

# THE WEEK:

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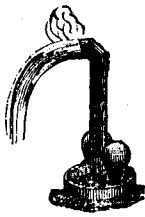
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Among the distinguished writers who have promised articles apposite to the purposes of the CITIZEN are those named below:

CONTRIBUTORS.—Alexander Johnston, Richard T. Ely, Bernard Moses, J. H. Seelye, Carroll D. Wright, A. W. Tourgee, N. S. Shuler, Edward Everett Hale, Hezekiah Butterworth, Frances Marion Jurdick, Henry C. Adams, Hubert H. Bancroft, George B. Loring, F. W. Parker, W. N. Hallmann, T. M. Goodnight, Lyman Abbott, Julius H. Ward, Simon Sterne, B. A. Hinsdale, E. E. White, William H. Prescott, W. H. Buffner, J. L. M. Curry, William C. P. Brockenridge, W. C. Whitford, Kate Gannett Wells, Edmund J. James, J. W. Dickinson, Kestorine Conant, Arthur Gilman, Melton Chamberlain, Melville Dewey, R. L. Bridgman, Francis H. Buffum, Anson D. Morse, James MacAlister, Thomas Davidson, Charles Edwin Hurd, William A. Hammond, C. M. Woodward, Mary Sheldon Barnes, Edward Stanwood, Henry B. Carrington, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Randall Waite, George Gannett, Henry Wadsworth Reed, G. W. Knight, H. H. Young, Norman B. Eaton, Frank T. Reid, E. Haworth, Edwin D. Mead, William Clark (London, Eng.), J. Lawrence Laughlin.

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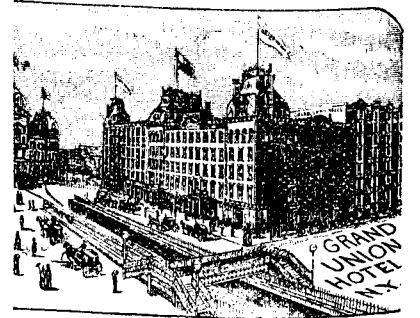
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## MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHEME.

THROUGH the exulting shouts of the Irish Nationalists of London, drawn out under their priests, and amidst the joyous expectation of the American Fenians, and all who desire the downfall of the British power, Mr. Gladstone moved in triumph to propose what he had himself, a very short time before, branded as the Dismemberment of the Empire. By flouting the expression now he shows how rapidly he drifts, how easily and completely he breaks with his own past, how treacherous are the moorings of the ship of state if it anchors by his convictions. To be applauded by the enemies of his country would cause him less of a qualm than it would cause to ordinary men. His worshippers are fond of giving him the distinctive title of the great "human" statesman. It is a higher thing, perhaps, to be human than to be national. We may look forward, in spirit, to the day when, as the tribe has been lost in the nation, the nation will be lost in humanity. But, at present, in the merciless vortex of international competition it must fare ill with the nation which has not a patriotic chief; and England may have bitter reason to wish that Mr. Gladstone instead of being her Prime Minister were Prime Minister of Mankind. Perhaps a not very narrow patriotism may add that even Mankind would lose something which it can ill afford to lose by the immediate destruction of the British power.

That the union of two independent Parliaments under one Constitutional Crown is utterly impracticable, and that the attempt would lead only to confusion, all who are worth hearing on political subjects have with one voice pronounced. "The thing," says Macaulay, "is as plain as a proposition in Euclid. A Constitutional Sovereign must conform to the sense of Parliament, and, if the two Parliaments differ, how can he conform to the sense of both?" Where the real power is in the Crown a plurality of Parliaments is practicable, where the real power is in the Parliament it is not. The Irish Parliament during the period of its ostensible independence was really held in dependence by Crown patronage and corruption. Better, far better, than a Union with two Parliaments is Separation outright, which would rid Great Britain at once of all responsibility for Ireland and leave her at liberty to deal with it as a foreign country. That between Legislative Union and Separation there is no middle way has hitherto been the verdict of all statesmen. Mr. Gladstone thinks that he has found a middle way. He sets up two Parliaments, each national, and puts an end to Irish representation at Westminster. But of the two Parliaments one is to be Imperial, the other local. To the Parliament of Ireland local subjects only are assigned. Authority on Imperial subjects, including the Army and Navy, Peace and War, Foreign and Colonial policy, Customs, Coinage, Trade, Navigation, and for the present the Constabulary, is vested in the Parliament of Great Britain alone. In these questions the Irish Parliament is to have no voice; yet Ireland is to be dragged in the train of British policy, involved in British wars, and made to pay for the support of British armaments and the maintenance of a British

Empire. She is to be invested with nationality, but divested of its highest attributes, taxed without representation, and compelled to pay an annual tribute to the detested Saxon. By the cable reports Mr. Gladstone is made to say that the right of addressing the Crown would remain, and would be a full equivalent for the constitutional rights which are taken away; but it is incredible that he can have given utterance to such drivel. Would it have been possible to devise a scheme more certain to generate on the largest scale and inflame to the highest pitch the enmity which it is the professed object of all this revolutionary legislation to allay? Can it be believed that Ireland, with her Nationalist feeling stimulated as it has been, would long acquiesce in such an arrangement? Can it be doubted that as soon as the Irish Parliament met, a patriotic struggle into which every ambitious man would throw himself would commence for the abolition of the hateful tribute, for the removal of all restrictions, and for the assertion of a complete nationality? Can Mr. Gladstone imagine, after the experience which he has had in the case of the Land Act, that the object of the Irish agitators is peace, and that they will rest content with partial concessions? Does he think that ambition will at once die away in their breasts, that they will instantly bid farewell to the trade by which they make their bread, or that, if they did, others more violent and insatiable would not at once step into their place? Does he think that American Fenianism will be content to see Ireland with her "statutory" Parliament settle down in loyal allegiance to Queen Victoria? His own argument will at once be turned by thoroughgoing Nationalists with fatal force against himself. If a British legislature is, as he contends, incompetent to legislate for Ireland, how can it be competent to give her a constitution?

Suppose, in regard to the tribute or any other matter, Ireland refuses to fulfil the conditions, how are the conditions to be enforced? Suppose a question of jurisdiction arises, how is it to be settled? Suppose there is an ambiguity in the compact, who is to interpret? The American Federation has for the settlement of questions between its members the Supreme Court backed by the force of the Union. Canada has the Privy Council backed by the force of the Empire. Between Great Britain and Ireland there would be no arbitrating tribunal or power. The only guardian of the compact and the sole umpire would be the cannon. Thus to escape from what is described as the desperate task of coercing a few lawless terrorists, Great Britain undertakes, in an event which, considering the temper of the Irish and their American confederates, may be deemed morally inevitable, to coerce the whole Irish nation. The harbinger of peace is big with civil war. It is big with foreign war also; for an Irish Parliament refusing to pay tribute to Great Britain and declaring itself independent would almost certainly obtain recognition from the demagogism of the United States. If, by the cowardly love of ease and dread of trouble, Great Britain is led to surrender her unity and greatness, retribution will not long halt behind the crime.

As there is no legal power of enforcing the provisions of the new constitution or of interpreting its ambiguities, so there is no legal power of amending it, or indeed of legislating at all on organic questions for the future. No such authority is assigned to either the British or Irish Parliament, nor to any combination of the two. The Supreme Legislature is in fact extinguished, and extinguished without possibility of revival. This, no doubt, is an inadvertence, which with other inadvertences and crudities may be regarded as due to haste. Mr. Trevelyan states positively that in June last the Cabinet was unanimous against Home Rule. Nine months would be rather a short time in which to mature a revolution. But it is certain that Mr. Gladstone's conversion to the plan of a Parliament for Ireland dates from the moment when the result of the election showed him that he could not have a majority without the Parnellite vote. This scheme for the dissolution of the United Kingdom has been struck off at a heat by Mr. Gladstone's constructive genius, like those vast theories of Homeric mythology, primeval history, and cosmogony which are received with polite derision by the learned and scientific world. He has not even consulted his colleagues, being determined to keep the whole credit of settling the Irish question to himself. The want of a power of amendment is the more obviously disastrous, inasmuch as the plan of the Irish Constitution is evidently adopted not on its merits as a permanent polity, but for the temporary purpose of giving the landlords the means of protecting themselves against democratic confiscation.

In its internal structure the Irish Parliament appears to be a singular

specimen of the clockwork which political mechanics sometimes devise in total forgetfulness of party passion and the other disturbing influences in the midst of which their machine is to work. It is to consist not of two Houses, but of two Orders, one partly aristocratic, partly plutocratic, the other democratic, which are to sit together; but either of which is to be at liberty to withdraw and put a suspensive veto on the decisions of the other. In the case of a peaceful synod such machinery might work; but when, in an Irish Parliament, one Order marches out and proceeds to exercise its right of veto, say, on the land question or the question between religious and secular education, there is likely to be an animated scene. And this political structure, novel and unhallowed by custom or traditional reverence, is to be founded on a soil saturated with sedition, with conspiracy, with terrorism and class hatred of the deadliest kind. This machinery, so delicate and complex, is to be worked by a race which in politics has hardly emerged from the tribal or clan state, and which, whatever may be its other gifts or graces, shows its lack of aptitude for constitutional government, alike in Ireland, in Brittany, and in New York. Grattan's Parliament, to which Mr. Gladstone points as a precedent, was a Parliament of Protestants and of the politically superior race.

Mr. Parnell of course takes no exception. The fuller the scheme is of defects and blunders, the worse, in short, it will work, the better for him. It does all that he wants. It dissolves, if it does not repeal, the Union. It makes Ireland politically a separate nation from Great Britain, and gives her a national Parliament of her own. He knows that he can complete the work. He knows that the civilized weakness which has yielded so far to savage violence will yield again when he tears up the restrictions and declares Ireland an independent nation.

In handing over the judiciary and, ultimately, the entire police to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley must well know that they are placing the lives and property of all the Loyalists in Ireland at the mercy of deadly and cruel enemies.

"Of this," says Macaulay, "I am quite sure, that every argument which has been urged for the purpose of showing that Great Britain and Ireland ought to have two distinct Parliaments, may be urged with far greater force for the purpose of showing that the North of Ireland and the South of Ireland ought to have two distinct Parliaments." If England and Scotland cannot be trusted to legislate for Ireland, much less can Leinster, Munster, and Connaught be trusted to legislate for Ulster. Why is Ulster to be torn, against her will, from her own British nationality and merged in a Celtic and Roman Catholic nationality in which she has no part? Why has she not also a right to her separate Legislature? What is it that constitutes that right? May a claim be put in by any district which happens to have a temper and something of a history of its own? Mr. Gladstone will have to lay down his principle, and to see that it is one which does not give the Nationalist Baboos a right to claim a native Parliament for India.

That Ireland demands a separate Parliament is a baseless assumption on Mr. Gladstone's part. A third of her people, including almost all the wealth and intelligence, voted against it. Of those who voted for it the great majority were not free agents, but in abject thralldom to a terrorist league, subsidized by foreign money. Nor is there any reason for believing that the people generally, if left to themselves, would greatly desire political change. What they desire is the land; for political change they vote and clamour only because they are told that it will give them the land rent-free. All purely political movements have utterly failed. The present crisis is Mr. Gladstone's own work. In face of a moral rebellion he chose to extend the franchise in Ireland to half-civilized, ignorant, and politically enslaved masses, and thus to throw the country and the game into the hands of Mr. Parnell.

The Irishman, says Mr. Gladstone, is not a *lusus nature*. Without being a *lusus nature* he may be and is politically weak, and apt to give himself up to the evil guidance of priests or demagogues at New York or Melbourne as well as in the United Kingdom. As has been already said, the Irish Celt is still rather a clansman than a citizen. His chance of being politically educated up to a level with the Anglo-Saxon, and of enjoying any liberty but that of subjection to native tyrants, depends on his continuance in the Union. Coercion, on which Mr. Gladstone rhetorically descants, is a gross misnomer; a man is not coerced when he is simply restrained from the commission of murder or savage outrage, all his moral and reasonable liberties being left perfectly intact. The Americans do not pass Coercion Acts, but, to use the frank expression of one of them, "when the Irish are lawless they shoot them down." They shot down more of them probably in one day after the Draft riots at New York than have died on the scaffold under British Coercion Acts in the last eighty years. Mr. Gladstone's metaphysical philanthropy knows no distinction of apti-

tudes or qualification for self-government. He may depend upon it that when he has let the anarchic forces in Ireland loose, and set Catholic and Protestant, Celt and Saxon, landowner and tenant, at each other's throats, with the American Invincibles and Dynamiters adding their murderous frenzy to the fray, he will before long see that which will qualify his horror of Coercion Acts. He, though his life, as we are told, has been devoted to the Irish Question, has hardly set foot in Ireland, nor has he ever shown much acquaintance with Irish history; yet he must have read of Tyrconnell's Parliament. A widow is returning from viewing the body of her murdered husband. A crowd gathers round her, and pursues her with jeers and insults. Following the corpse to the grave, she is compelled to take a side path to avoid a repetition of the insults to herself and to the corpse. And these people who exult in murder, and who outrage a widow's tears, want nothing, we are told, to make them good and happy but a larger measure of self-government. These are the hands into which Great Britain may with a good conscience and with untarnished honour deliver the Loyalists of Ireland.

Macaulay, to quote him once more, said with truth that those who ascribed Irish disorders and miseries to the Union were more illogical than those who called Tenterden Steeple the cause of the Goodwin Sands. The Goodwin Sands, at all events, had not existed before Tenterden Steeple, whereas the disorders and miseries of Ireland not only existed before the Union, but were far worse before the Union than they have ever been since. Since the Union there has been progress, and great progress, though it has been interrupted by the famines arising from the heedlessness with which the people, stimulated to early marriage by their Church, multiply beyond the means of subsistence, and at the same time retarded by the influence of a religious system the effects of which upon national energy are everywhere the same. Among other things the Union has given Ireland popular education, on which, if the Union were repealed, the priest would soon work his will. The task of civilizing and elevating the people of the Celtic and Catholic Provinces is hard, and, like all imperial tasks, it becomes harder as the Government of England grows more democratic; but it is set by Nature, which has linked the destinies of the two islands inextricably to each other. The races are mingled in both islands, and mingled they must remain. The policy of dismissing the Parnellites from Westminster, and handing over Ireland to them, instead of keeping them in order where they are, is one of which the weakness and pusillanimity would disgrace the Legislature of Mexico. But suppose this to be done, there would still be in the British constituencies a million and a half of Irish under the political control of Mr. Parnell.

A scheme which, though revolutionary in the highest degree, accomplishes no object, or supposed object, of the revolution, which, while it breaks the Legislative Union, neither satisfies Ireland nor relieves Great Britain of the Irish difficulty, was not likely to receive any support except that of Irish conspirators against the Empire, or of thoroughgoing Radical partisans. What is the number of Radicals sufficiently thoroughgoing to vote for Dismemberment the division which must come on the second reading will determine. According to present appearances the scheme is doomed. Lord Hartington spoke with unexpected firmness, and his speech has told. Mr. Gladstone has now nobody left to support him in the House of Commons except mere placemen and his Parnellite Secretary for Ireland, who has made a grand fiasco. Even the placemen apparently shirk debate. Perhaps the best sign for Unionism is the change in the *Daily News*, hitherto the most devoted supporter of Mr. Gladstone. The *Daily News* says that the outrages committed by the Irish and the conduct of their representatives in Parliament have set the English people against their demands. They have, if the English people have retained any particle of their ancient spirit. Let it be deliberately determined that justice requires England to give up the Union, and with it her own high place among the nations, and all who know in what true greatness consists will, however sorrowfully, bow their heads to the decree of morality. But to bow the head to the decree of a set of self-seeking agitators, obstructionists, dynamiters, and cattle-houghers, aided by treason and faction, is a thing still, it is to be hoped, alien and intolerable to British hearts.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated tobacconist, applied to Curran for a motto when he first established his carriage. "Give me one, my dear Curran," said he, "of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at a tobacconist setting up a carriage; and for the scholarship sake let it be Latin." "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation, and your contempt for their ridicule, and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin or English, just as the reader wishes. Put *Quid rides* on your carriage."



## POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

THERE is no doubt that in popular government resting on a wide suffrage, either without an army or having little reason to fear it, the leader, whether or not he be cunning, or eloquent, or well provided with commonplaces, will be the wire-puller. The process of cutting up political power into petty fragments has in him the most remarkable product. The morsels of power are so small that men, if left to themselves, would not care to employ them. In England they would be largely sold if the law permitted it, in the United States they are extensively sold in spite of the law; and in France, and to a less extent in England, the number of "abstentions" shows the small value attributed to votes. But the political chiffonnier who collects and utilizes the fragments is the wire-puller. I think, however, that it is too much the habit in this country to describe him as a mere organizer, contriver, and manager. The particular mechanism which he constructs is, no doubt, of much importance. The form of this mechanism recently erected in this country has a close resemblance to the system of the Wesleyan Methodists; one system, however, exists for the purpose of keeping the spirit of Grace aflame, the other for maintaining the spirit of Party at a white heat. The wire-puller is not intelligible unless we take into account one of the strongest forces acting on human nature—Party feeling. Party feeling is probably far more a survival of the primitive combativeness of mankind than a consequence of conscious intellectual differences between man and man. It is essentially the same sentiment which, in certain states of society, leads to civil, inter-tribal, or international war; and it is as universal as humanity. It is better studied in its more irrational manifestations than in those to which we are accustomed. It is said that Australian savages will travel half over the Australian continent to take in a fight the side of combatants who wear the same totem as themselves. Two Irish factions, who broke one another's heads over the whole island, are said to have originated in a quarrel about the colour of a cow. In Southern India a series of dangerous riots are constantly arising through the rivalry of parties who know no more of one another than that some of them belong to the party of the right hand and others to that of the left hand. Once a year, large numbers of English ladies and gentlemen, who have no serious reason for preferring one university to the other, wear dark or light blue colours to signify good wishes for the success of Oxford or Cambridge in a cricket match or boat race. Party differences, properly so called, are supposed to indicate intellectual, or moral, or historical preferences; but these go a very little way down into the population, and by the bulk of partisans they are hardly understood and soon forgotten. "Guelf" and "Ghibelline" had once a meaning, but men were under perpetual banishment from their native land for belonging to one or other of these parties long after nobody knew in what the difference consisted. Some men are Tories or Whigs by conviction, but thousands upon thousands of electors vote simply for yellow, blue, or purple, caught at most by the appeals of some popular orator.

It is through this great natural tendency to take sides that the wire-puller works. Without it he would be powerless. His business is to fan its flame, to keep it constantly acting upon the man who has once declared himself a partisan, to make escape from it difficult and distasteful. His art is that of the Nonconformist preacher who gave importance to a body of commonplace religionists by persuading them to wear a uniform and take a military title, or of the man who made the success of a Temperance Society by prevailing on its members to wear always and openly a blue ribbon. In the long run these contrivances cannot be confined to any one party, and their effects on all parties and their leaders, and on the whole ruling democracy, must be in the highest degree serious and lasting. The first of these effects will be, I think, to make all parties very like one another and in the end almost indistinguishable, however leaders may quarrel and partisan hate partisan. In the next place, each party will probably become more and more homogeneous, and the opinions it professes, and the policy which is the outcome of those opinions, will less and less reflect the individual mind of any leader, but only the ideas which seem to that mind to be most likely to win favour with the greatest number of supporters. Lastly, the wire-pulling system, when fully developed, will infallibly lead to the constant enlargement of the area of suffrage. What is called universal suffrage has greatly declined in the estimation, not only of philosophers who follow Bentham, but of the *a priori* theorists who assumed that it was the inseparable accompaniment of a republic, but who found that in practice it was the natural basis of a tyranny. But extensions of the suffrage, though no longer believed to be good in themselves, have now a permanent place in the armoury of parties; and are sure to be a favourite weapon of the wire-puller. The Athenian statesmen who, worsted in a quarrel of aristocratic cliques, "took the people into partnership," have a close parallel in the modern politicians who introduce household suffrage into towns to "dish" one side, and into counties to "dish" the other.—SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE, K.C.S.I., LL.D., F.R.S.

## NOTES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, March 21.

THE former glory of the Paris carnival is passed. The grand procession on Shrove Tuesday, in which figured the famous fatted ox, has degenerated into a miserable little defile of a few carts covered with advertisements. On the other hand, masked balls are more numerous than ever. At the Grand Opera and the Eden Theatre the principal of these bacchanalian entertainments take place, beginning at midnight and ending with dawn. This year the dance of the "Louis" was very lively; especially for the hirers of fancy dress was it a harvest; travesty presenting more than ever an attraction for a certain class of Parisian youth and small children. In spite of unusual cold on Sunday and Shrove Tuesday, gaily-dressed Columbines and sturdy Harlequins met, one every here and there in the crowded boulevards. It is quite amusing and pretty to see what an important place the French child holds, when it appears in society. Paris is without doubt the children's paradise. Nothing is more radiant than the sight of "Monsieur, Madam, et Bébé" on a bright holiday afternoon. Behold it, you who scoff at French family life! But perhaps they are atoning for past delinquencies. Believe, rather, that no nation has the monopoly of vice or virtue.

ALAS, for the variableness of men's minds! Louise Michel tried in vain to deliver her discourse the other day at St. Germain. Hooted and threatened, she still declared this was not the doing of her dear "people," but a mean working against her on the Loyola principle. She further proclaimed the nearness of final emancipation; one of its signs being the progress of volapük—universal language.

A VERY interesting exhibition of paintings is being held in the private gallery Sedelmeyer. Chief among the works is one which all Paris has been to see—Mozart directing a repetition of his *Requiem* the day before his death, by Munkacsy. The tone of colour is soft and sombre, but as usual in the paintings of this great artist, our whole attention is riveted on the wonderful depicting of expression in the human face. The silent group of anxious friends, the earnest singers gathered round the harpsichord, and then Mozart bending forward in his chair, with pale, eager face—a marvellous reflection of the soul within: all of these exquisite expressions of genius.

LISZT is once more in Paris, after a lapse of twelve years. The grand old master has come to preside at a performance of his *Messe de Gran*, to be given in the Church of St. Eustache.

CONTRIBUTIONS are pouring in from all sides for the Pasteur Institute.

A DELICATE phase of religious enthusiasm has been manifested by a certain Duchess who has conceived the novelty of Lenten jewellery! Minute relics of her patron saints have been set in medallions, which compose necklace and bracelets. In the pauses of conversation these latter she kisses devoutly.

L. L.

## THE BRITISH ARMY AND THE DEMOCRACY.

FORMERLY long service produced a remarkably steady and efficient body of non-commissioned officers, who practically managed the regiments. The officers played, hunted, danced, drank, and led their men with great bravery against any stone wall set before them. They were distinctly not professional. The blunders committed by English officers and repaired by their men, if repair was possible, would, if collected together, form a history absolutely phenomenal. Lord Wolseley once made himself very unpopular by suggesting in an article that the regimental officer was capable of improvement; but no human being ever criticised the officers of his time so vigorously as the Duke of Wellington. It is strange that people should catch at some of his sayings, such as that in which he sets a value on fox-hunting, and ignore others in which he laments the want of professional knowledge in the general body of officers, both staff and regimental. Some steps have already been taken for improving the military knowledge of officers, and, among the rest, it is to be observed that any mention of the abolition of purchase still raises a cheer from a British crowd. The democracy thinks it has bought and paid for its officers, and can now have its will with them. Perhaps the general attitude of mind may be illustrated by an anecdote, the accuracy of which may be relied upon. A young officer was dressing for mess at an open window in one of the largest barracks. It was a summer evening, and many of the democracy perambulated the pavement outside. Two men stopped and watched the putting on and adjustment of the gold-laced waistcoat and jacket, richer and costlier than any dress they had ever seen so near. As the final touches to the costume were being given, the gilded youth exclaimed in a tone of some little annoyance, "You stare as if you wanted to know me again." "Well," said one of them, in the quiet tone of a proprietor, "Well, we pay enough for you, and I should think we might look at you."

Now this is just the point. Does the country pay for its officers to an extent which gives it a right over them *for value received*? or is it a fact that an officer serves for honour and absolutely declines to recognize the democracy as being in any sense a fountain of that commodity? The

young officer so calmly claimed with an air of proprietorship as paid for, was able to reckon the value of his uniform, accoutrements, and horse, when he attended a full-dress parade, as worth more than two years' pay; he knew he could by no means escape debt unless he had a private income considerably exceeding the amount paid him out of taxes to which he himself contributed more than many such items of the Demos as then addressed him. It is hardly known to the public that officers pay exactly the same taxes as the rest of the community, or that their pay is absolutely insufficient to keep them in the army; what is more, that campaigning itself is costly and adds to the usual money out of pocket. So far as officers serve for any bribe except that of the military life itself, that bribe comes not from the people but from the Crown, in the shape of decorations and titles, remnants of barbarism which continue to touch the barbaric side of man's complex nature.—*Fortnightly Review* for March.

### THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

HAVE patience! still  
Spring yet shall all her joyful tasks fulfil.  
She tarries long,  
But all is ready: each bird knows his song,  
Each flower has got by heart  
Its fair or fragrant part;  
And given the word,  
Each bud and bird  
Will proudly bring the lovely pageant on.  
Have patience! Sweeter, sweeter far  
Long-hoped-for treasures are  
Than any we may have, without such waiting, won.

Almonds will crown  
With tender pale-pink blossoms branches brown;  
White-thorns will prove  
How sweetly silver may with green be wove.  
Orchards their snow will throw  
On daisied lawns below;  
Spires of soft bloom—  
Plumes of perfume—  
Lilacs will lift through Spring's translucid air.  
Jove will descend to earth again  
In showers of golden rain,  
Whilst Danae's heart is won by flowers laburnums bear.

The throistles will  
From scented choirs such glorious notes distil  
As if before  
No lavish birds had scattered Nature's store;  
The larks her praise will sing  
As if no other Spring,  
Till this one, had  
Made small birds glad.  
The cuckoos will with such fresh wonder call  
As though the sands had just begun  
Through Time's hour-glass to run,  
And Earth was holding there the opening carnival.

Nor there alone  
Her gentle presence to us is made known.  
Spring comes also  
To precincts where no birds or blossoms show.  
Softly she enters in  
Amid the roar and din  
Of the great town  
That cannot drown  
The subtle message of her whispering winds.  
Then young and old, then each and all,  
'Neath her enchantment fall,  
And in a thousand hearts an answering thrill she finds.

—*St. James's Gazette.*

E. F. M.

### IS GENIUS MORBID?

THE greatest poets always possess their imagination; are never possessed by it. They wing their highest flights serenely and majestically, never letting go the reins of reason. Nowhere are they more firmly held than in the loftiest and most rapturous of Dante's flights—probably the loftiest and most rapturous of all poetic flights—the *Paradiso*; the pure intellect and the pure imagination here go hand in hand, and while the poet is soaring in the empyrean, his brain never reels, nor does he once lose sight of the solid ground, though, at times, he may appear to do so; but, like Wordsworth's skylark, though in a deeper sense, he is ever "true to the kindred points of heaven and home." And it is the same with Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, and Wordsworth as with Dante; the equilibrium of their faculties is never disturbed by the most concentrated efforts of their imagination. Most of them, too, were as practical in their dealings with men as they were sane and healthy in their writings. Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, in particular, were all shrewd men of the world; and the same remark holds good of Scott.

Still, it is true that some great poets, only less than those we have named, have become insane, or betrayed symptoms of incipient insanity. The cause of this is not far to seek. Poets have, in all ages, been more sorely tried than most other men. It is surely neither strange nor surprising that the intellects of some of these should finally have given way under the pressure of accumulated misfortune. Most ordinary men, in like circumstances, would probably have succumbed much sooner. And when one considers the extreme susceptibility of the poetic temperament, one may well wonder that comparatively so few poets have become absolutely insane. It is a proof, we think, of their exceptional mental strength. The brains of poets are, necessarily, tasked much more severely than the brains of ordinary students who have no pretensions to genius; yet brain disease is as rare among the former class as it is frequent among the latter. It is not, however, to be denied that there is a morbid element in many of the finer poetic temperaments, especially those of more modern times. For this morbidity the feeble bodily organizations of the poets appear to us to have been, in most cases, largely, if not solely, responsible; it certainly constituted no essential part of their genius, as such. In the case of Collins, cited by Miss Sanborn, we have the testimony of Dr. Johnson, who knew him personally, that "his disease was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than his intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit." And, writing of Shelley, Byron, Poe, and others, M. Taine has observed:—"We are no longer poets without suffering for it. The passion of the brain gnaws our vitals, dries up the blood, eats into the marrow, shakes us like a tempest, and the human frame, such as civilization has made it, is not substantial enough long to resist it."

That madness is rather an accident than the "shadow" of genius, as it has been sometimes called, the very different lives of Calderon and Tasso afford, we think, a striking proof. No one who reads the dramas of the great Spanish poet will doubt that his was a keenly sensitive nature, as susceptible at least of all impressions as that of Tasso. And if ever there was a poet in whom the imagination was stronger than the judgment, it was Calderon; his fancies throng thicker and faster even than those of Shelley, and the sober reader is almost as bewildered among them as he would be by the vagaries of a madman; yet, so far as we know, Calderon was never subject to such hallucinations as those of Tasso or Shelley, nor has any suspicion of insanity ever been imputed to him. He was perfectly sane to the last, though he attained a ripe old age; and this we are inclined solely to attribute to the exceptionally happy circumstances of his life. In Tasso's cell he would, with his temperament, have shared Tasso's madness.—*The Spectator.*

### MODERN DRESS.

UNDER the auspices of the National Health Society, a successful lecture was given on Friday, the 12th ult., under the above title, by Dr. A. T. Schofield, at the Public Baths, Queen's Road, Bayswater, before a large audience of ladies and gentlemen. After describing the bony framework of the body, the lecturer proceeded to explain the functions of clothes which, he said, were threefold: (1) To cover the body; (2) for warmth; (3) for purposes of social distinction. Men's clothes, he observed, fulfil all these conditions very well, except the last, in the case of identity of evenable confusion. He, however, strongly condemned the chimney-pot hat as being without a single virtue. Clothes, in reality, neither warm the body nor keep it cool, but serve as an isolating medium to protect it from the surrounding atmosphere, and prevent the body being too rapidly cooled or overheated by the air in which it is placed. The only perfect isolating medium is wool, which is twice as good as cotton or linen, and, moreover, allows the evaporation of perspiration from the body and permits air to reach the skin. No other substance should ever be next the skin, and if possible all the clothes should be made of wool. The lecturer then passed on to consider the dress of ladies, which, he says, is fairly satisfactory as long as it is not fashionable. Why, he asks, cannot the leaders of fashion be imbued with rational ideas on the subject? If they would dress in a healthy manner all those who follow them like sheep or geese would be benefited. Is the human form so hideous that art must be called into change it? He saw no essential reason why fashion and reason should not agree. Taking, for example, a lady's evening dress and comparing it with the standard of what dress should be, we find that it does not cover the body, and, moreover, leaves exposed the upper lobes of the lungs, the seat of that terrible disease—consumption. The upper parts of the lungs are thus endangered by cold, and the lower are injured by the compression of corsets. No ladies will confess to lacing tightly. A lady, in whom he found two ribs had been dislocated by the compression of stays, maintained that she did not lace tightly; but any woman who measures more round the waist without her stays than with them was guilty of tight lacing, and he implored his audience to apply this test and act upon the result. If stays compress, skirts depress the vital organs, and he urged the adoption of union garments. Healthy dress need consist of no more than combinations and stockings of wool, a woollen union garment with divided skirt, and a free play to every organ; (2) not to weigh on the hips; (3) to be light; and (4) to cover every part of the body equally. Boots should be made to the natural shape of the foot, with broad soles and low heels. Ladies, if they wanted to wear French boots, should have the second toe amputated before doing so; he was convinced of this by the numbers of toes he had seen amputated afterwards. The lecture was illustrated by many diagrams,

models, and by specimens of underclothing lent by the Rational Dress Society, dresses lent by Hamilton and Company, and boots lent by Messrs. Marshall and Burt, which were exhibited after the lecture, as also a set of the baby clothing invented by Miss Ada S. Ballin, and first described in these columns, lent by Mrs. Addley Bourne.—*The Queen*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

## ALGONQUIN PARK.

Now dark before us, gulfs of pine are seen,  
That bear the name still of their Indian queen;  
Great solitary shades! so still and deep,  
Even passing sighs in hollow murmurs creep!

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—It is a matter of common remark that our streams diminish as our woodlands are cleared away, and that the clearing of a mountainous country exercises an influence upon the watercourses and springs in the plains.

A glance at the map of what is known as the Ottawa and Huron territory of Ontario will show that the Muskoka River, which empties into Lake Huron, and the Petewawa, which runs into the Ottawa, have their sources within half a mile of each other; and that the Madawaska, another tributary of the Ottawa, takes its rise four or five miles east of the sources of the two first-mentioned streams. Burnt Island Lake, at the headwaters of the Muskoka, and Otter Slide Lake, at the head of the Petewawa, are each 1,405.85 feet above the level of the sea.

At the Height of Land between the Muskoka and Petewawa, and between the sources of the Madawaska and the Great Opeongo Lake, and around the upper lakes and streams in this region, there are numerous beaver meadows, great tracts of marsh and swamp closely grown over by stunted tamarack and dwarf spruce, or carpeted by marsh plants, and occasionally opening into prairies with long, coarse, wiry grass and bushes. These swamps and prairies occupy the valleys between the ranges of hills, which are here widely apart, running about N.N.E. and S.S.W., and rising abruptly above the surface.

There is much picturesque scenery in these regions, and fish and game abound in and around their waters. Brook or speckled trout are found in immense abundance, while moose, red deer, beaver, and other animals are numerous in these unfrequented parts.

With a view to preserve the forests and the fauna of this locality, and its lakes and streams, it is proposed that the townships of Canisbay, McLaughlin, Bishop, Freswick, Bower, and the township south of Bower and east of Canisbay, be reserved by the Government as a public park, to be called Algonquin Park, subject to regulations for its maintenance and management. Its picturesque scenery, abundance of lakes, and opportunities for angling, will make it a favourite resort for tourists and invalids in summer.

Those who lament the destruction of our forests and fauna will rejoice to see the success of such a scheme for their preservation in this part of our public domain; looking at the same time to its importance for the maintenance of the waters of the rivers having their sources within its boundaries.

In a country like ours, a practical acquaintance with the labours of forest planting and management will in many cases be required by the owners of property, whatever plan of special training may be devised. Some maintain that forest instruction should form a part of the course of instruction at the Ontario Agricultural College, where they could have a nursery and experimental station; while others insist upon the superiority of a separate academy placed in a forest, which would impart that special information needed in the planting and care of forests. A. K.

Toronto, 5th April, 1886.

## NEO-CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—“The Evolution of American Christianity” is the subject of a noticeable article in a late number of *THE WEEK*. The writer, Rev. G. J. Low, treats the subject in a broad and liberal spirit, as indeed he does all theological and rationalistic questions from a Christian standpoint.

There is much food for thought in Mr. Low's paper for the Agnostic, as well as the Christian. He frankly admits that Christianity is now in a state of “transition,” and shows how “unsatisfactory and shifting” its condition is to-day—how it is divided up into a thousand and one sects—how it is “neither coherent nor homogeneous,” but rather “a sort of conglomerate.” This is all true enough, and the serious question is how this evolutionary movement which has now taken so vigorous a hold of the religions of the world, and especially Christianity, is to issue.

“Is Christianity emerging from chaos to order, or is it undergoing the process of decomposition and decay?” That is the pertinent question which Mr. Low puts; and that the Agnostic's answer should be widely different from that of the Christian is what would be naturally expected. The one would say Christianity is to, or soon will, emerge from chaos to order, while the other with equal sincerity will say it is undergoing the final process of “decomposition and decay.” Mr. Low ventures to think, though

with evident misgiving, that it is evolving towards “order, strength, and beauty, and not towards further decay.” And how is the “order, strength, and beauty” thus prognosticated to be brought about? By “organic unity.” This is to effect the ultimate salvation of Christianity from its present perilous position; and the “unifying tendencies” are already apparent. On three grand bases—“Doctrine, Polity, and Worship”—there is to be an assimilation of all sects except the Roman Catholics, who “must be left out of the question,” and the Unitarian Protestants.

As to Doctrine, there seems to be but little hope that unity is very near at hand, but Mr. Low suggests that the *Nicene Creed* would perhaps be more acceptable as a basis of doctrinal unity than any other credal formula.

As to Polity, the assimilation is now said to be progressing favourably; and the *desideratum* of unity of worship is to be achieved by the general adoption of the Church of England Prayer Book in its entirety.

Such is the scheme for the organic union of the Christian Churches of America, with the exception of the Church of Rome and the Protestant Unitarians. And this organic union, bear in mind, is “absolutely necessary” for the preservation of Christianity from total collapse and decay! In reckoning up the probabilities of a consummation of this organic union, the less sanguine Christian will, it is to be feared, exclaim “forlorn hope!” The Agnostic will exclaim “*absolutely impossible!*” His prognosis must be about like this: Every vestige of the supernatural part of Christianity *must go*, and that comparatively soon, while the natural or moral part—that is, Christianity in its rational aspects—will remain. In these days of scientific naturalism and critical historical research, no unification of the conflicting creeds or assimilation of the diverse sects of Christianity will be possible on any basis which retains one vestige of the supernatural part of Christianity. True, an esoteric belief in God and Immortality, and even the divinity of Christ, might be retained in the individual, but it could never be successfully made obligatory, or enjoined authoritatively. Mr. Low, if he lives long (which I hope he may), will see that there must be a much wider doctrinal basis than the *Nicene Creed* to carry with it any prospect of even the partial exoteric assimilation which he hopes for.

But let us for a moment look at the idea of a scheme of unity and affiliation for the different sects of a great system of religion like Christianity, professing to be a divine system and essentially monistic, which *necessarily excludes* one great sect of that religion and another lesser sect! The great Church of Rome—the oldest Christian Church—forming so large an integral part of Christendom, must imperatively “be left out of the question” of Christian affiliation and confraternity, as there can be “no compromise with her—no parleying!” What a spectacle is this for the Heathen and the Agnostic (which, by the way, in the opinion of some excellent people, mean about the same thing)! Here is at least *prima facie* evidence against the moral integrity of the whole system, including all of its sects. That the Unitarians are excluded is, of course, not so much to be questioned or wondered at. If Prof. Fiske, the author of the “Cosmic Philosophy,” and the foremost exponent of Evolution and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer in America, can be properly classed as a Unitarian (and Mr. Low so classes him), then we certainly cannot wonder that Unitarians are to be ruled out of the coming family compact, for I should say Mr. Fiske stands distinctly and unequivocally *outside* of doctrinal Christianity. But then “there are Unitarians and Unitarians.” Mr. Low recognizes the gulf between Channing Unitarianism and Parker Unitarianism.

“No doubt, if this multiplication of sects were to go on much longer, the end would be that Rome and Agnosticism would divide the prey between them.” Very likely Mr. Low has here given us a correct predicate so far as it goes, for it will soon be between Rome and Reason—between Authority and Science—and the end will be that Reason will disintegrate Rome, and Science triumph over Authority. And this present “transition” and disintegration of which Mr. Low speaks is the beginning of that end. That the Anglican Catholic Church will, however, be the last of the Protestant sects to succumb to the inevitable is more than likely, since no other Christian sect is so broad and liberal, and “meddles so little with politics and religion”—no other shows a spirit at once so accommodating and conciliatory towards the heretical developments of recent science.

There are other salient and essential points in Mr. Low's able paper (and the above are merely touched upon), but as this, Mr. Editor, is probably as much space as you can afford on this subject, I shall not trespass further here. To such of the readers of *THE WEEK*, however, as might desire to peruse a more extended reply, I beg to say that my full review of Mr. Low's paper will appear in the issue of the *Boston Index* for April 8, to which I beg to refer him and them. ALLEN PRINGLE.

Selby, Ont., March 29, 1886.

ALMOST the first duty of a new regiment stationed in Edinburgh Castle, says the *St. James's Gazette*, is its only unpleasant one. Immediately it gets into its quarters in the castle it has to despatch a representative body through the oldest streets to cry out at the top of their voices that the citizens must be wary of the soldiers' beguiling ways. This is called “crying down the credit of the regiment,” and the ceremony has just been performed by the Seaforth Highlanders. On a recent forenoon a detachment of these, accompanied by a drum-major, paraded High Street and neighbourhood to discharge what must be described as this unpleasant duty. It consists of a proclamation to all whom it may concern, that any one who is so foolish as to supply the soldiers with goods on credit to the amount of more than a single day's pay does so at his own risk. At her own risk, it might be said; for, owing to some reason unknown, it is understood that the proclamation is specially addressed to shopkeepers of the softer sex.

## The Week.

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THE PREMIER OF ONTARIO has gone on a trip to California, which, it is to be hoped, will repair his energies after the toils of the recent Session. On his road he has, like a thrifty politician, embraced an opportunity afforded him of making a little political capital. He has been talking to the Nationalists of Chicago, and has assured them not only of his own sympathy, but of that of all the Liberals of Ontario in their beneficent design of dismembering the United Kingdom. His words will no doubt be set down to his credit by the Nationalist journals here, and will secure to him, more than ever, the affectionate alliance of Archbishop Lynch and the support of the Catholic Vote. For himself he has a right to speak, nor do we question his sincere devotion to Disunion; but we venture, with all due deference, to question his right to commit all the Liberals of Ontario to a declaration of sympathy with the Fenianism of Chicago. At the meeting held in this city to protest against the dissolution of the Union, the chair was taken by a Liberal, and Liberalism was fully represented among the speakers. We are much mistaken if there are not thousands of Liberals here who, like Lord Hartington, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Chamberlain, are firmly attached to the Union, and would protest against any identification of the Liberal party with Home Rule. The example of Canadian Home Rule, to which Mr. Mowat points, has been shown a score of times to be utterly irrelevant. An independent Canada never can be a thorn in the side of Great Britain; while there could be no worse thorn in the side of Great Britain than an independent Ireland under the influence of Mr. Mowat's friends at Chicago.

In a letter to the *Mail* of Friday last, Mr. H. T. Cloran, of Montreal, attempted to cast doubt upon the current version of the speech made by General Bourke at the great meeting of Irish Nationalists. The verbatim report, furnished to the *Sentinel* by a professional reporter, with which the summary given by the *Mail* at the time substantially agreed, runs as follows:—

The landlord has complete control of his estate, he can do as he pleases, and we are told that we have no right to attempt to reason with that man, and if that man dies suddenly, we are told that we are murderers. Now, the part of Ireland that I came from is down in Tipperary (loud applause), and sometimes men do die suddenly down there, and in nearly every instance where a man dies suddenly he is a landlord. (Loud and prolonged applause and cheers.) Now, is there any particular reason why a landlord should not sometimes die suddenly? (Laughter, and cries of "No.") But there is reason to suppose that a man who does die suddenly should, by his previous life, give his family and relations some hope that his soul was well prepared for the next world. (Immense applause and cheers.) We are told that is murder. Where is the murder? On which side is the murder? Surely if there be anything in the human heart that would excite a man to pity—if a man has any claim to feelings of humanity, he should surely protect and foster the lives of those near and dear to him, and of those who brought him into the world, his own flesh and blood. (Applause.) It is hard for a man with a Milesian heart to see his mother thrown out of her humble home, to see that home torn down by the hands of the crowbar brigade, because the landlord wishes to extend his lawn or make room for Durham cattle. Is it to be wondered at that under these circumstances a man may for a moment lose his temper and act according to the dictates of his humanity? (Loud applause.) Supposing he does it, does he do a wrong? Would you do it? Would I do it? I would call that man a coward who would not do it. (Tremendous applause and cheers.) I have no desire to be considered bloodthirsty. I seek not to have the blood of any man on my hands, but there are times when even this frail, passionate nature of ours cannot be controlled. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

If this report is fictitious, as Mr. Cloran pretends, it is certainly a fiction of the most circumstantial kind. The true version Mr. Cloran does not attempt to give. We should be very glad to see it. For the meeting by which General Bourke's sentiments were received with prolonged applause, and formally endorsed by an enthusiastic vote of thanks, was thoroughly representative of the Irish of Montreal, was presided over by the officers of the Nationalist League, and was attended by at least one priest. Its manifestations, therefore, are highly indicative of the treatment which landlords and other persons obnoxious to General Bourke and his friends are likely to receive at the hands of Tyrconnell's Parliament when it shall have been resuscitated by Mr. Gladstone. The

Bishop of Montreal, who, when an Opera Bouffe comes to the city, launches against it his ecclesiastical thunder, would not fail to denounce, with at least equal solemnity, the open glorification of murder. It is true that one of his saintly colleagues at an early stage of this conflict spoke of the murder of landlords in a tone little less at variance with Protestant sentiment than that of General Bourke. In the sympathy evinced by the Irish with political or agrarian crime, and the failure of the hierarchy and clergy seriously to exert their power for its repression, far more than in the number or atrocity of the individual outrages, great as both are, consists the gravity of this series of events. The world has received a lesson on the relations between the Church of Rome and morality which it will not easily forget. It is notable that though a number of political or agrarian murderers in Ireland have been convicted on evidence which could leave no shadow of doubt as to their guilt, not one of them, we believe, has atoned to the community by a public confession, though they must all have confessed to the priests. The prospect opened is alarming. With individual crime we can deal in the ordinary way, but if society is confronted by a whole race which deems murder lawful, and a priesthood which tacitly condones it, the result some day will be a general war of self-defence against the race and the priesthood.

THE more the Beatty-Woodworth scandal is stirred the greater is the stench; and the worst of it is that the line taken in defence implies that a generally low standard prevails among members of Parliament on these subjects. This we greatly fear is the fact, and the matter calls urgently for the attention of the country. It has been said that such things as have been done by the actors in this affair could not have been done with impunity in England; certainly they could not before the recent degradation of the House of Commons. What is more, they could not have been done with impunity in the United States, low as we are in the habit of believing the standard of political morality there to be. A not very gross act of corruption sufficed to banish Mr. Colfax from public life, nor do we believe that any man who had been distinctly convicted of being a party to a corrupt transaction would be able to keep his place in Congress. What is wanted, though in the present condition of the Legislature it would not be easily obtained, is a way of bringing malefactors of this class to justice. A poor ignorant tramp who has committed a petty theft, perhaps to satisfy the cravings of hunger, expiates his offence in the penitentiary. The holder of a high public trust who, though already opulent, has inexcusably abused his position for the purpose of illicit gain, and has defrauded the public of a great sum, is sheltered beneath the buckler of his party, and escapes with no penalty beyond some denunciatory editorials in the journals of the other party, at which he laughs and which are forgotten before the next election. He has only to brazen out his infamy with the callous assurance in which none of his tribe are deficient. Political corruption is just as capable of being defined and made the subject of an indictment as any other offence, and assuredly there are few offences more heinous or more dangerous to the community. Impeachment is obsolete; probably it would be impracticable; at all events there is no provision for it in the constitution. But there ought to be a regular tribunal—perhaps the Supreme Court would be the best—and proper facilities for public-spirited citizens, especially the constituents of the offender, who may desire to bring a case before it. Expulsion from Parliament and exclusion from it for the future ought always to be a part of the penalty. A strict and inflexible law should prevent Members of Parliament from meddling with anything which is before the House and in which they have a pecuniary interest. The glimpses which on such occasions as the present we get into the condition of public life warn us that the need of safeguards has become pressing. Our politics are in danger of being saturated with corruption, while the ideas of our people will be debauched at the same time. Mr. Blake has a character above suspicion, and if he will take up the question bravely he may render an inestimable service to the country.

JUST as the Scott Act election is coming off in St. John, N. B., authentic intelligence reaches us through the *Calgary Herald* of the failure of Prohibition in the North-West. A meeting was held at Calgary on the burning question of the North-West Liquor Laws. The hall was packed, and resolutions were passed to the effect that in spite of the laws liquor was being constantly imported; that nearly as much was consumed as under a license law; that the system was entirely unsatisfactory, and that a change was urgently demanded. The various speakers showed that the result of the existing system was an illicit traffic of a most objectionable kind. All the liquor smuggled, of course, is whiskey, to the exclusion of beer; and the whiskey, we may be sure, is of the worst sort. Opinion in the North-West, as elsewhere, is evidently settling down to the adoption of



the license system, with discrimination in favour of the lighter drinks. Such is the conclusion to which we are persuaded the rational and practical friends of Temperance everywhere will be led.

IN Major Boulton's interesting history of the Rebellion in the North-West there is a passage which would in itself dispose of the plea of insanity urged on behalf of Riel. It shows that Riel at the last took crafty and selfish precautions to secure to himself immunity from punishment, even at the expense of his confederates. Does a man know that he is doing wrong and breaking the law? That is the only pertinent question. The man who does know that he is doing wrong and breaking the law is sane enough to undergo the punishment, though he may have had a grandmother in a lunatic asylum, or be flighty on the subject of the Millennium; and a man who takes elaborate precautions to escape a penalty must be conscious that he has incurred it. Riel's conduct was very unlike even that of a besotted fanatic, since men of that class are generally reckless of their own safety, believing themselves to be under the special protection of Heaven.

THAT there are defects, and terrible defects, in the economical structure of society, once more, we all must sorrowfully admit. There are defects equally terrible in the structure of society generally, in our bodily structure, in all the things which make up our mortal estate or to which our vision extends, in earth or skies. Creation can be reconciled with Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Goodness only on the supposition that there is a goal beyond toward which, over vast tracts of time and with ceaseless toil and travail, men and the universe move. This a fatuous optimism alone can deny. Forces which on the whole make for our good are irregular and sometimes mischievous in their action. We have unseasonable sunshine, and we have rain in harvest. The organs and processes of our bodies, though their action is our life, become the seats and sources of disease. It is the same with the body economical. Competition, without which production would stagnate, is often cruel; the accumulation of wealth, which is a blessing in itself, too often takes place unduly in certain centres; property, though it usually represents industry, actual or past, and is thus the fulfilment of a beneficent law, sometimes represents knavery, extortion, or class legislation; speculation, which as a rule is useful in ascertaining and regulating prices, degenerates into gambling and enriches villainy. The inequalities among men in power of producing and accumulating wealth give rise to distressing contrasts; but so do inequalities in intellect and health. Burns repined because other men were rich while he was poor. Other men might as well have repined because they had not his mental gifts or his vigorous frame. In the individual case the inequality might have been rectified, if some rich man would have given part of his wealth to the great poet; but in all other cases it would have remained the same; and even if the rich men of that generation had with one consent given all they had to the poor, as they could not have levelled men's powers of production and accumulation, the next generation would have seen the inequalities as great and painful as ever. These imperfections are the imperfections of nature, they are not introduced by tyrannical capitalists, nor can the socialistic legislator banish them. He might as well undertake to alter by his fiat the constitution of the human frame, and to give it new organs and other vital forces in place of those of which the action is liable to disturbance. Gradually the body economical, like the body social and the body physical, may be improved, by studying and obeying its laws, though not by tearing it to pieces. Gradually improved it has been, as every one acquainted with economical history must know, and the pace of amelioration has been greatly quickened of late years. The parrot cry that the rich are always growing richer and the poor are always growing poorer has been happily met by statistics conclusively showing that the distribution of wealth becomes fairer, that less in proportion goes to great fortunes, that more than ever goes to wages, and that the number of persons subsisting in comfort has enormously increased, and that the lot even of the least fortunate is better than it used to be. The fluctuations of trade by which labour sometimes suffers cruelly are being mitigated by the extension of knowledge and by the increasing accuracy of statistics, as the local dearths by which the poorer class suffered in former times have been eliminated by facilities of distribution. The wages of a skilled mechanic on this Continent are not far below the salaries of many professional men who have undergone an expensive education. That the rich as a class are animated by a growing sense of duty towards the poor can hardly be doubted, albeit there is still too much of selfishness and hardness in every sphere; while no trifling percentage of the great fortunes is expended in works of charity and munificence. Nor does a session of any legislature pass without enactments which, though they are not socialistic or preludes to a reign of socialism, as is absurdly pretended, but dictated by

common humanity and justice, are yet specially directed to the protection and elevation of those who live by wages. No class has now any sort of excuse for treating another class as its enemy.

It is assumed by all trumpeters of Labour wars, and the artisans have been largely indoctrinated with the belief, that all wealth is the product of manual labour, that to those who labour with their hands, as its producers, the whole of it rightfully belongs, and that the acquisition of it by any one else is a theft. If labour is not in terms limited to that of a manual kind, the limitation is always suggested, and the sentiment, which is always finding expression in acrid rhetoric, is that all are drones, and deserve to be extirpated, who do not live by the sweat of their brows. Were the doctrine true, there would undoubtedly be a vast wrong demanding redress; nor would there be anything chimerical in attempting to redress it: there is no reason why humanity should supinely acquiesce for ever in a huge system of theft. But the doctrine is very far from being true. Into production there enter, besides the raw material and natural forces, not only manual labour, whether skilled or unskilled, but capital and intellect; intellect being required to invent, to organize, to direct, and to distribute. It is stated, and the statement is perfectly credible, that the Suez Canal Company had expended thirty millions of dollars before the ground was broken by a spade, while the prosecution of the work required the application of mechanical science and organizing power which were the accumulations of intellectual effort carried on through a series of generations. The capital laid out was also subjected to a great risk in which the mere labourer had no share. Ought the Suez Canal then to have been the property of those who dug it with their own hands? When a farmer, having bought land, cleared it, or paid for its clearance by his predecessors, erected farm buildings on it and stocked it, cultivates it with the help of hired labour, is the hired labourer entitled to claim as large a share of the produce as the farmer? Suppose a body of the best of labourers set down without capital of any kind or guiding intelligence in a new country, however teeming with natural wealth, what would they be able to produce? It is a pity that some of these questions, and some political questions also, cannot be settled by limited experiment, without exposing the community to the risks of general change.

FROM Agrarian Socialism we on this Continent have been saved by the diffusion of property in land. The torch of Mr. George's incendiarism has expired in the prophet's own land, like a lucifer match dipped into the Hudson. If there could only be the same diffusion of property in factories and works, or manufactures under whatever form, and in mines, we should have the same security on that side also; and there is no serious danger of disturbance in any field of industry in which there are not congregated masses of artisans. But it is difficult to imagine how this can be brought about unless the hope, to which we have before alluded, that science will provide us with a motor capable of distribution, should be fulfilled. The experiment of cooperative works, if it has not proved abortive, has met with so scanty a measure of success that there can be little expectation of its ever changing the face of the industrial world. The difficulties of want of capital, want of superior guidance, and want of power of waiting for the market and holding out through seasons of depression, appear to be inherent and incapable of removal. The system of cooperative partnership again appears to work well only under very exceptional auspices: generally speaking, the admission of the men to any share in the management, or even to a knowledge of the affairs of the firm in critical times, will always be a very ticklish experiment. It is true that if the men would look deeper into the matter they would see that already they are, if not exactly partners in the special concern, possessors of a partner's interest in the trade, inasmuch as with its prosperity their wages are sure to rise, the action of the Unions being sufficient, in case of necessity, to keep the rate of wages up to the superior limit; but this is not sufficiently palpable to make them satisfied with their lot. Their labour, also, is unfortunately for the most part of a dull, mechanical, and monotonous kind, no man making a complete article, so that none of them have any pleasure in the work of their hands. These things, with the general tendency to demagogism and agitation, not to say to conspiracy, which politics under our present dispensation impart to industry, constitute an anxious situation and portend a stormy future. But history is like the pathway over the Gemmi Pass, always seeming to be closed by some insurmountable barrier, yet always opening out again as you advance. Humanity, however, in the course of history sometimes has, what the wayfarer on the Gemmi path has not, a bad quarter of an hour. We can only console ourselves once more with the reflections that the Conservative forces of the industrial world are strong; that Knights of Labour are restrained at a certain point by the

necessity of making their bread; and that the chiefs of commerce, on whom the stress of the situation falls, are, as a class, our best and strongest men.

A WRITER in the *March Overland Monthly*—himself a Knight of Labour—states the case of the Knights, as representing the whites, against the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. In one sentence the whole complaint is that the Chinese cheapen labour. Other objections there are, such as the patriarchal and monarchical form of the Chinese system of government, from which some hidden danger to the Republic seems to be apprehended, and the frugality of the Chinaman, who constantly “produces, but consumes nothing”; but these objections are used more as garnishment than argument, and the one reason for the expulsion of the Chinese remains, that their employment, “for the purpose of cheapening or underbidding our native muscle, is an outrage on civilization, Christianity, and political economy.” If this be so, then the same objection may be urged with equal justness against labour-saving machinery of all kinds. But do the Knights propose, when they have expelled the Chinese, to carry on their crusade and forbid all further improvements in machinery? If so, and this is the logical sequel to their position, it is fortunate for the working-classes that the Order did not rise a few decades back. Many hand-loom weavers, for instance, suffered once dire distress through the saving of labour effected by improved machinery; but would the condition of the poorer classes be so good as it is to-day if employers had been obliged by an Order of Knights to discard all improvements, and keep their people at work under the old methods? By saving human labour and using improved machinery, a modern cotton or woollen mill is able to produce goods at such a low price that a greater proportionate demand is created, the poorest backs can be covered, and more workpeople are employed than ever. Yet to arrest the movement is what the Knights would appear to aim at. Manufactures have of late made good progress on the Pacific Coast; and whatever hold they have taken there is due to Chinese labour, just as the progress of cotton manufactures elsewhere is due to the cheapening of cost through improvements in machinery. But the progress on the Pacific Coast must cease if the Knights are to have their way, and the Chinese be expelled. That country needs cheap labour, especially to develop its mineral wealth, which without it must remain buried in the earth. As an instance of the folly of the present agitation against the Chinese, take the case of certain coal mines situated at Puget Sound. Their only market is San Francisco, but coal must be laid down in that market at \$5.50 per ton; and this can only be done from these mines by means of Chinese labour, the Chinese being employed to sort the coal and load the cars, while the white miners are paid full rates. In this way the companies operating the mines have been able till lately to develop their property by marketing their produce, paying out in wages some \$10,000 a month, which was distributed in and about Seattle. But the white mob of Seattle murdered or drove out the Chinese, whose lower rate of wages actually ensured their employment at full rates; and now the mines are closed. The proprietary companies, deprived of the cheap Chinese labour, could not afford to pay the higher wages demanded by the whites for sorting and loading, and so had to stop work altogether. In many other infant industries on the Coast an equally useful office is filled by the Chinese, from whose cheap labour the whites directly profit; and yet they drive them away! By driving them away, however, punishment in some form must be incurred: if work does not stop altogether, either the whites must work for lower wages or the cost of production will be run up so high that the products of the Eastern States will flow in, which will in the end produce the same result of lower wages unless the Knights of Labour, to guard against this danger, which will soon loom up large, next take in hand the distribution of commodities.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S speech against the Hereditary Principle, having been reproduced in sympathetic quarters here, proves, as might have been anticipated, to be the utterance not of a Statesman or a Senator but of a Parliamentary Merry-Andrew. It is a string of prepared jests, all of which put together are not worth a single sentence of Beaumarchais. The House of Commons by taking delight in such exhibitions shows how little it merits the name of a deliberative assembly. That the hereditary principle of government is in a state of pronounced decadence nobody looking over the political world can deny. The conditions, political, social, industrial, and intellectual, under which alone it could flourish, have departed or are departing. Its exceptional retention in the British Parliament is explained by the fact that, in this case, its ascendancy was early reduced to proportions not incompatible with progress. To lean upon it any longer as our conservative safeguard is to lean upon a bruised reed. That some other principle must be found to give stability to government and

prevent it from becoming the sport of passion is the inference drawn by statesmen, but which a speaker whose only object was to tickle the ears of the House or of the Radical section of it could not be expected to draw. Nor could he be expected to consider, supposing the hereditary principle to be at once set aside, what is the alternative actually before us. He tacitly assumes, of course, that it is election by merit. Unfortunately the fact is that the assembly to which his speech is addressed, and all other existing assemblies of the same kind, instead of being the products of election by merit are in average probity and intelligence rather below than above the general level of the classes from which they are taken. It may be very unreasonable and undesirable that a man should be set to govern us merely because he is his father's son; but, if it is not so obviously unreasonable, it is perhaps even more undesirable that a man should be set to govern us because he has gained votes by knavish and mendacious appeals to the passions of the ignorant. The tomb of a dead ancestor is a bad portal through which to enter the legislative hall; a worse is the Gate of Lies. If there were no choice except between hereditism and demagogism, others besides hereditary Peers might hesitate to commit society to the change. Happily there are better things in store.

LORD ROSEBERY'S vigorous and sensible conduct of foreign affairs, until of late, has been not a little perplexing and disappointing to some foreign statesmen who, accustomed to the ordinary manner of a Gladstonian Government, had counted on profiting by the advent to power of the present one. When Lord Salisbury fell, Russia was engaged in the amiable work of concocting an alliance between Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, with the addition of Bulgaria if it could be detached from Turkey, to effect which, if Prince Alexander would not consent, he was to be made distasteful to his people by representations that he stood in the way of the development of Bulgarian independence. This alliance would perhaps not have been concluded had Lord Salisbury remained in office but a few days longer: an important counter arrangement, it is said, which would have effectually prevented it, was then actually in progress; but this came to an end with the Salisbury Government; while Russia, seeing her opportunity in the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, quickly completed her scheme. But the new British Government had learnt from their predecessors of what was afoot, which so impressed them that, to the surprise of foreign statesmen, and the chagrin especially of Russia, Lord Rosebery immediately instructed British representatives to inform the several Governments to which they were accredited that he would continue to carry out the policy begun by his predecessor. The Czar, however, thought he knew Mr. Gladstone, and the alliance was, it is pretty certain, concluded, as far as concerned Russia and Greece, and perhaps Montenegro. Nothing therefore could have been more surprising and disappointing than such a deviation from what was expected of Mr. Gladstone as the veto put by England on the threatened Greek rising. This rising was intended to be the signal for a combined attack on Turkey, in which also Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria should take part, for in the convulsion a rupture of the alliance between Turkey and Bulgaria was to have been forced by some means on the latter Power. But, owing to the firmness of England, the onslaught was, not indeed prevented, but postponed.

EVEN if an outbreak be prevented, nothing is more certain than that Russia will not rest content while the Turkish-Bulgarian Treaty remains in force, or contains anything inimical to Russian interests. Bulgaria owes her independence originally to Russia; and this Power could, perhaps, hardly be expected to consent that her creation should undertake to furnish the Sultan with military aid. Accordingly she has succeeded in procuring the elimination of this clause of the treaty, thus taking the very core out of the work of Sir Wm. White; and England has apparently acquiesced. Russia has also procured the substitution of the words “Prince of Bulgaria” for “Prince Alexander of Bulgaria,” as it originally stood in the treaty; and she further insists that under the treaty Prince Alexander is Ruler of Eastern Roumelia for five years only; the meaning of which modification and reading is that if the rupture between Turkey and Bulgaria cannot be brought about without the consent of Prince Alexander, intrigue will go on to displace him. The treaty, it is held, is a personal alliance between the Prince and the Sultan; and the Prince's Governorship of Eastern Roumelia has to be renewed at the end of five years. If, therefore, Russia, having succeeded in getting the Governorship conferred on the “Prince of Bulgaria” instead of Prince Alexander, hereafter succeeds in deposing Alexander, and seating a creature of her own—Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the Czar's brother-in-law, is the one named—on the Bulgarian throne, then the renewal of the Governorship to the new Bulgarian Prince may be insisted upon, or the alliance be put an end to alto-

gether, as may be found most convenient. In connection with these designs Russia has also a plan for, in case of need, dethroning King Milan, the servant of Austria, and putting in his place Prince Karageorgevitch, the Prince of Montenegro's son-in-law, and a man devoted to Russia. The late Servian defeat has made King Milan so unpopular among his subjects that his only chance now to rehabilitate himself seems to lie in allying himself with Greece and therefore with Russia; which desperate step he is suspected to have taken. If so, he, of course, has cut himself off completely from the Court of Vienna; but, on the other hand, he has for a time, at least, warded off the danger from Prince Karageorgevitch's rivalry; and perhaps saved his throne. The way being thus prepared, the next move of Russia may be looked for in a Greek rising, which will give her the wished-for opportunity eventually to intervene. A commission is now engaged in revising the Organic Statute of Eastern Roumelia as a preliminary to the final ratification of the Bulgarian-Turkish Treaty by the Powers, and this piece of work will probably occupy four months—four useful months that may be used by Russia in diplomatic fencing and in preparing for that spring on Constantinople which cannot, with safety to her aspirations, be much longer delayed, but which may now be made, it is thought, without much fear of any serious check from a British Government, in its present state of paralysis.

MANY YEARS AGO.

In the happy, happy past,  
 Long, so long ago,  
 Eyes shone bright and hearts beat fast—  
 They no fears could know;  
 Little recked they of the cold;  
 Wi-try winds might blow;  
 Hearts were warm when love was told,  
 Many years ago.

In that golden summer-tide,  
 When the wind was low,  
 Lovers whispered side by side,  
 Long, so long ago.  
 Little thought they that their love  
 Ever cold could grow,  
 Or that one afar would rove,  
 Many years ago.

But winter came so dreary,  
 Full of pain and woe,  
 A loving heart made weary—  
 Alas! 'tis ever so—  
 The old, old play of "False and True,"  
 Was acted long ago;  
 One heart was left alone to rue  
 Many years ago.

Toronto.

NORA LAUGHER.

A LOVE MARRIAGE.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of L. Halévy.—Continued.]

"Go on, it is your turn now."  
 "' Wednesday, 25th of May. Saw my unknown; she lives in one of those houses on the Terrace. I drove by; she was at the window; she saw me, why she left the window so quickly was because she saw me, I suppose. . . . Mon Dieu! how sweet she is!"  
 "Ah! it is getting less dry now. You are progressing. . . . You use some verbs. . . . You are really commencing to write something."  
 "It is because I am beginning to fall in love. . . . Now your turn."  
 "' 25th of May. I was at the window; I saw such a pretty English dogcart glistening in the sun, drawn by a lovely black pony; in the seat a little groom of irreproachable air . . . and beside the groom was the captain. I would have stayed quietly at the window; but I could not. I said to myself, He will see me looking at him. . . . I was startled, and rushed from the window. Grandmamma said to me: "What is the matter with you, Marguerite?"—"Nothing at all, grandmamma."  
 "' George, who was at the window, shouted:—"Marguerite, you do not know this captain who passed by; I believe it was the clown we met yesterday morning."  
 "Clown! that was I, was it?"  
 "Yes, yourself. . . . The 26th of May I have written absolutely nothing. You may read if you wish; but there is really nothing about you. "Tried on my pink dress. It fitted very well, but there are not enough ruffles. I will have more put on, etc. . . . etc." I was only thinking of my pink dress. . . . You see at this time I was not pre-occupied.  
 "Well! the 26th of May was a great day for me, it was about Picot. Only two lines, but very eloquent. "Gave Picot twenty francs. He is a great diplomat." Here is the place, with new commentaries. . . . "In the morning at breakfast I said to Dubrisay, who is always riding in

the forest: "Do you know a young girl who rides with a little imp of a brother about twelve years of age and an old groom?"—"Wait a moment . . . she rides a black mare, the young girl I mean; and the groom a gray horse," said one of the others.—"The imp of a brother a roan pony," added a third. Whereupon there was a great discussion as to the merits of the horses. The roan pony seemed excellent, but the black mare pretty well used up."  
 "That was true . . . as it happened!"  
 "Oh! yes, as it happened! . . . "I in reply:—"I was not speaking of the horses but of the young girl." When all the others replied they had seen only the horses. I was ahead of them there! I went to my room. About three o'clock I saw Picot, my orderly, parading in the court. I called him from the window. He is a Parisian, and very gossipy. . . . I said to him: "Picot, try to find out who those people are who live on the Terrace. . . . The entrance is from the Rue des Arcades. . . ."  
 —"All right, captain."—"But, do you understand perfectly?"—"Yes, captain."—"If you find out anything, tell me to-morrow morning at drill."  
 "You were not very impatient; you ought to have told him to come back at once."  
 "That is exactly what he did. An hour later he returned perfectly triumphant. . . . Then Picot gave me such an extraordinary account that I amused myself by writing it as well as I could in my diary."  
 "' I amused myself! . . . You try to get out of it in that way! Tell me the truth. . . . Confess that it was not disagreeable to write about me, then, perhaps, I will confess it was not disagreeable to write the things that I have. . . ."  
 "Well! I confess it."  
 "I too. . . . Read now."  
 "I read. Picot came and said:—"Captain, I know all. Only, I pray you, do not interrupt me with questions, till I have finished my discourse; if you do, that will put an end to it. . . . I have repeated it to myself all the way back so as not to forget it. The house was rented to some Parisians about three weeks ago. The father is M. Labinière, a mechanical engineer. . . . He constructs steam engines, etc. He is staying there with his mother-in-law, his wife, and two children: a young girl about nineteen and a boy of twelve. . . . Wait a moment, I know the names of the children. . . . Marguerite and George. . . . They are very rich. . . . Five horses in the stable, three carriages, four menservants, a cook, and three other women: Julie, Adelaï. . . . But it is nothing to you, captain, the names of the servants. . . . Their Paris address is 28 Boulevard Haussmann. How have I found out all this? By gossiping with the concierge. . . . No, no; don't interrupt me. . . . It will confuse me. . . . I see what annoys you, captain. You think I have made a mull of it, that I mentioned your name? Not at all. You ask yourself: How did this idiot of a Picot get about getting this information? . . . Ah! that was not very difficult, I assure you. I need not take a great deal of merit to myself. . . . The concierge was in front of his door. I came upon him very quietly, with the air of a soldier who has nothing to do, and when I was in front of him I did like this:—"Ouf, how hot it is!" . . . He replied: . . . "Oh! yes, it is very hot!" . . . I continued, "Not so hot as yesterday, though." . . . "No," he answered, "there is more air to-day."  
 "' "I got to the point at once; the ice was broken, so we began to chat; at the moment when I commenced to manoeuvre to get at the all-important question, I saw at the end of the court a young girl come down the stone steps, who, captain, saving your presence, was devilishly pretty; she had a large piece of bread in her hand. I said to the concierge: "Is that your wife?" . . . He replied: "No, she is the daughter of the gentleman who has taken this house, he is a Parisian." . . . Then he commenced to recount the story which I have just told you, so you see, captain, as I said before, no great credit to me. The concierge went on by himself and was still chatting, when the young lady came back without her piece of bread. He said: "Here she comes again; every day she goes to the stable with a piece of bread for her horse."  
 "' "Meanwhile, this young girl, who was leisurely ascending the steps, kept looking at me. She seemed very much astonished to see me there; and looked as if she were saying: What on earth is that soldier doing here? . . . She disappeared into the house. . . . During this time the concierge had been giving a flattering account, and such an account! She was so sweet, so good, not only to the horses but to every-one. When they first came, three weeks ago, the concierge's daughter was very ill. . . . Well! Can you believe it, this young lady. . . . Pardon me, captain. . . . These details may not interest you. . . . If they do I shall continue. . . . As I was saying, about this man's daughter, she received soup and all sorts of good things from this young lady; she herself carried toys and boubons, and sometimes remained half an hour with the child!  
 "' "The concierge was just telling me all this, when the chambermaid arrived. . . . A very good-looking one, saving your presence, captain. She came down and said to the concierge: "Is there a letter for the young lady?" "Oh! no, I always send up her letters at once, when they come."  
 "' "I said to myself: Wait a moment, perhaps I may be able to learn something from this chambermaid. . . . Then I began again: "How warm it is to-day." . . . I continue: "Not so warm as yesterday."  
 "' "That succeeded as well with her as with the concierge, and this is what came of it. The girl asked me if I did not know Camus, a brigadier of the 10th Hussars. . . . We were gossiping thus when she said:—"I must go. . . . My young lady is waiting for me!"—"Will she

be angry? . . . Will she scold you?—'My mistress never gets angry; never scolded me in her life! There is no one so good in all the world as my young lady.' . . ."

"Is that all?" said Marguerite.

"Yes, that is all," replied he.

"Ah! you were watching me. . . ."

"Really, now let me see your account of the 26th."

"Here it is. 'Tuesday, 27th of May. Yesterday, in the afternoon, I was taking some bread to Nelly; on going down the steps I saw a soldier talking to the concierge. I stayed about five minutes in the stable; on coming out I looked: the soldier was still there. . . . I returned to my room and found Julie there. . . . Oh! when curiosity seizes one it is terrible! I said to Julie: "I expect a letter from Paris; go down and see if it is in the concierge's room."

"She went off. . . . I waited. . . . Julie did not return. I went into my dressing room, which looks into the court, and saw Julie talking to the soldier. At last she returned. "There is not a letter."—"Well, you stayed long enough."—"Oh! no, Miss Marguerite."—"But you did, I saw you; you were gossiping with a hussar."—"A hussar! Oh! no, Miss Marguerite."—"But I say again you were; I saw you. . . ."—"I was not talking to a hussar; it was a chasseur; there is a difference in the uniform. The hussars have white braid, the others black; the hussars have a collar like a cape, and the chasseurs have a red one."—"How do you know that, Julie?"—"I have a cousin in the Hussars, Miss; here, in Saint-Germain, there are only chasseurs: two regiments, the 21st and 22nd, which together make a brigade. . . . The soldier to whom I was talking belongs to the 21st regiment of chasseurs."

"To the 21st! His regiment! My conversation with Julie was doomed to have deplorable consequences. . . . About six o'clock we were out walking with mamma on the Terrace when we met two officers of the chasseurs. Mamma said: "Those hussars have splendid horses."

"I replied, stupidly: "Those are not hussars, mamma, they are chasseurs; the hussars have white braid, and the chasseurs black; the hussars have a collar like a ca—"

"I never finished. . . . I looked at mamma. She was stupefied:—"How do you know all that?"—"Mon Dieu! mamma, it was from Julie. . . . She has a cousin in the hussars. . . . So one day, when she was doing my hair—"Strange subject of conversation!" said mamma. . . ."

"We stopped there. . . . But all was not finished. Papa came back from Paris; and when we were at dinner he told us he had met an officer in the train. . . . If it were he! . . . A colonel. . . . It is not he! . . . Papa had stayed a month with the colonel last year at Cauterets. They had played whist together. Now they had renewed their acquaintance. Papa had invited him to dine with us on Wednesday, the 4th of June."

"I said to papa: "Is the colonel's regiment at Saint-Germain?"—"Yes, it is here."—"Is it the 21st or 22nd?"—"Then there are two regiments here?"—"Yes, papa, together they make a brigade. . . ."

"At this papa was more astonished than mamma had been. "But who has given you all this information?"—"Mon Dieu! it was Julie; she has a cousin in the Hussars."—"Mamma said: "I am sure I do not understand anything about them; Marguerite for a long time has talked of nothing but military men."—"Ah," said grandmamma, "perhaps she has noticed some handsome officer. . . ."

"I turned crimson. I replied with impatience, almost in a rage. I almost hated this man whom I did not know, and never would know. Yes, I hated him for having interrupted my life. Why did he look at me in the train? Why did he show off before my window? What business had he staring at me the other day when I was out riding? Next time I meet him I shall gallop off. . . . Alas! it is not my old Nellie's habit to go off on a gallop; but papa is going to give me another horse on my birthday. . . . I wish I knew if it were his colonel who is to dine with us on Wednesday, the 4th of June."

This was the last sentence of the bulletin for the 27th of May.

She then passed hurriedly over ten or twelve pages of her diary, saying "There is nothing about you from the 28th of May until the 3rd of June, absolutely nothing. . . ."

"And here," replied he, "there is not a word about you. I know the reason of it, we unfortunately did not see one another for eight whole days. I was not at Saint-Germain. . . . About twenty of us officers were away with the general and colonels, manœuvring between Vernon and Rouen. I had taken Jupiter with me, and my journal is filled with notes on his excellent qualities: 'Jupiter irreproachable. . . . very strong, lively and intelligent. . . . Yesterday the colonel mounted Jupiter and found him perfect, etc., etc.' The 3rd of June, at eight o'clock in the evening, we returned to Saint-Germain, and the 4th of June. . . . There. . . . 'Am I going to see that beautiful little blonde who lives on the Terrace?'"

"And here is my 4th of June: 'I know his name. The colonel dined with us to-night. He came at seven o'clock. I looked straight at the collar of his uniform. . . . I saw the figures 21. . . . It must be his colonel. During dinner the conversation was quite easy. . . . but, afterwards when I was pouring the coffee—"Colonel," said papa, "perhaps you can render me a service: I would like to give my daughter a horse; do you know of a safe animal?"

"I immediately protested and said: "Not too quiet, colonel; for I ride very well." (Is it not true, I ride well?) . . . The colonel said he would look for one and tell me of it. . . . "Ah! one of the officers in my regiment has a horse that would suit you admirably. . . ."

I rode him several days ago. . . . He is perfect."—"Would he be willing to let me have it at a good price?" said papa.—"Oh! he would not care about price; he is rich, very rich. . . . He is a captain. M. de Léonelle."—"A captain, and rich?" cried George; "perhaps it is the officer we saw the other day in the dogcart, drawn by a black pony. It is he, I am sure. Oh! my sister and I know him quite well; we have met him several times. . . ."

"At this moment I felt my cheeks flame, literally flame. . . . The colonel is looking at me. . . . I must be crimson. . . . He must see it. . . . He left at ten o'clock, and, on leaving, said to me:—"I will speak to M. de Léonelle to-morrow morning, but I fear I shall not succeed; for he adores his horse. . . ." Now the question is: Am I going to get his horse? Papa said I might go as high as three thousand francs."

"The 5th of June. This is the day of the appointment at the photographer's."

"And your first visit commenced." The distance between them had diminished. She came and sat down, not on his lap, but on a stool at his feet, and coaxingly put her head on his knee. Profiting by his advantageous position, he commenced to kiss her with vehemence. She drew away. . . . but not at once. . . .

[To be continued.]

## MUSIC.

### WHITBY LADIES' COLLEGE CONCERT.

A VERY interesting and pleasing concert was given in the Pavilion Music Hall on Friday evening, the 9th inst., by the musical department of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Over one hundred young ladies took part in the entertainment, which was given for the benevolent purpose of raising funds to aid the Ladies' Relief Society of Toronto. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor was present, and there was a large and enthusiastic audience. The first part of the programme, which consisted of piano duos and quartettes, and part and solo songs, was carried out in a manner that reflected infinite credit both on the performers and their instructors. One of the most interesting numbers was Saint-Saens' very ingenious variations on a trio from a pianoforte sonata by Beethoven. The piece was played as a piano duet by Miss Wilson and Miss L. Ross, who rendered it with excellent *technique* and great clearness of phrasing. The overture to "Tannhäuser," arranged as a piano quartette, and played with much brilliancy of execution by the Misses Cochrane, Percival, Hatch, and McGee, was warmly applauded, and was evidently much appreciated. Mozart's concerto in E flat Major for two pianos was played in an intelligent and effective manner by the Misses Lord and French. The Liszt "Rakoczy March" for piano quartette—not a very felicitous arrangement by the way—was played at a very rapid *tempo* by the Misses Gordon, Janes, Eck, and Johnston and gained much applause. The choral class gave Marschner's part-song "Upward" with excellent light and shade effects. Miss Higgins sang Randegger's "Peacefully Slumber," and Miss Long sang Faure's "In Dreams I've Heard the Scraphs Fair," with much sweetness of tone, and won a most flattering verdict of approval from the audience. Mr. Bayley played the violin obligato part to both of these songs with his accustomed care and ability. The second part of the programme was devoted to Henry Smart's cantata, "King René's Daughter," which was produced in a very creditable style. The principal parts were taken by the Misses Jacobs, E. Shaw, Tyrrell, Percival, M. Ross, French, E. Hatch, Bridgland, I. Hatch and Bambridge, assisted by Mrs. Bradley, of Toronto. The whole concert was under the conductorship of Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director of the College.—*Clef.*

### TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE prospects of a brilliant audience on the occasion of the first concert of the Toronto Vocal Society are very encouraging. The Society will number about fifty-five selected voices, and it will be assisted by Mr. Godowski, solo pianist. The programme contains numerous gems in part-singing, some of those given are announced for the first time in America. "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," as arranged by Henry Leslie and sung by the celebrated Lambeth Choir, of Glasgow, before Her Majesty at Balmoral, will, no doubt, prove the most popular number, while "Come unto Him," by Gounod, the test piece selected for the Choral Competition last summer in London, will be the musical gem. The concert is announced for Tuesday evening, April 27, in the Pavilion Music Hall, and Mr. Haslam, the musical director and conductor, is confident of creating an important event in the musical history of Toronto.

AN entertainment of dramatic recitations was given by Mr. George Belford, an English elocutionist, on Friday night, in the theatre of the Normal School, to an audience composed largely of city school teachers and Normal School students, with a few guests. Mr. Belford's manner is prepossessing; he recites without aid of book or note; he has a good, flexible voice, which he modulates with ease; and his gestures are very graceful. His programme was selected apparently with more regard to literary merit than adaptation to dramatic representation, which, perhaps with another audience, might have detracted somewhat from the effectiveness of his really excellent performance; but, as it was, the appreciation was full and hearty.



## HAMILTON.

MR. BAUMANN, an excellent violin teacher, gave his annual concert in the Grand Opera House, on Friday, the 2nd inst., the concert having been postponed from the previous Tuesday evening, on account of the indisposition of Mrs. Caldwell, the soprano. It is pleasant to be able to say that a great many musical people attended, and that Mr. Baumann is likely to be financially benefited by his venture. Here is the programme:—Part Song, "Wanderer's Return" (Abi), Arion Club; Duet, "Mocking Bird" (Pease), Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. McCulloch; Violin Duet, "Symphony" (Dancla), Misses Edith Littlehales and Katie Ware; Song, "White Wings" (Pinsuti), Mrs. McCulloch; Violin Solo, "Cavatina" (Raff) "Air Russe" (Wieniawski), Master Geo. Fox; Variations de Concert, "Le Carneval de Venice" (Benedict), Mrs. Caldwell; Piano Solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (Liszt), Miss Cummings; Part Song, "Bedouin Love Song" (Pinsuti), Arion Club; Violin Solo, "Gavotte with Variations" (Corelli-Leonard), Master Geo. Fox; Song, "Yodel" (Millocker), Mrs. R. B. Caldwell; Song, "Big Ben" (Pontet), Mr. J. H. Stuart; Song, "Jock o' Hazledean," Mrs. McCulloch; Madrigal, "Mikado" (Sullivan), Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. McCulloch, and Messrs. E. Alexander and J. H. Stuart. Master Fox, who is a Walkerton lad, though now living in this city, is a musical wonder. He looks sturdy and youthful, with nothing of the premature man about him, is in the hands of a teacher who knows what really good violin playing is and that years of study and hard work are necessary to accomplish it, and, last and best of all, has undoubted genius (not merely a high order of talent for music). Much may be expected of him in the future; as it is, he plays with much breadth and great dignity, considering his youth, and much expression. His selections were really played, and they speak for themselves. The lad was enthusiastically encored—indeed, at this concert, the encore fiend was more than usually demonstrative, so much so as to be an actual nuisance to the performers as well as his less enthusiastic neighbours. Mrs. Caldwell was the advertised star, and she chose numbers of little worth, except as a medium for the exhibition of her high soprano voice and great facility in execution. Mrs. McCulloch won the hearts of her auditors by her ballad-singing, and that was true art. Miss Cummings deserves a word of praise for her playing, which would be stronger and more impressive were she less nervous. The other performers were quite acceptable. The young lady violinists created a good impression by their coolness in remedying an annoying mistake, in the exchanging of copies, which was not discovered until some time after they began to play.

MR. D. B. MACDUFF, a clever violinist, gave his final annual concert in the Royal Rink, Friday, April 9, to a large audience. All the performers were Hamiltonians, and, considered as a whole, the programme was one of the most enjoyable given here this season. Here is the programme: Quartette (strings), "Adagio Scherzo" (Spohr), Messrs. MacDuff, Harris, Chittenden, and Parker; Song, "White Wings" (Pinsuti), Mrs. McCulloch; Song, "My Queen" (Blumenthal), Mr. F. W. Wodell; Duo, "Adagio and Rondo" (Beethoven), Miss Cummings and Mr. MacDuff; Trio, "When I am Gone from Thee" (Campana), Mrs. Geo. Hamilton, Mrs. McCulloch, and Miss Gracie Barr; "Toy Symphony" (Haydn), Orchestra; Song, "The Angel at the Window" (Tours), Mrs. Geo. Hamilton; Song, "The Erl King" (Schubert), Mr. F. W. Wodell; Trio, "Allegro Brillante" (Reissiger), Miss Cummings, Messrs. MacDuff and Parker; Song, "Robin Adair," Mrs. McCulloch; Quartette, strings (Haydn), Messrs. MacDuff, Harris, Chittenden, and Parker. The String Quartette showed no improvement in their playing since their first appearance at Centenary Church concert, and they should consider well the advisability of doing a great deal of playing together ere they again make a public appearance. Individually they can play well; collectively there is not enough sympathy among them, and much divergence of opinion as to phrasing is apparent. Miss Cummings, the pianist, won a triumph with the musicians present, though she had a most unsatisfactory instrument. Her playing in the trio was especially brilliant. Haydn's trifle provoked many smiles, the toy instruments having their customary ludicrous effect. The vocalists, for the most part, were very well received, Mrs. McCulloch especially, and deservedly so. Mrs. Hamilton's really fine voice is always admired, and it would be well for her to supplement her great vocal gifts by studying the art of true facial expression. Mr. Wodell, who has appeared on the concert platform here almost too frequently this season, essayed his first solo with a quintette accompaniment. It was soon evident that he was suffering from hoarseness—and too much accompaniment, and he made the mistake of forcing his voice. It is pleasing to note that he has taken up the study of such classic songs as Schubert's "Erl King," which he sang with fervour and intelligence. The song was coldly received. Mr. Aldous was the efficient accompanist. Mr. MacDuff is soon to leave the city, and his steady, correct playing will be missed from orchestral performances here.—*C. Major.*

## LONDON.

THE last of Mr. Thomas Martin's Piano Recitals took place at Victoria Hall, on the evening of the 8th of April. The programme comprised Beethoven's "Sonata Patriotique," Chopin's "F Minor Concerto," "Rigaudon" (Rameau), "Nocturne" (Chopin), "Novellette" (Schumann), "Suite Algerienne" (Saint-Saens), and a Liszt "Nocturne" and "Rhapsodie" (13th). Mr. Martin's playing was characterized by power, brilliancy, and expression—the latter being especially distinguished in the Chopin concerto. In this (as also in the "Suite Algerienne") he was assisted on the second piano by Mr. W. C. Barron, whose playing was really admirable. Spohr's G Minor Quartette (1st movement) was played by Messrs. G. B. Sippi, Fetherston, and Saunders with artistic intelligence and care. Songs were contributed by Mrs. R. Reid, Miss Ellwell, and Dr. Sippi, and were warmly received. Dr. Sippi being forced to respond with an encore. Mr. Martin's Piano Recitals have been a delightful feature of this season's concerts, and all music-lovers hope he will soon give another series.—*Marcia.*

ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS—"CENTURY"  
EXHIBITION.

THE Ontario Society of Artists is doing a most important work in a most unobtrusive way. During the past two years it has opened to the public of Toronto three Loan Exhibitions, so excellent of their kind that they merit more than a passing notice. They opened with the grand picture by Gabriel Max, owned by Mr. George Drummond, of Montreal, "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," and worthily followed it by a small loan collection which for general excellence would be hard to surpass.

The last loan collection contained works by Max, Defregger, Smith-Hald, Pelouse, and many other distinguished artists, all excellent examples of good work, and chosen with the discrimination which marks the connoisseur. That collection owes its best thanks to Mrs. Alex. Cameron and Mr. Scott, of Montreal, and other gentlemen who so kindly placed their pictures at the disposal of the Society. The heavy expenses of those exhibitions have all been met by the Society without any extra appeal to the public. All art students have been admitted free, and have been given the greatest encouragement. The exhibition now in progress is unique of its kind, and most instructive in showing the various means employed in making drawings for book illustration. The Century Company placed at the disposal of the Committee their fine collection of drawings, and the result now before the people of the country should be recognized substantially. The illustrated catalogue is beyond praise, and should be preserved by every lover of art.

The first number on the catalogue, "Brunhilde Hurling Her Spear," is an example of brilliant work, which reminds one of a southern clime—a "Posting" style of work, which is rather dazzling. The pencil drawings by Abbey, Pennell, and others, the pen-and-ink drawings by Brennan, Chase, and Birch, those in oil by Kappes, Thayer, Burns, and Brush, and in water-colour by Alfred Parsons, Smedley Cocks, Harry Fenn, all go to form a collection not to be surpassed outside of Paris or London. Nothing will do justice to this exhibition but close inspection, and advantage should be taken of this opportunity by all persons interested in the future of Art in this country. The unselfish example set by our Society of Artists might well be imitated in many other public institutions.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE STOCK INVESTORS' HANDY BOOK OF RATES. By a Bank Accountant. Toronto: Hart and Company.

This is a little book that covers ground not before taken in books of tables. It is intended as a Handy Book for Investors desiring to see at a glance the annual rate to be expected from investments. The calculations are based upon the annual dividend paid. For instance: Stock bought at 133, and paying 8 per cent. per annum on par value, will net 6.01 per cent. on amount invested. A table has been added showing the price to be paid for stock paying one rate of dividend to net any other rate.

WOMEN IN MUSIC. By George P. Upton. Second Edition. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Price \$1.

This is an enlarged edition of an excellent little book published some years ago. It is divided into three parts, the first of which treats of the capacity of women for the composition of music, the second gives an interesting account of the relation of certain great composers to women, and the third is a discussion of the interpretation of music by women. An appendix gives lists of the most noted compositions by women, and of compositions that have been dedicated to women by composers. We append an extract from the introductory chapter:

At the first glance, it would seem that musical composition is a province in which women should excel. It may be laid down as a fundamental and indisputable proposition, that music is the interpreter and the language of the emotions. It sounds every note in the gamut of human nature, from ecstatic joy to profound despair. It is "of all sweet sounds the life and element." It wakes "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." It inspires, enrages, elevates, saddens, cheers, and soothes the soul as no other one of the arts can. It can "swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire." It gives voice to love, and expression to passion, lends glory to every art, and performs its loftiest homage as the handmaid of religion. Why is it, then, that woman, who possesses all these attributes in a more marked degree than man, who is the inspiration of love, who has a more powerful, and at the same time more delicate, emotional force than man, who is artistic by temperament, whose whole organism is sensitively strung, and who is religious by nature, is receptive rather than creative? Why is it that music only comes to her as a balm, a rest, a solace of happiness among her pleasures and her sorrows, her commonplaces and her conventionalities, and that it does not find its highest sources in her? The author suggests one solution of the problem in the fact that woman herself is emotional by temperament and nature, and cannot project her-

self outwardly. . . . The emotion is a part of herself, and is as natural to her as breathing. She lives in emotion and acts from emotion. She feels its influences, its control, and its power; but she does not see these results as man looks at them.

The *Winnipeg Sun* has made a fresh start as an independent journal. Whatever may be the case in Old Canada, where partyism holds its ancient reign over the souls of the people, there ought to be a fair field for independent journalism among the young and open-minded communities of the broad North-West. The first numbers of the *Sun*, which we have received, promise the success of an enterprise in which the independent journalism of this Province cannot fail to take a sympathetic interest.

The *Ottawa Free Press*, one of the best of Canadian newspapers, has recently been enlarged, and now contains about half as much matter again as before. The *Press* is a thoroughly honest radical paper, edited with conspicuous ability, and distinguished for good work in all departments—treating all fully, clearly, and with insight; and it deserves a wide constituency of readers. That it has such we are glad to know, and we heartily congratulate it on this latest evidence of the fact.

We have received also the following:

ANDOVER REVIEW. April. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

MUSICAL HERALD. April. Boston: Musical Herald Company.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. April 10. Boston: Littell and Company.

BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. April. New York: 7 Murray Street.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE. April. New York.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER has written her "Experiences as an Amateur Actress," and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox the history of her peculiar literary career for the May number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND'S next book will be "Tales of an Eccentric Life," which is written in co-operation with his daughter, Mme. Clara Lanza. The volume will be published by Messrs. Appleton next week in a cheap paper edition.

"MICHAEL FIELD," the pseudonym of the author of a number of very striking and yet very unsuccessful (at least commercially considered) books of verses, has just completed a new dramatic work which deals with the Tarquinian story. The title will be "Brutus Ultor," and Messrs. Henry Holt and Company will have copies of the edition to supply the American market.

The publishers of the *Century* are entirely out of the April number, containing the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* articles, and as the printers of the magazine are moving to their new quarters on Lafayette Place, it will be impossible to issue a new edition without seriously interfering with the printing of the May number. In response to a cable message the English publishers are returning all the copies of the April issue they can spare—only five hundred.

A COLLECTION of twenty-one new Danish and Norwegian short stories will be published immediately by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co., of New York. The stories are descriptive of Danish and Norwegian life, and are from the pens of the best known writers of the two countries. The title of the book will be "A Stork's Nest: Pleasant Reading from the North," the stories having been translated into English by J. Fulford Vicary, whose published works, "A Danish Parsonage" and "An American in Norway" have given him a wide literary reputation.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS are preparing an elaborate series of illustrations for Mr. Benson J. Lossing's new book, "Mary and Martha, the Mother and Wife of Washington," a collection of interesting biographical studies, upon which Mr. Lossing has devoted a great deal of care and thought. They have also in press a new volume on Political Economy by Mr. R. R. Bowker, editor of the *Publishers Weekly*, which will be issued with the title "Economics for the People," and a novel by Mrs. M. L. Tidball, wife of General Tidball, of Fortress Monroe. It will be called "Barbara's Vagaries." The scene is laid at Fortress Monroe during the fashionable season.

THE *Overland Monthly* for April contains the utterances of two lately deceased leading citizens of California upon the Chinese Question: an unpublished paper by the late General Irvin McDowell, upon China's resources for competition; and General Miller's paper written in 1880, and now out of print, is reprinted in consequence of numerous requests. Patrick J. Healy, well-known among the workmen's clubs of San Francisco, also writes a very forcible paper to controvert the view of his fellows upon Chinese labour. Whether one agrees with his conclusions or not, their originality, as coming from a Knight of Labour, and an occasional felicity of expression, must attract attention.

MR. HENRY M. ALDEN, the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, has decided to hold back Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's article on the literary men of New York until the fall; and if the present plans are carried out, it will appear in the October or November number of the magazine. In the May number, which will be ready on the 15th, Mrs. Craiko's story, "King Arthur," will be completed by a long instalment. There is an article by Mr. W. H. Ingersoll on "The Portraits of Our Saviour," with many engravings of the most famous paintings of the head of Christ. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner takes his party of pilgrims to the Catskills, and Lieutenant Lemley contributes "A Story of Featherhead," which, though it is told as fiction, is the true story of the writer's experience with a tribe of Indians who came uncomfortably near marrying him to a squaw. An important paper has been prepared for the June number by Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson, entitled "The United States Navy in Transition," in which the author argues that the country has finally reached the point when it must decide what sort of a navy it must support, and Admiral Simpson sees but one result in prospect, i.e., that the old ships be discarded, and that the age of steel makes armoured and deeply-built vessels absolutely *sine qua non*. In the series of articles on American industries an anonymous writer will describe the process which makes a "Lump of Sugar."

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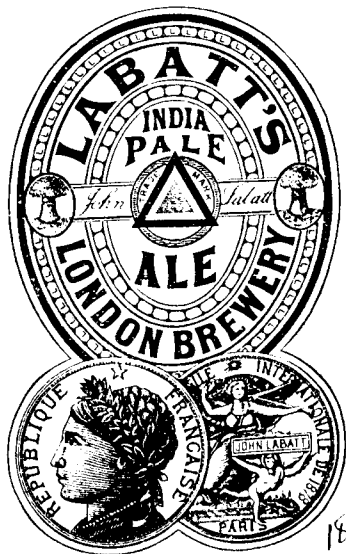
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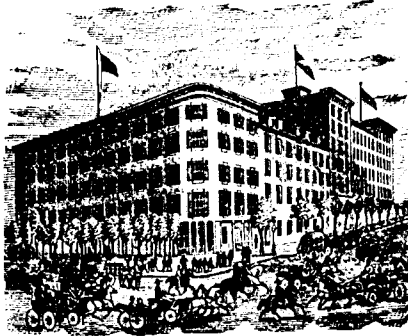
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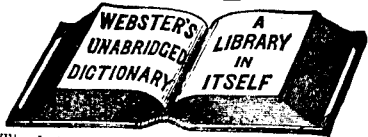
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