

# THE WEEK:

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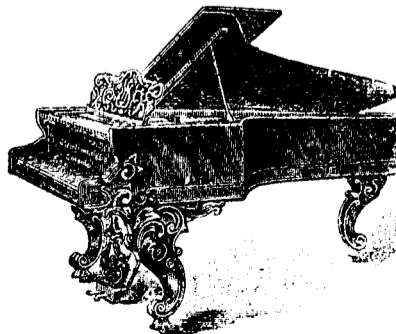
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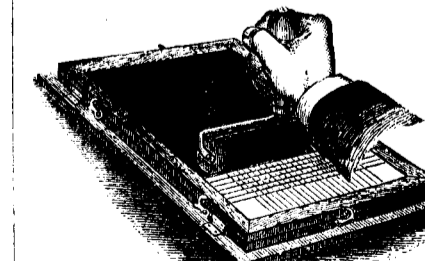
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# THE WEEK.

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## TORONTO AND ITS CIVIC ADMINISTRATION.

Two years ago, with a good deal of perturbation, the people of Toronto made the experiment of electing as their Chief Magistrate a man who, whatever misgivings found lodgment in the public mind on the score of the hobbies he was known to ride, we knew to be a worthy and well-meaning citizen. He had a large, earnest, and enthusiastic following, and though we feared the temporary reign of fanaticism and the unreasoning precipitance of a zealot, we took the risks and tacitly acquiesced in his election to office. If we did not charge Mr. Howland with the crime of youth and a foolhardy ambition, we at least reproached him with the fact that he had had no Aldermanic experience. Despite this, however, we all felt that the time had come to give trial not only to a new man but to new methods. For a while we looked on with foreboding, and with minds half made up that there would be a speedy breakdown and an ultimate failure. Happily, neither of these dismal anticipations was realised; and Mr. Howland, to his credit be it said, now approaches the end of his second term amid a general feeling of satisfaction, quite new to the people, at the work he has accomplished, and with widespread expressions of regret that he declines to continue to fill the office.

The condition of things that brought Mr. Howland on the scene was aptly expressed by his phrase that the strings of municipal administration had hitherto hung loose. Nor was this untrue. If there were not many scandalous breaches of trust and a municipal reign of Beelzebub, there was an easy-going supervision over all the civic departments, with more or less incapacity, criminal ignorance, and dereliction of duty. Nor if we consider how the majority of the Council are returned, is this greatly to be wondered at. Elections to office, we need hardly remind the reader, have largely been under the control of the ward politician and manipulator of votes. This creature, who revels in the entanglement of municipal affairs with party politics, has his reward sometimes in the petty patronage of his returned favourite in the Council, and sometimes in the larger plunder of a city contract. Others whose wont it is to interest themselves in the return of an Alderman, share in the general distribution of favours, whether in the guileless form of ward improvements or in the more questionable and personal gain, through political influence, of a grog-shop license. Hardly can it be said that it has ever been the habit to return our city representatives on the ground exclusively of high personal qualifications or of moral fitness. Political ties, church connections, club or society influences, though in their place we have no special quarrel with these, have all been factors in determining the man to be brought out, or, if already in the field, in settling the question as to whether he was to be opposed or supported. The result, in the main, however, has been to draw a lot of incapables and vicious idlers round the public crib, and to envelop municipal administration with an atmosphere of morals neither clean nor wholesome. How our men of property and intelligence can wrap themselves

in apathy and indifference, when interests so vital to the public weal and to their own personal concerns are thus trifled with, passes comprehension. In the management of commercial enterprises we look for men of clean record and scrupulous integrity: in the management of city corporations and town municipalities it has seemed proper to look for no such virtues. Conscious of the city's maladies, and of the ever-increasing evil of remaining indifferent to them, Mr. Howland stepped boldly into the breach, and although it cannot be said that he has swept the city of all its uncleanness, he has unquestionably inaugurated a new and more wholesome régime. But Mr. Howland, we may fairly claim, has done more than this: he has, we venture to think, aroused the public not only to a sense of its danger, but to a more adequate realisation of its duty. By his force of character and moral influence he has also struck terror to the evil-doer and raised a flutter in the dovescots of impurity. If we are right in this, there is hope for the future, and we trust there need be no misgiving that the step forward shall ever be receded from.

The work of the city's moral renovation, however, has only begun. No one, we feel sure, will be more ready to admit this than Mr. Howland himself. It will become the citizens therefore to continue his good work, for if restraints are removed and watchfulness is relaxed, there is sure to be a return to the old ways, and what has been gained will have been lost. While the public mind has been stirred and the better classes in the community have been aroused from their supineness, now is the time to initiate further reforms, and to put the city's affairs for the future in the way of being honestly and efficiently administered, with if possible, the active interest and co-operation of men of influence, position, and integrity. The necessity is the more urgent when we consider what is now at stake in Toronto, with a realty available for taxation, as well as having claims upon good government, of nearly a hundred millions. The need is still more pressing when the many large appropriations recently made by the Corporation are called to mind, with the uncertainty, unless great care is exercised, of the city's getting value for the expenditure. Of these appropriations, most of which have yet to be expended, the following represent considerably over two millions of the people's money: On Don River improvements, \$300,000; on Parks and Drives, \$250,000; on Harbour protection, \$100,000; for Water Works purposes, \$300,000; for a new Drill Shed and Armoury, \$100,000; and for Court House and City Hall buildings, \$1,200,000. Of these many large sums, unless we are mindful, how much is likely to be spent unprofitably, if not absolutely squandered or misappropriated? To prevent this, and to establish and maintain proper checks upon the public expenditure, as well as to direct and oversee the undertakings for which the expenditures are made, there is pressing need for a few paid executive heads, and for a Council, both legislative and executive, that shall more really represent than is now the case the classes particularly in the community that have most at stake in the government of the city. To a paid executive of some five or six members, who shall be chairmen of as many administrative departments, there can in reason be no objection; nor, if we are to get a competent man to fill the civic chair who will give his entire attention to the city's affairs for the period for which he is elected, should any one demur to raise the annual salary of the Mayor from two to at least five thousand dollars. This matter of paid officers in the government of the city, as reasonable men we must look fair in the face, and our reckoning should be made accordingly. No man out of a lunatic asylum who has any notion of what is now demanded in time and thought of a Mayor of Toronto, or of the heads for the time being of the executive departments, will for a moment imagine that the city's large and ever-growing interests can be honestly and efficiently administered without permanent and liberal remuneration.

This matter settled, let us briefly glance at a few things that remain to be done. First, the Provincial Government must be asked to grant the city a charter, and this beyond question is now a prime necessity. Secondly, we want a reorganisation of the city wards, so as to improve the representation in the Council, and secure as Aldermen men of the proper stamp, in regard both to qualifications and to character. And here let us endorse the suggestion that the aldermen should be elected, say for three years, one only retiring each year, to be annually replaced by a new election, and one filling the paid Chairmanship of his ward or district, or rather the Chairmanship of one of the executive committees. The scheme of

Ward Representation might be that which has already been favourably brought before the Council by ex-Alderman Pepler, one of the best men who has ever given his services to the city, and whose special fitness for the Mayor's chair, we venture to think, should not be overlooked at the present moment. Mr. Pepler's scheme, in brief, made provision that each ward should radiate as nearly as possible from a common centre to the outskirts of the city—a plan that, besides getting rid of the present "pocket wards," would secure in each ward a representation of all grades, in position and influence, among the electorate. With an efficient Council, a well organised and partly paid Executive, and a strong and incorruptible Chief Magistrate, also well paid, to watch over, direct the deliberations, and see to the proper carrying out of the decisions of the body, assisted, if need be, by a Vice-Mayor or President of the Chamber, the public might then feel assured that the city's affairs were in good and trustworthy hands, and that, if an approach had not sensibly been made to a municipal millennium, at least we should no more hear of such disclosures of rottenness as were revealed in the recent report of the Water Works Commission.

In the matter of the city assessments, it is some gratification to be able to point to the good working already of the Local Improvements Scheme, and to commend the equity which underlies the principle of the frontage tax. This principle in fairness, we think, should be extended so as to throw the whole city assessment on the land. Some more efficient plan should also be wrought out by which personal property, however invested, should pay its just and unevaded proportion of the city's burdens. To this, we trust, our next city government will give its attention, as well as to the matter of laying out and maintaining the new city drives and parks on some such plan as is now followed in carrying on and levying the rates for local improvements. The new Corporation, we trust, will also actively address itself to the consideration of some well devised scheme of sewerage and sanitary reform, and to providing the city with that imperious need—a good and abundant supply of water. The care of the new representatives will also be needed, and their public spirit called forth, in supervising the erection of the new Court House and City Hall, and in guarding the large expenditures of money already authorised by the city. The growing municipal indebtedness will moreover soon be a matter of public concern, and it is expedient that some plan should be originated for economising the large annual outlay to banks for interest. It will also soon become necessary, in the public interest, to treat afresh with the Street Railway Company, or to acquire its rights; and the same may be said in the matter of lighting, both for street and house consumption, which we are of opinion should be supplied, or at least be controlled, by the municipality. In every direction, and to the consideration of every subject, the new Council will require to call into exercise thought, prudence, and economy, as well as efficiency, honesty, and vigilance. If these are secured, the present public interest in the city's administration will prove to be wise; and in its continued manifestation there will also be wisdom.

G. MERCER ADAM.

#### DISALLOWANCE AND THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

For many years the advocates of what is called Provincial Autonomy have raised a loud and bitter cry against the Federal power of Disallowance. For many years the supposed objectionable nature of that power, and its supposed tendency to interfere with provincial rights and privileges, have been favourite themes with a certain class of political writers. For years the alleged abuse of Disallowance by the Government in office has been one of the favourite topics of the opposition stump speaker. In nearly every election, Federal or Provincial, Disallowance has been made an issue of more or less importance. At times indeed, in certain of the provinces, the indignation aroused by the exercise of this power—either in particular cases, or in accordance with a particular system—has been so great as almost entirely to absorb the attention of the public, and for the time being to overshadow all other political issues whatsoever. The Disallowance of the "Streams Bill" in Ontario, and of the railway charters in Manitoba, are cases in point.

This more or less general feeling of dissatisfaction seems to have found its expression in the Provincial Conference lately held at Quebec. One of the avowed objects of that Conference was to concert means to protect and secure the autonomy of the provinces, and more especially to abolish or curtail the veto power now possessed by the Government of the Dominion. Whether any action will be taken as the result of this Conference remains to be seen. If Disallowance is to be put an end to, one of two things will have to be done: Either the Dominion Government must be induced to abandon the exercise of the power in question, or that power must be taken away from it. The former result can be brought about only by the

return to Parliament of a majority of members pledged to oppose Disallowance under any and all circumstances, and ready to impose their views upon the Government of the day. To achieve the other result, an amendment of the British North America Act would have to be secured from the Imperial Parliament. Whether either of these things will be brought about for some time to come is a little doubtful; but that an attempt will be made to bring them about seems almost certain, and therefore it is quite proper to take into consideration both the possible success of the attempt, and some of the probable consequences, should it chance to prove successful.

Should Disallowance cease to be exercised, some of the provinces at any rate would be profoundly affected by the change. In Manitoba, for instance, if the Provincial Government were to be relieved from Federal interference, and enabled to carry out their railway policy without let or hindrance, the future of the province would no doubt be very greatly changed. But of all the provinces none would be more seriously affected than the Province of Quebec; and the effect which such a change would have upon the political future of that province forms, I think, one of the strongest arguments against its introduction.

To do away with Disallowance would be to play the game of the French in Quebec, and to strengthen the hands (now none too weak) of the Roman Catholic Church. It would be to render the position of the English inhabitants of Lower Canada—already unpleasant enough—considerably worse. It would be to still further endanger the rights and privileges of this English minority, and to deprive them of such slight protection as they may get from the existing order of things. In common justice to the minority in Quebec, the right of Federal Disallowance should be retained as a part of our political constitution, so long, at any rate, as our present system of provinces continues to exist. A very slight consideration will show this to be the truth.

A little over twenty years ago the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec formed one province—the province of Canada. This province had but one legislature. The English formed a majority of the population of the province, and a majority in the legislature. The English inhabitants of that part of the province called Lower Canada were, it is true, less in number than the French inhabitants of the same part of the province, but the disproportion was far from being so great as it is to-day; and inasmuch as there was but one legislature for the province, the numerical inferiority of the English in Lower Canada was a matter of comparatively slight importance. In short, before Confederation, the English inhabitants of the present Province of Quebec were politically at no disadvantage compared with the French in the same province.

But Confederation greatly changed all this. Upper and Lower Canada were separated and became distinct provinces, each with a legislature of its own. The English of Quebec, instead of having for their sole legislative body a parliament in which English members were in the majority, had thenceforth to take many of their laws from a legislature the majority of whose members were French. This at once put them at a disadvantage. Their political power and influence immediately sank. They were a minority in the population, and a minority in the Provincial Legislature. Had they lost no ground since then, the change in their political situation would have been disagreeable enough, but as a matter of fact they have lost a great deal of ground. Their population has been almost at a standstill, while the French population has enormously increased. Their representation in Parliament, whether Dominion or Provincial, has been less in each Parliament than in the one preceding. Twenty years ago they had a fair share in the public offices; since then that share has yearly been growing less and less. In every part of the province, numerically, politically, indeed in almost every respect, they have lost more ground than could be recovered in double the time.

It is evident that with but ten or twelve representatives in a legislature which has a total of sixty-five members, the English in the Province of Quebec are not in the most favourable situation for defending their interests whenever such interests come in conflict with those of the French majority. It is equally plain that even if the majority sincerely wished to treat the minority with perfect fairness, they would be almost sure to occasionally abuse their power, and to do injustice, perhaps without meaning it. And of course if such occasional abuses of power might under any circumstances have been expected, notwithstanding the restraint imposed by the Federal veto, they might certainly be expected to increase if the restraint referred to were to be withdrawn; so that with every disposition on the part of the French majority to be just and fair, much could be said against allowing this veto power to be in any way weakened.

But if the French majority are not disposed to do justice, if they are prone to wilfully abuse their power, the need for Disallowance becomes much more evident; and it is but too plain that such is the case. There

can be no doubt that it is the intention of the French-Canadians to take entire possession of the Province of Quebec, and to drive the English out of the province. There can be quite as little doubt that in pursuance of this object, and in order to further their own peculiar ends, they have repeatedly so used their legislative power as to discriminate against the English minority, and to trample on and set at naught the rights of the latter. A few instances will suffice to make this clear :

Under the municipal law of the Province of Quebec, no territory forming part of what is called a township municipality can be separated from the municipality of which it forms part, in order to be erected into a separate municipality, except on petition of two-thirds of the municipal electors of the territory which it is sought to separate, and of half of the electors of the remainder of the municipality. This is obviously a just and salutary provision of law. A few years ago (I think in 1884), it was sought to divide up a township municipality in the county of Shefford; the ratepayers of this municipality were for the most part English. The French ratepayers in the territory which it was proposed to set aside, though somewhat less in number than the English ratepayers dwelling in the same territory, were proportionately far more numerous than in other parts of the township. There was no good reason why the new municipality should have been created—the change was unnecessary, and it was opposed by a majority both of the ratepayers of the township and of the ratepayers of the proposed new municipality. But it had this to recommend it, that it would increase the influence of the French ratepayers in the municipal affairs of the county, and correspondingly diminish that of the English ratepayers.

As there was a majority against it, the change could not be made *under the law*. Accordingly recourse was had to special legislation. A bill was introduced in the Legislative Assembly, and despite the indignant protests of the English Members in the House, of the English ratepayers of the townships in question, and of the English-speaking people of the province it in due time became law, and the new municipality was duly created.

This shows that the French in Quebec, when prevented by the law of the land from obtaining an unjust advantage over the English citizens of the province, are not above resorting to special legislation to secure such advantage. Further commentary is needless.

Another example of an equally startling kind will suffice by way of illustration. I refer to what is commonly known in this province as the "Ste. Barbe case."

At the time of the Conquest, part of the land in the present Province of Quebec had been already granted by the French Crown, while a considerable portion was still ungranted. The former class of lands were held under what was called the seigniorial tenure. The Crown lands, however, when granted after the Conquest, were held under what is known as free and common socage. These lands were commonly known as township lands, and were mainly situated in the present Eastern Townships, and in the counties of Huntingdon, Chateauguay, etc. The seigniorial lands were then and are still subject to the French system of municipal law, under which the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, with the consent of the Executive, has the power of setting apart certain territories, under the name of parishes, not only for ecclesiastical but also for municipal purposes. These parishes thus set apart are regular municipal corporations. Whether the township lands are subject to this French municipal system is a matter which I shall not attempt to discuss as a question of law. As a matter of fact, however, there can be no doubt that it was universally believed, and that the belief was acted upon, that these lands were not subject to the peculiar parish system. It was believed that municipal corporations in the townships could be created in one of two ways only: (1) by the county council in the manner prescribed by law, and (2) by Act of the Legislature; and such until very lately has been the practice. This belief and practice were the more natural because the townships were originally peopled by English settlers, it being reasonable to suppose that those men should live under a municipal system to which they had been accustomed, and which suited their requirements, instead of under a system peculiar to people of a different race.

About seventy years ago a number of Old Country immigrants settled in what is now the township of Godmanchester, in the county of Huntingdon. They were assigned land, which in course of time they brought into a good state of cultivation. At that time all or nearly all of the inhabitants of the county were of English descent or spoke the English language. There were no French, or none to speak of. By degrees, however, French came in, in considerable numbers, and bought (generally on credit) swamp lands of little value which the English settlers did not think it worth their while even to cultivate. These men were of far less intelligence and social standing than the English settlers; their lands were far less valuable, and altogether they were no great acquisition to the county. Up to 1855, the local municipalities in the county of Huntingdon were township municipalities, and were so-called. In 1855 certain territory was separated from the township of Godmanchester, and erected into a municipality under the name of the parish of St. Anicet. This new municipality, though called a parish, was not of the nature of the parish municipalities in the French Roman Catholic parts of the Province. In every-thing but name it was an ordinary township municipality. In 1882 the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal was asked to erect a part of this so-called parish of St. Anicet into a regular parish municipality. He complied with the request; his action was approved by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, and an Order-in-Council was passed by which this

territory was declared to have become a parish municipality under the name of Ste. Barbe.

These proceedings, assuming, as they did, the right of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to intermeddle in the municipal government of the township lands, caused the English inhabitants of the county no little alarm and indignation, and both the county council and the English ratepayers in the territory concerned refused to recognise the pretended municipality. Matters went on in this way for several years till, in the session of 1886, application was made to the Provincial Legislature for a special bill to erect Ste. Barbe into a parish municipality. The application was opposed, and, after a great deal of dispute, a bill was passed in which the proclamation of 1882 was referred to, some errors contained in the proclamation corrected, and Ste. Barbe was recognised as a civil and ecclesiastical parish. Nothing was said as to the granting of municipal powers, unless the word "*civil*," contained in the Act, is to be taken as a broader term, including within its meaning the narrower term "*municipal*." The question then arose as to whether the Act referred to had created a canonical parish, the creation of which merely affected the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the parish, and even them for religious and school purposes only, or whether it created a parish municipality. The majority of the ratepayers of the alleged municipality had already elected a municipal council. This council attempted to obtain recognition from the county council, and also seized the goods of certain English ratepayers who had refused to pay their taxes. The county council again refused to recognise the new municipality, and again declined to allow the *soi-disant* mayor to take his seat as a county councillor. A writ of *mandamus* was then applied for to compel the county council to recognise the mayor of Ste. Barbe. In September the judge of the district rendered judgment, holding that Ste. Barbe was a duly constituted parish municipality, and ordering the county council to allow the mayor of the parish to take his seat.

If this judgment is not reversed its effects will be most disastrous. It virtually maintains that the Roman Catholic bishops in all parts of the province have the right to create municipal corporations, or, in other words, that the municipal system of the province is under the control, not of the State, but of the Roman Catholic Church. Such a state of things is bad enough in those parts of the province which are almost exclusively Roman Catholic; but that it should exist in those counties where the English are in the majority, where they were originally the only settlers, where a form of municipal government suited to their ideas and requirements has existed almost from time immemorial; in short, that the English inhabitants of the province, in their municipal affairs, should be subject to the clergy of a church of which comparatively few of them are members, is really shocking. That such things could exist under the British flag, and in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, seems well nigh incredible.

To multiply instances would be useless. The two adduced satisfactorily show that the political and religious rights of the minority in the Province of Quebec are in danger. To protect those rights they have need of all the weapons at their command, and they are at least entitled to every protection which the political constitution of their country now affords them. The power of Disallowance is a power which may at any time be used for their protection. It imposes a certain restraint upon the majority in the Provincial Legislature, and tends to check their abuse of the power which circumstances and the Constitution have given them. The safeguards provided for the English minority are, as it is, slight and insufficient. If Disallowance is abolished, these safeguards, slight as they are will be still further weakened. The day when the Province of Quebec will be exclusively French, and when the Roman Catholic Church will rule the province supreme and uncontrolled, will be greatly hastened.

Sherbrooke, Que.

D. C. R.

#### LONDON LETTER.

To the clang of wedding bells, and the yells of the unemployed assembled on the Embankment, I went to the Savoy Church the other day in order to assist at the marriage of one of Sir William Hardman's daughters. It is the oddest, ugliest of gray buildings, with a queer stunted open tower, and walls (round which the ground has risen to a height of six or seven feet) which look as if they never had been young, and over which the masons and their foremen gossiped of Henry VIII. and his matrimonial troubles as they put the finishing touches. Unusual as it is for a sacred edifice to have a wicked and disreputable appearance, yet this little skulking building, built in among the Great Strand houses, manages, I can't tell you how, to impress one most unfavourably as to its moral character. Melancholy graves, with undecipherable inscriptions, line the weedy footpath leading to the low-browed door. Melancholy graves, on which lie, scattered thinly, the last yellow and brown leaves from the tall swaying plane-trees, and in which lie (surely?) swash-bucklers from Alsatia yonder, bullying, cowardly rascals, lonely students from the Temple near by, Lincoln's Inn Scrooges, or miserable discontented spinsters who yawned and scolded their lives away in the decayed streets about Clare Market. Irving, with his fine fifteenth-century face, passed in just in front of me, glancing on this side and that at the dingy prospect; perhaps he was looking for the last resting-

place of Miss Killigrew, the actress, who was buried here, her father having been one of the Masters of the Savoy. Within, out of sight of those hoary walls, with never a length of ivy to brighten them, I feel almost ashamed of my harsh judgment as to the past character of this place; for the Queen has restored the interior to the memory of her husband, and in consequence the somewhat garish decorations glow red, blue, and gold, and the stained-glass windows look cheerful, even if they are not in the best possible taste. Wedding guests and fine garments give an air of fashionable gaiety not habitual to the church, and fill it, for the time being only, with brightness and colour. I should like to see it best on a winter's night, when the memories of the past three hundred years rise from their graves and fill the aisles and crowd by the altar, when the principal actors of many a runaway marriage (for which the Savoy was once as infamously famous as the Fleet) greet each other, when the murdered duellist meets his murderer, and the gambler, drunkard, and thief throng past the pews now filled with the skimmings of what literary and artistic society there happens to be in town.

Irving has found a seat with Kate Terry—Mrs. Arthur Lewis—who, buxom and blooming, possesses that peculiar charm of manner belonging especially to her family. Behind me is Percy Fitzgerald, for years an admirable contributor to the dear old *Household Words*, once one's *beau idéal* of what a magazine should be, in spite of double columns and bad paper; and next me sits Arthur Cecil, just returned from Italy, Switzerland, and the Norwich Festival, and interesting on the score of the "Dandy Dick" revival. Over the way I see Lady Mackenzie (whose doctor-husband is too busy to come) with her daughter, who is engaged to Lady Monckton's eldest son, a rising musician, and I pick out a host of minor lights, great constellations in their own opinions, whose beams have not yet penetrated beyond a few hundred yards. The whispering—of exactly the same quality as that which goes on in drawing-rooms just before a small scene is acted or a recitation given (for instance, I hear: "She said she came to London to form a *salon*; she only succeeded in establishing a restaurant"—this from one of "her" most constant guests)—the whispering, I say, suddenly ceases, as, headed by singing choristers, the bride and her attendants come slowly up the aisle. Then, after but a few minutes, the organ peals out with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" without which melody we in England hardly consider ourselves legally married, and through the throng of critical friends, along the leaf-strewn path to the iron gates, bride and bridegroom start for their future life together. The quality must not be kept waiting, so, to avoid delay, the clergyman carries off the register to the bride's drawing-room, where it is signed, Irving's name appearing as one of the principal witnesses. "I have been years at the Savoy," says Mr. White, "and have never had a single unlucky marriage all that time. Yes, but I did not officiate at that noble lord's, as I was away then; he owes us £25 to this day for red cloth, awning, flowers, and special organist, and I can't get a farthing out of him. That is the solitary exception where our Savoy charm has not worked." I see from the papers that rioters thronged the street when we were leaving the church, and frightened us all considerably. This is a mistake as regards any alarm. None of us cared for the mob, whom a few policemen kept perfectly quiet as we filled the carriages and drove away. Country folks tremble for us, newspapers warn us, but we know Sir Charles Warren and his strength.

"NEAR Bath, in a tiny village called Charlecombe," writes the author of *Half-a-dozen Daughters*, "there is a baby church, but so old it is called the 'Mother of the Abbey,' where we used to go some Sunday afternoons for the sake of the walk. The clerk in those days halved the psalms with the parson, and being half blind and wholly ignorant made most ludicrous mistakes as he grabbed at long words, mainly anxious not to be out of time. When I was last there he read one verse thus: 'Talk no more so exceedingly proudly, let not arrogancy proceed out of your mouth.' That verse has been very much in my mind since I came to Guernsey, for never more with a clear conscience can I sing of the beauties of my home in Jersey after this. It would all be false pride, for Guernsey beats us hollow, and like Sheba's queen my heart fails within me when I note its complete superiority in point of attraction. I can only think of old sea explorers of centuries long gone by. There is something in the look of the old-fashioned houses climbing and lining the steep cliffs, and clustered in narrow, cobbled, and stair-cased streets that is very un-English, yet too clean to be foreign, and though the roads are broad and well-made, and the country houses beautiful and modern, on lovely lawns, and though hideous trains shriek through the Esplanade, yet the prevailing feeling is that you have gone two centuries back, and are living amongst scenes with whose past and present you have nothing in common. The people's names are different to Jersey names, and in the old church and in the cemeteries are repeated again and again, going back like parish genealogies to Carey the son of Carey and Dobree the son of Dobree, *ad infinitum*. G. was here, forty-four years ago, and we go and stare at his former home and the descendants of his former playfellows in the College playgrounds, and all is unaltered, all except himself. We are back in summer too, for ever since we came the sea has been like a lake, and over the beautiful islands of Herm, Yethou, and Sark the clouds throw constantly changing lights and shadows of loveliness. We have forest trees and precipitous cliffs and wooded valleys, with running water, sounding deliciously as it drops onward to the shore, and there are palm trees in the gardens, and bits of Kensington Gardens and Richmond Park here and there, and Twickenham lawns at their best; and how I have lived so near it and yet remained so far I can't tell. We've a splendid harbour, always deep water and heaps of shipping passing and stopping, and great hungry rocks that need watching day and night, and menacing forts for enemies nearly as dangerous as the

rocks, and up and about, for ever restlessly between the blue sky and the steely sea, are the young brown gulls and the old white gulls, wheeling, diving, and floating."

SUMMER in Guernsey while we in London are being frozen by the east wind, and hardly ever have a glimpse of the sun from day to day! I went down the river as far as Greenwich last week, and felt as if I were on a voyage to Iceland, it was so cold. By-the-way, on the journey back I was much interested in hearing the following story, which I hope may also be new to you. It seems that a little street boy, with a fiddle under his arm, crept into a city cookshop not long ago, and begged that the owner of the place would give him a "bit o' meat or a bit o' pudden, he was so 'ungry." "I can't afford to feed paupers," he was told; "you get out." However, he was so persistent and begged so hard for "sum'at," and offered his violin as a pledge that he would return next day to pay for anything he might be given, that the man's heart was softened. "Hand me the fiddle," said he, "and here's three pen'orth of grub. Now, when you come and pay me the threepence you shall have your property, not before." Well, the food was gratefully despatched, and the lad departed, promising that the first pence made by begging should be used to redeem his instrument. But days went on, and still the small battered violin remained on the counter waiting for its owner. One afternoon a gentleman came into the shop in a great hurry to ask for change for a sovereign, as his hansom-cab driver hadn't it. While the money was being counted out he took up the fiddle and examined it. "Where *did* you get this from?" he asked, taking it to the light in order to examine it closely. "Is it yours?" "No," answered the man, telling the story. "But do you know, my good fellow," said the gentleman, "I am a judge of these things, and this is most valuable. Where does the boy live? You don't know? Here's my card (you may have heard my name), and directly he turns up send him to me, please. This is a genuine Stradivarius, and a beautiful one, too. I'd give a hundred guineas for it myself, and it may be worth more." Thinking the matter over that evening, the shopman made up his mind to get something out of the transaction, so when the lad came a couple of days afterwards with the threepence and a long story of how father and he had had a fall out with the "bobbies" and had been in "quod," the man asked him point-blank if he would like to sell his fiddle. "No," he was answered; he had been given it by an old chap when tramping through Italy, who had told him it was very valuable. It took half-an-hour at least for the shopman to persuade the lad to part with his instrument for forty pounds, and half-an-hour longer to arrange that the payment should be made at once in gold over the counter, no cheque taken, as paper money was not understood; and then, with a remark that he was sure father would whack him, the lad went slowly off. The shopman chuckled. "I've made sixty pounds by that," he said, and then putting the gentleman's card into his pocket he prepared to re-sell at something like a profit. On the way he passed a music shop, and determining to find out the real value of the article—for it might be worth two hundred instead of one—he went in, asked the man to look at it carefully and tell him what it was worth. "Seven-and-sixpence, German make; we get 'em over by dozens every spring," said the music-seller, promptly. It is needless to say the gentleman did not live at the address given, and it is rumoured that he was nearly related to the small fiddler.

IN duty bound I went to Verestchagin's the other day, and was agreeably surprised; for though many of the pictures are "buggy," and in the worst possible taste, some of the smaller ones are very brilliant and full of cleverness, even though they are without the least spark of genius: The best, to my mind, is the "Wailing Place,"—that great wall which surrounds the Temple of Jerusalem, "where the Jews of both sexes and all ages arrive from all parts of the world," says Verestchagin, "to pray and weep with loud cries, and literally to wash with their tears the sacred stones. They bring all their sorrows and misfortunes to this place. A woman approaches with unsteady gait, throws herself against the wall, and in an agonised voice implores God to give her back her dead child. Farther on, two Jews, wearied with praying, are talking business. 'Have you bought? What have you paid? Too dear!' and so on. An old Rabbi sits in his corner on a stone or an empty wine box, and with his eyes full of tears reads in his book, 'O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance: thy holy temple have they defiled: they have made Jerusalem an heap of stones.'" The subject is a good one, and the painter has made a literal translation of what he saw, and he is more or less successful. Another admirable figure is that of a priest swinging the censer and murmuring the burial over a field of dead Russian soldiers, and again there is that much good, though nothing that is pleasant, in a Nihilist execution. The "Holy Family" is here, which was not allowed to be exhibited in Vienna, and one can understand the feeling of the priests in the matter. I saw Browning with Leighton's sister going conscientiously round, but the most of us stand about in groups, and talk of anything but the pictures—and then we go home and write reviews! How difficult is it to criticise fairly. "Never say 'I think,' but always 'it is,'" was Sydney Smith's advice to a youthful gentleman engaged on a London paper to write on Art: a principle rigidly carried out by "even the youngest of us." Do you remember what Pendenis thought of his own notices when, years after they were printed, he read them again? "What a lot I must have known!" he says. "How clever I was! And yet, how ignorant, and how cruel." So all Verestchagin's faults are pointed out to him by us again and again, and his good qualities we either ignore or have not the wit to discover.

WALTER POWELL.

London.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

It is rash, it is very rash, to attempt the compilation of a weekly letter from here; however the trial shall be made, but not repeated. You see we stand near those well-spread boards of Boston and New York, groaning under their succulent viands, their hundred delicacies, much as the pet dog by his master's table: at times very fair portions indeed are thrown us by compassionate artists, and again—well again, Montreal seems forgotten, and we have only a meagre "merry thought" to pick. Of course a great deal can be "taken out" in expectation, and truly I don't know another place on earth where "the pleasures of hope" hold so prominent a position among amusements offered. The good people here appear always with eyes and mouth wide open—waiting. Occasionally the bolder and more impatient citizens, who are unfortunately often the poorer, yelp and bark and scratch a little, and then there is silence. Silence, yes, but redress? However, we find "unkinder cuts" elsewhere. What if, when the dainty morsel has been offered, our canine palate fail to appreciate it as it should? But no; this is hardly loyal talk, especially as there seem to exist no disaffected Torontonians.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS appeared at the Queen's Hall last week. Her audiences were deplorably small, though they say she has lost nothing of the exquisite beauty and grace and "cleverality" we admired years ago. Even when your best friend has missed the train, do you not experience a certain twinge of disappointment on seeing him return after you imagined all farewells were over? "Last appearances" are becoming snares and delusions, and if in future artists approach us saying "adieu," we must reply politely like the French, and knowingly,— "au revoir." Unfortunately the great reader arrived directly after the lecturer Ragan. Of course you know Mr. Ragan and his triennial exhibitions. He is a kindly man, and comes here every three years to charm us with the same jokes and the same views. Then again, Mrs. Scott-Siddons is not a novelty, but only an excellent reciter; and furthermore we are not apprised that she is "patronised by the Prince of Wales and the best families," like some perfumer's shop. All these facts naturally count against her, so no one must wonder that many vacant seats were to be found last week in our music hall.

ON Tuesday evening next Montreal amateurs will have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of Monsieur F. Jehin Prume. This eminent violinist has taken up his abode amongst us—heaven knows why. I have heard him very enthusiastically applauded by a Paris audience, so that I think we can lose nothing by the most hearty *bravos*.

FOR one reason or another, the sermons of the Rev. Father Kenney, S.J., attract crowds to the Jesuits' Church every Sunday evening. People of all denominations are invited to attend, and people of all denominations accept the invitation. The discourses, subtly enough concocted, are controversial. "In Father Kenney," some one aptly remarked, "an excellent newspaper man has been lost." You see him—do you not?—with his humour, his sarcasm, his carefully prepared argument, and, above all, his face of a refined comedian. Then he can talk to you and at you as the occasion requires, untrammelled by the necessity of diving into copious notes every two minutes; and again, is there nothing in the fact that you sit before a man who has really something to say, and says it? Clear ideas trumpeted forth by a sonorous voice, in well-sounding English, even though their enunciation takes an hour, must have an effect upon the memory for good or for evil, according to our standpoint. Regularly about the same hour the Sunday evening service is disturbed by crowds of heretics who come trooping in from their respective churches. The music of the Jesuits' Church is celebrated, you know. We are at fault, sorely at fault, when this part of our "worship," without being operative, is not made very, very impressive. Soporific discourses, faulty logic, and all the ills that modern churchgoers are heirs to, fade into nothing before the loveliest of earthly things, indeed that power "likest God's"—sacred music.

SOME philanthropists have proposed to establish a Workingmen's Club in the city. Not one, but several should be fitted up. Naturally two stupid propositions were made at the same time. The first was that the club should include a ball-room, and the second that service should be held in it on Sunday morning. What would the patrons of St. James's say to "forced prayer," or, again, the clattering of feet and scratching of violins next to their reading-room?

FROM "Laclede" we learn the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society is going to exhibit in the middle of December next portraits of Canadian worthies and *bric-à-brac*.  
LOUIS LLOYD.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA AND IRELAND—A COMPARISON.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The idiosyncrasies of the human mind in general, and of the journalistic mind in particular, are truly wonderful, and were hardly ever brought more prominently forward than recently, when the Chicago Anarchists were awaiting their sentence on the one hand and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was suffering imprisonment for defying the law on the other. The same papers which daily applauded the justice that would not permit the law to be violated with impunity wept sentimental tears over the man who, openly advocating resistance to duly constituted authority, was put upon bread and water because he refused to accept the punishment meted out to him for his acts of disobedience. In the one country

the law-breakers are held up to public abhorrence as criminals at war with society and order, while in the other the man who sets the law at defiance is a patriot battling with tyranny. The policemen who ran the risk of being killed by the bombs of the Anarchists are the brave guardians of peaceable citizens, but the policemen who in the simple discharge of their duty face injury and death by boiling water from an infuriated mob, or from bullets by lurking Moonlighters, are myrmidons of despotism! We are tempted to ask wherein lies the difference between those who would take by force what does not belong to them in the one land, and those who would keep by force what does not belong to them in the other land. To say that a tenant who cannot (or will not) pay the rent he agreed to pay can enjoy the fruits of that rent seems to us as absurd as that the man who does not work can claim the wages of him who does. Is there any one outside of Ireland who, failing to pay his rent, can remain in the house or holding for which he contracted upon certain terms, and would we applaud a Member of Parliament in this country for advocating resistance to eviction for non-payment? There are doubtless many hard cases, but the law is made for the masses, not for the individual, and if once this fundamental principle is reversed the law ceases to be a law, and simply lapses into chaos. A great deal has been written and spoken about the hardships of the Irish tenantry, but the other side of the question, viz., the hardships of Irish landlords, is apt to be lost sight of, and there are many instances which have come before our notice of landlords—some of them ladies—whose whole subsistence consisted of the rent of some few cottages, who have been reduced to such poverty as to seek parish relief because their rents, by order of the National League, were not paid; and the League's action in such cases not only savours of Anarchy, but to use Dogberry's words is "flat burglary as ever was committed."

We rejoice to find that in the great Republic at our side the common sense and manly independence of its people when fairly aroused can grapple with and crush out Anarchy, which for a moment threatened to upset law and order, and we can only hope that similar elements of discord on the other side of the Atlantic will finally be stamped out, and that the time is not far distant when those who incite the ignorant to petty and useless rebellion will meet with their deserts without being held up as martyrs and patriots.

L. H. B.

MR. GLADSTONE AND DR. INGRAM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I would offer the following as a make-weight to Mr. Matthew Ryan's letter in THE WEEK of the 3rd inst. It is taken from the London *Graphic* of the 15th ult. "Mr. Gladstone returns in the *Nineteenth Century* to what appears to be the congenial task of blackening the reputation of our forefathers. He opens the review with *Ingram's History of the Irish Union*, and falls upon his opponent's facts and arguments right lustily. This is how he characterises the painstaking and honest work of Dr. Ingram: "In his loud and boisterous pretensions, in his want of all Irish feeling, in his blank unacquaintance with Irish history at large, in his bold inventions, and in the overmastering prejudices to which it is evident that they can alone be ascribed, in his ostentatious parade of knowledge on a few of the charges against the Union, and his absolute silence, or purely perfunctory notions, on the matters that most profoundly impeach it—in all these things the work of Dr. Ingram is like a buoy upon the sea, which is tumbled and tossed about by every wave, but remains available only to indicate ground which should be avoided by every conscientious and intelligent historian." This is a sample of the paper, and also of that "exuberant verbosity," which Lord Beaconsfield said was at Mr. Gladstone's disposal for the vilification of an adversary." We are furnished in the same letter with a specimen of the history which it is to be supposed that Mr. Gladstone has lately been studying since his own stringent so-called coercion bill for the repression of lawlessness in Ireland four or five years ago: "The basest corruption and artifice were exerted to promote it [the Union]; all the worst passions of the human heart enticed into the service; the most depraved ingenuity of the human intellect was tortured to devise new contrivances of fraud." How is it that the author of all this "exuberant verbosity" and "vilification of adversaries" does not pause to consider that the disgrace must be properly proportioned? There could be no corruption without liability to be corrupted. Who will determine for us which is most to be condemned, he who offers or he who takes a bribe; the man who buys another or he who sells himself? It is historically true that the condition of Ireland was such that union with Great Britain was a political necessity for both countries. If ever the end could justify the means, it was so in this instance. The population and prosperity of Ireland took a great leap during the quarter century immediately succeeding the Union. The former rose from about five millions to nearly eight. The following results are derived from *The Progress of the Nation*, by Mr. Porter, and rest upon returns laid before Parliament: Between 1801 and 1825 the imports from Great Britain increased from £3,270,350 to £7,048,936, and the exports to Great Britain from £3,537,725 to £8,531,355. The number of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs exported to Great Britain increased during the same period from 37,059 to 204,759. In other words the population of the country advanced about sixty per cent., its imports were more than doubled, and its exports not far from trebled—indisputable evidence of a great and rapid rise in material prosperity as the direct result of Political Union between Great Britain and Ireland. All subsequent events could be dealt with equally conclusively, but that is not the present purpose; it is enough to say now that the conditions, as regards Great Britain, have continued unaltered. Faithfully yours,

D. FOWLER.

## The Week.

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THE Le Sueur case, in which the accused, a post office employé, is charged with stealing money from letters, has again on the second trial ended in the way we predicted it would. The jury stood ten for conviction, and two against—the two, being Montreal men, standing firm, and refusing to yield to argument or reason, although one of them told the Court that while it was clear to him that the stolen money was found on the prisoner, he did not believe that the prisoner had stolen it or had known it was stolen. It is to the honour of the four French-Canadian *habitants* on the jury that in this trial they voted with the six English-speaking jurors, so the reproach of being biassed by race considerations clearly does not attach to them. But with respect to the others, can our French-Canadian friends feel surprised that Ontario magistrates hesitate to commit any one to the chances of such "justice?" If the accused person is to be tried by a Montreal jury, and found guilty, or acquitted, not according to the merits of the case, but according to his nationality, mere justice demands that he shall not be exposed to such a travesty of a trial.

WE fear the Inter-Provincial Conference has laid itself open to the just imputation of being a mere representative gathering of the Party in Opposition to the Dominion Government. Most of the delegates are in Opposition, of course, as representing Liberal Provincial Governments, but nevertheless they might have met in conference and discussed the affairs of the Provinces, and even of the Dominion, without expressing the markedly Opposition tone of some of their resolutions. And there was no need for them to go out of their way to express an opinion on Commercial Union, which is a subject wholly beyond the scope of Provincial powers, that cannot be considered as a factor in any question at issue between the Dominion and Provincial Governments. As fitly might the Conference have passed a resolution respecting the tariff, the Governor-General's salary, or the maintenance of an Agent-General in England; this interference in what is exclusively a Dominion concern cannot but be regarded as purely an Opposition *ballon d'essai*, let loose in such a way that the party is not responsible if it collapses. But indeed the whole tenor of the resolutions is distinctly aggressive towards the Federal Government, which it is plainly desired to reduce to the rank of a mere central committee, executing the will of the several independent Provinces.

IN recommending Commercial Union, the Conference by implication condemned the National Policy; in doing which they certainly ran counter to the opinion of the country, as expressed at the polls a few months ago—thus affording additional evidence that the Conference really was actuated by mere partyism, or at most sectionalism. This is much to be regretted, because under a healthy political system in Canada there should be no radical opposition between the Federal and Provincial Legislatures; the one should be a reflex and epitome of the others; with a practically common franchise, any divergence between the two authorities should be purely accidental, and therefore non-enduring; and the present spectacle of a majority of the Provincial Governments setting about to reform the Dominion Government ought to be in the highest degree an improbability. Nevertheless, here we have the chiefs of the Provincial Governments, the elected representatives of the people in one sphere of government, condemning those who are equally the representatives of the people in another sphere. Does it never occur to these gentlemen that if the Dominion Government assumes powers that do not belong to it or pursues a policy the country disapproves, the remedy lies practically in the hands of the very same electors from whom they themselves, the protesters, hold their mandate? They are not elected to redress the balance between the Dominion and Provincial authorities, by reforming the former, but to attend to the affairs of their respective provinces. If reform is needed in the Dominion Government it must be effected direct by the Dominion electorate, not a subordinate authority.

IT is a pity that the Conference did not support its recommendation of Commercial Union by agreeing to give up the Provincial subsidies. If Commercial Union were adopted, there would be a large deficit in the

revenue, to repair which recourse must it would seem be had to direct taxation; and as direct taxation is a special privilege of the Provinces such a stoppage of the subsidies now paid to them out of the Dominion treasury would appear to be the very best means of averting the deficit. As the *Star* justly says, commenting on the proposals of the Conference with respect to the Provincial subsidies, which it regards as no improvement on the system now in operation: "The whole system of Provincial subsidies is vicious. The Provinces should be as far as possible self-supporting. The subsidies come from the people in the shape of taxes, and it is better in every way that the Provinces should themselves raise the money necessary to maintain their respective governmental establishments." This is a good suggestion that might advantageously be adopted without respect to Commercial Union. It would certainly work a vast improvement in one or two of the Provincial Governments; if our worthy friend the *habitant* had had to pay in visible cash for the financial vagaries of the Chapleau-Senecal Government and its immediate successors, there would have been a much earlier change of Government in the Province of Quebec, and that Province would not now have so huge a debt alone to show in place of the railway and other property that mainly caused the outlay but have disappeared from among the assets. To make people feel the cost of government direct out of pocket is a most excellent way to promote good government; corruption and malversation will not long be tolerated when its cost is seen in the outgoing of hard-earned dollars and cents. And so, too, if Commercial Union is seen to involve direct taxation, as it must, there will be an end to its prospects, in Quebec at any rate.

As to the resolution of the Conference asking for the abrogation of the power of Disallowance now vested in the Dominion Government, we refer our readers to an article elsewhere on "Disallowance and the Province of Quebec," which relates some facts that should serve as an impressive warning to any who may be disposed lightly to deprive the minority in the Province of Quebec of the protection afforded by the Federal right of Disallowance. And what is needed in the Province of Quebec may any day be needed equally in any of the other Provinces. What, too, can the English-speaking minority in Quebec think of the proposal that their Legislative Council, which has often done good service for them, shall be abolished by a two-thirds' vote of the French Nationalist Assembly, against whose legislation the Council is almost the sole protection? In connexion with the subject of Upper Chambers, what possible use can be made of the cumbrous scheme now propounded for the reform of the Senate? The principle of Provincial representation in the Senate is unquestionably a sound one; but to mingle with this a selective system like the present, must result in a hybrid that could be no improvement on the present House. The true remedy we believe would be invariably to go outside the rank of politicians for our Senators, and choose, perhaps through the Provincial Parliaments, none but men who have shown their fitness for the Senate by the attainment of eminence in their proper businesses or professions, whatever these may be.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has given to a New York reporter a further explanation of his attitude towards Commercial Union. He had no opinion to offer as to whether Commercial Union would be a good or a bad thing for Canada; and he had not said that it ought to be prevented. On the contrary, if the majority of the people of Canada desired it, he had no doubt they would be able to secure it; but as it would involve a discrimination against Great Britain in favour of the United States there would be no reason why Great Britain should continue to undertake the responsible duties of defence thrown upon her by her present relations with Canada: Commercial Union would undoubtedly cause the whole of the relationship to be revised. These are plain truths which no reasonable man can deny, whatever their effect on the Parnellite Commercial Union organ. The fact of discrimination against Great Britain under Commercial Union is indeed denied by some, and the willingness of Great Britain to allow a colony to do what would be a hostile act even in a foreign Power is assumed by others; but neither pretension deserves serious consideration. Their mere statement is, we should say, sufficient refutation for any one with an open mind on the subject.

IN his recent speech Mr. Charlton asserted that all our tariff legislation of late years had discriminated against England; which is an argument that has been made to do duty on many platforms to excuse the discrimination proposed under Commercial Union. But the case of the National Policy is radically different from that of Commercial Union. By the protective tariff we excluded as far as possible to a uniform extent all outside Powers alike, as well the States as the mother country; whereas Commercial



Union would throw down the barrier in the case of the States while still excluding the mother country, and most probably further raising the barrier against her by the adoption of the professedly hostile United States tariff. This is discrimination indeed, whereas there is no discrimination under the National Policy. And it is an attitude not at all likely to be viewed with indifference by Great Britain, even when gilded by a wholly fanciful prospect of thereby indirectly increasing the friendship between the two Powers.

MR. CHARLTON further declared, and very commendably, that we were not created to serve the purpose of sugar rings, cotton rings, and pet industries that could only live upon subsidies, direct or indirect. But how then can he urge us to enter into a Commercial Union with a country whose fiscal system, which we must adopt, directly fosters these very evils he condemns? We must take the liberty to doubt whether any considerable body of the Canadian people are anxious to have Canada overrun by ringsters as the States are; and we believe Mr. Charlton mistakes when he declares that if our people cannot get free commercial intercourse [or a share in this ring-making] without annexation they will inevitably consider the question of political union as the means of getting it.

It is satisfactory to learn from Lord Salisbury's speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet that the Government intend to reform Parliamentary procedure. Although Mr. Parnell's crew have the excuse for their obstructive tactics that being at war with the British Government, they are justified in wrecking Parliament if they can, the participation of the Gladstonians in their treasonable design has no justification. They are British Representatives in a sense that does not apply to the Parnellites as Irish Members who represent only the League; and the intolerable flood of nonsense by which aid is given by the Gladstonians to the Parnellites ought to be stopped, while the tactics of the Parnellites are thwarted by a stringent Parliamentary rule which shall enable a majority of the Members present at any time peremptorily to put an end to a debate, when it is evident that mere obstruction is being practised either by the Gladstonians or their allies. With the fierce light of public opinion beating on Parliament, there is no danger in these days of the most stringent closure rules being abused.

MR. MONTAGUE COOKSON, at one time a Home Ruler, has been travelling in Ireland, and now describes the National League as an atrocious tyranny. "It is easy," he says, "for advanced English Radicals to go over to Ireland, hurry off to witness an eviction scene, and then return home to describe the horrors of it as an argument for exterminating the landlords. Let them, as they love fair play, stay until they have had some practical experience of the methods of the League. Let them try the sensation of losing day by day the means of supplying their children with bread merely because they have aroused the jealousy, or incurred the displeasure, of some influential member of the local branch. Let them spare a few hours to visit estates where the tenants are perfectly willing to accept the proffered reduction of fifteen or twenty per cent. from the judicial rent, but are prevented from doing so by an order from headquarters, disobedience to which would be followed by a sentence worse than that of excommunication in the Middle Ages." "The 'boycott' is a far more ingenious and cruel invention than the thumb-screw. To be placed under a social ban; to be cut off from the necessaries of life; to be hooted and groaned at as you pass along the road; to carry your life in your hand in lonely places—all this makes existence intolerable to an ordinary man." "Tradesmen will refuse to supply goods to a boycotted, but still popular, land agent, and then come to him at night, muffled up and disguised, to express their regrets and apologies. With an organisation so complete and so secret, no man can trust his neighbour. A blacksmith dare not be seen shoeing a boycotted landlord's horse, for a forge is a public place, yet he will help him to remove a stone from the horse's foot if he meet him in a solitary lane." "Many a farmer expects by means of the League to get the fee simple of his land at the price of a very few years' purchase, and with a view of lowering its selling value, takes no pains to keep it in good heart. The labourers discharged from the boycotted, and therefore vacant, farms have, indeed, very few hopes held out to them, for the labourers' time has not yet fully come. Deprived of their customary employment, they flock into the towns, where they stand at the corners of the streets and present a truly pitiable appearance. Many of them become regular corner-boys—that is to say, loafers ready for any row that may turn up. It is of this material that revolutions are bred when winters are cold and hard, as the coming one promises to be." "It is an obvious premium on idleness when a man by neglecting his farm,

and going off to League meetings, gets a greater reduction of rent than his neighbour who has stuck to his business and done the best he could with the soil." Mr. Cookson remarks that it is too late to enquire whether Home Rule shall be established in Ireland; it is already there in a most pernicious form. In Cork, Limerick, and Clare the League is the civil Government, the Government that is obeyed. So completely does the League hold the field that he doubts if there is now any alternative between suppressing it root and branch, meetings, journals, and all, and granting an entirely independent Irish Parliament. But obviously England cannot hand over two million loyalists to the cruel and lawless League; and therefore there is no alternative to suppressing it root and branch by force, making Ireland a Crown colony if needful.

A LETTER written from Kerry by a lady to the *Scotsman* of October 18, giving an admirable description of the peasantry in Kerry, and especially of their touching pliancy to influence of all kinds, good or evil, proves also that, in Kerry at least, the desire for Home Rule, so far as it is a separate desire from land-hunger, is mixed up with the quaintest and most confused notions of Protection for both farmer and trader, and of the kind of advantages that Protection would bring. "Under Home Rule we'll protect ourselves against American cattle," said one. On the inquiry being put how that was to be managed, seeing that it is in the English and not in the Irish market that the American cattle injure the Irish grazier, the reply was:—"Bedad! I never thought of that; but," with a twinkle in his eye, "maybe we'll have the making of the laws for the English as well as for ourselves by then."

THE *London Times* thus concludes a couple of articles on "The British Race Types of To-Day," in which the various races which have peopled Great Britain and Ireland have been traced, pure or commingled, in their descendants now living in the country:—"Having thus reviewed the race-types of the three Kingdoms, we can emphatically assert that there is nothing in the distinction of physical types met with which should separate any one of the kingdoms from the rest. Rather it will be evident how mixed, even though diverse, are the types. Great Britain and Ireland are peopled by somewhat similar mixtures of races, the balance in some districts inclining to a Teutonic, in others to a Celtic type. It is only as physical conditions influence character, as tyranny or struggles for existence or predominance have generated dislike, that diversity of sympathies and discord have arisen in the past. The hostility of Scotland to England was once as bitter as that between some Irish and English people now is. There is no reason, racially and ethnologically, why it should not be allayed by the same equitable methods which have proved efficacious between northern and southern Britain."

ON Wednesday, October 19, Sir John Lubbock delivered in London one of his fascinating lectures on the habits of ants. There was some evidence, he declared, to show that ants even felt affection for each other. Nobody had ever yet seen a quarrel between two ants of the same nest. In one instance, Sir John Lubbock kept a number of ants for seven years. Ultimately, however, they were reduced to two. These two lived together for two years, and then died within a week of each other. There was no apparent external cause for this, and he was inclined to believe the survivor died from the shock of her companion's death. Ants, he found, could recognise each other after a parting of more than a year. A curious proof that this recognition was not made by means of any signal or pass-word, was afforded by the fact that ants, even when hopelessly drunk, were recognisable by their sober companions. Sir John Lubbock made a number of ants from two different nests drunk. He then made sober ants from one of the nests only approach the drunk and incapable. At first, the sober ants were at a loss how to act. Ultimately, however, one of the sober ants took up one of the drunkards not belonging to her own nest, solemnly walked to the end of the table, and pitched her into some water that was there. This was done with all the strange ants. The ants belonging to the same nest were carefully carried home, and no doubt restored.

A STRIKING feature of the tea trade is the falling-off in the demand for the finer grades of China teas. Year by year the competition of the Indian teas displaces the finer qualities of the China leaf. All tea-buyers say that Indian tea is the tea of the future for people who can afford to pay for a good article. There is no reliable market for choice China tea. Cheap tea brought to land in England at 6d. to 1s. a pound is what seems to be wanted. It can be sold at a price to suit any pocket, and can be made quite drinkable and given a body by the addition of a few penny-worths of good full-flavoured Indian.

## TO AN "OLD MASTER."

O FRIENDLY alchemist,  
There in thy ancient frame !  
Cracked thy vermilion robe, I wist,  
But thine eyes shine out the same,  
Beaming forth from thy furrowed face  
Blessing untold for this thankless race.

No Elixir from thee,  
Dropping Eternal Youth,  
Crave I impotently,  
Lacking faith—for in sooth,  
Well do I know that thy beard is gray,  
And first a man serveth himself alway.

Nought of thy crucible !  
Secrets of golden pelf,  
Malleable or fusible,  
Keep thou unto thyself !  
Yet one small cunning I pray to know,  
Of all the magic thou might'st bestow.

My joyous days are fleet  
Speeding away to Dis,  
I cannot stay their feet,  
I would distil my bliss.  
Would husband the sweets of the morning dew,  
Would draw from the sunlight a prism or two.

Then without craven fears  
I'll watch the dial,  
All the months may follow the years,  
I shall have my phial !  
And when my nectar changes to gall  
With a magical drop I will sweeten it all.

"Have they not taught thee—the modern powers,"  
Saith he, and frowneth, alack !  
"That the gold of the sunlight is brought by the hours  
And straight they carry it back !  
That when the flower-dew appeareth again  
It droppeth always in beads of rain ?"

Montreal.

GARTH GRAFTON.

## PROMINENT CANADIANS.—V.

LOUIS HONORE FRECHETTE, LL.D., POET AND JOURNALIST.

AMONG living French-Canadian poets, Louis Honoré Frechette easily ranks first. Cremazie is still regarded as the national singer of French Canada, and his place cannot be taken away from him. But he never possessed the lyrical faculty of Frechette, though he excelled him always in passion and intensity of phrase. Had Cremazie lived he might have become famous as a dramatic author. His work is full of action, episode, and strong colour, and one might readily have expected from him a drama of some consequence. But he never quite revealed what was in him, though he has left enough in the way of patriotic and descriptive verse to keep his memory green in the hearts of his countrymen. Frechette is a true lyricist. In him the musical art is highly developed, and his songs are rich in melody and tone. Other forms of verse he has of course attempted, but it is in the lyric that he appears at his best. He began writing at an early age, and he was not more than ten years old when some of his verses were found good enough to attract the attention of his elders. Literature was always to him a delight, and those about him took pleasure in encouraging him in his favourite pursuit. He was born at Levis, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, on the 16th of November, 1839, and was educated at the seminary of Quebec, Ste. Anne's College, and the College of Nicolet. While attending the classes at the seminary he assisted his fellow pupil and friend, Henri Taschereau (now judge), in the editorship of a little manuscript college paper called *L'Echo*. The poems he contributed were clever in their way, and the young poet soon found himself in demand as a writer of occasional verse acrostics and album sonnets. He wrote with considerable freedom, and his vocabulary, considering his age, seemed ample for his purpose. He began the study of law, and entered the office of Mr. Taschereau, where he was soon joined by M. Faucher de Saint Maurice. But literature proved too strong a tempter. Faucher abandoned law altogether, and though Frechette succeeded in getting admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1864, he gave the profession very little attention in after life. Indeed, from a mere boy he had made up his mind to be a poet, or an author of some sort. Bohemian instinct was growing within him, and when he and Lusignan—a fellow scribe—occupied the attic of an old house in Palace Street, Quebec, night was often turned into day by the mad revelries of the group of kindred spirits who gathered round the table of the hosts. The room was heated by a stove pipe which came up from the basement of the house. One day Frechette printed in the *Canadien* a poem, descriptive of his home, in which occurred the line :

"Shivering in my attic poor."

The next day, a dumb stove replaced the stove-pipe, and the poet's surprise had not been dissipated when his landlady entered the attic, and

in an injured voice told her tenants that if they "so shivered in the room it would have been better to have said so privately, than to have complained of it in the newspapers." But Frechette did not write poetry alone. He was a social critic of much tact and skill, and the provincial press was frequently enriched by articles from his pen. Many of these were enlivened by a sharp humour which easily passed for satire. He assisted in the editorship of the *Journal de Quebec* for a short time, and in 1865 he began the publication on his own account of the *Journal de Levis*. Three years earlier he published his first book,—a thin volume,—entitled *Mes Loirirs*, which won praise from high quarters. But Frechette, anxious for a wider field in journalism, and not caring to practise his profession in Quebec, left Canada in 1866, for Chicago, where he became the foreign correspondent in the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railway Company. In that office he succeeded Thomas Dickens, the brother of the great novelist, and held the position two years. While in Chicago he connected himself with the press of that city, and wrote frequently, articles, sketches, and poems for the *Tribune*, *L'Amerique*, and other journals. These productions became a marked success, and served to bring their author into prominent notice. At the close of his fifth year in Chicago, the poet resolved to return to his native country. Next to poetry he loved politics, and he thought he saw an opening in public life in Canada. In 1871 he contested Levis County, in the Liberal interest, with the Hon. J. G. Blinchet, now Collector of Customs at Quebec, for a seat in the Quebec House of Assembly. He made a vigorous campaign, and spoke in nearly every parish of the constituency, but he was defeated. In the following year he was a candidate in the same county for the Dominion House of Commons, but again he was defeated, this time, however, by a small majority. The fall of the Macdonald Administration on the Pacific Railway charges, and the general elections of 1874, reopened the constituency, and M. Frechette, nothing daunted by past ill-success, once more entered the arena. He was elected by a good vote, and sat in the Federal Parliament until the dissolution of 1878, when on seeking re-election, he suffered defeat for the third time. The graving dock at Levis is described as Frechette's tomb; hundreds of the electors of the county, failing to get employment on the works then going on, vented their displeasure on the Government candidate, by voting against him. M. Frechette removed to Montreal, and devoted himself entirely to literature and journalism. He accepted a position on *la Patrie*, wrote a number of *Chroniques* over the signature of "Cyprien," which attracted much notice, and subsequently became editor of the chief French Liberal organ in Montreal. This position he relinquished after a few months' experience. As a political writer, M. Frechette is pungent and forcible. During his reign in the editorial chair, political discussion was peculiarly animated and personal. He boldly dashed in, and it was not long before he had everybody by the ears. The *Patrie* became one of the liveliest papers in Canada.

But it is as a poet that M. Frechette has won his spurs, and it is in that capacity that his friends admire him most. In 1869 he published *La Voix d'un Exilé*, a touching poem of great merit. *Pêlé Mêle*, a pleasant volume of verse, appeared in 1876. In 1880, *Les Oiseaux de Neige*, and *Les Fleurs Boreales*, which contain his most characteristic work, were crowned by the French Academy, and their author received the grand reward of the year, the Montyon Prize. The news that he had gained this recognition swept over the Dominion like lightning. It was the first time in the history of Canada that a Colonist had been so rewarded by an European country. Frechette's poems had been subjected to a severe ordeal. Among his competitors for the coveted honour were some of the first pens in France. When the news reached the Dominion, every literary man in the country felt genuine pride in the success of his fellow-countryman. The citizens of Montreal and Quebec gave the bard a dinner, at which speeches of a most complimentary character were made. The Universities of McGill and Queen's conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Addresses from several literary societies were sent to him, and he became the lion of the hour. In 1881 a Paris edition of Frechette's poems appeared, and numerous translations of his sonnets and lyrics have been made by friendly and often skilful hands. He was himself greatly surprised to hear that he had won the prize, and when he went to France to see the Academicians, he was told by one of them never to lose the Canadian stamp. "It is the perfume of your originality," said one member of the French Academy to our poet. "That which strikes me most in your poems," he continued, "is the modern style, the Parisian style of your verses. That style is united to something strange, so peculiar and singular—it seems an exotic, disengaged from the whole." Frechette, at that time, was unaware that he possessed a peculiar gift. But he soon learned that the Canadian character of his work—"the certificate of origin,"—as he expresses it, gave his poems a freshness and versatility, and a novelty, which struck at once the eye and the ear of the Forty Immortals of Old France. The French was perfect, the music was exquisite, the story was sweet and tender. All this could have been accomplished in France, however, by the rising young poets on the spot. But Frechette's work was startling in its newness of incident, its *locale* and peculiar colouring. The Academicians found a fresh vein in the mine of poesy, and the prize had to be given to the poet whose ancestors, centuries ago, had pioneered their way to King Louis' arpents of snow in the New World. It was a victory for Canada, and Canadians did not hesitate to honour the man who had won the title of *laureate* of the Academy.

When the Royal Society of Canada was formed, M. Frechette was named by the Governor-General one of the original twenty members of the French Literature and History Sections. Subsequently, he became President of the section. Before that body he has read several poems and essays, which have been well received.

M. Frechette has written a powerful drama, entitled *Papineau*,

which as its name would imply, treats of the insurrection of 1837-38 in Lower Canada. It has been presented on the stage, and is really a very good acting play. The movement is brisk, the conversations are managed with great tact, and the story is well told throughout. He has also dramatised the novel of *The Return of the Exile*, which proved a gratifying success on the stage. Other dramas and comedies of his are *Felix Poutré*, *Les Notables du Village*, and *Un Dimanche Matin à l'Hotel du Canada*. One play in English, he attempted four or five years ago. It was placed on the stage in New York, but proving unsuccessful, it was withdrawn. Mr. Frechette is still in the prime of life. He has apparently many years before him. Just now he is living in France, revising a new edition of his poems, and preparing for the press a couple of volumes of Canadian stories and legends. In 1876 he married Emma, second daughter of Mr. J. B. Beaudry, of Montreal.

GEORGE STEWART, JUN.

### THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT.\*

HOWEVER people may deride logic, metaphysics, and the whole class of subjects connected with the science of mind and thought, at least no one will deny the importance of sound and accurate thinking, nor will many doubt that, in order to attain to certain and accurate thought, the principles of thinking must be investigated. But indeed the bearings of the subject are very much wider than is implied in these remarks, and extend to the whole of human life and to religion as a fact or even a possibility. It may matter very little to the ordinary Christian whether his beliefs and his hopes are logical and consistent or not; but the undermining of faith by logical processes, if not counteracted, will ultimately be productive of widespread scepticism.

To many persons it may seem far fetched to declare that in his present volumes Professor Max Müller has brought valuable assistance to the defence of rational religion, and the statement may seem even paradoxical when it is observed that the mention of religion is very rare, and that the name of God is introduced with a metaphysical rather than a theological or religious motive; but those will think differently who remember that the questions of what we can and must believe, and what we ought to do, are inseparably connected with the question, What can we know?

Mr. Max Müller, like all genuine thinkers and philosophers of the present age, feels that we must go back to the time of Hume if we would understand the present problems of philosophy. Hume, working out the prevalent theories which had found their origin in the teaching of Locke, reduced the structure of human knowledge to ruins, so that it became necessary to ask whether it could be rebuilt, and whether any foundations could be laid which could permanently support the building when it was raised. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* was the answer to this question. Mr. Max Müller holds that it was the definite and conclusive answer which was then needed, which adequately supplied what was wanted, and which can never be dispensed with.

Professor Max Müller entirely agrees with those who say we must "go back to Kant." He does not deny that his great successors, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, have done something toward the completion of a system of philosophy, although he does not attach so much value to their work as is commonly done; but he holds that Kant really did the work which placed human knowledge on the foundation of certainty, and that the manner in which he did it is substantially unassailable.

The third chapter, which contains an exposition of "Kant's Philosophy," is an admirable piece of writing, and will serve to confirm the judgment of those who believe that when a man understands what he is saying he can say it clearly and intelligibly. Nothing could be more lucid than the pages which are here devoted to the great Master, and they are almost as easy to the general reader as to the student of philosophy.

The author observes with perfect truth that followers of Hume are bound to reckon with Kant. They have no right to ignore his virtual answer to Hume, and they are bound to show that it is inadequate before they fall back on the position of the great sceptic. "What, I think," he remarks, "cannot be too severely blamed in modern philosophers is that if they wish to go back to the position maintained by Hume or Locke, they should attempt to do it without taking into consideration the work achieved by Kant. To do this is to commit a philosophical anachronism; it is tantamount to removing the questions which now occupy us from that historical stage on which alone they can be authoritatively decided to a mere debating club."

Here is a very good statement of the work which Kant accomplished: "It has sometimes been supposed that the rapid success of Kant's philosophy was due to its being a philosophy of compromise, neither idealistic, like Berkeley's, nor materialistic, like Hume's. I look upon Kant's philosophy, not as a compromise, but as a reconciliation of spiritualism and materialism, or rather of idealism and realism. But whatever view we may take of Kant, it is quite clear that at the time when he wrote neither Berkeley's nor Hume's followers would have accepted his terms. It is true that Kant differed from the idealists in admitting that the raw material of our sensations and thoughts is given to us, that we accept it from without, not from within. So far the realistic school might claim him as their own. But when Kant demonstrates that we are not merely passive recipients, that the conception of a purely passive recipient involves in fact an absurdity, that what is given us we accept on our own terms, those terms being the forms of our sensuous perception and the categories of our understanding, then the materialist would see that the ground under his

feet was no longer safe, and that his new ally was more dangerous than his old enemy."

The author then points out that the main purpose of Kant was to determine, once for all, the organs of our knowledge and their limits, and therefore he subjected Reason, pure and simple, to his searching analysis. In doing so he showed that the idea of the mind of man being merely a *tabula rasa* was an absurdity. A mirror gives back no more than it receives. It reflects the objects which are cast upon its surface. But the mind gives back much more than it receives; for, whilst it receives only impressions, sensations, it gives back thoughts, and this could not be done unless the mind itself contributed something to the process. This contribution is the application of the famous categories, or pure concepts of the understanding, apart from which, as Kant declares, no experience is intelligible or possible.

Without following the author through his whole exposition, we may quote the following illustration of the category of Causality, "the most general and the most important of the categories," as he says in another place: "We cannot receive sensations without at once referring them to a substantial cause. To say that these sensations may have no origin at all would be to commit an outrage against ourselves. And why? Simply because our mind is so constituted that to doubt whether anything phenomenal had a cause would be a logical suicide. Call it what you like, a law, a necessity, an unconscious instinct, a category of the understanding, it always remains the *fault* of our mind that it cannot receive sensations without referring them to a substance of which they are supposed to tell us the attributes."

In a subsequent chapter, "On the Origin of Concepts and Roots," the author refers to the virtual monism of Kant's system. As our philosophical readers are aware, this is a point which has been much debated, and many will be glad to know the author's view on the subject. "The only real progress," he says, "beyond Kant is that made by Schopenhauer, and accepted by Noiré. According to Schopenhauer, our only knowledge of anything existing outside us is derived from our knowledge of the existence of our self, and that involves not only being, but conscious being, resisting, or as he prefers to call it, willing. If therefore we say that the *Non-Ego* or *Ding an sich* exists, we say at the same time that it exists as something willing, resisting, and if not actually, at least potentially, conscious. We know no other kind of being, and therefore cannot predicate any other. As we are brothers, so others must be to us; the Non-Ego like the Ego, the Ego like the Non-Ego. This is Schopenhauer's position, which Kant might well have accepted without any further change in the structure of his system, which Noiré accepts, and which, with certain modifications, I myself accept all the more willingly, because, as we shall see, it was borrowed by Schopenhauer from the philosophy of the Veda."

A subject of even greater interest to the author than the philosophy of Kant occupies the greater part of these volumes, although we shall be able to deal with it more briefly. This subject is the inseparable connexion of language and thought, of concepts and terms, which the author had already asserted in his *Science of Language*. The motto placed upon the title page is: "No reason without language; no language without reason." We believe, and we wish to state plainly our belief, that nowhere in the English language is this subject made so clear or put forth in a manner so convincing and conclusive as in the present work. The importance and the necessity of what is here done will be apparent to any one who reads the opinions on the subject which the author quotes from eminent writers on philosophy. We will here give only a few extracts from his summing up, merely remarking that every line of the book deserves to be carefully read.

The "explanation" which he, after Noiré, suggests as "possible and intelligible" is "that roots owe their origin to the *clamor concomitans* of our early social acts. I look upon this *clamor*, not only as *concomitans*, but as *significans*, namely as soon as it is used for the purpose of reminding ourselves and others of these acts themselves, and I therefore see the true origin of language and thought in the roots, as signs of the acts." As he says afterwards, "On them [our senses] all our knowledge and language are founded, but they by themselves are neither knowledge nor language. Our percepts become knowledge by being named, and they become named by being conceived." In other words, the sounds which accompany our actions, when often repeated, become associated in our minds with those actions and bring back the remembrance of former actions which thus became generalised. Thus the sound or root-word generates the general notion or concept, which again expresses itself in the word or term; and the two become inseparable in use, which all admit, as they were in origin, a fact which has not hitherto been so clearly perceived.

Professor Müller expresses grave doubts as to the possible popularity of his book. "Beyond my friends and acquaintances," he says in the preface, "there will be few, I am afraid, to whom this book is likely to be of much interest." We are apparently indebted for it, in great measure, to Dr. Noiré, to whom it is dedicated, and "without whose encouragement this volume might never have been published." In the concluding chapter he says he knows quite well that the path on which the patient reader has followed him "has been neither smooth nor pleasant." We entirely dissent from this statement. We cannot remember any book on the philosophy of mind or thought which we have read with a livelier feeling of pleasure and satisfaction, and we earnestly recommend our readers to make themselves acquainted with these most delightful and fascinating volumes.

WILLIAM CLARK.

MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL and Miss Morgan (Gowan Lea), of Montreal, are both to publish volumes of verse shortly.

\* *The Science of Thought*. By F. Max Müller; two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE: A Romance of Society and Politics. By Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mrs. Campbell-Praed. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The authors of this highly entertaining and significant novel have stated in their preface that whatever the book is it is not patchwork, and that every character, incident, scene, and page in it is joint-work, thought out and written out in combination. If this be true, we confess we deserv very little necessity for collaboration. In literary partnership the reader's interest usually turns on the fact that both writers are specialists, and the different aspects of the story are read because different people are supposed to have written them, otherwise there can be no particular reason why what could be done just as well by one person must be done by two. If, for instance, we were led to suppose that all the political business in *The Right Honourable* was supplied by Mr. Justin McCarthy, and all the social and domestic business by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, we should very probably find a keen relish for the chapters on disaffection, parliamentary matters, and riots in the House of Commons, and a confidence in the description of London society "at home" proportionate to our curiosity and laudable desire to discover the private opinions of two such prominent novelists. Whether this impression is the result of a belief that for generations has possessed the world, namely, that few women can write about politics and no man about fashion, or whether it is born of a general distrust of literary partnerships is immaterial. However undertaken, the present novel, dealing as it does with the most vital topics at present agitating the London world, is marked by rare ability and unexampled knowledge of modern society. It comes third, we venture to think, by accident of birth in the rank of modern political novels, suggesting in many points that famous story of London life, the *Boudoir Cabal*, by Grenville Murray, and Anthony Trollope's *Prime Minister*. The story is one of disenchantment, of lost ideals and blighted hopes, Koorali, the heroine, being a gentle and poetic little Australian, who accidentally meets Sandham Morse, the coming Premier of England, out in her native colony, and never quite forgets his commanding and amiable exterior. Koorali marries the first man her father proposes, and comes to England herself after a while, where she reigns for a little as a London success. Morse, who has been some time married to a beautiful Lady Betty, the daughter of an Earl, sketched with uncomplimentary fidelity to the prejudices of her class, meets Koorali the second time, and straightway is fool enough to go on caring for her, and so brings out the romance of her poor little wrecked life. Although all colonials are not like Koorali, and all earl's daughters not like Lady Betty, the two characters are cleverly contrasted and may be accepted as exceptions which prove a rule. The principles of Sandham Morse are Radical to a degree, and it may be in a spirit little short of prophetic that Mr. McCarthy—for we persist in associating the political matter with him rather than with Mrs. Campbell-Praed—has pictured for us a memorable scene in the House of Commons, when Morse has the courage to say that he can conceive of a man being a patriot and still daring to dream of establishing a republic in England. Masterson, the Socialist chief, a visionary and dreamer of dreams, is on the whole the most original creation in the work, and his stirring career and lamentable fate arouse our sincerest pity and sympathy. Contemporaneous fiction holds little better than the account of the Socialist procession through the parks and historic streets of London on a cold December day, led by the valiant-hearted but weak-armed Masterson, firmly believing in the right of his cause and never even dimly expecting the ignominious failure which awaits him and his supporters in the hated precincts of Palace Yard. Whatever Mr. McCarthy's hopes for the British Empire are, he has shown most conclusively in this latest novel that incapacity for organisation is the curse of all revolutionary parties, that Law and Order are as yet inseparably connected with the present comparatively healthy administration of affairs in England, and that there are chivalry and honour, gentleness and sincerity, virtue and amiability to be found in every class of society. Lord Forrest, a white-haired Jacobite Peer, who will have nothing to do with "this House of Hanover," but is otherwise an old gentleman of purest morals and unimpeachable integrity; Mrs. Eustace Kenway, an Englishwoman who affects Americanisms; Dr. Maria Lakeswell Tubbs, in whom we easily recognise a certain Dr. Anna Longshore Potts, who a few seasons ago was actively engaged in telling the maids and matrons of Old England how to dress, sleep, walk, and eat according to the latest transatlantic fads; Lady Deveril, the aristocratic authoress who talks incessantly of "copy" and "proof,"—these are a few of the minor characters who appear in this clever exposition of modern society, politics, literature, and love. *The Right Honourable* is undeniably a novel of unusual interest, and cannot fail to make a sensation.

RINGING BALLADS, INCLUDING "CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT." By Rose Hardwick Thorpe. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Although the binding and general appearance of these stirring poems is not according to the Hoyle of modern æsthetics, the book is still very richly designed and accompanied by suitable illustrations or a portrait of the author. The poem which acts as preface will probably please poetic readers more than the following effusions in ballad metre. It is full of imagination and flows in a subdued but sweet manner, that reminds the reader of Jean Ingelow's more placid poems. The popularity of *Curfew* is world-wide, and has made for its authoress a fame deservedly more than local. The present edition of her verses will make an unusually pleasing gift-book and souvenir.

THE BEE-MAN OF ORN, AND OTHER FANCIFUL TALES. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

How are we to find adjectives by which to denote the ecstasy of appreciation these delightful fantasies are sure to awaken in all well-conditioned minds. It were well if it were possible to follow in Miss Murfree's gifted wake, and "evolve" a set of new terms, most of them adjectives, with a few adverbs, and one colossal new species of exclamation thrown in for nothing. Readers of the *St. Nicholas* have of course been prepared for this original volume by having read *Prince Hassak's March* and other detached tales, but it is a fact that these stories grow in interest and comicality by being gathered together between the same covers, and by being read one after the other. The train of thought is uppermost, it is inconsequent, deliciously futile, humorous instead of witty, gravely funny and comically serious. *The Griffin and the Minor Canon* is a triumph of incongruity. *The Queen's Museum* has an anticlimax of the drollest, and a touch of the allegorical, that attribute which is no longer paramount in children's books. *The Fruit of the Fragile Palm* is a lovely tale of the sea, considerably worked up towards the end, when we are so glad that the class in Long Division have a chance after all of tasting the precious fruit they have carried about with them so long. There may be just a reminiscence of Gilbert and the immortal *Bab Ballads* in the tale, but it is no more; and as for the poor *Bee-Man of Orn*, why, we are all Bee-Men and Bee-Women for that matter, and very likely, if the truth were known, to go back to first principles, and to stick fast by them, even if like him, we could be changed at will into our original forms. Mr. Stockton has in this ingenious and not unpathetic little tale sketched for us an ending to a state of mind we are all prone to indulge in, and if his conclusion be not according to the highest light, it is, while excessively ingenious, perfectly probable and natural. The remaining tales, with the exception of the quaint one which enshrines the fortunes of *The Jolly-cum-Pop*, *The Pigwidgeons*, and *The Man who Wanted to Form a Nucleus*, are a little less entertaining, but still far and away better than the average of such work in leading magazines. Mr. Stockton's peculiar genius may be possibly much coloured by appreciation of Lear, Lewis Carroll, and Gilbert, but it is unmistakably his own, and his books hold a place to-day among the cleverest humourists that have ever lived. One of its best features is his power of creating new characters from current phrases, such as the "Languid South," the "Absolute Fool," the "Very Imp," and the "Weirds." Here is a delicate bit of satire as a close: "'Put the helm bias!' shouted the Amazon captain to the steerswoman, 'and keep him well out from land.'"

THE HUNDRETH MAN. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Company.

When Mr. Stockton's first novel appeared, a couple of years ago, very many predicted that so clever an occasional writer was not likely to prove capable of displaying that sustaining power necessary to the completion and conception of a long story such as *Mrs. Null*. It was soon seen, however, that the author's natural gifts, though undoubtedly of the *novelle* order, were sufficiently elastic to permit him to make excursions into that land of the three-volume novel which have resulted in honour to himself and in very genuine pleasure to his readers. *The Hundredth Man* contains as the leading idea the excellent one that higher education must do more for girls than simply cram them with information, must enable them to distinguish character, to act for themselves, and especially to order their domestic lives and love experiences aright. How comparatively useless higher education is in these social and personal crises, a study of Gay Armatt's experiences will show. Stratford, the "hundredth man," who is Quixotic enough to interfere between Miss Armatt and her *fiancé* on the ground that the latter is an inferior individual, incapable of elevation or serious aims, is no doubt earnest enough in his motives, disinterested and noble to a fault, but blind as men proverbially are. It is plain as day that Gay's affections have turned to him, and nothing can be prettier than the delicate way in which Mr. Stockton manages to indicate this state of her feelings. Every one must wish that Gay should marry Stratford, and we cannot too highly praise the reticence, the restraint, the absolute mastery of the precious art of leaving out that mark the latter half of this ingenious novel. There is a certain earnestness about everything that comes from Mr. Stockton's pen which stands him well in this story. Let him be as funny as he will, he is never flippant. Let him show as inconsequent as he so frequently can be, he is never illogical. So in the present volume the reader must feel that something more than mere literary chance, the work of a moment, the slide of the pen, has determined the singular end of Gay Armatt's maiden existence. Moral, or let us say ethical, forces are at work, conscience in operation, and natural law irrevocable throughout the progress or evolution of the seemingly contradictory and involved events that determine her marriage with Thorne, and shape the future bachelor existence of Stratford, who ought to have been her husband. American fiction moves on for the most and best part quietly, unostentatiously, but none the less significantly and powerfully, and certainly Mr. Stockton is possessed of more than the ordinary capacity to invest the modern novel with attributes of strength, grace, and originality.

WIT, WISDOM, AND BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It is quite possible that there may be a demand among non-readers of Shakespeare for a compilation of this kind, though to people who care for Shakespeare at all it would seem about as useless a publication as could be

met with. Shorn of their context many justly famous and beautiful passages from both the tragedies and comedies appear but half made up, and that so lamely and unfashionably that even for reference the arrangement is not particularly happy. For example, no space is allowed to intervene between the plays, so that quotations from *Hamlet* end in the middle of the same page that sees the first quotations from *King Lear*. None of the songs occurring in *The Tempest* are given, and there are other similar omissions. The binding and appearance are nevertheless some compensation for these defects.

MUSIC.

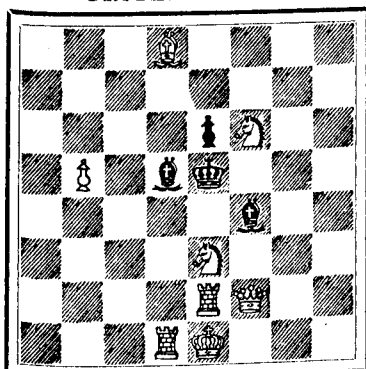
THE Conservatory of Music is maintaining its reputation as a first-class and well equipped institution, having within the last fortnight given a Pupils' Concert and a Lecture by Dr. Ryerson. The concert, which was the first of a series, consisted of piano, vocal, and concerted numbers, and Mr. Fisher, Signor d'Auria, and the remaining professors were no doubt justified in complimenting their pupils after the generous applause that greeted every item. A large and appreciative audience showed that the interest and good-will of the public are with the objects of the Conservatory, and that its excellent results are valued at their true worth.

Dr. Ryerson's lecture was also well attended, and furnished a most delightful and instructive evening.

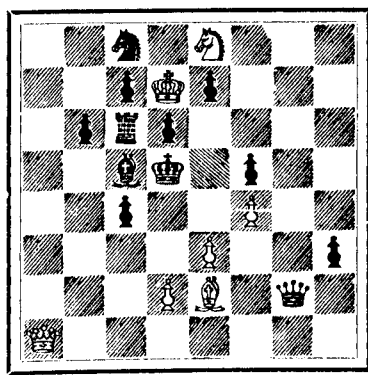
Two recent concerts held in Association Hall offered excellent programmes and some of the best talent in Canada. With such vocalists as Mrs. Caldwell, our phenomenal and highly cultivated soprano, Mrs. MacKelcan, Mr. Thomas Martin, Mdme. d'Auria, a most valuable musical acquisition indeed, the Toronto Flute Quartette, led by that virtuoso among flautists, Mr. Arlidge, and our old friend Mr. Warrington, the programmes could not fail to be interesting and delightful. Indeed, with such an assemblage of artists as the foregoing, we very much question whether there are many other towns on the continent capable of offering equally good entertainment. Mdme. d'Auria's *début* was attended with great success. Mr. Martin's masterly performance was just a trifle beyond the audience, especially in so obscure a selection as the Chopin Fantasia. As for the Hall itself, we must remark upon its insufficient means of exit, and upon the stairs leading to the gallery, which appear narrower than should be, and likely to be provocative of mischief during a crowd.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 205.



PROBLEM No. 206.



White to play and mate in two moves.

White to play and mate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 201:—Key Q-K S 2 and Q-Q R 2, or S mates accordingly. No. 202:—Key Q-R 8 (S-S 5) 2 Q-R 1 ch. (P-Q 5) 3 Q-R 1 and 4 S, B or Q mates accordingly.

Max Kann defeated D. Mercier for *La Strategie's* correspondence prize, thus:—

D. M.	M. K.	D. M.	M. K.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	18. Q-K 2	P-K R 4
2. P-K B 4	P x P	19. R-K S 1	B-K R 3
3. S-K B 3	P-K S 4	20. S-K 4	S x S
4. B-B 4	P-S 5	21. Q x S	R-K 1
5. Castles	P x S	22. B-K 5	S x B
6. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	23. P x S	Q-Q S 3 ch.
7. B x Q P	B-K S 5	24. K-K 2	K-S 1
8. P x P	B-K R 6	25. P-K B 4	B-S 5 ch.
9. Q B x P	P-Q B 3	26. K-Q 3	P-K B 4
10. R-K 1	P x B	27. Q-K S 2	B x P
11. P x P ch.	K-Q 2	28. K R-K 1	R x P
12. P-Q B 3	P-Q S 4	29. R x R	B x R
13. Q-K 2	P-Q R 3	30. R-K 1	Q-Q 3
14. Q-K 5	S-K B 3	31. P-K R 3	K-B 2
15. S-Q 2	R-S 1 ch.	32. P x B	R P x P
16. B-K S 3	K-Q B 1	33. P-Q S 3	R-K R 1
17. K-K B 2	Q S-Q 2	34. R-K 3	R-R 7.

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with compositions and exchanges. Address the CHESS EDITOR. Solutions next week.

JACOBS AND SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE.—Tony Denier's ever welcome *Humpty Dumpty* begins a week's engagement at this popular resort next Monday. Unlike many of the old-time managers, Tony keeps right up to the times, each year giving us a new insight into the possibilities of the *Mikado in Japan*, play-*Humpty*. This season we will have him with the *Celestial peace in general*. Inciting all sorts of tricks and disturbing the pantomime there will be a fine specialty olio, together making an entertainment sure to please one and all.

A VALIANT FIGHT.

HOW ROCHESTER, N. Y., WRESTLED WITH THE TELEPHONE AND WON!

Rochester, N. Y., is the only city in the United States which does not generally use the Bell telephone!

On the 20th of November, 1886, about seven hundred subscribers hung up their 'phones, and they have been hung up since!

It is the most noteworthy fight with a corporation ever known.

The cause of it was the attempt of the local Bell company (whose officers all lived in another city) to exact a rate per message from the subscribers, instead of a "flat rate." The people resisted it, the courts sustained the position that the license was revokable at will, the Common Council revoked it. The company ignored this action, and, without permission, erected poles in the streets and strung additional wires; but the courts held that this was unlawful.

According to the message rate, a house like H. H. Warner and Co., proprietors of Warner's safe cure, who were among the heaviest patrons, would have to pay something like \$1,000 a year for the same telephone service as before.

For a city of 125,000 people, Rochester has made a good many sensations. Sam Patch and his deadly leap, the Fox sisters' spiritual rappings, Seward's "irrepressible conflict" speech, Susan B. Anthony's attempt to vote, the cometary discoveries of Dr. Swift, of Warner observatory, have each made the city the "talk of the world;" she leads in the manufacture of proprietary medicine, and her immense nursery, shoe, and clothing interests put her in the front rank.

The origin of one of her greatest industries is interesting: About ten years ago one of her foremost citizens was stricken down in the very height of a successful business career, with what his doctors said was an incurable disease. They gave him up to die. He then used what is now known as Warner's safe cure, and since then has developed as the world's great champion of the people against the assumed monopoly of physicians over the treatment of disease!

His fight, too, has been a determined one, and as successful as determined. To-day he is the head of the largest proprietary medicine business in the world, having branch houses and laboratories in London, England; Toronto, Canada; Melbourne, Victoria; Sydney, New South Wales; Frankfort, Germany; Prague, Austria; Rangoon, Burmah.

Many foreign governments will not permit the manufacture and sale of proprietary medicines of any name or nature until their formulae, value, and harmlessness are by them established, after the most searching scientific enquiries. In every case Warner's safe cure has passed examination with the highest satisfaction to the government chemists and analysts, and the sought-for permission has been granted, which no other American has before secured.

This confirms the magnificent reputation given it by leading physicians, ministers, senators, congressmen, lawyers, and ladies of the world. "Its secret of success," says the leading physician at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Sanitarium, "is the simplicity of its compounds and the proportions in which they are compounded."

"How do the people get on?"

The universal verdict is: "We don't miss the 'phone, except to our profit!"

There has been practically no break in the united opposition begun last November.

The American is getting to be quite as tenacious of his personal rights as against conspiring monopolies as is the typical Englishman, and this Rochester telephone episode is a noteworthy illustration of the fact.

THE GREATEST ART PUBLISHERS.

If a dozen ordinary men were asked to name the greatest painter now living, the chances are that they would give a dozen different answers. Anybody though, particularly any artist, will tell you that the house of Raphael Tuck and Sons are the greatest art publishers in the world. There can be no doubt of that. Their publications are before you, no matter where you find an art dealer's establishment. Their largest house is in London, but they have others almost equally extensive in Berlin, Paris, Leipsic, and New York. Their headquarters in New York, by the way, is in charge of Mr. Samuel Gabriel, at No. 298 Broadway, where the firm's latest productions can be viewed. The collection there displayed of reproductions of the most noted works of all the modern masters is worth going far to see. So extensive have Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons' operations in America become that Mr. Adolph Tuck will visit the New York agency about the middle of next month and make arrangements for still further extensions.

The factories of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons at Leipsic employ an army of more than three hundred experienced designers, lithographers, and transferers. Besides this they have their own paper and cardboard mills, where are prepared the materials for their art printing. Altogether the firm employs more than one thousand people in their printing, cutting, embellishing, finishing, packing, and shipping departments. They send their publications all over the world. These consist of large and handsome oleographs for framing purposes, artistic studies for painting and drawing, circular and shell plaques, wall pockets, etc., for wall, mantel, and cabinet decoration; Christmas and New Year cards, and a thousand and one artistic notions designed to beautify the homes of those who have learned to appreciate the beautiful. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons may truly claim to have done more to render art popular than any other publishers

in the world. They have reproduced and sold at popular prices all the paintings in the world-famous Berlin gallery, and the works of some of the eminent foreign and American artists. In Christmas and New Year cards alone, Messrs. Tuck and Sons annually print more than 2,000 designs. Among their latest novelties is an exquisite line of Porcelain Studies of superior quality and thickness and bevelled, and each inclosed in a wooden safety box, guarding it against risk of breakage in transmission through the mail. All the designs are by well known artists, and the best that has been thus far brought out is the portrait of Mrs. President Cleveland, generally acknowledged to be the best picture of her extant.

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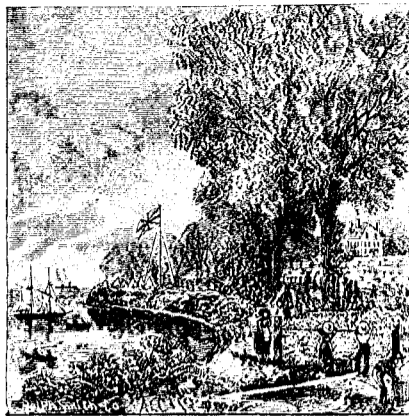
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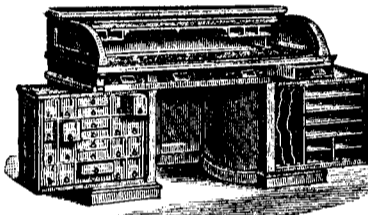
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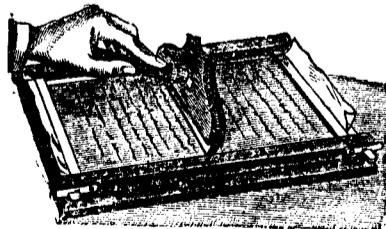
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