

THE WEEK:

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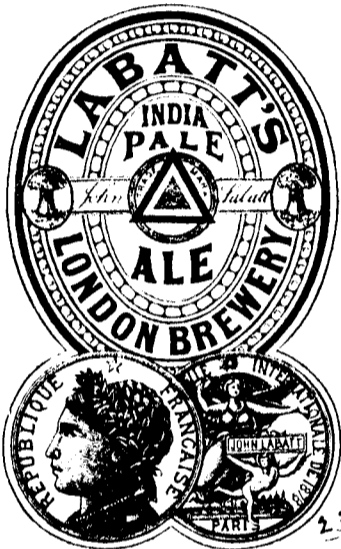
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JAS. L. HUGHES, Secretary.
 March 15, 1886.

THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 25.

Toronto, Thursday, May 20th, 1886.

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TEUTONS AND CELTS.—I.

OF all the problems which present themselves for solution to the practical politician of to-day, those arising from race prejudice would appear to be the most intricate and the most hopelessly insoluble. Were there any foundation of reason in the views which men take up with regard to their nationality, there might be some means of meeting the difficulty; but there is really no subject on which men adopt such strong views without any basis of fact to support them. It was only the other day, for instance, that Lord Rosebery, speaking in Edinburgh, warned Scotsmen upon no account to forget their nationality; and even a learned man like Buckle wrote many abstruse chapters with a view to pointing out the difference between the English and Scotch intellects. And yet such men as Hume, Latham, Green, and other reliable authorities all tell us that the inhabitants of the Lowlands of Scotland are undoubtedly descended from the Angles who gave their name to England, that the name of Scot belongs by right to a band of Irish freebooters, and that Scotsmen are quite as English as the English themselves. Even the man of blood and iron cannot persuade the men of Alsace and Lorraine that their forefathers were Germans, and there are many thousands of Irishmen to-day who pride themselves upon nothing so much as their nationality, and who yet are the unmistakable descendants of the Saxon whom they now so bitterly detest. Instances of the same description might be multiplied to almost any extent, and the only conclusion to be drawn from them is that race, like religion, has become simply a question of faith—that it is almost impossible to deal with it logically.

And yet this same race prejudice forms one of the most important factors in modern politics, and it is one of the most useful of all tools in the hands of the self-seeking professional politician. As a source of danger to our modern political institutions its influence can hardly be exaggerated. Under the old monarchical form of government it was comparatively easy to hold mixed races together, but our modern popular government is singularly ill-adapted to cope with the difficulty. To quote from Sir H. Maine: "Of all modern irreconcilables, the nationalists appear to be the most impracticable, and of all governments, popular governments seem least likely to cope with them successfully. Nobody can say exactly what Nationalists are, and indeed the dangerousness of the theory arises from its vagueness. It seems full of the seeds of future civil convulsion. As it is sometimes put, it appears to assume that men of one particular race suffer injustice if they are placed under the same political institutions with men of another race. But Race is just as ambiguous a term as Nationality. The earlier philologists had certainly supposed that the branches of mankind speaking languages of the same stock were somehow connected by blood; but no scholar now believes that this is more than approximately true; for conquest, contact, and the ascendancy of a particular literate class

have quite as much to do with community of language as common descent. Moreover, several of the communities claiming the benefit of the new theory are certainly not entitled to it. The Irish are an extremely mixed race, and it is only by a perversion of language that the Italians can be called a race at all. The fact is that any portion of a political society which has had a somewhat different history from the rest of the parts can take advantage of the theory and claim independence, and can thus threaten the entire society with dismemberment. Democracies are quite paralyzed by the plea of nationality. There is no more effective way of attacking them than by admitting the right of the majority to govern but denying that the majority so entitled is the particular majority which claims the right."

When examined from this point of view, the attempt to establish what is called a "parti national" in the Province of Quebec, is both interesting and instructive, inasmuch as it is an instance of race prejudice, pure and simple, without a single solid grievance behind it. Sir H. Maine says that it is only by a perversion of language that the Italians can be called a race at all, and the same remark is equally applicable to the French-Canadian. Apart from the Jews, who constitute one of the few existing races which can lay claim to purity of descent, there are only two races which enter largely into the composition of the people which now occupy the greater part of the Continent of Europe and the British Colonies in the East and West. The one is the Scandinavian-Teutonic or Indo-German, and the other is the Celtic*; the former still existing on the shores of the Baltic, and the latter still to be found on the West Coast of Ireland, where they preserve not only their race but its traditions in such perfect purity that they probably differ but slightly from their ancestors of a thousand years ago. But the rest of Europe has been the battle ground of the Races for centuries, and they have now become so mixed up that it is almost impossible to unravel the tangled skein. That the early settlers in France were Celtic is of course beyond doubt, but the very name of France is German, and the population had already received a strong infusion of the German element from their Frankish conqueror, when Rollo and his Normans took peaceable possession of the city of Rouen. It was from Normandy that the early settlers in New France principally came, as is most distinctly proved by the fact that the *patois* of the Canadian *habitant* is precisely similar at the present day to that of the Normandy peasant, and the hardy Norse sailor whom he left behind.† When the French settler landed on the shores of Canada, he was already partly Scandinavian and partly Teutonic, although, to a large extent Celtic. But even since then he has received a fresh admixture of the Scandinavian element. The Gaspé district, for instance, derives its population largely from the Channel Islands, and the names of these islands—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark—are distinctly Norse. Along the shores of the St. Lawrence, too, it is a constant occurrence to meet with French-Canadians, whose names are characteristically Scotch, and who still speak French with a broad Scotch accent. How then can the French-Canadian claim to belong to a distinct race? The Englishman, like himself, is a mixture of Scandinavian, Teuton, and Celt, and, although considerably less Celtic than the Frenchman, it is merely a question of degree.‡ The one point which is quite clear is this—that if the French Canadian wishes to claim a distinct nationality of his own, he must base his claim on language and religion; certainly not on race.

* That the Celts and Indo-Germans are remotely connected is no doubt true; but Latham points out that the Celts must have broken away from the parent stock previous to the evolution of the declension of nouns, and this throws us back to such a remote period that practically we may look upon the races as distinct.

† A little glossary of French-Canadian words, compiled by the late M. Oscar Dunn, gives much valuable information on this subject.

‡ Mr. Nicholas, in his "Pedigree of the English People," proves beyond a doubt that there is a considerable admixture of Celtic blood in the Englishman; but the mere fact that the English and Scotch (the latter more especially) have preserved to a large extent the mental characteristics of the Teuton is proof positive that Mr. Nicholas has somewhat overstated his case. It would seem probable that the Englishman is descended from a Teutonic father and a Celtic mother. The Saxon may have exterminated the British men, but he would probably select a wife from the women. It has often been asserted that the race was improved by the admixture, but even this is open to question, and the practical success of the Englishman may be attributed to his insular position and the mineral wealth of the island. The writer speaks from experience when he asserts that the Norwegian sailor is vastly superior in every respect to the English sailor. He is more intelligent, better educated, soberer, more industrious, and more reliable, and his pluck is undoubted.

What renders the attempt to revive race feuds in Lower Canada still more inexcusable is the fact that the French-Canadian, so far from having any solid grievance to complain of, is really the *enfant gâté* of the political world. The fortune of war, and the shameful neglect of his home government, threw his country into the hands of the English; but all has been returned to him. His language, his laws, his religion, his institutions, all are intact. British capital and British enterprise laid the foundations of his commerce, built his railways, and developed the resources of his country to an extent which would have been impossible under the old régime; but British political influence has almost ceased to exist. A large proportion of the wealth and commerce of the leading cities is still in British hands, and the brunt of a heavy taxation is borne principally by the English-speaking community; but there are but few English-speaking members in the Provincial Assembly, and the city governments are entirely in the hands of the French-Canadian element. The Canadian *habitant* either is, or ought to be, one of the happiest of human beings. He lives a life of almost Arcadian simplicity, on his own farm, which he cultivates with his own hand, and on which he raises almost everything that is necessary to his existence. He is, by nature, far more given to vegetation than to agitation, but a certain want of industry and enterprise are more than compensated for by an extraordinary frugality, which enables him to lead a life of ease and comfort that would raise the envy of any peasant in old France. He grows his own wheat, oats, potatoes, and tobacco, raises his own cattle, and salts his own pork, while his wife, whose economy equals his own, spins his wool, makes his clothes, and keeps an eye on the poultry-yard. Apart from an occasional purchase of tea, or a Sunday dress for his *bonne femme*, he rarely contributes to the national exchequer, and, as his farm is his own, the rent-collector has no terrors for him. He is an inveterate politician, and the one great object of his political existence is to avoid taxation, and fall back, when possible, upon his foster-mother, "*Le Gouvernement*." As he knows the value of his vote to a nicety, and knows how much the Ministry of Sir John Macdonald has had to depend upon it for support, his success has been remarkable, and in this he has been well backed up by his village politician, who will work so hard for so little that he may almost be credited with having raised the art of wire pulling to the level of an exact science. Unless we go upon the supposition that the possession of wealth is necessary to ensure perfect happiness, the French-Canadian should be one of the happiest of mankind. Political grievances he has none, and political benefits have been lavished on him. If a nationality cry is to be raised in Lower Canada, it should surely come from the Englishmen, who, after ruling the country for many years, now find themselves in a position of complete political subjection, their influence gone, and their purses always open to the demands of the French-Canadian majority. If the English minority in Lower Canada were to give trouble it should surprise nobody; but exactly the reverse is the case, and such is the influence of race prejudice that we find the French-Canadian ready at a moment's notice to forget all his material advantages; and a few worthless politicians have found little difficulty in bringing about a nationality agitation which if carefully fanned might drive the country to the brink of civil war.

If the French-speaking population of the Province of Quebec could complain of either neglect or ill-usage at the hands of the present Government, it might be possible to fabricate some excuse for them; but, so far from this, they have been the spoilt darlings of Sir John Macdonald's Ministry, and have ruled not only their own Province but the Dominion itself. The settlement of the Riel question was one of the very few occasions upon which their wishes have been opposed; but they have not only had their fair share of political power, but they have held the balance of power in the Dominion. Nevertheless, they now turn against the Government which has cherished them in its bosom, and we find Sir John Macdonald threatened with dismissal from office—not because his peculiar system of government by patronage has corrupted the people—not because he has frequently had to put the interests of his party before the interests of his country—not for his sins, in fact, but simply because he has hanged a man who, with perfect justice, might have been hanged years ago for as cold-blooded a murder as was ever committed.

It is unnecessary to enter here into a prolonged discussion of the Riel controversy. The only defence which his best friends could make for his extraordinary conduct was to suggest that he was insane. To compare Riel with Cromwell may appear very like plunging from the sublime into the ridiculous, but in so far as sanity is concerned the cases are parallel. Cromwell, unless he was a terrible hypocrite (as seems highly probable) was quite crazy on the subject of religion, and the same may be said of Riel; but nobody ever yet ventured to suggest that the great Protector was not responsible for his own actions. That the management of affairs

in the North-west has been far from satisfactory cannot be denied; but this is very weak ground to take up, as the Canadian form of Government is cheerfully accepted by the people at large, and it may be added that the Gracchi preaching against sedition were consistent as compared with the French-Canadian protesting against the government of the wire-puller. But if any proof were wanted of the unreasonableness of the agitation, it might surely be found in the fact of such a man as M. Joly—a man who even in these degenerate times has preserved his character *sans peur et sans reproche*—preferring to retire from the political arena rather than have anything to do with so foolish and unpatriotic a movement. After this, further discussion is unnecessary. What must be quite apparent to every unprejudiced mind is that the whole affair simply amounts to this—that a considerable number of Canadians who speak French object to the execution of Riel because he also spoke French, and because they fancy that in some way or another he belonged to the same race as themselves.

AN ANGLO-CANADIAN.

COLONIAL OPINION OF MR. GLADSTONE'S POLICY.

[FOLLOWING is a letter addressed by Mr. Goldwin Smith to the Liverpool *Courier* on the issuance of Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto (which was contemporaneous with Mr. Smith's arrival in England). Brief reference having been made to this letter in the Press cablegrams, and comments made on it, we reproduce it in full for the information of our readers.]

Any patriotic Englishman who followed Mr. Gladstone, as I did in former years, must read with no common pain his direct appeal to party spirit to sustain him in the dismemberment of the Empire. The designation is his own, for the dismemberment of the Empire was the aim which, in a speech delivered in this city [Liverpool], he ascribed to Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Parnell is evidently satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's present scheme. The historical parallels adduced by Mr. Gladstone appear to me utterly irrelevant and delusive. If the Whig party became weak and discredited after 1793 it was because the course of its leaders was unpatriotic, not because some of its members were true to the country. That some of its members had been true to the country was the redeeming fact which saved it from ruin, enabled it to retain some degree of influence, and in time opened to it again the doors of power. In no instance in political history, so far as I am aware, has any public man or citizen injured his party, in the long run, by doing his duty to the country.

The portion of the Manifesto, however, on which, as a British-Canadian, I wish to touch, is that in which Mr. Gladstone claims for his Separatist policy the gratifying support of Colonial and American opinion. Among the manifestations of Colonial opinion he no doubt includes the resolutions which were passed the other day in his favour by the Provincial Legislature of Quebec, and which he gratefully acknowledged. The Province of Quebec is French, not British; it is growing more French and more Nationalist in its tendencies every day; its people sympathised with the insurrection of the French Half-breeds against British dominion in the Canadian North-West, and have been vehemently protesting against the execution of Riel. Its politicians also angle for the Irish vote, which is pretty large in Montreal, where, at a great Nationalist meeting the other day, General Burke, one of Mr. Gladstone's American partisans, was received with enthusiastic applause when he proclaimed that the man who would not murder a landlord was a coward. Above all, the priests who rule Quebec believe, no doubt as their brethren do elsewhere, that separation will bring with it the destruction of Irish Protestantism and the establishment of Roman Catholicism in Ireland. They have good grounds for that belief. The restrictions ostensibly imposed by Mr. Gladstone on the action of his Irish Parliament will evidently be mere moonshine. There is no legal mode of enforcing them; they can be upheld only with the bayonet; and if you shrink from coercing the Moonlighters, you will hardly venture to coerce the Irish Legislature and nation. Of the whole set, the restriction on the establishment and endowment of any religion is the least tenable and the most difficult to maintain; for if the Parliament of the United Kingdom is unfit, as Mr. Gladstone contends, to legislate for the Irish because it is mainly British, much more, being mainly Protestant, must it be unfit to legislate for the Irish in any matter concerning their religion. The public schools are a boon which Ireland owes to British connection, without which national education would no more have been introduced among her people than it has been introduced among the people of Spain, Naples, or Mexico. These would be at once handed over to the priests, and we know with what result. The separate schools which the Roman Catholics have succeeded in retaining for themselves in the Province of Ontario are, I believe, confessedly inferior to the common schools, though kept probably above their natural level by the stimulating

influences of a Protestant and progressive community. In this age of scientific industry the industrial prospects of Ireland would decline with her national education. At the same time, grants of public money would be made on charitable pretexts to monasteries and religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods, as they were in New York during the period of Irish rule. Finally, complete endowment and establishment, virtual if not formal, would come, and Ireland would be restored to the dominion of the Papacy and of reaction. The British colony in Ulster, with all its noble energies and hopes, would be, not restored to the dominion of the Papacy, but added, for it has never formed part of any Celtic and Catholic nationality; it has always been an illustrious portion of the great nationality embracing the Three Kingdoms, from which it is now to be torn. Is this a consummation to which any Liberal can be called upon by his duty to his party to contribute? Mr. Gladstone seems, at this political crisis, very anxious to identify himself with the Scotch; he has assigned to them, I believe, by an inscription on a monument, the honour of having given birth to his family; nor does he want the nerve to tell them by way of compliment that they and their Irish colony are guiltless, and that England alone is guilty of harsh treatment of the Irish Catholics. Will the Scotch Presbyterians like to be made parties to the establishment of Roman Catholicism in Ireland? Will the English Nonconformists, who are following Mr. Gladstone in the belief that, as he renounces disestablishment, it will be his next move?

Resolutions, commonly called the Costigan Resolutions, were passed by the Canadian Parliament, about the time of the Phoenix Park murders, in favour of the extension of Canadian self-government to Ireland; an absurd proposal, since Canada is everything which Ireland is not—a colonial dependency separated from Great Britain by the ocean, and so friendly that no measure of self-government or powers of any kind that can be granted her will ever make her a thorn in the side of the Imperial country. But the resolutions, though they gave much pain to loyal British-Canadians, were, on the part of the majority—probably the great majority—of those who voted for them, simply a tribute of political servility to the Irish vote. For the Irish vote, wielded by the priesthood, is our political scourge. It is too evidently becoming yours also, and you will not get rid of it by breaking the Union; it will remain in your cities, a perpetual temptation to ignoble politicians, a perpetual weapon in the hands of your enemies on the other side of the Irish Channel. You can escape from its degrading domination only by laying aside the factions which make you subservient to it, and showing it once for all that it shall not reign here.

Let Mr. Gladstone remember that twice his Irish-American sympathisers have invaded Canada, and that twice Canada has shown how hollow is the bugbear of Fenian power by which some of his colleagues are now trying to scare the British people into a surrender of the national integrity to the conspiracy which has its centres and the main sources of its supplies in New York and Chicago. Canadians, after this, are not likely to see with joy the creation of a Fenian power in Ireland whose influence would give fresh life to the worst political elements on our side of the Atlantic.

The genuine feeling of British-Canadians was expressed, as I am persuaded, at a meeting which was held the other day at Toronto to aid the Loyalists of Ireland in their struggle against dismemberment, and which was crowded and enthusiastic, thousands being turned away from the doors. We met not to protest against the extension of any measure of decentralization and self-government to Ireland in common with the other two kingdoms and without prejudice to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament. That against which we met to protest was the rupture of the Legislative Union. This, and its inevitable sequel, the carving of a hostile Irish Republic out of the flank of the United Kingdom, would, as we believe, be fatal to the power and greatness which are the common heritage of our whole race. Nor do we deem it narrow or selfish to desire that ruin shall not be brought on the mother of free nations and the guiding light of ordered progress. If, in the deliberate judgment of the nation, morality and justice require the sacrifice, we shall bow our heads in resignation. If it is entailed by faction, weak fears, and personal ambition, we shall bow our heads in shame. We shall bow our heads in shame unutterable, and be unable ever again to look a foreigner in the face if Mr. Gladstone or any one else succeeds in persuading you to commit so foul, so dastardly, and at the same time so suicidal a crime as the abandonment of the Loyalists of Ireland.

Of American opinion I speak, of course, with less confidence than of Canadian opinion. On the lips of the Irish enemies of Great Britain in the United States the yell of triumph is suspended only till Mr. Gladstone shall have done his work. The protectionists abet, as a matter of course, any hostility to Great Britain, which with them means 20 per cent. more on pig iron. The politicians have Irish constituents and the journals have Irish subscribers. But of the native Americans unconnected with

politics, few or none, as I believe, sympathise with Irish secessionism, at least if they understand the case and know that the laws are the same for the Irish, so long as they are law-abiding, as for the English, that Ireland has her full representation in the United Parliament, and that her sons share, without restriction, all the honours and advantages of the Empire. They have the political character of the Irish always before their eyes, if they are inhabitants of the great cities, to their sorrow, and they know that it is the same everywhere, and is not the consequence of British misrule. If the declamation of secessionist orators, such as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and Lord Dalhousie, against England's conduct towards the Irish, reach them, they know what faction is, and that under its influence politicians will often traduce as well as betray the country. Against Mr. Gladstone's doctrine of secession they have protested sword in hand. Perhaps they may look forward with some pleasure to the extensive migration of Irish adventurers from the United States back to Ireland, which will take place as soon as the Irish Parliament is set up. To atone to Ireland for wrongs done, or supposed to have been done, centuries ago, you cut her off from a progressive civilization, and hand her over to the dominion of superstition or political brigandage; at the same time empowering, and not only empowering but inciting, the more savage portion of her population, the portion which commits or sympathises with outrages such as would disgrace the Red Indian, to overpower and crush out of existence that portion in which reside her hopes of a higher civilization as well as of true liberty.

One thing, however, you ought to know—that friendly as the present Government of the United States and the bulk of the native Americans may be, when the Irish Parliament declares Ireland independent and seeks recognition at the hands of the United States, the Government will hardly be able to resist the pressure of the politicians and of the Irish vote. You will then, as the reward of your attempt to avoid trouble by capitulation, have your choice between submission to dismemberment at the hands of a foreign power, and a foreign combined with a civil war.

Nor is dissolution, when once it begins, likely to end with the loss of Ireland. Already, in the *North American Review*, Hindoo disaffection follows Irish example, and appeals to American sympathy for revolt against British rule. Mr. Gladstone's secessionist principles apply at least as much to the case of India as to that of Ireland, and he can hardly say that Hindoo opinion is less worthy of attention than that of the Irish peasantry under the coercion of the Terrorist League. The swarm of political filibusters which your weakness has called forth and fostered may presently turn its enterprising efforts in that direction also. India in its turn may be lost, the Indian market may be closed, and those who are ready to let their country descend from her place among the nations so long as the rate of wages is not lowered, will find that the rate of wages is not independent of the place of their country among the nations.

Mr. Gladstone may depend upon it, I believe, that he and his policy receive from the other side of the Atlantic little applause which ought not to excite misgiving in the breast of a British Minister, while they receive not a little which ought to fill the breast of a British Minister with shame.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

REPEAL IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THE resolutions on this subject brought before the Nova Scotia Legislature, and passed by such a decided majority, may appear very surprising to any one not thoroughly conversant with affairs in the Lower Provinces; but those who understand how things have been progressing down there ever since Confederation came in force will not be greatly startled to learn that the present Liberal Government finishes its term of service by such a radical action, which in many respects perfectly harmonizes with the course pursued by them ever since their coming into power. The terms which they have been able to secure from the Dominion authorities in no case proved satisfactory; and with every fresh and ungranted demand, the difference of opinion between the rulers at Ottawa and those at Halifax grew wider and more definite in character. Now, when an appeal to the constituencies is the next thing in order, Mr. Fielding suddenly startles his opponents by introducing this most emphatic expression of disapproval not only with the Macdonald Government, but also of Canada as a nation. During the spirited debate provoked by this proposition, a Liberal orator declared that Confederation had proved a most complete failure; and when it came to the vote, only one member on his side of the House disagreed with the statement, while one Conservative went with the Provincial Secretary. Throughout Nova Scotia the Liberal Party may be considered as practically united in favouring this extreme stand, and the Premier has probably taken the wisest course to bring out a full vote alike of those supporting

his views and of the Opposition. While making a very earnest, pointed, and somewhat violent speech on this subject, Mr. Bell, the Conservative leader, in the name of his party accepted the issue, and expressed his willingness to make this question the chief one of the coming campaign. So that after all the battle will resolve itself into a purely party contest. The Conservatives will struggle to uphold the union, and try to show wherein it has benefited Nova Scotia and other sea-bordering Provinces; while the Liberals are attempting to prove that this arrangement has done a great deal more harm than good, and that it has already existed entirely too long.

Regarding the probable decision of the electors on this matter it is rather difficult to make predictions. There are many elements in the contest whose value cannot be estimated, and some of them, which now seem of slight moment, may become sufficiently important to control the result; and a lucky hit of written or spoken eloquence might set rolling one of those waves of popular enthusiasm, which are liable to rise in any great political struggle and sweep away all opposing forces, although it may be utterly without any logical consideration.

The reasons for desiring a return to direct relations with the Imperial Government advanced by the Nova Scotia Liberals are, mostly, already familiar to many of your readers. They declare, in the first place, that Confederation ought never to have been established. There was no occasion for it. Things were well enough under the old régime, and have been growing worse and worse ever since it was superseded by a scheme which they characterize as all promise and no pay. Consequently, permanent prosperity cannot be expected until we get rid of it. Secondly, the Upper Canadians and the Maritime people are naturally foreigners. From geographical as well as many other considerations they can never be anything else. They assert that politically, commercially, and socially, they have nothing in common with the St. Lawrence country, and a proper national amalgamation is impossible. Hence in all relations with the Upper Provinces they must labour under great disadvantages; and if they must remain a dependency of any Power, Mother England would suit them much the best. The third objection affirms that whatever business is transacted with Canada always proves terribly one-sided, being to the Nova Scotians nearly all give and hardly any take. The Dominion will not or cannot effect Reciprocity with the United States; and so they are forced to receive goods from dealers in Montreal and other Canadian cities. But, as the compliment is not returned by any extensive purchase of their productions, imports greatly exceed exports, and whatever they can make from their four chief industries—fishing, mining, lumbering, and farming—each year goes to the merchants and manufacturers of Quebec and Ontario, with whom they are compelled to deal, because laws made at Ottawa prevent them from trading where they want to. It is also claimed that New England is the natural business ally of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and that with proper commercial facilities traffic between these regions could be conducted upon a mutually beneficial basis. These and many other similar arguments will be advanced to show that the quicker the tie now binding us to the Dominion is broken the better it will be for all parties.

How the Opposition is to sustain their side of the discussion, and strive to show that the young giant of the North is growing up rapidly and as well proportioned as could be expected, has not yet been made public, and very likely they hardly know themselves. The challenge of Mr. Fielding was issued with such reckless brilliancy that the Conservative gentlemen were somewhat disconcerted, and hardly recovered their presence of mind before the House adjourned. The speeches in opposition to this measure by Mr. Bell and his followers made scarcely any attempt at argument, and consisted almost wholly of personal attacks upon the Premier and his Administration. But when these lawyers, doctors, etc., get over their surprise, and settle down to the solid work of the campaign, they will doubtless bring forth arguments weighty enough and sufficiently striking to fairly meet those presented by the Repealers.

Considering the great variety of interests involved in connection with the chief question, this summer in Nova Scotia is sure to see a vast amount of political ink-warfare; and Acadia's resplendent hills and valleys will echo and re-echo with the thunderous eloquence of battling statesmen.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS and Lievenne, a French actress, were both summoned as witnesses in a trial which took place at Rouen. Alexandre Dumas, when called upon to give his name and condition, replied in a pompous voice, "Alexandre Dumas and I should call myself *homme de lettres* if I were not in the country of Corneille." On the same question being put to Lievenne, she said, "I am Lievenne, and I should call myself maid if I were not in the town where they burnt them."

FROM BATTLEFORD TO MOOSEJAW.

THE welcome and long-looked-for orders for "A" Battery, Field Force, to move south, and join the General's (Sir Fred. Middleton's) flying column, having reached us, we "pulled out" from Fort Otter, Battleford, at three p.m., on the 8th of March, 1886. Owing to the time of year and the uncertainty of the weather, every precaution had to be taken to guard against both storms and sunshine; for too much of the latter would very soon clear the trail of all the snow, and render the roads knee-deep in mud, owing to the peculiar nature of the soil.

Reports having reached me, from the mail-carrier and others, that long stretches of the trail were completely bare of snow, and the road in the vicinity of Battleford being very heavy, on account of the quantity of snow on the trail, I was obliged to supply myself with both sleighs and waggons. All the large double waggons had to be taken to pieces and carried on the sleighs for the first part of the journey. I had calculated to do the march in ten days, a distance of 190 miles, as laid down on the map, but of 210, as estimated by the freighters of the road. The "outfit" (a term used by the people of the country to signify anything, from a "jumper" with an Indian pony to a column of any size) consisted of five officers, eighty-three non-commissioned officers and men, one Gatling gun with ammunition, eighteen battery horses, one hundred rounds of Snider ammunition per man, and 33,797 pounds of stores and baggage, forty sleighs, waggons, and carts, thirty-two horses, thirty Indian ponies (with twenty-one spare) and three yokes of oxen. What a cavalcade to march on to the Garrison Common of Toronto, or the "Champ de Mars" in Montreal! As may be imagined, a column composed of such heterogeneous material required a good deal of looking after.

Our first day we did only ten miles, as on some parts of the trail the snow was very deep, and there is always more or less difficulty in starting an outfit of this kind. We reached the place called the "Sixty-mile Bush," at midday on the eleventh. This bush is generally used by freighters and teamsters as winter-quarters for their stock, as the Indian ponies and cattle scrape the snow away with their fore-feet to get at the grass below, and thereby get meat and drink at the same time; the only water, by the way, that they get during the whole winter. I was in hopes that I should have found water at this bush, but the small creek was frozen solid to the bottom. My horses had now been for forty hours without anything to moisten their throats, beyond the snow that was mixed with their oats. I tried the plan of melting snow, but the wind which always blows on the prairie, so permeated the snow with smoke from the fire, that, when it had melted to water, the horses would only drink it in very small quantities, and I don't blame them, for even good ration tea and coffee did not destroy the disagreeable flavour of the smoky water. As we drew near the "Sixty-mile Bush," the snow had perceptibly disappeared, and when we got to the bush itself the trail was quite bare. I sent an officer on a few miles ahead, to see what state the trail was in; he returned, and reported that there was no snow to be seen, so I gave orders to change the loads from the sleighs to waggons that I had previously sent out to this point. In the middle of this operation, a heavy snowstorm came on, with a bitter cold wind, and we had to leave off work and get into our tents. I have, many times in my life, been in more comfortable situations! To sit in a cold and cheerless tent, and by the light of a "penny dip," eat, or try to eat, frozen "bully beef," and hard tack, and wash the sumptuous repast down with smoky tea, with the thermometer somewhere below zero, is not what it is cracked up to be! Everything that *could* freeze *did* freeze, and I could not help contrasting my present experience with that of a twelvemonth previous, when I was "leaving the niggers behind" on the Bayuda Desert, with the temperature somewhere in the hundreds in the shade.

The difficulties of the march were considerably enhanced by the fact that after leaving the "Sixty-mile Bush" there was not a stick of wood to be had till we struck the South Branch of the Saskatchewan River, a distance of some 110 miles; so we had to carry sufficient wood from the bush to do the cooking. Of course it was out of the question to carry enough to melt snow for the horses, as every available inch of room was taken up with stores and ammunition. The first day's march after leaving the bush was very fair wheeling, as the snowstorm of the previous night did not last long; but when we got into the "Bear" and "Bad" Hills, the trail became very heavy. The road winds in and out and around these hills, and, in some of the coulees that we had to pass through, the snow had drifted so deep in places that the horses almost completely disappeared, and the waggons and carts had to be man-handled through. This was very trying and fatiguing work for the men, and made a big hole in a day's march. It was in places like these that the little Indian ponies,

averaging about 13.2, showed what they were made of, as they seemed to delight to get into these coulées, for the pleasure of scrambling out again. We reached "Eagle Creek" at half-past eight p.m. on the 12th, when the horses had the first drink of *aqua pura* that they had had since the morning of the 10th. They were beginning to show the want of it, for of course, eating snow was not sufficient for them although the Indian ponies seemed to thrive on it; and, as I said before, I could not spare the wood to melt it in sufficient quantities to give them all a drink.

At half-past five o'clock on the evening of the 14th, we got out of the "Bad" Hills, on to a fine open plateau, and the marching from there into the river was comparatively easy work. We struck the South Branch at half-past seven p.m., on the 15th, having marched thirty-two miles that day. I now felt that our troubles were nearly over, for at the river we could get both wood and water for men and horses. There is a telegraph station at this point (the first habitation of any kind we had seen since leaving Battleford), where I received a despatch, to say that the flying column had been cancelled. We were now within thirty miles of Swift Current, the nearest point of railway communication. I determined to give both men and horses a little easier time of it, and divided the distance into two marches. Leaving the river on the morning of the 16th, we marched to the "Fifteen-mile Lake," or more properly speaking "slough." Here we found this slough frozen solid to the bottom, so the horses had to go without water, and the men had to return to smoky tea. When I found this I intended to push on, but a heavy snowstorm and high wind springing up, I concluded to pitch camp for the night and march into Swift Current next day. The column reached Swift Current exactly at midday on the "17th of Ireland" (where I had ordered a good hot dinner to be prepared), having done the 210 miles in three hours under the nine days. I don't think any officers or men of Her Majesty's Service ever before enjoyed such a good square meal.

Our troubles and trials were now all over. No more getting up in the middle of the night, as it were, to strike camp and have everything ready to march by seven a.m. The Canadian Pacific Railway authorities, having received instructions, had coaches, baggage cars, and horse boxes ready waiting for us at the station; and we started for Moosejaw, 112 miles East of Swift Current, at sundown, reaching our destination about midnight, where Lieut.-Colonel C. F. Houghton, D.A.G., met us.

I must say that, considering the time of year and the hardship of the march, the non-commissioned officers and men deserve a great deal of credit for the cheerful and willing manner in which they performed their somewhat arduous duties; and I was glad to be able to report that I had brought my whole command in without any casualties to man or horse. We are now living in cantonments in Moosejaw, and anxiously waiting for orders to move to our headquarters at Kingston, Ontario.

J. F. WILSON, Major: Commanding "A" Battery, Field Force.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

SINCE the arrival of the latest number of THE WEEK in England, Mr. Gladstone has unfolded his scheme for the expropriation of the Irish landlords. Assuming the necessity of granting to Ireland a Local Government Bill of a more or less liberal nature, it follows as a simple act of justice that such an Act must be preceded by precautionary measures in the landlords' interests. If these unfortunate men cannot collect their rents, while the Queen's writ yet runs in Ireland, how can they hope to do so when their appeal must be made to Mr. Parnell's Parliament in Dublin—a Parliament which is pledged to estimate the soil at prairie value?

The principle, then, of linking an Expropriation Bill to a Separation Bill may be willingly conceded. But the limits of concession are in this case quickly reached. No sane man can subscribe to the details of Mr. Gladstone's plans, nor is it easy to believe that Mr. Gladstone himself regards his scheme as containing any elements whatever of finality. May he not be considered to have promulgated both the Separation Bill and the Land Bill with the simple aim of presenting to the Scotch and English constituencies a view of the alternative to coercion? In the absence of some such visible agenda paper, as the Prime Minister's proposals set forth in terms, how, it may be fairly asked, are the constituencies to get to business?

From this point of view the writer cannot but consider that Mr. Gladstone, the only man who possesses in an extraordinary degree the power of getting the ear of the country, has made an important contribution towards the settlement, though not necessarily on the lines he himself lays down, of this great question. It is not until the real nature of a disease, with its ramifications and possible consequences, is thoroughly known, that the wisest and most vigorous remedies can be applied.

The view that Mr. Gladstone has abandoned, even if he ever entertained, any serious hope of carrying his measures through Parliament in their present shape is strengthened by the common rumours which are afloat with regard to the actual course he intends to pursue. Such rumours, be their value what it may, are to the effect that Mr. Gladstone will accept all amendments that may be proposed, supposing the bills to pass their second reading, and will then quietly drop them both, leaving them "with all their imperfections on their heads" for the continual discussion and consideration of the constituencies. This may be latter-day statesmanship, but it is not what the English nation is accustomed to, and it would receive little credit at the hands of those who are attached to the old order of things, had they not of late received certain rude awakenings and reminders that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." Seriously, however, can Mr. Gladstone expect anything but opposition of the most determined sort?

The writer will not attempt the discussion of the Separation Bill—*Non civis homini*. But when such men as Mr. Goschen and the Duke of Argyll, men of matured, experienced, and sober wisdom, fasten on Mr. Gladstone's infant Constitution, and attempt to strangle it almost before it is born, it is not to be expected that its appearance will be hailed with acclamations.

The Land Bill may well be treated less reverently. This measure received its first stab when Mr. Chamberlain blurted out the original price at which Mr. Gladstone had fixed the expropriation of the landlords, and which sum it was subsequently found he had "with a light heart" reduced by some fifty millions. The very exposition of the provisions of the Bill, a point on which Mr. Gladstone might have been credited with at least a temporary triumph, was felt in the House to have verged on a failure; while the unusual length of that part of his speech in which he set forth the reasons which had led him to undertake the measure raised a suspicion that he shrank from approaching the actual details of his plan.

The two most obvious objections that have been taken to the Expropriation Bill are these: First, it is felt that the security for the payment of even the reduced rent is absolutely valueless, and, in the second place, proof positive can be given that the sum named for the purchase of the land is far below that which will or may be actually required. But other and no less serious blots are being brought to light. One landlord produces figures to show that, precarious as is the income he receives through rents, such income will certainly bear a favourable comparison with the return his compensation in consols would yield. Another points out that the expropriation value will not even cover the existing mortgages. The proffered boon, in fine, is contemptuously declined by the very class in whose supposed interest it is offered. It may be answered that these and similar objections may be removed by needful amendments when the Bill is in committee. Granted that this is so, it may still be insisted that the success of the measure must in the end be wholly and entirely dependent on the good faith, the good behaviour, and the law-abidingness of the Irish people. Is it too much to ask that some guarantee should be furnished that such qualities as these are still capable of revival in Ireland? Willingly then would the English nation blot out the record of crimes, of ingratitude, of blind and unreasoning hatred, which has of late years become synonymous with the Irish name. Nor would she too carefully count the cost of the sacrifices which she might be called upon to make in granting a boon that would not be extorted from her by threats, but would be freely granted as a reward for repentance.

The issue between Mr. Gladstone and those who venture to differ from him is this: Are the Irish people to be treated with confidence before they have shown themselves worthy of it, or is their worthiness to be assumed? The answer should not be doubtful. C.

London, April 27, 1886.

BISHOP MARLEY had a good deal of the humour of Swift. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. To this the coachman objected that his business was to drive, not to run on errands. "Well, then," said Marley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside and drive to the well."—A service which was several times repeated to the great amusement of the village.

THE Rev. Dr. Alexander relates that there lived in Peeblesshire a half-witted man, who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day he was followed to this spot by some waggish persons, who secreted themselves on the opposite side, listening to the man at his devotions, who expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke over him; when, scrambling out he was heard to say: "Hech, sirs, it's an awfu' world this, a body canna say a thing in a joke but it's ta'en in earnest."

The Week.

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FAR from harm being done, positive good is likely to come from the passage through Congress of a law excluding Canadian fishing vessels from commercial privileges in American ports. While this fishery business is in the hands of such statesmen as Senator Frye and Mr. Dingley, so much misleading noise is made and such a cloud of doubt raised around the question by their one-sided arguments, that the American people at large can learn really very little of the merits of the case. But let the threatened non-intercourse take the concrete shape of a Congressional bill; and public attention will be at once arrested and attracted to the central point of the dispute. It will then be seen that this agitation is solely in the interest of the Maine fishermen, and that Congress has committed the nation to giving these a monopoly of the fish food supply of the whole of the Eastern States. This is the sole end these legislators, or rather their Maine employers, have in view. The ostensible object of this protection is to foster the fisheries as a nursery for American seamen, though it is very well known that one-half of the crews engaged on these American vessels are Canadians. As an incidental, this special measure of retaliation is to punish Canada for refusing to sell bait to these fishermen, and making prize of an American vessel engaged in procuring bait. As to the capture of the vessel, its detention, at any rate, is justifiable by its non-entry at the Canadian Custom House before it procured the bait. This is an obligation Canadian vessels are subject to in American ports, and there is no reason in law or equity or common sense why Americans should not be equally subject to the same obligation in Canadian ports. With regard to the pretended right of Americans to buy bait in Canadian waters, our neighbours' legislators are equally astray. That they have no such right under the treaty of 1818, we believe is now admitted by every authority in the States except Congress. Congressmen or their clients may repudiate that treaty as being obsolete, but that is no reason why the other parties to it, or any concerned in its provisions, should do so also; and until they do so, or consent to its supersession, it is binding on all alike. In the first article of the treaty the Americans explicitly renounce the liberty theretofore enjoyed, or claimed, to take, dry, or cure fish within the three-mile limit, and the special right was reserved to them to enter bays or harbours for the purposes of "shelter and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever." Now clearly, unless it was intended by our enterprising cousins to beguile the fish with wooden bait, the purchase of bait in Canadian ports is plainly forbidden by this treaty: the enumeration of certain specific rights implies the exclusion of all not mentioned. Equally is it impossible to successfully maintain the new argument that buying bait is ordinary trading in the sense permitted by the general treaties between Great Britain and the States, and by the comity of nations. The purchase of bait has for object the catching of fish; and since the lapse of the Washington Treaty, the catching of fish by Americans is a business Canada is bound by no obligation whatever to aid them in. Fishing vessels are not trading vessels in the ordinary sense of the term; and no treaty of trade and commerce wherein no specific mention is made of the fisheries or fishing interests, can be held to include these interests. If, as pretended, treaties of commerce between Great Britain and the States later than that of 1818, have superseded it by providing that American vessels shall have in British ports all the privileges extended to British vessels in American ports, and if the right to buy bait and ice in Canadian ports is an ordinary trade right carried by these later treaties, how comes it that the Washington Treaty was based on the treaty of 1818? By entering into the Washington Treaty, the United States Government recognized the vitality of the treaty of 1818 and its rule over the fisheries question; and this recognition ought to impose silence on those who are now driven, for lack of other argument, to this last resource.

WHEN the American people more generally come to see that in resisting the Maine fishermen, Canada is simply upholding her rights, they will without doubt condemn the action of these monopolists and their representatives in Congress. The whole trouble is simply a phase of Protective policy: the Maine fishermen desiring to monopolize the fish food supply

of the Eastern seaboard, exclude the Canadians from their markets by high duties; but Canadian bait being a necessity to their business, they demand permission to enter Canadian waters for it, trumping up imaginary rights and deliberately violating Canadian laws in order to get it—seizing it in short, as a footpad snatches a purse under the conviction that the chances of immunity are in his favour, and that, moreover, the injured party is too weak to make a successful fight. In this enterprise the fishermen have the assistance of Congressmen, who confidently believe that the British Government, rather than have a dispute with the United States, will force Canada to surrender her rights. It did so in 1870, when, the Canadian Government having determined to enforce exclusion from bays less than ten miles in width, Lord Granville instructed the Dominion to permit United States fishermen to fish in bays between six and ten miles wide at the mouth. "The responsibility of determining what is the true construction of a treaty made by Her Majesty with any foreign power," wrote Earl Kimberly to Lord Lisgar in 1871, "must remain with Her Majesty's Government, and the degree to which this country would make itself a party to the strict enforcement of treaty rights may depend not only on the liberal construction of the treaty, but on the moderation and reasonableness with which those rights are asserted." And more definitely yet, on another occasion:—"The exclusion of American fishermen from resorting to Canadian ports, except for the purpose of shelter and repairing damages, purchasing wood and obtaining water therein, might be warranted by the treaty of 1818, but Her Majesty's Government feel bound to state that it seems to them an extreme measure, inconsistent with the general policy of the Government, and they are disposed to concede this point to the United States Government." But, observe, this action of the Imperial Government was taken just previous to, and doubtless in view of, the conclusion of the Washington Treaty; and no such agreement as that is now in sight. This should make a difference. The Americans are evidently determined at once to retain all the advantages they enjoyed under a treaty now lapsed, and all the advantages the lapse of this treaty can confer on them. This is what Congress means; and the question now is, whether if the Imperial Government be weak enough to yield, Canada ought to be so weak as to comply with the Imperial order. We think she ought not. The claim of the American fishermen is so manifestly unjust, that we doubt if Congress would receive the support of the great body of the people in insisting on the demand: they are far more likely to uphold Canada. And as to the Imperial Government, it must be remembered that since 1871 we have adopted a National Policy of our own, to which that Government has not objected. The protection of our fisheries is a part of our National Policy; the retention of bait under our own control, as the raw material of our fishing industry, is an essential part of the National Policy, just as is the raw material of any manufacture; and therefore we ought to resist any interference with our absolute control over it, just as we should resist interference with our tariff or, more *apropos*, with our right to impose an export duty on logs carried into the States to the impoverishment of our forests and the ruin of our saw-milling industry.

THE situation in brief is this: For seventy years the United States have acknowledged the exclusive right of Canada to dispose of her bait as she pleases. In deep-sea fishing this bait is a necessity to the American fishermen, and sixteen years ago the Treaty of Washington—the latest of the treaties on this subject—gave them the right among other rights to buy their bait in Dominion ports, in return, among other considerations, for the privilege conceded to Canadians to import fish into the States free of duty. But when that treaty lapsed, the American fishermen opposed its renewal on the ground that the Canadians were able to undersell them in their own markets; arguing that, on the whole, it was better for their interests to exclude the Canadians from the American markets, and take the chances of getting bait. What "taking the chances" means was seen in part when the *James D. Adams* entered Digby Harbour, with a sail-cloth stretched over her name so as to conceal it, and after getting bait attempted to escape, without reporting to the Customs. The other part of the chances is to be taken in the courts, where a treaty that has been in existence for seventy years, being now found highly inconvenient, is to be contested. These various chances are what the American fishermen had in view when they told Congress some months ago that they could do without a treaty with Canada. But they have made a bad start with the *James D. Adams*, for it seems she has violated the American custom laws as well as the Canadian. As it is desirable, however, that a clear case, where the question is solely the buying of bait, should arise for legal decision, it is to be hoped some other of our neighbours who are "taking the chances" in Canadian waters may be speedily captured. For all sakes, the question had better be settled now once for all.

THE repeal agitation in Nova Scotia has not the appearance of a widespread or deep-rooted movement. Although the resolution to secede was introduced by the Government, it was carried by a majority of seven votes only. It is purely a party measure, and the vote shows the strength of the Government; but the Local House, where the Liberals are in the ascendant, being elected on purely local issues, their strength there is hardly a guide to the opinion of the constituencies on the subject of Confederation. There may be a general dissatisfaction with the present connexion; but it has not yet been shown at the polls: while Nova Scotia returns to the Dominion House thirteen supporters of the present Government and the present connexion against only six opposed to it, the rest of the Dominion must refuse to believe that any serious wish to break away from the Dominion exists. To command attention, here or in the Imperial Parliament, a desire to withdraw from the Confederation must first be expressed unmistakably in a constitutional way—by the election of Representatives to the Dominion Parliament, charged by the constituencies to obtain the redress of grievances, or in case of failure, to promote the withdrawal of the Province.

THERE is unquestionably in the Maritime Provinces a feeling of lukewarmness, if not of hostility, towards Confederation; and this may be traced wholly, we believe, to one cause—the imposition of a fiscal policy that kills all foreign trade in maritime provinces to which foreign trade is as the breath of life. The National Policy is fostering manufactures in the inland Provinces, but in proportion as it succeeds in this object it excludes foreign manufactures; and in excluding them it, in many ways, direct and indirect, inflicts injury on the shipping interests of the coast, or at best prevents their due development as the portals of international commerce. If it had not been for the fisheries, the pressure of the effect produced by the National Policy in the Maritime Provinces would have been felt long ago: it is the closing of the United States markets that has brought on these acute symptoms; and now that these Provinces have to discover or create new markets abroad to take the place of those just closed, we may reasonably expect that, handicapped as all foreign commerce is by the National Policy, the present dissatisfaction will continue to grow in intensity unless an adjustment of the tariff to the circumstances be made.

If we may believe the cable correspondents, Mr. Michael Davitt is reported to threaten that he will rouse the members of the National League in Ireland and America, if Mr. Gladstone yields to Mr. Chamberlain's demands for modification of the Home Rule Bill; and as to the people of Ulster, who are "only Englishmen and Scotchmen that have settled in Ireland," "leave them to us," Mr. Davitt is reported as saying, "we will make short work of them." The public on this side the Atlantic are supplied by these correspondents with so perverted an account of what passes in England that we dare say this is not exactly what Mr. Davitt said; but none the less it is, we believe, very much in the spirit the expected acquisition of Home Rule is being received by the Irish agitators. If the people of Ulster be left to the mercy of the instigators of the Phoenix Park murders and the subsequent dynamite outrages, we know what the "short work" to be made of them means. We may make a good guess of their probable system of government not only from the general conduct during the past few years of the apostles of the dagger and dynamite; but also—though he may not have uttered this threat—from the personal antecedents of this friend of Mr. Gladstone's, Mr. Davitt, whom Cabinet Ministers now delight to honour, who sits in the distinguished-strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, and who is regarded by the British public as a worthy and representative Irishman, but to whom, when tried for treason sixteen years ago, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, when passing sentence on him, uttered words which ought not to be forgotten at this juncture:

"There is one thing," said the Lord Chief Justice, "I cannot help regarding with a feeling of the utmost condemnation and horror, and that is—that assassination is not considered as a means too desperate or bad to be resorted to, when it is found convenient to have recourse to it. That letter of yours shows that there was some dark and villanous design against the life of some man."

This is the man, undoubtedly guilty in the judgment of one of the astutest judges that ever sat on the English Bench, of a design to commit murder, who now is reported to openly threaten war to the death unless Ulster be subjected to the rule of the statutory Parliament at Dublin. And it is this spirit among the Irish leaders, which undoubtedly exists, however carefully concealed for the moment,—it is this spirit, which makes it utterly impossible for Great Britain ever to give the Celtic Irish control even over their own destinies, until, at any rate, they have shown unmistakably

that they have undergone a complete change of heart and are not likely to abuse the trust.

In the discussion of the Gladstone Irish Bills it should never be for one moment forgotten that the Government, as respects Irish affairs at any rate, is Mr. Parnell as representing his employers, the American-Irish, acting through the executive of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish Secretary, Mr. Morley. It is evident from the information given incidentally by Mr. Chamberlain and others as to the ignorance of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, up to the last moment, of the nature of his schemes, that in the preparation of the Bills the Nationalists took the place of the Ministers of the Crown, at least as far as Mr. Gladstone's overweening self-confidence brooked any extraneous help in the concoction of his measures. And in the subsequent proceedings on these measures the same thing is observable. A few hours before Mr. Gladstone moved the second reading of his Home Rule Bill, a Cabinet Minister and another member of the Government gave assurance that important modifications of the Bill, which would put an end to all danger of its being defeated, were to be announced. But when Mr. Gladstone sat down, it became evident that his colleagues really knew nothing about his intentions. The simple truth is it is the Nationalists, not the Ministers of the Crown, who are now Mr. Gladstone's colleagues; the function of the Ministers has been changed to that of clerks to a puppet set in motion by the Nationalists. And so we read further that Mr. John Morley, at a conference had on Thursday with the Parnellites, was unable to persuade them to consent to any changes in the Home Rule Bill; and on Friday Mr. Parnell laid before an assemblage of his supporters a number of communications from Mr. Gladstone suggesting certain modifications in the Home Rule Bill.

THE London *Economist*, a Liberal journal, be it remembered, of high authority in political as well as commercial matters, says on the subject of one-man power, as exemplified in Mr. Gladstone's present departure from both Liberal principles and practices:—"There is one feature in this great struggle to grant or to refuse Home Rule to Ireland which has not yet received the attention it deserves, and that is the temporary breakdown of the British system of Cabinet Government. That system, which entrusts all executive power to a committee informally elected by Parliament, though always unrecognized by law and often misunderstood, has gradually come to be regarded among us as the key of our administration, and the check, not only on the folly or caprice of Parliament, but on the rashness or unwisdom of any individual Minister. In the present instance the use of this grand guarantee for moderation has been reduced to a minimum. Mr. Gladstone, it is now officially admitted, formed his Cabinet without any explanation to his colleagues of his principal project, and when it was formed left them still in ignorance. Whatever may be the ultimate result, a great event—one of the greatest in our history—has occurred through the volition of one man, who, in spite of all our elaborate constitutional checks, had made himself for this occasion the Government. It may be taken as certain that if Mr. Gladstone had explained his scheme to the people the Tories would have been returned to power." With respect to this last sentence, we have no hesitation in affirming that the statement of Mr. Labouchere and his friends, the Irish cable correspondents who serve the American Continent with news, as to the favourable attitude towards Home Rule of the great body of the English artisans and working-classes, are utterly, we are pained yet pleased to say, the reverse of truth. It is not merely clubs and drawing-rooms that are opposed to Home Rule, as these gentlemen would have us believe; it is the people in general who are set against it; and if the opinion of *any* class be taken it will be found that the only persons favourable to the Gladstonian scheme have a strong Irish accent. Mr. Gladstone and his supporters know this, we believe, perfectly well; and hence their dilatoriness in proceeding with the Bill. Every week of delay gave them a chance of bargaining with the Radicals, till that came to an end by the final rupture with Mr. Chamberlain last week. Moreover, it has been hoped to familiarize the nation with the idea of disruption by the perversions of truth and probability of the jackals we have referred to—a hope unfortunately not without foundation, for unthinking people are easily led to take a view which they believe is generally held. But the main reliance of Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly the ignorant rural vote newly enfranchised, who unfortunately know him only by name. Yet, even here, it is more than likely that he has gone astray; for these are mainly dissenters and ultra-Protestants, and ultra-Protestantism will assuredly not look with favour on the Rome Rule so evidently accompanying Home Rule. This is not a high motive for political action, but it will tell with many; and, besides, though the rural vote is not an enlightened vote, it may be counted on to be a patriotic one as far as it sees. Mr. Jesse Collings, who, if any one, may be taken as the spokesman

of this vote, stated the other day that while some sort of autonomy should be granted to Ireland, it must be on a basis different from that on which Mr. Gladstone's scheme is founded; and therefore it is not likely Mr. Gladstone will be supported even by this vote unless he completely changes front.

THE latest news seems to give assurance of the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. It has been thought that the discussion on the motion for the second reading might last some weeks; but so hopeless does the prospect for the second reading now look that it is hardly likely that many of those of the hundred and twenty-five members set down to speak, who proposed to support it, will have heart to talk in a lost cause; and, probably enough, before the next number of THE WEEK reaches our readers the fate of the bill will be officially sealed. With it, too, whenever it happens, will be sealed the fate of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of doctrinaires, adventurers, and nonentities. Of Mr. Gladstone himself we desire to say no unkind word, as we harbour no unkind thought. He has been guilty of a stupendous error in judgment, and that we believe to be the whole of it; and he will be punished severely by the withdrawal of the public confidence, which he had won in the course of a long life but has now in a few weeks forfeited so utterly that he can never hope to regain it. For he has shown such an utter lack of every quality of a statesman, that he has given too much ground, even to his best friends, for the growing belief that the almost uninterrupted series of failures that have distinguished his conduct of affairs while at the head of Government is due to something else than perverse fortune; and enemies will be too ready to point to the present alliance with the accomplices of rebels and assassins—men who are saved only from punishment for their misdeeds through having outwitted and outgeneralled the party leaders, and deluded the one among them whose judgment is least to be trusted,—this unhappy climax to a public life of half a century will give strong colour to the contention of those who for many years have maintained that the continual failures of Mr. Gladstone in statecraft are due, not to ill-luck, but to the radical unsoundness of one who has never been anything much better than a parliamentary tactician, who has succeeded in talking himself to the top.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has engaged passage to Canada for himself and Mrs. Smith by the steamer leaving Liverpool, September 25th.

THE LATMIAN.

ASLEEP on Latmos' top thou liest
Dreaming the daylight hours away,
Till Cynthia's lips again thee wake.
Ah, happy, happy Carian Prince!

Thou know'st not toil, thou know'st not pain;
Earthly cares disturb thee not;
Selene's kiss alone thee wakes;—
Who would not thus forever sleep!

Above—no searching, garish sun;
Around—no prying eyes of men;
Beneath—no foot-worn, dusty path;
Above—the still and silent stars;
Around—the tired and sighing boughs;
Beneath—the scented, sleeping grass.

No fears perturb thee, no regrets;
Cynthia loves thee—that is all
Thou knowest or hast need to know.
Ah, happy, happy Carian Prince,
Who would not thus forever sleep,
Forever and forever thus? ARNOLD HAULTAIN

THE LAST LESSON.

AS TOLD BY A LITTLE ALSATIAN.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of Alphonse Daudet.]

THAT day I was late in starting for school, and I was very much afraid of being scolded, as M. Hamel told us he would question us on the participles, and I did not know the first word of them. For an instant I thought I would miss the lesson and roam about the fields at my own sweet will.

It was such a lovely day!
I heard the black-birds singing merrily in the wood; and in the Rip-pert Meadow, behind the saw-mill, the Prussian soldiers were drilling. This seemed of far more importance to me than the rule on the participles; but I was strong enough to resist, and ran off to school as fast as possible. In passing the Town Clerk's office, I saw quite a crowd of people standing near the grating. For about two years now, all the bad news was

placarded there, the lost battles, the requisitions, the commandant's orders; and I thought to myself as I passed on: What has happened now?

As I was running across the square, Wachter, the blacksmith, and his apprentice were reading the placard; he called out to me:—

"Don't be in such a hurry, little one; you will be in plenty of time for school!"

I thought he was making fun of me, and I rushed into M. Hamel's little yard all out of breath.

Usually, at the commencement of the lesson, there was such a noise that it might be heard in the street, the open desks closing, the lessons which we repeated together aloud, shutting our ears so as to learn them better, and the big ruler which the teacher struck on the table:—

"Silence!"

I thought I could get into my place unobserved while all this noise was going on, but just at this time to-day everything was as quiet as if it were Sunday morning. Through the open window, I saw my companions sitting in their places, and M. Hamel, who was walking up and down the room with the ruler under his arm. I was obliged to open the door and enter the room in the midst of this calm. You may well imagine my state of mind!

M. Hamel looked at me, but not in anger, and said very quietly:—

"Go quickly to your place, little Frank; we were about to commence the lesson without you."

I jumped over the bench, and sat down in front of my desk. It was only after I had recovered a little from my fright, I saw our master had on his best green coat, his finely-plaited frill, and his embroidered silk necktie which he never wore except on very special occasions, such as the inspection of the school on the day of the distribution of prizes. Besides this, all the class was very solemn: something very extraordinary must have occurred. But what surprised me most of all was to see the villagers, just as silent as we were, sitting on the benches at the end of the room, which were always empty—old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the ex-Mayor, and many others from the village. They all seemed to be very sad, and Hauser had an old spelling-book which he held wide open on his knees; he had his spectacles on as he looked over the pages.

While I was taking this in, M. Hamel sat down in his chair, and, in the same tone of voice that he had addressed me in, said to us:—

"My young friends, this is the last time I shall have the opportunity of teaching you. The order has been received from Berlin that nothing but German is to be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher will be here to-morrow: to-day you will take your last lesson in French. I hope you will be very attentive."

These few words quite upset me. Oh! those miserable creatures: that is what they had placarded at the Town Clerk's office.

My last lesson in French!

And I, who hardly knew how to write a word properly! I should now never have the opportunity to learn, but must remain a dunce! How I wished for the time I had lost, and the lessons I had missed, hunting for birds' nests or sliding on the Saar! My books which I always found such a bother, so heavy to carry, etc., my grammar and church history, seemed like old friends; it would be very hard for me to have to give them up altogether. It was the same with M. Hamel. The idea that he was going away, and I should never see him again, made me forget all the punishments I had received from him.

Poor man! It was in honour of this his last lesson he had put on his best clothes, and now I understood why the villagers were there. This spoke for itself; it seemed to say how much they regretted not coming oftener to the school. It was also a way to thank our teacher for his forty years of faithful service, and to render their respects to the country to which he was going.

I was thinking of all this when I heard my name called out. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say the rule on the participles in a clear voice and without a fault; but I broke down at the first words, and stood up shifting from one foot to another, my heart in my mouth, not daring to lift up my head. I heard M. Hamel say:—

"I do not intend to scold you, little Frank; your punishment is already more than enough. This is how you managed: every day you used to say, Bah! I have plenty of time: I will study to-morrow. And now you see what has happened. Ah! that has always been our trouble in Alsace: we have always left our instruction until to-morrow. Now those other people will have the right to say to us: How is it? You say you are French, and you do not know how to read or write your own language! For all that, my poor little Frank, you are not the most to blame. We must all reproach ourselves. Your parents have not obliged you to study. They would rather have you at work in the fields, or at the spinning-mill, so as to gain a few more sous by this means. I—do you think I do not reproach myself? Have I not asked you to water my garden very often, instead of making you study? And when I wanted to go trout-fishing, it did not trouble my conscience in the least to give you a holiday. Do you think it did?"

Then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel began to speak of the French language, saying it was the most beautiful in the world, it was the brightest and best, and that we must always keep it among us, and never forget it; for when a country falls into bondage, as long as it keeps its own language it is like holding the key of the prison. Then he took a grammar and read our lesson to us. I was astonished to find how well I understood it. Everything he said seemed easy—so easy. I also believe I never listened so intently before, and that he never took so much pains to explain the lesson. One would have said he tried to impart all his knowledge to us, before he left, by this last lesson.

The lesson ended, we began to write. For to-day, M. Hamel had prepared new examples on which were written in round hand, France, Alsace; France, Alsace. They were like so many little flags which floated about the class fastened to the corners of our desks. It was wonderful to see how each one tried to do his best, and how quiet every one was! There was not a sound but the scratching of the pens over the paper. At one time some beetles flew into the room; but no one looked at them, not even the little-ones, who applied themselves with all their might, making pot-hooks just as if they were writing in French. On the roof of the school some pigeons were quietly cooing, and I said, while listening to them: "Will they not be obliged to coo in French too!"

From time to time, as I raised my eyes from the top of the page, I saw M. Hamel sitting quietly in his chair and looking fixedly at everything about him, as if he wished to remember everything in that little school-room. Just think of it! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with just such a class before him; only the benches and desks were polished now, rubbed smooth by long usage; the walnut trees in the playground had grown, and the hops which he planted climbed up from the windows to the roof. What a heart-break it must be for this poor man to leave all these things, and to hear his sister, as she went into the room upstairs to close their trunks, they being obliged to leave the country the next morning, never to return.

Nevertheless he kept up until the end. After the writing lesson we had history; then the children sang their Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. There, sitting at the end of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and, holding his spelling-book with both hands, he spelled the letters with them. One could see how diligent he was, his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah! I remember that last lesson so well.

All at once the church clock struck twelve; then the Angelus. At the same moment the bugles of the Prussians, who were returning from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel got up, his face became deadly pale; never did he seem so noble.

"My friends," said he; "my friends, I—I—"

But something choked him. He could not finish the sentence.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, with all his remaining strength, he wrote in large letters:

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he stood perfectly still, his head resting against the wall, and, without speaking, with his hand he made us this sign:

"C'est fini; allez-vous en."

ZARA.

A BOOK MANUFACTORY IN ANCIENT ROME.

In the *Illustrirtes Schweizerisches Unterhaltungsblatt für Stenographen* we find an interesting account of the production of books in ancient Rome. It is stated therein that, notwithstanding that the Romans had not printing-presses, books were at that time produced much more quickly and in larger numbers than most modern works. Paper was used which was almost woven out of the fibre of the Egyptian papyrus, which grows to a height of ten feet and which has given its name to paper. A Roman residing in Egypt assures us that the yield of his paper manufactory would be sufficient to support any army, and whole shiploads of paper were sent from Egypt to Rome. Before books of any description were reproduced in large numbers, they were read mostly in private circles, or publicly, so that the author could adopt suggestions for the improvement of his work. Wealthy Romans used to own a large number of slaves for all kinds of service, which rendered labour cheap, as they cost nothing in many cases, and had only to be supported. They were mostly prisoners of war, the pick of nations, and often more cultivated (especially the Greeks) than their masters. They were consequently also employed in the education of Roman boys. The works of authors were dictated to a number of slaves, women also being employed for that purpose. Even among freemen and liberated slaves the desire to obtain employment became so great that hundreds of willing hands could be had for writing books at a very low rate of wages. The instruction imparted in the workshops of Roman publishers necessitated a regular course of training, which was to teach the apprentices an easy and elegant handwriting. If a publisher had at his disposal say a hundred writers, and reckoning the working day at ten hours, a document which took an hour to write would be multiplied in the course of a day to a thousand copies. The writers became in time expert to such a degree that they combined quickness with elegance. It must also be added that in cases where speed was the first consideration, the use of stenographic contractions became general, and we possess illustrations of their employment in the old manuscripts still in existence. We are also informed that both readers and copyists were instructed and trained, the former in the solution, the latter in the application of contractions. Their object was to copy work as quickly as possible, the use of full words being only resorted to for the best works. The above brief account demonstrates to us the fact that the Romans made the nearest approach to the invention of printing, although they never attained to it. The movable stamps of iron or other metals used by the Romans for marking earthenware vessels and other utensils also prove this. But the art of rapid writing, which was perfected by them to an unusual degree, counteracted a further development, while the number of slaves and other willing hands at disposal, by which means the most astonishing results were obtained, operated in the same direction.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

SAILORS THREE.

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowls so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine.

—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, in *Macmillan*.

THE BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

THE Ontario Society of Artists deserve great credit for the opportunity they have afforded the Toronto public of viewing the original drawings made for the *Century* and *St. Nicholas Magazines*, exhibited at the Society's rooms, 14 King Street West, during the past few weeks. The collection was certainly excellent, and well repaid a careful and prolonged study. It is only to be hoped that the praiseworthy effort of the body in question was properly appreciated and reaped its due financial reward. Judging by the very limited attendance on the day I visited the rooms, I should fear Toronto is not yet educated up to black and white effects. Writing as a mere amateur, I am only a superficial critic; at the same time I have seen enough of pictures in various parts of the world, besides my own practical experience and study of art work, to feel competent to make, at any rate, a few remarks. In the first place, I must risk offending the Society by saying that the pictures suffered considerably from not being arranged in proper numerical order; moreover, the catalogues, though ambitious, inviting, and inexpensive, were extremely awkward, unwieldy, and provoking. The preponderance of their width over their depth upset the centre of gravity, and made the constant reference to their pages, to which the unfortunate holder was doomed, if he wished to follow and enjoy the drawings, a hideous task, very inducive of bad language. When the pictures were unpacked it seems to any average intelligence that it would have been just as easy to arrange them in proper sequence as not, especially as each frame had its number printed and attached to it.

Neither does the selection of the originals engraved into the condemned catalogue do justice to the exhibition, the very first one in the book, "Brunhild Hurling Her Spear," by Robert Blum, being one of the few poor specimens in the rooms. The woman's figure is quite out of proportion in the length of her nether limbs, while some of the men in the background are decidedly bow-legged. Another of this artist's works, likewise introduced into the catalogue, is called "The Attack," and represents a Spanish bull-fight, in which the fore legs of the distant horse are dislocated, and the near animal, which is being attacked by the bull, looks as if it were kneeling on the beast's broad back; nor is the "Landlady of 'Grand Vatel,'" by Douglas Volk (gouache), interesting in design or execution. Engraving 3, "I Come to Claim My Dead," by W. T. Smedley (wash), illustrates a very touching little story called "Crow's Nest," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, which appeared in the September number of the *Century* (1885)—an incident in the late American war, and is, on the contrary, a striking and powerful study in which the artist has seized upon the individuality of the heroine, and in depicting the noble but defiant expression of her face as she addresses the officer in charge, he conveys the author's idea, at least to me. Engraving 4, "Grassy Mountains," by Alfred Parsons (gouache), is a pretty enough pastoral scene with strong effects of light and shade, but devoid of force or originality. No. 5 is "The Attack," by Robert Blum, above referred to. No. 6, "Storming the Gate," by A. Kappes (oil), is heavy, unattractive, and incomprehensible. I cannot see any motive for its selection as a typical work. No. 7, "Street Scene in Washington," by J. H. Cocks (gouache), is one of a clever series of Southern studies of negro life, the best example of which is found in an "Ideal 'Still Fisher,'" by the same skilful brush. The engraving does not at all do justice to the soft, delicate tints of the original. No. 8, "Funeral of Father Junipero," by Henry Sandham (wash), is a strong and clever drawing, and represents the wild, passionate grief of the Indian race at the loss of their beloved pastor, in contrast with the calm repose of the extended figure on the bier and the motionless attitude of the priest standing at its head. No. 9, "Seals in Sight," by W. Taber (wash), is very charming, light, airy, and atmospheric, while the sense of motion expressed by the men rowing their boats out of the immediate foreground is excellent, and the hovering gulls give the characteristic

touch. No. 10, "A Marine Artist's Studio," by N. J. Burns (oil), is decidedly common. No. 11, "A Westchester Orchard," by Alfred Parsons (gouache), is a country idyl, soft and atmospheric in tone, as are all the pictures from his brush. No. 12, last but not least in the catalogue, is "Fairbanks House, Dedham, Mass.," by Harry Fenn, (gouache), an artistic study of the quaint old American homestead of a century ago.

Now, having dealt with the catalogued engravings in detail, I will add a few remarks upon the original drawings in general and their effect upon me personally. In the first place, I learned two important facts, that the originals may be any reasonable size, and are reduced to the proper focus by the engraver's skill, and also that they may be executed in any medium that gives the contrast of light and shade—in dark oils, in sepia,—in ivory black and Pagnes gray, designated in the catalogue as wash—in pen and ink, and in gouache, which is body-colour laid all over the paper as a wash and then painted upon in black or gray; it is an effective process but lacking in transparency. I noticed in an English critique upon the late exhibition in London of the works of Turner and his school the remark, "The most striking feature about this school is their entire use of transparent colour; in no single case do we find the employment of such mediums as oil, fresco, pastel, or body-colour."

The original drawings exhibited all belong to the *Century* Company, and are not to be purchased for love or money, the idea being, I imagine, to employ them as the nucleus of a future gallery in connection with the magazine, monopolizing as it does much of the best American talent. The superiority of the *Century* drawings to the *St. Nicholas* struck me forcibly, though the latter periodical possesses the greater originality of designs as against the completeness of finish of the former. In this respect, possibly, the *St. Nicholas* offers more scope from the more miscellaneous character of its contents. To A. Brennan's pen-and-ink drawings I particularly refer for quaint and clever conceptions, among them "A Lot of Silly Men," "A Procession in Honour of Bacchus," "Catching the Stag," "Accident in High Life," "A Realized Hope," etc. Joseph Pennell contributes his charming Southern and Italian reminiscences to the *Century* in several finished pencil and pen-and-ink sketches, and E. A. Abbey heads the list with two pencil drawings of Mrs. Gilbert as "Mrs. Candour," and Agnes Booth as "Mrs. Brownlee," to which I must add "The Little Brother" (pencil), by Mary Hallock Foote, whose talents are evidently not confined to the field of literature. There are a few other clever figure studies in Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans" (pen and ink), by C. S. Reinhardt. "A Type (Paris)" (oil), E. R. Butler; "A Chorus of Scamander Sailors" (sepia), A. Kenyon Cox; "Armour worn by the Pilgrims" (wash), J. Steeple Davis. Taber has a couple of subjects which are difficult to treat artistically and yet in which he has achieved most successful results: "To the End of the Anchorage, Brooklyn Bridge" and "Driving Ostriches in a Sandstorm." Alfred Parsons is effective, if mild, in his soft, peaceful English landscapes. H. F. Farny deals with typical American scenes in "Guarding a 'Wild Cat' Well" and "Gas Wells." "The Fourth Reader Class" (in oil), by George D. Brush, is an excellent production of the same class.

Harry Fenn pursues the same course of summer ramblings in America that Alfred Parsons does in England, and gives us the numerous old American homesteads which he seems to have made his study. Julian Rix has two extraordinarily photographic creations in brown oil, one a child's head catalogued as "The Kid," and another called "Twilight on the Creek," whose minuteness of detail is really painful. There are also some wonderful studies of Merino sheep and lambs by J. A. S. Monks in wash, and a herd of wild sheep and head of a Merino ram, by J. C. Beard, which are perfect specimens of animal painting in point of finish and truth to nature. The "Piazzetta, Venice," by J. D. Woodward (wash), and "The Rialto," from the same brush, are excellent examples of careful architectural work, with which I will close my notice. L. C.

MR. BELFORD'S RECITALS.

WE are sure that the universal impression which prevailed in Shaftesbury Hall, when Mr. Belford ascended the platform, must have been one of astonishment at his extremely youthful appearance; in fact, murmurs of "How young he looks" were distinctly audible on every side. We have been treated hitherto to the elocutionary performances of middle-aged and elderly men, and were tempted to make allowance for this budding genius. He had not long addressed his audience, however, before it dawned upon us that possibly no allowances might be necessary. In a very few moments, on Friday evening, Mr. Belford succeeded in arresting the breathless attention of a well filled hall; the silence was so complete as to be remarkably impressive. The Toronto Press has already spoken so highly of this gentleman that little is left to say, except that he bears the stamp of birth and education, and is possessed of a rounded and flexible voice, of great penetration and power. Unfortunately the acoustic properties of Shaftesbury Hall were not to its advantage. Friday's programme was a varied one, containing eight selections in all, descriptive, pathetic, comic, and tragic. Of these, Mr. Belford's most effective pieces were undoubtedly Scene ii. Act i. of "The Rivals," in which he personated the dual characters of Sir Anthony, and his son, Captain Absolute, and "The Charity Dinner," when he represented successively the Earl of Mount Stewart in the chair, Mr. Duffer, the Secretary, who read the report, and Monsieur Hector de Longuebeau, who proposed the toast of "The Ladies." We are of opinion that his character sketches are his happiest efforts, and if he devotes the years before him to a careful study and reproduction of the styles and peculiarities of certain noted actors, by the introduction of scenes from their most familiar plays, he will

achieve a new departure in his profession which should be crowned with success: the gift of transferring voice, attitude, and manner from one character to another in rapid succession, unsustained by costume, scenery, or stage effects, is a talent in itself, not given to all who enter the lists of elocution, and Mr. Belford will do well to cultivate it as a thing apart. We are glad to learn that, in compliance with a generally expressed desire, Mr. Belford has consented, prior to his departure for England, to give another recital in the Shaftesbury Hall, on Monday, the 31st inst. L. C.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THIS festival, the most important effort of the kind ever attempted in Toronto, will take place on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of June, in the Mutual Street Rink, which is being specially fitted up for the occasion. The rink will seat about 3,000 persons besides an orchestra of 100 and a chorus of 1,000 voices.

The soloists engaged to appear are: Fraulein Lilli Lehmann, the eminent German prima donna, from the Imperial Opera House, Berlin, and late of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, of Philadelphia, one of the first oratorio singers of the day; Miss Agnes Huntington, of New York, a distinguished contralto, who met with great success in concert singing in Dresden, Leipsic, and England, where she filled engagements with some of the best London societies. Miss Huntington has also appeared at one of the concerts of the Gewandthaus at Leipsic, being only the second American artist ever accepted; Mrs. Gertrude Luther, of Buffalo, soprano, already introduced to Toronto through the medium of the Philharmonic Society, in the "Rose of Sharon" concert; Mr. Albert L. King, of New York, tenor, selected from a list of the best tenors in America. Mr. King is flatteringly endorsed by the press and critics wherever he has appeared; Mr. D. M. Babcock, of Boston, the only recognized peer of the great basso, Myron W. Whitney, known in Toronto and Hamilton, where his admirable art was instantly recognized; Mr. Max Heinrich, of New York, unquestionably the first baritone now before the public.

Besides the above artists, Madame Josephine Chatterton Bohzer, of Chicago, will probably be added; and if an organ can be put up in the rink, Mr. Frederick Archer, of New York, will also appear.

This list of artists is one to expect great things from, and Toronto has reason for self-gratulation on the fact that its first Musical Festival will have for soloists the strongest list of artists of any festival in America this year.

The financial success of the festival has been placed beyond doubt. The total subscriptions to the guarantee fund now amount to some \$20,000, the most practical evidence that could be offered of the interest taken by the leading citizens in its success.

The Orchestra for the festival has been under engagement for several weeks. The American and most important contingent will number some seventy musicians, distinguished for exceptional skill. To these will be added the best orchestral talent in Toronto and other Canadian cities, the whole forming a sufficient support for the powerful chorus; and in its own particular work in orchestral selections, will prove a delightful feature of the concerts.

It was doubted at first whether a chorus could be got together of sufficient strength to do justice to the works produced, but this fear proved entirely delusive, and 1,290 voices have been secured. Mr. Torrington is now engaged in testing the voices, and it is possible that he may reduce the number somewhat in order to secure the best possible material.

The object of the festival is not a financial one, but is intended purely to strengthen all the musical organizations of the country, and to increase the love for music of a high class and of an inspiring nature amongst our music-loving people. There is no profit in this festival to any members of the Board of Management. They simply desire to pay legitimate expenses, and should there be any surplus, it is to be devoted to the establishment of a fund for future use in carrying out similar festivals, or given to some charitable purpose, as the management may hereafter determine.

The railways are all granting special rates, and excursions will be run to Toronto from all points. An immense amount of printed matter has been and will be, circulated throughout Canada and the United States, and the Board of Management feel confident of the entire success of the festival, both financially and artistically. Mass rehearsals in the Rink will be begun in a few weeks.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MUSIC.

- "WISHES AND FISHES." Music by Joseph L. Roeckel, words by F. E. Weatherly. An extremely graceful and taking song for medium voice, and of moderate difficulty.
- "WHAT NEXT." Music by Henry Poutet. A good encore song—slightly suggestive of the same composer's "Tit for Tat," but more melodious.
- "THE PEDLAR." Music by Frederic N. Lohr. Every baritone will welcome this song, as being effective, and of moderate difficulty. The words of the two latter songs are by G. Clifton Bingham, and are eminently singable. Toronto: Anglo-Canadian Music Company.

We have received the following publications:—

- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. May. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
- CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. May.
- FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. MAY.
- Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publication Company.
- CALENDAR VICTORIA UNIVERSITY. Session 1886-7. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. May 15. Boston: Littell and Company.

THE RIVER.

EDDIED or oily smooth with circles faint,
Flows on the river to its deep still pools
Of dusky blue, and as a mirror clear,
Reflecting all the quiet of the sky,
But when a hawking swallow dips, or fish
Leaps in the air, then plumps into the stream,
Launching the tiny foam bells on their track,
On mimic voyage, quickly lost to view.
The streaming tresses of the water-weeds
Wave with the restless current, while near shore
Green cresses crown the margin of the stream,
Hawthorns and hazels on the hither bank
All intertwined with straggling blackberry briers,
Dog-roses fanged with thorns, and reddening hips
Just forming, loosely thrown o'er all the bine
Of white convolvulus with crumpled flowers,
Cover the slope. A fleet of ducks appear
In noisy colloquy, with yellow bills
Fishing neck-deep. The water-hens slip forth
Out of its wilderness of quivering sedge,
Blue haze of rushes stretching towards the sun.
In the low murmur of the drowsy noon
Comes there a deeper hush. The sweeping wind
Drops its light freight, bird songs and low of kine;
Alone is heard the low faint water lapse,
A querulous sound made where the moving reeds,
Down-pointing, dip their slender trembling lines,
Feeling the current, for a while submerged,
Then to the surface rising.

—JOHN WATKINS PITCHFORD: *Bramble Cloisters.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

LIEUTENANT GREELY'S book is about to be published in Paris in a French edition, fully illustrated.

THE title of Professor A. S. Hardy's new novel will be "A Wind of Destiny," and it is to be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company on the 15th of this month.

MR. HENRY BACON, the artist, has been writing a novel, occupying his spare moments from his easel for some months past. The scene is laid at his beloved Etretat, and will be freely illustrated by his own drawings.

MRS. HAWES, the wife of Mr. H. R. Hawes, has written a little book giving her experiences in flower growing in town, entitled "Rus in Urbe; or, Flowers that Thrive in London Gardens and Smoky Towns." It will be fully illustrated and published by Messrs. Fields and Teur of the Leadenhall Press.

MANY readers of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's papers on "American Etchers" will be glad to know that they will be republished, with many illustrations, and with new matter added by the author, by Messrs. Frederick Keppel and Company. A sketch of the life of Charles Meryon, by Mr. Keppel, will be appended.

WHAT will doubtless be a charming paper, by Mr. Austin Dobson, is to form the opening article of the *Century* for June. It is entitled "A Literary Ramble." The paper which will be copiously illustrated, is descriptive of a journey made by the writer along the Thames from Fulham to Chiswick, and forms a running commentary of the intervening places visited by Mr. Dobson.

DESPISE the enormous amount of gratuitous advertising given Mr. Howell's novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," few works of a similar character having, perhaps, ever been so materially aided into popularity by editorial and ceaseless conversational comment—only about 7,000 copies of the book have been sold, a fact which gives abundant opportunity for a discussion of the oft-considered question whether the magazine publication of a novel aids or injures its subsequent sales in book form.

AN inquiry made of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* fails to elicit any definite information concerning Mr. Lowell's promised series of papers to that magazine. The editor, however, practically denies the report that the poet has retracted his promise to write the articles announced, and says that Mr. Lowell's time is more than occupied with his work on the Hawthorne biography, which may be accepted as the reason for the non-appearance, up to this time, of the contributions in the *Atlantic*.

THE credit of making a translation of Balzac's novels which has met with the hearty favour of American readers must be given to Miss Wormley, of Newport, who has rendered into English the series of the great Frenchman's writings now being published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Miss Wormley, whose name has not hitherto been known in connection with the work, has now just completed the translation of "Eugenie Graudet," and it is now in Messrs. Roberts's press. The same firm are preparing an edition of Mrs. Ewing's original books and Dr. Hedge's "Hours with German Lassies."

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND COMPANY recently accepted for publication a translation of a famous Russian poem called "Red-Noted Frost." On one side of the page were the original lines in Russian and on the other the translation. However, when the firm came to give the book to the printer they had difficulty in getting it put into type. They finally took it to the University Press in Cambridge, Mass., the only printing house in the country which could do the composition for a Russian book. The volume will be ready in a few days. The frontispiece will be a fine portrait of N. A. Nekvasov, the author.

THE enterprising editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* has apparently found it a more difficult task than he at first anticipated to continue the publication of the "Experiences" of prominent authors in his new department of "Our Experience Meetings," since in the forthcoming June issue the department will entirely lose its literary colour, and be given over to the narratives of anonymous contributors in the more modest walks of life. These papers will be entitled "My Experience in the Labour Movement," "Some Experiences of a Working Girl," and the third will tell of the "Experiences of a Street-Car Conductor." Other papers in the same number will treat of "The Poet as a Business Man," "The Mormon Question," and "A Plea for the Spoils System."

AN interesting series of industrial and social studies will be commenced in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*. The papers will be by Dr. Richard T. Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University, and promise to discuss more especially the railroad problem from the social point of view. The articles will be extended into several numbers of the magazine.

THE more cordial reception accorded Mr. Henry James's "The Bostonians" in England than in America has encouraged the Messrs. Macmillan to issue the novelist's works in cheap paper edition at two shillings. "The Portrait of a Lady" will be the initial work in the series, in three volumes, after which publication will be given to "Roderick Hudson" and "The American," each in two volumes. "Washington Square," "The Europeans," and Mr. James's other works, with the exception of "The Bostonians," will follow, each in separate volumes. Owing to an existing agreement between the novelist and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, the same series cannot be brought out in America.

AN important feature of the June *Century* will be the publication of a greater part of the collection of letters written by Benjamin Franklin, purchased by Congress some two years ago and which are now in the Department of State. The letters are written for the most part from London and Paris between 1772 and 1786. An explanatory article will accompany the letters, written by Hon. John Bigelow. An especially interesting and valuable letter is that written by Franklin to George Washington, requesting the latter to take charge of the money of Lafayette during his visit to America, and give him such funds as his necessities called for. This Franklin counsels because of Lafayette's generosity and his inability to keep his hands from his purse string whenever anybody or any object appealed to him.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, AND COMPANY'S Riverside Paper Series, issued in weekly volumes during the summer months last year, proved to be so successful that another set of novels has been prepared for publication this coming season. The first number will be Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Burglars in Paradise," which we have already announced to appear on May 15. It will be followed by three new stories, "Not in the Prospectus," by Park Danforth; "The Man who was Guilty," by Flora H. Longhead, and "The Cruise of the *Alabama*," a semi-historical narrative by Mr. P. D. Haywood. Other stories to be included are by Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, Mr. H. E. Scudder, Mrs. A. D. F. Whitney, Dr. O. W. Holmes, T. B. Aldrich, J. Emerson Smith, William Henry Bishop, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and W. D. Howells.

SEVERAL newspapers have reported that Mr. W. W. Astor had been invited to become a member of the Authors' Club of New York, having by his novel, "Valentino," become a successful man of letters. The report is untrue, Mr. Astor's name never having come up in the club. The announcement of a new novel by this author is also without foundation, Mr. Astor not having written a new book. In the new edition of "Valentino" the author has taken advantage of the opportunity to make several changes suggested by his critics. By substituting "onions" for "potatoes," and "coffee" for "chocolate," he has made his text more historically accurate, but we still find mention of snuff taken before snuff was made, and on page thirty-six we learn that Ginevra "sank back upon the canopy, and Cesare, emboldened, seated himself by her side."

A FEW weeks ago when Canon Farrar was in this country, tens of thousands paid as much as one dollar each to hear a single lecture delivered by him, and were well pleased with what they got for their money. Several of the most important of those lectures and addresses with other papers are now published by John B. Alden, of New York, and can be had in a very handsome cloth-bound volume for the price of 40 cents. Some of the lectures are also published separately in his *Elzevir Library*, in which form the lecture on Dante sells for 3 cents; on Temperance, 2 cents; on Ideals of Nations, 2 cents; Thoughts on America, 3 cents. The millions of intelligent people who admire Canon Farrar, and who were not able to hear him lecture, will be delighted to find his brilliant, scholarly and eloquent thoughts placed in this handsome form within their reach.

THE American edition of the April number of the superb French magazine, *Les Lettres et les Arts*, is now ready and in the hands of the Scribners. This issue begins a new volume, it having been wisely decided to make four volumes a year of the twelve numbers, instead of two, the usual division. The frontispiece is an exceptionally good photograph of one of Henner's nude figures, full of colour; other very charming pictures are reproduced from paintings or drawings by Grasset, Mme. Leonaire, Aublet, Duez, Emile Levy, Lambert and Gautier. Perhaps the most satisfactory of the illustrations are the small photogravures which are printed in the text pages. The literary contributions are not so notable as usual, but a periodical can hardly be called dull which contains the names of Georges Ohnet, Th. Bentzon, Pierre de Nolhac, and Jules Zeller among its writers.

FOR the new weekly publication, "The Summer Reading Series," which the Messrs. Macmillan are just starting, cheap editions of novels by Marion Crawford ("Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius"), Charles Kingsley, and Mr. Shorthouse are already in press. In "The Riverside Paper Series," which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company have begun, is to be a new story by Flora Haines Longhead, entitled "The Man Who Was Guilty." The author is a Western lady, and her book was accepted entirely upon what seemed to be unusual merit. The central figure of the tale is a man who is courageously endeavouring to outlive a crime of which, under the laws, he is guilty. His struggles to redeem his past and his striving to regain the confidence of his fellowmen offer, one readily sees, admirable opportunities for a strong and dramatic narrative. It will be ready in June. Mr. P. D. Haywood's volume, "The Cruise of the *Alabama*," which will appear in the same series, will contain a clever account of the experiences of the men on the *Alabama*, Mr. Haywood writing from his own personal knowledge, having himself been one of the crew. Mr. Parke Danforth's "Not in the Prospectus," which will be ready in July, recounts a love episode of two of "Cook's Tourists."

HOW curiously the public will sometimes be misled by the title of a book is illustrated in the case of a bright little story entitled "Modern Fishers of Men," published by the Appletons in 1879, and of which they will shortly issue a cheap paper edition. A rather unfortunate choice of title, together with the representation of a fish hook on the cover and the singular headings of every chapter, led every one who gave the book no more than a cursory look to believe it to be a work on fish culture, and even a few critics spoke of the little work as a "clever and useful aid to the devotees of Isaak Walton!" In reality, however, the work is an exceedingly brilliant picture of American village life, "a story of the missions, omissions, and commissions of various characters" in a village church and community. The public misconception of the nature of the book proved fatal to its success, but the publishers are hopeful that its true character may now be seen and be accorded the reception of which it is deserving. At the time of its previous publication it was issued anonymously; the new edition will, however, bear the name of the author, who, we learn, is Professor George L. Raymond, author of the recently published work on "Poetry as a Representative Art," and who holds the professorship of literature at Princeton College.

AMONG publishers the most tempting of enterprises take the form of new series of novels; a success is more than apt to be a great success, each volume helping its fellow. The Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, have always been especially fortunate in publications of this sort, their "No Name Novels" have sold continuously for years, the new translations of Balzac's novels begin auspiciously, and in a few days the firm will inaugurate a very original series of books to be issued under the general title "The Old Colony Series," which is to consist of romances illustrating early life in the American Colonies. The stories will all be published without the names of their writers, the first being entitled "Constance of Acadia," which is described by the publishers as a novel, "vigorous, spirited, full of colour, and outlined with dramatic skill." Another novel the firm has just bought from a well-known American novelist under agreement that it shall be published anonymously.

THE writings of Count Leo Tolstoi have suddenly and by some unaccountable chance become immensely popular, although many unsuccessful efforts were made several years ago to force some of the author's books upon public attention. Mr. Eugene Schuyler was the first American to translate Tolstoi, and he published a novel entitled, "The Cossacks," without gaining the smallest audience for the Russian novelist. Both Messrs. Harper and Gotsberger followed several years later with other novels, but Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company were the first to publish Tolstoi's books successfully, both "My Religion" and "Anna Karenina" having had great sales. The firm have now secured the right to publish "Tolstoi's Souvenirs," which will be issued as soon as the book can be put through the press. It will comprise three parts, "Infancy," "Adolescence," and "Youth." The translator is Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, of Boston, the author of "Epic Songs of Russia."

WHAT promises to be the most important and notable work appertaining to art published for many years is announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be brought out under the general title "Cyclopedia of Painters and Paintings," under the editorship of John Denison Champlain, jr., with the assistance of Charles C. Perkins, who acts as critical editor. The preparations have been going on continuously for several years. It will be completed in four quarto volumes, bound in decorated parchment, limited in edition to 500 copies, and sold only in sets at \$100 each. In announcing the book the publishers claim that it will occupy a position hitherto unfilled in literature, because "of its character and comprehensiveness of information, which, through its text and illustrations, it for the first time makes accessible." One of the most interesting of its features will be the portraits of every painter of importance, ancient and modern, in the first volume there being 182 of these alone. The outline illustrations and the fac-similes of signatures are also copious. Of these smaller illustrations there will be, in all, over 2,000; but, besides these, each volume will contain twelve full-page pictures, chiefly photogravures from the great pictures of the modern schools. The first volume will contain reproductions of paintings by Millet, Gerome, Corot, Regnault, Max, Fromentin, De Neuville, Zauracois, Bonnat, Poynter, Bouguereau, and William M. Hunt. The bibliography is especially full, ranging over every literature, and the scope of the book itself includes a notice of every great painter and famous picture from the earliest times, bringing the histories and biographies down to Jan. 1, 1886. In the subsequent volumes, reproductions will be given of paintings by Alma-Tadema, Meissonnier, Philoty, Baudry, Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, Bastien-Lepage, Munkacsy, Holman Hunt, Herbert, Puvis de Chavannes, and others. The second volume will be ready by early autumn.

TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY.

The fourth annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at its offices in this city, on Monday, 10th instant. Owing to the absence in Ottawa of the President, the Hon. Edward Blake, the chair was taken by the Vice-President, E. A. Meredith, LL.D. A large number of the shareholders were present, including Senator McMaster, Hon. Alex. Morris, Q.C., M.P.P., Wm. Elliot, Geo. A. Cox, Robert Jaffray, W. H. Beatty, A. B. Lee, J. J. Foy, Q.C., J. G. Scott, Q.C., A. T. Fulton, J. N. Lake and others.

Mr. J. W. Langmuir, the manager of the company, was appointed Secretary, and read the third annual report as follows:

REPORT.

Your directors have pleasure in submitting their fourth annual report, together with the usual financial statements showing the operations of the Company for the year ended 31st March, 1886.

The results of the past year's business, as well as the increase that has taken place in all the main departments of the Company's work, are not only highly satisfactory, but in the opinion of your directors show very clearly the necessity that existed for the establishment of a company authorized by law to accept, in a corporate capacity, the responsible positions of Trustee, Executor, Administrator, and other important offices of a like character, which formerly had to be entrusted to private individuals.

The income derived from the various branches of fiscal work is fully detailed in the profit and loss and other statements herewith submitted. It will be observed that the whole of the preliminary expenses connected with the organization of the Company, as well as all the current annual expenses of every kind, have been paid off, and out of the past year's profits your directors have declared a dividend of eight per cent. per annum on the paid up Stock and have added \$5,000 to the Reserve, carrying forward the balance of profits to the credit of profit and loss, to be dealt with as the shareholders may decide.

Realizing the vital importance of maintaining a thorough, continuous and systematic inspection and examination of the Company's books, securities, and records, and of keeping the directors fully acquainted with the details of the business done by the Executive, a special Committee, selected from the directors who are not members of the Executive, was appointed in the early part of the year for the purpose of devising the best method of accomplishing those objects. After much consideration a most effective system of inspection was recommended and carried into effect, and your directors are much indebted to the special Committee for the thorough manner in which their important duties were discharged, and for their comprehensive and practical suggestions.

The directors would not be justified in closing their report without expressing their entire satisfaction with the manner in which the large, varied and complicated business operations of the Company have been conducted during the year by the Manager and his assistants.

Toronto, 8th May, 1886.

EDWARD BLAKE, President.

The Vice-President, in moving the adoption of the report, and the Hon. Alex. Morris, in seconding it, congratulated the company on the continued and growing success that has attended the company in all its various operations during the year, and draw attention to the great increase in the general volume of business, and particularly as regards the Trust Estates which have been placed in the company's hands.

A resolution of thanks was passed to the President, Vice-President, and Directors, as well as to the Manager and Staff, for their zealous and careful discharge of their duties during the year.

The following Shareholders were elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz.: Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P.; Hon. Wm. McMaster, Senator; Hon. Alex. Morris, Q.C., M.P.P.; E. A. Meredith, LL.D.; B. Homer Dixon, Robert Jaffray, George A. Cox, Wm. Gooderham, J. G. Scott, Q.C.; J. J. Foy, Q.C.; A. B. Lee, Wm. Elliot, Jas. MacLennan, Q.C.; J. K. Kerr, Q.C.; Emilinus Irving, Q.C.; T. S. Staynor, Wm. Mulock, M.P.; and Wm. H. Beatty.

The new board of Directors then met and re-elected the Hon. Edward Blake, President, and Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., Vice-President.

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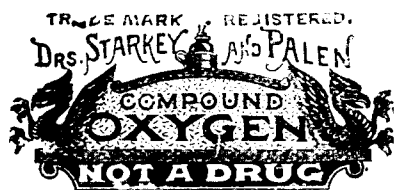
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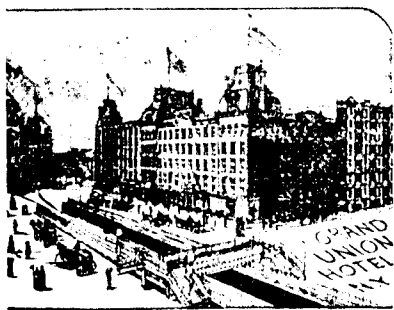
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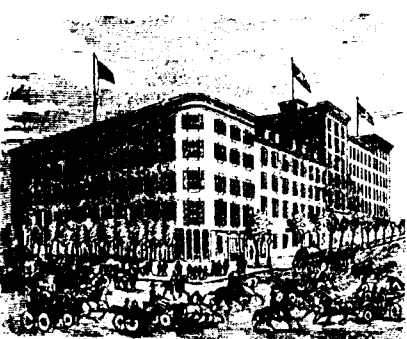
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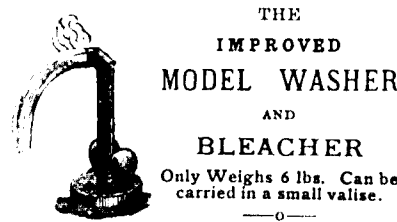
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ORDER OF CONCERTS.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 15th, Gounod's
Sacred Trilogy, "MORS ET VITA."
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 16th,
FESTIVAL MATINEE, consisting of Vocal
and Instrumental Selections.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 16th Han-
del's Sublime Oratorio, "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."
THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 17th, CHILD-
REN'S FESTIVAL JUBILEE AND MISCEL-
LANEOUS CONCERT.

ARTISTS.

Fraulein Lilli Lehmann, Berlin Germany.
Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, Philadelphia.
Miss Agnes Huntington, New York.
Mrs. Gertrude Luther, Buffalo.
Mr. Albert L. King, New York.
Mr. Max Heinrich, New York.
Mr. D. M. Babcock, Boston.
Mr. Otto Bendix (pianist), Boston.
Madame Josephine Chatterton (harpist), New
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Frederick Archer (organist), New York.
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Do., in gallery, each, 2 00
Single admission to each concert, 1 00
Plans will be open for purchasers of Season
Tickets only, commencing Thursday, May 20,
at 10 o'clock a.m., and for Single Tickets,
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Applications by letter should indicate whether on the ground floor or in the gallery, and number of seats wanted, and the Hon. Secretary will reserve the best seats possible.
Applications for seats (with price of same) from non-residents should be forwarded early to ensure good location.
Parties living at a distance may secure reserved seats by application in writing, enclosing the necessary funds in cash, P. O. order, or bank draft, to the Hon. Secretary.
Official Programme, with Plan of Hall, will be mailed to any address by applying to the Secretary

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QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,
Monday, May 24th, 1886.

Cheap excursion tickets will be issued between all stations in Canada, and at Detroit, Port Huron, Buffalo, and Suspension Bridge, to and from, at SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE for round trip, good on 24th May only.

On Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 21st to 24th inclusive, return tickets at FIRST-CLASS FARE AND A THIRD, good to return until 27th May. Children under 12 years of age half fare.

These tickets must be purchased before entering the train, and will be good for continuous passage only in either direction.

They will not be valid on the St. Louis and Limited Express trains on Southern Division, nor train leaving Point Edward for Toronto at 3.10 a.m.

A number of special excursions have been arranged to take place on the 24th, for particulars of which see large posters, or apply at any ticket office of the Company.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, May 17th, 1886.

Canadian Pacific Ry.

(Eastern and Ontario Divisions.)

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will be sold between all stations at

SINGLE FARE,

Good to return on day of issue; and on 21st,
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