THE WEEK:

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Toronto, Thursday, July 7th, 1887.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

MR. EDWARD BLAKE.

IN THE WEEK for 9th June appeared an article on "The Liberal Opposition" which is simply an unqualified denunciation of Mr. Edward Blake. Had the article been issued by an organ of the Government it might very properly have been allowed to pass without notice; but it occupies a prominent place in the paper which professes to be the exponent of the impartial intelligence of Canada on public questions, and the writer claims to represent "the vast majority of honourable men," to express "the mature judgments of the vast majority of calm and dispassionate thinkers throughout the Dominion." Yet amid all that has been written about the retired leader of the Opposition this article stands conspicuous for its absolutely unrelieved vituperation. While the organs of the Government, in referring to the calamity of his broken health, have in general been moved by the natural generosity of the human heart to mitigate the usual language of partisanship, the writer in THE WEEK, who criticises Mr. Blake "from no special regard for the party in power," but "merely from a national or patriotic point of view," has no generous word to utter about a man the strength of whose prime has been shattered in the unrewarded service of others—can find not a single redeeming feature in the character he paints, to give even a faint streak of light to the dark colouring with which his picture is drawn. And the colours, which he lays on with no sparing brush, are surely of intensest darkness. Twice within the column and a half to which the writer restricts his attack, Mr. Blake is declared to have "eaten dirt" in large quantities; he is described as "angling in dirty waters for the French vote," as "trading upon the rivalries of race and religion," as "pandering to the worst vices of national and religious sectarianism:" and thus the agony is piled up till it reaches its culmination in what was evidently intended to be a climax, but may after the above expressions of horror perhaps produce rather the effect of an anticlimax, a final charge "more serious" than all,—"the charge of disloyal and unpatriotic sentiment and conduct." If such are the phrases of "calm and dispassionate thinkers," and not rather the literary garbage in which passionate partisanship finds the gratification of its peculiar tastes, I have failed to estimate the true force of language. It does not appear upon what evidence the writer bases his claim to speak "the mature judgments of the vast majority of calm and dispassionate thinkers," nor is there any evidence to show that he expresses even the immature judgments of men who are neither calm nor dispassionate in their thoughts. There exists no means for canvassing the opinions of any large body of men in regard to such assertions, and therefore I refrain from arrogating the right to represent a vast majority of any kind. But till evidence to the contrary has been adduced, I shall refuse to believe that this writer expresses the mature judgments of any large number of calm and dispassionate thinkers even among Mr. Blake's political foes.

The writer professes to view Mr. Blake's character from the standpoint of those who lament the excessive party spirit by which the political life of all countries under popular government is apt to be corrupted. It is matter for congratulation that there are still among us a remnant who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of political sectarianism; but it is also to be feared that not a few who pose in the attitudes of calm impartiality have no higher claim to the position than that of never having troubled themselves to grapple with the perplexing social problems which drive men into political parties. Any man may ape the language of political impartiality by simply declaring the whole strife of parties to be a mere question of Ins and Outs, though he may never have spent an hour's earnest thought in trying to comprehend the strife. Thus the utmost poverty of intelligence and sentiment may obtain the credit of having reached a serene altitude of mind, from which the struggles of contending parties are seen to arise from the narrowness of their lower points of view. But there are instances in which this spurious impartiality is the most hopeless form of party spirit: it is the spirit of that truly "stupid party" which has unfortunately been too numerous at all times. For there is a stupidity that implies a torpor of the brain which cannot be wakened to any intelligent interest in the struggles of men for a righteous condition of society, and a torpor of the heart which cannot be thrilled by these struggles into one faint vibration of feeling. "Against such stupidity the gods fight in vain."

These remarks are intended, not to reflect on the writer of the article before us, but to explain the action of Mr. Blake against the charge of undue devotion to his party. He is certainly not one of those whose hearts cannot be touched by the earnest face of our struggling society. His actions and his utterances, even outside the arena of politics, show that his mind has long been taken up with the great social problems of our day. It was natural, therefore, that he should enter political life as the sphere in which he might hope to contribute something towards the practical solution of the problems in which he was interested. By the very nature of the case a man entering political life must endeavour as far as possible to act with others, and induce others to act with him, in the promotion of measures on which they can agree. And therefore, after all is said that can be said against the evils of our party system, it remains a fact that a man is practically debarred from usefulness in political life unless he makes up his mind to attach himself, for the time at least, to one of the great parties by whose aid alone he can expect to realise his own political ideas. It cannot therefore be made a ground of complaint against Mr. Blake, that he could not act with the party at present in power, or that he has clung, during a struggle of many discouraging years, to the party in Opposition. Nor will any fair mind indulge in unmitigated condemnation, even if it can be shown that Mr. Blake spoke and acted at times as he would not have done if his judgment had not at the moment been biassed by the party-warfare in which he was engaged. Every honest man knows that his own judgment is often warped, and his better nature sometimes wholly thwarted, by the perplexing complications amid which his life is spent; and he is ready therefore to pass a lenient, which is the only just, criticism on those who bear the heat and dust of our social conflicts, unless their conduct betrays that they have habitually burst the restraints of intelligent moral conviction. I certainly know of no prominent man in either of our political parties, who has kept himself more clearly aloof than Mr. Blake from the temptations of his position; and perhaps if the writer of the article under consideration approaches the question in the truly historical spirit, he may find it more difficult than he imagines to select among the most honoured statesmen of Canada one whose freedom from partisanship may be used as a foil to set off the enormities of Mr. Blake.

It cannot be that Mr. Blake's political speeches have shocked the writer by the violence of their sectarian tone. While most of the leading men in both parties have been betrayed at times into language such as gentlemen never use except when gentlemanly sentiment has been obliterated by the passions of party-squabbling, the Leader of the Opposition has in general maintained a dignity which has been supposed to render his eloquence less effective than it might have been if it had been more frequently interlarded with the spicy thrusts and colloquial vulgarities that titillate the popular ear. I fear I must in frankness confess that the language of Mr. Blake's detractor, when compared with that of Mr. Blake himself, appears to me to disclose the very fanaticism of partiality.

But it is probably the conduct of Mr. Blake, and the matter rather than the style of his speeches, that excite the wrath of his critic; and his charges, so far as they have anything specific, seem to be these four:—that he had no policy; that he bade for the French vote; that he bade for the Irish vote; and that he was guilty of disloyal and unpatriotic sentiment and conduct.

The first charge, it may be presumed, is meant to imply that Mr. Blake had no reasonable ground for opposing the Government, and was therefore induced to keep up an opposition by the pure spirit of faction. It is not easy to understand how the writer interprets the position of Mr. Blake and his party. He complains that the Liberal leader did not "meet Sir John Macdonald either with a policy of his own . . . . . or with a direct opposition to the policy of his rival;" and yet he also complains of the Opposition "finding fault with everything that was done by the Ministry." If *every* measure of the Ministry was attacked, that ought to be regarded as opposition direct enough to satisfy any demand for direct opposition to the Government's policy; and in so far as this policy was impugned by Mr. Blake, he gave it to be understood as a matter of course that his own policy would be in an opposite line. There is one measure which is usually claimed as the peculiar policy of the Government, and which the leaders of the Liberal party have made the peculiar object of their attacks; it is the measure which has obtained the astonishing misnomer of the National Policy. On this question which side of politics may fairly claim to have an intelligibly defined policy? On the one hand, can any one tell what the National Policy really means? Before it was introduced it floated in the air as an unsubstantial structure of clouds, out of which any man's interested expectations might shape whatever edifice of desired wealth he pleased. It may be remembered that the First Minister of the Crown was twitted at one time with not definitely explaining the proposed scheme in detail. His reply was memorable, as it was conveyed in language which certainly contrasts with the style of his political opponent: "He was too old a rat to be caught in that trap." The measure, which was thus acknowledged by its originator to have been kept on purpose indefinite in its conception, has been kept equally indefinite in its execution. To the serious injury of all industrial interests in the country the policy is made to shift from year to year. Nor can it be said that, in spite of all its changes, the policy follows the one principle of protecting native industries; every thoughtful Protectionist knows that the indiscriminate protection of nearly all articles of consumption must increase the cost of production so enormously as to prevent the establishment even of those manufactures which are adapted to the country. The so-called National Policy is simply the policy of adjusting from time to time the price of manufactures to suit the wants of the Government's supporters. In opposition to this pliable scheme, that is surely a definite and truly national policy which insists that the taxation of the country shall be adjusted solely for national purposes, and not for the purpose of enriching one class of the community at the expense of the rest.

Of the other charges against Mr. Blake little needs to be said. They are founded on such mistakes as are perpetually made by extreme partisans determined to interpret an opponent's conduct only by the worst of conceivable motives. Mr. Blake is charged with bidding for the French and Irish votes. Let us set aside the vague and abusive language in which the charges are made. The facts to which the writer evidently refers are Mr. Blake's defence of the policy of mitigating the death-penalty in the case of Louis Riel, and his expression of sympathy with the Nationalists of Ireland. In reference to the former point, though I certainly differed from Mr. Blake, I confess it difficult to understand why any one should be held up to execration for maintaining that a Government which had undoubtedly goaded the North-west into rebellion by its unpardonable maladministration ought to have extended pardon to the leader of the rebels. Apparently the writer meant to insinuate that Mr. Blake, while believing in his conscience that Riel deserved death, yet espoused his cause merely to catch for his party the vote of the discontented Conservatives of Quebec. That would explain the writer's horror of Mr. Blake, but what can explain such an insinuation?

In reference to the other point, was it fair, on the part of this writer, to signalise "the spouters of the *Reform* party," as if they alone had indulged in the defence of Home Rule in Ireland? He must know that the "spouters" of neither party are in a position to abuse those of the other on this subject. The farce was enacted by men of all parties, and by nearly all the legislative bodies of this continent. Among the utterances on this subject in the recent session of the Dominion House of Commons, Mr. Blake's speech was distinguished by the moderation of its proposal.

On the last of the four charges brought against Mr. Blake it is impossible to say anything definite, as the charge is itself general, and admits therefore of nothing but a general reply. There is no more common trick of political controversy than that of hurling at an adversary obnoxious epithets like *disloyal* and *unpatriotic*, and the dispassionate spectator knows that they are often just as true of the party using them as of the party against whom they are levelled. It certainly does not appear quite self-evident that Edward Blake, or Alexander Mackenzie, or Sir R. Cartwright, are a whit less loyal to the true interests of their country than many of those who are fattening on the generous expenditure of the national treasury.

Mr. Blake has been forced to retire from the leadership of the Liberal party under circumstances which have probably evoked some sympathy in all who have thought on the subject, except his ruthless critic in The Week. But the work that has been done by the retired leader forms a significant episode in the political history of Canada. For it is not difficult, if one will look with earnest eyes at the struggles of these years, to see in Mr. Blake's work the old task of Liberalism—a struggle against the old foes of constitutional government in a new form. The foundation and security of constitutional government consist in the minute and perpetual control of the Executive by the people. Mr. Blake won his first spurs in political warfare by his victory over Mr. J. Sandfield Macdonald's Government in Ontario—a victory which vindicated the right of the people to this control. Mr. Macdonald's Government had repeatedly obtained from the Legislature large sums of public money without any specifications as to the localities in which they were to be expended; and constituencies were given to understand, in no vague terms, that their hope of obtaining any portion of these grants must depend on their returning proper representatives to the Legislature. It is an essentially similar policy, on a far larger scale, which has directed the Government in Ottawa for many years; and it is a matter of profoundest regret that the supporters of the Government seem in general blind or indifferent to the issues involved. The bribery of manufacturers by regulating customs duties according to their wishes, the bribery of contractors and localities by extravagant expenditure of public money, the redistribution of seats so as to increase the supporters of the Government and diminish those of the Opposition, various other features of the election-laws which are designed to place the whole electoral machine under the control of Government officials—all these measures contribute to secure the Administration in their place, and to prevent the possibility of any inconvenient check by a hostile representation, even if a gross majority of the people should be on the side of the Opposition. No wonder that Mr. Blake has been unsuccessful in dislodging an Administration which has secured itself by such tactics. The wonder is that any man, not a mere hack of the dominant party, should have no kindly cheer to send after him as he retires from the struggle, no word in denunciation of the system against which he contended in vain.

In vain? Yes, in one sense, but that the most superficial. No honest work ever dies; and there are not a few, in both parties and outside of both, who will bear in kindly memory the public life of Edward Blake as one of the most honest and substantial pieces of work ever done in the political history of Canada. The most fruitful gains of humanity have grown from the labour of men who have gone down in the struggle to achieve them; and when we are loud in our huzzas over the temporal successes of our party, it is well to be reminded of a law of the universe that is deeper than any external success: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

J. Clark Murray.

OUR COUNTRY.

It is with no small satisfaction that we read the report of the Mayor's speech on Dominion Day. Mr. Howland was not only expressing his own deep feeling when he cautioned his hearers against the habit of "belittling the country," but he was the mouthpiece of a very wide and deep public sentiment. We have ourselves more than once drawn attention to the disloyal and unpatriotic conduct of some considerable number of our people who seem to take pleasure in running down their own country, disparaging its actual attainments, and casting doubt upon its future progress. For performing this apparently obvious duty we have been accused of partisanship, as though it needed the presence of party spirit to protest against disrespect towards the land which nourishes us! So far as we know, not one line has been written in The Week, by any of its regular contributors, in the interests of any party or any sect, as such. Whatever seems good in any has received, and will receive, approval; whatever we dislike in any we shall take the liberty of condemning.

It certainly is a very strange thing that writers who protest against the "belittling" of the country should be thought to be doing the work of a party. Would it not be better for those who may happen to be accused to clear themselves of the imputation? That the thing is done by certain newspapers, and by certain politicians, no one can for a moment doubt. If these persons and organs do not represent the party to which they profess adherence, the leaders of the party should disavow them with all possible expedition. We have good hopes that they will now do so. Our

excellent Mayor is certainly no party man, in a political sense. We imagine that he owed his triumphant election to the Liberals far more than to the Conservatives. It cannot, therefore, be supposed that he uttered those words of warning with any political motive, but only with the patriotic desire of standing up for his country. It will be far better for any who may feel themselves smitten by his words, to remove the cause than to complain of the blow. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

We are not quite sure that the Commercial Unionists are, as a body, open to the charge of speaking disparagingly or despondently of the present or the future of Canada; and the fact that we do not entirely agree with them makes us more anxious to do them justice. Undoubtedly some among them are ready to declare that Commercial Union with the States is absolutely necessary for the future prosperity of the Dominion; but others are more moderate, and are contented to assure us that we should be better off if we had Commercial Union with the States.

The truth of the matter is that some of us would be better off, and some of us worse. It is too often forgotten, in speculating upon these changes, that a law which affects favourably one or more classes in the community does not necessarily benefit all; and then, ultimately it might turn out that the class immediately benefited might not really be so in the long run, while a great many other classes would not be benefited at all. Has Canada, upon the whole, gained or lost by the National Policy? This is a question which will probably be answered diversely; but it must be remembered that even ardent Free Traders are agreed that protection is a good thing in the infancy of a country, as giving new industries a fair field. Of course, that would not prove that protection should be continued, and that is a question which must be discussed and settled on its own grounds.

To many reasonable persons it does seem that Commercial Union would not only be a measure too sweeping in its effects, but also that it would ultimately lead to annexation. Now, at the present moment, there is not even a minority in Canada desirous of union with the States. Our history is different, our institutions are far from being identical, and, rightly or wrongly, we have got the notion that it is better for us to develop freely, according to our own national tendencies, instead of being absorbed into the greater nationality on the other side. It may be said that this is a matter of sentiment; but then sentiment rules mankind. It may seem to us very unnecessary that Belgium should maintain an existence separate from France. One can hardly imagine any harm coming to it from union, or any good being obtained through its independent existence. Yet the majority of Belgians are by no means inclined to become the inhabitants of a French Province or Department; and we fancy that Commercial Union has never been seriously proposed to them. We are by no means insensible to the arguments of the Unionists, and the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces seem to have something like a case against the Dominion. But it seems to us that the right thing to do is to have some form of Reciprocity. Certain articles might be free on both sides, or certain products might be admitted freely on the one side while certain other articles might be admitted on the other side. It is said that the Americans will have none of this, that they will have Commercial Union, or nothing. But who has a right to say this? Who has a right to say that they are ready to adopt Commercial Union, or that they would reject every form of Reciprocity? The question has not yet been formally brought before their legislative assembly, and until this has been done it is somewhat presumptuous to lay down the conditions upon which they will deal with us.

One very gratifying fact has become conspicuous during the recent Jubilee celebration—the attachment of Canada to the British Empire. And by this we do not mean merely to the British connexion, but to the greatness of the old country. A little while ago a good many persons on this side who professed to have the greatest loyalty to the English Crown and the strongest desire for retaining our connexion with the Empire, permitted themselves to speak in the most free and easy manner of the dismemberment of the Empire at home. They were quite ready to give Ireland Home Rule, and Scotland and Wales the same, without considering whether they really wanted it, or what was meant by the proposal for Home Rule. It is with much satisfaction that we mark the change of tone on this subject. It is not quite easy to say how it has been brought about. Professor Goldwin Smith and his Loyal and Patriotic Union have had something to do with it. Mr. O'Brien has given considerable help, in a different way, by compelling people on this side to reflect on the nature of the Home Rule which was demanded. No doubt the Jubilee celebrations have done something. We are all a little like Mr. Pickwick, who gave counsel to an uncertain politician that he should shout with the biggest crowd. At present, by far the biggest crowd is for "God Save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia." But there is something deeper than this. People are beginning to see the real meaning of the Irish Home Rule movement,—that, in the form of Messrs. Parnell and Gladstone, it means separation—this, and nothing less; and they know what that means to the loyal inhabitants of Ireland, and to the place of Great Britain among the nations.

Upon the whole, the patriotic party, who place the country above faction, have at the present moment a good deal to be thankful for. Let the speech of our kind Mayor be disseminated and studied by our people, and the handful of malcontents who are continually decrying and belittling their country will soon lose their influence.

MENTAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

The struggle for the prizes in the world's race between the two sexes is one that is every year more keenly contested, as the educational advantages which place them nearer to the same intellectual level increase. In Toronto opportunities for mental improvement among women have been so largely facilitated by the action of the University, in admitting them to their curriculum, that an abstract from the article which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of so distinguished a psychologist as Professor George J. Romanes, may not prove unacceptable, dealing as it does exclusively with the subject of the unequal distribution of brain power in the masculine and feminine organisations.

In the "Descent of Man" Mr. Darwin has shown at length that what Hunter termed secondary sexual character occurs throughout the whole animal series. It is shown physically in the duller plumage of the feathered tribe, and the hornless condition of the mammals, and mentally most strongly, of course, in the male and female sex. I will now, therefore, briefly enumerate what appear to me the leading features of this distinction, in the case of mankind adopting the ordinary classification of mental faculties, as those of intellect, emotion, and will. Seeing that the average brain weight of women is about five ounces less than that of men, on merely anatomical grounds we should be prepared to expect a marked inferiority of intellectual power in the former. In actual fact we find that the inferiority displays itself most conspicuously in a comparative absence of originality, and this more especially in the higher levels of intellectual work. In her powers of acquisition the woman certainly stands nearer to the man than she does in her powers of creative thought, although even as regards the former there is a marked difference. Whether we look to the general average or to the intellectual giants of both sexes, we are similarly met with the general fact that a woman's information is less wide and deep and thorough than that of a man. What we regard as a highly cultured woman is usually one who has read largely but superficially, and even in the few instances that can be quoted of extraordinary female industry—which on account of their rarity stand out as exceptions to prove the rule—we find a long distance between them and the much more numerous instances of profound erudition among men. As musical executants, however, I think that equality may be fairly asserted. It is in original work, as already observed, that the disparity is most conspicuous. For it is a matter of ordinary comment that in no one department of creative thought can women be said to have at all approached men, save in fiction. Yet in poetry, music, and painting, if not also in history, philosophy, and science, the field has always been open to both. With regard to judgment, too, I think there can be no real question that the female mind stands considerably below the male. It is much more apt to take superficial views of circumstances calling for decision, and also to be guided less by impartiality. Undue influence is more frequently exercised from the side of the emotions, and in general all the elements which go to constitute what is understood by a characteristically judicial mind are of comparatively feeble development. Of course here, as elsewhere, I am only speaking of average standards, as must always be borne in mind. It would be easy to find multitudes of instances where women display better judgment than men; but that, as a general rule, their judgment is inferior has been a matter of universal recognition from the earliest times.

If woman, however, has been the loser in the intellectual race as regards acquisition, origination, and judgment, she has gained even on the intellectual side certain very conspicuous advantages. First among these we must place refinement of the senses or higher evolution of the sense organs; next we must place rapidity of perception, both these arising from a greater refinement of nervous organisation. Now rapidity of perception leads to rapidity of thought, and this finds expression in what is apt to appear as almost intuitive insight, and, on the other hand, in that nimbleness of mother wit which is usually so noticeable, and so often so brilliant, an endowment of the feminine intelligence, whether it displays itself in tact, in repartee, or in the general alacrity of a vivacious mind.

Turning, however, to the emotions, we find that in woman as contrasted with man these are less under the control of her will—more apt to break away, as it were, from the restraint of reason, and to overwhelm the mental chariot with disaster. Whether this tendency displays itself in the overmastering form of hysteria, or in the more ordinary form of comparative childishness, ready annoyance, and a generally unreasonable temper, in whatever form this supremacy of emotion displays itself, we recognise it as more of a feminine than a masculine characteristic. Coyness and caprice are very general peculiarities of the female sex, and we may add, as kindred traits, personal vanity, fondness of display, and delight in the sunshine of admiration. According to Mr. Lecky, they are commonly superior in the courage of endurance, but their passive courage is not so much fortitude

which bears and defies as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. They very rarely love truth, though they love passionately what they call truth, or opinions which they have derived from others; they are little capable of impartiality or doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief as a source of consolation rather than as a faithful expression of the reality of things.

The meritorious qualities wherein the female mind stands pre-eminent are affection, sympathy, devotion, self-denial, modesty; longsuffering, or patience under pain, disappointment, and adversity; reverence, veneration, religious feeling, and general morality. It is also observable that when heroism of any kind is displayed by a woman, the prompting emotions are almost certain to be of an unselfish nature. All the æsthetic qualities are, as a rule, more generally present in women than in men. This applies especially to those which depend upon refinement or perception. In the arrangement of flowers, the furnishing of rooms, the choice of combinations in apparel, and so forth, we find that we may be most safely guided by the taste of women; while in matters of artistic or literary criticism we turn instinctively to the judgment of men. Coming lastly to the will, it exercises less control in the emotions of women than men. We rarely find in women that tenacity of purpose and determination to overcome obstacles which is characteristic of the manly mind; they are less able to concentrate their attention in close reading or studious thought; more prone to wandering; we seldom find they have the specialised pursuits of men, but are chiefly remarkable for what is popularly termed indecision of character.

If, now, we take a general survey of all these mental differences, it becomes apparent that in the feminine type the characteristic virtues, like the characteristic failings, are those which are born of weakness; while in the masculine type the characteristic failings, like the characteristic virtues, are those which are born of strength. Of course the greatest type of manhood, or the type wherein our ideal of manliness reaches its highest expression, is where the virtues of strength are purged from its vices. It is a practical recognition of this fact that leads to chivalry; and even those artificial courtesies which wear the mask of chivalry are of value, as showing what may be termed a conventional acquiescence in the truth that underlies them. This truth is, that the highest type of manhood can only be reached when heart and mind have been so far purified as genuinely to appreciate, to admire, and to reverence the greatness, the beauty, and the strength which have been made perfect in the weakness of womanhood.

The one chief cause which can be assigned to the mental differences between men and women, apart from the physical causes created by the laws of natural and sexual selection, is education. The state of abject slavery to which woman is consigned in the lower levels of the human race clearly tends to dwarf her mind, as do all polygamous institutions; and even in monogamous or *quasi*-monogamous communities so highly civilised as ancient Greece and pagan Rome, woman was still an intellectual cipher, and this at a time when the intellect of man had attained an eminence which has never been equalled. For a period of 2,000 years after that time civilised woman was the victim of what I may term the ideal of domestic utility. When she escaped from that narrowing sphere it was only to fall a prey to the scarcely less injurious ideal of ornamentalism. The object a century ago in female education was to develop housewifery; in 1810 it was to develop personal accomplishments, to make women artists, to give them excellence in drawing, music, and dancing. It was not until the middle of the present century that the first attempt was made to provide for the higher education of women by the establishment of Queen's College and Belford College, in London; twenty years later there followed Girton and Newnham, at Cambridge; later still, Lady Margaret and Somerville at Oxford, the foundation of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company; the opening of degrees to women at the University of London, and of the honour examinations at Cambridge and Oxford. We see then that with advancing civilisation the theoretical equality of the sexes becomes more and more a matter of general recognition; at the same time it is evident that the strong passion of genius is not to be restrained by any such minor accidents as environment. Women by tens of thousands have enjoyed better educational as well as better social advantages than a Burns, a Keats, or a Faraday; and yet we have neither heard their voices nor seen their work. In conclusion a few words may be added on the question of female education as this actually stands at the present time. Among all the features of progress which will cause the present century to be regarded by posterity as beyond comparison the most remarkable epoch in the history of our race, I believe the inauguration of the so-called Woman's Movement in our own generation, will be considered one of the most important. For I am persuaded that this movement is destined to grow; that with its growth the highest attributes of one half the the human race are destined to be widely influenced; that this influence will profoundly re-act upon the other half, not alone in the nursery and the drawing-room, but also in the study, the academy, the forum, and the senate; that this latest yet inevitable wave of mental evolution cannot be stayed until it has changed the whole aspect of civilisation.

Therefore in my opinion the days are past when any enlightened man ought seriously to oppose the mental advancement of the female sex. In the person of her admirable representative Mrs. Fawcett, she thus pleads: "No one of those who care most for the Woman's Movement cares a jot to prove or to maintain that men's brains and women's brains are exactly alike, or exactly equal. All we ask is that the social and legal status of women should be such as to foster, not to suppress, any gift for art, literature, learning, or goodness with which she may be endowed."

AN IMPRESSION OF THE SALON.

There is at the Ecole des Beaux Arts at the present time a small collection of works by a dead painter (Jean François Millet), which in extent would, if all of them were put together, not cover half the space of canvas of many a single picture in the Salon; yet I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that, regarded from the point of view of art, the Millet collection (chiefly of pastels, charcoal, chalk, and pencil drawings) is worth a hundred exhibitions such as the Salon. In it we find a man not only seeing beauty in ordinary things, but endowing that beauty with new meaning and new pathos, without altering the truth of its appearance. To be at the same time simply veracious in statement, and pathetic and beautiful in the works in which these statements are made, is about the highest praise which can be bestowed upon an artist, and this praise is Millet's most certain due. The Breton peasant-painter did thoroughly for the real life of the French rustic, a very similar work to that which Walker and Mason did for the imaginary life of the English countryman—touched it, that is, to the fine issues of poetry and pathos; made it at once significant, pictorial, and true. The comparison between these artists is an interesting one, but on the whole it tells immensely in favour of the French painter. He was not only a simpler, true soul, both in himself and his work, but he drew his inspiration of beauty from a purer, deeper source. Examine Fred. Walker's peasants and labourers, and one finds them beautiful indeed, in both form and gesture; but the grace which they have is not the special grace that belongs to them in life, but that which the artist attributes to them from his genius, and as it were, in their own despite. Take as an example one of the grandest compositions which this artist ever painted, 'Speed the Plough," and notice the actions of the only two figures therein—the man driving the plough through the furrow, and the boy guiding the horses. The actions of both are magnificent, and might have been copied from a vase of the finest period of Grecian art; but only the slightest acquaintance with country life is needed to inform us how little like the actual operation of ploughing—how essentially (not untrue, but) uncharacteristic are these poses. The same words apply to the splendid gesture of the labourer removing the pipe from his mouth in "The Old Gate," and to that of the mower in "The Harbour of Refuge." These figures are all beautiful in action, but beautiful despite their characteristics of country labourers, rather than because of them. But if we turn to a shepherd or a shepherdess by Millet we find a very different manner of obtaining the result of loveliness. The artist clings tenaciously to every indication of the effect of labour and exposure—clings to the rough, shapeless garments, the slow paces, the exhaustion, the endurance, the isolation, and, I might almost say, the terror, of life in the fields and the woods; and it is by realising for us these facts, by bringing them into accordance with the dew of the morning and the gloom of the twilight, with the shifting seasons and the inconstant sky, that he gains the material for his poem. Occasionally, it is true, as in "The Sower," and again in a lessser degree in the "Two Men Digging," we have a free unconstrained action, but only where such is of the very heart of the subject. It would be correct to say of Fred. Walker that he *made* country life beautiful, and of Millet that he *found* it to be so; that Walker's was a townsman's country, and Millet's that of a son of the soil. However this may be, the collection at the Ecole des Beaux Arts of the latter artist's work emphasises the defect of such painting as that of Gervex and his imitators. If in these flat fields and toil-worn people, engaged in shearing sheep or cutting faggots, planting potatoes or breaking stones, there resides such an intimate secret of loveliness that a few scratches of charcoal on a bit of paper, representing them, gave us so much delight, must there not be something very wrong indeed with this elaborate, highly trained, elaborately wrought-out, gigantic-scaled work of the Salon, which, with all its pounds of paint and acres of canvas, awakens no emotion within us but that of wonder at the apparently causeless industry of its producers? There is something very wrong; and, at the risk of wearying my readers, I repeat that it is the substitution of technical skill for the old end of painting and sculpture, which was to express and to excite emotion: to give delight by painting matters in which the artist delighted, things which he believed, loved, felt to be true.

What was the secret of Millet's success against every opposition, against lifelong poverty and total want of education. It was that he believed and loved the things he depicted; saw their meaning and their connection with life. Here it is in his own words:

"I must confess, even if you think me a Socialist, that the human side of art is what touches me most, and if I could only do what I like—or, at least, attempt it—I should do nothing that was not an impression from Nature, either in landscape or figures. The gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which is so sweet, either in the forest or in the cultivated land—whether the land be good for culture or not. You will admit that it is always very dreamy, and a sad dream, though often very delicious.

"You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet of which you are capable; you see come from a narrow path a poor creature loaded with faggots. The unexpected and always surprising way in which this figure strikes you, instantly reminds you of the common and melancholy lot of humanity—weariness. It is always like the impression of La Fontaine's 'Woodcutter' in the fable:

> "'What pleasure has he had since the day of his birth
> Who so poor as he in the whole wide earth?'

"Sometimes, in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing

and digging. From time to time one raises himself and straightens his back, as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry!"

I have lingered, perhaps over-long, in this contrast of Millet's work and the naturalistic compositions of the present time, but this artist forms a link between the old and new schools, and, with the landscapists allied to him, inaugurated the revolution which has determined the chief direction of modern French Art. These men, who saw poems in unaltered Nature, and produced them in colour and form, have opened the way for the men who see no poems, nor feel any regret at their absence, but prosecute their art with a cold accuracy of endeavour, substituting the solution of problems for the delineation of beautiful things.—*Harry Quilter, in The Contemporary.*

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST.

With every Government, the first two concerns are the military and the financial—defence against external and internal enemies, and provision for the needs of the public service. But these requirements are forced upon our attention by the history and politics of our Indian Empire, more perhaps than by any other. Its very existence depends on its army, without which it would break up from the action of destructive forces within, even if there were no enemies without. We do not think there is any sensible man who doubts that it is the duty of the Indian Government to make its army as efficient as it can be made, so long as the cost is not overwhelming. But as to the way in which its policy ought to be influenced by military considerations, there has been, and still is, the greatest difference of opinion. Our whole Afghan policy has been avowedly determined by the fear of Russia as a possible neighbour and rival, and by the desire to build up a barrier between the Russian Empire and our own. This fear has led us into our two costly and disastrous Afghan wars, out of which we have come victorious indeed, but with no results achieved except the loss of able officers and brave soldiers, the addition of at least thirty-five millions sterling to the debt of India, and the enmity of the entire Afghan people. We shall be reminded that the present Ameer Abdurrahman is our ally, and has so far shown himself trustworthy. We do not by any means deny this; and if there were any certainty that his successors would be like him, it might be reasonably enough argued that our Afghan policy was a success, though purchased at an enormous cost. But such is not the case; in a State like Afghanistan, all policy is personal; and it is as likely as not that the successor of Abdurrahman may be more decidedly Russian in his leanings than he is himself British.

We have just now spoken of the fear of Russia. We do not speak of fear in any unworthy sense. The most foolish fear is the fear of being thought afraid, and the highest courage is consistent with sensitiveness to danger. Our soldiers and civilians in India are brave men; were they not brave, there would be no Indian Empire for them to guard and govern; and the effect of danger on brave men is not only different but opposite to its effect on timid men. The natural impulse of a timid man is to run away from danger; that of a brave man, to press forward to meet it. But there are cases where pressing forward is only one degree less ruinous than running away; it is well known that higher courage and discipline are needed to get soldiers to stand still under fire than to charge under it; and the highest political courage may be shown by keeping a cool head and doing nothing. In the case of our Afghan policy, the danger was that we might have Russia as a neighbour. It was not altogether in our power to avert this, for we could not hinder the extension of Russian power in the regions east of the Caspian, nor take the robber-chiefs of Central Asia under our protection; but we did our utmost to turn a remote danger into a near one by pressing forward to meet it, and endeavouring to make Afghanistan, in fact though not in name, a British outpost. Unwise as is such a policy now, it was nothing short of insane forty-five years ago, when the Russians had scarcely advanced south-east of the Caspian, and the Punjab was an independent State between the Afghan frontier and our own. The conditions of the problem have no doubt been changed since then, but only in degree. The Russian frontier now touches Afghanistan on the north-west, and ours touches it on the south-east; but the two Empires are still separated by the entire breadth of Afghanistan—that is to say, by eight hundred miles of roadless and barren country, inhabited by a warlike, untameable, and treacherous race; and every forward step that we take diminishes the width of this barrier. We regard the entire "forward policy" as a gigantic blunder,—the occupation of Quetta (though Quetta is not politically in Afghanistan) seems to us only a few degrees less impolitic than would be the occupation of Candahar, or Cabul, or Herat itself. The "forward policy" means to advance nearer to a possible enemy whom we have every reason to keep at a distance; moving our advanced columns away from their base of operations, and nearer to that of the enemy; and probably enabling the enemy to choose his own ground and his own time for battle. On this subject we quote from a despatch written by Lord Lawrence in 1869, when Governor-General of India:—

"We think it impolitic and unwise to decrease any of the difficulties which would be entailed on Russia if that Power seriously thought of invading India, as we should certainly decrease them if we left our own frontier and met her half way in a difficult country, and possibly in the midst of a hostile or exasperated population."

All these dangers were near being incurred at the time of the Penjdeh affair, two years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was in power. Abdurrahman was "our protected ally"—these were Mr. Gladstone's words in the House of Commons—when the Russian General commanding on the Afghan frontier, being well beyond any telegraphic communication with his own Government, attacked and dispersed the Afghan force confronting him without a declaration of war, and without any provocation that people at a distance could understand. Had Abdurrahman felt the slaughter of his soldiers and the dispersion of his army as a European Sovereign would have felt it, he would have held our Government to Mr. Gladstone's declaration that he was our protected ally; and peace between England and Russia could have been preserved only by the Russian Government disavowing, apologising for, and punishing the act of its General,—a condition which the Russian army would have never allowed its Emperor to fulfil. So far as those can judge who have no access to secret information, war was averted only because Abdurrahman thought he had more to fear then to hope from it. And what are we to say of the wisdom of our Government, whose Afghan policy at a critical moment let the peace of the world depend on the convenience or the temper of an Afghan chief?

It is at least possible that the statement of the circumstances leading to the conflict of Penjdeh, which the Russian Embassy in London published through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was in all respects literally true; that General Komaroff and his staff kept themselves throughout technically in the right; and that the Afghan commanders violated an understanding as to the limits within which their forces were to remain, pending the delimitation of the frontier. But the fact lies on the surface, that even if the Afghans put themselves in the wrong, General Komaroff took advantage of their wrong to force a quarrel on his Afghan victims. His motives have not been revealed, and perhaps may never be; but we can guess at them. By striking such a blow at our Afghan ally, he did his utmost to force on a war between Russia and England; and it seems in the highest degree probable that this actually was his purpose. He saw the prospect of waging such a war under more favourable circumstances to Russia than he could hope ever to see again, with the field of the struggle in Central Asia, where the Russians would be comparatively at home, while we should have to move our men and supplies over eight hundred miles of roadless wastes. And in such a war we should have no possibility of obtaining any European ally; on the contrary, he may have calculated with some probability that the Black Sea would be closed to our fleet by Russian bribery at Constantinople, and the Baltic by German pressure at Copenhagen. The war, he may have reasoned, would be concentrated at Herat; and the conditions of the Crimean Campaign, where the Russians were weighted by the vast distances and the difficulty of transport, would be reversed to our disadvantage, while we should not have the single advantage that Russia enjoyed in the Crimean War, of an almost unlimited supply of trustworthy soldiers. Who can say that this calculation would have proved wrong? Who can say that we could have saved Herat? The Russian Government, however, refused to let General Komaroff force its hands, the Ameer of Afghanistan did not want a war, and peace was preserved; but, unless our Afghan policy is changed the danger is not passed. If Afghanistan is a British protectorate, Russia may at any moment, by threatening Herat, force us into a war to be fought out by us on the Russian side of Afghanistan, and without a European ally,

After all, we do not believe that the Russians are planning the conquest of India. India is separated from Russia by vast distances of mountainous and inhospitable country. The Russians can reach India only through Afghanistan, and cannot conquer India without first conquering Afghanistan and permanently holding it. Afghanistan would be a more costly and difficult conquest than Circassia proved to be in the last generation, being not only farther from the centres of Russian power, but much more extensive; and when conquered, the character of the country and the people would make it a costly, profitless, and dangerous possession. In our opinion, the Russian aim is not the conquest of India, which is impracticable, but that of Persia, which is perfectly practicable; and we see no reason why England should intervene. With the mountains of Afghanistan and the deserts of Beloochistan between, a Russian occupation of Persia need not be dangerous to India; and the possession by Russia of ports on the Persian Gulf would be of this advantage to us, that it would make Russia more assailable by our fleets.

We do not write as advocates of peace at any price. On the contrary, we believe that the progress of the Russian power southward is once more becoming a danger to the liberties of Europe; and it would give us the greatest pleasure to hear that our Government had come to an understanding with that of Austria for the purpose of keeping the Russians out of the Mediterranean, and securing the independence of the rising nations of the Balkan Peninsula. But in Asia, we see no reason why our Empire and that of Russia should not expand and flourish together. And it may be that we have been guarding against danger on the opposite side to that from which it is after all to come. It may be that while we have been endeavouring, without much success, to build up a barrier on the western side of India against Russia, the real danger will prove to be on the eastern side, from China. And as the necessity of resisting Russia forced us in 1853 into an alliance with our old enemy, France, so in another half-century, the necessity of restraining the growing power of China may force us into an alliance with our present rival, Russia.—*The Spectator.*

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson Monument, then just completed. Sir John recommended as a brief and appropriate epigraph, "Glasgow to Nelson." "Just so," said one of the Bailies; "and as the toon o' Nelson's (Neilston) close at hand, might we no' just say, 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles;' and so it might serve for a monument and a milestone too."

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THE remarks of Mr. George Baden-Powell on the Commercial Union movement cannot be pleasant reading for the Unionists, and it is not surprising that *The Mail*, after introducing Mr. Baden-Powell to its readers as "one of the best informed members on colonial matters," took occasion the following day to explain that "it stands to reason that a gentleman, even of his discernment, could not in the brief period of five weeks [the duration of Mr. Baden-Powell's visit to America] grasp the commercial situation and give a faultless opinion on it." But a man may have political instinct, and know something of political economy and the tendency of a well-defined movement of trade, without passing even five weeks in America; and, perhaps, during his brief sojourn here Mr. Baden-Powell used his powers of observation to better purpose than some among us who have never been five weeks out of the country. When, for instance, he says to *The Mail*:—"Nearly all along the border you have districts on either side of very similar natural resources. These border districts are not natural allies in commerce and industry, but natural rivals. They are endeavouring not to supply the wants of each other, but to compete one with another in other markets,"—he states a plain truth which, it appears to us, throws a very wet blanket indeed over Commercial Union. If we are not very like our neighbours on the other side of the border, producing and dealing in similar natural products, and competing with them in the same markets, what forces are at work drawing the two peoples together that will not equally well prevent that disintegration of the Confederation the Commercial Unionists warn us of? And if we are similar to them, commercially at any rate, are we not natural rivals rather than allies, and do both of two rivals usually find it profitable to make a common purse, as proposed under Commercial Union?

No one will be disposed to question the main theme of Mr. Wiman's essay on "Unrestricted Reciprocity," published in the *Mail* and *Globe*, and delivered at Dufferin Lake on Friday. Canada is unquestionably a country very rich in natural resources; and the Americans are very desirous to exploit it. But Mr. Wiman will have to talk much more to the purpose than in these picnic discourses before he will convince the Canadian people that the Americans do not expect to get very much the better of the bargain he and his friends are now pressing on the attention of the Canadian farmer. The offer is most tempting, and it is possible that the promise is not wholly without foundation; but, we repeat, the benefits attaching to Unrestricted Reciprocity may be purchased at too dear a rate. Indeed, the rate offered by these gentlemen appears to us to be a ruinous one; and, rather than purchase Commercial Union at such a price, the Confederation would do better to struggle on, if in comparative poverty, for another twenty years. This Canada, with all its vast possibilities, is now ours at all events, a possession that any young nation may be proud of; and if we sold it for the mess of pottage offered by our trading friends, what might our children say of us twenty years hence, when, their birthright sold, and the budding promise of Canadian nationality untimely cut off, Young Canada finds itself, instead of a vigorous, independent nation, placed on a level of mediocrity with some forty other States?

IT is in questionable taste that Mr. Wiman comes here on our national holiday to tell us that, *though* we have been constant in our allegiance to the British Crown, we have enjoyed a freedom just as complete as the people of the United States. It must be most gratifying to the Canadians and British advocates of Commercial Union to learn that adherence to the British Crown is an influence usually adverse to the enjoyment of freedom; but perhaps the word "freedom" means something different in Mr. Wiman's adopted country from what it does here. We, at any rate, have for long been under the conviction that the connexion of Canada with the British system, rather than the American, has preserved a degree of true freedom intact here that has been nearly lost beneath the feet of the foreign mobocracy and the native plutocracy in the States.

To prove that unrestricted commercial intercourse would place success in Canada beyond a question, Mr. Wiman tells us that "the absence of Custom-houses along the borders of the various States of the Union, as against each other, had done more to make the United States a great and prosperous nation than had a Republican form of government;" which profound observation, it strikes us, would show that to make a prosperous Dominion out of the Provinces of Canada, we have only to avoid erecting customs barriers between the several Provinces. That is the very course we are pursuing; and we have adopted, too, a feature of the United States system which Mr. Wiman omitted to mention. To foster the growth of a Canadian nationality, we have adopted a National Policy, which shall bar out Americans just as the United States bar out by their National Policy Canadians as well as Europeans.

MR. WIMAN asks why the French-Canadians who emigrate to the New England manufacturing towns, cannot be employed in Canada itself, the product of their industry, instead of themselves, being exported? This is a question the French-Canadians themselves are more competent to answer than the farmers of Dufferin; but apparently they don't see a cure for the evil in Commercial Union, which they manifestly regard with the utmost suspicion. Do they see in it a method designed to get rid of the cheap French-Canadian labour that troubles the native American workman in the New England States? Is it possible that they suspect this to be the *motif* of Commercial Union; an end to attain which Mr. Wiman and his friends are prepared even to see Montreal become, fifty years hence, "the greatest centre of manufacturing activity in the world?"

MR. WIMAN is quite correct in perceiving in the extreme smallness of the home market the chief difficulty the Canadian manufacturer has to encounter. But this home market is better than none at all; and while the Canadian manufacturer can retain it, with British connexion, there is always open to him a world-wide foreign market, a prospect that, with every other, save one, would be inexorably shut to him were he to sell out to his American cousins in the fashion proposed by Mr. Wiman.

THE prospect that Mr. Wiman holds before the amazed eyes of Canada in compensation for the ending of her industrial career, which he seemingly at this point takes for granted, is the inestimable privilege of supplying a nation of plutocrats—who, he intimates, are too dishonest and too little careless of their duty toward the wretched poor around them to count the cost of living,—with spring chickens, and lamb and green pease with mint sauce! All our manifold industries are to resolve themselves into this: our artisans, traders, manufacturers, merchants are all to turn farmers. "If Canada," we are told, "went into the chicken business, and did nothing else but produce 'broilers,' turkeys, and ducks, and if every farm in Canada was covered with this class of food"—why, Canadians would be as big fools as Mr. Wiman evidently takes them for when he buttresses such reasoning with such childish talk as the following:—"There is not a household in the middle States but once or twice in the week desires to have some lamb. This delicacy and green pease, with mint sauce, is, as you all know, one of the greatest delicacies known, and there is no earthly reason why thousands upon thousands of lambs should not be produced and exported from Canada to the United States." How mouth-watering! and one would suppose the farmers in the States never raise such a thing as a lamb.

BUT Mr. Wiman's audience must have been truly shocked at his observations on the possible profit of barley-growing under Commercial Union. Did he not know that he was in a Scott Act county, where farmers do not grow barley to supply brewers with the material of their wicked traffic; and that when he was dilating so eloquently on the wonderful demand for beer in the States, and speculating on the probable yearly increase in the demand, he was setting every Prohibitionist in his audience and in the country dead against Commercial Union? Prohibitionists must now, in conscience, vote against this wicked design. Perish Commercial Union, if it is to entice the Canadian Prohibitionist from his idol, and cause an increase in the flow of beer!

IT were a mere shadow-hunt to follow Mr. Wiman and the other speakers in their further performances at Drayton and Port Hope. The pervading tone throughout was, we regret to say, one of mere fustian. One and all assumed a state of things in Canada generally that does not exist. (A private correspondent at Galt, writing to us at about the time last week that this attempt to snare the farmers' vote was going on, says: "I am sure that many of the advocates [of Commercial Union] can have little idea of the condition of the farmers in this part of the country, settled by Scotchmen from Dumfries a century ago almost. . . . The whole country is the most wonderful example of prosperity and high cultivation.

Some one ought really to be sent up here to write a practical account of what can be seen on all sides.") One and all, while deploring the want of a free market for our natural industries—the product of our farms, forests, mines, and fisheries—carefully avoided telling their hearers that this free market is denied, not by Canada, on whose Statute Book is a law providing for it, but by the States, who deny it for the avowed purpose of forcing Canada to surrender her fisheries without adequate or indeed any compensation, and whose emissaries have got up this agitation and come to these picnic gatherings in order, by hoodwinking the farmers, to persuade them to be used as a lever, at once to open the Canadian fisheries to the destructive enterprise of the Americans, and the Canadian markets to a surplus stock of manufactures of which it is essential to the much longer continuance of the protective system in the States that the American markets shall be relieved at any cost. We implore the farmers not to be so easily deceived: the conditions that make for their prosperity are identical with the conditions on which depends the prosperity of the manufacturing, trading, and artisan classes; the two cannot be dissevered, no one class can be injured without doing injury to all. In diversity of industries, not in farming alone or one branch of farming, not in manufacturing alone or one branch of manufacturing, consists the well-being of the State; and the farming class, to whom this desperate appeal is being made by the Commercial Unionists, may feel assured that when a proposal vitally concerning the mercantile classes has been rejected by those best qualified to judge of its meaning and tendency, there must be serious danger in disregarding or running counter to that judgment.

There being seemingly no disposition on the part of the Gladstonians to stop the useless opposition offered to the passage of the Crimes Bill by the Parnellites, the Bill has been carried almost *en bloc* through the report stage by another application of Closure. The Gladstonians may, of course, threaten that some of the numerous revolutionary measures they are said to be considering with a view to getting back to power shall, when they get there, be carried by Closure without discussion; but if they should ever attempt such a thing the country will remember that their precedent, the present Crimes Bill, had been discussed for months, with endless repetition night after night of the same worn out arguments, till the country is utterly weary of the subject and of them. And it will not be forgotten that by encouraging this spirit of Irish rebellion, within the walls of Parliament and without, the Gladstonians are postponing measures for the relief of the whole Kingdom from the ill effects of too great centralisation from which England, Scotland, and Wales are suffering as well as Ireland; which cannot, however, justly be granted to one without the other; but which it would be a betrayal of the interests of all to concede to Ireland while she is under the malevolent influence of the National League.

The answer to Cardinal Manning's pretension that neither he nor Archbishop Walsh are Separatists—the answer, in fact, to the whole Gladstonian position on Home Rule—is that if Great Britain and Ireland is a United Kingdom then to grant the Irish representation in it liberty of separate action, liberty to pursue an independent policy, and to establish an Irish National Legislature, would be to destroy the unity of the three kingdoms, and separate Ireland from the other two. This is the cardinal inconsistency of the Gladstonians: while they indignantly protest against any wish to repeal or injure the Union, their policy is aimed directly at its destruction, and can have only that effect.

At the present writing it looks as if the Egyptian Convention will not be completed. The Sultan evidently cannot sign it without embroiling the Porte with Russia and France, and England cannot desire that she should do this, at so critical a time as the present, for an object that can very well wait. Russia and France appear to have definitely joined in partnership on this question, but although France has incomparably the larger interest of the two in Egypt, she is now acting mainly as the catspaw of Russia. Russia is determined to thwart England at every assailable point of her policy in Europe or in Asia, in order, if possible, to force her to give way on the Bulgarian question, and Egypt is too valuable a pawn to be thrown away for nothing. The French motive is jealousy and national hatred, pure and simple. She cannot deny that the occupation of Egypt by England has been on the whole beneficial to the country; she cannot have forgotten that in like circumstances England was the first to assent to the relief of France from the obligations of the conventions in Tunis, when France found her new conquest unmanageable without such relief, and appealed for it to the Powers. But the opportunity to turn aside for a moment from her own dreams of foreign conquest, to moralise over the encroachments and ambition of England, is too grateful to France to be lost, especially as it enables her to ingratiate herself a little with almost the only Power in the world that has not been estranged by her own encroachments and ambitions. So England will remain in possession *de facto* of Egypt if not *de jure;* and her hold she will keep, at any rate till the Eastern Question is finally settled, in spite of all that France or Russia will dare to do against her.

The Indian native Press must exchange with some of the Lower Canadian; they seem strangely familiar with the Quebec method of asserting Provincial Rights and getting Better Terms. Thus, referring to the Russian menace on the north-west frontier, says *The Times*, the organs of the professional agitators declare that, if England will make large concessions to the natives in the shape of official employment and representative institutions, she can afford to treat the Russian advance with indifference.

The enormous immigration this year into the States is exciting serious apprehension. At the present rate it may exceed the immigration of 1882, when 788,992 persons—the largest number on record—landed at American ports. As the Philadelphian *Times* says: "The absorption of this vast body of alien people and their transformation into loyal, law-abiding, and useful citizens of the United States is a problem of no small proportions, and calls for the exercise of the highest qualities of statesmanship." Perhaps if the American Legislatures would turn their attention from the government of Ireland to the government of their own country, much future trouble might be avoided.

A most extraordinary change in the political complexion of South America is being gradually brought about by an ever-increasing volume of Italian immigration. The emigration from the old Neapolitan Provinces of Italy had in 1883 reached 169,000, and is rising by 10,000 or 15,000 a year. Of this out-pouring more than half reaches South America, where it is believed more than 750,000 Italians are now settled in the Valley of the Plate alone. Buenos Ayres is described by Sir Horace Rumbold as filled with Italians; and it is by no means impossible that the States of the Plate may become, without violence, and by the natural operation of emigration and a full birth-rate, Italian colonies. What then will become of the cherished Monroe doctrine?

The *Spectator* says of the recent tithe riots in Wales:—"From the point of view of those who justify the anti-tithe agitation as a protest against the injustice of the Establishment in Wales, the present case is quite worthless. The tithe due is, in fact, of the nature of lay tithe, and has no more to do with the Welsh clergy than any ground-rents in London which a Corporation like that of Christ Church may hold. By accident, the biggest of the Oxford Colleges is connected with the Dean and Chapter of an English Cathedral; but by far its most important side—its educational side—is as unsectarian as any other part of the University. Its fellowships and scholarships are open to men of all shades of religious opinion. The very money that the Welsh farmers are withholding goes in part to scholars and exhibitioners who may be now, for all we know, and who certainly have been, Nonconformists." It is not impossible that the agricultural depression has made some reduction of the tithe-rent charges advisable; but evidently the question is purely one of rent.

The *Times* reports that Mr. H. Y. Cartner, of New York, has perfected in England a method of producing sodium, and from sodium aluminium and magnesium in almost unlimited quantities. He has so improved the furnaces he uses that he can produce from one furnace 120 tons of sodium a year, which can be sold at £112 a ton, or, say, a fourth of the present cost. With cheap sodium, cheap aluminium can be produced, a result of the highest importance, this metal combining tenacity, lightness, and freedom from oxidisation. A combination of aluminium and copper or steel will, it is believed, be found one of the most tenacious of metals, and may be used for the casting of light cannon. This discovery, which appears to be genuine, takes us one step more on the road towards a grand requisite of the day, a metal which, while as tenacious as steel, and nearly as cheap, shall be less than half its weight. That, adds the *Spectator*, would solve the difficulty of armouring ships, and be some guarantee against that extinction of the durable woods with which the world is threatened at no distant date. Democracy has many promises to make; but it is fatal to forests, the little proprietor declining to plant and wait, say, a century for his return.

SONNET.—A SHADOW.

The world to-day is radiant, as I ne'er
Could picture it in wildest dreaming, when
For long, long hours I lay in flowery glen
Or wooded copse, and tried in vain to tear
The glamour from my eyes, and face the glare
And tumult of the busy world of men.
I staked my all, and won! and ne'er again
Can my blest spirit know a heart's despair.

And yet—and yet—why should it be that now,
When all my heart has longed for is at last
Within my grasp, and I should be at rest,
A ghostly Something rising in the glow
Of Love's own fire, an uninvited guest,
Taunts me with just one memory of the past!

Sophie M. Almon.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON CANADIAN THOUGHT.

Of Canada's literary past it seems invidious to say very much more. The few eminent names which make it possible for us to point to any achievement at all in the department of letters have been so often shown to be chiefly imported, and the remainder have been so many times lumped in a sentence tagged with some expression of indifference or contempt, that to add to the mass of deprecation that already attaches to this feature of our history is to do a useless, gratuitous thing, not void of offence, as useless, gratuitous things are apt not to be—a thing, moreover, very like scolding a child for lacking the characteristics of a man. It would be more agreeable, and doubtless more acceptable, to take a look about our literary garden in its present season, uprooting in our righteous imagination all the rank growths that take the sap out of the soil, and pushing aside the great quantity of dead leaves that encumber it, to rejoice together over the new and tender beginnings that we should not fail to find. To do this however—you may not be aware of it, so I impart the fact to you in confidence—would be to class ourselves at once in the public estimation among that great, flourishing, and wicked company of people the just call "Logrollas." The Logrollas were not known to antiquity, or even to early modern times, but sprang quite recently upon the public ready-made from the spleen of one of those reformers of criticism whom criticism has treated badly. The Logrollas consist of everybody who has ever had a favourable opinion of anybody else, and been rash enough to put it in print. As almost every writer has committed this indiscretion at some time of his life, it will be easily seen that the Logrollas are a large and influential class; and as nobody is too great or too small to escape the imputation of belonging to it, the danger inseparable from the discussion of contemporary Canadian literature must be apparent. In order to check, to the humble extent within our power, the growth of this already very widespread evil, we must avoid its very appearance. If therefore, you have a literary predilection that might fairly be called personal, go bury it.

But we may take it for granted that a general strain of hopefulness for our future in authorship, and of speculation as to its character, may be indulged in without suspicion of any sordid motive; and since it is about the only direction of literary comment that will bear this saying we hasten to take it.

The future existence of Canada as a nation seems imperilled just now by the forces that lie behind a grave doubt. The future existence of a Canadian national literature is not openly threatened, but it is none the less in danger. In fact the influences assailing literary effort here have nothing to do with the blandishments of the Annexationists. If Canada becomes part of the Union in the very infancy of her literature, of course it will grow to the full stature of an American; but even if she does not, it is greatly to be feared that the offspring of her brain may show more than cousinship for its relations over the border. More than one generation of people who talked of England or Scotland or Ireland as "home," people of refinement, scholarly tastes, and a certain amount of leisure, have taken in hand the construction of a Canadian literature. Their ideals were British, their methods were British, their market was chiefly British, and they are mostly gathered to their British fathers, leaving the work to descendants, whose present, and not whose past, country is the actual, potential fact in their national life. There is a wide difference, though comparatively few years span it, between a colonial and a Canadian, and we may not unnaturally look for a corresponding difference in their literary productions. That the difference will be, for a long time at least, not perceptible as between British and Canadian, but rather as between British and American, may be expected for several reasons.

The most obvious of these is perhaps the great number of American books and magazines that find ready readers here. The literary faculty is more imitative than any other, especially in the earlier stages of its endeavour, and it is prone to imitate first in the direction of its own liking. This direction may be readily guessed at by a comparison of the number of English and American contemporary writers familiar to the present generation of Canadian readers, by which the latter will be found to preponderate in almost anybody's experience. If this is in the nature of an impression, and therefore indefinite, let us ask the City Librarian how they stand in popularity, and he will doubtless put the impression in figures—clothe it with the unanswerable logic of a statistic. Any bookseller in the city will tell us that for one reader of Blackmore or Meredith he finds ten of Howells or James; any book reviewer will testify to the largely American sources from which the volumes of his praise or objurgation come; any newsdealer will give us startling facts as to the comparative circulation of the American and the English magazines, and if he be a Toronto newsdealer may add a significant word or two about the large sale in this city of the Buffalo *Sunday Express*. There are still many colonials in this country, and lest they, with their families, should feel stigmatised by the foregoing statement, we hasten to except them. For the most part they stick to the traditions of their youth, their English classics, and their *Weekly Times;* and Frank Harris's *Fortnightly* is as necessary to their happiness as English breakfast tea. It is not true of them that they are partial to American writers. If you speak to them of the fiction of that great country, they reply by a reference to Fenimore Cooper, which shows the subject to be so unpromising that you change it. But of the mass of Canadians it is true. It is not, however, the taste or the literary culture implied in the fact, but the fact itself that is pertinent to our argument. Once Canadian minds are thoroughly impregnated with American matter, American methods, in their own work, will not be hard to trace.

It is pertinent here to consider the difference in the price of English and American publications, which is great, and doubtless often induces the book-buyer to choose the lesser good at the cheaper rate. The English publisher finds it to his interest to bring out a first edition of an average successful novel at 31*s.* 6*d.* His American brother knows it to be very remunerative to publish a book of the same class at $1.50. The same duty on both books makes the price to the Canadian thirty per cent. higher. He buys the American book in part because it is the cheapest, but in greater part because he is in every respect the sort of person whose existence in great numbers in the United States makes its publication profitable. The lack of moneyed leisure is not the only condition of life common to Americans and Canadians. If it were, American literature would be as impotent, at any price, to change the character of Canadian literature as it is to effect a literary revolution in England. But, like the Americans, we have a certain untrammelled consciousness of new conditions and their opportunities, in art as well as in society, in commerce, in government. Like them, having a brief past as a people, we concentrate the larger share of thought, energy, and purpose upon our future. We have their volatile character, as we would have had without contact with them; volatility springs in a new country as naturally as weeds. We have greatly their likings and their dislikings, their ideas and their opinions. In short, we have not escaped, as it was impossible we should escape, the superior influence of a people overwhelming in numbers, prosperous in business, and aggressive in political and social faith, the natural conditions of whose life we share, and with whom we are brought every day into closer contact.

Imitation and sympathy having diverted the Canadian *littérateur* somewhat from the ways of his forefathers, it remains for him to consider his market. The magazines being the great vehicles, he will look with awed despair upon the brilliant list from which the *Contemporary* or the *Nineteenth Century* draws its monthly quota, and with which his obscure patronymic must compete, handicapped with that damning adjective, "colonial." And he turns with comfort to the half score of New York publications, each of which contains names unknown yesterday, and to be forgotten to-morrow, where his chance is indeed better, as the number of Canadians at present contributing to these periodicals proves. Having selected his market, he forthwith proceeds to write up to it, or down to it, as the case may be. As the great northern magazine phalanx is dictating now to the literary movement in the South its limits and its character, so will it some day dictate to a similar movement in Canada. The market for Canadian literary wares of all sorts is self-evidently New York, where the intellectual life of the continent is rapidly centralising. It is true that it will never be a great or a profitable market until some original process of development is applied to the transplanted romance of our North-west, to the somewhat squat and uninteresting life of Ontario, to our treasure trove, Quebec; but when this is done, we may be sure that it will be with an eye upon immediate American appreciation, and in the spirit and methods of American literary production.

Sara Jeannette Duncan.

ARTIST AND ACTOR.

Mrs. Jopling, known to many Canadians who have visited her London studio, is about to open a new one at 4 Gloucester Grove, South Kensington, where students will be able to study all day, and a life model will be in constant attendance. The classes are to be conducted on the French system, and some leading artist will be invited monthly to criticise the work.

One of the most successful among the women of the United States is Miss Mary Tillinghast, who has made a business of decorative art. Vanderbilt once paid her $30,000 for inventing a new species of tapestry hangings for his house. She also supplied the designs for the stained glass window just erected, representing Jacob's dream, in Grace Church, New York. No piece of cathedral art had ever before been entrusted in the States to a woman, but her designs were so obviously the best that a precedent was established.

Purchasers in America of costly foreign etchings of the highest grades, the prices of which should have kept them properly select in their distribution, have much to complain of, for they are being reproduced, by some photographic process of engraving (probably photogravure), and sold at such a rate as to make them commoner than the higher grades of native etchings. Meissonier's "La Rixe," for instance, an etching which sells at several hundred dollars a proof, is copied and sold in India proofs at about twenty-five dollars, framed. An English etching of excellent quality, "Cold Comfort," suffers in like manner. These copies, printed on Japan or India paper, are sufficiently good imitations of the originals to catch the eye of a hungry public, though they of course lack the finer quality of the true work of a master etcher. Now that fine plates of Unger, Waltner, Haig, Courty, Champoillon, and Macbeth are owned by private individuals in the States, this seems doubly hard.

In New York the exhibition of celebrated paintings brought from Paris for *exhibition only*, which opened at the Academy of Design in the end of May, lasted until the end of June; it attracted as much attention as was possible at such an unfashionable season. The collection, which is very miscellaneous in character, is shown under the auspices of the American Association for the Promotion and Encouragement of Art, and includes a considerable number of Salon pictures, many of them of great importance and interest. Of Puvis de Chavannes no less than ten of the best known works are exhibited. Delacroix is represented by two important canvases, his immense and preposterous "Death of Sardanapalus," first seen in the Salon of 1827, and his totally different work, representing "A Contrite Monk, brought before his Superiors in the Palais de Justice at Rouen." Near the "Sardanapalus" hangs Manet's large picture of the "Execution of Maximilian," almost equally absurd; but at the two ends of the long gallery are Lefebvre's "Diana Surprised," and Henner's "Eclogue," each of them, probably, the largest easel picture of the artist that has ever come to this country, and each of them a brilliant representative of the limitations and abilities of the two famous painters.

The list of important works acquired at the Salon for the approval and purchase of the American collector on this side of the water contains the old familiar names of Jules Breton, Bougereau, Vibert, Aubert, Lefebvre, Pasini, etc. There is a promise of some variety in a possible importation of a few German pictures by the Messrs. Schaus, who are now showing a portrait, in pastel, of Bismarck, by Lenbach. Knoedlar and Company have secured D. R. Knight's largest picture, "In October," from the Salon.

Whitsuntide was not marked in London by any theatrical novelties, and, with the exception of Mrs. Brown Potter's re-appearance, and the production of the "Golden Band" in July, there seems little to expect for the rest of the present season, which has not been remarkable throughout for its brilliance. The new play at the Adelphi still seems far off. "Sophia" shows no signs of waning popularity. "The Red Lamp" is not likely soon to be replaced, nor is "As in a Looking-Glass," while the revivals seem everywhere too popular to make way for new pieces of fresher interest.

Mr. Irving's reproduction of "Louis XI." has given the British public an opportunity of witnessing one of the finest impersonations he has ever given on the stage of a study of character. The enthusiastic outbursts of applause and calls for the actor which marked the first performance, testified very unmistakeably to the impression he created. The revival was produced with all the elaborate care for detail which is associated with the Lyceum. "Louis XI." will be followed by "Much Ado About Nothing," and a special Saturday matinée of the "Merchant of Venice."

"The Arabian's Nights," a spectacular burlesque lately brought out at Chicago, has met with extraordinary success. It is said to contain some lovely scenes, and is the first of a series of artistic extravaganzas which will equal the *féeries* of Paris and the pantomimes of London. Captain Alfred Thompson, who inaugurated this performance at the Chicago Opera House, will do his best to prove that the standard raised in America is no whit inferior to that on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Maurice Strakosch is announced to have made the very latest discovery of female talent and beauty in Miss Sigrid Arnoldsen, whose singing has produced a most favourable impression in Paris; he is soon to import her into America.

Though Mr. and Mrs. Kendall will not start on their projected American tour until the autumn of next year, enterprising managers in the States have been already communicating with them with regard to the principal pieces in which they will appear.

The newest freak of Parisian genius is the "Concert Optique," which has been launched under the especial patronage of the American colony. It is a combination of café and theatre, the latter of which is extremely novel in its features. The auditorium is kept in almost total darkness. The audience does not watch the stage, but in front of each person is placed a mirror about eighteen inches square. By an ingenious combination of reflections the entire stage is reproduced upon the mirrors, the players appearing about three inches in height. The minutest details of the stage setting and of the actors' costumes are clearly brought out.

In view of the statement that Mr. Boucicault is at work upon a new play, the following estimate of that gifted playwright's annual expenses may be found of interest: ink, $2; pens, 50c.; extra, $1; scissors' sharpening, $450; French novels, $600; total, $1,053.50.

Mr. Mansfield does not intend to produce "Dr. Jekyll" in New York, at the Madison Square Theatre. The gentleman owes his present success to a somewhat strange turn of the wheel of fortune. Leaving Boston some time since for London, he was bidden while in the metropolis to an evening reception, where his clever mimicry brought him an offer to take Corney Grain's place at the German Reeds; he proved, however, somewhat of a failure, but the engagement led to other things, and finally to Doyly Carte's giving him the opportunity that made him what he is, an actor of considerable reputation.

The much heralded new emotional play, "Fair Fame," by Clinton Stuart, produced at the Madison Square Theatre in May, proved to be nothing more nor less than a very indifferent version of Alexandre Dumas' condemned. "Denise" Mr. Stuart has many talents, but he is not a playwright, and Miss Linda Dietz handicapped her return to the American stage, by appearing in a piece intrinsically bad and suggestively worse; barring the fact that she showed herself a woman of absolute breeding in the atmosphere of polite society, she gave no indications as Margaret Preston the Denise of the play, of qualities demanded by an emotional part of force and intensity.

The Brooklyn Park Theatre has distinguished itself as the scene of an experiment in the production of a new play by Robert Buchanan, the well-known English author, entitled "Fascination," which though it gives scope for a good deal of clever characterisation, has an unfortunate plot, turning upon the adventures of a woman who assumes male attire, to test her lover's sincerity; its dialogue is commonplace, and in the emotional and dramatic scenes coarse.

E. S.

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*NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.**

The present is the era of Dictionaries and Encyclopæ lias, the compilation of which is being brought, as nearly as possible, into the condition of an exact science. It is much to say that no second place among these compilations can be given to the great work which was projected and is now being carried on by Mr. Leslie Stephen; yet this can be said with some confidence. Surrounded as we now are by monumental works of this description, complete and in process of completion, such as the great Dictionaries superintended by Dr. William Smith, the German works of Hertzog and Wetzer and Welte, the French Dictionary of Littré, the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the new English Dictionary edited by Murray, we can yet place Mr. Stephen's work in the same line with these.

We need not here again insist upon the great importance of such a work. Those who have had frequent occasion to consult Biographical Dictionaries must have received many painful proofs of their defects and inaccuracies. We feel more tolerant of their omissions when we survey the field now occupied by Mr. Stephen. How should a general Dictionary of Biography, comprised in three or four volumes, or in ten or twenty volumes, make any approach to completeness, when it takes Mr. Stephen, dealing only with British Biography, ten volumes of 400 or 500 pages to get, as we reckon, a little more than half way through the letter C? The present work can hardly be completed in less than thirty or forty volumes. But then the work will be done, up to this period at least,—once for all.

The present volumes are worthy successors of those which have gone before. In regard to the mode of composition, we have the same good taste and good sense. In these volumes we have no flowers of rhetoric, utterly out of place in such a work, but plain, classical, business-like English narrative. Then, the accounts given under each article seem adequate, and, for all practical purposes, complete. We have carefully examined a number of articles on subjects with which we happened to have a more familiar acquaintance, and have missed nothing which we looked for, or which we could reasonably have expected to find. In regard to accuracy, the work is beyond praise. It is possible that, here and there, a specialist may find something to amend or to add on some minute point. But as far as our examination has gone we may assert that no one who trusts this work will be misled in any important particular. We say this with the more confidence from the fact that the successive volumes, as they have appeared, have not only been reviewed by specialists in the *Athenæum* and *Academy*, but have been examined by correspondents of those and other journals; and the result of all these scrutinies has been to confirm the reader in a conviction of the minute accuracy of the Dictionary.

We have dwelt carefully upon the points just indicated, because they are of prime importance. The real value of a work like this consists in its being, by itself, adequate for its purpose. The reader, and particularly the literary man, wants a book that he can refer to with the assurance

* Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vols. ix. and x. Canute to Clarkson. (Macmillan: 1887.)

that he can get what he wants without verifying the information by a reference to other sources. Among the contributors we find nearly all the names that have contributed in any important manner to this kind of literature, and belonging to every phase of thought—literary, philosophical, political, and religious. The particular articles are, many of them, almost treatises or complete essays on their subjects, so that we shall have, in the complete work, a history of England which will omit no matter of importance. The very first article in the earlier of these volumes, on Canute, or Cnut, written by the very competent pen of Mr. Hunt, is a model of what such an article should be. We not only obtain a very complete history of the great Dane, but we have references so copious, not only to the early authorities, but to important modern works, such as Dr. Freeman's "Norman Conquest," that any one who wished to lecture or write on Cnut need do no more than follow the guidance thus provided.

In order to have some notion of the extent and variety of the work, let the reader turn to such a name as Carey, and he will wonder that the Editor did not get bewildered in the midst of such an array of names. He will also find, as one example, a brief but good and sufficient account of Carey, the missionary. It is about one hundred and fifty pages from Carey to Cary, and a good many different articles will be found under the latter name, and among them a peculiarly interesting sketch of the translator of Dante, by Dr. Richard Garnett. On the way from Carey to Cary we came upon an excellent account of the late Mr. Carlyle, from the hand of the Editor, a paper so complete that probably the student who knows most of the life and writings of Carlyle will learn something from it. There is an admirable passage on the peculiarities of Carlyle's style, which we much wish we could quote. It begins near the bottom of p. 124, in vol. ix.

The interest of the tenth volume will be understood when we note that it contains articles on Chapman, by Mr. Bullen; on Charles I., by Prof. S. R. Gardiner; on Charles II., by Prof. A. W. Ward; on Chaucer, by Prof. J. W. Hales; on Archbishop Chichele, by Rev. W. Hunt; on Churchill, the Poet; on Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, a very fine paper, by the Editor, not to mention many others of lesser importance. On one other point great credit and even gratitude is due to the Editor: the volumes appear with astonishing regularity.

RECENT MISCELLANY.

"The History of France, from the Earliest Times to 1848," by François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, has ever been regarded as the most accurate, conscientious, and picturesque compilation afforded us of the brilliant and fluctuating fortunes of a country second only to Great Britain in interest and importance. The death of M. Guizot, at Val-Richer, took place, however, whilst he was dictating the last pages of his fourth volume to his daughter, Madame de Witt. The work to which he had consecrated his last years was therefore left incomplete. The fifth and last volume, comprising the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., had already been outlined, and it was upon M. Guizot's own plan, and with the assistance of his directions and notes, that his daughter edited a fifth volume, bringing the record up to the Convocation of 1789. Although issued in 1876, no edition, comparable in cheapness with the one at present occupying us, from the house of John Alden, New York, has as yet been offered to the public. The whole work is now complete in eight volumes. It contains 427 fine illustrations, similar to those of the foreign edition, carefully printed on fair paper. The binding is a handsome imitation morocco, with marbled edges, which makes it a very suitable work for a library shelf. The price for the entire set is $6; there is also a slightly cheaper edition in cloth, gilt edges, $4.50. It will be seen that the price is extraordinarily low, and one only hopes that the young of to-day are realising the immense advantage which ought to accrue from the almost ludicrous cheapness of standard works. The tendency is rather to underrate these advantages.

Although the Rev. Dr. Cochrane's last book, "The Church and the Commonwealth," has been for some time before the public, through the energetic agents of Bradley, Garretson, and Co., of Brantford, it has been the fortune of The Week to receive the volume only lately. It is a portly one, with such tempting binding, lettering, illustrations, and margins as are best calculated to be of service to the agents aforesaid. The widespread popularity of the works of this, one of Canada's most eminent Presbyterian divines amply justifies the pains which his publishers have taken to place his latest work before the public in the attractive form they have chosen. "The Church and the Commonwealth" consists of a series of thirty-four sermons, which their author has classified under "Questions of the Day," "Biographical Discourses," "Character and Culture," "Religion and the State," and "Christ's Kingdom, its Glory and Perpetuity." In "Questions of the Day," Dr. Cochrane discusses various matters by which the public mind is more or less profoundly stirred up, discusses them always in a spirit of equity, and with a firm and vigorous hand; in "Religion and the State," the attitude of the Church toward certain secular movements, and in "Christ's Kingdom" some of the phases of religious and anti-religious thought, into the eddies of which so many people find themselves carried. Perhaps the strongest interest attaches to the "Biographical Discourses," which include many eminent names, and admirably illustrate Dr. Cochrane's peculiar facility in dealing with this class of subjects. It is pleasant, too, to note the development of style in the twenty years that ensue between the sermon on Lincoln and that on Garfield.

The latest addition to the Beecher literature, which is assuming such vast proportions, is a "Beecher Memorial," compiled and edited by Edward W. Bok, of New York, and privately printed for circulation among the great preacher's friends. A very large, distinguished, and representative number of persons have contributed to form this volume, which consists altogether of their tributes and reminiscences. Eminence in every department of life has a delegate within Mr. Bok's neat brown covers, with a story to tell or a note of praise to sound, from William Beard, who sends a suggestive drawing of an eagle dying on a crag above the clouds, to Will Carleton, who happily versifies a pathetic little incident toward the close of Mr. Beecher's life. Dr. Holmes contributes, and Whittier, and Canon Farrar, and Edwin Booth, and Miss Cleveland, and Salvini, and Ristori, and Cable, and Gladstone. Indeed one does not think readily of any name that is not there; even Bill Nye and Dr. McGlynn have contributed The best is perhaps from the pen of Miss Edith Thomas, the worst from that of Dr. Talmage. Very few are perfunctorily written, and the book will be valued by all into whose hands it comes.

"A Gate of Flowers" is the title of a small volume of verse by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, which the author has dedicated to the Hon. Mr. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario. Mr. O'Hagan is one of the many local unpretending bards which Canada produces in such remarkable quantities to atone for her barrenness of eminent singers. There is really no reason why these lesser poets should not sing for our comfort, and sing they do most lustily. Mr. O'Hagan's verse is inspired by much poetic feeling, and most of it is as efflorescent as the title would lead us to expect. Its publishing medium is Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Much more seriously must we speak of Matthew Richey Knight's "Poems of Ten Years," which have just reached us from the press of Macgregor and Knight, Halifax. To make our severest comment first, we may say that ten years was in Mr. Knight's case too long a span from the achievements of which to take a bookful of poems. In five years or in even a shorter period the author might have written all the verse the volume contains that should have been published in this way, and doubtless he did, since it is only natural to suppose that Mr. Knight's weaker efforts are his earlier ones. Weeded, however, of all the verse only equal in value to "Between Two Faiths," the volume would still hold poems that have more of hopeful suggestion in them than any Canadian verse we have seen for some time. Mr. Knight is often indifferent to considerations of metre, so much so, indeed, that it is difficult to classify an occasional poem according to its form; but his thought is very pure and subtle, his inspiration often really exalted, his diction vigorous, his passion noble and true. Often, it must be confessed, Mr. Knight's expression is crude, sometimes it halts, sometimes it comes feebly to an end without attaining anything; yet much is to be hoped of a poet who could write so stirringly of Gordon, and with such strong feeling of Carlyle as Mr. Knight has done. He has graphic power in clothing distinct ideas, as in this, "Dream and Deed:"

Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
  There's one that goes before;
How deep soe'er the truths I know,
  That other knoweth more.

Full stronger than my utmost strength,
  Full better than my best;
Though dark my aim, whate'er its length,
  He leadeth in the quest.

I find the traces of his flight,
  I hear the distant wing;
He never looms in very sight,
  My winter is his spring.

I touch the verge of part or ken,
  And he is in its core;
I reach its centre too, and then
  He speedeth on before.

We have received from that well known Parliamentarian, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, a "Jubilate" as expressive of love and loyalty to Her Majesty as might be expected from one who has served her so long; and from Wm. Briggs' publishing house come some neat verses from Robert Awde, also inspired for the most part by the completion of the Victorian half-century. A Jubilee essay on "Imperial Confederation," by Colonel P. H. Attwood, has also reached us. Col. Attwood discusses his subject from a North-west point of view, which we might localise still further with the assistance of the prospective Hudson's Bay Railway. Apart from the visionary enthusiasm with which its author supports this astonishing scheme, the essay is a creditable addition to our Jubilee scrap-book.

The latest cheap Alden reprint is the Rev. Bernhard Pick's "Historical Sketch of the Jews since the Destruction of Jerusalem." The work is crowded within too narrow bounds to leave room for the graphic treatment its subject gives so much scope for. It is replete with facts, however, and is carefully and thoroughly done.

Professor Alexander Melville Bell has recently added to the long list of important works that are already charged with the task of perpetuating his name and fame as the most eminent of our speech scientists, "University Lectures on Phonetics." These lectures were delivered first at Johns Hopkins University, and later at Oxford. It is quite impossible to speak adequately of their merits in a book note, nor indeed is it necessary, for people to whom Professor Bell's work is familiar will anticipate them. We must, however, commend the study of these and all of the Professor's utterances on this subject, especially to teachers in Canada. Among others of our rapidly growing American characteristics is the least agreeable one of slipshod speaking. The only way in which this may be counteracted is by the influences of the schools, and ability to exercise a corrective influence can be gained by teachers only by an intelligent comprehension of at least the simpler phases of Professor Bell's subject. (New York: Edgar S. Werner.)

CURRENT COMMENT.

TO A ROSEBUD.

Oh, little timid Rose,
That if the Zephyr blows
  Tremblest with fear;
Oh, dainty, tender one,
That blushest if the Sun
  Glances anear:

Yet fragile as thou art,
The secret of thy heart
  Who thinks to win?
Closer than bars of gold
Thy silken petals hold
  The prize within.

And Winds in vain may blow,
And fiercest Sunbeams glow
  Above thy head;
For when thy sweet heart lies
Open to eager eyes,
  Lo, thou art dead!

—*Grace Denio Litchfield.*

Let me supplement the Duke of Argyll's letter on "The New Education" by a passage from Pomponius Mela—the Arthur Young of his day,—who lived in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and travelled in Ireland A.D. 40, or thereabouts, and who describes, in a few pithy sentences, the climate, the soil, and the people of that country, as he found them at that time. He says that the climate is unfit for ripening grain—"cœli ad maturanda semina iniqui;" but that the soil is so rich in herbage, not only luxuriant, but sweet, that a very short part of the day suffices for the cattle to take their fill of it; and that, unless driven off the pasture, they burst from eating too much—"terra autem adeo fecunda herbis, non lætis modo, sed etiam dulcibus, ut se exiguâ parte diei pecora impleant; et, nisi pubulo prohibeantur, diutius pasta dissiliant." [This indicates the prairie value of the land.] The people, he says, are an uncouth race (or, as we should say, a set of brutes), and are ignorant of every virtue under the sun. "Cultores ejus inconditi sunt, et omnium virtutum ignari." The climate and soil remain what they were—unfit to grow the finer kinds of corn, but wonderfully rich in pasture; the people are improved, not injured, by their contact with more civilised races, and display qualities which excite the admiration, instead of incurring the contempt, of travellers; but they retain somewhat of the old leaven, and I fear that the Roman traveller, if he could revisit the scenes of his earthly pilgrimages, would discover in some quarters a family likeness to that which he depicted more than 1,800 years ago.—Cor. of the *Times*.

For Erich Schmidt, who is to edit the "Faust," was reserved the pleasure of communicating to the assembly the discovery of a copy of probably the earliest version of Goethe's "Faust," including twenty scenes, principally of the *Gretchen* tragedy, which he was fortunate enough recently to unearth. Students of Goethe are aware that, whereas the first part of "Faust" was not published until 1808, an earlier fragment appeared in 1790, portions of which were undoubtedly done in the old Frankfort days, while other passages were evidently worked over at the time of the Italian journey. Conjecture has long been rife regarding the period of production of the several scenes, and Scherer even maintained the probable existence of an original prose sketch. This treasure trove is a copy of that earlier and fundamental version, and will necessitate a revision of the textual criticism of the whole first part, with a date as starting-point antecedent by many years to 1790. Scarcely less interesting than the discovery itself was the way in which it was brought about. Every reader of Goethe's biography will recall the lively little maid of honour, Fräulein von Göchhausen, with whom, in the first wild days of Weimar, Goethe and the Duke were wont to play such pranks. Members of her family now living in Dresden possessed a quantity of apparently unimportant papers which had been handed down from generation to generation. The Grand Duchess, making inquiries among acquaintances in Dresden for Goethe memorabilia, learned of the existence of these papers, and, through her intercession, the family permitted access to them. Prof. Schmidt was despatched to examine the collection, and observed among other documents of little consequence a large blank book or album filled, after the current fashion, with copies of various popular specimens of German literature. Turning over the leaves, he suddenly came across some absolutely unknown lines from "Faust," and here at last, preserved by the pious hand of the much-abused little dame, appeared an apparently faithful copy of the precious document, the famous time-stained codex of the Italian journey, the lost manuscript of the modern scholiasts, for which in the Goethe archives search had so long and fruitlessly been made.—*The Nation's Weimar Correspondent.*

The last attempt on the life of the Czar brings the Nihilists again into prominence, and it will have the effect of exposing the female students of Russian colleges to much cruel police espionage. There is no more interesting figure in Russia than a lady student. She generally has her hair cut short, her dress is almost like a Quaker's in its quiet tones and extreme simplicity. She is invariably a thorough musician, and passionately fond of music, and they are one and all inveterate smokers. Russian girls take to the fragrant weed like Kalmucks. I have met them in groups on moonlight evenings, seated in some picturesque garden nook, smoking in quiet, pensive thought, regardless of everything around them, and there is nothing more touching than their air of settled sadness. I learned that not a few of these students were girls of noble family who had broken away from home, and were studying under assumed names. The difficulties which some of them have had to contend with to obtain even the privilege of college education reads more like a chapter out of a romance than as belonging to our work-a-day world. A very beautiful, dark-eyed young girl, whom I met at Moscow, was the daughter of the governor of Vologda, who was sent to a convent by her family, to be out of the way of some restless spirits with whom she had come into sympathetic contact. Disguised as a peasant she escaped from the convent. She then worked her way to Varna as a cabin boy, served a year in a hotel as "boots;" when money enough had been saved she purchased suitable clothes and took service as a nursery governess in an English nobleman's family, and lived for some time at the country seat of one of her mother's relatives, high in the English peerage, in this capacity, without being known. As soon as she had saved a small sum she went to Paris, and fitted herself to be a teacher. She now prepares girls for the high school at Moscow. The place where she resides is a loft over a cart-maker's shop, which is fitted up as dormitory and living room for about twenty young girls, a part of which serves as a refectory, and where the meals are cooked at a large stove. Each girl takes a turn at cooking, washing, mending, shopping. The table at which dinner is served is made of boards placed on trestles. When the evening meal is over all sit down to study under the guidance of this singularly enthusiastic teacher. These young students are not Nihilists, but they have an earnest love of freedom, which may at any time lead the more courageous and receptive of them to join the great army of conspirators.—*Mrs. A. H. Lenowens, in Halifax Critic.*

It is disturbing no doubt to find that a change in the management of the Bank of Commerce has revealed the necessity of writing off accumulated bad or doubtful debts, and providing for the depreciation of other assets, nearly to the amount of the Rest. Still, the new Management have unquestionably taken a wise and prudent course in reducing to their cash value all assets whose ultimate realisation is at all doubtful; indeed, this was the only possible course consistent with their duty in the circumstances. By distributing only seven per cent among the shareholders, out of the ten per cent profits earned the past year, they are still, however, able to retain the sum of half a million dollars at credit of Rest; and with the present rate of earnings (over ten per cent.), the healthy and active condition of the business of the Bank as shown by its revised statement of Liabilities and Assets, and the experience and skill of the new Management, the shareholders have abundant reason to expect a prosperous and safe business in the future, that will not only continue to return them handsome dividends, but will also soon build up the Rest again and carry it higher than ever before.

MUSIC.

Thanks to the enterprise of the management of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, several notable additions will shortly be made to the ranks of those to whom musical education is entrusted in Toronto. Signor F. d'Auria, a graduate under the personal direction of the world-renowned Saverio Mercadante, of the Royal College of Music at Naples, will teach in the vocal department of the Conservatory. Signor d'Auria, on completion of his studies at the institution referred to, was engaged as one of the professors, and while there he published an important work on Harmony, which was adopted by the college. Afterwards he was in charge of the vocal department of the New York College of Music, a position which he resigned to take up the direction and conductorship of Adelina Patti's two years' operatic tour through America in 1881-82. He issued and dedicated to Patti a large and expensive Method of Singing, which bears an autograph letter of acknowledgment from the great "Queen of Song."

M. F. Boucher, of Ottawa, violinist, a pupil of the celebrated Jehin Prume, and also of the Liege Conservatory, under Massart as teacher, is also coming to Toronto, and will give instruction at the Conservatory. M. Boucher is the leading violinist in the East, and is much in demand at Montreal and Ottawa, having been frequently called upon to play at Rideau Hall by the Princess Louise when she was there, and where also Lady Lansdowne has been a pupil of M. Boucher.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood, one of the greatest pianists and teachers of the piano which America has ever produced, and who has long since won his spurs in the most distinguished art centres of Germany and other parts of Europe, has been engaged as examiner for the piano department of the Conservatory. The importance of these appointments is self-evident; others of equal note will follow, and all will greatly tend to strengthen the position of Toronto in the musical world.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have received the following publications:

Political Science Quarterly. June. New York: Ginn and Company.
Scribner's Magazine. July. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Eclectic Magazine. July. New York: E. R. Pelton.
Canadian Methodist Magazine. July. Toronto: William Briggs.
Contemporary Review. June. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publishing Company
Forum. July. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.
Magazine of American History. July. New York: 743 Broadway.
North American Review. July. New York: 3 East Fourteenth Stree
Century. July. New York: Century Company.