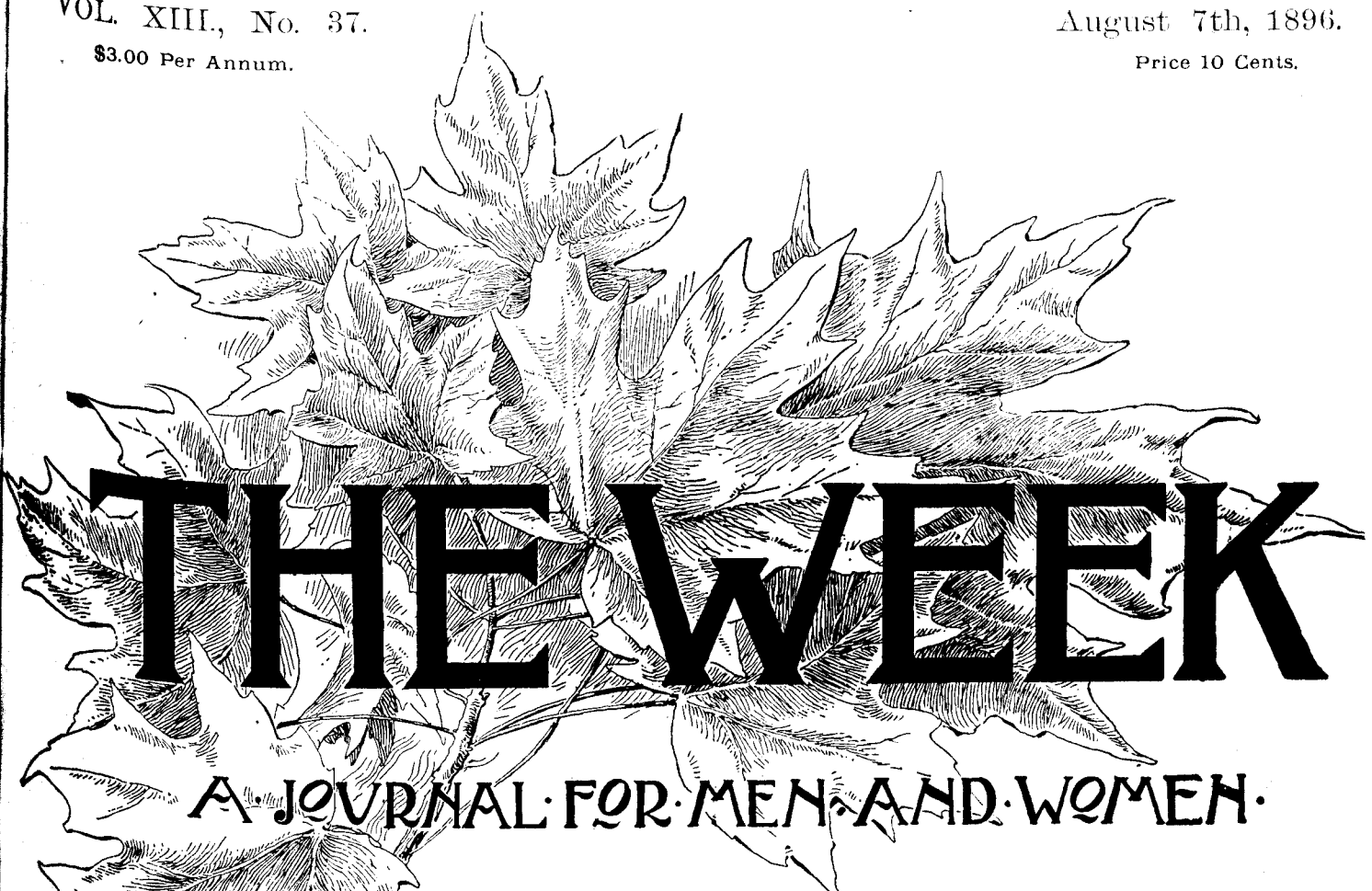


This Number contains: The American Revolution, by Viscount de Fronsac; Sam Slick's Centenary; Cavour; by Albert R. J. F. Hassard, B.C.L. Book Reviews: Heather from the Brae; Notes of the Night; and Stevenson's Unfinished Novel. Leader: The Tidal Wave

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THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.



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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, August 7th, 1896.

No. 37

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Current Topics.

"Silly" Interviews.

The "silly" season furnishes ample opportunity for silly reports in the newspapers. The interviews with premiers and ex-premiers and the chronicle of the movements of ministers and ex-ministers give occupation to reporters and editors who otherwise would find their columns a blank. In Canadian politics the Conservatives are apparently a "house divided against itself." The faction who opposed Sir Charles Tupper for various reasons, and the faction who followed Sir Charles Tupper are not at one in their views as to who should be leader. Of the Liberals Mr. Tarte is most *en evidence*. He seems to be a Dominion Alderman Hallam—always "bobbing up" to express his opinion. The notice given to Mr. Tarte by Conservative journals seems to show that he is dreaded. If the disclosures which he says he can make are really true, it will not be long before the ranks of the convicts in the penitentiary are increased. Perhaps that is why he is so much abused by the other side. As for the average voter, all he says is *fiat justitia*.

The Naval Manœuvres

The manœuvres of the British Fleet during the last fortnight have apparently justified Lord Charles Beresford. An immediate increase in the number of seamen will be demanded. Public opinion in England always sustains the maintenance of a sufficient fleet. But what naval men fail to appreciate or, at all events, what they have not yet brought home to the British people, is the danger of the stoppage of the food supply of the British Isles. The protection of the coasts from invasion is a minor problem compared with this one. The invaders could, perhaps, no matter how strong or careful the fleet might be, effect a landing, but, if they did, could they get out again? But the stoppage of food—there is a matter which no fleet can prevent so long as privateering is allowed. The United States are not bound by the Treaty of Paris, which abolished privateering as between most civilized countries. There would be a swarm of privateers preying on British commerce starting from American ports, and

in a fortnight the British food supply would be seriously threatened. This question is the one for naval experts to consider more than that of invasion.

The Sick Man.

The cable reports from the East show that serious events may be expected there. A rising in Crete—a revolt in Macedonia—both simultaneously—are very bad signs for the Turk. Principal Grant has been preaching a "new crusade." Undoubtedly, the Turk ought to go. As we have before said, he is an anachronism. The trouble is the old one. Who is going to bell the cat? If England tries to do it, Russia and Germany will step in. If Russia does it, the rest of Europe will interfere. Perhaps, an international alliance may be come to which will attempt the putting an end to the life of the Sick Man. But the division of the spoil will make it almost impossible to secure harmony. Then the Turk himself cannot be ignored. He is something like the Spaniard. You may overrun his country, but you cannot conquer him. If the emergency produces another Amurath, while Fanaticism supplies the followers, the conquest will be no easy one. Take it for all in all, the problem is one to be gravely considered. Meanwhile Britain is reinforcing her Mediterranean fleet. There, at all events, England will not be caught napping.

American Stocks

The shrinkage in American securities still continues and the gold deposit is still being eaten into by withdrawals. Where is it to end? The Democratic candidate for President having been accepted by the Populists and both parties having substantially the same platform, the American voter ought to know what to expect. But he does not; because the Republican candidate is a Mr. Facing-both-ways. What he is certain about is that McKinley is protectionist to the hilt. Meanwhile the interim report of the Secretary of the Navy shows a feverish anxiety as to the construction of new battle-ships and new gunboats. They are being pushed as rapidly as possible. Everything betokens the greatest possible political dangers. English people view with grief these symptoms of American social troubles. Many unreflecting persons say that it is only the politicians who are making all this noise. But they do not belong to the generation who saw the beginnings of the Southern rebellion. Politicians did the talking there, but they dragged in the Lees and Jacksons and Polks, men who were not politicians, and behind them thousands of peaceful citizens who were ultimately called upon to die for their homes invaded in retaliation for rebellion urged on by "politicians." The sober, steady man of business finds himself coerced by the good-for-nothing carpet-bagger. The God-fearing, church-going father of a family is compelled to leave his comfortable home at the bidding of corner-grocery loafers. There has been too much pandering to the worthless element in the United States. Now respectability finds itself helpless before anarchists and socialists, before Coxey, before Bryan, and before McKinley. The "boss" is apparently supreme.

We believe that he will be hurled back into the mud he came from. But there is going to be a terrible struggle before victory goes to the elements of society which are stable and decent. It is their own fault for letting go the reins, and they will pay dearly for their infatuation. But in the end honesty, order, and religion will triumph and the regenerated United States will be the better for the blood-letting they will have received.

The Tidal Wave.

READERS of the newspapers have been harrowed by descriptions latterly of terrible accidents by land and sea. The wreck of the Drummond Castle—the awful death of the miners imprisoned by the fall of the rocks at Wilkesbarre—the thirty thousand Japanese and four thousand Chinese swept into eternity by an enormous ocean wave which annihilated every vestige of man along hundreds of miles of coast—the wholesale destruction of human life by the recklessness of one poor engine-driver at Atlantic City—these events all happening in a season when the world is supposed to be holiday-making cannot but leave a strong impression on the mind. The most unthinking person must feel some pity for his fellow-creatures deprived of the joys of life by sudden mishap for which in no way can they be held accountable. Modern society is proverbially heartless. A retrospect at history seems to point to an analogy with the state of Rome in the first century after Christ and the condition of France before the Revolution. The reader of Juvenal will recognize London or New York in Rome. Toronto and Montreal, on a smaller scale, present the same picture. Who, in a city, knows or cares for the wants or griefs of his next door neighbour? In the country the pristine virtues are not quite so extinct. But in the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of France the peasants were as docile and affectionate to one another as they are to-day in Canada or in New York State. In the Roman Empire they had what modern society has not, at least in name, Slavery. In France there was a class which on the American continent does not exist, a haughty and licentious nobility. But in the United States slavery has been replaced by mob rule. Nobles have been replaced by plutocrats. In Canada there is less inequality as there is less wealth. How long Roman society would have continued to exist as it was constituted under the Emperors, had it not been for the Barbarian invasions, is doubtful. The Barbarians from the north by their incursions destroyed the institutions they found just as they massacred or made slaves of the people they conquered. They were the tidal wave which overwhelmed Roman civilization. What is the tidal wave which will overwhelm modern civilization? There do not seem to be any barbarians to overrun Europe like the Huns and the Goths and the Vandals. The Russians seem to answer most nearly to the hordes of Attila. Scratch a Russian and you get a Tartar, but they consider themselves civilized and would be greatly outraged if they were put into the same category with the flat-nosed followers of barbaric chieftains. The Chinese are also not likely to follow the example of their forefathers and throw their millions against the West. The Japanese will not do more than threaten China. So far as human knowledge can predict the age of barbaric invasion is over. Whence, then, is the danger to come to Society as it to-day exists? It seems to us that the danger is one from Socialism. At present, Socialism repudiates Anarchy. At their late Congress the Socialists were careful to keep their skirts clear of the Anarchists. But wherein do they differ?

The Socialists desire to share everything. The Anarchists' aim to destroy everything. If the object of the Socialists is achieved, it is equivalent to anarchy. The rights of property cannot be equally divided among all men. Discontent would reign just as much as they do now. To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken that which he hath. This is the immutable principle which in its application will overturn society. The rich get richer, and the poor grow poorer. The poorer are educated so that they know of what they are deprived. In a shifting of the cards they have everything to gain and very little to lose. Here is the tidal wave which every day is rising higher and higher. In former days race feuds were the normal condition of humanity. In these latter times they have been superseded by class feuds. The American Union is a striking example of the amalgamation of all nations into one mass. That mass is animated by one spirit—the jealousy poverty bears to wealth. Those who have the wealth endeavour to protect it by tyranny of their own. In European countries the same feelings are kept under by the superior organization of the richer classes. But even there the time is coming when Socialism and Anarchy, hand in hand, will triumph over the constable and the magistrate. No man who watches the trend of events at the end of this century can do aught but feel that matters cannot continue as they are. The most perfunctory examination of the conditions of society reveals inequalities which seem incapable of redress. The physical conditions of the world seem unaltered. Seed time and harvest succeed one another, the sun still shines, and the rain still falls on the just and on the unjust. But when an observer reflects upon the wrongs inflicted by man's inhumanity to man, and hears the wails of the countless thousands who are mourning—when he hears the mutterings and rumblings of the efforts of the submerged tenth to rise to the surface—when he sees the hopeless struggle of myriads to do more than secure a bare existence—then he feels that sunshine is a mockery, that the tidal wave is not far off. If he is a reader of Shakespeare, the old and well-known lines on Shakespeare's monument come to his mind. They are appropriately enough taken from the Tempest, and, old as they are, they bring with them an ever-living prophecy of what seems now not far off:

Our revels now are ended : these our actors
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind.

* * *

Our High Schools.

AN editorial in a Toronto contemporary calls attention to the fact that there is room in our three High Schools for 400 new scholars. It comments upon the statement in the following manner :

"Eleven hundred pupils is the full complement of the three schools. Not only have we accommodation for one third more pupils, but the teaching staff is adequate for the full normal capacity of the schools. Citizens who have children of the proper age and qualification, ought to take advantage of the situation and send them to the nearest High School. Our Public and High Schools cost us a great sum of money every year. Taxpayers owe it to themselves to get the best return they can for the big proportion of their tax that goes to the maintenance of Toronto's schools."

We do not agree with our contemporary's logic. One would suppose that schools, like newspapers, require to be filled up every morning, irrespective of the material employed, or of the demands of the public.

Does a printer, for example, who happens to have a large establishment, and who finds business dropping off, insist on retaining all his employees, and turning out volume after volume of unsaleable literature? He may have to retain his "premises," but what about his "hands"?

The good people of this Province are wiser than our contemporary.

They are beginning to realize that this education business, as conducted heretofore, is not by any means what it has been so often stated to be; that their sons and daughters, instead of acquiring a good, sound, serviceable education, obtain but a smattering of a dozen subjects, and a distaste for them all, and that they emerge from the process with a want of refinement or culture which will probably cling to them for life.

As well might we look for flowers in a kitchen garden as for culture in our Government Schools. Flowers may be there, but they are out of place and soon degenerate.

If our system must be perpetuated in order to maintain the idea that it is "the finest system in the world," we at least have the liberty to refrain from eulogizing it, and from tying such a millstone around the necks of our children as to make them the victims of it.

* * *

According to Thy Strength.

Each individual entity must bring
Some tribute to the universal whole
Of that vast influence, the age's soul,—
It claims a part of ev'ry sentient thing;
The one doth scatter largess as a king,
The other squeezeth out a miser's dole;
According to one's worth, one pays a toll,—
An uncut pebble, or a jewelled ring.

The mind doth at another's table fare
Responsive to its merit and degree;
"The light that never was on land or sea"
Illumes the noble hall where those who bear
Thought's golden passport sit,—these manna share
For guerdon—love and truth bestown in fee.

KEPPELL STRANGE.

* * *

The American Revolution.*

FROM the earliest time of the Puritan settlement in New England there had been a strong democratical inclination among the lower orders of the population and the extreme Congregationalists. This feeling re-enforced by religious prejudice was hostile to the monarchical institutions of Great Britain and to British overlordship in the New England Colonies. Chief Justice Montperson, of New York, in 1704, wrote to the Earl of Nottingham that "the inhabitants of Rhode Island conducted their affairs as though they were not of the British dominion." About the same time Lord Cornbury wrote to the London Board of Trade that the people of Connecticut bore "a great hatred towards those who held allegiance to the sovereign."

It is true that there were many things tending to promote this feeling of antagonism to British overlordship, not the least of which was the system of restriction placed over colonial development. The ship timber of the forest was the sovereign's, and not a mast could be cut without royal permit. There were restrictions over mines, mills, manufactured products, commercial contracts, barter and sale, until in the labyrinth of regulations no one could wander freely without striking the head or foot. Native born colonists were excluded from Crown offices so jealously that up

to the revolutionary date only one colonist occupied a judgeship from Massachusetts to Georgia. Otis, the younger, with excessive spite, declared that because the father was refused a judgeship, he "would set fire to Massachusetts, though he himself perished in the flames." John Adams, from resentment because he could not be justice of the peace, turned rebel to British rule. Samuel Adams, a defaulting collector of customs, paid up his arrears in abuse of crown authority; and John Hancock turned the same way, hoping for a rebellion in which he might escape paying the fines which had been imposed on him by the Crown for wholesale smuggling.

The slighting of colonial petitions by the London Parliament from 1763 to 1775, which petitions remonstrated against the imposition of internal taxation on the colonists without their consent and the indifference manifested towards the people of the colonies by the House of Hanover, and its partizans raised a yet stronger feeling in the colonies against the Home Government.

The more southern colonies did not suffer directly as did those of the north by this action of the Home Government, although their charters were equally threatened; and the northern colonists, early inclined to a Puritanical democracy, were studious to inflame resentment in the south, in order the better to carry out a secret intent of rebellion.

The real grievance was the infringement by the London Parliament of colonial liberties secured by Crown charter and the imposition of internal taxation. Societies were formed so early as 1774 to resist the gathering of these taxes in the colonies.

Some people in Boston went so far as to disguise themselves as Indians, board some ships in the harbour whereon was tea imported by parliamentary permission given to the East Indian Company, and cast the same into the docks.

The breaking of the law by this action did much harm to the cause of justice hitherto in the colonial position.

Washington did all he could to allay the irritation against the Crown in Virginia. When the mob boarded the ships of the East Indian Company in Boston and threw the tea into the docks, he was prepared to support the Royal Government in its demand for redress.

Lord Chatham, in January, 1775, brought forward in Parliament a bill which would reconcile the colonies to the Home Government. "It is not by cancelling a piece of parchment that you can win America back," said he; "it is by respecting her fears and resentments." The bill which he drew up provided not only for the repeal of the late acts but also for the security of colonial charters, the abandonment of internal taxation and the recall of troops that had been sent there. A similar measure was proposed by Edmund Burke in the Commons. Both bills were contemptuously rejected. The Congress of Delegates of the colonies at Philadelphia immediately voted for the establishment of an army of defence and gave the command to George Washington, of Virginia.

Green, in his "History of the English People," declares of Washington that "No nobler figure ever stood in the fore front of a nation's life." He gave grandeur to the colonial cause. He was consummate as a general and strategist. His principles of action were honourable, dignified and courteous. He inspired respect which deepened into admiration as his remarkable and steadfast characteristics gained the confidence of the Colonial party. But being in the camp rather than in the court of politicians, he was unaware of the fact that the main current of disaffection was directed by democratic malcontents.

At the beginning of the struggle, while the Colonists were arrayed as Britons to maintain their colonial charters, the greatest men of English history at that time gave them their sympathy. Edmund Burke declared they would lose their self-respect to submit, and the Earl of Chatham exclaimed, "Were I an American as I am an Englishman, I would never lay down my arms." The Duke of Grafton even went so far as to resign his place in the Ministry, when it was decided to send troops to impose on the Colonists the unconstitutional injunctions of the London Parliament. From the beginning of this war of 1776-83 many of the greatest families were on the colonial side, especially in the South. But the Southern royalist and cavalier families had been deceived from the very first by the representations of the democrats who were inclined to separatist ideas for the purpose of forming a democratical republic. The purpose of the quarrel between the democrats of the colonies and Old

* Read before the first Assembly of the Association of United Empire Loyalists of Canada at Montreal.

England was as studiously hidden at that time from the conservatives of the colonies as was the ultimate democratical conclusion of the war. The democrats in this war acted as principals, the conservatives merely as allies. The Southern Colonies, also, were led step by step to pledge their being as integral factors of the Empire in a cause that has since proven annihilatory to their own proper interest.

The way this was done was as follows:—The delegates of the six northern colonies in the General Congress at Philadelphia in 1775, were for separating from the Empire, and for establishing a republican democracy. The delegates of the six southern colonies, were for resisting the infringement of their charters by the action of the London Parliament, but preferred to remain in the Empire, and with a royal form of government. Pennsylvania, the thirteenth colony, had five delegates. Of these two were for separating from the Empire, and in favor of a democracy, two were for the Empire and royalty, and the fifth man undecided. The republicans saw their chance here. Disguising their intent they, under the plea of forming parliamentary rules to expedite affairs, urged three measures, which were adopted by all the delegates. These measures were:

I. That the Congress should count votes by colonies.

II. That the majority of the delegates of a colony should control the voice of that colony.

III. That what a majority of the colonial voices thus constituted should decide to do, the others would be bound to follow.

Measures from this time forward went pretty much as the republicans directed, for the wavering of the fifth vote of Pennsylvania was intrigued for by them. When the motion was put that the colonies be declared Free and Independent States, the six southern colonies voted against the measure. The six northern colonies voted for it, and three of the five votes that Pennsylvania had, turned the balance by making that colony on the side of separation and democracy. Hence Pennsylvania was called the "Keystone State." The vote then stood by colonies, seven for separation and democracy, and six for Empire and royalty. The intrigue that gained the one vote of Pennsylvania that turned the balance in favour of separation, imposed on the unwilling southern colonies the burden of assisting in a cause for which their delegates had been led to pledge their honour, before the ultimate purpose of that cause was revealed to them. It is true that the Cavaliers who had fought for the Stuarts from the time of Charles I. in the middle of the 17th century to the time of Charles Edward, the "Pretender's" son in the middle of the 18th, and had taken refuge in the colonies, bore no greater love for the House of Hanover, now seated on the British throne, than the Puritans, whose sires had crossed the ocean to found a government without priestcraft and kingcraft. The Scottish and English families from Ulster, who had come to the colonies to be freed from a parliamentary jurisdiction in Ireland that debarred them from public position and representation if they were not of the Established Church, were also determined to resist the imposition of a parliamentary tyranny in the colonies. Another class, the exiled knight-errants of Europe, like De Kalb, Kusiosko, Pulaski, and De Elbe, saw in the formation of a new state the opportunity of winning feudal tenures by strengthening the sword of Washington. Finally, those whose families had won a way in the New World burned with the desire to resent the slights cast on their achievements and pretensions.

It is true that the colonists had charters from the Crown, but they had created the power on which their governments rested, and they had made states where before there were deserts. In the heat of mutual recriminations many were borne beyond their cooler calculations, and were led by crafty democrats to come to a rupture with the Home Government instead of a reconciliation.

Yet there were among these most illustrious families of the colonies whose members were allied more or less directly by inclination, by reason and loyalty, to the British Crown. They were of three general classes:

1. Those who were already drawing the salary of office from British appointment, and others who felt that their material interests could be better advanced by British predominance.

2. Then there were those who from the highest motives desired to behold the Empire preserved in its fullest integrity, to witness the grandeur of the British name which had been expanding for a thousand years, to remain without decrepitude, and they were willing to sacrifice popularity and personal safety that it might so be spared.

3. And last, were those who dreaded the influence of democracy and parliamentarianism in the New World, who, with piercing vision from the lofty heights of wisdom and learning, foresaw the dread beast of democracy, animated by hatred of natural superiority, rearing its hydra-heads to mangle and devour.

The people of these three classes of Loyalists and Royalists were not all actively participating on the side of the Crown. There were some among them who confined their loyalty to the Crown by declining to take part against it, hoping that the less hostility would bring the quicker peace. And many of these great and illustrious families, especially in the South, that held with the colonies on the question of constitutional right of self-taxation, and whose members, after being reconciled to a separation, foresaw in the future the possibility of building up a romantic realm, afterwards bitterly regretted, under the tyranny of the impending democracy, that they had allowed the flush of triumph to bear them beyond membership in the British Empire. In later years, borne down by adversity, in civil strife to maintain the same rights of their states in 1861 against the crowding inroads of majority rule, they repudiated that republic which they had fostered, only to be crushed by its outnumbering hosts.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

* * *

Sam Slick's Centenary.

THE 27th of December next will be the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the famous author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," a work published sixty years ago. The strolling Yankee vendor of wooden clocks in "the provinces" has long since ceased to meet us there, and the American and, to some extent, the Bluenose, have changed, but "human natur" is the same now as it was then, and has always been; and Sam's insight into the human heart and into the good and weak points of humanity is of permanent and enduring interest. Few works have had such a world-wide circulation, for it has been translated into many European languages and is still in active demand. The late George Bentley used to say that nothing he regretted more in his publishing experience than his having, at the sale of the copyrights of the firm, allowed that of Sam Slick and other works of Judge Haliburton to pass out of his hands.

Haliburton's most enduring fame will be due to his far-seeing, statesmanlike views of the future of the Colonies and of the Empire. As he is one of Prince Bismarck's favourite authors, his arguments in favour of the importance to England of her Colonies, may have largely influenced the Chancellor in his desire to create a colonial empire for Germany. But one of his works, "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," must have had a deeper and wider interest for that great statesman. A more profoundly philosophical or prophetic work is not to be found in the literature of any country. Published on this side of the water, by Harper Brothers, 1851, a troubled time all over Europe and even in America, for the "Know Nothing" movement arose about that time, it clearly foretold the collapse of the French Republic, the rise of Communism, and the stern rule of self-imposed Imperialism, the Kultur-Kampf had all the leading features of the political history of Europe and America since that time. A glance at the concluding chapter will show this.

Mr. Haliburton, after having served as a judge in Nova Scotia for a quarter of a century, removed to England, where he was elected to Parliament for Launceston. He was also made an honorary D.C.L. by the University of Oxford.

He died at his residence on the Thames, Gordon House, Isleworth, on the 27th August, 1865, and was buried in the same churchyard in which the explorer Vancouver rests. A few years before his death he was told by the sexton of

the parish church that a great navigator was buried in the churchyard, but he did not know the name and there was nothing over the grave to indicate it. Subsequent enquiry proved that the navigator in question was the famous Vancouver, and a tombstone with a suitable inscription was placed over the grave. A few years ago a tablet was also erected to his memory in the church.

Judge Haliburton's mantle seemed to descend upon his son, R. G. Haliburton, Q.C., who, in 1872, revived the now familiar watchword of the old U. E. Loyalist, "a United Empire," and commenced an agitation in England against Gladstone's "Dismemberment" Cabinet that drove them from office at the general election of 1874. While in England he was an active member of the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute. Since 1881, when his health failed, he has devoted his leisure to scientific pursuits, and in 1891 was awarded a medal by the 9th Congress of Orientalists for his very unlooked-for discovery of the existence of Pygmy tribes in North Africa. His younger brother, Sir Arthur Haliburton, K.C.B., thanks to his administrative ability and capacity for work, is now Permanent Under-Secretary in the War Office. A daughter of Judge Haliburton is married to the only surviving son of the late Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart., the founder of the famous "Cunard Line."

The memory of a great colonial author, who was recently referred to by the London Spectator, as "one of the most acute observers and profound thinkers of his age," and who for nearly half a century was the advocate of the interests of the Colonies, and of the need for an Imperial policy for a great empire, will not be forgotten by colonists on the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

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Frost's Elysium.

Forests of pines and hemlocks draped in snow,
O'er-hanging fearful cliffs in canons vast,
With ice-bound rocks on mountain summits masked,
Poised so a breath would hurl them far below,
Bridges where only fairy feet might go
Span glittering depths. No mortal ever passed
Adown those valleys, never paused aghast
Before their terrors, none their secrets know.

Care may not enter this enchanted land,
Nor human griefs and woes, a baleful train,
Sighs would deface it like a Vandal's hand,
Tears overwhelm it like Deucalion's rain.
O happy land! Is pain forever banned?
Alas, 'tis built on pane, a window pane.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

* * *

Liberty Dependent on Individual Perfection.

THE comparative quietude which the civilized powers have enjoyed for the past thirty years—the respite from international military hostilities—has afforded the different countries an opportunity for home developments—social, scientific, and commercial. In the commercial world the greatest activity has prevailed, reciprocal treaties have been negotiated with foreign countries, and every effort has been put forth to facilitate the expansion of trade. Science, in its various branches, has taken tremendous strides; innumerable discoveries and inventions have been made which have proved of inestimable value to the world at large. Social matters have not been neglected by want of attention—scientists, professional men, tradesmen, in fact, men in all stations of life, have devoted more or less of their time to the study of self-government, of the organization of society for the mutual benefit of all. Literature on the subject is voluminous, public discussion of the matter widespread. Many useful and beneficial reforms have been introduced, but our progress has been more apparent than real. Our mistrust of one another has retarded a general advancement; self-interest and aggrandizement have given birth to various factions, each faction advocating a different set of reforms according to the interests involved. Still we have advanced to a certain degree, the co-operation of individuals—the

limited organization of society has borne fruit. We, in Canada, can point with pride to our public or State schools, where the rich and the poor, the white and the black, have equal opportunities for laying up a store of knowledge. We have public libraries, public hospitals, public charitable institutions, public parks, etc. We can truthfully say—Socialism has advanced. On the other hand, we have before us the difficult problem of Capital and Labour, the unequal distribution of riches. It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the evils underlying this great question. The results are brought home to us every day in the forms of strikes, with ruination and death in their wake; murders, such as those for the possession of insurance money; prostitution, as a forced means of existence; fraudulent commercial enterprises; corrupt elections, and so forth. In short, we have left undone many things which we ought to have done, and done many things which we ought not to have done. Without a doubt Socialism has much further to advance.

It is upon the unsettled state of the social atmosphere that I wish to make a few remarks, and, in doing so, it is not my intention to assail any particular faction, neither is it my purpose to bemoan the hopelessness of social progress, but rather, in essence, to say: "Brothers, we might have done better, but as it is we have done well. Let each make a deep and careful study of the science of living, not only individually, but collectively, with such good results that our offspring—a future generation—may look backward and truly exclaim 'The world has progressed, we live in a Golden Age.'"

How are we to eradicate existing social evils? To satisfactorily answer that question seems to be impossible. Many earnest men have worked on the problem, and, as a result of their labours, we have a rich collection of noble thoughts and praiseworthy ideas. For example, we have Edward Bellamy's theory and W. J. Linton's "English Republic;" these are only two samples taken from a very large collection. We acknowledge the beauty of their design, but refuse to adopt the reforms because we fear they lack stability. In other words, we admit a distrust of one another, we admit that we have not arrived at that state of individual perfection wherein we can lose sight of self for the mutual benefit of all. Until we have reached that state of perfection, until we recognize that science and commerce are but means to an end, and that that end is Socialism—the complete and harmonious organization of society—until then, our government will be more or less as imperfect as ourselves. Let each individual, therefore, do his share towards the welding together of the many parts of society, by exchanging ideas one with another, by widely reading the views expressed by others, with due liberality, by watching the struggles of unfortunate brothers and by extending to them our help and sympathy. As we advance, so will our form of government. Our laws will have to be revised from time to time as the occasion demands. In short, our system of government must be adapted to the age.

Of the forms of government in vogue, which is best adapted to the present age—Despotic, Monarchical (limited) or Republican? Despotic rule may, or may not, be suitable for the Russians; Republican may, or may not, be best for the French. We Canadians, however, believe that the Limited Monarchy is best adapted to the Anglo-Saxon race in its present stage of advancement. Our American cousins believe in the Republican form of government. In this connection I quote the following passages from Linton's "English Republic:"

"America, we are told, is a democracy. How so? Freedom is not universal, equality does not exist. If there is neither a royal or a noble class there is yet the worst monarchy and aristocracy of mere wealth."

Again,

"In old times when one man might stand really by divine right above his fellows—a god among brute beasts—when the great truth of human brotherhood was all unknown, a king was needed."

At the present time is the great truth of human brotherhood recognized by all? We know that it is not. Yet we cry lustily for Liberty, Liberty, Liberty, and when we get it we abuse it. Under these circumstances, then, would it be wise to dispense with royalty and nobility? We think not. The experience of our cousins across the line is not gratifying and, as I shall point out further on, the one in-

stance where republican principles enter into our system of government, is proving anything but satisfactory. On the face of it there does not appear to be any great difference between the English and American forms of government. In the former case the members of Parliament are elected by popular vote and the sovereign rules by hereditary right; in the latter case members of Congress are elected by popular vote and the President is also elective. If we analyse the matter, however, the effective difference will appear. The sovereign, by virtue of his royalty, is protected from a too familiar contact with his subjects, the natural dignity of a sovereign descends to the House of Parliament and pervades the atmosphere to a more or less degree, thus placing an obstacle in the way of approach by persons with corrupt intentions. Again, our sovereign, besides receiving the broadest possible education, is specially trained to fill the position of chief ruler and is made familiar with the affairs of the nation. His judgment is not swayed by pecuniary interests and he is a means of counteracting any evil influences following in the wake of the elective body.

With the President of a republic it is different. His election in most cases is based on purely commercial interests. Capitalists spend money freely to secure the election of the candidate who is most likely to further their particular interests, hence the President-elect is not the servant of the nation, but the slave of some particular faction. He is, as a rule, the product of the commercial world and, as the code of honor existing in the commercial world is not of a high order, the President does not command the respect which is due to his position. It naturally follows that the degree of respect lessens with the degree of office, and as a result there is a more or less want of dignity displayed in the House of Representatives. Again, the President is not specially trained for his post, and he is, therefore, considerably handicapped in the discharge of his duties. His sense of moral right may have been dwarfed by previous contact with the business world. These are some of the disadvantages of a republican form of government. This form of government is too advanced for the state of the people. The people are corrupt, therefore they corrupt the government. We Canadians believe in a form of government not quite so advanced, a form of government more suited to the age. Our sovereign is not elected by the people, neither is our Governor-General, nor our Lieutenant-Governors, nor our judges, nor the chief magistrates of our—I was about to say the mayors of our cities and towns, but such is not the case. How is this? Here is an inconsistency in our system of government; here we have adopted republican principles; here we have adopted a form of government more open to corruption by the people. Has the result proved satisfactory? For answer I point to the City of Toronto, to the lamentable disclosures which were not long ago made, showing that the corruption of the city government was wholesale. The form of government has proved to be in advance of the people. The people have been granted a liberty and they have shamefully abused it. A section of the citizens of Toronto recognized that such a form of government is not adapted to the people, and organized themselves into a "Citizens' Committee" for the purpose of changing the system, but they are not unanimous in their opinion as to what reform should be adopted. If the citizens of Toronto believe in limited monarchy as adapted to the age, why do they not apply the principles to the government of their city. They might vest three judges of the Law Courts of Ontario with the power to appoint a permanent mayor, enacting by legislation that his heirs should rule after him. To do so would be adopting a form of government consistent with the state of the people. There would then be no buying over of newspapers, etc., to influence the election of a mayor. The mayor would, by virtue of his appointment or hereditary right, command respect, the council would assume a more dignified bearing, which would act as a shield against corruption. The mayor's whole time would be devoted to the duties of office. He would become familiarized with the affairs of the city.

It is simply a case of wheels within wheels. We should at once recognize the truth that liberty and equality, that social progress depends upon the perfection of the individual. Let us, therefore, both individually and collectively, endeavour to perfect ourselves. Let faith, hope and charity be our motto, the greatest of these being charity. Do we realize the fact—it is no mere supposition, it is a fact—that the love of money is the root of all evil, the love of

money, not money, but the desire for more money than will supply our necessities? If we blindly refuse to recognize this great truth, if the wealthy refuse to listen to the cries of the poor and needy for relief measures, if men persist in trampling one another under foot in their greed for gain, then woe betide us, for a social revolution will come, followed not by law and order, but by utter chaos. To avert such a catastrophe let us unite in a strong endeavour to eradicate the evils emanating from the inequality of individual possessions by passing remedial legislation; let us learn the grand doctrine of human brotherhood and teach our children to believe that science and commerce are but means to an end, and that that end is Socialism.

W. B. OYDWIN.

* * *

Parisian Affairs.

LI HANG TCHANG is not only curious but a curiosity. He has rapidly disproved the impression Parisians formed of him in advance—to be an imbecile and a *misé*. That he be the latter, is possible; that he is not the former, is certain. Whatever part of the city he visits, he is followed by an attentive, a puzzled crowd, not of gamins or roughs, but of very respectable citizens, who take a pleasure in studying, not in gaping at, that first-class specimen of an antediluvian race—see Ussher chronology, and of modernized Confuciusism and Tartar diplomacy. It is the Ambassador's travelling chair that first attracts; then its occupant. As Li's physique is imposing, he has been dubbed the Celestial Bismarck, and this Plutarch comparison is sufficient to "catch on" with the French. His build is imposing, suggesting almost Herculean lines. His head, recalling sculptured box-wood, does not prevent his features from being judged, even when he puts on his blue glasses; his cheek-bones are large and very prominent, and these impart great hollowness to his jaws. His drooping moustache falls heavily over rather mocking lips, the imperial descending from the chin upon his blue robe. He has a powerful neck; and even behind his glasses it is easy to perceive a pair of penetrating and inquisitive eyes. The entire man is the impersonation of resolution and strength.

To these traits must be added that of perfect impassibility. Not a particle of emotion, yet he observes and notes everything with the mind's eye. His questions are brief and to the point and pump the person to whom they are addressed dry. To a lady Li simply inclines his head, and all gallantry is over. It would be curious to know what the *grand Chinois* commits to his diary, he who comes to officially examine the outer barbarians and their institutions behind a pair of goggles. None of the French "soul doctors" have attempted to deal with this patient from the Far East. The corneopon is the only musical instrument that has influence on his ears. He cares nothing about theatres or operas; only takes a slender interest in a ballet, but evidently can make a distinction between the graceful, ariel movements of Mlles. Maurel and Subra, and those of the hip oscillations of an *Almées*, and the viper wriggles of a *Java danseuse*. Li's skull cap and its crystal button—like the lion in diamonds of the late Shah's Astrakan were noted, and the dressing of his hair, his pig-tail—*queue de cochon*—ladies pronounced to be in the matter of plaiting, a piece of art. No Paris coiffeur could execute the work; no boarding-school miss on distribution-of-prizes-day could display a pig-tail equal to the output of Li's capillary artist. It is not so very long since the French gave up wearing pig-tails; under Louis XV. no man could be regarded as dressed, unless he wore a bag wig, and the importance of the latter lay in the tail, as the Marquis de Carabas illustrates. The French dredged their pig tails with rice flour; the Chinese prefer to convert the flour into porridge.

Li Hang Tchang when he visits an establishment, etc., records his impression in the visitors' book, he opens by, not an "Allah be praised!" as do Moslems, but the year and the month of his sovereign's reign, and Li concludes by certifying the visit was made in the 74th year of his own age. If tourists, ladies especially, were doomed to adopt this Chinese fashion, life would be rendered insupportable. His Excellency certified the Eiffel Tower was the grandest wonder to be found in the five parts of the world. How tastes differ: Parisians rank it on a par with the Wall of China,

and would wish it was thereon to-morrow. Some papers (the world contains so many sceptics) plainly assert that Li is simply blarneying and laughing at the Westerns. However, beyond securing the consent of the Powers to augment the taxes on their imports, Li has stated he has no other mission save to exchange *katous* and join in the chop sticks tattoo. He will sample their arsenals, dockyards and leading industries. In time orders may follow. By the time China will be modernized the maps of Europe and of the Far East may be changed. It takes a good deal of time to run 300 millions of people through a mill and turn them out new.

The great heat paralyzes exertion; some people are even so afflicted with temperature laziness as to be incapable of packing up for a mountain or a seaside home. Only cyclists of both sexes, and to this may be added of all ages, are proof against the torrid weather. Perhaps it is the beginning of the end, as the world is under notice to quit, by spontaneous combustion, the planetary system. It may catch fire, as Mr. Lockyer estimates 400 millions of meteors, weighing a total of 1,000 tons, fall upon the earth's surface daily. Talk about the inflammable materials in the Balkan peninsula after that. Other vital curiosity that produces long-drawn faces among hygienists. Paris was never known to smell so tremendously offensive as at present; to suffer from unwatered streets and short supplies of drinking water; the Seine, with all its sins, stands by citizens; it recalls the exclamation of the old Tory, in Eldon days: "Thank God we have a House of Lords!" The Municipal Council keeps a microbe man, whose official residence is on the top of the tower of St. Jacques; twice a day that official descends from his Olympus, proceeds to the mouths of the sewers—one exists per ten yards of kennel, and by some snap shot arrangement bottles up cubic inches of the air. Then he returns to his scientific garret—where he cooks beefsteaks and loin chops by collecting and focussing the sun's rays—takes a census of the microbes in a cubic inch of air, publishes the augmentation by thousands in the whole family of bacilli—Paris is a cosmopolitan city remember—for insertion in the evening papers, to aid the digestion of constant readers and original subscribers. The health of citizens is not affected by this increase in the hordes of pathogenes; doubtless it is animalcule gratitude for the hospitality of Parisians.

All great men make a political last will and testament. Louis XIV. appealed to his subjects to elect the Duc de Maine, one of his many bastards, heir to the throne of France instead of his legitimate great grandson, Louis XV. Napoleon left a will, and the Duc d'Orleans, killed in 1842, bequeathed a political syllabus to his son, the late Comte de Paris. All the documents had the life of the rose, the space of a morning. It is now the turn of "Rainilaiarivmy," the expropriated premier and ex-official husband of the Hovas Queen, to send from Algeria his dying and prison wish to the Malagasy, those Peep o' Day Boys, the Fahavalo especially, to honour and love—perfect love casts out fear, the French, who only annex them for their good, as other white men do other blacks. This posthumous recommendation will be printed and pasted upon every hoarding, and tree, say, in Madagascar. May it succeed—there is great power in the printing press—and save another expedition to conquer the land. If Araby Pasha could send an early proof of his will, for balmy breezes blow soft on Ceylon's isle—to the Egyptians, it might help Sirdar Kitchen-er's work in the Soudan. Pity Cetewayo is dead: had the English managed to keep him alive under a glass case arrangement, instead of fitting him out in frock coat, tweed trousers, patent leather boots, and topper hat, an epistle from him to the Matabele and Mashonas at a crisis like the Rhodesia. The French are lucky in having Behanzin under their hand in case the Dahomeyans take to the marshes; they have also another monarch retired from business, Dinah-Salifou, that could send a *billet-doux* to his once subjects in case they refuse French guidance, and decline to accept that proof of Western civilization—taxation.

In due time the Mahdists will be quiet, and also the Matabele; only the dead do not return is the white man's maxim. Lobengula's code was modelled after Draco's, but one punishment for every offence—death. It is sad to learn of so many unfortunate blacks being killed in caverns—Adulam caves never were lucky. The Arabs knew that their cost, when in Algeria, in 1845, Colonel Pélissier burned out

500 rebels that would not quit their hiding place and surrender.

The French are anxious to see the Anglo-Venezuelean question settled, as they anticipate the United States will trot out the Monroe doctrine battering ram to the claims of French Guiana, to a slice of contested Brazilian territory. Now that Lord Salisbury has adduced documents, that Spain never possessed the territory owned by the Dutch, and taken by the British from the latter to make their Guiana colony, the dispute ought to be closed. Nothing is to be gained by keeping sores running. The latter, in the case of legs of thirty years' standing, have to yield to Holloway's ointment; discount the cure. It is time to permanently pacify Crete; opinion sees no great difficulty in deciding that it be handed over to Greece to "protect." To remove it from under Turkish misrule is the first step to be taken, and to guarantee that the island shall pay a tribute to the Porte. The latter complains after emancipating the kinglets of the Balkans who promised in exchange to help Turkey to pay off her national debt, they shut their eyes to sending money orders to Constantinople. But the Sultan owes pecuniary and political debts that are as little honoured as those of his gratitude. In Europe, opinion seems to have no confidence in anything, and is becoming accustomed, as eels are to be skinned, to the terrible predictions of a general war.

The death of Senator Spuller is not a loss for the Republic; his life-work was done with the disappearance of the Gambettaists. He was a singularly honest politician—every nation has at least ten of such, and so is saved from destruction. He was the son of a very humble peasant farmer, and by privation and toil managed to educate himself, to study for the bar, and to live by scrap articles for the small journals. He became the *fidus Achates* of Gambetta. At the latter's funeral he was the only man I noticed who cried, and he sobbed like a child. He rose to be several times Minister, and in all difficulties was ready to undertake all forlorn-hope work for the sake of the constitution, for France. He was the kindest of public men, obliging, and true as steel, and all that without surrendering one iota of his political credo. To where do good public men go? Z.

Paris, July 25th, 1896.

* * *

The Question of Schools.

DURING the late elections, which have resulted in the present happy political revolution, I was privileged in being allowed to speak on the Manitoba School question. I would ask to record my remarks in *THE WEEK*, in which journal have already appeared the thoughts of more experienced men on this question.

The leader of the Reform Party, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, has proposed a policy of conciliation; I would respectfully advise that the schools of Manitoba be made rigidly secular in the nature of the instruction afforded in them. I would go further, keeping in line with other nations in the matter of the schools, not only following the great homogeneous Protestant communities, but imitating the successful example set the Christian world, in this respect, by Switzerland and France. In the case of Switzerland, the religious sects—Protestants and Romanists—and the two languages—German and French—are about equal in numbers of adherents; but in the case of France, the overwhelming preponderance is on the side of the Roman Catholics and the French language. Now in both these countries the charge, control and instruction of, over and in the public primary schools is placed exclusively under the direction of the civil authority. By following the constitution of the happy and prosperous and respected Helvetian Republic—of three millions of inhabitants—the result would be, if adopted throughout Canada, a good, moral, practical, every-day life system of instruction, which is lacking now even in the most favoured parts of the Dominion of Canada. I am still of the same opinion as I was ten years ago; at which time I advocated in the press making the subject of education a matter for the Federal Legislature to deal with, and removing it from the Provincial arena.

To sum up: what I would humbly advise would be for the present Dominion Ministry to appoint a small commission to visit and report upon the state of affairs in Manitoba,

and then to visit, examine into and report upon the educational systems of Switzerland and France. I am convinced that this commission would report unanimously in favour of the adoption of the system as carried out in these countries. By this course of action Mr. Ewart and his Jesuit allies would be disarmed, and peace would reign in Manitoba and Quebec. Subsequently a short amendment to the B.N.A. Act should be obtained, removing the subject of education from the jurisdiction of the Provincial legislatures. Then the jointed fishing-rod character of our Canada would disappear, and no one living here would be able to tell where Ontario commenced or Quebec began, by passing through the country without a guide-book or map in hand. So mote it be, is the fervid prayer of the undersigned.

RICHARD J. WICKSTEED.

Ottawa, 29th July, 1896.

* * *

The Winner.

I

Hark on the wind the storm-wraith's laughter,
(Wailing wind and fluttering rain)
Still I wait by the storm-drenched window,
The spider's curtain across the pane

II.

Fear in the corners darkly lurking,
(Drifting rain and shuddering wind)
Fast through the darkness rides my lover,
But Death rides faster on behind.

III.

See, in the clutch of the foul black spider
(Gibbering wind and fleering rain)
A rose-winged moth all torn with struggling,
Half escapes and is caught again.

IV.

Oh, my love, I am frightened! Save me!
(Drifting rain and shuddering wind)
Hark to the hoof-beats, stamping, flying,
But Death rides faster on behind.

V.

There, O God, at the window peering,
Lifting it softly with fleshless grin
—Loud at the doorway his eager knocking—
But Death and I are alone within.

* * *

Our Common Christianity.

IN a recent article drawing attention to the Statistical Year Book, and to its laudable endeavour to cultivate a genuine spirit of Canadian patriotism, I used the term "Our Common Christianity." I desire to say a little more on that subject in view of passing events and pressing occasions; not in any expectation of speaking a final word, but as a humble contribution, looking towards the solution of vexed questions. In some thoughts presented it may appear as though the writer were rolling back the years to revivify antiquated notions, but sober thought may lead to the conclusion that though with a wave of the hand we may fondly dream of having freed ourselves from the entanglements; like many a slip in early life that in later years meets us in its results, some problem of the ages we imagine ourselves to have settled, confronts us again in more subtle forms to bewilder and annoy. We pride ourselves in these wide-spread Western lands in being free from Church establishments and their evils. Erastianism is an anachronism in America; denominational grants to denominational colleges from the public treasury we have long outgrown. Free Churches in a Free State is the magic wand by which all such vexing anomalies have been put to flight. Ah! but let us listen a moment; what mean all these questionings—not by any means kindly—regarding Remedial Legislation and Separate Schools? and these, not merely in lodge-rooms, in synods or ecclesiastical assemblies, but in our legislative halls, blocking the wheels of legislation, breaking up political parties, and becoming the questions upon which a general election has been made to turn? Our Free Church in a Free State principle

is still on its trial, and has thus far no more solved the religious question in its bearing upon our political relations and education, than Erastianism or its opposite, the supremacy of the Church.

Our friends of the agnostic class—I do not use the term reproachfully—with a few of their Christian fellow-citizens say "Secular Education," and when one looks upon the almost endless divisions of Christendom—fifteen divisions enumerated in our Canadian census, besides some "not specified"—no wonder need be expressed at the contention. But then Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, comprising 87.75 per centum of our population, if we may trust official utterances, are not content with a purely secular education; making all allowance for indifference and hesitancy, we may confidently affirm that seventy-five per cent. are determined upon some measure of religious education being given in the schools of the country. Should secular education be determined on, our Public School system, lacking the moral support of the influential majority, and meeting the competition of sectarian schools which would in that case undoubtedly spring up, would soon be numbered with the things that have been. You must change man's nature ere a purely secular system of education can obtain in a representative form of government; evolved or implanted, the religious element is a constituent in man's personality; the social scientist can no more overlook it than the proselytizing ecclesiastic, and the true statesman will duly estimate its importance and its power in all his legislative acts.

The Ontario school law affirms that "Christianity is recognized by common consent throughout this Province as an essential element of education." The same may practically be said of all the Provinces of the Dominion. So potent is the religious element that even in the United States where it is expressly held that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for a public trust, Congress is opened with prayer, and coin bears the motto "In God we trust." Our Parliaments are opened with Christian prayer. I know of no popular tendency to depart from the recognition of the Divine; should such appear and strengthen, the causes will be found in the jealousies of sects, and in the strife of ecclesiastics. With diffidence let this conviction be expressed; those same jealousies and strifes are the great obstacles in the way of making manifest our Common Christianity; for a time they will still prevail; am I presumptuous as a humble endeavourer to aid in finding a haven of rest beyond?

Some time ago I asked in a class of little girls "What do you think is a Christian?" and an answer came from a child's lips: "To be like Christ." Will any one of our ologies or isms find a more simple, true, yet comprehensive reply? And when we go to that Great Teacher for instruction, what are the elements in character on which He sets approval? Meekness, striving after righteousness, mercy, purity of heart, peaceableness, endurance for righteousness' sake, in no case applying what we are accustomed to call religious tests. May we not therefore say that the implanting of these principles in the heart for His sake, that the life may manifest the same is Christianity? And educating our children therein "for My sake," is true religious instruction? The great apostle to the Gentiles declared the great aim of all his labours to be "that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Surely it is but stating a truism to say that the Christian is the Christlike man, and the Christian religion in its manifestation by the individual or community, the endeavor after that Christlike character from the motive which actuated and was urged upon others by the Christ. "My meat and drink is to do the will of Him that sent me." "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." Surely here is our common Christianity, here we may all agree, and on that basis teach, without separation, religion in our schools. What hinders?

"How are we known to be Christians?" asks a catechism lying open before me as I write, and the answer is, "By being baptized, by professing the doctrine of Christ, and by the sign of the Cross." "What must I do to be saved?" asks an anxious heart, and one from many formulae answers, "Whosoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith," which faith is then defined in a long array of metaphysical subtleties; and thus through all the round of sectarian shibboleths, and confound questions about the Great Teacher with the sub-

stance of His teachings; and in our narrowness emulate the exclusiveness of the Samaritan sect whose reading of a part of the law as a supplement to the ten commandments has been thus summed up: "Thou shalt build thine altar on Mount Gerizin and there only shalt thou worship." We shall find our common Christianity, which we may safely teach to our children, in unison when we can heed what the immortal dreamer urged among his latest utterances:—"Dost thou see a soul that has the image of God in him? Love him, love him; say 'this man and I must go to Heaven one day; serve one another, do good for one another; and if any wrong you, pray to God for right you, and love the brotherhood.'" In this direction, and we venture to add, in no other, shall we discover our common Christianity, and solve the problem of the age, an united Christian nation.

I am painfully conscious that the consummation indicated as desirable is not within the present range of practical politics; but time brings wondrous changes. My faith grows stronger as the years roll by in the eternity of right, and it is not well to allow our ideals to be kept out of sight by the present practicable. Right ideals "sway the future, and behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadows keeping watch above His own." To secularize the schools is to seek the banishment of God from His realms, and will result in worse than vanity with vexation of spirit. To look to Separate Schools as a permanent solution is to imagine that a people can be consolidated into a loyal whole by perpetuating under Act of Parliament social cleavage, and of all the class lines which curse a people religious cleavage is the most pernicious. Let us press on to happier days.

JOHN BURTON.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

THE Poppy must be, of all flowers, the most sympathetic, for as it covered the earth with a blood-red mantle after the battle of Steinkirk, so, in the Golden State, does it luxuriate in all its golden glory.

One doubts if the historical Field of Cloth of Gold could have been one-half as brilliant as the carpet now spread before us—a royal colour, royally set in its circle of mountains fading to purple in the distance, with here and there a white-topped peak.

In this valley of the great Santa Clara the taste must be severe indeed which cannot be gratified to the full; but, with all the diversity spread before one, it is with a feeling of returning to a first affection that we take still one more look at the field of blazing poppies, the heart's delight of every traveller from the north.

Our garden in Ontario has its poppy-bed, containing, like those of our neighbour, many graceful, heavy-headed stems, each beautiful in the eye of the beholder, but not giving an idea of what glory these southern acres, widening into miles, represent. The large, single-cupped, short-stemmed satin-flower of California, when massed, as it is here, presents a ground work whose beauties cannot be adequately conveyed in words, and of which we, at any rate, had no conception until our eyes became filled with it.

Even in Southern California the Valley of Santa Clara is renowned, including, as it does, the great Newhall wheat ranche, besides many fruit estates, and the Camulos with its orange and olive orchards, wine cellars and vineyards, made famous by Mrs. Jackson who wrote part of her book, "Ramona," here. From the picturesque hamlet of Camulos we see the San Fernando mountains on the south, the foot-hills of the Sierra de San Rafael on the north, and the Santa Clara River in the valley between the margins of the latter clad with willows and wide-spreading sycamores. The foot-hill pasture lands, the sheep corrals, the vineyards, olive groves and orchards, all are as pictured by Mrs. Jackson; and at night one almost hopes to meet the ghost of the invincible old Senora Moreno.

But the royal field is not confined to one locality in this favoured land. In the early wild-flower season the cloth of gold repeats itself without stint, and dry and harsh must be the month when nature is not decked in some of her finest garments. Another ideal spot is the Ojai Valley, in form an amphitheatre with mountains for its walls. Watching over all is Mount Topo-Topo, now looking as fresh as if he had never known the snows of centuries. The drive

to lower Ojai is beside a clear stream alive with trout, the roadway in many places arched with oak and sycamore, all knit together with vines and hanging mosses. Surely the Atlantis of fabled story can give no balmier air than we find here.

Nothing but pressure of circumstances forces us away from "The Raymond." Approaching the place by rail, one's eye is attracted by an imposing establishment, which, later on, proves to be one of the favourite resorts of America. Situated on its own elevation, at a sufficient height to command the surrounding valley, but not too high up to detract from the grandeur of the ring of mountains about, it is a spot in which to linger; and the visitor of phlegmatic constitution does not care to leave his comfortable verandah-chair, where he establishes himself after breakfast in the warmly drowsy, aromatic air, until either nightfall or the pangs of hunger call him in. The last is a complaint easy of cure, for nowhere is one more daintily and amply ministered unto than at the "Raymond." The dining-room, palm-lined, is a place in which to linger to gratify the eye alone; a long, softly-lighted room of perfect proportions, with tables not too large and arranged to leave ample space between, each table bearing little else than a wealth of tropic decoration, and waited upon by a deft maid in the best-fitting of cotton gowns, plus a dainty cap and apron. The maids here do not play quoits with the delft, one's head the mark, as is often found elsewhere.

From the verandah we see the Pasadenas and the slope beyond, than which no more charming view the tourist needs to seek. A sheep range in 1873, Pasadena is now what the local guides are fond of describing as a paradise of fruit and flowers, and some of the "homes," as the Americans phrase it, to be found there are ideal. One place, not a day's journey from Raymond, might well have been bodily transplanted from the rose end of the garden of Eden. A house of the bungalow order approached by a wide white drive, the latter shaded by a double row of gigantic palms; the front of the building supporting an invisible framework on which innumerable poinzethas blaze madly; while in every corner, in every place where there is room for a root, blooms a rose-tree. Not a rose-bush, but a rose-tree. The old, well-loved Cherokee: flush, red, white, cream, imported and native, all with names unknown to northern ignorance, run riot over the buildings and attach themselves to anything which offers even a partial support; while, as a background for all, is an ancient tree spreading its protecting arms over the house, each branch festooned with roses.

To the dull eye from the north such a scene is a thing of beauty and literally a joy forever, and it is with a sense of honest regret that we see our boxes stand ready strapped at our room door.

L.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

TREASON OR POLITICS.

SIR,—Judge Falconbridge, Col. Denison, Sir Oliver Mowat and THE WEEK say it is treason for a British subject to advocate political union between Canada and the United States. President Loudon says it is politics. Who is right? If there is not a different rule for Englishmen and Canadians, what have Judge Falconbridge & Co. to say to John Bright, Gladstone, Disraeli, and many other English statesmen who have expressed their belief that England's interests would best be served by letting the colonies go adrift?

It may well be argued that if it is permitted to English statesmen to hold and give expression to these views, and if Canadians have the same right as English statesmen to discuss their national destiny, their loyalty to Canada may or may not involve the maintenance of British connection according as the individual believes the interests of Canada will best be served. And strictly speaking, the man who conscientiously advocates political union with the United States cannot be charged with disloyalty or treason either to Canada or Great Britain, so long as he keeps within the bounds of constitutional methods.

If this conclusion is logical, as we are bound to confess it seems to be, what is Canadian loyalty? Is it not a farce to talk of national life in Canada?

It is just as well to look facts in the face. No country can hope to progress beyond a certain point without a national life. We have outgrown our colonial shell. Every accession to our wealth and population brings nearer the time when we must take a bold and definite step towards our permanent destiny and end this our present anomalous condition.

There are many men in Canada who, like the writer, would fight before they submitted to political union with the United States. But is anything to be gained at the present time by muzzling freedom of speech? Those who favour annexation are few in number. Why not let them speak? If there are any difficulties and objections to our hopes, we want to know them and meet them as soon as possible. The cause of Imperial Federation and the maintenance of British connection will be advanced more rapidly both in England and Canada by clear, dispassionate arguments on material grounds, than by unfairly clubbing the heads of those who oppose it and resting our case, as in the past we have been too prone to do, upon sentimental loyalty.

Now is Canada's necessity and opportunity. Our progress and development is hindered by our position as a colonial dependency. We badly want the impetus of a new start. Never before has English opinion been so favourable to the Imperial idea. We must make hay while the sun shines and bring about the times when we can boast of a settled nationality and neither Englishmen nor Canadian can with impunity advocate the withdrawal of British influence from the North American Continent.

ERNEST HEATON.

FRENCH DOMINATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

SIR,—A most important matter for consideration of the people of Canada at the present juncture—more vital even to their interests than that of the vexed question of the Manitoba School issue—is that of the extension and consolidation of French Treaty privileges on the west coast of Newfoundland and the domination of the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the armed forces of France. To me it has been a matter of profound astonishment to observe the utter apathy and indifference of our people in regard to, as well as their evidently general lack of information upon, a subject of such vast importance not only to their economic and industrial welfare, but to their territorial integrity as well. If anything has tended to produce in the minds of the people of Newfoundland that feeling of indifference (if it really exists) in regard to alliance with Canada, it may be plainly traceable to their keen sense of and their resentment at the slight interest taken by the Government and the people of Canada in the determination of the issues which have already involved that once wealthy and flourishing Province in all but irreparable disaster, and which bid fair to prove even more disastrous to Canada than they have even yet been to Newfoundland. If their confidence in the ability and disposition of Canada to help either herself or anybody else is all but irreparably shaken, we have nobody but ourselves to blame for the fact. I am quite sure that the people of the sister Province feel very severely, and that they have ample and substantial reason for the feeling, that Canada has been extremely negligent in this matter; that we have thrown upon them the whole brunt of resistance to the pressure of Imperial exigency which accepts the mandates and the jurisdiction of France in our waters and territories, and seeks by every means to enforce compliance with them upon the part of Newfoundland, even to the conversion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence into a French lake. The people and Government of that Province know and feel that the result of this policy of the Imperial Government is quite as disastrous to Canada as it is to them; they know and feel that the insignificance of their numbers and their influence renders them powerless to resist these invasions by France of their own as well as of Canada's maritime and territorial rights on the coasts and in the waters of the Gulf; they feel and know that the issue of a firm and decided protest on the part of Canada, at any time within the past ten years, would have saved them from the ruin and disaster which has befallen them and at the same time saved many worthy and enterprising Canadian citizens from much loss and spoliation of their property by the armed cruisers of France in our own waters; and, know-

ing and feeling that this protest has been studiously withheld, can one be surprised if the people of the ocean province are apathetic as to alliance with a people whose utter indifference to their own and their neighbour's integrity and welfare have been so very unwisely manifested. Is it a matter of surprise that they should look to the United States for relief from their difficulties? I do not say, nor do I believe, that they have done so, although it has been charged against them as a reproach.

I wish it to be understood by your readers that it is not against the fullest enjoyment by France of the privileges conceded her by treaty obligations that Newfoundland has been objecting, so long as those privileges are exercised within the *littera scripta* of the treaties themselves; that it is not as the result of any obstruction or obstacle which Newfoundland has placed in the way of France's enjoyment of these privileges as to the fullest extent that she has been so bitterly and grievously punished; that her trade has been ruined, that her banks have been broken, that her credit has been destroyed, that old commercial establishments of a century's standing, and as firm as the Bank of England, have been suddenly swept into oblivion; that her people have been ruthlessly despoiled of their property by foreign armed cruisers in presence of Her Majesty's magistrates and ships of war; that her Government has been discredited; that humiliation and indignities of every description have been imposed both upon Her Majesty's Government and upon that of the Province; and that her people have been ignominiously expatriated from their homes and their country. It is not upon any account of that kind that her Government and people with their resources and industries have been beaten down to the ground. The sole reason for perpetration upon her of offences that are only exceeded by those which have been perpetrated upon Armenia, is that she will not consent to such a revision of the treaties as will concede to France not only additional privileges to those already enjoyed, but will confer upon her in addition thereto a *plenum dominium* in regard to maritime jurisdiction over her entire coast line and the surrender to France of complete sovereignty and jurisdiction over one-half her territory.

That this is the view of the situation taken by the people and legislature of Newfoundland is abundantly evident from the reply of the first conference of the legislature and council of the Province to the proposal of Her Majesty's Government of the ratification of the Convention of 1885 by the legislature of the Province. The reply is dated March, 1887, and the following are the salient features of it:

"That whereas the arrangement would place France in possession of the principal harbours between Cape Ray and Cape John to the practical exclusion of British fishermen from any of the fishing privileges of that coast; and whereas the said arrangement gives criminal as well as civil jurisdiction to commanders of French cruisers to the disregarding of those principles and procedures to which British subjects are entitled in tribunals of justice; and whereas no acceptable equivalent is conferred upon this colony for these (and other) large and important concessions proposed to be made by us to France for this arrangement: Be it therefore resolved, for the reasons hereintofore set forth, and by virtue of that constitutional right which has been so often and so clearly admitted by Her Majesty's Government to exist in the Legislature of this Colony, we do consider it our bounden duty, in the interest of Her Majesty's subjects here and elsewhere, to respectfully decline to assent to the arrangement now proposed for our ratification."

That France is persisting in the fulfilment of this Convention with the concurrence of the Imperial Government, notwithstanding its repudiation by the people and Legislature of Newfoundland, is manifest from her proceedings on the coast. Quite a French settlement has already been established by her at Port-aux-Cheix, and a correspondent even a year ago, writing from St. Pierre, says:—"France controls 800 of the 1,200 miles" (I correct his last numeral item which he puts at 2,000 miles) "of the Newfoundland sea board, and will continue to control it. . . . Here, at St. Pierre, she has 6,000 resident subjects and 8,000 birds of passage. . . . French vessels of war patrol the west shore and will continue to do so. The other day twenty families from Matave came to the west shore to work in the lobster factories, and the French Government is taking set-

ters from Miquelon and planting them there. It is held that the impregnable position of France on the west shore controversy will be strengthened by the movement. To tell the truth, it will be the rehabilitation of France as a power in North America."

Now, sir, that last sentence expresses my own opinion after long experience and observation of the position. The people of Newfoundland have much to be grateful for to the people of Canada for their generous and munificent aid under severe but accidental affliction. Can you be surprised when they regard with amazement the apathy of the people of Canada in regard to their own interests and those of Newfoundland in a matter of infinitely more importance, where the supremacy of Canada is menaced upon her own coasts and in her own waters? Can you be surprised if they regard with astonishment the supineness exhibited by Canada in presence of the preparation which France is making to exclude her commerce from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and from the Atlantic, by her capture of the keys as well as of the gates of the Dominion?

It rests, then, with Newfoundland to deal with this impending crisis single-handed, and although her numbers are few, and her means of defence and offence are scanty, she has strong hearts and strong arms for a swift and effective blow. I do not counsel it, nor would I restrain it; but that the blow must come sooner or later is an incontrovertible fact. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*

Yours, etc.,

R. WINTON.

Cavour.

THE inspiring history of the liberation of Italy is the history rather of the genius of a single man than the story of the progress of a movement. Three great figures appear far in the foreground of that dramatic representation in the history of modern Europe. To the supremely heroic efforts of Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour it is due that Italy emancipated herself from the despotic dominion of the alien Austrians, and broke the magic wand of the enchantress Rome which for over a thousand years had exercised a strange and mystical influence over the kingdoms of the civilized world. Although it was Mazzini who first discerned amid the chaos of Italian Government the possibility of a united kingdom freed from the rule of alien autocrats, and sowed the seeds of the revolutionary spirit in the breasts of the people of Italy, and although, when the supreme moment had come and the future history of Italy was to be determined upon the field of battle, it was the brave and intrepid soldier, Garibaldi, who led the allied armies of freedom upon the self-same soil which had felt the tread of ancient Rome's imperial conquerors, and drove the Austrians from the field of human blood and victory, yet it was the titanic mind of Cavour who taught the Italians how to use the spirit of liberty which Mazzini had kindled, and how to use the victories which Garibaldi had gained. He required to begin where Mazzini and Garibaldi had ended. Mazzini was ideal. His life was devoted to the development in the Italian mind of a principle whose shameless purity, his virgin and childlike mind was never capable of sullyng. The truths for which he fought were purified at his hands. The only effect of his mind on his white principles was to make them whiter still. Here Cavour commenced. Mighty as he knew pure principles were in both theory and application, he comprehended far better than Mazzini that unaided by the master-strokes of policy and genius, pure principles seldom alone prevail. The foes of liberty were too vast, too well organized, too desperate, and, above all, far too cunning to be conquered by being taught truths which they consistently refused to recognize. Their dark methods required to be immediately met by methods which, if not equally dark, were at least equally strategic. Cavour saw too well the necessity of practising a profound policy, and directing his manœuvres by means of subtle expedients. He plotted and planned, and schemed, and intrigued. All the complex arts of political warfare he studied and put into practice. If he was unscrupulous, if he was wicked, if he was cruel upon occasions, he was so virtuously, for his faults—if faults they be—were directed to the freeing of his country. And when he had woven the net, and set the springs, and betrayed the

enemies into battle, he withdrew into ambush until Garibaldi had fought the martial array upon the field. But no sooner was the battle over than Cavour was in the midst of the camp directing the next movement and, by preventing the enemy reassembling, making the victory sure.

Cavour differed remarkably from Mazzini on the results of his endeavours. Mazzini was constantly an outlaw, a felon fleeing from the doom which awaited his capture, always with a price upon his head, always upon the point of success, but never wholly succeeding. The greatest genius is not always the one that wins. Wellington conquered Napoleon, yet the French Cæsar was a greater genius than the Iron Duke. Cavour was an exception to this rule. He was attended by an unlimited success in all his aims. But his successes were due almost wholly to his own genius than to any fortunate coincidence of circumstances. He studied the tactics of his enemies even more carefully than he studied his own plans. He watched and waited until he observed an unsuspected opportunity, until he discerned an unguarded spot, and then he aimed his certain blow. The first intelligence his enemies had of his designs was when they beheld the results. Machiavelli himself was not a more complete master of intrigue in theory than Cavour was in practice. His banishment of the Austrians, his relationship with the French, his treaty with the Pope, his coronation of Victor Emmanuel were all in their elaboration and their varied details worthy of the genius of the great author of "The Prince." "Veni, Vidi, Vici," is the short history of his remarkable achievements.

Cavour is the last great master of the art of diplomacy as well as of the science of politics. Diplomacy is simply politics on a vaster and profounder scale. To succeed in both departments requires a mind capable of successfully contending with matters both great and small. Such a mind was Cavour's. In politics he was capable of employing the lesser means and evolving from them the lesser ends, and in diplomacy he was capable of using to vast advantage the titanic means and broadening it towards the mighty end. The combined arts he learned not by an experience purchased by failure, but by the clear revelation of his master-genius. And consequently when unimportant advantages were taken to him, he employed them to effect great ends. Had an equal genius been present within the walls of the Vatican, it is very probable that Rome would have maintained its temporal supremacy, and perhaps have taken advantage of the subsequent crises in France and in Spain to subdue those countries, turn them into simple states and drain their wealth into the Catholic Church.

Count Cavour, although the greatest yet the youngest of the liberators of Italy, was born on the tenth of August, 1810, in the secluded district of Piedmont, the birthplace of his future co-actor in the Italian strife, the less brilliant, but more violent, Mazzini. Of aristocratic parentage, his early associations were entirely aristocratic, and that, as Professor Marriott in his brief and brilliant "Makers of Modern Italy" (Macmillan & Co., London and New York; Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto) affirms, of a nature that was the most exclusive and most haughty to be found upon the continent of Europe. It was never his fate to live, like many modern agitators, for days in bleak succession upon the fragment of a crust, and feel the pangs of that physical desire which is more powerful than all other desires combined. He never closed his eyes with the green soil in the soft valleys of his troubled country as his pillow, and the heaven alone above him to guard him from the night. His were days of peace and plenty, of all desires satisfied, save one, which was to grow and expand and go down with him unsatisfied to the dust. He dined from dishes of costly china, and supped from cups of silver, and slept behind silken hangings upon a couch of the softest down. And when he went forth to battle for the great rights which are common to the rich as well as to the poor he battled rather as a Piedmont prince than as an impoverished Italian. He was a respectable republican, a royal rebel in a fashionable dress, a traitor with the blood of an untainted nobility coursing through his regal veins. But beneath the thin garb of aristocracy which lightly lay upon him there burned the passions of the maddened mob, and the same zeal for justice which impelled the multitudes to risk in revolt their little nothing, inspired him to bring his birth, his wealth, his friends, his habitations, his title, his peace, his pleasures, and his proud position in society,

and with heroic unselfishness lay them as a sacrifice upon the altar of a principle he loved.

Being a noble by inheritance, Cavour's practical education should naturally be expected to have been directed towards the indolent professions of the army or the church. The former was the more honourable of the two, and at the age of eighteen he began life as an army engineer. The army, however, was too mechanical for his already appearing genius. He was designed by nature as the artificer of ends, not as the maker of means. The insignificant elaborations of the minor details of a single scheme was unworthy the occupation of one whose mind was capable of contemplating all the varied measures which required to be effected in an entire revolution. In three years he had resigned his military position as the first step towards the attainment of those visionary hopes which with bright but uncertain flashes had already begun to illuminate his mind.

After resigning from the army, Cavour engaged himself with pursuing the less noble occupation of scientific agriculture. It may have been in the many moments of leisure which he enjoyed during his career as a yeoman that the great director of the Italian revolution found the opportunity for planning the measures which were destined to be employed in the emancipation of Italy. Various as is the pursuits of yeomanry, Cavour varied it still more by frequent journeyings into foreign lands. Study, too, to which he was inclined, formed another of his favourite occupations. In his wanderings through the capitals of distant countries the observation and examination of the methods of government afforded him a never diminishing source of mental pleasure. In England he expended many days in familiarizing himself with the nature of that great constitution whose fundamental principles, although they have never been enacted by legislation, the most absolute and tyrannical sovereign has never dared to disobey. Daily did he resort to the smallest yet the greatest legislative chamber in the history of the world, to listen to those parliamentary debates which never convinced an opponent, which never prevented a crime, which never averted a calamity, and which never affected in the minutest particular a single small circumstance in the course of British history, yet to defend which in the past one sovereign was driven an exile to a hostile kingdom, to spend the melancholy remainder of his life among strangers by whom he was more pitied than loved, and another was conducted up a scaffold's rugged steps to suffer the most humiliating of all deaths, while to preserve which in the future men who do not know the name of the capital of England are prepared at an instant's notification, to unconditionally surrender their liberties and their lives. Not only did the future emancipator inquire into the science of political administration, but he examined with the greatest diligence the conditions of the poor. Sociology is always an interesting study even to the political philosopher, yet it possessed a peculiar interest for him who beheld in it a means towards the great end of his country's freedom. Literature, too, in England, attracted his attention, and at the early age of twenty-five years Cavour was numbered among the contributors to the first of European periodicals. His publications are marked by their extreme originality, their calm moderation, and the elaborated accuracy of the information they contain. He did not write because the occupation was novel, or because its result was gratifying to a vainglorious mind; he wrote because his keen eye discerned a principle hidden in events, an important inference which might be derived from a succession of circumstances, a truth reposing in the heart of error; and a desire to advance the interests of his countrymen impelled him to publish his conclusions to the world, and give the results of his valuable studies to a nation fruitful in benighted minds.

In 1842 he aided in the foundation of the Piedmont Agricultural Society. Few who learned of its foundation recognized that it was the offspring of the same political necessity which demanded union on the part of the divided and separated strength of the country—the yeomanry—in later years created the organization known to Canadian politicians as the Patrons of Industry. By means of this society he contrived to draw together a band of eminent liberals who soon changed the discussions on farming into debates on Italian Independence. So harmonious were the members on the important topic of freedom that after the lapse of a sufficient interval to avoid the awakening of suspicion, a league on the same principles and with the same aim was formed,

and a journal was founded to supply the people with revolutionary literature. The league from its inception aroused the enmity of Mazzini's organizations, and the governments of Italy, seeing that the strength of the new organization would be withdrawn from revolutionary plans by internal dissensions, quietly continued to allow it to exist. The cause of the hostility was Cavour's desire to obtain freedom by degrees. The aim of the league was to effect a union between the states of Italy; a federation rather than a union. This Mazzini regarded as a compromise, which, aside from his hereditary antipathy to all species of compromises, he viewed as being seriously endangered by the presence of alarming consequences within the possibility of its accomplishment. The endeavours, Mazzini declared, which would be made towards attaining the unnatural end of a mere state federation, might by means of a lesser expenditure of energy be caused to compass the natural and desirable end of entire Italian unity. The Cavour plan was one which was more favourable to the government than to the revolutionists. And, moreover, a compromise is always attended with internally destroying elements, for a revolution in favour of a compromise is never undertaken with the same fierce zeal which distinguishes a revolution for a principle. Of all this Cavour was deeply sensible. He knew with Mazzini too truly that a principle is a principle whether in theory or in practice, and that to compromise a principle is a more terrible crime than to betray it. But the same genius which had beheld through the mists of the generations the necessity of organization on the part of the yeomanry of the country, had not propounded his policy without deep and far-seeing meditation. Cavour felt what Mazzini was never cold enough to freely feel, that governments and revolutions are not carried on by perfect principles, but by successive manœuvres whose essential principle is compromise. It is probably politic on occasions when the opposition is powerful, to allow the multitudes gathered round the standard of revolt to feel that they are warring for a principle that is as true as the truth of their tremendous tribulation, for then their faith cannot fail nor their zeal become cold, but surely if the mass of the rebels require to be misinformed this is no reason why the leaders should be even pleasantly deceived. The leaders need the animation of no sensitive passion to enable them to direct the movements of the multitudes which they lead. To them it is a hindrance, rather than an aid. What they supremely require is the calmness of reason, the coldness of calculation, and the energy of iron determination, instead of the fiery animation of enthusiastic intrepidity. And when the multitudes in the blindness of unreasoning passion are dashing with frantic violence upon the naked lances of their less tempestuous foes, it is only too essential that there should be some guiding spirits in the midst of the conflict whose calmness can teach the warriors how to escape internal destruction if they chance to be successful, and how to avoid exterior extermination if they meet with defeat.

The difference between the demands of Mazzini and Cavour is sufficiently evinced in their results. After years of tribulation, the only result of his agitation which Mazzini could show was that the Italians were ready if necessary to destroy one another at his bidding, and sacrifice their freedom to the impulses he had aroused. How different was the result of the measures which Cavour had so scientifically planned. Within one year from the time when he first attacked the policy of the administrative powers, a constitution had been granted to Piedmont and Cavour entered its first Legislative Assembly as member for Turin. There, without delay, he began to use the wisdom he had gained, when, day after day and night after night, he had listened to the oratory at Westminster. No higher testimonial to his greatness at this time can be conceived than in the fact that by the extreme spirits of both parties in the Legislative Assembly he was hated and maligned. The followers of Mazzini deemed him to be a conservative of aristocratic opinions, while the violent conservatives viewed him as a dangerous radical. Yet his genius was capable of winning the sympathies of even the extremes. On measures which were objectionable to either faction and certain of defeat, he effected a conciliation and obtained for both revolutionists and ultramontanes a series of concessions, which, without his assistance, they reluctantly conceded, they never could have gained.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

(To be continued.)

A Child.

She standeth at the Dawn of Life ;
She gazeth forward, thro' the years :
She hath no thought of loss or strife ;
She knoweth not of pain or fears.

Her youth's fair promise to enhance
The heavens their choicest gifts devote :
Give to her eyes the seer's glance,
And lend her voice the singer's note.

And empty all their store of joys
To crown with flowers her spring tide days,
While dim-seen angels, hovering, poise
O'er her bright brows a wreath of bays.

Oh, what child soul, what fate is thine
In that far future none may read ?
What Love its perils may divine ?
What Love foresee or aid its need ?

Alas ! alone thy feet must fare
Along that misty, unknown way.
So powerless Love to shield or share,
That Love can only kneel and pray.

" God gladden all thy youth's bright way ;
God guide thy steps all perils past :
God keep thee pure, thro' all Life's day ;
God take thee to His Heaven at last."

LEE WYNDHAM.

Art Notes.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON.

THIS volume, published shortly before the death of its subject, bears the title under which his name was most familiar. It follows two others dealing with Sir Edward Berne-Jones and Albert Moore, is of the same shape and structure, and, like them, consists of a number of photo-gravures and process-blocks from the works of the artist, along with an account of the course of his production.

It is a question that might admit of debate whether all this hackneying of a man's work by reproduction in the not very attractive form of half-tone blocks is desirable. In the case of an old master it may be a necessary evil thus to illustrate a critical or historical disquisition ; a living man, fastidious about the appearance of his work and able to control its multiplication, might, one would think, have grave doubts about the affair. The reproductions, in this volume, of the lemon-tree and Damascus well-head, do little justice to those remarkable drawings ; some of the chalk studies fare better, but there is a general air of meanness and dulness about the prints after pictures. The best plate is the frontispiece, a photogravure after the "Summer Moon," perhaps the most beautiful of its author's designs.

But if to an artist of sensitive feelings the lavish proceedings of the process-man must be trying, the dealings of the critic and the chronicler must be still harder to bear. Doubtless reputation brings a certain callousness, but an artist, one would think, must feel embarrassed while the wondering scribe reminds him that, though a painter, he learned a certain amount of Latin and Greek at school, speaks several languages, reads his own, is neither untidy nor a procrastinator. Then the sightseer is once more trotted round the Arabian Hall, roams the house, and peers into the corners of the studio. All this is silly and tedious enough, but not so bad as the mass of commentary, original and selected, which pads out these pages. No single illuminating word emerges from the epithets, and the catalogue droops along under a listless accumulation of flabby words. Here is a typical specimen. "The artist has painted her ('Psamathe') sitting by the seashore, gazing over the Ægean, and she is unkind enough not to show us her face, her back being turned to the spectator." Criticism like this need never be at a loss. If the lady shows her face, you say, "She is unkind enough not to show us her back, her face being turned to the spectator." The most positive matter in the volume is the descriptions of the painter's processes in elaborating a picture, but the writers have no guess of the moral to be drawn from their facts, of the limits implied by the very exact and complete system described, of how radically it contradicts the picture-making of the greatest masters of the art of painting.

In the art of design as distinguished from the more com-

plex art of painting, Lord Leighton had a very considerable talent. It is unlikely that the favourable verdict of time will be refused to the invention and grace of many of his figures, to the "Athlete," the "Sluggard," and many little preparatory models in sculpture, to figures like those in the "Maidens Playing at Ball" or some of those in the "Alcestis" among his paintings. It is true that as a draughtsman Lord Leighton's was rather a smooth, flowing, decorative line than a searching or constructive ; it has the elements of superficial pleasure rather than more vital qualities ; but for all that the facile rhetorical language in which he conveyed his idea does not deprive it of every virtue.

It would seem, moreover, from the evidence of some of his portraits and of many of his oil-studies recently dispersed, that he arrived in his eclectic training at a clear enough idea of how drawing in paint should be set about, but it would be difficult to point to a more signal example of the fallacy of "finish" than the procedure that turned these studies into the final picture. Mr. Ruskin in an early criticism, quoted in this book, speaks of a want of finish as characterizing the work, and nothing could be truer in any valuable sense of that word. To refine upon structure and colour by additional statements as the picture proceeds, in the manner of Rembrandt, is real finish ; to smooth over the original statement of structure, good so far as it went, is a mechanical procedure that can only give pleasure to very superficial observers. Within the pages of this book the reader can appreciate from the illustrations how frequently a study even lost in vitality in the process of painting.

It is unlikely that time will give higher rank to Lord Leighton's colour than to his drawing. The studies prove how insensitive his eye was to the element of light, and the intensification of local colours in his finished pictures is only the same limitation writ large—a so-called "decorative" substitute elaborated in place of the real sensibility. In this, as almost always in his touch on humanity, he gives one an odd sensation of something voluptuous called in to cover an essentially chilly vision. There is a remark of Lord Leighton's, cited in all innocence by Mr. Spielmann, that throws a flood of light on his actual vision. "Shadows," he said, "on a woman's face *should not be black as on a man's*, but red." It is difficult to criticize frankly a man so recently dead, and who attached so many admiring friends by his talents, virtues, and taste, without an appearance of brutality, and we have no wish to insist on the weaknesses of a remarkable artist. But to claim for the graceful eclectic talent of this painter that it lifts him into the front rank even of contemporary art is to make a draft on Fame that cannot possibly be honoured. A book written under the conditions of that before us must doubtless take the side of flattery ; criticism must all the more be plain-spoken.—*London Spectator, July 25, 1896.*

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The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution.*

THIS work is the third issue of the Economical Political Science and Historical Series of the University of Wisconsin, and is by Mr. Coffin, Assistant Professor of European History of the University. Mr. Coffin displays a great deal of commendable industry in the compilation of a very respectable volume, and has derived his information from a careful study of the British State Papers and the Canadian Archives, and the work is a very valuable contribution to the history of Canada. The writer exhaustively describes the military rule of the French from 1760 to the capitulation of Canada in 1763, giving a comprehensive study of the French-Canadians, the nobles and the clergy, the British settlers and their relations with the French-Canadians following the capitulation and Treaty of Paris. He then takes up the Quebec Act of 1774, which he very justly looks upon as a measure fraught with the most far-reaching consequences both to the French-Canadians and the future Dominion of Canada, and describes very elaborately and faithfully the power of the Government, the judiciary, Civil Service, and the financial position of the Colony.

So long as Mr. Coffin confines his attention to the study

* "The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution." A Study in English-Colonial History. By Victor Coffin, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of European History in the University of Wisconsin. Published by the University of Madison, Wis.

of facts, and describing the position of the French-Canadians and their subsequent conquest during the American Revolution, when, as we all know, they remained faithful to the British Government, his work may be accepted as a faithful guide. But when he goes farther, and launches upon the sea of philosophical history and pretends to condemn the Quebec Act, and what he calls the disastrous influence of that measure upon the Colonial temper, his conclusions must be more narrowly scrutinized. He seems to think that the Government of the day erred in giving too much freedom to the French-Canadians, and paid altogether too much attention to conserving their laws and destinies, and urges that the Province should have been set upon an *English* rather than a *French* path of development. Surely the writer has missed the whole keynote of the conduct of the British under the guiding hand and master mind of the great Pitt. It is safe to say that had it not been for the moderation and conciliation of the British then displayed, Canada would not to-day be a British possession. Let us consider the position. England did not take Quebec from their love of conquest, but in self-defence. The French in Canada claimed, and in fact occupied, the whole of the inland country from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, west of the Alleghanies. They had built forts on the Ohio and Mississippi, and were threatening the traders of Virginia and New York, and urging the Indians to continual attacks on the colonists. The combined attacks of the French and Indians culminating in the disastrous Braddock campaign, convinced England that the only safety for her colonies lay in the capture of Quebec. When that was accomplished, the problem was how to deal with the new possession, inhabited by a sparse settlement of French, along the banks of the St. Lawrence, a country desirable in itself, but not needed then for the English, who had ample room for the needs of their small population. The course followed by the statesmen of that day was what laid the foundation of the Dominion of Canada. But for it, French Canada would have inevitably fallen in with the American Revolutionists. By the Treaty of Paris they agreed to maintain the laws and religion of the newly-acquired people. Their people, afflicted as they had been, by the dishonest administration of the emissaries of their French monarch, now enjoyed repose, and the honest, mild rule of the British. Their institutions were perpetuated by this very Quebec Act, and what was the consequence? When the Colonial party attempted the capture of Canada, they were received coldly by the inhabitants, and not being able to maintain a foothold in the country against the will of the people, abandoned the enterprise, and Canada alone was saved to the British Empire.

When again, in 1812, the Americans under the instigation of Napoleon made another attempt to gain Canada, and with the assistance of Genet, the French ambassador, made strenuous efforts to persuade the French-Canadians that they should espouse the cause of Republican America with that of Republican France, the Canadians, who no doubt were strongly influenced by their clergy, naturally dreading the attack on their religious institutions which had already fallen in France before the blast of the Revolution, again held by their own rule, maintained as it had been by the English and by the Quebec Act. Thus was Canada saved a second time to Great Britain.

It may be said that the Rebellion of 1837 was the consequence of giving too much liberty to the French, and the establishment of French-Canadian as opposed to British rule. But this rebellion had, in fact, its fountain and source of being in Papineau and his coterie of Republican followers, assisted no doubt by his American friends, who thought that the time had come to establish a French Republic on the St. Lawrence. Papineau had himself not long before this abandoned himself wholly to his Republican phantom, openly praised the rule of England, to which, indeed, he attributed all their good fortune and peaceable government. When he unhappily adopted the role of revolutionist, the people did not follow him as he expected *en masse*. The clergy were almost to a man against his project, and, as we know, his attempt ended in speedy failure.

Since then the French-Canadians have been of England's most loyal citizens, and have given their hearty aid in building and maintaining the Dominion.

Mr. Coffin's conclusions would then seem to be singu-

larly unfortunate. While it may be true that the establishing of more distinctively English rule would have induced English settlement in Lower Canada, there can be no doubt but the immediate success would have been followed by future failure. The French-Canadian would have felt himself one of a conquered race, instead of feeling that he was in truth protected by the power of England. Discontented and uneasy, he would have fallen an easy prey to the American Republican, and while the gain to the United States would have been a half continent, to England it would have been the core of an Empire. Truly, the school of the British statesmen seems to have produced a better result than would have happened had the plan now advocated from the scholastic walls of Wisconsin been adopted.

W. R.

Notes of the Night.*

"WATCHMAN, tell us of the night." Would there were more watchmen who could tell us of the night; who would regard the night as being of more significance than to divide the days, and of more service than to be spent in contemplative survey of the day and in preparation for another. Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott, whom we already know in "A Naturalist's Rambles About Home," "Outings at Odd Times," etc., is a true watchman of the night. And not only of the night. For Dr. Abbott is on very intimate terms with Nature, and walks about with her at all times of the day and night, in all seasons and under all skies. Nothing seems to escape his notice; there is order and beauty for him in the grandest oak or the tiniest insect. Studying Nature, he is a naturalist; appreciating and interpreting her, he is a poet. In very readable, if not always finished form, he tells us in "Notes of the Night," a collection of essays, some of which have already seen the light in Lippincott's Magazine: "If we measure a mile by its objects of interest, few men have travelled so far," says Dr. Abbott. In the first essay he examines the objects of interest that command his attention in his night rambles, rambles in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, on the ice, in the water. Only occasionally does he touch the poetic, as when he so prettily describes a moonlight in a mist or when he speaks of the opening blossoms "bathed in the clear spring-tide light that trembles with the melody of merry-throated birds." But in a rambling though readable way he makes us acquainted with the movements and sounds of the night. Things we have before noticed in Nature, he examines and explains. Things we have not before noticed, he suggests that we investigate, and throws open to us the doors of innumerable avenues of pleasant thought and profitable research. His effort is to lead us to get our natural science knowledge not so much from text-books as from the open book of Nature. He is very severe with the "polished professor of glittering generalities stolen from others." And so he scorns to employ the technical terminology of the text-books and speaks in easy, unconventional language wherever it is possible. He is a friend of science, indeed, and has done much for it; but only after he is a friend of the wrens and the mice. Those timid mice, how he loves them! He knows how they dread the weasels. He knows when the mournful thrush sings its last lament for the night, and when the poetic, rose-breasted grosbeak first greets the dawn. He hears an angry oriole chirping blasphemy. Kingfishers are an interesting study to him. He plays with snakes. Old Bill Pullen, with his blunt fisherman philosophy, is introduced in this essay and contributes to its readability. Dr. Abbott is successful in dialogue and narrative. Why does he not introduce more of it?

"When Grass is Green" tells of a series of ten rambles with similar poetic-scientific interest. "Out of the Beaten Path" is a brief account of a visit to a ruined old mill. "An Old Barn" is an interesting inspection of some obsolete outbuilding. "A Rocky Roadside" is made more pleasing by the presence of a botanist and a geologist. "Up Pearson's Lane" is a very pretty account of this deserted old path with its five lonely, solemn apple-trees, and ends with an amusing little story of how our doctor, moved by an anti-

* "Notes of the Night." By Charles Conrad Abbott, M.D. New York: The Century Company.

quarian spirit of investigation, dived into an old cellar and discovered there what he thought to be wine a century old, but what proved, after a draught had been swallowed, to be "hoss liniment." And, by-the-bye, Dr. Abbott shows repeatedly that he has a keen sense of humour, and, if more of it were interspersed in his books, their purpose would be better effected. A winter morning's stroll, enlivened by the greeting of a Carolina wren, forms the subject of "A Yuletide Ramble." "Landmarks" is the title of an essay which pleads for the observance of Solomon's injunction, "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." One thinks of the protest of Rousseau and the indignation of Ruskin when Dr. Abbott complains that "the world is in too much of a hurry to go round an old chestnut." The last essay is on "Thoreau," whom our author admires greatly and whom he quotes freely throughout the book. He vigorously disagrees with the opinions of Thoreau entertained by Emerson and Lowell. And the vehemence and, at least in Emerson's case, the injustice of his criticism is intensified by his strong admiration for that simple and sincere man, "the bare-headed, sun-burnt, out-of-door Thoreau," whose influence, Dr. Abbott thinks, "will last as long as our language will remain."

Perhaps some of the author's translations of bird language are not strictly idiomatic, but he seems to have a special fondness for the feathered kind, and to understand them better than anything else in nature. He says little about the heavens; he talks somewhat of plant-life, oaks, sun-dews, grape-vines, and even mould; but he speaks chiefly of animal life. And here nothing escapes his notice; mice, weasels, snakes, fish, insects of every description, "critters only a crank could care for," all claim his attention. But most of all he loves and studies the birds. Of course, he is prolix and minute at times—enough so to make Balzac stare. Of course, he is eccentric, a little cynical, old-fashioned, homely, and praises "yarb teas." Of course, he is very extravagant, wonders the law does not kill bird-collectors, and, when a man shoots a cat-bird who steals his cherries, accuses him of "starving his ears to stuff his stomach." Still, if you will only go with him to the woods—wherever and whenever he wants you—he will teach you much. Only you must be unprejudiced. He says "nothing so blinds us to the out-door world as firmly-rooted indoor opinions." He will take you deeper into nature than you have ever dreamed of getting, asking, "who has ever covered so much as the ground of his own door-yard?" And perhaps he will take you to the blunt Old Bill Pullen, from whom you will very soon learn that "there's more out o' books than in 'em." That is what Charles Conrad Abbott wants to teach us.

ROBIN RAMBLER.

Heather from the Brae.*

SOME of the cities are complaining of the multiplying of stories about Scottish people written in the Scottish dialect. What will concern the authors and the publishers a great deal more will be the question, whether the public will continue to buy them. So far, at least, there seems to be no doubt on this subject; and we think we may predict a very considerable success for the volume now before us. We do not care to compare it with any of its contemporaries except to say that it is as genuinely Scotch as any of them. The characters here described are Scotch and Scotch only. Perhaps something like some of them might have been found, once upon a time, in New England; but even there not their language, nor quite their flavour.

Only in one place are we reminded of Ian Maclaren—in the picture given of the doctor of the locality; and although the actual character is not very different, all the circumstances are very dissimilar. The doctor's wife, too, is quite an original study, and one that is admirably carried out from beginning to end. The daughter, also, is a beautiful picture. The "Lost Lamb" is a story which is not merely very pretty, but which will serve a higher purpose. "The Poor Relation" is perhaps the most highly idealized of anything in the book; for we must note here one of its chief excellencies, that the reader is never provoked into protest. We do not say, this is impossible—or such things do not hap-

pen—or this is too highly coloured. In the good sense of the word, the book is highly realistic. Perhaps the "poor relation" tries our faith a little; and yet why should we doubt the existence of such characters, or even their existence in such numbers as to justify the introduction of the type into a work of fiction.

We might mention with commendation every one of the sketches contained in the volume. It will, however, be enough to say that not one of them will weary the ordinary reader, or allow in him a relaxation of interest. Here will be found entertainment, instruction, and healthful influence. We should add that the Scotch is quite within the reach of the ordinary Englishman.

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History of Christian Doctrine.*

THERE is no more hopeful sign of health in the theological studies of the age than the increased attention paid to the history of doctrines. It stands to reason, however much it may have been forgotten in the past, that the real bearing of theories, doctrines, dogmas—call them what we will—should be misunderstood, unless we know something of their history. We must know how they originated, in what manner they have been shaped until they reached their present form, if we would understand their value. It has been well said that "the true criticism of a doctrine is its history."

We confess, therefore, that we rejoiced in the prospect of having a new book on the history of doctrine from so practiced and skilful a hand as the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale. Nor are we disappointed. When we first took the book in our hands, we missed a little of the admirable method of Hagenbach, to whose excellent work most students of this subject have been greatly indebted. And for many, especially professional theologians, it will still be well to have Hagenbach in use, to supplement the statements of Dr. Fisher by illustrations. But the longer we studied this new volume, the more satisfaction we experienced in its perusal.

In the first place, the arrangement of the work is good. It consists of three parts, treating of Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern Theology. Each of these, again, is subdivided into periods, the first of them dividing at the time of Origen, and ending with Gregory I. The second treats of the Scholastic system. The third has two periods, the first dealing with the forms of thought resulting from the Reformation, and the second with Theology as affected by Modern Philosophy and Scientific Researches.

After a careful examination of the whole book we can honestly commend it to students. Dr. Fisher seems to possess all the qualities needed (they are many) for the composition of such a work. He has extensive and accurate knowledge, he has a good grasp of the various systems which he passes in review, so that his work is not a mere collection of isolated facts, and he has perfect impartiality.

In this last respect he is almost unequalled. Anyone who goes to this book expecting to find support for his own opinions will probably be disappointed; but anyone who reads it in order to find all opinions fairly represented, will almost certainly find what he seeks.

Of course, the book is not perfect. There are some slips, probably of the printer's. For example, Bishop Whately's name is spelt in two different ways, and there are other spellings, here and there, which need rectification. There are also some statements of opinion about which there might be differences. For example, the writer says, "With the rise of general councils the old appeal to apostolic succession as securing the transmission of apostolic teaching, fell into the background." Is this quite certain? Of course, in later times, this must partly happen; but even at Trent it was the apostolic tradition which was professedly sanctioned and promulgated, and at the early councils the bishops professed merely to testify to the doctrines which their churches had received and handed down. In a work of such large extent there are, naturally, statements of this kind which will be taken by some readers with qualification; but this does not, in the least, detract from the great value of the work.

* "Heather from the Brae." Scottish Character Sketches. By David Lyall. Price \$1.00. New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1896.

* "History of Christian Doctrine." By G. P. Fisher, D.D. Price 12s. Edinburgh: T & T. Clark. Toronto: Revell Co. 1896.

It may be interesting to our readers to be told that the history is brought down to the present day. We have not merely the Tractarian movement and the Hampden Controversy, and the Essays and Reviews. But we have Mansel and Maurice and Herbert Spencer and Huxley, and the higher criticism. The last chapter of all is a very able statement of the present state of the educated mind on the subject of Theism.

The book will be valuable in two ways. For those who wish to go no further, it will give a sufficient outline of the progress of thought in the Christian Church. For students of Divinity, it will supply an excellent guide to the examination of the great religious writers of the successive ages—a study much to be commended to our religious teachers.

* * *

Max Beerbohm.*

THIS entertaining volume contains seven interesting papers. The first one, "Dandies and Dandies," we confess does not give a reader a favourable impression of what the book contains; the next and the succeeding papers are very clever and sprightly. That on King George IV. deals with a subject which we have often wondered has not been taken up. It is a defence of a man whose reputation has suffered from contumely, which in some points was unmerited. Thackeray is greatly responsible for the modern low opinion of George IV. Hear what Mr. Beerbohm says:

"It seems to me that, as in his novels, so in his history of the four Georges, Thackeray made no attempt at psychology. He dealt simply with types. One George he insisted upon regarding as a buffoon, another as a yokel. The Fourth George he chose to hold up for reprobation as a drunken, vapid cad. Every action, every phase of his life that went to disprove this view, he either suppressed or distorted utterly. 'History,' he would seem to have chuckled, 'has nothing to do with the First Gentleman. But I will give him a niche in Natural History. He shall be King of the Beasts.' He made no allowance for the extraordinary conditions under which all monarchs live, none for the unfortunate circumstances by which George, especially, was from the first hampered. He judged him as he judged Barnes Newcome and all the scoundrels he created. Moreover, he judged him by the moral standard of the Victorian Age. In fact, he applied to his subject the wrong method, in the wrong manner, and at the wrong time. And yet every one has taken him at his word. I feel that my essay may be scouted as a paradox; but I hope that many may recognize that I am not, out of mere boredom, endeavouring to stop my ears against popular platitude, but rather, in a spirit of real earnestness, to point out to the mob how it has been cruel to George. I do not despair of success. I think I shall make converts. The mob is really very fickle and sometimes cheers the truth."

We recommend our readers to see what defence Mr. Beerbohm makes. The sixth paper, "Poor Romeo," deals with one of those oddities who are found in every city. On page 93, Romeo Coates had been previously mentioned. He is the person described as "Poor Romeo" in Paper VI. The letter disinterred and reprinted on page 142 is an example of a woman's revenge. The paper on 1880 shows how fast the world moves. That ancient date—sixteen long years ago—requires a vocabulary to explain the terms used by the ancients of those days. Why, it seems but yesterday that 1880 was here, and Mr. Beerbohm finds it necessary to supply a glossary. We knew what "Jersey Lily" and "Masher" meant. We honestly confess that "Cromwell House" and "The Master" were allusions which did require explanation. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

* * *

Stevenson's Unfinished Novel.†

AN editorial note by Mr. Sidney Colvin, at the end of the volume containing Stevenson's last story, states that the last words appearing on the last page were dictated on the very morning of the writer's sudden seizure and death. Weir of Hermiston thus remains in the work of Stevenson what Edwin Drood is in the work of Dickens and Denis Duval in that of Thackeray. While we do not think that Stevenson can be classed as being in the same rank as Dickens or Thackeray, his books have been remarkable. He took this generation back sixty years to the days when Scott

delighted our grandfathers and grandmothers. The world had got tired of maudlin self-doubters and unsexed feminines and was glad to breathe once more the bracing atmosphere of healthy romance. In this last book there is a stronger flavour of Scott than in the earlier books of Stevenson. As it is unfinished it cannot justly be criticized. As far as it goes it is strong and forcible, full of character, and it promises to develop individualized creations. There are some acute reflections by Mr. Colvin that the tone of the book is anachronistic. The characters could not have lived at the period they are said to have lived. They are portraits of people who might have lived half a century before the date assigned to them. This criticism applies specially to the Lord Justice Clerk and the Elliott family. The end of the story, as Stevenson probably intended it to end, is disclosed by hints given by the author himself. We select a passage in which the hero defends himself to a friend of his father's, which is a fair example of the style of the book.

"I will be very quiet," replied Archie. "And I will be baldly frank. I do not love my father; I wonder sometimes if I do not hate him. There's my shame; perhaps my sin; at least, and in the sight of God not my fault. How was I to love him? He has never spoken to me, never smiled upon me; I do not think he ever touched me. You know the way he talks? You do not talk so, yet you can sit and hear him without shuddering, and I cannot. My soul is sick when he begins with it; I could smite him in the mouth. And all that's nothing. I was at the trial of this Jopp. You were not there, but you must have heard him often; the man's notorious for it, for being—look at my position! he's my father and this is how I have to speak of him—notorious for being a brute and cruel and a coward. Lord Glenalmond, I give you my word, when I came out of that Court, I longed to die—the shame of it was beyond my strength; but I—I—" he rose from his seat and began to pace the room in a disorder. "Well, who am I? A boy, who have never been tried, have never done anything except this twopenny impotent folly with my father. But I tell you, my lord, and I know myself, I am at least that kind of a man—or that kind of a boy, if you prefer it—that I could die in torments rather than that anyone should suffer as that scoundrel suffered. Well, and what have I done? I see it now. I have made a fool of myself, as I said in the beginning; and I have gone back, and asked my father's pardon, and placed myself wholly in his hands—and he has sent me to Hermiston," with a wretched smile, "for life, I suppose—and what can I say? he strikes me as having done quite right, and let me off better than I had deserved."

* * *

BRIEFER NOTICES.

La Grande Breteche. By H. de Balzac. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)—This volume of the *Comedie Humaine*, by the great French writer, has been reprinted directly translated from the original in Macmillan's Colonial Library series, edited by the eminent English scholar, George Saintsbury. The volume contains six brief but powerful stories. The tales are unequal to one another in strength and style, principally because they were written at different times, and in a manner and under circumstances varying at times. The story "La Grande Breteche" itself is one of the best known of Balzac's short stories, and able critics claim for it a first place among his works. Certain it is, it has few superiors. So brief is it—less than 25 pages—that it is its own best comment and explanation. "Albert Savarus," the concluding tale, shows many of its author's opinions on politics and society. The book is well printed, and as a mechanical effort is a credit to its publishers.

A Laodicean. By Thos. Hardy. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)—The famed and brilliant author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and many other novels in the Macmillan Colonial Library series has written no book of more interest to the ordinary reader than "A Laodicean." It is a romance of English country life, although it would be more accurate to say that it is an open view of a few memorable chapters in the history of a life which has felt and thought. Many incidental topics are introduced, the aim of the author being to aid in some degree in educating that great world of readers which learns its wisdom through the pages of a novel. The reader of Hardy's stories always gathers incidental information, not otherwise attainable, and for this reason his works are read by all classes of men. The present volume is powerfully written; and, while furnished cheaply to the public, is printed on expensive and durable paper, a testimonial to the publishers who, in giving these books to the public, are certainly benefiting humanity.

* "The Works of Max Beerbohm." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

† "Weir of Hermiston." An Unfinished Romance by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

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* * *

Charles Dickens, the son of the novelist, died on the 20th of July, and his sister Mary on the 24th. Charles was editor of "All the Year Round" after his father's death, and later, of "Household Words." He was very successful as a reader from his father's works, both in England and the United States.

The Macmillan Company publish "Macbeth" and "Antony and Cleopatra," in the "Temple" Shakespeare; a concluding volume of the "Idyls of the King," and "The Lover's Tale," in the "People's" Tennyson; and "Biblical Idyls" (Solomon's Song, Ruth and Esther, Tobit), in "The Modern Reader's Bible."

Chess

A short Philidor, between two members of Arcade Chess Club.

GAME 748.

Goldstein.	McDowell.	White.	Black.
1PK4	PK4	BD	GE
2KtKB3	PQ3	ju	76
3BB4	PQKt3	Jv	qp
4KtB3	BKt5	SM	zV
5KtP.	BxQ?	ME	VI?
6BxPch	KK2	vQ†	HG
7KtQ5	mating.....	u5†	

RENNIE'S TELEGRAPHIC NOTATION.

Funk and Wagnall's Literary Digest publishes the keyboard of above system (first introduced in 1880), in the following way:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X

The lower half of board is a repetition of upper half. Each move is described by two characters, the first describing the piece or Pawn and the second describing the square.

Each piece or Pawn has two character names—upper half name and lower half name, and the names are derived from the squares on which they originally stand, utilizing your adversary's original square characters to describe your moves on his half of the board. The square where the man goes to is as precise as the name of the man, and there is no botheration of dynamic calculation as in the British system.

We illustrate our system by a little game wherein White gives a Rook.

5 As only one Pawn can go to 5 one character is sufficient, otherwise M 5 would mean absolutely K P—K 4. A single character is always a Pawn move.

U

or E U for full description.

WF

Namely lower K Kt's name to F square.

2 K

or upper Q Kt's name to K square.

V 3

Lower K B name to 3 square.

L

or D L in full.

R C

Lower Q Kt name to C square.

S 7

As the Q B enters lower half it takes its lower name S to 7.

D

or L D in full.

R 4

Q Kt, lower name, to 4.

7 4

K Kt (upper name) goes to U, taking Pawn.

S T

Q B lower name goes to T, taking Queen.

6 F

K B, upper name, to F, taking Pawn, ch.

5 E

2 T mate

Q Kt upper name to T mate.

In our notation above game is described in 25 letters, whereas in the British it takes 30 letters besides a great quantity of dynamic calculation.

Editor Galbraith screams:—Our young American representative has beaten the three strongest chess players of all Europe, a most wonderful performance, truly, and triumphantly proving that his victory at Hastings last year was no chance fluke, as some would-be critics have vainly endeavoured to claim. Did anyone hear the American Eagle flop his wings and scream with exultant pride when this news was cabled?

Bent Nearly Double.

THE STORY OF A WELL KNOWN DELHI MAN.

Tortured with Rheumatism for Nearly Twenty Years—Spent Large Sums in a Vain Search for Renewed Health—How He at Last Found it.

From the Delhi Reporter.

There are very few troubles more wide spread and none more difficult to eradicate from the system than rheumatism. The sufferer is racked with pains that seem unbearable, and frequently feels that even death itself would be a relief. Among those who have found much of their lives made miserable by this dread trouble is Mr. Michael Schott, of Delhi, and having found a means of release from its agonies he is anxious that other sufferers should profit by his experience. Mr. Schott is in the employ of Messrs. Quance Bros., millers, and has a reputation for sterling integrity among all who know him. When one of the staff of the Reporter interviewed him Mr. Schott gave the facts of his illness and recovery as follows:—He had been a sufferer from rheumatism since about eighteen years of age. At times he was confined to bed but obtained no rest day nor night from the excruciating pains he was undergoing. Again he was able to go about and follow his employment, but even then frequently walked about in an almost doubled-up condition. Then again he would have another relapse, and would be forced to take to his bed. During all these years he was almost continually doctoring, but never obtained anything more than temporary relief for the large sums he expended in this way. Having failed to obtain relief at home he went to Simcoe for treatment but received no permanent benefit and soon after coming home was as bad as ever. It will be readily understood that he was seriously discouraged, and had come to look upon his case as hopeless. Finally he was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after hesitating at spending any more money, in what he now considered a vain pursuit of health, he at last consented to give them a trial. By the time he had used a half dozen boxes, there was no longer any doubt in his mind that he was steadily improving, and the treatment was then gladly continued. When he had taken a dozen boxes he found himself entirely recovered, entirely free from pain and from all stiffness of joints, and he is now able to do as hard a day's work as any man in the village. He has now been free from his old enemy for so long a period that he feels his cure is permanent, and is consequently an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills, and urges all who are similarly suffering to give them a trial, feeling confident that they will prove quite as efficacious as they did in his case.

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* * *

It is proposed to found an Elizabeth Rundle Charles Bed in the North London Hospital for Consumptives, in honour of the memory of the author of "The Schonberg Cotta Family," who through life took a deep interest in its fortunes and inmates. Among the subscribers to the fund are Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Canon Ainger and Mr. du Maurier. Subscriptions will be received by the honorary treasurer of the fund, Mr. Rasilwood Smith, Branch Hill Lodge, Hampstead Heath, London, N.W.

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Electrical Engineering for August contains many good papers by able writers, such as "Power for Machine Tools," by Leland L. Summers; "Fly Wheels for Steam Engines," by E. F. Williams; "Telephony Mechanical Features of The Line. Cross-Talk," by Dr. V. Wietlisbach, of Berne; "Free Banking, instead of 'Free-Silver' as a Cure for Hard Times," by Austin W. Wright; "The Manufacturer vs. the Central Station," by F. De Land; and "Facts and Fancies Pertaining to the Money Question," by the Editor.

Periodicals.

The Arena is certainly a magazine that goes in for exposing tyranny, lawlessness, and monopolies. Some of its articles are really grand, and the August issue is a good average number, although the views of the writers on the question of what is called "Free Silver" do not appeal to us as being sound. In this issue the editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, furnishes under the title of "Whittier—The Man" another of his instructive papers. The serials,—"The Valley Path" and "Between Two Worlds" become more interesting with each succeeding chapter, and a glance at the titles of the remaining articles with the names of the authors, given below, will convey some idea of the store of mental food provided: "Bibliography of Literature dealing with the Land Question," by Thos. E. Will, A.M.; "Is the West Discontented?" by John E. Bennett; "Club Life versus Home Life," by G. S. Crawford; "A Social Settlement," by Annie L. Muzzey; "Mahayana Buddhism in Japan," by Annie E. Cheney; "The Convict Question," by J. Kellogg; "Ethics the Only Basis of Religion," by R. B. Marsh, M.A.; "Associated Effort and Its Influence on Human Progress," by M. L. Holbrook, M.D.; "Philosophers Afloat," by Helen H. Gardner.

"Days with Mrs. Stowe," by Mrs. James T. Fields, is the opening paper in the Atlantic Monthly for August, followed by an article from the pen of Professor Paul Shorey, entitled "Present Conditions of Literary Production" which is marred by such loose and absurd statements as, "We must dethrone the crumbling literary idols of the past; Europe must purify herself of the last remnants of the insidious feudal poison that lurks in Shakespeare and Scott; free born America must cast the yoke of Europe from her neck, and the men of the Mississippi Valley, who, we are told, produce more wheat and possess a higher average culture than any equal body of population in the world, must rise in revolt against the provincial despotism of Boston and New York and create a literature as broad as their prairies and as shaggy in its native strength as their buffaloes." Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, jr., contributes an out-door sketch entitled "A Holiday with Montaigne," and Mr. C. Grant Lafarge, another, under the name of "Sintamaskin," which is an account of a caribou hunt in Canada. Fiction is represented by a new story written by Mrs. Catherton, called "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," a continuation of Henry James's novel, "The Old Things," and a short story with a moral termed "A Literary Model." A variety of other attractive matter completes the number.

The North American Review for August opens with a masterly paper from the pen of Sir Walter Besant on "The Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race." The Hon. Robert P. Porter most pertinently asks "Is Japanese Competition a Myth?" and "The Canadian Elections and Their Result" are discussed by J. W. Russell. The sixth and concluding instalment of the series of sketches on "Wild Traits in Tame Animals," by Dr. Louis Robinson, is presented, his theme being the familiar one of "Dogs and Cats." H. W. Lucy furnishes an accurate insight into "The Power of the British Press," and under the caption of "Issues and Prospects of the Campaign" two political articles are contributed by Senator W. E. Chandler and the Hon. Josiah Quincy; an interesting study of "Some Ante-Bellum Politics" is indulged in by the Hon. George W. Julian, and Dr. H. S. Williams deals with the query "Can the Criminal be Reclaimed?" A theory of "Natural Bimetallism" is propounded by George H. Lippert; while in "Novels Without a Purpose," Grant Allen advances the opinion that in the twentieth century such works of fiction will not obtain serious recognition from the public. A criticism on American social life, under the title of "A Newport Symposium," is given by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Other topics dealt with are: "How to Prolong Life," by William Kinnear; "Italian Immigration," by Prescott F. Hall, Secretary of the Immigration Restriction League, and "The Taxation of Church Property," by Speed Mosby.

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Periodicals.

Harper's Bazar, for August, contains an article on "Bryn Mawr College," written by Mrs. Agnes Bailey Ormsbee. There is also a sprightly account by John Corbin on an on-looker's share in one of the races at the recent Henley regatta, with an illustration of the scene of the race. In fiction there is a humorous short story entitled "A Violin Case," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

The August Popular Science Monthly opens with a discussion on "The Proposed Dual Organization of Mankind," by Prof. William G. Sumner, of Yale, who maintains that the Eastern and Western continents can not be isolated from each other in political or commercial or monetary affairs. The dominant subject in this number is the science of mind. Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton, concludes his examination of "The Genius and his Environment," begun last month; Prof. W. R. Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, treats of "Spirit Writing" and "Speaking with Tongues," examining these alleged powers in the light of modern science, and giving several facsimiles of the writing; there is also an account of "Epidemics of Hysteria," by Dr. William Hirsch, one of Nordau's critics. An art based on psychology is represented in "The Aim of Modern Education," by Dr. C. Hanford Henderson. Hon. David A. Wells concludes his historical division of his series on "Principles of Taxation" with a description of the Swiss cantonal fiscal systems. An account of the facilities for the study of science at the University of Pennsylvania, is contributed by Lewis R. Harley. Other articles are "The Stone Forest of Florissant," in which Prof. Angelo Heilprin describes a group of agatized tree stumps in Colorado; "Early Years of the American Association," by William H. Hale, with portraits of founders and early presidents of this great scientific society; and "The Scallop," by Fred Mather. The subject of the usual Sketch and Portrait is William W. Mather, the Ohio geologist. The editor comments on woman suffrage and on a recent panic of devil-seeing in certain New York schools.

The August issue of The Century is the Midsummer Holiday number, and appears in a distinctive cover. The opening paper, "An Island Without Death," by Miss E. R. Scidmore, the author of "Jinrikisha Days" gives an account of a visit to Miyajima, a sacred island in the Inland Sea, one of the three great sights of Japan. A paper on "The Viceroy Li Hung Chang" is contributed by the Hon. John W. Foster, who it will be remembered, was lately confidential adviser to the Emperor of China, and in that capacity accompanied the viceroy to Japan, where the treaty of Shimomoseki was negotiated. General Foster, who is to be the host of Li Hung Chang in September, and is one of his most intimate friends, by this relation and by intimate experience of Chinese affairs has had unique facilities for the preparation of this paper. There is printed the first of a group of articles from the journals of the late E. J. Glave, who crossed Africa in the service of The Century in exploration of the slave trade. The article deals principally with "British Raids on the Slave Traders," and is fully illustrated with photographs and drawings by the author. Prof. Flinders Petrie recently unearthed an historical tablet in Egypt containing what is believed to be the first monumental record by the Egyptians of the Children of Israel. In "Pharaoh of the Hard Heart," Prof. Petrie describes the finding of the tablet, and discusses the character and reign of Merenptah, who erected it. Pictures of the tablet, and of a splendid bust of the king, found at the same time, accompany the article. Marion Crawford contributes the fourth and last of his group of papers on Rome, the subject being "The Vatican." This is illustrated with pictures by Castaigne, including some sketches from life of Pope Leo XIII. There are four short stories; one of life in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, by Chester Bailey Fernald; one of a Minnesota frontier town, by Marion Manville; one of the Maine woods, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and one of the New Orleans Creoles by Kate Chopin.

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Literary Notes.

Messrs Longmans, Green, and Co. are about to issue a "Library" edition of Mr. William Watson's poems. It is to occupy ten volumes, the first four of which will be filled by "The Earthly Paradise."

The Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, who died on the 20th of July, at the age of seventy-eight, was the author of numerous contributions to theological controversy, edited nine volumes of the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," and wrote a considerable quantity of religious verse.

Felix Gras' successful "Reds of the Midi," published by the Messrs. Appleton, was the first book ever translated from a Provençal MS., and the first to appear in America before its publication in the original tongue. It is now about to be issued by Mme. Roumanille, Libraire-éditeur, at Avignon, under the title of "Le Rouge de Mijour, Rouman Istouri," with a translation in French.

Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, formerly British Ambassador at Vienna, died on July 11th. He was born in 1823, and passed his life in the diplomatic service. He was the son of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, whose diplomatic and other correspondence, brought out recently by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., under the title of "The Paget Papers," he edited and made ready for publication.

The Open Court of August 6th, No 467, contains as its Supplement a remarkable portrait of Count Leo Tolstoi, as he appears in the peasant working-costume of his ancestral estates at Toula, Russia. The portrait accompanies Count Tolstoi's sketch "Christianity and Patriotism," a powerful analysis of the sentiment of patriotism in the light of Christian precepts, and a fervent, rational plea for the brotherhood of man.

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* * *

Mr. Howells in the opening paper of Harper's for August, gives his personal recollection of "The White Mr. Longfellow," who, in the opinion of Mr. Howells, was the greatest of the Boston group of literary men. The number also contains the first of a two-part story by Mark Twain, called "Tom Sawyer, Detective;" the second instalment of a novellette by Langdon E. Mitchell, called "Two Mormons from Muddlety;" five short stories and a number of well-written papers upon various subjects of interest. The description given by Mr. Remington in "The Strange Days That Came to Jimmie Friday," of what he terms *Southern Canada* are somewhat faulty. In the first place there are no Hudson Bay Company posts in *Southern Canada*; and to describe the occupants of any Hudson Bay post as stagnated (*sic*) is absurd. The sort of people Mr. Remington speaks of can be found in some parts of the States of North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, but not among the employees of the Hudson Bay Company or up in the northern portion of the Dominion.


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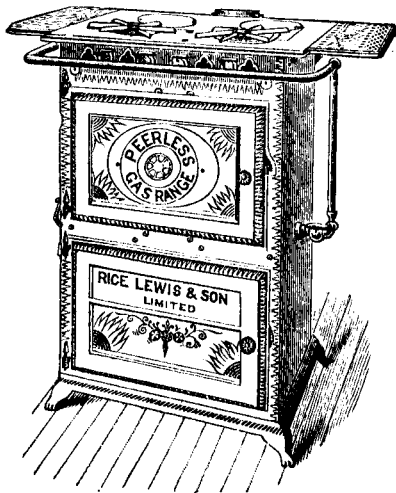
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