

# THE WEEK:

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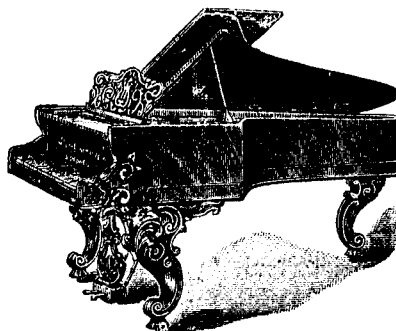
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## DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

By the state of suspense and excitement in which the country has been kept for the last fortnight, and which is likely soon to begin to have a bad effect on trade, fresh emphasis is given to our protest against allowing the prerogative of dissolution to be wielded by a party leader for the purpose of bringing on an election at a time favourable to himself. A Parliament is by law elected for a certain term of years, and for that term it ought to sit, unless the occurrence of a constitutional crisis such as is brought on by a defeat of the Government, a collision between the two Houses, or some fundamental change of policy, renders necessary an appeal to the country. Whether a crisis has occurred, and whether a dissolution ought to be granted, are questions of which, we submit, the Crown or its representative is the judge, and which ought to be decided in the interest, not of a party, but of the whole community and of the Constitution. In England, though as we admitted before, the practice has of late become too lax, it has not become so lax as it is here, and as the leaders of both parties seem to desire; for the leader of the Opposition has been challenging an appeal to the country. There has not yet been a dissolution in England of which it could be said that, like the last dissolution in this country, it was wholly unjustified by any constitutional crisis, and had for its sole motive the electioneering convenience of the party in power. The nearest approach to such an abuse of the prerogative was Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate dissolution in 1874. Mr. Gladstone determined on that step in his bed, to which he was confined by sickness, and without consulting his colleagues, all of whom are said to have disapproved. But the Government had not long before been defeated, and had resigned on the Irish Universities Bill; and though it had resumed office, the resumption was understood to be provisional, and subject to an appeal to the country, which would determine whether the Ministry retained the confidence of the people. It is evident that if Members of Parliament are to hold their places, not for a legal term or until a necessity for an appeal to the country has arisen, but during the Prime Minister's pleasure, their independence will be impaired. "What seems more important," says Hallam, "than the usual term of duration is, that this should be permitted to take its course except in cases where some great change of national policy may perhaps justify its abridgement. The Crown would obtain a very serious advantage over the House of Commons if it should become an ordinary thing to dissolve Parliament for some petty ministerial interest or to avert some unpalatable resolution. Custom appears to have established, and with some convenience, the substitution of six for seven years as the natural life of a House of Commons; but an habitual irregularity in this respect might lead in time to consequences that most men would deprecate." Hallam here regards the prerogative as still really exercised by the Crown: he does not contemplate its usurpation by the Prime Minister, or his language would probably have been more stringent. In the Crown the prerogative of dissolution

still of right is; in the hands of the Crown it ought to remain, and by the Crown or the representative of the Crown it ought to be exercised on broad principles of general policy, and in the national interest, without reference to the exigencies of a party. Sir Edmund Head exercised it in refusing Mr. Brown a dissolution; and in England the other day it was quite understood that the Queen might have used her discretion in granting a dissolution to Mr. Gladstone had the majority against him been more decisive. The manifest doubt and hesitancy of the Ministers on the present occasion show plainly that no constitutional cause has arisen for abridging the legal life of the Parliament. The pretence that the Parliament has condemned itself by the extension of the franchise, and that on that account it is imperative at once to hold a fresh election with the enlarged constituency, is seen at once to be hollow; if it were not, the dissolution and fresh election would have been at once announced as a matter of course without all this suspense and agitation. If His Excellency the Governor-General has no functions it would be better at once to get rid of the expense of the office, and, of what is more injurious than its expense, its operation as a conventional mask for the malpractices of Party. But, as we venture to maintain, he is still the guardian of the Constitution. In that capacity he is now called upon to defend his trust against a dangerous usurpation. In doing this he will have to face some personal responsibility; but so, on certain occasions, has the sentinel at his door. Public opinion would be with him and there would be nothing to fear. The rumour that the Prime Minister has privately received from the Governor-General leave to dissolve if he finds it convenient, and is canvassing the country to ascertain his chances with the death-warrant of the Parliament in his pocket to be executed or cancelled as he may find convenient, is totally incredible; that it should obtain credence is a proof that our hold upon constitutional principles has been lost. With regard to the dissolution of the Ontario Legislature, which is first announced, we have only to repeat the remarks made with regard to the dissolution of the Dominion Parliament. In this case, again, the alleged condemnation of the Legislature by the extension of the suffrage is a subterfuge: the real reason is evidently some exigency of party tactics. Both the parties having done the same thing, neither can impeach the conduct of the other.

JUSTIFICATION for the dissolution of the Dominion Parliament there is none. The inducement to it is not very clear, and it is evident that there have been many searchings of heart and some division of councils on the Ministerial side. There is an object, no doubt, for holding the election in Quebec, while the Local Government and patronage are still in Tory hands, though it may be thought that a Ministry which has been unable to save itself is not likely to afford very effective aid to an ally. Sir John Macdonald may think, and with good reason, that by the Riel agitation he has gained in Ontario what he has lost in Quebec, and if he has his choice he will probably prefer that his Government shall rest on the support of the British rather than on that of the French Province. Trade is prosperous, and the country is in pretty good humour. The downward tendency of the national finances may be a motive for hastening the verdict. To imagine that the members of the Government are scared by the prospect of the damaging disclosures which next session has in store would be absurd; the only consequence of a damaging disclosure to any Canadian politician is knighthood. One motive Sir John Macdonald's colleagues may have for precipitating an election, which we may be sure is not shared by Sir John himself. They may feel that the talisman of his name is indispensable, and recollect that he is seventy-two. The Provincial Premier's motive may have reference to the supposed designs of the other party with regard to the Dominion Election; or he may be alarmed at the growing strength of the feeling against his Roman Catholic alliance.

STAMMERING is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland in preventing the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cumberland."

### THE PUBLIC DEBT.

IN controversial statements about the public debt, one party tries to exaggerate and the other to minimise the amount. It would be difficult to find both parties agreeing upon its precise sum at any time during the last forty years. The figure at which it is now admitted to have stood at the birth of Confederation is below that given ten years before by critics, whose object was to make the total look as appalling as possible. Just now, Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Blake are crossing swords with Mr. Foster in a dispute over the amount of the present debt, and Mr. McMaster has taken a hand in the fray. One side complains that the other understates the gross debt; the other, that the deduction of the amount of the assets from the gross debt is not made.

Down to July 1, 1885, the figures are easily found; and if we pass them in review, we shall narrow the possible ground of dispute to any alteration of the amount which may have taken place since that date. Confederation made inevitable a large addition to the public obligations, both in the form of annual contribution and of debt. We could not construct the Intercolonial and the Pacific Railways without drawing heavily on the future. Without these roads we should have had a nominal union, existing on paper, while the Provinces, separated by great distances and impassable barriers, would have remained strangers to one another. The progressive increase in the size of the vessels plying on the lakes led to a great additional expenditure for the further enlargement of the canals. The Dominion started with a debt of \$93,046,051.73; on the 1st July, 1885, the amount had risen to \$264,703,607.43. But the whole of the increase was not new debt; old debts, for which the Provinces were liable, were assumed by the Dominion, and some new ones were artificially created: in the adjustment of claims between the Federal and the Provincial Governments, the Dominion was put down as debtor to this or that Province, and the payment of an annual interest on the debt was agreed upon. The policy of assuming these debts is open to question. It originated in the difficulty of agreeing upon the relative proportions of the old debt of Canada, which Ontario and Quebec ought respectively to assume. This was the reappearance of the deadlock which Confederation was expected to cure: it was a new deadlock, coming from the old cause, the contention about the proportion of the revenue contributed and expended by each of the Provinces under the Legislative Union. The first deadlock was met by the political adjustment of Confederation; the second had a financial solution, which added a large amount to the debt of the Dominion. The initial step in the assumption of Provincial debts by the Dominion led inevitably to others, and the system, once established, tended to perpetuate itself.

Since the 1st July, 1885, the Canadian Pacific Railway has repaid the loan of thirty millions of dollars which it obtained from the Dominion Government, partly in land, but principally in money. The money would reduce the public debt; the land is an asset, which ought at least to return the amount at which it stands.

Provision is being made, year by year, for repayment of a large portion of the public debt by means of a sinking fund. The assets are swelled by other items which bring up the total to \$68,295,915.29. Not that the whole of this sum is represented by available assets, but the greater part of it consists of solid securities which could at any time be converted into cash. It is proper that it should be understood that the gross public debt is liable to reduction by that portion of the assets which has been specially set apart for its repayment; and it should be equally remembered that, since 1867, no less than \$34,815,722.01 has been taken out of revenue and converted into fixed capital in the form of public works.

In the twenty years during which Confederation has been in existence, two circumstances have conspired to lighten the burden of interest borne by the Dominion: the general rate of interest has declined, and the credit of Canada has risen in spite of the increase of her debt. In 1867 the average rate of interest which the debt bore was 5.21; in 1885 it had been reduced to 3.84. Fortunately, the interest which the Dominion receives on its assets has not undergone a proportionate decline during the same period: at the beginning it was 4.35, and in 1885 it was 3.94. The interest on the assets is \$2,694,333.14. The interest on the public debt, \$10,162,275.80, has not much more than doubled since 1867, when it was \$4,851,710.70, though the debt itself—gross—is more than two and a half times as great as it was; and side by side with the interest on the debt stands the interest received on the assets.

What is certain is that, on the 1st July, 1867, the amount of the public debt was \$93,046,051.73, and that at the same date in 1885 it was \$264,703,607.43, against which stood the assets named. Over what addition has been made to the debt, since the latter date, partisan orators will continue to dispute till the official figures are presented in detail.

Mr. Foster recently stated that only \$100,000 had been added to the debt since the 1st July, 1885, but Mr. Blake declines to accept the statement without qualification. If, he argues, the gross debt remains practically at the figures of 1885, much new debt must have been incurred, since a large amount has been paid off. What is certain is that, last session, further liabilities, in the form of subsidies to railways, were incurred to the amount of \$3,301,700. Meanwhile, in the first three months of the current fiscal year, there has been a surplus of about two millions and three-quarters. We prefer not to draw deductions from debatable grounds, but to wait till the precise facts are established.

On the whole, the increase of the debt has been large, but it is not as if no provision for the repayment of any portion of it had been made. In a country so vast as Canada there is much to be done; a prescient statesmanship could not avoid making provision for the extension of agriculture and commerce over new regions; and, where distances are so great, public works had to be constructed on a scale which necessarily involved a colossal expenditure. The financial operation, far from portending ruin, may prove to be as wise and as prudent as it is bold. Let us not despair of the future.

T. M.

### THE ELECTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THOSE who look at politics from the outside, or who go no further within than to cast a ballot in fair subordination to reason and conscience, have no cause to be dissatisfied with the incidents and results of the late general election. In the first place, the vote was heavy enough to prove that the electorate, as a body, take sufficient interest in their public affairs to prevent the professional class in politics from having their own way to a dangerous extent, and, secondly, this vote was gathered with gratifying freedom from violence or fraud. In these two particulars the election, on the whole, was a new affirmation of the soundness of the people and their self-worked system of government.

Descending from high politics to practical questions, fresh evidences are afforded of the reluctance of the majority to take any considerable or decided step in the direction of a Free Trade policy without a fuller and more enlightened discussion than has yet been afforded to the masses. Fortunately for a right decision, it seems that this discussion is to be chiefly held in New England, where more intelligence and experience is available to it than in the West or South, where the principal resistance to Protectionism has heretofore shown itself. By a special effort of the organised Protectionists an immediate advantage has been gained to their side by the defeat of Mr. Morrison, the leader of the Free Traders in the House of Representatives, but a man conspicuously unfit for the duties of that position. The removal of Mr. Morrison from a leadership that came to him solely through conformity to traditional usage in Congress is by no means a calamity to the cause he is supposed to represent.

Further confusion and obliteration of party lines has occurred, and this, too, is a substantial gain to the public, seeing that the existing parties, under their present constitution, stand for nothing worthy or useful. New parties are slowly organising themselves upon real, living issues, and the benefits of this movement will not be lost or diminished should the old names be retained, as they may be for some time ahead. Still another nail has been driven in the coffin of Sectionalism, so far as that term stands for division between North and South, and resurrection has been brought yet nearer to absolute impossibility.

That fanatical form of the temperance movement which has dogmatised itself under the name of Prohibition has shown a decline and weakness surprising even to the most unreasonable of its enemies, and, unless there shall be a recrudescence two years hence, those who wish to ameliorate the undeniable evil of the liquor traffic without sacrificing personal liberty or rational enjoyment may win a useful field and valuable allies for a work that is crying for performance, but is greatly hindered by the implacability of those who have arrogated to themselves the sole charge of it heretofore.

The immediate effect of the large vote cast for the Socialistic candidate for the mayoralty of New York is not likely to be wholesome. That Machiavelli of American politics, Mr. Blaine, is already at work upon it in behalf of his Presidential canvass in 1888, and there is no likelihood that he will be left without demoralising competition from rivals in his own party or the party opposite. But the badness of municipal government is a foul and dangerous plague spot upon our body politic, and the evil grows with the steady increase in the size and number of our cities. There can be no cure until a divorce is effected between national and municipal politics, and this divorce cannot prevail over deeply-rooted party habits until the dwellers in cities who have anything to lose are aroused to a sense of the personal danger that impends over each individual of them,

unless each takes hold and bears a hand for reform, deep and lasting. A pure and vigorous municipal administration would, of itself, remove many, if not most, of the just complaints of the poorer dwellers within the walls, and strip the actually vicious agitators of most of their power of mischief.

Washington.

B.

### GENERAL BADEAU ON THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

ARISTOCRACY has had its day. In the Middle Ages it was an organising force and perhaps a political necessity, but it has long ceased to be so. It now serves no good purpose even in its native seat, and is totally incapable of transplantation into the New World. In its social aspect it is unfavourable to character, and therefore, if not to polish, to really good manners. It is apt to beget insolence, open or latent, in the possessor, and it constantly begets servility in the vulgar mind. Mean things breed in it; mean things creep about it. The only thing that can be said for it is that, as one evil sometimes counteracts another, worship of rank may occasionally temper the worship of wealth or of a mob. In England the system of primogeniture and entail, on which territorial aristocracy rests, is evidently doomed. The hereditary principle altogether belongs to the past, and the world will have for the future to find some other mode of imparting stability to Government and preventing freedom from becoming anarchy. All this we fully believe. But a book like this of General Badeau arouses our feelings even on the side of aristocracy, as it would arouse our feelings on the side of Brahminism, or anything else, however obsolete and alien to our sympathies, that was attacked in such a style and by such an assailant. General Badeau has managed to find his way into aristocratic society in England. He is evidently delighted to show his familiarity with it, while at the same time he panders to democratic vanity, envy, and malignity, by traducing the society and the country whose hospitality he has tasted. He may have been invited, in the train of General Grant, to the tables of the English nobility, but he certainly has not lived among the English gentry; if he had he would have seen that no men have more independence and pride of character or know better how to combine self-respect with the respect which they consider due to rank. He also calumniates the British people, who are not servile, but remarkably the reverse, and would always assert their rights with particular tenacity against a lord. The reason indeed why aristocracy has partly retained in England the political position which it has totally lost in France is, that its privileges in England were always strictly limited by the free spirit of the nation, and it was never allowed to assume, as in France, the character of an exclusive caste. People who are very nice, it has been said, must have very nasty imaginations. General Badeau scents flunkeyism everywhere. He scents it in the condemnation of the Tichborne claimant, though he does not venture to deny that the verdict and judgment were perfectly just, while it happens that Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who presided at the first trial, had shown his freedom from flunkeyism by himself refusing a peerage. He scents it in the acceptance of parole evidence to the contents of Lord St. Leonards' missing will, though here again he does not venture to assert that Miss Sugden's evidence was untrustworthy or ought not to have been received. He might have remembered, by the way, that Lord St. Leonards had raised himself to the peerage from the humblest origin, and was a proof that at all events the British nobility was not a caste. "The English," says General Badeau, "are fond of proclaiming the incorruptible character of their judiciary, and of late years judges have hardly ever been bought with money; but social influences have repeatedly affected the conduct and the decision of the courts." We should like to know what are the exceptions denoted by the "hardly ever," and whether Mr. Badeau can produce a single instance of judicial corruption since the time of Bacon; for the case of Lord Macclesfield, who was impeached in the reign of George I., was not one of judicial corruption, but of the sale of offices in the Chancellor's gift. After stating most absurdly that the reason why physicians are not made peers is that they are deemed to have rendered themselves incapable of nobility by holding out their hands for fees, as though lawyers who are constantly being made peers had not taken fees also, he adds, "yet many of the nobility have held out their hands for bribes." Can he point to any nobleman who has done this? One passage is absolutely atrocious. After exaggerating the evils produced in families by primogeniture, and ridiculously asserting that deference is shown, not only by servants but by guests, to the eldest son, and indifference to the rest, he subjoins the remark that "the next heir can hardly mourn very deeply if his eldest brother dies, and there *must be times when terrible temptations arise.*" Never was a fouler or a more gratuitous insinuation. Among the literary and professional people, and the merchants and manufacturers, General Badeau is pleased to intimate that he found speci-

mens of deportment which in some measure satisfied his taste, so that good breeding and dignity are not entirely confined to New York; but this only lasted "till a lord came along." In the presence of the aristocracy "they all mentally got down on their hands and knees." The men of letters, General Badeau tells us, without exception, "serve and follow the lords; and the aristocracy flaunt their insolence in the face of the world and take these intellectual superiors in their train to proclaim their magnificence, to illuminate their feasts, and to celebrate the splendour they may not share." "These deserve," he says "the place they accept: they recall the description I long ago read of a Russian serf carefully holding the horses for his master who stood on the shafts while he horsewhipped the slave." Such is General Badeau's account of the character and social position of Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Browning, and George Eliot. "Carlyle," he says, it is true, "sometimes was sent in to dinner at the head of the company, but so was Sara Bernhardt in my time; and in each instance the distinction was an impertinence. It was not because the author or the actor was considered above the nobility, but because they were not in the degrees at all." If precedence is not given to intellect, the man of intellect is a slave; if it is, it is given as an impertinence. Let aristocracy do what it will, it cannot escape the inexorable censorship of General Badeau. The scene of the supposed insult to Carlyle appears from the context to have been the house of Lord and Lady Ashburton, where Carlyle was almost worshipped. It was Lady Ashburton's custom when she was receiving guests at the Grange to be herself led out to dinner by the last arrival, whoever he might be; and it is very likely that it was in this way that the precedence which General Badeau construes as an impertinence fell to the lot of Carlyle. The book abounds in statements not less curious than these: We are told that a third of the land is devoted to the amusements of the aristocracy, and that one of the clergymen of a pampered Establishment follows the hounds in pink. There are also plenty of indications, if any one would care to rake them together, of the writer's real feeling towards the bearers of these titles, of which he parades his republican contempt. When will the American nation attain sufficient moral greatness to spurn the degrading tribute of a lie?

In a paper on Grant in England, which appears in the *New York Tribune*, General Badeau seems desirous of creating an impression that Grant was better received by the people than he was by the statesmen or the aristocracy. What the statesmen or the aristocracy could have done more for Grant than by General Badeau's own showing they did, it is difficult to see. They gave him, at the instance of Messrs. Pierrepont and Badeau, precedence over Dukes, though in his own country he had, as an ex-President, no precedence at all; while the case of the ex-Emperor of the French, alleged by General Badeau, was totally irrelevant, as Napoleon III. had not abdicated, and to deny him his rank would have been to insult misfortune. The Foreign Ambassadors, it seems, not recognising royalty in Grant, declined to give way, but this the British Government could not help. General Badeau tells us that when he had a party himself for General Grant, English people of rank who did not know him "went down on their knees to his friends imploring invitations." No doubt this statement presents itself to General Badeau's mind as truth, and if it does we do not see how he can complain of English society on General Grant's behalf or on his own. But nothing will appease the acrid humour of the Anglophobic republican. It was impossible that General Grant should make a very favourable impression on a cultivated and polished society. He spoke very little, and his manner was not only rough, but sometimes boorish. We repeat the very phrase of one who was called upon to do the honours to him and who was as kindly disposed towards all Americans and as gracious and winning in his own manner as it was possible for anyone to be. By his countrymen, for whom he had done so much, General Grant was naturally deemed the greatest captain of the age: but no such opinion of his genius and achievements prevailed among the military men of Europe either in England or on the continent. By them he was regarded simply as a stout and resolute soldier who had gained his victories not by strategy so much as by dogged tenacity and ruthless expenditure of blood. He therefore did not excite the interest which would have been excited by Von Moltke. Moreover, everybody in well-informed circles understood the little game, and knew that General Grant was being carried about from country to country in order that he might receive the suffrages of an admiring world as a passport to a third Term. When General Badeau says that no foreigner ever awoke such enthusiasm among the common people of England as General Grant, he shows that he was not in England at the time of the reception of Garibaldi. Not less enthusiasm would have been awakened by Lincoln. But Grant can hardly be said to have awakened enthusiasm at all. What he awakened was a friendly curiosity combined

with a strong desire to show all possible hospitality and courtesy to an eminent representative of the United States. The idea that the English people are always looking with wistful eyes to America for emancipation from a hated yoke, and that they hail Republican notabilities as delivering angels, is unfounded. The masses in England do not think of much beyond their own country and their daily bread, while some among them have a faint suspicion, derived perhaps from the occasional perusal of calumnious organs of the aristocratic press, that Americans have a political kettle to mend at home.

### THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

DEAR friends, my corpse is there below,—  
Cold and stiff and white as snow ;  
But I smile and whisper this :  
—*I am not the thing you kiss !*  
Dry your tears, and let it lie ;  
It was mine : it is not I.  
'Tis a hut that I am quitting :  
'Tis a garment no more fitting :  
'Tis a cage from which has passed  
(Like a bird) my soul at last !  
When ye sleep as I have slept,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept.  
When through God's tenderness and grace  
Ye will see Him face to face  
When you and I shall hand in hand  
Meet in the heavenly fatherland.  
Now, be ye stout of heart, and come  
Up to your eternal home !

Londonderry, Ireland.

BARONESS VON OPPEN.

### CLERGYMEN ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE world moves indeed. Fifty years ago a man would have been regarded as a portent of heterodoxy if he had denied or even doubted the immortality of the soul. Now, the number, we apprehend, is daily increasing of those who either deny or doubt, and who are settling down into the belief that we must give up, or practically lay aside, the hope of immortality, and content ourselves with aspiring to increased longevity, and endeavouring to make this mortal life, while it lasts, as healthy, comfortable, and interesting as we can. Disbelief in any life beyond the present, spreading among the masses, and especially among the mechanics, enters largely into the elements of our social disturbances, since those who have resigned all hope of another world are eager to grasp their share of wealth and enjoyment in this. We have before us a "Symposium" of clergymen debating this question ; and we may feel pretty sure that among them these gentlemen have exhausted the known arguments on the subject. They, however, are not agreed among themselves ; for while most of them contend for the inherent immortality of the soul, and find the proof of the doctrine in natural speculation, one, Dr. Edward White, finds no proof anywhere but in revelation, and contends that what is there revealed is not the deathlessness of all souls, but only the deathlessness of those souls to whom spiritual life is imparted by Christ, the lot of all the rest being annihilation.

There can be no doubt that the gospel ratifies the belief in a future life, which by that time had obtained currency among the more spiritual portion of the Jews, though it rather ratifies than reveals, and the figurative character of the language repels a too strict interpretation. By St. Paul the doctrine is set forth more explicitly, but in him it is completely bound up with that of the resurrection of the body. He, then, is so far at one with modern science, which declares the organs of the body to be indispensable to mental and moral life, while he would seem hardly to be at one with those who contend for the existence of the soul as a thing separate from the body and indestructible in itself. Be this as it may, the language of the New Testament is clear, and among those who believe in its inspiration there can be no shadow of doubt as to the doctrine of a future life.

That Judaism as it approached the advent of Christ, and became more spiritual, embraced a belief in soul and spirit and immortality, is unquestionable. But it is in vain that Rabbi Adler in this Symposium struggles to show that the doctrine is revealed in the Old Testament. Such a text as "I shall go to him, but he will not come to me," cannot possibly be pressed into the service. "The grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee ; they that go down to the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day ; the father to the children shall make known thy truth." This is the genuine sentiment of the ancient Jew, against which it is futile to set any dim and poetic

allusions of a prophet to the Shades in a nether world. The only immortality which man in the primeval stage of his history knows, apparently, is that of perpetual representation in his tribe ; his eternal life is the continuance of his line, his eternal death is the cutting off of his posterity. Warburton makes good his position as to the fact that a future state of rewards and punishments is not a part of the Mosaic teaching, whether he is right or not in the theory which he builds upon it. The same thing is distinctly asserted by the French Grand Rabbi Stein, who is quoted by Dr. White in reply to Rabbi Adler. We believe we are right in saying that most Jews at the present day, if they do not theoretically reject the doctrine of an existence after death, practically ignore it, and act upon the dictum of Spinoza that the wise man concerns himself not with death but with life.

Upon the physical or metaphysical arguments for the natural immortality of the soul, it has never seemed to us that much reliance could be placed, nor is our faith in them increased when we see them once more set forth, presumably with all the force of which they are capable, in this Symposium. We have no experience of the existence of a soul without a body, and though mental and moral life may, as Butler says, survive the decay or dilapidation of certain parts of the body, it does not survive decay or serious dilapidation of the brain. A mere wish or aspiration can hardly be said to be a pledge of its own fulfilment in this case, unless it is in all others. Nor does the argument that because we do not reach the perfection of our nature here, some future state must be reserved for us in which perfection may be reached, seem stronger when applied to man than it does when applied to other animals. The unrequited sufferings, and, if brutes are capable of wrong, the unredressed wrongs, of the lower orders of creation have been urged by scepticism against the assumption that compensation and retribution must necessarily be in store. The one strong argument on which the natural belief in a future state rests, and which probably is its support in all ordinary minds, is not physical or metaphysical, but moral, and bound up with the especially moral nature of man. It is the ineradicable conviction that in some way or other it will be in the sum of things well for those who do well, and ill for those who do ill. If that conviction were really to give way, it is difficult to see what support would be left for morality, except a philosophic view of the general interests of the human community, which would scarcely be a match for passion and opportunity in any but philosophic minds. But that conviction has not given way, and upon it as a firm foundation the belief in a future life still rests.

It may be doubted, however, whether many, even of those who are in theory most sceptical, have yet practically resigned themselves to the prospect of annihilation. The Positivist tries to create for himself a "subjective immortality in the consciousness of the race," which, while it is merely fantastic, indicates a clinging to existence. The Pantheist imagines his being, though not his personality, preserved for ever in the substance of the all-pervading Deity. This life, even though sanitary science should succeed in doubling the seventy years, will still be but a span ; it will always be liable to innumerable accidents, and it must be saddened by bereavements, which will only become the more painful the more character is elevated above sensual or selfish enjoyments, and happiness becomes dependent on affection. It is not likely that man will ever be content to limit his thoughts and aspirations to such a world as this, however dense may be the darkness which rests upon the world to come.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE NO-RENT AGITATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

DEAR SIR,—The Socialistic doctrine that "tenants on Irish estates should take care of themselves before paying rent," which the *Globe* endorses as being founded on a correct principle, seems to right thinking people nothing more nor less than virtual robbery. But nevertheless it is being acted upon in Ireland by the Land Leaguers and Nationalists, and may with as good reason be adopted in Canada. How far this teaching is carried into effect may be judged by the following, which to me discloses a state of affairs in Ireland that Canadians could not dream of. A friend of mine, who is a native-born Irishman, for a number of years resident in Canada, was on a visit this summer to the family seat in the eastern part of Ireland. His family have occupied the same holding for generations. The adjoining farm, consisting of 80 acres, had been under lease to a man for over thirty years, and under the regulations adopted a few years ago the rent had been reduced to 14 shillings sterling (about \$3.50) per acre. Two years ago the tenant sublet the farm to a cousin of my informant, at a rental of 20 shillings (\$4.00) per acre, and draws the rent regularly, but having become a member of the Land League he refuses to and does not pay a penny to the owner of the land. My friend remonstrated with him upon the glaring injustice, and pointed out the inconsistency of his charging and collecting rent while refusing to pay any himself. Tenant number one

\* "Immortality : a Clerical Symposium." London : James Nisbet and Company.

said in reply to this that "he had paid rent long enough and wouldn't do it any longer." "Suppose my cousin should follow your example, and refuse to pay you?" "Oh," said he, "that wouldn't do; I must have my rint. I've got to live somehow." Now this fellow has discarded labour of any kind, has become a prominent Land Leaguer in his district, and struts about with his dog and gun, while he enjoys an income of something less than \$400 per annum, which is as clearly the proceeds of robbery as if he were to overhaul the landlord on the highway and call upon him to "stand and deliver." And yet politicians will, for party purposes, advocate just such pernicious doctrines to catch the Roman Catholic vote. My friend informs me that wherever the Land League rules landlords are being robbed in a similar way, and the law is powerless to aid them.

I am yours very truly,  
PARISIAN.

THE REPRESENTATION OF TORONTO.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—It appears to be the general impression, as well as that of some of your brethren of the independent Press, that the present is a favourable opportunity for improving the representation of Toronto in the Dominion Parliament by electing one or two of our best citizens on their merits, and as representatives of our city and of the country at large, and not as mere followers of either of the two parties which in their desperate competition for power are beginning to tamper with the most vital interests of the nation.

More names than one present themselves. But there is one which is already designated by the choice of the commercial portion of our community. I mean that of Mr. Henry W. Darling, the President of our Board of Trade. I believe he is a Reformer, but I am sure he cannot be an extreme or narrow man. The great interests entrusted to him as a representative of this city would always, I am persuaded, have precedence over party objects in his mind. I do not know whether he could be prevailed upon to come forward, but if he could, he would surely receive the support of the great body of those who have already shown their sense of his claims to the confidence of commerce and industry by electing him President of the Board of Trade. Yours faithfully,

Toronto, Nov. 15.

INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE MUNICIPALITIES OF MANITOBA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The action recently taken by the Municipal Councils of Portage la Prairie and Minnedosa with the object of forcing a compromise from their creditors, has attracted a good deal of attention; and the propriety of the course adopted has been severely criticised, more particularly by the press of Eastern Canada. In Manitoba, however, the newspapers have had but little to say, owing, partly, to the tyranny of local public opinion, which resents such open discussion of a dangerous subject that might affect the credit of other municipalities and of the Province itself; and, partly also, to the hazard party journals would be put to in taking sides on such a question during an election contest.

In the financial world, the term "repudiation" has, I believe, a somewhat narrow and technical meaning, and implies merely the refusal of states or corporations to pay the principal or interest on their bonds or debentures. It is not, however, necessarily confined to this narrow meaning, but is also used in speaking of debts due by states and corporations, municipal or otherwise, that are not interest-bearing by contract, and may be of a "floating" character. Using the term in the latter sense, there are other municipalities in Manitoba than Portage la Prairie and Minnedosa that have repudiated their indebtedness. The following is a list of the defaulting municipalities, with amounts of their indebtedness, the figures given being approximately correct:—

Emerson.....	\$385,000
Morris.....	50,000
East Selkirk.....	20,000
Portage la Prairie.....	262,000
Gladstone.....	20,000
Minnedosa.....	50,000
Total.....	\$787,000

Arrears of interest, which, in the case of Emerson, for instance, whose debt was contracted nearly four years ago, would be very large, are not included in this statement. Emerson became indebted when it had a population of not less than 2,500; but even with that population the amount is amazingly great. The money was frittered away in local improvements, in various forms of municipal extravagance, and in a vain attempt, by bridging the Red River and building a branch railway, to win back the trade that had been diverted by the construction of the C. P. R. South-Western. Several attempts were made to float bonds in England for the payment of the sums advanced by the banks; but, fortunately, perhaps, for the British investor, these were unsuccessful. The enormous debt still weighs heavily upon the unfortunate town, which struggles on with a population reduced to a fraction of its former numbers. Municipal government, though somewhat demoralised, has not ceased to exist, and it is now announced that a settlement of some kind will shortly be made with the creditors.

Morris would in Ontario be considered a rather insignificant village, and one can now scarcely understand how its council succeeded in borrowing so large a sum as \$50,000. Much the same can be said of East Selkirk and Gladstone. In these cases the money was borrowed for "bonus" purposes and to effect local improvements, this latter being, however, merely a secondary consideration. It is difficult to see how resources are to be provided to meet these obligations. Brandon, though considerably indebted,

is a city showing wonderful vitality and ample capacity to carry its debt.

The financial histories of Portage la Prairie and Minnedosa are well known. In the former case, on the eighth of June last, the mayor and secretary-treasurer issued a circular letter to the creditors of the town, pointing out its financial position. It is shown that in 1881 the assessment was \$848,000; in 1882, \$7,080,000; in 1883, \$3,702,868; in 1884, \$2,308,191; in 1885, \$938,565. An offer was made to the creditors to compromise the debt by an issue of thirty-year debentures to the extent of \$200,000, carrying interest for the first six years at 3½ per cent., for the next nine at 4 per cent., and for the last fifteen at 5 per cent.; these debentures to be divided *pro rata* amongst the creditors. The debt was incurred mainly in 1882 and 1883, when a large bonus (\$100,000) was given to the Manitoba and North-Western Railway. It is not easy to account for the expenditure of the balance of the amount advanced by the creditors. The offer was not accepted by the creditors, and, to hamper any legal proceedings that might be taken, the members of the council resigned in a body. Portage la Prairie has a population of 2,200, and is situated in a district unequalled as a farming country in North-Western America. The evil effects of its financial disaster are only too apparent: its citizens hesitate to erect necessary buildings and to enter into any new enterprises, while its merchants cannot purchase to the same advantage as those of more fortunate towns, and outsiders are not likely to settle at present within its limits. It is pleasing, however, to learn that negotiations have been renewed, and that a settlement will probably be arrived at satisfactory alike to the town and its creditors.

The example set by the council of Portage la Prairie was followed in ill-advised haste by that of Minnedosa, to the detriment of the town as well as of its creditors. I understand that the acceptance of a basis of settlement proposed by the town to its principal creditor was received the day after the resignation of the council. The unfortunate action of the municipal authorities is already justly regretted by the people of the town. It will probably be regarded with still more disfavour when the town proceeds to readjust its financial position, as it some day must.

The criticism of the Eastern press on the subject has been extremely harsh, though in most respects undoubtedly just. Repudiation is an ugly term, and it is a lasting sorrow to all patriotic citizens of the Dominion that its black flag should have been displayed in the North-west. But it is a mistake to suppose that the recent occurrence in Portage la Prairie is the first instance of the kind in Manitoba: it is now nearly four years since Emerson allowed judgments to be entered up against it, not one cent of which has been collected until this day. The difficulties confronting rate-payers of the repudiating towns are hardly appreciated. In most cases their all is invested within the limits of the town in which they reside. Years of financial depression and unbroken disaster have ill fitted them for the herculean task of wiping out enormous debts, in the contracting of which they had little or, perhaps, no direct part, and from which they have derived but a paltry benefit. Imagine Emerson, with a population of probably not more than 1,000, seriously contemplating the payment in full of its huge indebtedness.

The Toronto *Globe*, with some other journals, have peremptorily demanded that, if the defaulting municipalities will not pay, the Province must. This course would be unprecedented and absurd. The Federal Government of the United States has ever been jealous of its financial honour, yet it has never offered to assume the debts of Virginia, Mississippi, and the other repudiating States. Why should the Province assume the indebtedness of a municipality that defaulted a year ago, and not that of one that may repudiate to-morrow or five years hence? Why guarantee the debt of Portage la Prairie and not that of Emerson? Why should Portage la Prairie be allowed to foist its debt of \$262,000 on the people of the Province, while Winnipeg continues to carry its debt of \$2,500,000 without external aid? Clearly, the *Globe's* proposition will not do.

The dread that the credit of the Province would be affected by the action of the municipalities appears foundationless. These financial difficulties are of long standing, and have been known for years in financial circles, but the prices of such securities as those of Brandon, Winnipeg, and the Province have not been affected.

The fact is, that the financial disaster that has befallen so many of the municipalities of Manitoba is but a feature of the general financial and political situation in the North-west. Individuals, firms, commercial and banking corporations, all have suffered in a greater or less degree. The undue inflation of the "boom" period, the world-wide commercial depression, a tariff especially burdensome to the North-west settler, the far-reaching influences of the railway monopoly, the maladministration and extravagance of the Federal and Local Governments, these and others are, in varying degrees, potent factors in the situation. It cannot be denied that our return to prosperity has been painfully slow, when we consider the advantages of our magnificent climate and fertile soil. The problem is a serious one, and we must address ourselves to its solution with careful and unbiassed consideration.

Winnipeg, Oct., 1886.

J. D. C.

"How many people know, I wonder," says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, "that Mr. F. C. Burnand (the editor of London *Punch*) was for years in the Jesuit convent in Bayswater, and was even admitted to minor orders, tonsured, and invested with cassock and beretta? I did not, for one, until I heard a friend to-day recounting that to this day Mr. Burnand's mode of taking recreation after his week's work is to lie on his back, pipe in mouth, and read the *Tablet* and the London *Weekly Register*. He also never misses reading Mr. McMaster's New York *Freeman's Journal*. After the serious labours of editing *Punch* he thus finds recuperation in comparatively light literature."

## The Week.

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THE *Canadian Baptist* finds a conclusive answer to all our misgivings as to the probable efficiency of a new local and denominational college, in the resolution of the Baptist Convention that the university powers asked for, "are not to be exercised until the college is efficiently equipped to the satisfaction of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council." But the same provision or something equivalent, we believe, was made in the case of London, and has been made in other cases where, nevertheless, university powers have been exercised without what we should deem the necessary equipment of a university. We do not doubt the upright intention of the framers of the resolution; what we doubt is the possibility of maintaining, with only such resources as are likely to be furnished by a single Church in this Province, such a staff and apparatus as, especially in these days of scientific education, a university absolutely requires. We know that the Baptist Church has a most munificent benefactor in the person of Mr. McMaster, but even his generosity must have bounds. The half million given by Ezra Cornell went a very little way towards the foundation of Cornell, which, when it comes into possession of its expected ten millions, will not have a cent more than it wants. When we said that under the system of small local universities, institutions scarcely superior in equipment to a high school were sometimes invested with the power of granting degrees in all the departments of human knowledge, we were speaking of what we had actually seen on both sides of the line, and every one will surely admit that degrees so granted are impositions. The truth must be stated plainly when great interests are involved. We could not possibly be referring to the Baptist University, which is not yet in existence. Our reference was to the tendencies of the system. We do not think that we are incapable of understanding what Voluntaryism in high education means, and of political interference we have as hearty a dislike as the *Canadian Baptist* itself. But we do not think that the clergy of any denomination can be well fitted to play their part in a highly intellectual and scientific age by a university training of a poor or even of a kind below the highest.

It seems that the Conservatives have resolved to oppose Mr. Mackenzie in East York. The determination is not less impolitic than ungenerous, and is condemned by all the better men of the party. By a chivalrous interposition in favour of one who has served the country long and well, and who can now hardly be said to be a party man, Sir John Macdonald would have gained more than he will gain, even by such an accession of moral prestige as his party will derive from the election of Mr. Boulton.

As bystanders wishing, if there is to be a fight, to see a fair one, we cannot help admonishing the Grits that they will make a fatal mistake if they fail to find a safe seat for Sir Richard Cartwright. Financial questions are just now of the highest importance, and Sir Richard is the only financier the Grits possess. He alone shows any grasp of the subject. It is true that by his somewhat stiff-necked purism as a Free Trader, and his refusal to hold out any hope of consideration to native industries, he compromised the fortunes of the party in 1874. Still his principles in the main are sound, and his advocacy of them is strong. On the Tariff question he does not face in turn all the quarters of the compass, nervously poised on one foot; he stands firmly on both his feet, and faces always the same way. Nor is his opportunity far off, if financial matters go on in the course in which they are going at present. The Grits may depend upon it he is an indispensable man.

If we choose to keep up the Party system, we must take the consequences, and not blame party politicians for doing what the system compels and practically enjoins them to do. The leaders will of necessity bid against each other for votes, and, in the frenzy of the political auction, which is just now at its height, they will not only pander to existing agitations, but get up agitations themselves, and stir questions which had better be left unstirred. The Tory leader's bid was a degradation of the franchise for which nobody called, and which, unless he has totally abandoned Conservative principles, he must himself have deemed

impolitic. The Grit leader's bid is a graduated income tax, by which he hopes to attract the labour vote. To propose a graduated income tax with a low franchise, and at a time of Socialistic excitement, is simply to invite the many to the plunder of the few. Those who have to pay the tax, being a small minority, practically have no vote, while those who impose the tax do not contribute to it. It was by legislation in this spirit that a great quantity of wealth, the other day, was driven out of California. When Sir Robert Peel introduced the income tax in England there was a limited franchise. On coming into office, in 1841, he undertook the grand experiment of reforming the tariff by a reduction of duties, in the belief that the reduction of duties would be counterbalanced by the increase of consumption. To shore up the financial edifice while this great work of repair was going on, he persuaded the country to submit to an income tax, avowedly as a temporary expedient. What he intended to be temporary his successors have made practically permanent, though it has never been acquiesced in as perpetual. The evils of an income tax need not be again rehearsed. Every one knows that it is not only the most vexatious and inquisitorial of all taxes, but the most liable to fraudulent evasion; that, in fact, its influence has always proved most subversive of commercial morality. The people of the United States, after some experience, abolished it; and if the policy, of which we have now an ominous foreshadowing, is to prevail here, the other will, to the classes liable to spoliation, soon become the more attractive side of the line. What one aspirant to power starts, others, in trying to outbid him, will develop. But these, we desire once more to point out, are the natural fruits of the Party system; and the less of personal qualification for leadership a politician has, the more he will be driven to put wind into his flagging sails by getting up artificial and noxious agitations. The party machine operates with physical certainty, and not less certainly for evil. If new taxes are required, both a stamp tax and a legacy duty would be far preferable to an income tax, and neither of them affects the poor.

THE Dominion Government appears to be still engaged in covering its flank in Quebec. The French Ministers have been busy in the Province reconciling old enmities, and endeavouring so to infuse the Ross Government with a safe modicum of Nationalist-Castor blood that it shall be able still to hold to office. To this end it is probable that the Premier will retire and one or two other Ministers will give place to *Bleus* from the Nationalist camp. This would reconcile the two *bleu* wings in local affairs; and though it is professed it would not in Federal affairs, we fancy the profession is only for appearance' sake. It is certain, at any rate, that a determination exists to save the Conservative Party at any cost. The prince of wire pullers, M. Dansereau, has reminded the Lieutenant-Governor, through *La Presse*, that he is only a Federal agent, and that he should take care to avoid the fate of M. Letellier de St. Just; and the Liberals may reckon on a firm resolve to keep out M. Mercier at all events.

Now that the fishing season is closed, it is seen that the promise of its opening has not been fulfilled to the Gloucester fishermen. Owing to the vigilance of the Canadian cruisers, too few in number to entirely prevent poaching yet sufficient to effectually disturb it, and to the perverseness of the mackerel, which this season have swarmed outside but dangerously near the three-mile limit, an unusually small catch has been secured by the Americans, who now find in aggravation of their troubles that they have ruined their own mackerel fishing by seining. Such of them as managed to elude the Canadian police, and so secured good catches, have made money; for owing to the scarcity the price of mackerel in the American markets has advanced to double what it was last year. In spite of the duty, the Canadian fishermen have also reaped the benefit of the advance in price; but to all others the season's work has been a failure. One captain states to a *Star* correspondent that while his average takings during the preceding fourteen years have been \$12,000, this year he has taken only \$1,500, not enough to half pay his expenses; the fishermen have earned less than one-third of an average season's wages; and he estimates the loss on the season to the Gloucester fleet of 200 sail at \$500,000. This is a miserable showing, and yet the Gloucester dealers, instead of retracing their steps, are pushing on to demand a prohibitive duty in order to make the best of what little fish they manage to secure, the extravagant price to the American people not being considered; and Canada is to go on spending large sums to keep out of her waters American fishing vessels, three-fourths of whose crews are Canadians.

IN the defeat of the attempt at a Socialist disturbance in London there is visible an improvement in the tone of the nation. We see something like a repetition of the resolute veto put on revolution and anarchy on the



10th April, 1848. Under the late philanthropic régime the people had become penetrated with the conviction that the surest way of obtaining anything they wanted was by lawless outrage; while the nerve of those charged with the preservation of order was shaken by the feeling that they would not be backed by their superiors. Colonel Henderson was made the scapegoat when the real cause of the disaster was the ascendancy of demagogism in the Government. But the defeat of Parnellism at the polls was the defeat of all the other revolutionary and anarchic elements with which Parnellism in Great Britain, as well as at Chicago, is allied. The consequence is that, for the first time in a good many years, something like a firm front has been shown to disorder. It may be that there were still traces of weakness, as the *Standard* complains: but decent citizens must feel a good deal more secure than they were two years ago. The appearance of the medical students in aid of the cause of order is very significant of the rising spirit of the community. It is to be hoped that they were not snubbed by the police.

ANARCHY and bloodshed are no cure for misery, that is clear. But the misery in London is a serious cause not only for lamentation but for alarm. Government and institutions are not to blame for the inevitable growth both of distress and ruffianism in a population of four millions and a half, or for the conformation of an ancient city, which, by precluding the use of street cars, makes it impossible for the work-people to live at a distance from their work, and thus produces overcrowding round the docks and other centres of employment. A writer on the distress in East London, ascribes the increase of poverty to four causes: (1) the influx of incapables in quest of chance means of living; (2) the deterioration of physique, owing to unhealthy habitations and vice; (3) the disrepute into which saving has fallen; (4) the growing animosity of the poor against the rich. The increasing recklessness indicated by the third cause is ominous; but still more ominous is the widening of the social gulf which is indicated by the fourth. This is the dark shadow of coming disturbance which is deepening everywhere, over the low quarters of New York and Chicago as well as over the slums of London.

THE first thing on which Liberty has looked down from her lofty pedestal at New York is the casting of 68,000 votes for despotism or anarchy. Anarchy presents itself under its own name, with the torch and crowbar of destruction in its hands; while the despotism which presents itself under the name of Socialism, as it would penetrate into every recess of social and industrial life would be incomparably more oppressive and searching than any which the world has yet seen. The theory of Mr. George himself, which would make the State the universal landlord, points to a colossal autocracy, though the constitution of the Government which is to wield these enormous powers is a subject upon which Mr. George appears never to have bestowed a thought. Liberty, in fact, which was the deity of John Stuart Mill and the Reformers of the last generation, is fast becoming an object of hatred and derision to the Reformers of the present day. The world changes; but when Liberals of the old school are taxed with inconsistency for declining to adhere to what is now a party of socialistic revolution, their answer is that the party which they joined was the party, not of tyranny, but of liberty; and till it can be shown that "Liberal" and "Liberty" are not cognate words, they will be able to appeal to the vocabulary in support of their assertion. If they are told that this is still the advanced party, and as such claims their allegiance, they may fairly rejoin that it is a good thing to advance, but that it makes some difference in what direction you are advancing.

THE Irish Nationalists are following the good advice of Mr. Labouchere by lying low. Mr. Justin McCarthy is lying so low that the shamrock of Nationalism in his cap can hardly be seen. From the language which he holds it might be supposed that the only object of his party was to strengthen and perpetuate the beloved Union. But the genuine spirit of his Montreal audience shows itself in the burst of applause which greets the mention of Wolfe Tone. Some effrontery is surely required to treat as absurd and calumnious the idea that the object of the Irish leaders is Separation. "To break the last link which binds Ireland to England," is Mr. Parnell's avowed design; and he has declared that no Irishman will be satisfied with less. It is true, that when that entry in his record became inconvenient, he tried to cast a doubt on the authenticity of the report, as well as to repudiate his connection with the *Irish World*; but both were conclusively established. "We wish," said Mr. Healy, at Boston, "to see Ireland, what God intended she should be, a powerful nation." Does anybody suppose that what Mr. Healy means by a powerful nation is a Colonial dependency such as Ireland would be made by Mr. Gladstone's Bill?

Sir Gavan Duffy denies the right of England "to keep a neighbouring people in slavery," a phrase which, preposterous as it is when applied to the present position of Ireland, with full representation in the United Parliament, would be applicable enough to her position as a vassal state under an Imperial Parliament from which her representatives had been excluded. Mr. Gladstone himself has described the legislation of the British Parliament for Ireland as "foreign" legislation, and how can he expect a nation to remain, if it can help itself, subject to a foreign power? The Separatists want an Irish Parliament, no matter under what nominal restrictions, because they know that it would be an irresistible engine in their hands. They, therefore, mask for the present their ulterior designs, and affect to accept Mr. Gladstone's settlement as final. At the same time, they whisper their friends that "their having breakfasted need not prevent their dining and supping," and that "no limit can be set to the march of a nation." Supposing even that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy themselves desired to make the settlement final, how would they reckon with their confederates and paymasters at Chicago? How long would the leadership remain in their hands? Where agitation is a lucrative trade, to compound with one agitator is only to call others into existence. A great deal is made of the ovation which Lord Aberdeen received on leaving Dublin, as a proof of the effect which Mr. Gladstone's healing policy has wrought on the hearts of the Irish people. What sort of ovation was it? An ovation of Irish and American flags, without a single Union-Jack, destined to express hatred and defiance of Lord Aberdeen's country. Was this a pledge that good-will towards Great Britain and loyalty to the Union would animate a Parliament in College Green?

It is on the other hand most unjust to assume that Unionists are opposed to the extension of local government in Ireland. They are resolved that life, property, and industry in every part of the realm shall be secure, and they refuse under any form or on any pretence to hand over the country and its loyal inhabitants to what Mr. Gladstone himself has called the "tyranny" of a lawless league. Law and order, they hold, must before all things be re-established. They also wish the measure of extension to be general, and not confined to Ireland. Subject to these conditions, and provided the supremacy of the United Parliament remains unimpaired, they are ready for any reasonable experiment in the way of decentralisation. In the case of a small kingdom completely welded together, not only by railways and telegraphs, but by commercial and social connections of all kinds, and which has long been under the same laws, decentralisation is not so simple a process as those who talk glibly of it may imagine. It is not easy to say what subjects of legislation can be separated from the rest as local, and made over to a provincial assembly. Education perhaps might be, though in backward counties it would suffer, and we know what its fate would be in Munster and Connaught. The relief of the poor might also possibly be treated in the same manner. But order would be very insecure, not only in Ireland, but in some parts of England, such as the Black Country, if the central government gave up the control of the police. Much may yet be done by economy of time and improvement of working organisation in the central parliament. The expense attendant on private bill legislation, about which complaints are made, may surely be reduced, and the delays abridged, without breaking up the United Kingdom or rushing into a political revolution. It is not less difficult to settle the local divisions. A revival of the lines of ancient nationalities would be fraught with danger of disruption, as already too evidently appears. Besides, if there are local legislatures for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, there must be a local legislature for England also; and a local legislature for England, representing no unity, social, industrial, or commercial, but making laws at once for the manufacturing North and the rural South, would be a most irrational and unmanageable institution. The restoration of the Heptarchy would be far more convenient; and to this, so completely loosened is political England from its moorings, in the end it may possibly come.

NEVER to be forgotten in this Irish controversy is the practical testimony of Protestant and Loyal Ulster to the advantages of British connection. The relations of these men to Great Britain are precisely the same as those of the rest of the people of Ireland, and they live under exactly the same laws and institutions; yet they are prosperous and they are ardent supporters of the Union. The voices of their representatives, protesting against a separate Parliament for Ireland, are still ringing in our ears. Mr. Davitt, when he was asked by the interviewer of the *Pall Mall Gazette* how he proposed to deal with the question of Ulster, is stated to have replied: "Leave them alone to us, and we will make short work of these gentry. They are not Irish; they are only English and Scotch who

are settled among us, and it is preposterous that they should be allowed to dictate to Irishmen how Ireland should be governed." Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Davitt himself are, as their names prove, only English or Scotch settled in Ireland, though they have turned against their own race. But English or Scotch descent cannot affect the significance of the fact that the Protestants of Ulster prosper under the Union, and are striving with all their hearts to uphold it. The soil and climate of Ulster are not superior, on the contrary, they are rather inferior, to those of the rest of Ireland; it is by the character and industry of the people that the Province has been made what it is. Nor is there any doubt, if they lose the protection of the United Parliament, what their fate will be. "Suppress Orange linen," said a Nationalist journal, "and you manumit Ulster. Break the power of the 'linenites,' and the Loyalists are, if not killed, scotched." Suppressed Orange linen unquestionably would be, and the Loyalists would be killed or scotched, unless it should by chance turn out, as it has once or twice in the past, that with their industrial superiority there was connected a superiority of other kinds, which enabled them, though overwhelmingly outnumbered, to hold their own. "We have some Home Rulers," says the American, Mr. Joseph Cook, "that we hope will go home to rule." No doubt, and to rule at home the Rossas would certainly go as soon as the dazzling vision of an Irish Parliament, Government, and patronage was presented to their patriotic ambition. Nor would Orange linen long survive the effects of their sway.

"THE Old Man" is still in a great "hurry." He has published a letter denouncing the Government for its delay in announcing its Irish policy, and urging the Liberals to unite once more under his own leadership and fall upon the defaulters. He seems to think that Lord Salisbury was bound to promulgate a scheme for the reconstruction of the United Kingdom between two glasses of claret at the Lord Mayor's dinner. But the nation, having a longer life before it, is not in such a hurry, and the Government will be accorded a reasonable time to mature its plans. Mr. Gladstone has cried "wolf!" already. He tried to force his Irish Parliament down the throat of the nation without a moment allowed for reflection, on the plea that the slightest delay would bring on a sanguinary revolution in Ireland. The measure has not only been postponed, but killed, and the sanguinary revolution, like the tidal waves and tornadoes of our own Wiggins, has failed to arrive; though it must be said in justice to the prophet, that he has left nothing undone to assist the fulfilment of his prediction. In vain are all these calls to reunion, addressed by Mr. Gladstone to men whom he has not only estranged politically, but personally outraged. His sheep have left the fold not to return. He reads nothing that is calculated to dispel pleasant illusions, and he has probably not seen Mr. Forbes Winslow's letter, otherwise he might by this time be aware that while there are some Liberals who would be disposed to come back to him if he would give up the policy to which he is becoming every day more desperately committed, there are a good many who, believing that by betraying the country and traducing it before the world he has shown himself unworthy to be its head, will not come back to him on any terms whatever. He may as well take the repose which he has coveted so long, for he will never again be Prime Minister of England. His efforts to make the country ungovernable at a moment when, largely through his own errors in foreign policy, it is placed externally in most serious peril seem to him, no doubt, a fulfilment of his divine mission. There cannot be much doubt how they will be designated by history.

CARLYLE'S character, which had been left in such a pickle by his friend and biographer, Mr. Froude, has been in some degree redeemed by the publication of an earlier correspondence between him and his wife, which had remained in the possession of Mr. Charles E. Norton, with whom Carlyle was on intimate, indeed on affectionate terms. A softer hue is thrown over what, under the hands of Mr. Froude, had been made to appear a most unlovely courtship and marriage. Mr. Norton, like everybody else who has occasion to examine any part of Mr. Froude's work, complains of his gross unfairness and inaccuracy. He cannot even transcribe a quotation correctly. As somebody once said of him, he has no notion of the meaning of inverted commas. Mr. Froude replies in his usual style, saying, in effect, that he does not care, and that he will have no more to do with the matter. At the same time he makes a string of fresh assertions, which are contradicted by Mary Carlyle on the spot. He has great literary gifts; but no reliance can be placed in anything he says, and this is a serious weakness in a historian. He always pleads that he undertook Carlyle's biography unwillingly. That might be, though we are rather surprised to hear it; but it does not excuse carelessness or injustice.

A LITERARY fracas, which reminds us of a more barbarous age, has been brought on by an article in the *Quarterly* on the Teaching of English Literature at the Universities. The article, though general in its title, is really an attack on Mr. Gosse, a Professor of Literature in the University of Cambridge, for some blunders of which he is alleged to have been guilty in a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute at Boston, and published under the title, "From Shakespeare to Pope." It seems that Mr. Churton Collins, who avows the authorship of the review, was an unsuccessful candidate for the chair corresponding to that of Mr. Gosse at Oxford. Hence perhaps his eagerness to envelop both the universities in his censures, though only one of them at most is concerned. The savage character both of the original attack and of Mr. Collins's rejoinder in the *Athenæum* to Mr. Gosse's defence of himself, constitutes in the eyes of all right-minded men an offence graver than any literary error; and it is only made more unpleasant by the affectation of a stern and lofty sense of literary duty. Both attack and rejoinder display not only the angry temper of a literary martinet, but a settled desire to ruin Mr. Gosse's reputation: they are not merely peppery but deliberately inhuman. It seems, too, that the two men were old friends. The most serious of the charges against Mr. Gosse is that he has taken Sidney's "Arcadia" and Harrington's "Oceana" for poems, the "Oceana" being, as all the world knows, a prose treatise on politics, and the "Arcadia" being also mainly in prose. But this he denies; and though his language is certainly open to misconstruction, as it is on some other points also, it would be difficult to believe that a man who has undeniably made English literature his study could fall into errors so gross. Of some minor slips, such as saying that Oldham died in 1684, whereas he died in the previous year, Mr. Gosse has certainly been guilty. Accuracy is desirable, especially in a professorial chair. But little slips, paradoxical as the statement may seem, sometimes proceed not from ignorance, but from familiarity with the subject. On a subject with which a writer feels thoroughly familiar he is apt to trust his memory, which will now and then fail him. On a subject with which he is not familiar he takes care to work with his books of reference round him. It is not difficult to find slips in Milman, who was unquestionably master of his subject, though it might be difficult to find any in Freeman. It is unlucky for the reputation of English scholarship that lectures in which any inaccuracies can be found should have been delivered by a English professor before a Boston audience. Mr. Swinburne, whose name Mr. Collins dragged into the controversy, has written a letter in which he convicts Mr. Collins himself of a blunder grosser than any of which Mr. Gosse is accused—attributing the "Agamemnon" and the "Persæ" to Sophocles instead of Æskylus.

THOSE who are providing stores of light reading for the winter evenings should have their attention called, if it has not been called already, to Mr. W. E. Norris's novel, "My Friend Jim." This tale revives our faith in the faculty of novel-writing which we had for some time been fearing was exhausted. Plot, incident, character, and style all are excellent, and the story is not too long. Hilda Bracknell bears a certain resemblance to Becky in "Vanity Fair;" but though there is a likeness there is no plagiarism. The weak points are the parts played by the supposed narrator's mother, who is too much of a tutelary angel let down by a machine, and by Lord Beauchamp, who hides from Lord Staines by a simulated courtship Jim's wooing of Lady Mildred. But there are weak points in the best of fictions. "Irene," by the Princess Olga Cantacuzène-Altieri, is also a charming tale. Of cynical and satirical exposure of the evil or weakness which lurks beneath all human virtue, we have had enough from first-rate artists in that line. It is pleasant to be reconciled to humanity by a tale of which the moral is, that in the most deeply fallen of us there is still a redeeming power, and that there are no bounds to the saving influences of affection. "Irene" also abounds in beautiful descriptions. "Pepita Ximenes," translated from the Spanish of Juan Valera, is a tale of a special kind. It tells in the form, first of a series of letters, and afterwards of a narrative, how a Spanish youth was converted from the clerical and missionary life, to which he had devoted himself, to love and marriage. It is full of fine ethical touches and replete with quiet humour. It gives us also a vivid little picture of Spanish life and character. There is nothing in it irreligious or even anti-clerical, though it pleads for domestic life against asceticism. The production of such a book shows that there is once more life and healthy life in Spain. Those who love stirring incident will perhaps prefer to all these "The Secret of Her Life," by Mr. E. Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby," whose genius, after being for some time dormant, has blossomed out again in a new line. The plot, which turns on discovery of a missing document, is not very new, nor is it very artfully constructed, and there is a tendency to the melodramatic.

Altogether this tale is a coarser article than the other three. It is marred also by the occasional appearance of the showman himself, with his own opinions and sentiments, among his puppets. Still it is lively reading, and will have its admirers.

### OUTWARD BOUND.

THE white-sailed ship with rope and spar,  
Bound for the land where the blue skies are,  
Passeth the line so faint and far,  
Dividing the sky and sea.

So let our love in a glad surmise  
Sail in the hope of bluer skies,  
Beyond the line where the shadow lies,  
Into eternity.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

### SAUNTERINGS.

THANKSGIVING DAY! There is in some words such a breadth of suggestiveness, that one has only to write them with the necessary and appropriate mark of interjection, and, out of the letters which compose them, will arise as by magic, scenes and circumstances with which they are inseparably connected. "Thanksgiving Day" is one of these language necromancers. Trace it, say it, and instantly it lights and holds a candle in the shadowy brain-attic where we store our impressions and memories, and, despite the flickering of the candle and the prevalence of cobwebs, we may discover much that is both pleasurable and profitable to muse upon. It is rather neutral-tinted, the picture it illuminates for us—that is, the original sketch. Reproductions of the scene glow with warmth and colour, but that is the result of modern influences upon the hand that painted them; and, seductive though they be, we look longest at the canvas of the seventeenth century.

Cold, gray New England skies, bare branches silhouetted against them in the early morning light, which lies drearily across the thin November snow, piles of withered leaves in the primitive fence corners, a light curl of blue smoke from a colonial log-cabin, a church steeple, and Priscilla in the foreground, soberly apparelled in Puritan maiden habit, stepping over the weedy snow-clad fields, Bible in hand, to offer thanks for her unkindly lot. Not purer and scarcely whiter is the new-fallen snow than Priscilla's downcast face, nor is her drooping grace excelled by that of the straight-stemmed young pine tree in her path, its branches already weighted with their winter burden. No thought of vanity lurks in Priscilla's serious eyes; ribbons and gew-gaws have been banished so long as to have fairly ousted that very feminine fabric for lack of nourishment; and contact with aboriginal fashions has not yet been close enough or pleasant enough to bring it back again. She is counting up her blessings, that her prayerful enumeration of them presently may be easier, and among them she numbers an iron skillet by the last supply ship, several bottles of herb medicines prepared by the skilled hand of her aunt Charity, and the fact that she has found new sleeves in an unnecessary breadth of her bombazin gown. If she thinks at all of the froward youth who pressed her hand ever so gently as he helped her over the stile last Lord's Day, after the evening meeting, it is with reprobation; and if her thoughts wander to the more lightsome English holidays she has learned of by report, she summons them quickly back with a shudder for prelacy and unholy mirth. She hurries her staid footsteps past a low-set cabin, through the smoky window of which she catches a glimpse of an ancient crone bending over her gruel-pot, and adds to her thanksgiving memoranda the item that, by Deacon Hathaway's treatment of the cow by prayer and tar-water, Granny Green's evil spell has been finally exorcised, and Satan no longer interferes at milking-time. And so we follow her all the way to the bare little log-church in the gray middle distance, where she sits numb and patient with her uncomplaining sisters, and raises her voice in consonance with the somewhat grim and nasal gratitude of her Puritan brothers, as it was voiced by the thanksgiving psalmody of the time.

Some authorities tell us that the thanksgiving observance idea was absorbed by the Pilgrim Church during its exile in Holland, from 1608 to 1620, the fact adduced in support of this being that a day of thanksgiving was formally observed in Leyden, October 3, 1575, a year from the date of that city's deliverance from siege. But it is not probable that the Puritan mind, antipodal to all such vain merry-makings of the unregenerate as Christmas, Good Friday, or May Day, and anxious above all things to make even carnal desires minister to the glory of God, would have any need of precedent in such an observance, though it would, undoubtedly,

approve the action of the worthy burghers of Leyden. Long before the Pilgrim Fathers left home for their short Dutch sojourn, the seed had germinated which blossomed into thanksgiving after the long later voyage was overpast, and the first Plymouth harvest was garnered in 1621, and on the new, kind soil that gave it, the early colonists knelt, and rendered gratitude and praise to the Hand that had guided and the Arm that had encompassed them through all.

Two years later we find a day of fasting and prayer appointed by Governor Bradford, on account of a long and severe drought that had prevailed. The rain that poured down upon the colonists' petition, even before it could have ascended very far, turned the current of their devotion, and the worthy man commanded thanksgiving services to be held upon another day and in a special manner. Some favourable action toward the colonies, taken by the Privy Council in 1632, induced Governor Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, to recommend a day of thanksgiving in the sweet June weather of New England, and to invite the Governor of Plymouth Colony to unite with him in its observance. Few, if any, of the early years of the colonies passed without such recommendation, however the cause for gratitude might seem to fluctuate. Records show that for a long time special circumstances, such as the arrival of supply-ships and new colonists, were made the occasion of special thanksgiving, and that the day did not gain its special harvest significance until late in the history of the Pilgrims. During the Revolution, the observance of a day was annually recommended by Congress, but national appointment ceased after the general thanksgiving for peace in 1784, until 1789, when President Washington invited the new republicans to return thanks for the adoption of their Constitution. For many years, however, Thanksgiving Day was observed almost exclusively in the New England States. New York did not become officially and annually thankful until 1817, and the pleasure-loving, Christmas-keeping Southern States delayed much longer. As late as 1857 we find Governor Wise, of Virginia, when asked to appoint a day for such services, declining on the score of being unauthorised to interfere in religious matters; and, naturally enough, Southern participation in the thanksgiving for victories proclaimed by President Lincoln in 1862 and 1863 was not enthusiastic. About this time, however, the custom became as national as it may ever be expected to be, proclamations being issued simultaneously ever since by the President, the Governors of the States, and the Mayors of the chief cities, the date having been determined by custom the last Thursday in November.

THE example of our neighbours to the south first occurred to us as being worthy of emulation in 1877, when Lord Dufferin, as most people remember, bade us give thanks upon a certain day in November—His Excellency acting under the mistaken impression that the colonists of Canada waited only for the opportunity. Lord Dufferin had not possibly been long enough among us to foresee the result of this high-handed proceeding upon the free and independent colonial Briton, but he was soon enlightened, and enlightenment brought the first and probably the only lesson on the nature of gubernatorial authority that very popular Earl ever received in Canada. He discovered that he had been guilty of an outrage upon Provincial rights in this dictation of a day upon which all Canadians should render thanks, and suffered the full broadsides of the present Opposition organ for his temerity in usurping a right that belonged to the Lieutenant-Governors, if to anybody. The organ boldly insinuated that for its own part it should grumble quite as much upon the date thus set apart for a different purpose as upon any other day in the year, Sundays always excepted, if not more, and that it considered the attempt to force upon the Canadian people a special day and hour for their assembling together for purposes of thankfulness and praise, simply subversive of the very principle of religious liberty itself. If this were a matter of trade and commerce, then by all means we should have the dictum from Ottawa; if of property and civil rights, then the dullest might see that it should be settled by the Provinces themselves. Fortunately for Lord Dufferin and the institution in so far as Canada is concerned, it became so difficult to decide, on account of the vast number of counsellors that darkened wisdom, under which of these heads the appointment of Thanksgiving Day fell, that the matter was settled without the assistance of Mr. Mowat, or the decision of the Privy Council. But there must ever mingle in the truly loyal Liberal's cup of blessing a hint of wormwood in the fact that he is not quaffing it at the bidding of an authority he wholly approves.

WITH us Thanksgiving Day can never hold the place that it does in the United States, where it is not more an observance of national duty, as a memorial of what was best and worthiest in national life, and is closely interwoven with its very fibre. The day has no sentiment with us except-

ing that of a purely religious nature ; the custom was superimposed upon Canadian character after it had fully developed. The graft seems to be promising, but it is not safe to speculate upon our ability to assimilate it for all time. Even in New England, where it has taken root in the rocks, as new influences assail the old Puritan character its hold is weakening, and the ever-increasing tide of foreigners, especially of Germans and English, in the Western States, is gradually bringing about a comparative disregard of Thanksgiving Day and an increasing respect for older holidays. And while one can see very well the propriety and great gain of preserving a spirit of thankful humility at all times, if possible, and the very great appropriateness of special seasons of thanksgiving when the occasion is manifest, the observance of a certain day in every year for such a purpose seems to deprive it of its voluntary character, and to give it a formal and stereotyped nature quite different from the real fervour with which it was originally observed. After a time of national disaster, moreover, it would not be easy to believe in the sincerity of national thanksgiving, whatever the feelings of individuals might be. Misfortune, we are told, is salutary, and should evoke our gratitude even more effectually than benefit ; thankfulness in other words should be chronic with us. Most people have implicit faith in the principle this embodies ; but its practice demands to the common mind too much of that other principle of doubtful acceptance involved in the old saying, " Heads I win, tails you lose," for general following. A special thanksgiving has a broad, generous voluntary significance. It means that the nation is not content with the ordinary channels of its gratitude, but must send it up to Heaven in a great wave of joy and praise. And this is what it meant when it rose from Massachusetts Bay two-hundred and fifty years ago. But thanksgiving, because the day is set, and it should be the normal attitude of nations, is to a great many people almost devoid of meaning.

THE old Puritan custom counts many biographers, and among them some of the brightest names in American literature, which may be said to be positively pervaded by the odour of pumpkin pies, invariable accessories to any Thanksgiving scene. The light, and glow, and warmth, and real affection with which New England writers have filled their Thanksgiving sketches are qualities in their work for which we also, who have given thanks but ten years, are disposed to be grateful. Had our Loyalist great-grandfathers but shown a proper spirit on the sylvan shores of the Bay of Quinté, we also might have had such a heritage of association, and Canadian literature might have received at least an edible enrichment. Governor Bradford, we are told, in his observance of that earliest American Thanksgiving, "sent four men out a-fowling that they might in a more special manner rejoice together." This specialty of Thanksgiving has oddly enough clung to the observance. Its tenacity shows perhaps a subtler connection between the soul and the palate than modern science has yet explained.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

#### CARLOTTA.

Oh ! poor Carlotta, Mexico's mad queen,  
Babbling of one, amid thy vacant halls,  
Whose ears have long been heedless of thy calls.  
Sad monument of that which once has been,  
Thy staring eyes mark ever the same scene  
Of levelled muskets and a corpse which falls,  
Dabbled in blood, beneath the city walls,  
Though twenty years have rolled their tides between.

Not of this world, thy vengeance ! They have passed,  
Traitor and victim, to the shadow land.  
Not of this world, thy joy ; but when, at last,  
Reason returns in heaven, its kind hand  
Shall join the shattered links of life again,  
Yet leave unclasped this sad meanwhile of pain.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

#### AFTERNOON TEA.

A DAMP, cold, drizzly, disagreeable November afternoon, the streets mostly melancholy and wholly empty, the ragged fragments of vegetation that are left clinging drearily to the naked branches of the elms and poplars that sway and creak unpleasantly in the low-spirited wind ! A corresponding psychological effect in some undetermined locality under the rubber coat and umbrella with which one vainly endeavours to escape the impressions of the weather, one's whole being engrossed in the construction of a pessimistic essay, emphasised by wet boots, punctuated by every forlorn footstep, and paragraphed by successive street-crossings, each more unspeakably demoralised than the last. Yet life is worth living, even in

November and a waterproof coat and only one rubber that will stay on ! For suddenly, around the corner comes a sudden glory on wheels, a radiant nodding spectacle that disperses the prevailing dolor like a shaft of sunlight, a cart full of chrysanthemums driven by a florist's boy ! Pure white as the snow they herald, burning yellow like streaked flame and a dark, deep crimson that must have been stolen from the life-blood of the maple leaves that fell upon the blossoming of these late-comers, how they wave and beckon to departed summer in one's soul ! How one feasts upon their riot of colour and tumult of blossom till their inconsiderate conductor turns another corner, and the rapt vision vanishes on its way to some home of the rich and great, where to-night, at the festive dance, Algernon will dally with its petals and Ethel will declare its general effect " quite Japanesy ! " For the rich and great, even in Toronto, are understood not to disdain the hiring of their floral decorations, although the enterprising florist has not yet found public spirit to warrant him in adding fruit to his stock for purposes of peripatetic supper-table adornment, as his Cockney brother did long ago. One pineapple of notable dimensions became so familiar a feature of London society last season as to be transplanted into journalism, where it may be expected to flourish perennially for an indefinite period. But in Toronto the line has hitherto been drawn strictly at horticulture.

It appears that we are to see a Kirmes in Toronto this winter, sometime during the Christmas holidays. The affair is to be arranged by the ladies interested in the Infants' Home, and one of the many elaborate features proposed will be a representation by children, of " Xmas. in ye Olden Tyme," which can hardly fail to be extremely picturesque. The plan is, as yet, somewhat embryotic, but as its details, which will doubtless be novel and interesting, evolve themselves, they will be made public. A Kirmes, properly given, could not fail to be a most profitable and attractive enterprise here.

THE entertainment given by the Canadian Institute last Friday night, while a complete success in regard to numbers and the quality of the programme presented, seemed to be a conversazione with the conversational element left out. A very large and eminently respectable audience sat up rigidly in chairs, and listened to an admirably comprehensive address by President Vandersmissen, several pleasing vocal and instrumental selections by well-known amateurs, and quite a funny burlesque upon science under rural conditions, by Mr. and Mrs. D. Cameron. The feminine part of the audience wore its bonnet, chiefly, and the masculine part showed a decided predilection for tweed clothes. At the close of the programme, notwithstanding the Institute's obvious attractions in the shape of creeping things with stings and wings, souvenirs of the North American Indian, and the whole Canadian animal kingdom stuffed, the audience went home with great unanimity. A Canadian scientific institute should do better than this. It should gather a brilliantly representative assembly from a social and literary, as well as purely scientific, point of view, which, although Lieutenant-Governor Robinson and Mrs. Grant, the Hon. G. W. Ross, the Hon. G. W. Allan, Professor Ellis, and others equally well known, were present, and showed a lively interest in the proceedings, the assembly of Friday night was not. More freedom should be introduced into these affairs, and more formality at the same time. The dignity of science might expect at least the recognition of a dress coat. Moreover, the Canadian Institute should give its unscientific guests something to eat. The burning interest in scientific matters that may be stimulated by such perfectly warrantable agencies as coffee and cold chicken, carefully administered, should not be left out of consideration. Man cannot live and talk for three or four hours, upon science alone, especially when that source of nourishment is denied him by the facts of his education, and yet if he asks for bread, the Institute presents him with a stone, and a sauce in the shape of reflections upon its remarkable formation.

THE usefulness of our Public Library can hardly be over-calculated, and yet there are certain simple wants in the matter of reference that it cannot supply. You may be surprised to learn that it is impossible to consult the *Canada Gazette* there, for instance. Ottawa authorities cannot make up their minds to the extravagance of supplying the bound volumes of either the *Gazette*, *Hansard*, or the *Sessional Papers*. Unbound and un-indexed, they are perfectly useless for reference ; and it is impossible to get even the favour of an index, the possession of which would enable the Library to put the volumes in proper shape at its own expense, from a Government not unreasonably impeached with extravagance upon a more extensive scale. Again and again has Mr. Bain pressed this comparatively trivial yet positively, most important matter upon the attention of those in a position to deal with it, and again and again has his request been met by the fear lest, this thing being done unto Toronto Public

Library, every other public library throughout the Dominion should straightway demand it also! As there are altogether only five, and as every such institution has a perfect right to public documents in a convenient and portable form, it is difficult to see the force of this objection, or anything indeed but the highly ridiculous attitude of those who raise it, and the very great inconvenience to everybody whom it affects.

Another thing that in the eternal clangor of party politics is not brought before the Canadian people as often as it should be is the contemptible practice of levying the regular duty upon books imported for use in public libraries. We have the honour to originate this; it exists in no other civilized country on the face of the globe, and it is doubtful whether a government of Maories, were such an institution for general Maori enlightenment to be introduced into their social system, would consider the advisability of burdening it in this way. During the short existence of the Toronto Public Library it has paid into the treasury four thousand dollars in duties, a sum to chuckle over, doubtless, but a sum that represents a loss of much more than its value in liberal encouragement of literature and the arts, without which they can never be expected to flourish, in Canada or anywhere else.

GARTH GRAFTON.

### A REQUEST.

[To the noble society known as "The Woman's Auxiliary of Missions of the Church of England in Canada,"—who are doing their utmost in the good work of sending Missionaries to the Crees and Blackfeet—the following lines are respectfully and gratefully inscribed.]

Beyond the boundaries of all our mighty inland lakes,  
Beyond the old Red River shore, where Manitoba breaks  
Into the far and fair North-west its limitless extent,  
Last year with cannon, shot, and shell the British soldier went.  
Full many a city flocked to bid her gallant boys good-bye,  
Cheer after cheer went ringing out, and flags were flaunted high;  
And well indeed those warriors fought, and surely well they bled,  
And surely well some sleep to-day within their silent bed.  
Perhaps a soldier's medals are of greater honour when  
He wins them at the cost of his own fellow-countrymen—  
'Tis not my place to question if their laurel wreath still thrives,  
If its fragrance is of Indian blood, its glory Indian lives.  
I only know some heart still waits with pulse that beats and burns  
For footsteps of the boy who left but nevermore returns,  
Another heart still dwells beyond thy banks, Saskatchewan—  
O Indian mother, list'ning for the coming of your son  
Who left his home a year ago to fight the Volunteers,  
To meet his death from British guns, his death-song British cheers.  
For you I speak to-day, and ask some noble, faithful hands,  
To send another band of men to meet you in your lands.  
Not as last year these gallant hearts as dogs of war will go,  
No swords within their hands, no cause to bring the after-glow  
Of blush to Canada's fair cheek, for none can say as then:  
"She treats her Indian wards as foes." No! These are different men,  
Their strength is not in rank and file, no martial host they lead,  
Their mission is the cross of Christ, their arms the Christian creed.  
Instead of helmet round their head, a halo shines afar,  
'Twill light your prairie pathway up more than the flash of war.  
Seek not to find upon this band a coat of crimson glow—  
God grant their hands will spotless be as their own robes of snow,  
O men who go on missions to the North-west Indian lands,  
The thorns may pierce your foreheads and the cross may bruise your hands,  
For tho' the goal seems far away, reward seems vague and dim—  
If ye Christianise the least of them, "Ye do it unto Him,"  
And, perhaps, beyond the river brink the waves of death have laved,  
The jewels in your crown will be the Indian souls you've saved.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The following anecdote is related in the "Reminiscences of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle," just published.

While Wellington and Soult were manœuvring, the one to pierce the Pyrenees, the other to prevent him from doing so, the Duke on one occasion thought it necessary to make a forced march, that he might anticipate the enemy in securing for himself a certain position. In the course of this march the troops became ragged and straggled, and an attack by the French would have been an awkward matter.

The Duke, however, gave his orders with perfect coolness, and then went on to say: "Now I shall go to bed." "To bed, my lord," was the somewhat anxious comment; "but what if the French attack us during the night?" "Oh, dear, no;" he said, "we are quite safe from attack till ten o'clock to-morrow morning." The troops as they came up were properly disposed of, the requisite preparations made, and every body looked out for the coming ten o'clock. Accordingly, just as had been predicted, shortly after that hour, the French made their appearance in force, and endeavoured to wrest from the British troops the advantage gained by

that successful march. They were, however, baffled and driven back. General Alava ventured to put this question to him—"Might I ask, my lord, how you knew that the French would not attack us till ten o'clock in the morning?" "Oh, certainly," was the answer, "As we were riding through such and such a pass did you not see three French vedettes gallop off as hard as they could?" "No," said Alava, with his eyes and mouth wide open. "But I did," retorted Wellington, "and I felt at once what would happen. Those fellows went off and reported to Soult that they had seen me there in person, and I knew Soult quite well enough to be sure of his course. He would summon a council of war as soon as possible, and tell them 'If Lord Wellington is there in person he must have got up his reserves. Before attacking him I must get up mine;' and as for his reserves, I was quite certain that they could not be got up to act against us till ten o'clock in the morning, therefore I took things easily and went to bed."

The sequel shows a singular coincidence, unless—which the author does not seem to suspect—Sir Charles Vaughan was romancing. Sir Francis was repeating his story in the common room at All Souls one evening, old Sir Charles Vaughan, the ex-ambassador, being present.

"Ah, yes," he remarked, "I know that story as well as you do; and what is more I can cap it for you. I was telling it some years ago at a Paris dinner. A French general, one of the party, on hearing it, looked for a moment or two rather sulky and discomposed, but at last broke out as follows:—'Yes, indeed, for I was second in command on that occasion, and those were the very words Soult used.'"

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

General Butler had long been regarded as a powerful antagonist at the bar, and he fully maintained his reputation in the parliamentary conflicts in which he became at once involved. He exhibited an extraordinary capacity for agitation, possessing in a high degree what John Randolph described as the "talent for turbulence." His mind was never at rest. While not appearing to seek controversies, he possessed a singular power of throwing the House into turmoil and disputation. The stormier the scene, the greater his apparent enjoyment, and the more striking the display of his peculiar ability. His readiness of repartee, his great resources of information, his familiarity with all the expedients and subtleties of logical and illogical discussion, contributed to make him not only prominent but formidable in the House for many years. He was distinguished by habits of industry, had the patience and the power required for thorough investigation, and seemed to possess a keen insight into the personal defects, the motives, and the weaknesses of his rivals. He was audacious in assault, apparently reckless in his modes of defence, and, in all respects, a debater of strong and notable characteristics. Usually merciless in his treatment of an aggressive adversary, he not infrequently displayed generous and even magnanimous traits. He had the faculty of attaching to himself, almost as a personal following, those members of the House who never came in conflict with him, while he regarded his intellectual peers of both political parties as natural foes, whom he was destined at some time to meet in combat, and for whose overthrow he seemed to be in constant preparation.—From J. G. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress."

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

Mrs. Burnett's charming story, which amused so many children of a larger growth in its course through *St. Nicholas*, has been very handsomely issued by the Scribners. It is bound in admirable taste, printed in large type on the best paper, and copiously illustrated, several full-page cuts having been added to those that appeared in the magazine. The drawings are especially to be commended, heightening, as they do, the effect of Mrs. Burnett's work, which is so delicately conceived and wrought out as to make any attempt at embodying its ideas a matter of great difficulty, requiring both skill and insight.

When one has said of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" that its style is perfect, its art graceful and charming, and its atmosphere quite idyllic, there is very little more to say. "Cedric" is not a human boy at all, he is a little American angel with inherited aristocratic tastes, and a girl-angel at that. He is very sweet, very loveable, very unique; but he will float through juvenile literature as unreal as a cherub on a pink cloud, both by an old master. Mrs. Burnett has been romancing again; she is an inveterate idealist; she will tell the whole truth about nothing, and in her literary fabrication will not remember that soap bubbles, however alluring their process of manufacture and exquisite their dyes, are not distinguished for qualities that endure. One rather resents, moreover, the tawdry device by which Lord Fauntleroy's difficulties are settled; it is unworthy of its place in the book.

It may be interesting to some of "Little Lord Fauntleroy's" juvenile readers to know that his full-page picture in the act of stroking the Angora cat on the tiger skin is so exact a reproduction of the author's eldest boy that it must have been taken from a photograph.

**HOURS WITH THE BIBLE.** By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. New York: John B. Alden.

Had Mr. Alden's enterprise been confined to the re-publication of the works of this eminent divine alone, at forty cents apiece, it would have deserved general public recognition and support. No one who has read "The Life and Words of Christ,"—and its readers are many in Canada—will require information as to the character of Dr. Geikie's work. In six volumes of "Hours with the Bible" he covers the whole of Old Testament history. In the author's own words, his aim has been "to bring all that can be gathered from every available source to bear upon the illustration of the Scriptures," to supply "a People's Hand-book to the Bible," a pleasant, attractive illumination of its pages by the varied lights of modern research and discovery."

This means that Dr. Geikie has brought to bear upon his work the resources of a wide Oriental scholarship, a notable ability to draw and establish deductions from obscure data, and a literary style that has won for its possessor a distinguished position among writers of distinction. To Dr. Geikie, as much as to any man, do we owe the broadened, deepened, and elevated tone that Bible study has taken during recent years. It is not irreverent to say that the consecration of such signal literary ability as his not only sheds a new interest over the Biblio-historic page, but invests its study with a dignity in the eyes of the people which possibly might not have been as perceptible before. "Hours with the Bible" is the most successful attempt we have seen to connect the utterances of the prophets with the historical events that were happening about them, and with which these deliverances had necessarily an important connection. For fulness and pertinence of information we prefer Dr. Geikie's work to any commentary now in existence.

**TORONTO "CALLED BACK" FROM 1886 TO 1850.** By Conyngham Crawford Taylor, H. M. Customs. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This volume, as we learn from the introductory chapter, was written partly for recreation and partly for personal and family gratification, which circumstance indicates its probable literary character so accurately that we need do little more than add that a considerable portion of its three hundred and fifty pages are occupied by somewhat irrelevant excursions made by the author to see Dublin, Donnybrook Fair, a Naval Review at Portsmouth, an Art Treasure Exhibition at Manchester, the Opening of Parliament by the Queen in 1856, the Treaty of Paris Peace Rejoicings, and the like, together with a consideration of Fenianism in Manchester, and the Death of Prince Albert. Nevertheless, when our author settles down to business, and talks about Toronto during the past thirty-six years, he gives us, in a gossiping way, much information of interest, with a backbone of statistics and some account of the various institutions of the city and its commercial progress. Altogether a useful compilation of the newspaper variety of literature with a strong personal element in it, that must be most interesting to the author's relatives, and may not be without its uses to posterity.

The following are the books mentioned in the editorial note "On Some Recent Novels":—

"My Friend Jim," by W. E. Norris. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. "Pepita Ximenez," from the Spanish of Juan Valera. New York: D. Appleton and Company. "Irene," by the Princess Olga Cantacuzène-Altieri. London: F. Warne and Company. "The Secret of Her Life," by Edward Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby," etc.

**MUSIC.**

Toronto: Published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association. "FLOW, STREAM, FLOW." (Song.) By Milton Wellings. This song has a very popular "Flow" about it, after the usual manner of its well-known composer.

"CALVARY." (Sacred Song.) By Paul Rodney. A fine song in one part, with a strong resemblance to Gounod's "Nazareth," to be had in three keys.

"HESPERUS." (Waltz.) By Luke Wheeler. A pleasing addition to the dance music repertoire.

We have also received the following publications:

- ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. November. New York: Macmillan and Company.
- BOOK BUYER. November. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- OVERLAND MONTHLY. November. San Francisco: Overland Monthly Company.
- COSMOPOLITAN. November. Rochester: Slight and Fiddes.
- ART AMATEUR. November. New York: 23 Union Square.
- ANDOVER REVIEW. November. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- MUSICAL HERALD. November. Boston: Musical Herald Company.
- QUERIES. November. Buffalo: C. L. Sherrill and Company.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. November. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

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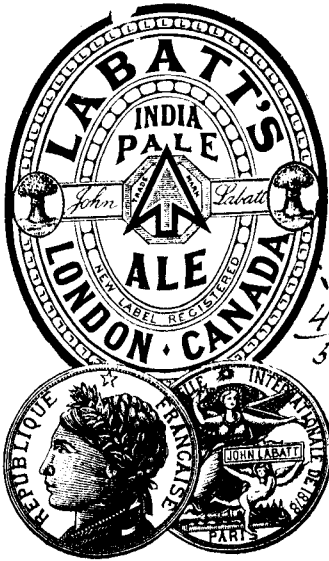
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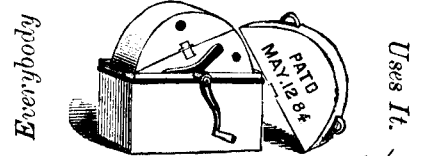
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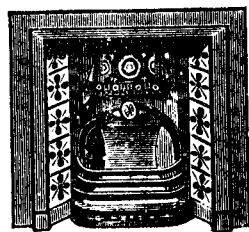
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