me. Indeed, the notices of the Duke, and the characters drawn of him, have been so able and elaborate in all the newspapers that they leave little or nothing to be said. Still, there were minute traits of character and peculiarities about the Duke which it was impossible for mere public writers and men personally unacquainted with him to seize; but the knowledge and appreciation of which are necessary in order to form a just and complete conception of the man. In spite of some foibles and faults, he was, beyond all doubt, a very great man—the only great man of the present time—and comparable, in point of greatness, to the most eminent of those who have lived before him. His greatness was the result of a few striking qualities—a perfect simplicity of character without a particle of vanity or conceit, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration, and an ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation, which made him the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted and disinterested subject. Without personal attachment to any of the monarchs whom he served, and fully understanding and appreciating their individual merits and demerits, he alike revered their great offices in the persons of each of them, and would at any time have sacrificed his ease, his fortune, or his life, to serve

the Sovereign and the State. Passing almost his whole life in command and authority, and regarded with universal deference and submission, his head was never turned by the exalted positions he occupied, and there was no duty, however humble, he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors, whose behests he would never have hesitated to obey. Notwithstanding his age and his diminished strength, he would most assuredly have gone anywhere, and have accepted any post in which his personal assistance might have been essential to the safety or advantage of the realm. He had more pride in obeying than in commanding, and he never for a moment considered that his great position and elevation above all other subjects released him from the same obligation which the humblest of them acknowledged. He was utterly devoid of personal and selfish ambition, and there never was a man whose greatness was so thrust upon him. It was in this dispassionate unselfishness, and sense of duty and moral obligation, that he was so superior to Napoleon Bonaparte, who, with more genius and fertility of invention, was the slave of his own passions, unacquainted with moral restraint, indifferent to the well-being and happiness of his fellow-creatures, and who, in pursuit of any object at which his mind grasped, trampled under foot without remorse or pity all divine and human laws, and bore down every obstacle and scorned every consideration which opposed themselves to his absolute and despotic will. The Duke was a good-natured but not an amiable man; he had no tenderness in his disposition, and never evinced much affection for any of his relations. His nature was hard, and he does not appear to have had any real affection for anybody, man or woman, during the latter years of his life, since the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, to whom he probably was attached, and to whom he certainly confided. Domestic enjoyment he never possessed, and as his wife was intolerable to him, though he always kept on decent terms with her, at least, ostensibly, he sought the pleasure of women's society in a variety of capricious *liaisons*, from which his age took off all scandal; these he took up or laid aside and changed as fancy and inclination prompted him. His intimate friends and adherents used to smile at these senile *engouements*, but sometimes had to regret the ridicule to which they would have exposed him if a general reverence and regard had not made him a privileged person, and permitted him to do what no other man could have done with impunity. In his younger days he was extremely addicted to gallantry, and had great success with women, of whom one in Spain gained great influence over him, and his passion for whom very nearly involved him in serious difficulties. His other ladies did little more than amuse his idle hours and subserve his social habits, and with most of them his *liaisons* were certainly very innocent. He had been very fond of Grassini, and the successful lover of some women of fashion, whose weaknesses have never been known, though perhaps suspected. These habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted. He was always ready to enter into any personal matters, intrigues, or quarrels, political or social difficulties, and to give his advice, which generally (though not invariably) was very sound and good; but latterly he became morose and inaccessible, and cursed and swore at the people who sought to approach him, even on the most serious and necessary occasions.

Although the Duke's mind was still very vigorous, and he wrote very good papers on the various subjects which were submitted to his judgment and opinion, his prejudices had become so much stronger and more unassailable that he gave great annoyance and a good deal of difficulty to the ministers who had to transact business with him. He was opposed to almost every sort of change and reform in the military administration, and it was a task of no small difficulty to steer between the exigencies of public opinion and his objections and resistance. As it was always deemed an object to keep him in good humour, and many considerations forbade anything like a dissension with him, or an appeal against him to the public, the late ministers often acted, or refrained from acting, in deference to his opinions and against their own, and took on themselves all the responsibility of maintaining his views and measures, even when they thought he was wrong. His habits were latterly very solitary, and, after the death of Arbuthnot, he had no intimacy with any one, nor any friend to whom he could talk freely and confidentially. As long as Arbuthnot lived he confided everything to him, and those who wished to communicate with the Duke almost always did so through him.—*Greville Memoirs*.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

BEAU BRUMMELL, whose curious life by the late Captain Jesse has just been republished in an edition of appropriate costliness, was nothing but a beau; and Brummell was the most perfect specimen, if he was the last of his kind. The best-known of his predecessors, Beau Nash, had performed other functions besides that of being ornamental. We may not be inclined to assign a very high rank among human occupations to the calling of a master of ceremonies. Yet it has—or at least had—its utility. Nash gave the air of fashion, and therefore of prosperity, to the Assembly-room and Pump-room of Bath. The city regarded him, and not without reason, as its second founder, and paid him appropriate honours in life and death. In the species, as finally and fully developed in Brummell, the organ of utility, so to speak, has disappeared; we see the fop, and nothing else; but we see him becoming, to the shame of his generation, on the mere strength of his foppery, a power in society. The history of his success seems almost incredible as we read it; we look, but we look in vain, for personal qualities which may help us to account for it, and we are forced to attribute it to the stupendous and exceptional folly of the times in which he flourished. His birth was not distinguished, for though his father was a successful placeman, his grandfather had been a confectioner, and had let lodgings in Bond Street. He was not rich, for his fortune

never amounted to more than £30,000, and was soon impaired by extravagance and play; his literary ability was not more than hundreds of his contemporaries possessed, and did not reach beyond writing indifferent *vers de société*. Still he set himself the task of conquering the social world of his day, and this task he accomplished. His biographer is careful to defend him from the charge of being a dandy; and if a dandy means an extravagant dresser, he is successful in his defence. Extravagantly dressed means ill-dressed; and the age, with all its follies, was not so foolish as to elect an ill-dressed man as the dictator of its social *convenances*. "Brummell," says Captain Jesse, "determined to be the best-dressed man in London;" and after getting rid of the natural weakness, which at first beset him, of changing his dress too frequently, he attained his object. This made him the intimate friend of princes, the *arbiter elegantiarum* whose mere greeting was a passport into the most exclusive society, and had, therefore, a value beyond money. "You owe me five hundred pounds," said a man who sought the *entrée* into the circle of fashion to the Beau, when his career was drawing to a close. "I have paid you," said Brummell. "Paid me!" said the man, "when?" "When?" answered Brummell. "Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, 'Ah, how do you, Jemmy?'" Wit, of course, is one of the conditions of social success, and Brummell had some sort of claim to it. Yet, unless even more than usual of its spirit has evaporated, his wit is barely distinguishable from impudence. This quality rose in him almost to the height of an inspiration, and produced, if nothing else, at least that sense of incongruity which is one of the necessary conditions of effective humour. Here is a story which has the merit of being less hackneyed than most that are told about him. An ex-officer in the army, who had had the misfortune to have his nose shot or sabred off in the Peninsula, was told that Brummell had reported of him that he had never held a commission, but was nothing more than a retired hatter. He called upon the Beau and demanded satisfaction. Brummell promptly and energetically denied that he had ever spread the disparaging rumour. But when the Captain was about to take his leave, gratified with his success, Brummell followed him to the door, and again affirmed that the report was false, giving, however, this reason—"Now that I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose." The social supremacy so strangely won was not upset by any return of society to common-sense. Brummell quarrelled with his Royal patron, but seemed little the worse for the exclusion from the Prince's circle, and indeed was thought to have come off rather the better in the quarrel which followed the old intimacy. The Beau ruined himself at the gaming-table, at which sums not less than his modest patrimony were nightly lost and won with a publicity which would entitle us to be severe upon our ancestors if we could ignore our own Stock Exchange. Brummell had no Parliament to pay his debts, and was obliged to escape them by a hasty flight to the Continent. The story of his latter years exhibits a moral which has no need to be pointed. The friends of his prosperity were not unkind—ungrateful would scarcely be the word, for he had done nothing which could call for gratitude. Liberal presents were sent to him; and if his fall had taught him the commonest lesson of prudence, he might have ended his days in comfort. But he had learnt little or nothing. As time went on some of his old acquaintances died, and some became indifferent or weary of incessant demands. The poor creature sank into more and more humiliating depths of poverty. The man whose wardrobe had been the admiration and envy of London was reduced to a single pair of trousers, and looked decent only in winter, when he could cover the deficiencies of his wardrobe with a cloak. The Nemesis of foppery was upon him. The old fastidiousness gave place to a neglect which made him repulsive to his neighbours, and the man who had made a favour of his very greeting was banished to his own chamber lest he should offend the guests of a third-rate inn. It is pleasant to find that a little ray of light cheered up the last scene of all. He was removed to the hospital of the Bon Sauveur, an institution for the treatment of the imbecile which was managed by an uncloistered sisterhood. There, in the room which Bourrienne had occupied before him, he spent the last eighteen months of his life. "I never was so comfortable in all my life," he said to an old acquaintance; "I have all I wish to eat, and such a large fire." And there he died, with a prayer—almost the first, we are told, which he is known to have uttered—upon his lips. One of the silliest, if not of the most noxious, phases of human folly may be said to have reached in him its most characteristic development.—*Spectator*.

PICKINGS FROM THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE."

THE members of the National Temperance Federation are not satisfied with Mr. Gladstone. After all the promises he has made them they still complain, because he has not done what he promised. Nay, more; they are so discontented that they are drawing up a manifesto which is likely to give the Liberals much trouble. It will set forth that the Liberal members of the House of Commons, though largely returned at the last general election by the temperance party, have broken their pledges. This time the members of the Federation are not only to refuse support to any candidate who does not declare himself in favour of their views, but they are to compel him to promise a speedy redemption of his pledges. From the references to the drink question in Mr. Gladstone's manifesto they turn impatiently away.

A SCOTCH cobbler, described briefly as a "notorious offender," has passed his life in a certain "Auld Licht" village without being converted. Last week a Forfar magistrate sentenced him to a fine of half-a-crown, or twenty-four hours' imprisonment. If he chose the latter he would be taken to the gaol at Perth. The cobbler communed with himself. "Then I'll go to Perth," he said; "I have business in the town at any rate."

An official conveyed him by train to Perth; but when the prisoner reached the gaol he said that he would now pay the fine. The governor found that he would have to take it. "And now," said the cobbler, "I want my fare home." The governor demurred, made inquiries, and discovered that there was no alternative; the prisoner must be sent at the public expense to the place he had been brought from. So our canny cobbler got the 2s. 8½d. which represented his fare, did his business, and went home triumphant: twopence halfpenny and a railway ride the better for his offence.

A CURIOUS scene was lately witnessed in Westminster Abbey. About five hundred persons, principally ladies, clothed, it is stated, in "sombre attire," made a pilgrimage to the Abbey, where they knelt around the tomb of King Edward the Confessor, and there engaged for some time in prayer, during which the customary devotional exercise of the Rosary was recited. The reason of this unusual proceeding was that the 13th of October is the date of the translation of the remains of this monarch of pious reputation from the old to his new shrine in the Abbey, and is therefore observed as the Feast of St. Edward. The pilgrimage passed off without any untoward incident, and seems altogether to have been a success. It is to be hoped, however, that pilgrimages to Westminster Abbey will not become the fashion. Nothing could be more easy than for a dynamite conspirator to obtain entrance to the Abbey in the rôle of a pilgrim and, while apparently praying over the tomb of Edward the Confessor or some other pious notability, to carry out his nefarious design of laying the Abbey in ruins.

It is a strange story that comes from the Scotch Highlands; and fain would we hope that it may be proved untrue. According to a dark report, a Dissenting minister up there, who was once respected with the best of them, has fallen a victim to the passion for tobacco. Even on week-days a minister of the Free Kirk might find something to do better than smoke; but, so long as he confines himself to poisoning the atmosphere of his back-garden only with his tobacco, a free and liberal congregation would leave him alone. This rash clergyman, however, is said to have gone further than that. His infatuation for the baneful weed has tempted him to a furtive pipe on Sundays; and with success he has become overbold. The wild rumour has gone like wildfire through his congregation that on Sunday nights when they are supposed to be safe in bed, the misguided man may be seen sitting at an open window in the manse puffing exultingly at a small clay pipe. He can only be seen from the top of the back-garden wall; and it is said that on Sunday nights a row of black heads may now be observed peering over it. It is the kirk-session collecting evidence.

THE Speaker has been telling us that the work of the House of Commons breaks down legislators before their time. Yet our leading statesmen average between sixty and seventy for the most part, and seem to enjoy splendid health—much better health than those youngsters of forty or so who are coming up to take their place. In fact, for an unhealthy pursuit, politics carries off its victims with merciful slowness. It is the same with war. The late Lord Strathnairn had knocked about in all sorts of climates, and done hard work of all kinds. He had sunstroke, too; yet he managed to live on to the age of eighty-three. It is more than thirty years since he attained the rank of a general officer, and getting on for seventy since he first received his Majesty's commission. He was a representative of the old order of English officers, which is now rapidly passing away. He did not greatly believe in improving the English soldier on the Prussian model. He thought that the army which had gone through the Sikh campaigns, the Indian Mutiny, and the Crimean War, was not greatly in need of instruction from abroad—an excusable even if it was an erroneous opinion.

CHARLES LAMB took Sir Thomas Hanbury for Sheridan for several years; and when a friend happened one day to open his eyes to his delusion, Lamb bitterly upbraided him for having stolen his Sheridan from him. The discovery of a new and, as it appears, perfectly authentic portrait of Beethoven threatens to rob us of the old Beethoven with whom we are all familiar in bust and picture, and substitute another and decidedly less majestic Beethoven for him. The portrait just discovered at Fribourg was painted by Machier at Vienna in 1815—just twelve years before the composer's death. The likeness conforms much more closely than the accepted presentment of the master's lineaments to the ordinary German physiognomical type, which will hardly be considered an improvement. It is said to correspond accurately with the descriptions of Beethoven's appearance which his biographers have given us, and which are by no means of the most flattering character. But as Lamb refused to accept his friend's correction, and declared that the person whom he had mistaken for Sheridan should always be Sheridan to him, so the world will probably refuse to give up the Olympian for the German Beethoven.

AN AMERICAN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE conditions which made, and make, Westminster Abbey are wholly lacking in this country, and will be forever lacking. In the first place we ought to have a single London, instead of six or seven, each vociferously claiming to be the only original genuine London, the one bright particular spot upon which the national mausoleum should be erected. In the second place, such an institution should be under the ægis of a great established church, in default of which our Pantheon would ultimately become the receptacle of extinct pugilists and those local statesmen who prepare themselves behind bar-room counters for the toils (and spoils) of public life. With each change of the administration there would be a revolution in the

management of the Pantheon, and a cry of "Turn the rascals out!" With the straight Republicans in office, no horrible Mugwump, however distinguished, would be allowed sanctuary there; with the Democrats in power, the gates would be pitilessly slammed on the noses of defunct "offensive partisans." In the third place, the tomb at Mount Vernon and the romancer's grave on the hillside in Sleepy Hollow (to mention no other shrines) are very well where they are, and no sensible person wants them removed. In regard to celebrities who may hereafter pass away—and here comes in a perplexing contingency—it is by no means certain that their families would look with favour on the Pantheon. They might prefer some baseball-ground, or Jones's Wood, or the Point of Pines.

There is something very impressive and touching in the idea of a Post's Corner, where the sweet singers and sober historians and realistic novelists are peacefully brought together (however little they may have agreed with one another in the flesh), and flattered with statues and mural tablets; but if the nation really wishes to honour that class of its unprotected but faithful children, and at the same time do honour to itself, let the nation make an equitable copyright treaty with England, and the literary fellers will provide their own headstones. Such a treaty would cost less than an attempt at an American Westminster Abbey, and would be greatly preferable to that amusing but, fortunately, impracticable piece of architecture.

A man of letters wants so many things before he wants to be buried—a comfortable income while living is so much more satisfactory to him than a sculptured monument when dead—that this talk about a national Pantheon, in the absence of an international copyright law, is, so far as he is concerned, a little exasperating. It falls coldly on his ear when he reflects how he is pillaged by foreign publishers, and that even his native land gives him only a few years' proprietorship in the work of his own hand and brain.—*November Atlantic.*

MRS. FOSTER AND THE SCOTT ACT.

FREDERICTON people were very much pleased with the platform ability displayed by Mrs. Foster, the lady temperance lecturer, from Iowa, who filled the City Hall every time she spoke. Mrs. Foster says many original things on the temperance question, and says them very eloquently, but although we listened to her attentively, we failed to hear her give any substantial reason why the Scott Act, as at present enforced, should be continued in this city. Nobody can deny the existence of the terrible evils arising from intemperance, so eloquently described by Mrs. Foster, and if she had been able to show that the Scott Act had, to the smallest degree, restricted these evils, then indeed, would she have placed a strong case before the people. It is all nonsense for any speaker to assert on a Fredericton platform that drinkers are compelled to dodge into alleyways, and through back entrances, for the grog they swallow. People who go around with their eyes open can count a dozen saloons just as attractive, and where the entrance is just as public, as they would be under the license system. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the fact remains that the Scott Act has not restricted the sale of liquor in Fredericton, and those who assert otherwise either do not know what they are talking about, or they shut their eyes to the real state of affairs. The *Farmer* does not propose to enter into the campaign, either for or against the Scott Act. We state what we know to be true concerning its failure. The law, as enforced, is a farce, good only to fee the lawyers. The temperance people themselves have given it the cold shoulder. Where is the monster Reform Club that existed when the Act was adopted? If the temperance party are in earnest, why do they allow their zeal to flag in the good cause? We scarcely hear of the subject from a public platform, except during a Scott Act campaign.—*Maritime Farmer, Fredericton.*

CAPTAIN PALLISER, whose enthusiasm on Canada's behalf seems on the increase rather than the wane as his stay in the country is prolonged, writes to a Canadian contemporary, expressing gratification that at the recent Convention of Young Liberals at Toronto the questions of annexation and independence were voted down. Writing "as a parent and a soldier," Captain Palliser expresses his belief that Canada's youth "must be aware of the cost of the military and naval preparations essential to the position of independence which alone can command respect. They are wiser than their would-be instructors, for they know their country is not yet prepared for these exertions and sacrifices. I believe Canada's destiny is to become a nation, and an example to the people of the United States in those solid, wise and patient qualities which distinguish a superior race." Captain Palliser seems to us right in urging that there can be no better antidote to what might be termed provincialism than a full acquaintance with the great resources of the Dominion. "The great North-West should be visited, and a tour in the Switzerland of Canada—British Columbia—would do much to enlarge ideas which could not otherwise take in the future of these splendid regions, which are their country as much as the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are."—*Canadian Gazette.*

MR. CLEVELAND apparently believes that the business of a President is to supervise the administration of the Federal Government, and not to "run" State elections. The White House has seldom had an incumbent who paid such close attention to the proper duties of an Executive, and who was so prompt to exercise his prerogatives when occasion required. There is something refreshing about the summary way in which he brought to book one of his appointees in New Mexico last week. A few months ago the President was persuaded, upon the strength of hearty endorsements, to make William A. Vincent Chief Justice of New Mexico, although it afterward came out that Vincent was concerned in a land controversy in that Territory some time ago, in the course of which he was imprisoned

for contempt of court. On Wednesday week news reached Washington that he had appointed "Steve" Dorsey one of the three Commissioners to draw grand and petit jurors for the Territory, although Dorsey notoriously has many disputed land claims pending in the courts, and was thus given the power to pick out his tools as jurors. Upon learning these facts Mr. Cleveland promptly suspended Vincent, and his judicial career is undoubtedly ended. There is no part of the Federal service which needs closer watching than that in the Territories, and an object-lesson such as the President has given in the Vincent case will do an immense amount of good.—*Nation*.

THE *American Bookseller* suggests the idea of perfuming books. It says: "Why may not some of our books be perfumed—especially a dainty summer edition for seaside and mountain top? Paper very readily absorbs and very persistently retains a perfume. Just fancy opening a novel from Cable's, Howell's, or James's pen, printed on delicately-tinted paper, in old-gold binding, and then detecting just a *souçon* of some rich perfume as you turn over leaf after leaf. It would be a genuine 'novelty,' and ladies would read who never read before."

It is a mistake in the writers of memoirs, says the *London Standard*, to permit any great length of time to elapse before printing their journals or autobiographies. There is, of course, a possibility that for a moment they will hurt the feelings of some one. But the chances are in favour of the person attacked being alive to defend himself, or of the circumstances mentioned being so recent that scores of people are able to put the writer straight. This was shown in the case of the Brougham, Albemarle, Wilberforce, Mozley, Carlyle, Trollope, Malmesbury and Pattison "Memoirs." When the Talleyrand Autobiography is the property of mankind, the actors on the stage which he directed will all be dead. Their feelings will thus be spared. But the inaccuracies, the injustice, the venom, or the absolute falsehood of this Mephistopheles of politics will survive.

MUSIC.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE second Monday Popular Concert took place last Monday evening, and attracted a larger audience than that which assembled at the inaugural concert. Miss Rose Braniff, of Brockville, made her *début*, and may be congratulated upon making a decided success. She has a soprano voice of considerable power, and has an abundance of executive ability. The occasional crudities in her style and method will no doubt be removed in course of time by care and proper instruction. The string quartette gave an excellent selection of concerted chamber music. With the co-operation of Herr Carl Kegel they played Mozart's unequalled clarinet quintette. This number was the gem of the evening. Herr Kegel played his part in a most artistic manner, and with a delightful quality of tone, prominently displayed in the slow movement. The success of the evening was won by Herr Ludwig Correll, whose brilliant performance of Popper's "Gavotte" created a furore to a degree that compelled that artist to respond to the encore demanded. The third concert will take place on the 16th inst., when Miss Emma Thursby will be the solo singer.—*Clef*.

THE first important concert of the season in Hamilton was given by the Order of United Workmen in the Opera House on Wednesday, October 28. Capable performers were secured at considerable expense, and the very large audience listened to a good concert. To a cultivated ear, the violin playing of Vieuxtemps' "Polonaise" by Mrs. Adamson was the most enjoyable number of the evening. Hamilton envies Toronto the possession of so good a player and earnest student as this lady. Next in point of excellence of tone and execution was the singing of "Annie Laurie" by the Arion Club. As Mr. Wodell has reorganized the club for this season, it contains the best male voices in the city, and nearly every member is a capable soloist. The club has established itself as a great favourite. The Harmonic Club, a quartette of brass instruments, organized by Mr. Peel, solo cornetist of the 13th Battalion Band, is unique. Smoothness of tone is the chief characteristic of their playing. The various soloists were received coolly, nevertheless the singing of Dr. Sippi, of London, and Miss Bolton, late of the Boston Conservatoire, was liked by many, and the local favourites cannot complain of lack of appreciation. If concert managers are wise they will certainly not put speeches and readings on concert programmes. They do not belong there, and people are wearied by them.

THERE has been a new deal in the Hamilton Ascension Choir matters. Mr. R. Thos. Steele has been re-instated as choirmaster, upon conditions laid down, giving control of the membership of the choir and the class of music sung to the rector. Mr. Steele had a difference of opinion with one or two churchwardens as to the disbursement of a certain choir fund, and resigned. The choir went out with him, and for one Sunday the congregation sang without a choir to lead, and, some say, liked the change.

MRS. WIGMORE, R. A. M., recently from England, has been appointed organist of the Gore Street Methodist Church, Hamilton, *vice* Joseph Lee, resigned to reside in Toronto. A complimentary concert to Mr. Lee was given by the choir of this church, assisted by Miss Bolton and Mr. Wodell, on Thursday last.—*C. Major*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following books and periodicals:—

COUNTRY LIFE IN CANADA FIFTY YEARS AGO. By Canniff Haight. (Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company); Hart and Company.

VARSITY POETRY AND PROSE. Toronto: The Varsity Company.

MEMOIRS. By Mark Pattison. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison.

THE WIT OF WOMEN. By Kate Sanborn. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA AND THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. By Dr. Kellogg. New York: Macmillan and Company.

CIVIL SERVICE v. THE SPOILS SYSTEM. By George S. Bernard. New York: John B. Alden.

THE STANDARD OPERAS: Their Plots, their Music, and their Composers. A Hand-book. By George P. Upton. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg and Company.

CARLYLE'S CHOICE WORKS. Sartor Resartus. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN. Vol. III. Poems, Eagle's Nest, Sesame and Lilies, King of the Golden River, Pleasures of England. New York: John B. Alden.

RUDDER GRANGE. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: The Standard Publishing Company.

COMMON SENSE IN THE NURSERY. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: The Standard Publishing Company.

LOVELL'S ADVANCED GEOGRAPHY. For the use of Schools and Colleges. With Maps, Illustrations, Statistical Tables, etc. Montreal: John Lovell and Son. 1881.

We are assured that, in commenting upon Mr. Campbell's geography, and in stating "in no other book on the subject can so much information be found," we were not exact. Mr. Lovell says that his "Advanced Geography" contains "nearly double the information given by Mr. Campbell."

THE CENTURY. November. New York: Union Square.

THE SANITARIAN. New York: 113 Fulton Street.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. New York: Macmillan and Company.

WIDE-AWAKE. Boston: Lothrop and Company.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE next issue of the *Book Buyer* will be the usual special holiday number, and will give a comprehensive and complete illustrated review of the Christmas literature of 1885.

MR. CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE, late of Washington, D.C., and formerly editor of *Field and Forest*, has recently accepted the editorship of *Outing*, the Boston Magazine of Recreation.

THE sixpenny magazines, having had a great run in England, it would seem have had an influence on their American contemporaries. Beginning with the New Year, *Lippincott's* will be reduced to \$2 a year, or 20 cents a number.

A NEW monthly, the *Open Door*, will make its appearance in New York city next month, being published (for the benefit of clever writers whose obscurity is a bar to their appearance in print elsewhere) by W. N. Oliver and Co.

MISS MAMIE DICKENS, the eldest daughter of the novelist, has written a brief biography of her father for a series published by Cassell and Co. She gives many charming pictures of his home life, and tells a number of characteristic anecdotes of him that will be new to the public.

LOUISE MICHEL is busily engaged upon her "Memoirs," and the first volume of them is promised for this month. A collected complete edition of her poems has also been undertaken, while a "stirring" novel from her pen is announced to appear as a *feuilleton* in one of the morning newspapers of Paris.

SINCE the publication of the George Eliot Memoirs, friends and correspondents of hers have found a number of unpublished letters that are believed to be worthy of permanent preservation. Mr. Cross has accordingly decided to add them to the new popular edition of the memoirs now in course of publication.

MR. HOWELLS calls his new novel "The Minister's Charge; or, The Labours of Lemuel Barker." Its publication will begin in a winter number of the *Century*. As already stated, some of the characters of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" will reappear in "The Minister's Charge," the scene of which is laid in Boston.

AN illustrated edition of "John Bull and his Island," the engravings being supplied by Mr. Harris, art master at St. Paul's School, is being prepared. M. Blouet, better known as Max O'Rell, is about to leave England on a two-years' lecturing tour in the United States. He has relinquished his mastership at St. Paul's.

THE publishers' announcements for the year are appearing now in bulky lists which seem to indicate a feeling of prosperity. There are no books likely to startle the world as yet on the *tapis*, but there are a good many of broad and substantial interest. One thing is, however, notable—the large number of reprints from recent American publications.

BALZAC has come into fashion again in Paris; and a small periodical, *La Balzac*, has appeared, each article being signed by some pseudonym from the novelist's works. The thirteen contributors promise mutually each year to visit Balzac's tomb on the anniversary of his death; and the object of their organ is to promote the erection of a statue in Balzac's native place, Tours.

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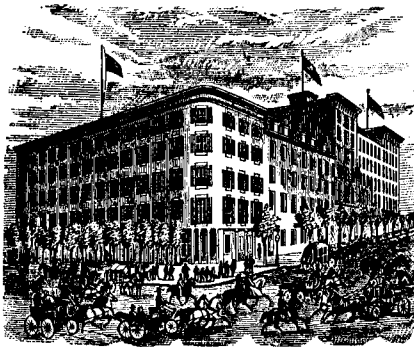
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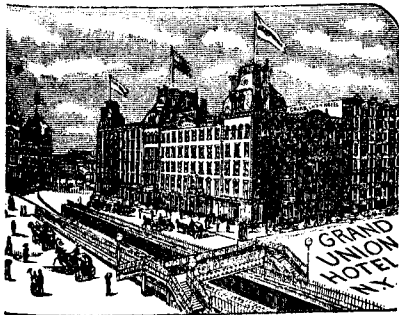
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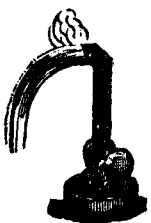
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