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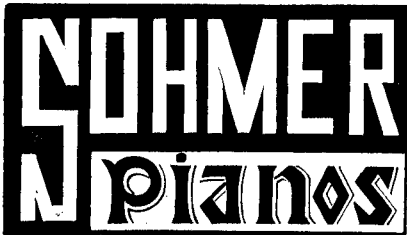
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THE WEEK.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
A Practical Politician.....	H. S. S. 699
Hafiz and His Poetry.....	J. E. M. 700
THE MORAL OF THE LATE CRISIS—II.....	Goldwin Smith. 700
MR. GLADSTONE.....	Selected. 702
TO HELEN—(Poem).....	Hans Goebel. 703
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Melody of Poetry and Prose.....	W. L. 703
TOPICS OF THE WEEK—	
The Crusade against French Canada.....	704
The Roman Catholic-Liberal Alliance.....	704
The Alaska Seizures.....	704
Mr. Bayard's Position.....	704
Only a Colony.....	704
Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Gladstone.....	704
The Quarterly Review's Estimate.....	705
The Spectator's Evasion of Judgment.....	705
England's Loss of Prestige.....	705
Mr. Morley's Brilliant Suggestion.....	705
Irish Obstruction.....	705
Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell.....	705
NOTES.....	
AT EVENTIDE—(Poem).....	Helen Holton. 707
SAUNTERINGS.....	Sara Jeannette Duncan. 707
BALDWIN.....	Sara Jeannette Duncan. 708
MUSIC.....	708
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	709
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	709

A PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

WHEN Lord Macaulay wrote that essay in which he ventured with much diffidence to point out that even Machiavelli, like the Prince of Darkness, was perhaps not quite so black as he had been painted, the works of the great Italian were almost unknown to the average English reader, and they had to be hunted out from dusty shelves in large libraries. The position now is different, and excellent translations of his works may be had for a few cents. This being the case, there can be no harm in once again pointing out that "The Prince" is well worth reading, and that, if read in a proper spirit, it is not only harmless but instructive. Mrs. Mark Pattison, an excellent authority, included it among the "Hundred Best Books," and evidently agreed with Lord Macaulay's verdict to the effect that Machiavelli "was a man whose public conduct was upright and honourable, and whose views of morality, where they differed from those of the people around him, seem to have differed for the better." That political morality had reached a very low ebb in the cities of the Italian Republics is only too well known, and it is impossible to read without a shiver, of the murders, poisonings, and assassinations of a Borgia or a Visconti. Even here, however, it is possible that we of the present day are too hard upon the past, and too lenient towards ourselves. It is so easy to read through at a sitting the reigns of half a dozen kings in succession, in which battles, murders, and horrors of every description follow each other with painful regularity, that we are apt to lose sight of historical perspective and to imagine that happiness and material prosperity were almost unknown. But of that material prosperity upon which we now so vastly pride ourselves, there was no lack at Florence. In that curious little novel "The Marriage of Belphegor" (a *jeu d'esprit* which proves that its author was a "man of infinite humour") Belphegor chooses Florence as his residence "for the convenience of improving his money and putting it out to interest with greater advantage," and he tells us that "there is not any town in all Italy more extravagant in its expenses, in its carnivals and its feasts of St. John, than Florence." Material prosperity and political immorality, unfortunately, are apt to advance hand in hand, and apart from material prosperity it is an open question as to whether we are really so far ahead of a past generation. A bloody civil war, for instance, followed by the assassination of two Presidents, will not read well in the future history of the United States, and the serio-comic trial of a Guiteau is precisely the sort of material that the future historian will seize upon with a view to throwing light upon the moral tone of a people which not only tolerated but apparently rather enjoyed it. Recent events in Ireland, likewise, would seem to indicate that assassination, as a means of political vengeance, has not yet ceased to exist, and even so good a man as Mr. Gladstone came very near condoning, if he did not quite condone, the atrocious acts of the Clerkenwell dynamiters on the ground that they had brought the Irish question within the range of practical politics. Let us, then, be just to Machiavelli. That he vivisected what we may call the political human heart with the utmost cruelty, and without a particle of commiseration for his victim, is beyond doubt; but it is impossible not to admire the coolness and skill with which he uses the knife. His object is always the truth, and what startles and shocks the reader of "The Prince" is not so much the cynicism, or even the apparent want of

principle, as the exceeding nakedness of the truth. It is this nudity which repels the modest reader, and which produces an effect very similar to that felt upon entering a picture gallery, the walls of which are adorned with undraped studies from nature. Machiavelli, however, makes his object perfectly clear. "My intention," he says, "being to write for the benefit and advantage of him who understands, I thought it more desirable to respect the essential verity than the imagination of the thing (and many have framed imaginary commonwealths and governments to themselves which never were seen or had any existence); for the present manner of living is so different from the way that ought to be taken, that he who neglects to follow what is done to follow that which ought to be done will sooner learn how to ruin than how to preserve himself; for a tender man, and one that desires to be honest in everything, must needs run a great hazard among so many of a contrary principle." Sad as all this may be, it is not very easy to impugn its truth. Even at the present day, a man may be sincerely attached to the political institutions under which he lives, yet he can hardly shut his eyes to the fact that a large amount of immorality and corruption appears necessary to keep the political machinery in working order, and that, "a tender man, and one that desires to be honest in everything," is almost as much out of place in practical politics (even in a pure democracy) as he was in the days of Machiavelli. Any unprejudiced reader of "The Prince" can hardly fail to admit that its author was simply a practical politician, and that if he differs in any way from his modern representative, it is principally in his contempt for drapery. We may be unwilling to admit that the successful politician "must have his mind at his command, and flexible to all the puffs and variations of fortune; not forbearing to be good when it is in his choice, but knowing how to be evil when there is a necessity;" but, if the tender man, even of to-day, ventures to suggest that the standard of political morality might be raised with advantage to all concerned, the practical man always has his answer ready. "We must," he says, "take the world as it is, and not as it ought to be," and Machiavelli himself says no more. Anxious as we may be to believe in Herbert Spencer and the ultimate perfectibility of man, we must admit that, in so far as practical politics are concerned, the process is a terribly slow one.

Machiavelli, then, was a practical politician who wrote about politics just as a practical surgeon might write about surgery, and who shrank from no conclusions so long as he was convinced that they were deducible from the facts. That he looked upon morality as something quite apart from politics is true enough, and indeed all his arguments are based upon one simple hypothesis, which is that there is only one unpardonable crime in politics, and that is—weakness. Mr. Henry Morley in his preface to "The Prince" denies the truth of this proposition and says that "A State that makes distinction between public and private morality, supposing that high politics have nothing to do with vulgar estimates of right and wrong, will fall, as the Italian cities fell;" but it would be easy to prove that many other causes besides immorality conduced to the fall of the Italian cities, and still easier to show that political crimes have not always been political blunders. Many amiable historians are prepared to admit, for instance, that although the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the dragonnades which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes were among the worst crimes recorded in history, they were politically successful inasmuch as they rendered France Catholic and united.* The ravaging of the Palatinate was one of the most cold-blooded military massacres on record, and yet there can be little doubt that it was politically successful, as it enabled France to annex her eastern provinces with little trouble and to hold on to them afterwards without further disturbance. Similarly, as Machiavelli himself points out, "Cæsar Borgia was accounted cruel, yet that cruelty reduced Romagna, united it, settled it in peace, and rendered it faithful." History, melancholy as the fact may be, teems with similar examples, and even that genial old philosopher, Peter Bayle, tells us "That, upon a careful read-

* In this connection it may be remarked that had the English people carried out in Ireland the thorough-going Machiavellian policy adopted by Louis XIV. in France, by Philip II. in Spain, and by Ferdinand II. in Bohemia, the Irish Gordian Knot would have been cut centuries ago and Ireland would have been peaceful and Protestant to-day. At a time when the unhappy Englishman is held responsible not only for his own shortcomings, but for the crimes of his ancestors, there can surely be no harm in pointing out that the political crime of those same ancestors would seem to have consisted in their being ahead of their age in political morality rather than behind it. The problem now appears insoluble, for, as Machiavelli justly observes, "It is weakness to believe that new obligations can obliterate old injuries and disgusts."

ing of history, it will appear that more Princes have been dethroned for being too Good or too Weak than for being too Wicked." Humanly speaking, it is indeed not easy to disprove Machiavelli's assumption that weakness is the worst of all political crimes, and that morality is of comparatively small account. Matters have certainly improved somewhat since "The Prince" was written, and our standard is higher now than it was in the days of the Medici; but, even to-day, the man who recommended his children to study the politics of Canada or the United States as a school of morality would run great risk of being considered a fool. The politician who combines a high standard of morality with practical success must always be considered more or less phenomenal. George Washington was one of the few men of modern times who seem to have achieved that distinction, but we should not forget that his latter days were embittered by the machinations of men less scrupulous, and consequently more successful, than himself. However much we may dislike the conclusion, we can hardly fail to see that political morality is not necessarily accompanied by political success, and that we must, to some extent, at any rate, admit the truth of much that Machiavelli has to tell us. And the moral to be drawn from his arguments is clear enough. Let us, by all means, strive after a higher political morality if it be attainable; but if we cannot have it, let us, at any rate, be strong; for if we are not only wicked, but weak also, the end must be disaster.

There is really only one fault to be found with Machiavelli, and that is that he seems to overlook the fact that

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Quebec.

H. S. S.

HAFIZ AND HIS POETRY.

It is a well-known saying of Buffon that *le style est l'homme*, and this is illustrated by few men better than by the great Persian poet. The proud independence, the contempt for religious regulations, the sparkling wit, the intense love of beauty which characterized Hafiz, characterize also his poetry.

He was born in the beginning of the fourteenth century at Shiraz, a place which he occasionally refers to in his verses. He early devoted himself to study, and his progress in learning, and his proficiency in various branches of knowledge, drew upon him the notice of the then reigning house of Muzaffer. He was appointed a teacher in the royal family, and was honoured as the first philosopher, poet, and grammarian of the day.

His gratitude to his patrons appears frequently in the dedications prefixed to his more important works, and very decided in their tone are the compliments which he showers upon them. In one place we have:—

What lovelier forms things wear,
Now that the Shah comes back!

And in another:—

Thy foes to hunt, thine enemies to strike down,
Poises Arcturus aloft morning and evening his spear.

Yet his self-esteem always prevented his descent to such servile flattery as some of our English poets have been guilty of in their panegyrics to grandees of less rank than the Shah of Persia. The independence of his spirit often prevented his worldly advancement, so that notwithstanding many offers of princely favour, he never rose above the humble condition of a dervish.

In his verse he praises wine, love, birds, flowers, and music, showing in every word his sympathy with beauty and joy, and treating his theme with an ease which shows that these are the natural topics of his muse.

It is a peculiar feature of the "gazels," or short odes of Persian poetry, that the last stanza contains the name of the author, intermingled, more or less closely, with the subject, according to his skill. This Hafiz does in many ways, gracefully, proudly, playfully, always easily. At one time he tells us that "the angels in heaven were lately learning his last pieces." At another that "only he despises the verses of Hafiz who is not himself by nature noble." And again:—

I have no hoarded treasure,
Yet have I rich content;
The first from Allah to the Shah,
The last to Hafiz went.

And in another place:—

O Hafiz! speak not of thy need,
Are not these verses thine?
Then all the poets are agreed
No man can less repine.

Yet in spite of these slightly boastful utterances it does not appear that he really valued his songs very highly, for it was not until after his death that

they were gathered together by Said Kasim Anwari, under the title of "The Divan." His admirers have given him the name of Tschegerleb (Sugar lip), expressive of the surpassing sweetness of his poems, which are relished among all classes of the people, from the camel-drivers, singing snatches of rollicking tunes in the pathless desert, to the educated and refined Persian, who learns the lyrics by heart. Amatory poetry, written in a style brilliant, yet clear, and full of ingenious courtesies to the lady of his heart, forms the bulk of "The Divan." He says to Zuleika:—

Ah! could I hide me in my song,
To kiss thy lips from which it flows.

And again:—

Fair fall thy soft heart!
A good work wilt thou do?
O, pray for the dead
Whom thine eyelashes slew!

Yet among all these gentle flatteries and delicate compliments, he never loses his head in a transport of passion, but is sometimes rather severe on the fair sex, as will be seen in one of his odes, said to be a favourite with all Persians of culture:—

I, too, have a counsel for thee;
O mark it and keep it,
Since I received the same from the Master above;
Seek not for faith or for truth in a world of light-minded girls.

His anacreonic lyrics are the national poetry of his country, and are sometimes even appealed to as oracles on important questions. They are distinguished by gorgeous fancies, joined with a simple and correct expression of ideas, by quick alternations from grave to gay, from sacred to profane, yet maintaining an almost classic harmony. It is a question among critics whether or not some of his odes, which seem to bear the stamp of a licentious nature, are intended as allegorical illustrations of Divine things, after the manner of Sufistic poetry, which represents the highest objects by human emblems and human passions.

Considerable enmity was aroused in the breasts of the defenders of religion by his freedom of expression, and his disdain of all outward forms of godliness; and this resulted in undisguised violence at his death, the ministers of religion refusing to repeat the customary prayers over his corpse. After a long and bitter dispute the question was settled by lot, and the result being favourable to his friends, his interment was celebrated with great honour. His tomb, at a short distance from his birth-place, has been magnificently ornamented by princes and nobles, and is still visited by pilgrims from all parts of Persia.

J. E. M.

Goderich.

THE MORAL OF THE LATE CRISIS.—II.

THERE is an alternative—to restore the old Constitution, which would be done by reviving the political power of the Crown, encouraging the personal intervention of the Sovereign, infusing, if possible, new vigour into the House of Lords, and reinstating the royal and national Privy Council in the place which has been gradually usurped by the party Cabinet. Such is the course to which a reader of Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government" will probably be inclined by the general tenor of that most admirable and important work. Sir Henry perhaps regards the subject from the special point of view of an Indian administrator, and sometimes applies rather too much to modern politics the method which has yielded such memorable results when applied to the investigation of ancient law. Reason, if it does not yet reign supreme, is now awake, and we can no longer explain the actions of men like those of a superior kind of ants or bees. But this does not prevent the book from containing riches of thought. To all that Sir Henry says against the worship of democracy and the insane jubilation over its advent all men of sense will heartily assent. Nothing can be more absurd or dangerous than this frenzy, which, with a good deal besides that is disastrous, has its chief sources in the American and French Revolutions. But I should hesitate to say with Sir Henry Maine and Scherer that democracy is merely a form of government. It seems to me, living in the midst of it, to be a phase of society and of sentiment to which the form of government corresponds. The sentiment pervades not only the State but the Church, the household, and the whole intercourse of life. The cardinal principle of democracy is equality, not of wealth, intellect, or influence, but of status in the community and right to consideration—equality in short as the negation of privilege. To this, with all its outward symbols, American democracy tenaciously clings, and the sentiment is in the republic what loyalty was in monarchies. Fraternity is an aspiration which though most imperfectly fulfilled cannot be called unreal or abortive. The relation of democracy to personal liberty remains undetermined; we have yet to see whether democracy will choose to be Authoritative or Liberal. Among the chief causes of the advent of democracy appear to be industry and popular education; but together with these must certainly be reckoned the action of Christianity on society and politics, the omission to notice which appears to me to be a defect in Sir Henry Maine's historical analysis. "That is the best form of government which doth actuate and dispose every part and member of the State to the common good" would hardly have been said by a man who had not the Christian Church in his

mind. Apart from demagogism there has certainly been a religious desire in the minds of the possessors of power to share it, as well as other advantages, with their brethren, which is traceable to the influence of the gospel.

It is significant, and I would call Sir Henry Maine's attention to the fact, that with the advent of democracy there has certainly been a great advance in humanity generally, and especially in the domain of criminal law. This seems to be connected with the feeling that all the members of a community are of equal value in its eyes. The criminal law of aristocratic England was lavish of the unvalued life of the poor. Even lynching in the United States arises partly from the dislike of inflicting capital punishment in a legal way. Nobody was put to death or very severely punished for the Rebellion. Democratic humanity has even extended its action to theology, and protested with success against the belief in Eternal Punishment. All the legislation in favour of popular education, health, and amusement, or for the protection of the working class against neglect or maltreatment by employers, will surely be admitted by Sir Henry Maine to be the characteristic product of the democratic era.

To talk of popular government as divine, and of its gradual approach through the ages as the coming of a political kingdom of heaven, is of course absurd and mischievous. But I must venture to differ from Sir Henry Maine if he thinks that the tendency of civilisation has not been towards democracy. The republics of antiquity, the national polity of Judea, the free cities of the Middle Ages, the Swiss Federation, the United Netherlands, the memorable though short-lived Commonwealth of England, the popular part of the British Constitution, were so many forestallments and presages of that which was in the womb of time, though many centuries and repeated efforts were required to bring it forth. They have been intimately connected with the general progress of civilisation, moral, intellectual, and industrial, as well as political. "Mr. Grote," says Sir Henry Maine, "did his best to explain away the poor opinion of the Athenian democracy entertained by the philosophers who filled the schools of Athens; but the fact remains that the founders of political philosophy found themselves in presence of democracy in its pristine vigour, and thought it a bad form of government." I doubt whether it can be said with truth that Aristotle thought democracy comparatively a bad form of government, though it may not, formally at least, have been his ideal. But, at all events, it was democratic Athens that produced the philosophers, not aristocratic Bœotia, monarchical Macedon, or despotic Persia. The same remark may be made with respect to Dante's condemnation of Florence. A relapse from a popular form of government into one less popular, such as that of the Italian tyrants or the restored Stuarts, has usually been a general relapse, and has marked, not an effort to rise to a better political state, but the lassitude which ensues upon overstrained effort and premature aspiration. Sir Henry Maine has, however, himself indicated the principal cause of the extinction of mediæval liberties, in pointing out that they succumbed to the power and prestige of the great military monarchies. The centres of a precocious civilisation, in short, were crushed by the overwhelming forces of the comparative barbarism by which they were surrounded. That the Roman Empire, the Italian tyrannies, the Tudor aristocracy, the French centralised Monarchy were all hailed with acclamation, is a proposition which I venture to think must be taken with some abatement as to the quantity of the acclamation and still more as to its quality. But in each case it was some special disorder—the overgrowth of the Roman Empire, the turbulence of factions in the Italian cities, the Wars of the Roses, the local tyranny of the French nobles—which made the change at the moment welcome. If, after the military anarchy which ensued upon the death of the Protector, the Restoration came in with "cheering," it went out again with hissing as soon as the nation had recovered its tone. There has at the same time been a decay, now apparently complete and definitive, of the belief in hereditary right upon which kingship and aristocracy are based. The Italian tyrants, who, Sir Henry Maine says, founded modern government, were not heaven-descended kings like those of Homer or those of the Teutonic tribes, but dictators, and their power was partly popular in its origin, though it tended to become dynastic. At last, hereditism expired in America, not, as Sir Henry Maine seems to think, merely because there was no king to be had (for a king might have been imported from France), but because the people were determined not to have a king, and were animated by republican aspirations. Democracy now prevails in all highly civilised nations, either in its own name or under monarchical forms. Thé Bonapartes thought it necessary to found their dynasty on a plebiscite, and the last phase of Toryism styles itself democratic. We are in presence of a fact which, though not divine, is universal, and imposes a universal task.

On the other hand, it seems fallacious to speak of Greek democracy as "democracy in its pristine vigour," and to say that monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy "were alike plainly discernible" at the dawn of history. The ancient Republics were municipal, slave-owning, and military. Their militarism, which was that of the ancient world, was hardly less baneful to them than were slavery and their exclusively urban character, at once narrow and unbalanced. The Italian Republics, though not slave-owning, were municipal and military: in subjugating Pisa, Florence sealed her own doom. But the American Republic is national and industrial. Its people, though they fought well at need for their Union, have no military tendency whatever. We cannot read its destiny in the annals of the Republican past.

Before, even with reference to the past, we set down republics as specially ephemeral, we must take into account not only monarchies tempered by public opinion, but monarchies untempered, like those of the East, the history of which, as Pym said, is "full of combustions and of the tragical ends of princes." The Roman Republic, though it fell at last under the weight of military empire, was not ephemeral; and we cannot tell that those of Greece would have perished by their own vices had they not been

crushed by the arms of Macedon. The French centralised Monarchy was founded by Richelieu. It lasted through three reigns, and in the fourth fell by its own corruption. Since the Revolution, if the Republics have been ephemeral the Monarchies have been not less so.

I regard the French Revolution as the greatest calamity in history, and hate Jacobinism and the worship of Jacobins as heartily as M. Taine, though I cannot forget that the Jacobin Republic was, as Sir Henry Maine says, the French King turned upside down, and from the Monarchy inherited its arbitrariness, its cruelty, and its belief that all property belonged to the State, while from the Church it inherited its intolerance. But let us bear in mind what happened. By the collapse of the monarchy through its own vices, the tremendous task of founding a Constitution was thrown, at a moment of general excitement and distress, into inexperienced though patriotic hands. Yet a Constitutional Monarchy would probably have been founded, and the fatal crash at all events would have been avoided, had not the Queen and her coterie in their madness brought up the army to crush the Assembly. The army broke: but in the meantime the Assembly had been fain to put itself under the protection of armed Paris, of which from that hour it became the slave. Thus the worst mob in the world got possession of the administrative centre and the whole machinery of a despotism which had extinguished in the provinces all power, moral or material, of resistance to its decrees. There naturally ensued a reign of Bedlamites and devils. Thus was generated one of the two forces which have ever since disturbed the course of popular government in France; while the other, military Imperialism, was generated by the inevitable reaction. Each has apparently at last received its quietus, Imperialism at Sedan, Jacobinism in the defeat of the Commune; and the Republic has now lasted nearly as long as any Monarchy since the Revolution. Its Executive, it is true, is fatally unstable; but this in France as in other countries is the result of the fatal system of Cabinet and party government, which, as the example of the United States proves, is no necessary concomitant of democracy. Militarism, the deadly foe, as Sir Henry Maine himself sees, of popular government, has apparently declined under the Republic.

Popular government in America, where alone, I must repeat, it has been fairly tried, though it has many faults, the worst of which arise from Party, shows at present no sign of instability. On the contrary, it has come forth from the furnace of the most tremendous of civil wars without even the smell of fire upon its garments. The predictions current here of a military usurpation were ludicrously belied, and the suggestion of an Empire to be founded by the successful general was received as a sorry joke.

I am surprised that Sir Henry Maine should find any inference on Mexico and the South American Republics. Republicanism was in this case thrust upon a population consisting partly of the dregs of Spain, partly of uncivilised Indians, and having in it not a spark of political life. The disturbing force here has been mere brigandage, with a political ribbon in its bandit's hat. Yet Chili and the Argentine Republic are much better than anything was under Spanish dominion, and even Mexico is improving at last.

In Spain itself the disturbing force once more is the army, while political life has not recovered from the trance into which it was thrown by centuries of despotism and the Inquisition. But Spain is, to say the least, in a more hopeful state now than it was under Ferdinand, though it lacks, like France, an executive government independent of legislative parties and cabals.

What has been said of France and Spain may be said of Europe generally. War, or the constant imminence of war, standing armies, and conscriptions are the enemies of popular government. One need not be a peace-monger, or blind to the political services rendered by soldiers as preservers of order, and by military discipline, to say that difficulties thus generated are different from the difficulties inherent in the particular form of government.

Again, I cannot help demurring to Sir Henry Maine's position that the masses of mankind are inherently unprogressive, and that consequently where the masses have power progress will probably cease. His eyes are fixed on Hindostan, in the languid East, and outside the pale of Christianity, the historical connection of which with development, political and general, I would again suggest, deserves, altogether apart from theology, a place in Sir Henry Maine's field of speculation. Yet even in Hindostan the case seems one not so much of inherent immobility as of progress arrested, like that of ancient Egypt, by a dominant priesthood. Buddhism was, in its way, progress, to which the victory of Brahminism put an end. Till yesterday it might have been said that Japan was inherently unprogressive. The leading shoot is always slender, though the tree grows. Immobility is certainly not in any sphere the characteristic of the American democracy, upon which science and every other agency of progress operate with full force. Even the power of amending the constitution, restricted as it is by legal checks, has been exercised perhaps about as often as it was required; at least I have not heard American statesmen complain of excessive conservatism in this respect on the part of the people. Want of respect for intelligence certainly is not the defect of the Americans. Intellectual eminence, on the contrary, is the one thing which they almost worship, though they may not be infallible in their discernment of it. If the people and popular government are by nature conservative, a large part of our fears may be laid aside, but the danger appears to me to be in another quarter.

The rich and privileged have hitherto had things their own way; they will henceforth be obliged to exert themselves in order to have things the right way, and perhaps they will be none the worse or the less happy for the change. Envy is about the most dangerous of all the disturbing forces in a democracy; it has as much to do with socialism as cupidity; and it may be allayed by avoiding ostentation of wealth. There are various engines of influence and leaderships of different kinds. "The ruling multitude," says Sir Henry Maine, "will only form an opinion by following the

opinion of somebody—it may be of a great party leader; it may be of a small local politician; it may be of an organised association; it may be of an impersonal newspaper." It may be also, and in America often is, that of a great writer, like Sir Henry Maine, whose work will, I doubt not, have great influence in the United States, or a great citizen. The newspaper press, in which, rather than in political assemblies, the real debate now goes on, is perhaps in an equivocal state; what is behind it is one of the most serious questions of the hour,—in some countries Hebrew exploitation. But Capital, if it pleases, may see that some newspapers at all events shall have honesty and independence behind them, and its resources cannot be better employed. In a commercial society, the leadership of industry is not less influential than that of politics, and it is usually in strong hands, as the general result of labour wars in the United States has proved. The texture of industrial society itself is strong. A man cannot go without his daily bread or break the machine which yields it. There is danger, especially in the cities, of an abuse, at the instigation of demagogues, of the taxing power. Socialism has made little progress in America: among the native Americans, none; nor has Mr. George's torch yet set anything on fire. I assume, of course, that the political institutions are rational; unless they are, mere tendencies or influences, however good, cannot preserve the body politic from confusion.

Let us call the government not "popular," but elective, which is its proper designation, as it marks the real contrast between it and the hereditary system; we shall then get rid of the notion that it must be a mere organ of the will of the multitude. We shall become conscious of the fact that there are different modes of election, some of them highly conservative, and various agencies by which the ascendancy of public reason in politics may be maintained.

Sir Henry Maine holds that under all systems of government, under monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy alike, it is a mere chance whether the individuals called to the direction of public affairs will be qualified for the undertaking; but the chance of this competence, so far from being less under aristocracy than under the other two systems, is distinctly greater. "If," he says, "the qualities proper for the conduct of government can be secured in a limited class or body of men, there is a strong probability that they will be transmitted to the corresponding class in the next generation, although no assertion be possible as to individuals." Is this borne out by the history of pure aristocracies, to which, if hereditism is the principle to be vindicated, the appeal must be? Waiving the physical question, Sir Henry seems to forget that while the founder of a line must have won his place by some sort of merit, or at any rate of force, his descendants, under the conditions of modern society at least, are exposed to all the influences of idleness, of unearned distinction, and of membership of a privileged class. In the Middle Ages kings and nobles were held to the performance of their rude duties from generation to generation by the pressure of circumstances, which have now entirely disappeared. The difficulty of inducing hereditary rank and wealth to do their duty without pressure seems to me, I confess, to be fatal to the restoration of the hereditary system. Look at the neglect of Ireland by the Royal Family. No innovation is so arduous as the revival of the past.

When the question is raised, however, as to the retention of the House of Lords, the appeal must be not to probabilities, physical or mental, but to the facts of history. Since the Tudors, when this aristocracy of birth and wealth without the territorial and military duties commenced its career, what practical service has it rendered to the nation? At first, it may have been something of a curb on despotism, though the House of Lords bowed to the will of the Tudors even more slavishly than the House of Commons, and behaved no better under the tyranny of Charles II. In the succeeding period it was led by its vast interest in the abbey lands, for a quiet title to which it had, under Mary, sold the national religion, and its antagonism to ambitious ecclesiastics, once or twice to rank itself on the side of civil and religious liberty. But since that time what has the House of Lords done? Of what useful legislation on any important subject has it been the source? Has its concurrence or refusal to concur in measures sent up to it from the Commons been determined by its judgment, so as to afford any security for their wisdom, or has it been determined by the interest and prejudices of a class? Is any rational discrimination visible in its repugnance to change? Has it in fact done anything but oppose the blind and unreasoning resistance of a privileged order to innovation of every kind, even to the reforms obviously required by common sense and humanity in the criminal law? Did it not, after blocking the most necessary improvements, pass without hesitation, in the interest of a faction, that most equivocal of all measures of change, the Tory Suffrage Bill of 1867? Have the mass of its members risen perceptibly above the ordinary character and habits of the rich and unemployed? Have they even shown interest in public affairs, or attended in decent numbers at the debates? For my part, living far away from dukes or earls, I have no more feeling against them than I have against hospodars or mikados, and should be perfectly willing to admit their political usefulness if I could see it. I have a good deal more feeling against demagogues, and I am keenly sensible of the fact that while the tomb of a dead ancestor is a bad entrance to public life, a worse is the gate of lies. But having read the history of the House of Lords, I am unable to imagine how such a body can be likely to retain the respect and confidence of a modern nation. Of social servility, rank, however factitious, will always, to the great injury of its possessors, be the object; but social servility is not political allegiance: social servility is in fact rather apt to indemnify itself by political revolt. Now, too, the territorial wealth which is the necessary basis of aristocratic influence is evidently being withdrawn. Sir Henry Maine hints at reform, of what kind he does not say. It will not be easy to put a patch in the old garment of hereditary privilege. Life peerages may be introduced, and

the insensate resistance of the Lords to their introduction was a signal instance of the obstinacy with which privileged orders prefer suicide to reform. But the operation of such a remedy would be far too slow for these times.

Sir Henry Maine evidently thinks that the plan of a Single Chamber must be conceived in the interest of revolution, and with a view of giving uncontrolled sway to the sheer will of the sovereign people. He compares its advocates to the Caliph who destroyed all books except the Koran, saying that if they agreed with the Koran they were needless, and if they did not agree with it they must be heretical. He is not aware that the Single Chamber has been advocated, not from the revolutionary but from the conservative point of view, on the ground that Second Chambers had failed, and had either, like the Upper House in Victoria, produced deadlocks and convulsions, or, like the French and Canadian Senates, sunk into impotence; that power, after all, would inevitably centre, perhaps after a struggle, in the popular House, and that the sense of responsibility in that House was only diminished by the shadow of control. He does not answer the vital question of what special materials the Upper House is to be composed, or tell us, if it is a chamber of wealth, how it can escape odium; if of age, how it can escape feebleness; if of eminence, how it can fail to take from the popular House those who ought to be its leaders. In deprecating the abolition of the House of Lords he has curious allies in the extreme Radicals, who perceive that it is an ostracism of Conservative forces. It takes Lord Salisbury, and it may any day take Lord Hartington, away from the real council of the nation. The American Senate is not a Second Chamber or a counterpart of the House of Lords; it is a representation of the separate States as opposed to the United Nation, and was a compromise with State independence. The fancy for Second Chambers generally, however, has arisen from a misconception as to the nature of the House of Lords, which is not really a Senate, but an estate of the old feudal realm, and an organ of territorial wealth, in the interest of which it has always acted. Even the American Senate sometimes shows, in its relation to the House of Representatives, the liabilities of the Double Chamber system: there is at this time a paralysis of legislation, caused by the collision between a republican majority in the Senate, and a democratic majority in the House. I would submit once more that the truly conservative, and in every way the better plan, may be to recognise the fact that power under a democracy will centre in the popular assembly, and instead of trying to impose a check upon it from without, to regulate and temper its action by instituting forms of procedure such as will secure deliberation, by subjecting it to a suspensive veto, by requiring rational qualifications for the electorate, and, as I should say, by introducing, if possible, in place of direct election by the people at large, elections by local councils, which would both act as a filter and keep demagogism within bounds. The American Senate, which really, if Party could only be eliminated, would be pretty much all that could be desired in a governing assembly, is an earnest of the good results of such a method of election. A stable executive, independent of the fluctuations of Party in the legislative assembly, would crown the edifice of a popular yet conservative constitution.

To me, looking to the general tendencies of the age, to the necessity of keeping government in unison with the spirit of society, and to the pronounced and universal decadence of the hereditary principle, it seems that the more hopeful course is to organise democracy; in other words, so to regulate the elective system that it shall yield a government of public reason. But either on this line, or on that of restoring political monarchy with the Privy Council, British statesmen will apparently before long find it necessary to move, if they mean the country to have a constitution or a government. There are, as has been already said, those who do not wish to have either, but desire simply Universal Suffrage and a popular assembly with uncontrolled power, and elected by a purely demagogic method, as an organ of indefinite revolution. It is in this direction that the nation, in its present condition, moves.—GOLDWIN SMITH, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone is, as everybody knows, enjoying a holiday on the Continent just now. It is not long since he announced, in rather pompous phrase, that it might be necessary for him to seek repose beyond the bounds of the British Islands, and it was freely conjectured that as he had succeeded within the last few months in ingratiating himself with those whom, a few months before, he denounced as traitors, he meant to proceed to America. American-Irishmen, however, are not so diplomatic as native Irishmen. They have not concealed the fact that the ultimate aim of the Nationalist programme is the complete separation of Ireland from England, and as Mr. Gladstone's measure did not promise this as directly and unmistakably as they could wish, his popularity among them suffered proportionately. Mr. Gladstone has therefore chosen to seek repose nearer home. He was not too sure of an enthusiastic reception in America, and so he preferred the milder but probably more healthful stimulant of communion with nature amid the Bavarian Alps. Mr. Gladstone at one time, we are told, was a great mountain climber. That was before his more recently acquired reputation as a feller of trees. It is impossible to sever the acts of one's life from the progressive development of his character. At one time, it may be charitably conceded, Mr. Gladstone did possess aspirations of which Alpine climbing may be taken as the physical emblem. Later on in life his tree-felling proclivities may be taken as symbolical of an inordinate development of destructive tendencies. Those earlier days, however, reveal occasional glimpses of the methods which Mr. Gladstone would adopt in later years. During one of his excursions among the Bavarian Alps he was placed in circumstances which threatened to cut short his

disintegrating career. At a very narrow and dangerous part of the road he and his party were travelling, the carriage was met by a herd of cattle headed by an enormous bull. The bull was invited to get out of the way, but he absolutely refused to budge an inch. The horses were becoming excited, the ladies were very much excited, and the affair might have had a very disastrous ending were it not for the presence of mind of Mr. Gladstone. He got out of the carriage, took one of the wraps with him, approached the animal cautiously, and threw the wrap over its head. The surprised bull, we are told, stood motionless, and immediately consented to be led to a less narrow part of the road, and Mr. Gladstone and his party passed on in safety. Mr. Gladstone, commenting on the subject later, said: "Never mind; it was the same with this fellow as it is with John Bull. You must catch him by the horns if you wish to overpower him." By catching a bull by the horns Mr. Gladstone evidently means hoodwinking him. This is exactly descriptive of his procedure with the British public. It is not writ in history when he took them fearlessly by the horns, but occasions, not by any means few, could be mentioned when he has hoodwinked them. John Bull has often had a blanket thrown over his head, and on some of these occasions, before the trick was found out, he has been content to follow, "obedient as a lamb," wheresoever Mr. Gladstone chose to lead him, even when it was to the slaughter.—*Liverpool Courier*.

TO HELEN.

O HELEN, darling, tell me true—
When yesternight I danced with you,
And felt your breath upon my cheek,
While love grew strong and courage weak,
Had I but asked you to be mine,
Or showed you how my heart was thine,
What had you thought?

O Helen, Helen, tell me true—
When there you came all dressed in blue,
Was it because you rightly guessed
That is the hue I like the best?
Or why, my darling, did you wear,
Upon your breast and in your hair,
Forget me-not?

Life is not all a gala day;
'Tis fuller far of work than play,
And yet, methinks, I'd gladly bear
Its heaviest burden, greatest care,
If only I could surely know,
Through summer heat and winter snow,
'Twere borne for you.

O Helen, Helen, tell me true—
You're glad to know that I love you,
And some day soon in happy frame
You'll come to me and change your name.
Oh, my own darling, tell me this,
And seal the promise with a kiss.
Dear Helen, do!

Thorold.

HANS GÖEBEL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MELODY OF POETRY AND PROSE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have seen in your journal of September 16, a selection from *The Spectator* on the "Melody of Prose." The author has done honour to himself by the choice of a good subject; and had he displayed as much penetration of intellect in the handling of it, as he did correctness of taste in the choice of it, he would have produced a worthy article. Praise is usually harmless; and this eulogium upon English prose, however mistaken, would have been but an innocent exhibition of ardour, had it not been at the expense of English poetry. But now it seems necessary that some one should indicate the more important of the errors which the sanction of your publication, Sir, may have rendered hurtful. The modesty which blushing discovers itself in the last paragraph of the article referred to, leads me to believe that a little conscientious correction will not be taken ill from one not altogether devoid of a knowledge and a love of English literature.

To secure a complete melody of language, whether in poetry or in prose, three things are requisite, euphonious words, a euphonious arrangement of words, and a correspondence of sound to the sense. The third of these constituents of melody, to say nothing of the other two, supposes an effect produced upon the emotions by means of association. But our author says:—"Only when the mere beauty of concordant or contrasted sounds is considered in isolation and apart from the higher emotional forces is it true that prose is capable of higher harmonies than verse." Thus we see him in comparing the rhythmical merits of prose and of poetry, set aside the groundwork of at least one of the rules upon which alone these merits can be adjudged. Waiving, however, the absurdity of this action, let me ask what reason there is to believe that even in the "mere beauty of concordant or contrasted sounds" prose has the advantage over poetry.

Is it not sufficiently known that the vocabulary used in poetry is more harmonious than that employed in prose, containing, as it does, many words which are not used with propriety in prose and which are characteristically euphonious? As to the arrangement of words, the gentleman whose article is before us evidently thinks that there is nothing comparable in poetry to the harmonious rising and falling of sound in prose. But wherein does this pleasing cadence consist? Is it not in the succession of accented and unaccented syllables of varying sound? And is it not in poetry, when aided by the poetic license, that one can obtain the sweetest acoustic mutations and perfect modulations until it reaches the dignity of metre. Metre is the rising and falling of accents reduced to system. I think that reason and experience will bear me out in saying that neither association, the euphony, nor the euphonic arrangement of words, can produce such powerful effects in prose as like devices can produce in poetry. It is, to say the least of it, unfortunate that a mere translation by De Quincey from the German of Jean Paul Richter should be chosen as the most melodious prose in our language, and the touchstone of successful harmony. But accepting it as the choice of our author, we will place opposite it:—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee.
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or, hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell?"

We will place for comparison with the passage quoted from Lawrence Sterne:

"Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form swell'd vast to heaven!"

And we will place opposite the passage mis-quoted from Junius,—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

In conclusion, let us hope, in regard to the person whose effort has drawn forth this article, that nothing I have said in endeavouring to stimulate his understanding may check his ardour, believing as I do, that the thoughts which he has expressed are the outcome of honest inquiry and not of a perverse and whimsical love of paradox. W. L.

Cobourg, September 25.

LINDLEY, the Piatti of our fathers, was much more eloquent on his 'cello than in his speech, he being an inveterate stammerer. With reference to this infirmity, he was wont to relate that in going through Wardour Street one day, his attention was attracted by a very handsome gray parrot, which was exposed for sale. He stopped and said to the vendor, "C-c-c-can he sp-sp-speak?" "Yes," replied the man, "a precious sight better than you can, or I'd wring his blessed neck!"

A CERTAIN painter, well known in Parisian artistic circles, recently took a suite of rooms—or *apartment*—situate in one of the most aristocratic quarters of Paris—Parc Monceau. As he found the *apartment* in every way suitable, he made up his mind to make it his permanent residence. With this end in view, he decorated the rooms, etc., with the aid of his brush, in a marvellous manner, spending thereon to the utmost of his artistic skill and much valuable time. The fame thereof spread rapidly abroad and friends from far and near thronged upon the artist to see the wonders talked of. The landlord also, in his turn, paid his talented tenant a visit, and was amazed to see the beautifully decorated panels—painted to represent the four seasons of the year,—ceilings, and wainscotings. The landlord, being of an avaricious turn of mind, evidently deeply pondered over the matter, and concluded that he had there an exquisite *apartment*, the value of which had been considerably enhanced by the embellishments lavished thereon without his being called upon for the slightest contribution. The day following this gentleman's visit, the artist, to his utter astonishment, received notice to quit. He at once comprehended the motive of his landlord, and without hesitation resolved to completely transform his work. On the day of his departure, he called the *concierge*, and having received from her the usual certification that all was in perfect order, took his palette and brush, and, obliterating all the original scenes, set to work. The bedroom was carefully decorated with a representation of an interior, in the dining-room was depicted a room in an hospital full of dying persons, whilst the drawing room was illustrated with one of the lightest—morally speaking, of course—scenes from the *Contes de la Fontaine*—"Les Lunettes." The transformation complete, the disgusted artist took his departure. The countenance of the landlord, on entering the rooms after the departure of his tenant, may be easier imagined than described, and, it is almost superfluous to add, the sympathy he received was exceedingly scant.

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It is somewhat curious that in Canada, where Roman Catholics have always been admitted to office without objection, the No Popery cry should be raised at the very moment when in England it is as markedly shown to be laid forever. For the first time in recent history, a Roman Catholic has been appointed Home Secretary; and Lord Randolph Churchill having been remonstrated with on the appointment, by the Scottish Protestant Alliance, replies curtly and contemptuously that he observes with astonishment and regret that, in this age of enlightenment and toleration, persons professing to be educated and intelligent can arrive at conclusions so senseless and irrational as those set forth in the letter from the Alliance. But almost simultaneously in Canada a great and justly influential organ of public opinion declares a crusade on behalf of Protestantism against Catholicism. The provocation to this no doubt was sufficient in the eyes of our contemporary. Its proximate cause we suppose to have been the political attitude of a portion of the people of Quebec, and the Roman Catholic-Liberal Alliance in Ontario; but, while acknowledging that the *Mail* has good ground for its declaration of war at home, we venture to doubt if the rebellion of the Rielites against Sir John A. Macdonald is a sufficient reason for this banning of the whole French race, their Church and institutions. Sir John has been a consistent friend of French-Canada for thirty years; the very existence of French institutions in the Dominion is, in our opinion, bound up and dependent upon Conservative government, and the British connexion; and the great bulk of French-Canadians aware of this, are, we are persuaded, thoroughly, if interestedly, loyal to both. True, there has been a revolt; but what is its extent? No one can tell till after the approaching local elections. The politicians of the Province have made a great hubbub, seeing, some of them, a chance to spring from the Riel scaffold into office at Quebec; but the people have not yet been heard from. There are Roman Catholics and Roman Catholics among the French-Canadians. Besides the Rouges, who are, for the most part, outside all churches, Quebec contains two great ecclesiastical parties, the Gallicans and the Jesuits; and the malcontents, we believe it will be found, belong altogether to the latter party, though not even all these are malcontent; while the Gallican party are altogether loyal. These, if we do not err very greatly, will carry the day in the elections next month, but to talk war against them, though they prove the weaker party, is highly unjust. It will not be their fault if the allied forces of Jesuitism and Jacobinism temporarily succeed and oust the Ross Government; and it would have been better if our contemporary had recognised the distinction between friends and foes more clearly, and directed its crusade at the Ultramontanes, whom only, we fancy, it aims at. We think the present combination will prove to be, after all, but an insignificant Opposition. By signalling it out for attack, the considerable Protestant minority in the Province might be irresistibly drawn to the side of the assailants; and as probably an agitation would then ensue among the Protestant adherents of the Liberal Party in Ontario, Mr. Blake would be put in the dilemma of either losing this large vote in Ontario, through siding with the Jesuits against the Quebec Protestants and the free French Church, or of dissolving the lately constructed Roman Catholic-Liberal-Rielite Party.

ARE the Liberal Party prepared to range themselves definitely with the Jesuits and against Protestantism throughout Canada? This, it appears to us, is a question the followers of Mr. Blake ought to ask themselves, and answer, before they reach the precipice to whose edge their leader has nearly brought them, through getting into bad company. The alliance is a most incongruous one, and an awkward one, in view of the aims acknowledged in the ultramontane pamphlet "*La Source du Mal au Canada*," and the well-known objects in general of the Jesuit Order. From Italy, we learn this week, it is proposed to expel the Jesuits, because their aggressiveness is a constant danger to the National Government. The Church there is evidently girding itself for a conflict, through the Jesuits: secure in the belief that the Italian Government will not venture, owing to political complications, to attack the Church, the Church seems to have determined to attack the State, and is ready to combine with any enemy for the destruction of the Italian Kingdom. But "though the Papacy may be

supported," says the Rome correspondent of the *Times*, "while it is Italian in its conduct, and necessary to the peace and progress of the State, its civil prerogatives will, in the emergency of foreseen danger to the State, be abolished without mercy, and every privilege stripped from it. Let the Jesuits show clearly their real motto, *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil*, and the end will not be far off. Michael and Gabriel may blow their trumpets, but they will not wake the Society of Jesus from the dead." Are these outcasts from Liberal Italy, conspirators against her freedom, as they are conspirators against all national life and Liberalism everywhere, to become the bosom friends of Canadian Liberals?

A CORRESPONDENT of the Victoria, B. C., *Times* recalls to remembrance that before the fight between the United States warship the *Kearsarge* and the Confederate *Alabama*, off Cherbourg, M. Drouyn de l'Huys, the French minister, notified both parties that the action must not take place within French waters, defining those waters to extend from the shore to the distance of range attained by modern artillery, say eight or ten miles. Notwithstanding, the *Alabama* commenced firing when out three miles, and was sunk within five miles of shore; and Mr. Seward promptly protested against the position assumed by M. Drouyn de l'Huys as to the dominion of the high seas. This protest may be useful, put on evidence by Canada in the case of the Alaska seizures.

SECRETARY BAYARD says: "We possess in Alaska and the waters of Alaska all the rights that Russia had. If she exercised jurisdiction over Behring's Sea, we shall do so; if she had no right to hold it as her own, she could not confer such right upon us." But no, Mr. Bayard, this position does not appear to be quite sound. When Russia possessed the east and west shores of Behring's Sea, bounded to the south by the Aleutian Islands, there was some show of reason for her considering it in a manner as territorial waters, a closed sea; but when the sale of the east shore, Alaska, to the United States was made, this pretension no longer had even a shadow of validity, and the rights of both Russia and the United States became clearly defined to be what in fact the right of Russia always was—the international right of jurisdiction over a distance of only three miles from each shore.

THE *Washington Post*, alluding to some "threats" said to have been uttered on account of the Alaska seizures by Mr. Foster, whom it rightly infers must have been badly reported, speaks of Canada as only a colony—"with a small c." This is a rather disrespectful way to speak of a Power that has captured so large a portion of the United States mercantile marine; but, *n'importe*, our "sea" is big enough to hold the remainder; and while we write colony with a small c, we write Canada with a big one.

WE must enter a protest against the gloss attempted to be put on some remarks of Mr. Goldwin Smith's in THE WEEK of the 8th instant, by a correspondent of the *Globe*. Mr. Smith related an anecdote showing the good sense of a customer of that eminent and pious financier, Sir John Dean Paul; and, referring to Mr. Gladstone's reading the lessons in church, implied a hope that the English people would be as wise in Mr. Gladstone's case as Sir John's customer proved to be. From this the correspondent mentioned infers that what is meant is that "the man who, occupying a prominent position in public life, professes to be actuated by religious motives, or takes part in religious services, is a man who is not to be trusted; his so doing is proof that he is under the influence of something which 'goes by the name of religion,' and which 'consecrates selfish aims, and perverts the moral sense.'" But this inference is quite unfounded: there is not a word in what Mr. Smith wrote implying, as the correspondent adds, such an "insult to thousands of Christian lay-workers." He said not a word against true religion, whose cause we suppose it is, and not the cause of hypocrisy, the *Globe* correspondent is concerned to defend. Mr. Smith, it is plain, had no one in his mind but Mr. Gladstone when he penned that paragraph; and its purport was the result, as evidently, not of any distrust of Christian workers in general, but merely of the strong light thrown on this particular Christian professor by many events in his life. Victims of Gladstoneolatry persist in interpreting Mr. Gladstone's character by his professions alone, without taking his acts into account at all, and the correspondent, with them, makes the mistake of judging Mr. Gladstone to-day just as Sir John Dean Paul would have been judged before his failure; but Mr. Smith insists on bringing the facts of Mr. Gladstone's life *en evidence*. With most persons whose memory or historic knowledge will carry them back of the day before yesterday, he sees nothing in the brilliant series of blunders and failures that have marked Mr. Gladstone's whole career to invest that statesman with the character and privileges of

a heaven-born Minister, above criticism; and therefore he judges his performances on their merits, not reckoning in the account the possible value of high moral principles or services in church: and tried by this standard, Mr. Gladstone is found wanting. If the correspondent of the *Globe* were a great merchant he would not, we suppose, condone gross mismanagement of his business by a manager, because this manager was also an excellent and much-respected Sunday school teacher; he would get instead an abler, if less pious, man of business for his service; and in doing so he would not be "insulting the great body of Christian lay-workers." And so with Mr. Smith's animadversions on Mr. Gladstone, and his hope that the business of the nation may never again be entrusted to one who is indeed fitter to be head of the Society of Jesus than of the British Empire.

HE [Mr. Gladstone], says the *Quarterly Review*, will stand out in our annals as the great model for every public man who, in coming times, finds it necessary or expedient to discard by wholesale the doctrines which he has once solemnly advocated, and to adopt a totally new set whenever the shifting wind of popular favour seems to call for it. There is no act of political apostasy which the popular reader of the future will not be able to justify by some precedent in Mr. Gladstone's life. If we wanted to quote specimens of passionate advocacy of old-fashioned Toryism we could not do better than go to Mr. Gladstone's speeches and writings for them. We all remember his devotion to Toryism until he found that the reversion of the leadership of the Tory party could not possibly fall to his lot. We remember his bitter hostility to Lord Palmerston, under whom he served, and how he tried his utmost to weaken Lord Palmerston's Government in the prosecution of the very war which he had helped to bring about, and how he sought to strengthen the hands of Russia. He accused Lord Palmerston of unbridled recklessness and incapacity, and declared that "his sun had set," never to rise again. Then we may further recall the fact that in 1859 Lord Palmerston's sun did rise again; and that he deemed it discreet, for one reason and another, to offer Mr. Gladstone the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. From that time forth Mr. Gladstone's language in reference to Lord Palmerston was that of extravagant, almost servile eulogy. There are many reasons for believing that in 1859 he was on the eve of joining Lord Derby's Administration, and had it remained in power a few months longer, his Toryism might have been confirmed in him once for all. But Lord Palmerston re-entered the field too soon. Mr. Gladstone turned himself without difficulty from the work of disparaging his chief to that of extolling his very faults. But he is still a Conservative until Oxford rejected him in 1865, and by that time Mr. Disraeli had entrenched himself in too strong a position in the Tory party to be easily dislodged. The death of Lord Palmerston opportunely opened up to an adventurous spirit the prospect of leading the Liberals, and from that time till March, 1886, Mr. Gladstone has been at least true to one party, if not to one cause.

WE are far from implying that Mr. Gladstone is guilty of conscious duplicity or hypocrisy; on the contrary, we believe that his memory is so short, his faith in himself so unbounded, and his judgment so unsound, that he is really incapable of appreciating the equivocalness of the several circumstances in his career traced by the *Quarterly Review*. It is very likely that in each case he conscientiously believed that his sudden conversion to the view that best served his interests was genuine; and that the aces he played on one or two occasions with such effect had, to use the expressive metaphor of Mr. Labouchere, been placed up his sleeve by Providence. But all must admit that the trick he took in 1868, when he trumped Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill with the Irish Church Bill, and so succeeded in ousting his rival, has a very ugly look; and equally so has his present Home Rule scheme, which even *The Spectator*, though in one passage it "cannot profess to understand the rationale of Mr. Gladstone's change of mind, in spite of his 'History of an Idea,'" in another condemns by plain implication as the desperate scheme of an old man in a hurry. The attitude of *The Spectator*, indeed,—its determined opposition to Mr. Gladstone's scheme, its severe condemnation of the methods employed by Mr. Gladstone, and in spite of all, its refusal to condemn Mr. Gladstone himself,—affords a good illustration of the glamour cast over many penetrative and strong minds by the reputation Mr. Gladstone's incessant talk has acquired him; they admit he has done this and that; that this and that was wrong in principle, and highly dangerous to the State; that he profited or was likely to profit by these *tours*;—yet they steadily refuse to pronounce him guilty of the smallest dereliction of duty or principle, or to admit a word against his statesmanship. The truth is, there is not a more dangerous foe to England to-day than William E. Gladstone—whether guilty or not of what is charged against him; and they are the best friends of England who speak plainly in exposure of the great danger that menaces her while Mr. Gladstone remains in public life.

THE London *Advertiser* is of opinion that if Mr. Gladstone had been in office the Russian interference in the Balkans would have been said to be due to that fact; yet, though Lord Salisbury is at the head of affairs, it does not find that he exercises any perceptible influence over the conduct of Russia upon the Eastern Question. In fact, the *Advertiser* is not at all sure that the action of Russia has not been more decided with Lord Salisbury in office than if Mr. Gladstone had continued Prime Minister. Now, this latter supposition we take to be ill-founded. The fact is, England has had no appreciable influence in the matter one way or the other: she has been treated throughout as *une quantité négligeable*, and that is exactly what she has become. But how has this come about—what has destroyed that prestige that once was projected from the British Isles over the whole Continent, and was sufficient, in lending the strength of many battles to the British voice, to at the same time avert all necessity for battles? Is it likely to be the few months of Lord Salisbury's Government, this year and last, or the years of national disgrace and humiliation that preceded it? Plainly to speak, England is indeed in no condition to interfere in the Balkans; and she has been reduced to this powerlessness mainly by Mr. Gladstone, who, not content with isolating his country and estranging her natural allies, to gratify his sentimental predilections, has now ended—(let us hope, he has ended)—by splitting the nation in twain, introducing the weakness of disunion, in pursuance of an ambitious crotchet.

IN the debate on Mr. Parnell's Land Bill, Mr. Morley made use of an argument which sufficiently shows from what impracticable *doctrinaire* minds sprang the Irish Bill of the late Government. If it was true, he said, that the inability of the tenant to pay rent was due to the excessive use of whiskey or subscriptions to the League, it would be easy to insert an amendment requiring the tenant to show a satisfactory cause of his inability to pay rent, rendering dishonesty impossible. Very easy, no doubt, in the imagination of such statesmen, for Irish tenants, in the poverty-stricken condition we are told they are in, to produce their house-keeping books, showing exactly how their revenues are disposed of, and balanced to a penny by the cash on hand.

THE Nationalist Party in Parliament have done their best during the short session just closed to disgust the English people with them, perhaps in the expectation that by so doing they are promoting the removal of the Irish Members from Westminster to Dublin. But the greater likelihood is that an opposite effect will be produced, and the men who are deliberately and treasonably trying to wreck the machinery of the British Government will find themselves not in Dublin, but in some much less pleasant place. They at any rate have not forwarded their cause by their recent tactics, which, if continued, will be likely rather to alienate from them thousands who voted for Gladstonianism in the late election. The present Government bears the mandate of the majority; the majority must rule; but, as Lord Salisbury said at St. Albans on Wednesday, "Irish obstruction is an instrument of torture to compel a majority Government, by mere physical suffering, to concede whatever the obstructionists set their hearts on, and the majority must sit and listen, not to argument or exhortations, but to elaborate efforts to waste time, made merely for the purpose of keeping the majority up night after night in the hope that from sheer fatigue they will concede something which they know public duty compels them to refuse." If, he added, representative government is to continue, this instrument of torture cannot be permitted to survive. It will paralyse all legislation, and bring discredit upon the oldest instrument of freedom in the world. And therefore, we learn elsewhere, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice of the intention of the Government to introduce, early next session, measures for considerable modifications in the present method of conducting public business in the House of Commons. But a preparatory step they will take, we fancy, and that very soon, is the suppression of the National League, without which it is simply useless to try any other measures of amelioration.

MR. PARNELL cannot escape responsibility for the behaviour of his crew by going into hiding and sending his instructions to the House. For a whole week, while his followers were engaged in their parliamentary filibustering, he did not once appear on the scene, apparently supposing, ostrich-like, that the attention of observers would be diverted from him to his puppets, and so he might escape the public disgrace that must attend their antics. But he cannot; any more than he can escape responsibility for the crimes of the National League by telling untruths. And neither can Mr. Gladstone. In abetting these proceedings, though by a furtive support, the Grand Old Man is throwing away the remains of his reputation, and accelerating vastly that declension into powerlessness—though not, we fear, obscurity—which began with his joining the

National League. But this no one who contemplates the ruin his misgovernment has bestrewn the earth with—the fruits of his war on the Nationalists of Egypt, the slaughter in the Soudan, the sacrifice of Gordon,—can regret; one must rather be pleased that as a matter of public justice so mischievous a career, crowned by such a disgraceful piece of political profligacy as his last, should not end in honour.

THE famous shell heaps at Damariscottis, Me., are to be ground up into hen food and fertilizers by a Boston company. The largest heap is 341 feet long by 126 feet wide, and is from 4 to 20 feet deep. The origin of these shell heaps has been a subject of much discussion among archæologists. The Peabody Museum is to have all the relics and curiosities that may be found in the heaps.

It has been found that the ear in women can perceive higher notes—that is, sounds with a greater number of vibrations per second—than the ear of men. The highest limit of human hearing is somewhere between forty-one and forty-two thousand vibrations per second. Few persons have equal sensibility to acute sounds in both ears, the right ear usually hearing a higher note than the left. The lowest continuous sounds have about sixteen vibrations per second.

CONSIDERING the professed innocence of Russia of any share in the kidnapping of Prince Alexander, it is somewhat surprising to find the Russian Press foaming at the mouth at Sir J. Fergusson's reference in the House of Commons to "the treachery and violence by which Prince Alexander's reign was interrupted." One of the papers proposes that an official explanation of the remark be demanded through the Russian Embassy at St. James's; to which demand a very good answer, we suppose, would not be far to seek.

MR. GLADSTONE seems to have retorted on that part of the United Kingdom that turned him out of office, by turning it out of Britain. In expressing to a correspondent the "high gratification" with which he would receive two addresses from 10,000 persons in Australia, he refers to the addresses of these colonists as "a new proof of the wise and liberal sentiments towards the people of Ireland, and the true interests of the British Empire, by your (his correspondent's) fellow citizens in the colonies, as well as by the whole British race." So the majority that presumptuously rejected his plans and turned him out of office were incapable of perceiving the true interests of the British Empire, and are not even of the British race?

DURING an interesting discussion on colour-blindness at the meeting of the British Association, Dr. Michael Foster mentioned a curious fact: that smoking, if persisted in for a long time, and particularly if the smoker confined himself to a single kind of tobacco, produced "colour-blindness in the central field of the red." "We all of us were more or less colour-blind in the outside of the pupil; but these people who were called colour-blind really had, as it were, a patch cut out in the middle of their retina, where they were colour-blind. They could not see red, or they could not see green; they called green yellow, and so on; and there was the further stage when they had no sense of colour at all." We suppose the practical inference to be that inveterate smokers are sure to injure their sense of colour, but that they will injure it less if they avoid habituating themselves to using one kind of tobacco—that is, if they frequently change the kind.

THIS agreeable incident is related by a French writer on the Tonkin campaign, and well illustrates the loose way in which the French conducted their proceedings:—"It was to this very commander that I believe the following incident happened, which was the subject of general conversation whenever the operations against the pirates were discussed. He had taken some score of these gentlemen, and after having ordered them to be hung at the yard-arm, had gone down to his cabin. The officer entrusted with the task pushed it on as rapidly as possible. So when, hearing one of the Anamese crying out in the most energetic manner, *Ego sum interpretus*, the sailor, not well posted in his Latin, only hastened the *dénouement*, without paying the least attention to the unfortunate man's exclamations. An hour afterward the commander, coming on the bridge, called for his interpreter, and on lifting his eyes, saw him swinging overhead.

IRISH ideas of *meum et tuum*, as applied to the land, seem to be spreading. Seil Island is off the Argyleshire coast, within easy visiting distance of Ireland. The island rose as a man and gave chase, with a running accom-

paniment of stones and other missiles, to some officers of the law who had dared to eject a farmer merely because he would neither pay any rent—though admittedly able to do so—nor make way for another tenant. This is his hard case. His lease expired two years ago, and its renewal was offered him at the old terms. There was a loss here to the landlord, who had a better offer from another farmer. The sitting tenant, however, said he would pay no rent till the Crofter Commission did something for him; and then the farm was leased to the other man at an increased rental. He could not get into it, however, for the farmer in possession refused to budge, and, with the encouragement of his friends, has kept the farm for two years at nothing a year. The other day they managed to turn him out, and then they ran for their lives.

It is said that the late Empress of Russia bequeathed 2,000,000 roubles to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, her favourite nephew, from whom the Czar, her son, is withholding it, paying him only the interest. This story, says the *St. James's Gazette*, bears some resemblance to a curious incident in the Court chronicle of the last century. As Horace Walpole tells the story, George I. had made two successive wills in favour of the Prince of Wales, and destroyed them both; afterwards he executed a third, supposed to have been of an entirely opposite character, which he entrusted to the keeping of Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury. On the King's death the Primate tendered the will to the new Sovereign, when, to the mild surprise those present, his Majesty put the document in his pocket and walked out of the room. Nor did he ever vouchsafe to enlighten any of his subjects as to its contents. Walpole, however, had heard that another copy of the will—understood to convey large sums to the Duchess of Kendal and to Lady Walsingham—had been deposited with the Duke of Brunswick, who received a subsidy about that time. Lord Chesterfield, who had married the Walsingham, is said to have talked of proceedings in Chancery; but to have been ultimately induced to accept £20,000 in settlement of his claims.

Now that the oyster season has commenced in a practical and edible sense, says the *St. James's Gazette*, it is very satisfactory to have a good report of "this familiar mollusk" from no less an authority than Sir William Dawson, President of the British Association. It has, he says, been equally successful in overcoming all its enemies, from the flat-toothed "selachians of the Carboniferous" to the oyster-dredger of the present day. Perhaps the reference to the flat-toothed tribe is a little ambiguous to ordinary mortals; but every admirer of oysters can understand the dangers of the dredger. In spite of all temptations (and no doubt it is very much to its credit), the oyster has, says the *savant*, continued to be an oyster. True, it has varied considerably, and there are some grounds for thinking that at one time or other it may have assumed the temporary disguise "of a Gryphœa or an Exogyra." Nevertheless it is an oyster; and, we may safely add, long may it remain so. Careful of his friends, Sir William Dawson expresses himself as extremely anxious that biologists should addict themselves to the oyster; but the recommendation may be safely extended to every one who has ever eaten a good oyster and liked it. In these matters it is often difficult to distinguish between the gastronomic and the scientific use of an oyster. The majority prefer the former.

WRITING of the Charleston earthquake, the *New York Tribune* says: In regard to some of these factors [in the problem of the cause of earthquakes] it is strange to find men of science still putting forward hypotheses which the latest researches discredit; as, for instance, the hypothesis of a liquid nucleus to the earth. It has been demonstrated that a globe having a liquid nucleus and a comparatively thin crust would not possess the rigidity necessary to resist tidal action. It has also been shown that the phenomena of precession and nutation could not be what they are if the globe were as elastic and plastic as a liquid interior would make it. In confirmation of these views it has been still further demonstrated that in fact the earth possesses a rigidity equal to that of steel; and such rigidity is incompatible with the central fire hypothesis. There remain the theory of a solid nucleus and a fluid zone interposed between it and the crust; and the theory, which Sir William Thomson has maintained very ably, of a solid globe. As to the thickness of the earth's crust the most various ideas are held, but perhaps the greatest weight of opinion to-day favours a thickness of from 800 to 1,000 miles. If that be accepted, the explanation of seismic action by any movement of the interior fluid fire must be abandoned. The theory employed to account for volcanic disturbances, namely that bodies of water find their way into subterranean recesses and are converted into vapour by intense heat, may explain some earthquakes, though obviously not generally applicable.

AT EVENTIDE.

WELCOME! calm twilight hours! once more ye come
 Gray-eyed, with silent tread, and gently soothe,
 With soft and cooling touch, the fevered brows
 And throbbing pulses of earth's weary ones.
 Fair handmaidens of fairest Peace, ye bring
 A respite to my soul from all the cares
 That vex'd it thro' the day; and, like a bird
 Set free by kindly hands, my spirit soars
 Homeward on eager wing, o'er ocean wastes,
 To scenes afar, yet ah! so well beloved,
 Where, like a blissful dream, too swiftly passed
 The golden hours of Life's bright yesterday.
 Once more I see, outgleaming thro' the trees,
 The dear old walls that 'neath their gabled roof
 Long shelter'd me and mine; around them clings
 (Sweeter than perfume born of Orient's clime)
 The blessed fragrance of the name of Home.
 There, while the gloaming deeper grows, I see—
 By mellow rays from Memory's lamp illum'd—
 The forms of those whose love, in life's sweet spring,
 Was sunshine to my heart's unfolding flower;
 And when, as oft the tears of Heaven beat down
 Into the cold dark earth the tender bud,
 They came with Sympathy, whose gentle hand
 Raised, and caressed, and made it bloom again.
 No stranger guest, in truth, was Sympathy;
 Through their "soul's windows" ever sweet she smiled,
 And cast, o'er e'en their simplest deeds and words,
 Her gracious influence. Across the sea,
 As the strong cable joining land to land,
 Reaches her unseen power, and firm unites,
 In tend'rest union, kindred hearts and minds.

Twilight has fled; banish'd by thy decree,
 O, queenly Night! thou monarch absolute!
 Thy crown (yon orb), high in the star gemm'd sky,
 Shines in clear radiance calm. Nor faintest sound
 Disturbs the stillness of the ambient air,
 Save the sweet cadence of the whispering trees;
 From out their leafy midst I seem to hear
 A low clear voice speak to my restless soul—
 "O, spirit feeble, faint! live not in dreams,
 Nor ever in the Past: the Present calls
 To thee with clarion voice, bidding thee rise
 And patient tread the path appointed thee;
 Beside it lie (oh! strive to make them fair!)
 The paths of those whom Heaven hath given thee,
 To love, to soothe, to comfort, and to serve."

Toronto.

HELEN HOLTON.

SAUNTERINGS.

We are still an eminently unliterary people.

Another Canadian summer has waxed and waned; mysterious in our forests, idyllic in our gardens, ineffably gracious upon our mountains. Another year of our national existence has rounded into the golden fulness of its harvest time. The yellow leaves of another September are blowing about our streets; since last we watched their harlequin dance to dusty death a cycle has come and gone. And still the exercise of hope and faith—charity we never had—continue to constitute the sum of our literary endeavour. We are conscious of not having been born in time to produce an epic poet or a dramatist; but still in vain do we scan the west for the lyricist, the east for the novelist whose appearing we may not unreasonably expect. Our bard is still loath to leave his Olympian pleasures; our artisan in fiction is busy with the human product of some other sphere.

And we look blankly at each other at every new and vain adjustment of the telescope to the barren literary horizon, and question "Why?" And our American cousins with an indifferent wonder, and a curious glance at our census returns, make the same interrogatory; whereupon one of them tarries in Montreal for three days, ascertains, and prints in *Harper's Magazine* that it is our arctic temperature! And in England, if our sterile national library excites any comment at all, it is only a semi-contemptuous opinion that it is all that might be expected of "colonials."

Mr. Warner's idea that the Canadian climate reduces the Canadian brain to a condition of torpor during six months of the year may be dismissed with something of the irritation which it inspired in every Canadian who read it, that a writer who observes so keenly in his own country could be led to such an absurd and superficial conclusion in ours. One would naturally suppose that climatic influences which produce the bodily results to be found in the average Canadian, at least conduce toward giving him an active mind as well. Physically, Canadians compare with Americans

to the great disadvantage of the latter; that they do not intellectually, alas! is not the fault of the climate.

Nor can we place the slightest responsibility for our literary shortcomings upon our educational system. On the contrary, our colleges and public schools are our pride and glory. We point boastfully to the opportunities for intellectual elevation Ontario offers to the children of her navvies and farm labourers; and the ease with which Canadian graduates obtain all sorts of American degrees testifies to the thoroughness of our university training. So great indeed are our facilities for education that our farm lands lie untilled while our offices are filled to unprofitable repletion, and grave protest is arising in many quarters against the State's present liberal abatement of this false adjustment of national energy to national needs. Clearly, Nature and the Hon. G. W. Ross can do no more for us. We are a well-developed and well-educated people; but we do not write books.

"No, for we are not rich enough," you say. "The cultivation of letters demands wealth and a leisure class. We have a professional market in view for our hard-bought college training. We cannot afford to offer it up in unremunerative libations to the muses. We choose between the rustic homespun and the academic bombasin, but there the alternative ends. It is hard work thenceforward in either case. For Canadians to 'sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neræa's hair' is an idyllic occupation which, for financial reasons, must be sternly ignored."

This is a comfortable way of relegating the responsibility for our literary inactivity to an economic dispensation of an overruling Providence which finds favour with a great many people. The disabilities of poverty are so easy to assume! But the theory is too plausible to be tenable. A wealthy public is necessary perhaps to the existence of authors who shall also be capitalists. A leisure class is a valuable stimulus to literary production. But money and the moneyed can neither command nor forbid the divine afflatus. The literary work produced solely by hope of gain is not much of an honour to any country. While authorship is a profession with pecuniary rewards like any other, those who are truly called to it obey a law far higher than that of demand and supply. Genius has always worked in poverty and obscurity; but we never find it withdrawing from its divinely appointed labour, and taking to law or merchandise on that account. When the great Canadian *litterateur* recognises himself he will not pause to weigh the possibilities of Canada's literary market before he writes the novel or the poem that is to redeem our literary reputation. Let genius be declared amongst us, and the market may be relied upon to adjust itself to the marvellous circumstance, for a great deal of the talk of Canadian poverty is the veriest nonsense. Riches are relative. We have no bonanza kings; but our railroad magnates are comfortably, not to say luxuriously, housed and horsed and apparelled. We work hard, but the soil is grateful; we are not compelled to struggle for existence. The privations of our Loyalist forefathers do not survive in us. We are well fed, well clad, well read. Why should we not buy our own books!

We would buy them if they were written. That they are not written is partly our own fault and partly that of circumstances. We cannot compel the divine afflatus; but we can place ourselves in an attitude to receive that psychical subtlety should the gods deign to bestow it upon us. But the Olympians, bending Canada-ward, hear no prayer for their great guerdons. We are indifferent; we go about our business and boast of the practical nature of our aspirations; we have neither time nor the inclination for star-gazing, we say. The Province of Ontario is one great camp of the Philistines.

Apart from the necessarily untrustworthy testimony of one's own more or less limited acquaintance, there is but one proof of this—the newspapers; and in a free and enlightened country there is no better exponent of the character of the people than the character of its press. The influence of the daily newspaper upon public opinion is not greater than the influence of public opinion upon the daily newspaper. In a very great measure we dictate what manner of editorial we shall take with our coffee; and either of our great morning dailies is eloquent of our tastes. Politics and vituperation, temperance and vituperation, religion and vituperation; these three dietetic articles, the vituperative sauce invariably accompanying, form the exclusive journalistic pabulum of three-quarters of the people of Ontario. No social topics of other than a merely local interest, no scientific, artistic, or literary discussions, no broad consideration of matters of national interest—nothing but perpetual jeering, misconstruction, and misrepresentation for party ends of matters within an almost inconceivably narrow range.

"Why do you print no book reviews?" I asked the editor of a leading journal recently.

"People don't care about them, and it interferes with advertising," was his truly Philistinish response. And the first reason must have a certain amount of truth in it; for if it were not so, public spirit would never tolerate the withholding of such matter for the contemptible—in this connection—consideration of "advertising." Our French compatriots have not this spirit. But they have their Frechette and their Garneau.

A SPIRIT of depreciation of such faint stirrings of literary life as we have amongst us at present has often been remarked in Canadians, a tendency to nip forth-putting buds by contemptuous comparison with the full blown production of other lands, where conditions are more favourable to literary efflorescence. This is a distinctly colonial trait; and in our character as colonists we find the root of all our sins of omission in letters. "In the political life of a colony," writes one of us in the *New York Critic*, "there is nothing to fire the imagination, nothing to arouse enthusiasm, nothing to appeal to national pride." Our enforced political humility is the distinguishing characteristic of every phase of our national life. We are ignored, and we ignore ourselves. A nation's development is like a plant's, unattractive under ground. So long as Canada remains in political obscurity, content to thrive only at the roots, so long will the leaves and blossoms of art and literature be scanty and stunted products of our national energy. We are swayed by no patriotic sentiment that might unite our diverse provincial interests in the common cause of our country. Our politics are a game of grab. At stated intervals our school children sing with great gusto, "The Maple Leaf Forever!" but before reaching man's estate, they discover that it is only the provincial variety of maple leaf vegetation that they may reasonably be expected to toast. Even civil bloodshed in Canada has no dignity, but takes the form of inter-provincial squabbling. A national literature cannot be looked for as an outcome of anything less than a complete national existence.

Of course we have done something since we received our present imperfect autonomy in 1867. We have our historians, our essayists, and our chirping poets. And in due time, we are told, if we have but faith and patience, Canadian literature will shine as a star in the firmament. Meanwhile, however, we are uncomfortably reminded of that ancient and undisputed truism, "Faith without works is dead."

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

BALDWIN.*

THE "views and aspirations" upon which this really remarkable book is constructed are with regard to "The Responsibilities of Unbelief," "The Consolations of Belief," "Honour and Evolution," "Novels," "The Value of the Ideal," "Doubts and Pessimism,"—a range certainly extensive enough for the boldest essayist in the realm of social philosophy. The book takes its title from its chief character. Baldwin is a person whose conclusions are formed unalterably, apparently, upon every subject, with the author's full consent and approval; for while the remaining burden of each dialogue is borne by different characters, Baldwin appears in every one, and always with the most final and most forcible argument. Vernon Lee devotes an introductory chapter to Baldwin's personality, half critical, half laudatory, with a flavour of gentle compassionate self-ridicule that gives one the shrewd suspicion that she is talking of her own, that Baldwin is but Vernon Lee in a masculine masquerade. The result of what are vaguely indicated as Baldwin's severe psychical experiences makes him an agnostic-humanitarian, an anti-vivisectionist, a critic of all schools of fiction, an idealist, and an optimist in so far as he is not a pessimist.

Notwithstanding the indisputable logic of his views, and the evident stamp of the author's approval which they bear, we get a little tired of Baldwin. He is rather unpleasantly aggressive, and one resents his constant patronage and suppressed amusement at the mooting of ideas which the centuries have not yet disproven, with half a disposition to distrust somewhat the easy security with which his convictions ride.

The all-prevailing characteristic of "Baldwin" is its extreme modernness. It is modern in subject, modern in treatment, modern in atmosphere. Especially does this characteristic show itself in the exclusion from all part in the debate of any hypothesis or conclusion of yesterday. One might fancy that Vernon Lee and her conversationalists approached the topics that engage their attention in the attitude of discoverers, so completely do they ignore all postulates of the past in discussing them. The book is to-day's monument to the ideas of to-day, and it bears no decipher-

able confession of having been chipped out of a block as old as the pyramids.

Another extremely modern feature of the book is its forced æstheticism. Every dialogue transpires in the midst of scenes so improbably appropriate, the "light effect" even shifting sometimes, with the spiritual progress of the talkers, darkening down weirdly with a single strip of sullen, yellow light across the horizon, or brightening into a moist rift in the lowering weather, as to give one the involuntary idea that the scenes were painted first and the people are merely talking up to them. Equally modern is Vernon Lee's habit of searching for extraordinary modes of speech, of antagonism upon the least pretext, and of endlessly dwelling upon the same theme with the most infinitesimal intellectual variations. Her people, too, are of the phantasmal popular kind, impalpable, illusory, like "Olivia," a "tall, slender figure in a white, vague dress, her pale face and pale, blonde hair looking diaphanous, almost transparent, in the bluish moonlight, as if she were herself but the embodiment of one of these shifting moods, herself a mere momentary apparition." They are not people, these of Vernon Lee's; they are ghost-like conceptions with remarkable intellectual attributes. With the exception of Baldwin, who talks so much that one unconsciously invests him with a pair of lungs and a physical organisation to correspond, the various personalities are no thicker than the paper they are printed on. The weird and peculiar landscapes through which they invariably walk while they discourse, may be partly responsible for this. The conversation is never by any chance carried on indoors. One is frequently possessed of an irreverential desire for a roast beef episode to rest the carnal sole of one's foot upon throughout the somewhat lengthy flight from cover to cover, but one soars perforce to the end. And the desire brings with it its own rebuke for the lack of sympathy with the lofty, intellectual aims of the book which dictated it.

Having said all this disparagingly of "Baldwin," the number and importance of the things that remain to be said is astonishing. The defects which we have specified might be reasonably expected to accompany weak work, but Vernon Lee's writing would stand alone in any hall of philosophy. Her reasoning is keen and subtle, her divination wonderful, her tolerance, being a woman, most wonderful of all. Her scholarship is deep and broad and serviceable. She takes rather too much pains with her ideas, but the result is that there is no doubt about her meaning. And her thought, while it has the defects of modernness, has also its virtues. It is vital in every part, and full of a vivid individuality. We would not dispossess her of even her æsthetic weather-phases, she seems, oddly enough, to draw such inspiration from them.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

MUSIC.

HAMILTON.

A year ago our favourite 13th Batt. Band was engaged to go to St. Louis this week with St. Bernard Commandery, Knights Templars of Chicago. When some patriotic Canadians, resident in Chicago, learned that Canada's best band was to be in Chicago, they arranged for two concerts in Central Music Hall on the afternoon and evening of Saturday week last. The concerts were largely attended, and the audiences were delighted, but the Chicago press showed a jealousy that was amusing. The average American does not care much for a band that is not supplied with plenty of brass, especially cornets. He likes to hear the "tune" blaring out high above everything else. The 13th band is properly balanced, the wood wind, as is not often the case with American bands, being unusually strong and brilliant; consequently it was amusing though rather saddening to read in one Chicago journal the criticism that either the brass of the 13th band lacked tone, or the band was not properly balanced.

The Hamilton Philharmonic Society has begun the rehearsal of Villiers Stanford's recent oratorio—"The Three Holy Children"—under Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, who is to be Mr. Torrington's assistant this season. There was a very good attendance of choristers, but the financial prospects of the Society are not very bright. The work chosen is unknown, but requires little intellectual effort to comprehend it, and is of the order of musical composition which may be designated as being, for the most part, pleasing, and it will no doubt meet with the approval of the general public. Whether it will hold the attention of choristers and musicians is more doubtful.

Mr. Aldous has announced the abandonment of his proposed scheme for a series of orchestral performances by the Orchestral Club, of which he was last season the conductor, owing to lack of the financial support which he deemed it necessary to secure before beginning work this season. This is much to be regretted both by musicians and citizens.

Mrs. Harrison, for several years solo soprano of Centenary Methodist Church here, is leaving the city and has resigned her position. It is a good opening for a competent soprano.—*C. Major.*

MATERIALISM is the auxiliary doctrine of tyranny, whether of the one or of the masses.—*Amiel.*

* Baldwin: being Dialogues on Views and Aspirations. By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HANDBOOK OF ZOOLOGY. By Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

A neatly got-up little manual, intended to furnish Canadian beginners with an outline of the classification of the animal kingdom, with examples taken, as far as possible, from species with which they are more or less familiar. The illustrations are not confined to recent and existing fauna, but include the types which occur as fossils in our rock formations as well. This local quality is the book's most valuable attribute, and can hardly fail to popularise it. Directions for collecting and preparing the easily available specimens are appended; and while the wide scope of the handbook necessitates somewhat slight treatment of the various provinces, references are given to various important works which will enable the student to carry on his researches. The name of its very distinguished author should be a sufficient index to the quality of the work; and as the present highly educated youth of Canada are chiefly conspicuous for what they do not know about the animal life of their own country, we would strongly recommend its immediate introduction into the public schools.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. IV. New York: John B. Alden.

Another volume of this remarkable series has been given to the public in a spirit of enterprise which it will surely appreciate. This one includes the literature of all countries and all ages as it has been produced by the C's, from "Cable" to "Clarke." Caesar and Cædmon, Calderon and Calvin, Carlyle and Castelar, Chateaubriand and Chrysostom, are placed impartially under contribution, and the result is a book of rare entertainment, at the price which has come to be associated with the Alden publications.

POVERTY GRASS. By Lillie Chace Wyman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

"Poverty Grass" is a series of sketches of the seamy side of New England life, drawn with feeling and faithfulness. The author's aim seems to be truth rather than effect, and her wayside observations are made in the simplest and most unpretending fashion imaginable, yet with much insight and no little descriptive power. The pathetic element predominates, as might be expected from the title; but "Poverty Grass" is rather more than the inspiration of a poetic nature with the faculty of seeing and a picturesque pen. It is written in all earnestness, and must be accepted in the same spirit as a contribution, however slight, to our knowledge of the New England working classes of to-day. The book's chief faults are its absolute lack of humour and its tendency to an inartistic crowding of incidents.

WE have also received the following publications:

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. October. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
 QUERIES. September. Buffalo: C. L. Sherrill and Company.
 HARPER'S MAGAZINE. October. New York: Harper and Brothers.
 CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publication Company.
 ST. NICHOLAS. October. New York: Century Company.
 ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. October. New York: E. R. Pelton.
 PANSY. October. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
 OUTING. October. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
 FORUM. October. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.
 ART INTERCHANGE. September 25. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.
 MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. October. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
 LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. October. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S first literary effort will be printed in the *Brooklyn Magazine* for October. The actress's article is a vigorous reply to the question, "Is the Stage Immoral?" The *Brooklyn Magazine* will be two years old next month.

A VERY interesting "Talk About Bridges," by Rossiter Johnson, in the October *Wide Awake*, conveys such information in a bright, attractive manner; and the many admirers of Sophie May will find "The Gypsy Monkey" one of her best.

"How to Cook Well," is the suggestive title of a book now in press, prepared by Mrs. J. R. Benton. There are plenty of cook books in the market, but this one is exhaustive, and claims to have some features that will make it especially valuable for common use.

MESSRS. D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY begin their new series of romance, "The Round World Series," with "The Full Stature of a Man," by Julian Warth. The second volume of the series will be "The Grafenberg People," by the well-known and popular preacher of Brookline, Rev. Reuen Thomas.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS will publish in October, by arrangement with the author, the first volume of H. Morse Stephens's "History of the French Revolution," which has been received with much favour in England. It will be in three volumes, and will contain material which, for one reason or another, has not been used by former writers upon this subject. Mr. Stephens has written a special preface for the American edition, which edition will also contain a map not given in the English publication.

IN "The Full Stature of a Man: A Life Story," published by D. Lothrop and Company, the subject of non-attendance at church by people of small means is incidentally discussed, and some plain truths brought out that will strike home to a good many readers. The story, throughout, is a strong one.

THE girls will be glad to know that a new book, especially for them, by that popular writer, Miss Annie H. Ryder, is soon to be published by D. Lothrop and Company. "New Every Morning" will have bright, strong, fresh quotations carefully selected, and will doubtless prove as popular as that racy little volume, "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls!"

"THE Story Book of Science," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, soon to be issued by D. Lothrop and Company, will give its young readers fascinating glimpses into the wonders of every-day life, and reveal to them the processes of making glass and paper, cotton and silk, printing books, growing various products, and a thousand other mysteries such as children delight to peer into.

"FOR a Girls' Room" is a beautiful volume got up for the elder daughters of the family, on whom devolve the pretty furnishings and furbushings of the house, the entertainment of company, and the providing of recreations for the younger brothers and sisters and their friends, a book every young lady will want as soon as she sees it. D. Lothrop and Company, publishers.

IN the first batch, now on its way to England, of the 1,200 palm-leaf books of which the Royal Library of Mandalay consists, will be found five volumes of a Burmese work entitled "Po-tay-kay Ya-za-win," containing a history of the Portuguese in Burmah. It begins at about the year 1520, and gives an amusing picture, from a Burmese point of view, of the struggles between the Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, French, and English, as each nation strove to secure for itself the ascendancy in Burmah.

A FEATURE of the coming year of the *Century* will be a series of papers on "The Food Question," written by Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, who for years past has been engaged in special investigation in this field. The object of the articles is to present some of the results of late scientific research which have a direct bearing upon our daily life,—such as: the substances of which our bodies and the foods that nourish them are composed; the digestibility of food; the proportions of nutrients appropriate to different classes of people; food and the labour question; food and morals, etc., etc. This subject is an important and almost neglected branch of the Labour Problem.

THE *Art Interchange* of September 11, 1886, is an unusually attractive issue. It gives as an extra supplement a painting in colour by Walter Satterlee, "The Fisher Girl." This shows a fisher girl leaning against the keel of a boat which has been drawn up on the sands. The sketch is pretty and decorative, the colouring being especially attractive. There are also given, a strong drawing in black and white of a bull's head, a study of rabbits, two beautiful tile designs, a pattern of nasturtiums for vest decoration, a handsome border design of oranges and orange blossoms, and a beautiful sketch for wall hanging, showing mermaids, star-fish and coral. The text treats of decorative novelties, painting on wood, portrait painting, painting on textiles, suggestions for embroidery and for house decoration. There are also excellent articles on etiquette—lawn parties, and excellent book reviews and art notes.

IT is curious to learn that the publication of a valuable collection of historical lectures by the Bishop of Chester, ex-Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, should be due to the fact that "the love of correcting proof-sheets has become a leading passion with the author." Yet one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of mediæval and modern history is given to the world with this apology, and is published almost silently, with scarcely an advertisement or an effort to acquaint the world with the fact, and at a time of year when it is least likely to attract notice. And yet, to all except a few university officials, and possibly a few students, these "Seventeen Lectures" are entirely new. The only one which has previously appeared (and then merely as a report) was the Professor's last public statutory lecture, on the 8th of May, 1884, previous to his removal to Chester, containing his famous confession that he had never been able to reconcile himself "with smoking, late hours, dinner parties, Sunday breakfasts, or university sermons." The rest of the seventeen consist of studies which cannot but be of the greatest value to every one interested in historical literature.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY'S announcements for the Fall publishing season include the "Letters and Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle," edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University; a new volume of "Historical Lectures," by Prof. Edward A. Freeman, reviewing the "Chief Periods of European History"; and a new and cheaper edition, in four volumes 12mo., of the late M. Lanfrey's great "History of Napoleon I." Among their illustrated works may be mentioned an important book on "Greenland," by Baron Von Nordenskiöld; "Days with Sir Roger De Coverley," with characteristic illustrations by Hugh Thomson; and an *édition de luxe*, printed on fine paper, in one volume, of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," the illustrations of which were a labour of love of the late Randolph Caldecott. To their list of novels they will add Mr. Henry James's new story, "Casa-massima"; "Sir Percival," by J. Henry Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant"; and a new story by Charlotte M. Yonge, entitled "A Modern Telemachus." For younger readers, they will have a new volume entitled "Four Winds Farm," from the pen of that most delightful of writers for young people, Mrs. Molesworth, to which Mr. Walter Crane will as usual furnish the illustrations.

FALL 1886.

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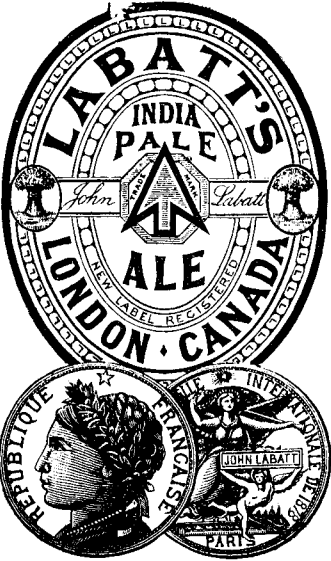
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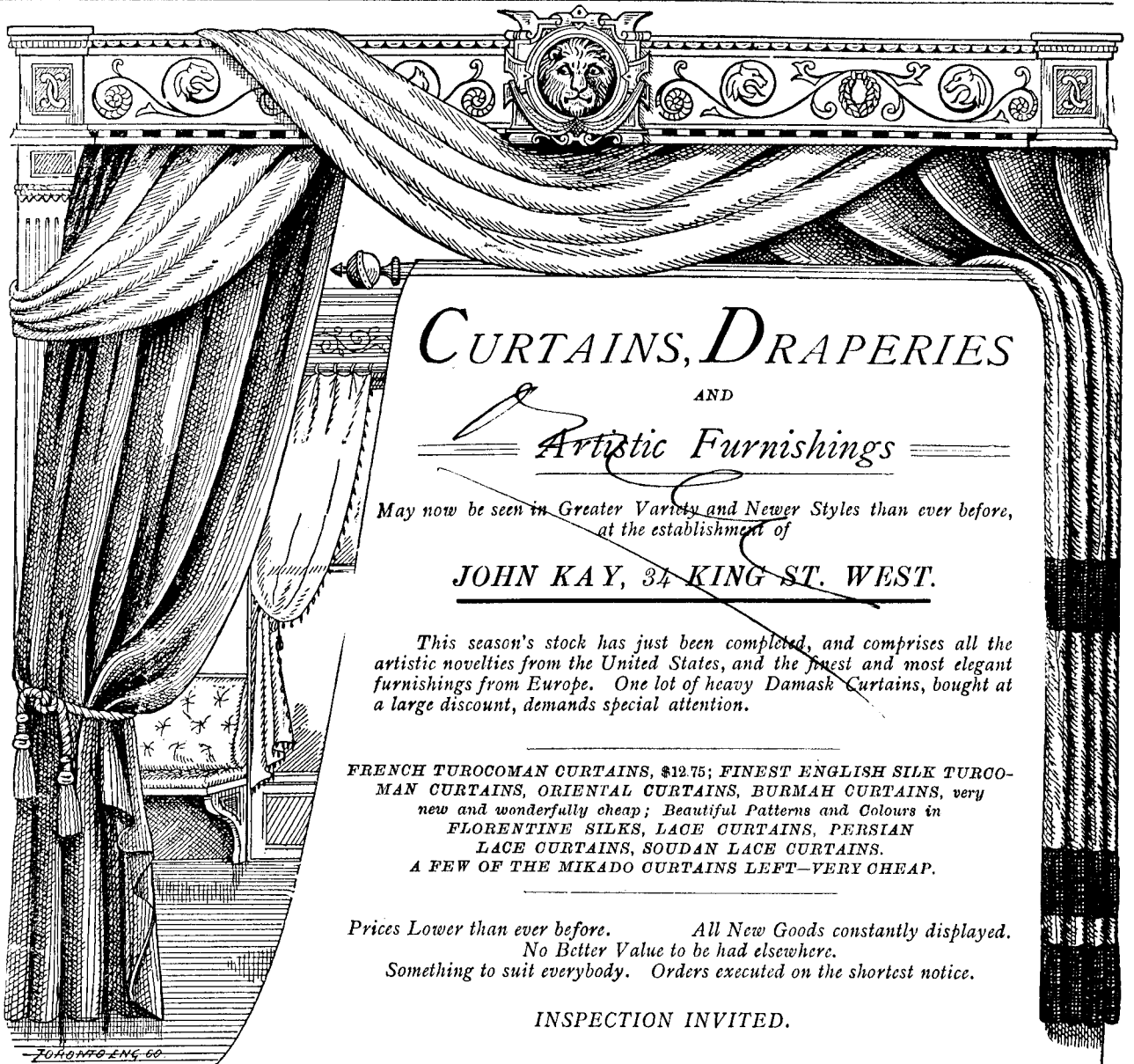
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Knitting and Crochet.—A guide to the use of the Needle and the Hook. Edited by Jenny June.

In arranging this work the editor has taken special pains to systematize and classify its different departments, give the greatest possible variety of designs and stitches, and explain the technical details so clearly, that any one can easily follow the directions. There are a large variety of stitches and a great number of patterns fully illustrated and described, which have all been tested by an expert before insertion in this collection. The aim of the editor has been to supply women with an accurate and satisfactory guide to knitting and crochet work. This book is printed on fine paper, bound with a handsome cover, and contains over

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NEEDLE-WORK

Needle-Work: A Manual of Stitches and Studies in Embroidery and Drawn Work. Edited by Jenny June.

This manual is an attempt to systematize and arrange in an order convenient for workers, the modern methods in Embroidery and Drawn Work. The author has felt the desire and the responsibility involved in aiding women to a true and practical guide to the beautiful art of needle-work. When the Angel of Mercy begged that woman might not be created because she would be abused by man, as the stronger, the Lord listened, but felt that he could not give up the whole scheme of creation, so he gave the loving Angel permission to bestow upon her any compensating gift she chose, and the Angel pityingly endowed her with tears and the love of needle-work. This book is printed on fine paper, has a handsome cover, and contains

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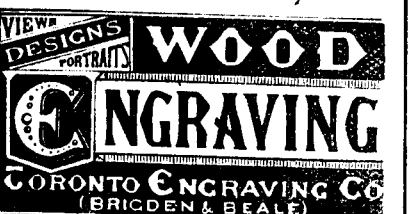
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