

# THE WEEK:

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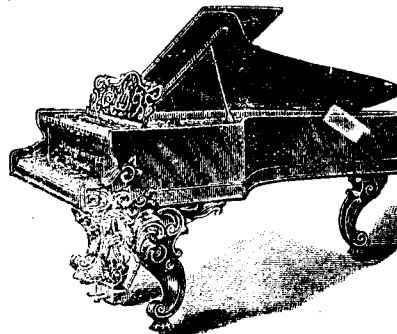
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Toronto, Thursday, March 10th, 1887.

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### "THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE."

MR. COTTER MORISON'S striking book, "The Service of Man" (London: Kegan Paul and Co.), reminds us that there are questions before the world more serious than any of a political kind, serious as the political questions are. He is moved to write apparently by his alarm at the approach of a great industrial catastrophe, a catastrophe not less terrible than the Black Death, which he predicts will be brought on through the loss of employment by the working classes, owing to the increasing displacement of manual labour by machinery. Without going into a close analysis, we may say that we do not share Mr. Morison's fears on this particular point. Increased powers of production can hardly, as their general results, bring impoverishment and suffering. That which we do agree with him in apprehending is that between the fall of religion, if religion is destined to fall, and the rise of a scientific morality strong enough to control the passions of men, society will have a bad quarter of an hour. "A transfer of allegiance from one set of first principles to another, especially on subjects relating to morals and conduct, cannot be effected without considerable loss of order and continuity by the way. Many will halt between the two régimes and, owning allegiance to neither, will prefer discarding all restraint on their freedom of action. The corruption of manners under decaying polytheism in the Roman world, the analogous corruption during the Reformation and the Renaissance, offer significant precedents. It would be rash to expect that a transition unprecedented for its width and difficulty, from theology to positivism, from the service of God to the service of man, could be accomplished without jeopardy. Signs are not wanting that the prevalent anarchy in thought is leading to anarchy in morals. Numbers who have put off belief in God, have not put on belief in humanity." There is coming, in other words, a Moral Interregnum, though when the fear of its advent was first expressed, all the Positivists and Agnostics scoffed at so preposterous an apprehension. They bade you remark that round their philosophic tea-table no sudden tendency to murder and rape had been manifested, and hence they concluded that there could be no danger of any moral disturbance in the world at large.

Mr. Morison tenders a double issue. He affirms that the Service of God is at end, and that its place must be taken by the Service of Man. His grounds for the first proposition are the growth of scepticism, the failure of the Christian religion as an instrument for producing morality and the evanescence of the idea of a personal God. The first is an indisputable fact, and is, no doubt, closely connected with the effect produced by the advance of science and of historical criticism on the belief in the Christian miracles. With regard to the second, Mr. Morison, while he depicts with great force the shortcomings, which have been terrible enough, of Christian communities, fails to note the broad fact that moral progress has been continuous only within the Christian pale. A discussion

of the third proposition would lead us into metaphysics. But we venture to deny that the gradual stripping of imagery derived from human personality, moral or intellectual, from our idea of God, refines the idea out of existence. That our moral nature points true to that of the Author of our being, and that virtue identifies us with Him and assures us of His love and of our ultimate happiness, are the fundamental propositions of Theism; and these no metaphysical difficulty of conceiving a nature clear of human conditions can affect. That religion can be superseded by material or scientific progress Mr. Morison would not seriously affirm. He quotes with derisive approbation the saying of a silly female saint when she caught sight of the Britannia Bridge: "Oh, how wonderful! But if men do such things as these they will begin to think they have no need of God," and says that the thought is rapidly spreading all over the civilized world. But what have Britannia Bridges to do with our spiritual life?

That, however, of which we feel sure is that if the Service of God is at an end, its place will not be supplied by the Service of Man. There can be no religion without God. Man is the highest of the vertebrates. Does that make him an object of religious sentiment? He is a vast improvement on the original ape, supposing that theory of his genesis to be true; but why should we fall on our knees before any development of an ape, especially when each of us is himself a part of the equivocal divinity to be worshipped? Humanity is an abstraction or an aggregate. If it is an abstraction it can be the object of no emotion, whether religious or of any other kind. If it is an aggregate, it includes the bad as well as the good. Moreover, it includes the future of the race, which is unknown to us, but which, according to the Spencerian theory of necessary disintegration, is likely, after a certain point, to be anything but worshipful. If a man has a taste for disinterested benevolence, well and good; but if he has the opposite taste, as Nero, Eccelino, and Napoleon had, there is nothing that we can see to hinder him from indulging it except force. Provided he can escape the gallows and get through life successfully, as many a scoundrel does, he may snap his fingers at "Humanity." Mr. Morison tells us that we are bound to take care of our health and our bodily faculties because "a servant of humanity has no right to be unable to perform his duties to her." We should like to ask how he justifies "right" and "her." If he will analyse them, he will find we believe that "right" is a divine law, and that "her" is a female deity. The religion of Humanity is a figment invented to appease a craving and fill a void; and we prefer looking the facts, grim as they may be, in the face to cozening ourselves with figments of any kind.

Mr. Morison is a "Determinist" of the most thoroughgoing kind, and extends his necessarianism with startling emphasis to character as well as action. "Nothing," he says, "is gained by disguising the fact that there is no remedy for a bad heart and no substitute for a good one. Only on good, unselfish instincts can a trustworthy morality repose." Moral differences, he holds, are congenital, like differences of physical constitution, and "neither therapeutics nor moral training will ever turn the bad into the good, the evil constitution or character into the vigorous and moral." Here he is, of course, directly at issue with Christianity, which bases itself on the freedom, though not on the arbitrary freedom of the will, and refuses to despair of the Thief upon the Cross. When he is asked how he reconciles his necessarianism with moral responsibility, he boldly answers: "The sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education. The sooner it is perceived that bad men will be bad, do what we will, though of course they may be made less bad, the sooner shall we come to the conclusion that the welfare of society demands the suppression or elimination of bad men and the careful cultivation of the good only. This is what we do in every other department. We do not cultivate curs and screws and low breeds of cattle. On the contrary we keep them down as much as we can. What do we gain by this fine language as to moral responsibility? The right to blame and so forth. Bad men are not touched by it. The bad man has no conscience; he acts after his malignant nature. The fear of sharp punishment may deter him from evil doing and quell his selfish appetites; but he will not be converted to virtue by our telling him that he has no moral responsibility, but he is a free agent to choose good or evil, and that he ought to choose the good. His mind is made up to choose the bad. But society,

knowing its own interest, has a right to exclude him from its fellowship; not only to prevent and punish his evil actions, but to suppress him in some effectual way, and above all prevent his leaving a posterity as wicked as himself." This is frank, not to say ruthless, and it seems to us to assume four things; first, that Mr. Morison has some transcendental criterion enabling him to pronounce that of two characters which, according to his showing, are equally natural, that of the tiger and that of the lamb, one is good, the other evil; secondly, that there exists somewhere an authority capable of deciding to which class each individual belongs; thirdly, that there resides in "society" a power of self-modification by selection which it is difficult to conceive in the absence of anything corresponding to the idea of free-will; and, fourthly, that the wicked, when you proceed to "suppress" them, will not fight. Stormy as may be the prospect opened by the over-productive agency of the steam-engine, it is far less stormy, we should think, than that which is opened by the proposal for the improved cultivation of the human species. Mr. Morison's sincere benevolence and desire to serve his kind can be no more doubted than can the intellectual power displayed in his book; but we are glad, for his sake and ours, that he is not called upon to superintend a regeneration which, we suspect, can only be brought about by the guillotine.

#### A NEW MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. CHARLES F. RICHARDSON'S "History of American Literature" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) divides the subject between two volumes. One, which is now before us, contains all the departments except poetry and fiction; the other, containing poetry and fiction, is to appear next year. The work, so far as it has gone, may be safely commended as a well-digested, compendious, and judicious survey. It is entirely free from what has been called "the nauseous grandiloquence of the American panegyric historians." Since, by their victory over the South, the Americans have demonstrated their power and become assured of their rank among the nations, the tone of their later writers, at all events, has gained in calmness and dignity. There has been less of irritable self-assertion and less of that perpetual nagging at England, which used, like the taste of onions in the butter, to offend the palate in almost every American production. Mr. Richardson even warns his literary countrymen against the overpraise which England has bestowed on some of their work. He has good reason, and we are afraid that this exaggerated homage is partly diplomatic, and arises not out of sincere, though misplaced, admiration, but out of a nervous and somewhat slavish desire to propitiate the American nation. If there is any department in which Mr. Richardson's own estimates seem to us somewhat high, it is that of history, in which we can hardly think that America has yet achieved greatness. Washington Irving only played with history, nor had he in him the making of a historian. Bancroft is considerable in his way, and deserves much of the commendation which Mr. Richardson bestows upon him; but he wrote at a time when the perspective was all wrong, and he falls too much under the category of panegyric. Hildreth is sensible, trustworthy and deserving of all praise for his courageous honesty; but he is totally wanting in literary genius. Prescott is a very pleasing writer; more can hardly be said of him, and he is now almost as much behind the march of recent research as Robertson, whom in his gifts he somewhat resembles. Motley, however high his value, is an American historian much in the same sense as a sculptor born in America, but who has passed his life at Rome and formed himself in Roman galleries, is an American sculptor. He distinctly imitates Carlyle; and though he pays homage, and sometimes rather unseasonable homage, to democratic sentiment, we cannot help thinking that in the Life of Oliver Barnevelt we trace the influence of a social connection with the House of Orange. Parkman seems to us the highest and most genuine instance of American success. No praise can be too high for him in his sphere; but the sphere is lowly compared with that of Tacitus or Gibbon. Hitherto the minds of Americans have been so filled with their own Revolution and the birth of their own Republic that they have seen everything else in a false light. It may be also that for the production of first-class history, as well as of first-class poetry, there is required not only an intellectual faculty, but a certain depth of character which comes to nations, as to men, only with experience of life. The only other point of importance on which we might differ from Mr. Richardson is his estimate of Emerson, and in this we must own that he is orthodox, while our views, if we dared to express them, would be heresy. We should like to try the experiment of cutting up one of Emerson's lectures into sentences, shaking the sentences in a bag, reading them in the order in which they chanced to come out to a worshipper of Emerson, and seeing whether he would be struck by any loss of clearness of thought or consecutiveness of reasoning. It seems to us that a man must be born an Emersonian.

#### SAUNTERINGS.

No feature of our degenerate times is more severely or generally taken to task than the tendency unblushingly displayed by the modern stage. Condemnation of it runs glibly off the editorial pen; it is a favourite pessimism of the moral Old Probs who lifts up his voice in all ages upon any provocation; and it forms an admirable theme for invective in the hands of the many who think the best correction for an evil disposition lies in be-shrewing it. It is a matter that touches the general public in its pleasure, a spot easily affected and exciting great concern. Considering this, and the opportunity it affords the scrutineer of his times in newspaper or magazine, it is not surprising that we hear so much about it. And there is, in all this printed protest, a rustling of old play-bills, a hint of old perfumes, the stage whisper and strut of worthies who have been amusing audiences of the great majority for a century past, a glare of foot-lights that burned out long ago; for it is invariably based on former things theatrical that have passed away. It is improving as well as amusing reading, and there is little doubt that as a result of it we shall sooner or later mend our ways.

It is, of course, the purpose of the present paper to revile the average theatrical representation of to-day. Otherwise informed, it could hardly hope for admission to the columns of any journal that reflects the sentiment of the time; and, indeed, it is in many respects the only justifiable intent with which the subject may be approached. But the favourite avenue of such approach is by comparison, and we will all agree that comparison of circumstances present, and somewhat offensively alive, with circumstances dead and gone, is not apt to result favourably to the former. For instance, I see by a "Theatrical Register" of "Mr. Colman's Theatre, Haymarket, by the Covent Garden Company," for May, 1809—taking the date at random—that there were no less than ten representations of Shakespeare, more than we get in Toronto during a whole season. The public of our grandfathers' time, then, had better taste than ours? Perhaps, but provision was made for the uncertainty. For the curtain dropped on "Hamlet," says my "Register," to rise immediately upon "Harlequin and Mother Goose." "Othello" was followed the same evening by "Tom Thumb," and "The Merchant of Venice" by "Love à la Mode." It is not only the manager of to-day that has taken the existence of vulgar predilections for granted; and we may say of him, at all events, that he keeps a severe eye upon incongruities.

Something may be said, moreover, however timorously, in favour of modern comedy. As the comedy of Sheridan reflected the outside characteristics of his age—the false standards of gentility, the elaboration of sentiment, the mince and affectation of all social intercourse—so does the comedy of to-day reflect the follies and weaknesses of ours. The reflection is less vivid, for the literary ability that would have been a playwright's a century ago is now a novelist's; but the success of the piece depends upon its truth now as then. And the reflection is doubtless of more vulgar foibles; but this is a time when vulgar claims, even to caricature, are strong. Stage humour, too, even of the commonest kind, must be conceded to have improved since the time when it all grew out of a broken head or a black eye; while we have comedy writers of the politer order whose skill in light satire relaxes the risibles of society much more creditably to society than any of their predecessors did.

Much, too, has been said of the tendency to unnecessary gorgeousness in *mise en scene*, of the subordination of acting to apparel, of the writing of a whole play for the production of one supreme mechanical wonder in stage transformation, of pandering to the eyes of the multitude at the expense of its ears. And, in so far as legitimate art suffers from this tendency, it cannot be too severely criticised. But it should not be forgotten that where it is not so obvious as to excite our condemnation, it contributes greatly to our pleasure. Consistency and care in detail, the lack of which we have come to regard as vastly detrimental to our enjoyment of any play, arise from this tendency, and may be said to have progressed with it. Reflection upon all we owe to these features of the drama, as it is presented to-day, should moderate somewhat the wrath with which we regard the popular exaggeration of them.

HAVING said all we can in its defence, however, we must acknowledge that a general view of the modern stage finds it indefensible. Nor is its arraignment necessary. We all know the intellectual and moral pass in which it finds itself, and is found, alas! by such large and profitable audiences. Though one avoided the very appearance of evil that is so flagrantly advertised, and stayed at home in the society of the evening paper and one's own righteousness, our villainously placarded walls and fences advise us of it in every possible combination of the chromatic scale. And the matter is on the lips of all intelligent people, who live anywhere on the route of the road manager and his "combination." Of the many

writers upon the subject, few have treated it with a wider knowledge of its details and a more systematic classification of its branches than Julian Magnus, in the current *North American Review*. "The causes," he says, "which have mainly contributed to bring about the present unsatisfactory condition of the American stage"—which, that is to say, have brought about the overwhelming success of low comedy, flashy melodrama, dazzling spectacular plays, the coarse "gag," and the degenerate ballet,—are

- "General mercantile depression ;
- "The lack of particularly good English or French plays ;
- "The want of encouragement of American authors ;
- "The rise and growth of acrobatic comedy ;
- "The prevalence of the combination system ;
- "The fact that management is so largely in the hands of mere speculators ;

"The flooding of the profession by novices from comic opera companies."

These seven suggestions of fact Julian Magnus proceeds to elaborate and explain in a manner so thoroughly satisfactory that we are perfectly willing to accept them from him as undeniable truths, even did not our own observation endorse them. Where we would disagree with the magazinist is in his statement of their relation to "the present unsatisfactory condition of the American stage." He puts them forward as causes ; we feel more inclined to accept some of them, at least, as results.

WE could understand "general mercantile depression" affecting this profession, as it affects all others whose members bring luxury to sell. We could understand managers being compelled by such depression to throw open their doors at lower prices, and to reduce their expenditure in stage setting ; but it has had no such effect. Prices remain the same, and the *mise en scene* is more gorgeous than ever. We could understand an effect of mercantile depression upon the financial position of members of the profession. Indeed, as managers are but middlemen, we should look for it there first. But salaries are higher than ever. Excellence is at a premium, as it always is. The only difference is the line of excellence, the deplorable line we have indicated. How has mercantile depression affected this ? Perhaps in this way, we are told—that stage expenses having grown so enormously to meet the modern requirements of consistent and harmonious setting, managers must ensure the support of a certain class of the community—a class below the level that is greatly affected by mercantile depression, that swaggeringly spends its half dollar on its vulgar pleasures without feeling the necessity for economy entailed upon those whose social expenses and responsibilities are greater. This is a species of flattering unctio which we must regard with suspicion. The average audience of this season, by no means a season highly creditable to Toronto, has not been composed of people of this sort, but of apparently intelligent and well-educated, well-dressed citizens, whom a fluctuation in values of any sort might very easily be supposed to concern. But, we are gravely informed, in times of mercantile depression the depressed resort in great numbers to this kind of entertainment for diversion from their financial sorrows. The gentleman who, in periods of elation—or inflation—would take a box and his family to witness the sorrows of the hapless Prince of Denmark, betakes himself in times of sorrow and collapses to see "A Rag Baby." And thus, we are asked to believe, low comedy thrives during times of general commercial dismay. There is a certain plausibility about this statement, and but for the fact that a man of culture and refinement is not apt to lose these qualities in any state of the market, we might compel ourselves to the point of accepting it. But, in view of this and other facts, it is not easy to connect such mercantile depression as we have experienced with the degeneracy of the drama in any way.

THE "combination system" of management, the element of speculation, are matters neither of chance nor of predestination, but the result of circumstances which the public will dictates. If resident companies and the centralisation of talent could be made profitable, we would have them ; and if managers with a sincere desire for the elevation of the drama by legitimate means could bring that desire into paying competition with less praiseworthy motives, the speculators would become discouraged. The novices from the comic opera companies, and the introduction of acrobatic comedy, are clearly attributable to the same cause. We, who gave comparatively meagre houses to greet the fine, rare, and delicate comedy of Rhea, to be contrasted with the packed audiences that have applauded talent of the opposite sort, whenever it has appeared in Toronto this winter, should not be hard to convince of that.

As to the material, "the lack of particularly good English or French plays," certainly bears strongly upon the situation. But has the vitality

of the old master-playwrights spent itself, that their work is pardonably overshadowed by such productions as "Pop" and "Oh, What a Night?" American authors truly receive scant encouragement to direct their talent toward play-writing. But who is to be reproached for this? Not the managers, surely. For a scarcity of good literature we would not blame the publishers. They publish what profits them most, and if it be foolish, idle, vulgar work, it is simply an indication of the foolish, idle, vulgar taste of the people, who dictate, in these days, no more what they shall read than what they shall see and hear. The time is past when the drama was superior to its patrons, and taught them lofty ideas of itself. It is now the most subordinate of all the arts, thanks to its direct connection with the purse and the breadth of its power of pleasing. The sovereign people dictate nothing more absolutely than the conditions of those once more arbitrary influences that mould the taste and form the opinion.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

#### WITH STRUGGLE, STRENGTH.

I SET my face to the bitter wind,  
And my heart to the freezing sky ;  
The arrow drift of the sleet may blind  
And sting as it hurtles by,

Yet with hot blood coursing to either cheek  
From the strong red heart within,  
I laugh aloud and sing as I seek  
My onward way to win.

For the cold and wind and the pelt of rain  
Are a whip to nerve and limb ;  
And the harden'd frame is aglow again  
In spite of their fury grim.

Then, hurrah ! for the leaden day so dark,  
With its steely sleet and hail !  
The cumber'd path and the tempest's wrath,  
In the roaring wall of gale !

BOHÉMIEN.

#### NOT AMERICANISMS.

IN one of the stories in "Crowded Out," the new book by "Seranus," reference is made to the word "guess" as an Americanism. This statement has been often corrected, but it still appears every now and again with a strange persistence that almost discourages criticism. Yet the truth remains that "guess" is a good old word in common use in England before America was heard of. Wyclif, Chaucer, and Gower employed the word frequently, as for example :—

"And thei . . . seiden to eche other. Who gessist thou, is this?"—*Mark iv. 41.*

"And thei, as thei sygen him wandrynge on the see, gessiden [him] for to be a fantum."—*Mark vi. 49.*

"Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gessë."  
—*Canterbury Tales, Prologue.*

"Now woldë som men waiten, as I gessë  
That I shulde tellen . . . etc."  
—*The Man of Lawes Tale, line 246.*

"They can not gessë  
That she hath doon so gret a wikkednessë."  
—*Ibid. line 622.*

"Thei sihen gret richesse  
Wel more than thei couthen gesse."  
—*Confessio Amantis, Book V.*

It would seem that at a period subsequent to that represented in these extracts the word "gesse," in the sense indicated, became obsolete in literary English, but continued to be used colloquially throughout England for many years. The Puritans evidently brought the word over to New England with them in the *Mayflower* ; and while it afterwards died out in the Old Land, a vigorous new life has been accorded to it in America. A similar observation is applicable to the word "reckon," which some misinformed English writers are also fond of calling an Americanism. The translators of the King James version of the Bible had surely no suspicion that they were committing a barbarism in using it. *Vide Romans viii. 18, et passim.*

It may not be out of place here to call attention to the spelling of the word "gesse" as employed by the writers quoted from. It has often been urged as an insuperable objection to any scheme for reforming our orthography that such a process would obscure the derivation of the altered words. But it is evident from this word, and from very many others that could be cited, that our spelling might be greatly simplified merely by returning to the old etymological forms. A. STEVENSON.

### THE COLLAPSE OF MR. CLEVELAND'S PARTY.

THE National Convention of the Democratic Party that nominated Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency produced a platform embodying a few concrete propositions on current political questions and numerous declarations of principles vaguely or ambiguously expressed. Under any rational view of the party system, Mr. Cleveland became the executor of so much of the Democratic policy as was definitely stated in the platform and the final expounder of the principles not reduced to practical form. In short, he became, at one and the same time, a constitutional executive and the leader of a political party, the two functions not necessarily conflicting, and the last-named virtually being complementary of the other.

In the execution of the constitutional office President Cleveland has been an exceedingly careful and conscientious officer, and enjoys his reward in the esteem wherein the people hold him, without regard to party affiliations. As the leader of his party, he has restricted his action to the appointment of Democrats to office, and to giving advice to party associates in matters of Federal legislation, without claiming precedence or authority for his views. This is simple abdication of his party functions, and is excused by him upon the ground that the Federal Constitution plainly marks out the powers and duties of the President in respect of legislation, and does not contemplate the exercise of initiatory power by that functionary. The fallacy in this argument is the assumption that the electorate will act, or are capable of acting, without party organisation, co-operation, and discipline, and that the Constitution contains within itself a specification of all the means, and the only lawful means, of practically working the system of government prescribed by it.

Mr. Cleveland deeming himself legally disqualified for the office of a party leader, and no provision existing in the party system for other leadership than that of the Presidential nominee or incumbent, the Democratic party speedily became any man's party, with the result hereinafter to be briefly indicated. Nobody outside of Congress possessed sufficient rank or influence to aspire to the post declined by President Cleveland, as will be seen by mention of the only names likely to occur to anybody in that connection, namely: Thurman, of Ohio; McDonald, of Indiana; Hill, of New York; and Bayard, of Delaware. Vice-President Hendricks was weak in the East. In the Senate there was not an eligible man; in the House were Messrs. Carlisle, Randall, and Morrison; but the two latter were and are leaders of the respective Protectionist and Free Trade sections, and the first-named belonged to the Free Trade faction, and is personally lacking in necessary qualities for leadership. The situation, then, was that a political party, charged with the responsibility of government, was without a leader and incapable of finding one. Having no leader, it had neither policy, coherence, nor discipline, and has had, since the election of Mr. Cleveland, but a nominal existence, convenient to some extent for the lower purpose of patronage, but unable to legislate or to make a record for use in the next general election.

It was inevitable that the first Democratic administration for a quarter of a century should make numerous changes in a civil service partisan to the core, and these changes could not, in practice, be effected without admitting local Democratic leaders to a considerable share in the selection of the new incumbents. Had the President and his heads of Department then said that no seeker after patronage could be recognised as a Democrat who was not sincerely committed to substantial reform of the tariff, demonetisation of "the buzzard dollar," the extension of stability of tenure and non-partisanship to all subordinate civil offices, and the limitation of Federal expenditure to strictly constitutional objects, there would have been to-day a Democratic party, a Democratic policy, and a Democratic record upon which to appeal to the intelligence of the voters of the whole Union two years hence. There is not to-day such a party, such a policy, nor such a record—nothing but an honest, earnest, and somewhat narrow-minded man to oppose to the disintegrating tendencies of a socialistic era, and to a compact body of clever and unscrupulous politicians, possessed of the still considerable prestige attaching to the name and tradition of the Republican Party, and bent on using it to oust the rabble called Democracy from its precarious hold upon a too-plethoric Treasury.

Perhaps Mr. Cleveland is excusable for not foreseeing in its full extent the legislative paralysis and demagogic activity that was to result from his too literal reading of the provisions of the Federal Constitution respecting the office of President; and while it is impossible that he should be unconscious of the state of his party, or the immediate consequences of that state, it may be that he does not realise his own responsibility for either. And yet his experience with the late so-called Dependent Pension Bill must have brought him somewhat near to a recognition of the truth. The history of that Bill shall be briefly indicated.

In 1862, during the civil war, an altogether reasonable law was passed for the pensioning of those disabled in the military or naval service, and of the widows and dependent children of those dying from wounds or disease contracted in the service. Under this law the annual charge for pensions steadily grew to thirty millions of dollars by 1867, and then began slowly to decline, from perfectly obvious, and natural causes. Stimulated by compassion for the desperately hurt, Congress began to grant special rates for special classes of disabilities, so that the totally disabled received at last seventy-two dollars per month, and, in the discretion of the administrative officers, any invalid pensioner might receive any rate between that maximum and two dollars per month. The pension roll has now grown to eighty-five millions per annum, and must, even without further legislation, steadily enlarge upon that sum for a considerable number of years ahead. The last proposition was to depart altogether from the theory of the pension laws (a theory already largely ignored in practice), and grant a pension of twelve dollars per month to any person who, having

served in the army or navy, is now, or shall hereafter be, adjudged incapable of earning a support by his labour. This would have increased the outlay for pensions by the amount of at least seventy millions of dollars per year, lasting for at least twenty years. The Republicans voted solidly for the Bill, in the double hope of placating the "soldier vote," as it is called, and embarrassing the Administration by serious deficits in the revenue. The Democrats voted largely for it, through fear of giving a partisan advantage to their adversaries in the next elections, if they did not so vote. The President interposed a strong veto to the measure, and then, having no recognised authority over his party members in Congress, had to undergo a humiliating and anxious experience in winning thirteen Democratic votes to sustain the veto. Every Democratic member of the House Committee on Pensions joined in a report against the veto, couched not only in terms of arrant demagoguery, but absolutely insulting to the President, their self-effaced leader. This one fact shows the state of the party.

Washington.

### ELECTIONS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THE result of the recent contest in the Province of Nova Scotia will be a surprise to everybody throughout the Dominion, and especially in this Province itself. This is a Province where party lines are pretty well drawn, as well, indeed, as in Ontario. The committees, which, in June last, worked the various constituencies in the interests of the Liberal-Repeal party and the Tory party, respectively, are practically the same as those which pushed matters in the contest just over. In view of the fact that, after full and intelligent discussion, the Liberal party, with Repeal as a motto, made a clean sweep in June, and the same forces, with the same standard, suffered a severe defeat the February following—all ordinary calculations in regard to what the people will do must be suspended.

In some constituencies the changed result is easily accounted for. Take, for instance, Annapolis. This county is a very intelligent and evenly divided constituency. Both parties have a good organisation, and there is only a mere fraction to determine the result. In June last the Attorney-General, Longley, contested the seat with a strong local man as a colleague. The result was that he was elected by about twenty, while his colleague was defeated by five. The Dominion lists were rather more favourable to the Tory party than the local, and consequently, after another terrible neck-and-neck struggle, it is not wonderful that the margin should have been on the Conservative side by twenty or thirty votes. The same thing is applicable to Hants, where the Liberals in June had only a bare majority, and are now defeated by about one hundred. But Halifax, which gave a Liberal-Repeal majority of over one thousand in June, only succeeds in electing one of the two Liberal candidates by a narrow majority. Shelburne, which declared for Repeal by a majority of four or five hundred in June last, just saves the Liberal-Repeal candidate by thirty-two majority. Queen's, which is a very small constituency, gave the Liberal-Repeal candidate a very emphatic majority in June, and the Liberal candidate, who was at the head of the poll in June, and is undoubtedly a talented and popular man, Mr. Mack, resigned his seat to be the Liberal candidate for the Commons, and he is defeated by thirteen majority. And yet party lines are well drawn in Queen's.

Of course, it is not surprising that the three Ministers carried their seats, though the majorities are very surprising, except in the case of Mr. Thompson, who managed to squeeze in by a majority of forty-two. But it must be remembered that his opponent is the most popular man in the county, and carried the seat in the face of Mr. Thompson's influence in June last by five or six hundred majority. The Liberals held their own in Yarmouth and Guysborough, where their candidates have overwhelming majorities. And they redeemed three constituencies very handsomely,—Lunenburg, Richmond, and King's. In the last constituency it is but fair to say that the overwhelming majority for Dr. Borden is due more to personal than political considerations. The respectable elements of the county were determined to be rid of the disgrace of being represented by a disreputable boodler.

To sum up, Nova Scotia has declared in favour of the present Government and the National Policy—more emphatically, indeed, than any of the other large Provinces. This gives a sort of death-blow to the Repeal movement. The hands of the Provincial Government are completely tied by this vote, which is entirely unexpected. But the fact remains that the people, as a whole, are not satisfied with the existing condition of affairs, and that trouble is ahead for the Confederation is beyond all doubt. The end is not yet. If the United States could be induced to offer a Commercial Union to Canada, there would be a great tumbling up of affairs.

One remark more on the Nova Scotia elections. It is likely that all over the Dominion the glory of the Government victory in this Province will be bestowed upon Sir Charles Tupper. It will be said, "Tupper did it." Nothing could be more inaccurate. His coming had no appreciable effect on a single constituency in the Province. If he had remained comfortably in London to this hour, the result in every constituency, except Cumberland, would have been exactly as it is.

Another point to be considered is that money was used enormously in Nova Scotia on the Government side, and that *this*, and not the beauties of the National Policy, nor the heroics of Sir Charles Tupper, carried the majority of seats in Nova Scotia. No doubt Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues realised fully the importance of putting an end to the secession movement in Nova Scotia. It has been unquestionably a source of great annoyance to them. Therefore, special efforts were made to stamp it out. A secret agent travelled over the Province, and left his bag at each weak point

This is the actual solution of the result in Nova Scotia. But why talk about it? The Government have carried Nova Scotia! The people have endorsed the National Policy! The heart of the country is sound! What a farce! To such an extent have we carried the party machine that \$50,000 subscribed by a body of contractors can change the whole result of a popular verdict in an entire Province. But the hour of awakening has got to come, sooner or later. Sir John Macdonald has been very successful in his methods, but the evil results of the system he has so adeptly created and carried out will extend for generations after he has been laid in his grave.

NOVA SCOTIAN.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

BACK to the years when the light of Love  
Shone like a beacon to guide me on,  
Shone with the strength of the morning sun,  
Shone like a pillar of fire above  
My path, I wander, and dreamily rove  
Through Memory's halls, when the day is done,  
And sadly I think of the years that are gone,  
And the bright, bright web that my fancy wove.

For I was young, and my hopes were great,  
But a hard, rough hand dashed my dream aside;—  
She floated away on the hurrying tide  
Of Death's dark river, ah, cruel fate!  
And I, in my anguish, madly cried:  
"Come now, O Death! nor tarry late."

B. M. J.

## JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

(Concluding article.)

PORT MOODY is situated at the almost extreme end of Burrard Inlet, a fine sheet of water, twelve miles in extent, and of varying width, an estuary, as its name indicates, of the Pacific Ocean. A range of wooded hills rises from its shores on both sides, in a succession of promontories; these, following the conformation of the inlet, appear to meet in some places, and convey the impression of a large lake, on whose broad bosom numbers of gulls floated like foam flecks. We had to wait half an hour until one o'clock for the boat plying daily (Sundays excepted) between Victoria and Port Moody. The *Princess Louise* is a paddle-wheel steamer of the solid, old-fashioned type, with excellent accommodation for her eight-hour journey. As she steamed down the inlet, it opened out to a width, in some localities, of two miles. The town of Vancouver, the future terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is nine miles from Port Moody. While the boat was slowly manoeuvred close to a fine pier, my eyes rested upon rows and rows of ambitious wooden houses, filling the background with their inflammable materials, and I found it well nigh impossible to realise that these ambitious structures had arisen, in four months, from the ashes of a conflagration, which had, on the 4th of June, 1886, left only one house standing to mark the site of Vancouver No. 1. The buildings numbered, in October, over three hundred, and they were (I was told) far superior in style and construction to their predecessors.\* Mr. Harry Abbott's residence was almost completed; it is excellent in design, and the situation most delightful, commanding an extensive view across the inlet to some wooded hills beyond. We stopped for half an hour at Vancouver, to discharge a large cargo of hay and oats. Soon after leaving there we entered the Gulf of Georgia, extending for a distance of thirty miles between the mainland and a group of large islands lying outside of Vancouver Island proper, as it is approached from this direction. It was ten o'clock at night and very dark when we arrived at Victoria; I was met by friends, whose house lay on the James Bay side, opposite the business quarter of the town. The harbour of the capital is completely landlocked; its waters spread themselves into numerous minor channels and bays, over one of which a high wooden bridge led to my destination, not half a mile from the dock.

Victoria is a city of some 12,000 inhabitants, a very heterogeneous population of whites, Indians, and Chinese; the latter number over 1,200, and occupy an especial quarter of the town assigned to them. At one time the influx of Celestials was so great that the Government levied a tax of \$50 on every new arrival; this has had a repressive effect upon Chinese immigration. The race at present so much discussed impressed me as a quiet, orderly, inoffensive people, who make excellent servants, and reliable hewers of wood and drawers of water; indeed, they seem to do all the menial work in Victoria, except the skilled labour, and to be universally employed. Their contempt for women is most amusing, and in their domestic capacity, they bow only to the master of the house, often dismissing the mistress from the kitchen by a curt "too much talkee, talkee go way." They fulfil all their household duties in a regular mechanical fashion, and prefer to do so alone and unassisted, being cooks, housemaids, parlourmaids, and laundresses in one unique combination. The most rational objection offered to their introduction and employment in new countries arises from the undoubted fact that they are non-consumers, live upon nothing, spend no money in their adopted land, but accumulate large sums, and ship them promptly to China—a view of the question which has not yet been touched upon in the general discussion of Chinese immigration. The city of Victoria is beautifully situated on its landlocked harbour, and possesses many handsome buildings, among others, the new Bank of

British Columbia, the Driard Hotel, and several fine shops on Government and Yates Streets. The Parliament Houses and Provincial Offices, on the James Bay side of the harbour, display a curious style of semi-Oriental architecture; they are set in the midst of well-kept and luxuriant grounds, and are well worth a visit. There is also a handsome theatre, small, but complete, and an excellent club. Indeed, the fame of the Union Club, in Victoria, has gone abroad far and wide to the distant corners of the globe. Most of the buildings in the city, with the exception of those I have mentioned, are wooden, as are all the private houses. The majority of these, however, are really villas, each standing in its own brilliant garden, gay with flowering shrubs and plants, and it is surprising how artistic such wooden walls can be made by the application of a little taste and a large quantity of paint. The verdure of the turf, the presence of holly, ivy, cypress, laurels, and other English plants, the vast expanse of brown bracken growing in every available spot along the road and on all waste lands, together with the woods of oak trees to be met with in every direction, give a very English flavour to Vancouver Island. Beacon Hill Park, half a mile from the centre of Victoria, is a stretch of broken downs, rising in one part to a slight elevation, as its name indicates. It is covered in the spring time with English daisies (not our bold, self-asserting Canadian *Marguerites*); but in October, when I saw it, it was rich in the warm, brown tints of a wilderness of bracken, which splashed the ground with lovely dull russet hues. This locality was very suggestive to my mind of the Hampshire coast, and the view from the highest point was entrancing, showing part of Vancouver Island extending in a broken line of wooded hills in the bluest of blue distances, with the entrances to the harbours of Victoria and Esquimault, mere streaks of silver disappearing behind two belts of land. Looking across the straits of Juan de Fuca, whose waters wash the gravel beach below, the eye rests upon the beautiful range of the Olympian Mountains in Washington Territory, their bases showing apparently this inlet of the Pacific. Behind lies the city, and country adjacent to it, a well cultivated, fertile land, dotted with pretty houses and cottages nestling in luxuriant fields and groves. This view includes Carey Castle, the residence of the Lieut.-Governor, crowning the whole district from its lofty elevation, and offering a glorious picture of land and water, not speedily forgotten by the casual visitor. Should the weather be favourable, the snow-capped summit of Mount Baker, in American Territory, may be seen, lying like a blue-gray mass upon the horizon.

The drives about Victoria are delightful, and offer every variety of scenery; one of the most interesting is to Esquimault, three miles from the city, the naval station of the Pacific squadron during the summer months. The flagship *Triumph* and the gun-boat *Cormorant* were the sole occupants of the landlocked harbour at this late season of the year. The Dominion Government have almost completed here a dry dock intended to accommodate vessels of a very large size. It is four hundred and fifty feet long, and twenty-six feet deep, with a width of ninety feet at the entrance, and is built entirely of concrete faced with sandstone. The Island Railway, between Victoria and Nanaimo, was finished this autumn; the latter place seventy miles from the capital, is situated on high rising ground, and has a fine harbour, besides being the important centre of the coaling interest of Vancouver Island. The coal mined there is of the best bituminous quality, and is largely shipped to San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands, and China; 300,000 tons are exported annually to California, where it commands the highest price, in spite of the 20 per cent. duty levied upon it. Esquimault is naturally the coaling station of the Pacific squadron. The climate of Victoria was most enjoyable in October; the days bright and sunshiny, but the nights decidedly chilly, the temperature acquiring after sunset that penetrating sense of dampness inevitable on the sea-coast of the Dominion in the autumn season. I believe it is considered to be similar in character to the English climate during the winter months, and suffers like the British Isles from a very heavy rainfall, with occasional frost and snow. Victoria is called England without its east winds, and all the plants and shrubs peculiar to the Mother Country grow and flourish luxuriantly out of doors. The spring is early, and flowers may be said to bloom in the gardens all the year round. House rent is cheap in Victoria, and the accommodation it provides excellent. A good detached cottage, standing in a pretty bit of ground, and representing the ordinary habitation of the owner of a fixed income, rents at \$25 a month. Living, I believe, is expensive; all the luxuries and necessities of life are double the price of their Eastern equivalents, except fish and game, both cheap and abundant. Wages are high, for one Chinaman costs \$25 a month, but when the individual is secured, the investment is satisfactory. Fuel is an expensive item, but the houses are heated only by stoves or open fires. Money seems to be no object in British Columbia. The subject of expense does not occur, and coppers do not circulate. The Victorians appear to possess all they require, and to live simply, unostentatiously, but most hospitably, as all visitors to the capital will testify.

In conclusion, I can only add that the journey from Ontario to the Pacific, over a road as well engineered, equipped, and managed as the C. P. R., can confidently be recommended to all with the full assurance that it will not disappoint their most sanguine anticipations. The varied character alone of the scenery they will enjoy in travelling through this portion of the great Dominion cannot be surpassed in any country of the world. Beginning with the fertile districts of Ontario, they will soon pass, on to the iron-bound rocky shores of Lake Superior, and leaving these behind, cross the boundless prairies of the North-west only to revel in the beauty and grandeur of the Rocky, Selkirk, Gold, Cascade, and Coast Ranges, and will feel with me, when they end their journey amid the rural English surroundings of Vancouver Island, that they have indeed traversed a continent, and alighted in another world, "on the far Pacific slope."

E. S.

\* \$83,166 was spent in building at Vancouver between July and December, 1886.

## The Week.

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THE announcement that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had resigned sounded like a crisis in the British Cabinet. But the resignation appears to have been caused solely by ill-health. No change of policy seems to be involved. That the health of a British Minister, especially a Secretary for Ireland, should break down is not incredible. Break down or depart who will, there is nothing for it but to close the ranks, and move resolutely on in the defence of the integrity of the nation. Mr. Balfour has a high reputation, which it is to be hoped he will make good. Sir Michael is not personally a great loss: he gave the measure of his character and capacity in the Maamtrasna debate, when, in concert with Lord Randolph Churchill, he committed a base breach of the most sacred rules of public life, by repudiating the acts of Lord Spencer's Administration. Nor does he appear himself to have shown, as Irish Secretary, either resolution or temper in a high degree. The situation, however, is once more extremely critical, both in Ireland and in Parliament. The nation is, in truth, in extreme danger. As to this, private information tallies with the announcements of the Cable. The movements of the place-hunters show that they believe Gladstonism to be gaining ground. Lord Hartington remains unshaken, and, apparently, he still carries with him the main body of the Liberal-Unionists. But Sir Charles Trevelyan, if his utterances are reported with anything approaching to correctness, is evidently about to betray the Liberal cause. He gave signs of this inclination some time ago at the Unionist banquet, where it was remarked that the irresolute tone of his speech, and of that of Sir Henry James, presented a marked contrast to the resolute bearing of the audience. A restless and shallow ambition cannot bear a temporary exclusion from Parliament and office, even when the integrity of the nation is at stake. The exhibition which the politicians are making of themselves is abject, and its infamy is enhanced by comparison with the firmness and constancy displayed by the humblest ministers of law and order. The politicians have been trained in the school of faction; the soldier and the policeman have been trained in the school of duty.

To say that in the course of a trial of twenty years the Constitution of the Dominion has disclosed defects, and that it requires revision, is to say what would certainly be true of any work of man. Mr. Mercier's proposal of a Convention of Provinces is, therefore, perfectly reasonable. But Party will come in, and what a Liberal Premier of Quebec has proposed will be opposed as a matter of course by the Tory Premier at Ottawa. The British North America Act ought surely to have contained a provision for constitutional amendment, perhaps by Conventions of the Provinces, to be held at stated intervals. The British Parliament cannot watch the working of our Constitution. Nor can the Secretary for the Colonies move, unless he is prompted from Canada. And who is to prompt him? The head of a party Government in Canada? The Constitution would be gerrymandered, not amended.

THE North-West is suing to Mr. White for liberation from disallowance and the enjoyment of free railway construction, without which, weighted as she is by climate and distance from the seaboard, she must unquestionably be beaten in the race. If she had only been true to herself, and sent up a strong and independent representation in her own interest, she would not have had to sue to Mr. White. She would have been able to help herself to what she needed. Having bowed her neck to the Party yoke and elected Ministerial janissaries, she is not only compelled to go on her knees for her rights, but is likely to go on her knees in vain. Such a delegation as she has elected will be in the Ministerial pocket before it has been at Ottawa for a week.

OF the benefits of freedom of commercial intercourse between Canada and the United States, no serious doubt can be entertained. The vigorous and impressive speech made the other day by Mr. Wiman was scarcely needed to assure us of them, though it set them in the strongest light. They are as manifest as the benefits of free trade between England and Scotland. But we are asked in a reproachful tone whether we mean to

prefer the dollar to sentiment? The prosaic answer is that sentiment cannot be long separated from the dollar. It is the bloom, so to speak, on a sound and healthy state of things. The commercial isolation of Canada from the continent of which she is a part is not a sound or healthy state of things, nor will any sentiment which is bound up with it be lasting. As to the effect of reciprocity on our relations with England, has not Sir John Macdonald himself flung at England, in almost defiant language, a renunciation of commercial allegiance? Our sentiment towards the Mother Country happily rests on other and more abiding grounds.

THE *Globe* has dragged to light an election "dodger" circulated by the Conservatives among the Haldimand Indians, in the form of a proclamation signed by the Queen, and enjoining the Indians to vote for her great chief, John A., who will make them all happy; and for Mr. Montague, who is the Queen's agent. Such is Indian suffrage; and yet manhood suffrage, which would include loafer suffrage, might be lower. Do politicians really think that there is no danger in putting supreme power into the hands of utter irresponsibility and gross ignorance? They are not such idiots. What they think, and that about which alone they care, in dealing with the foundations of the State and the vital interests of society, is that the Indian vote will be cast at the next election for John A. and for Mr. Montague.

SURPRISE will be created by the statement of our Nova Scotian correspondent, for whose opportunities of obtaining the best information we can vouch, that the redoubtable Sir Charles Tupper had no share in bringing about the unexpected victory of the Government in Nova Scotia. A Nova Scotian journal estimates the bills drawn by Sir Charles on the Dominion treasury in promises at the poetic figure of twenty millions. Whatever may be the amount of his paper, Sir Charles's soul will not be appalled. The Government is in for a fresh term; parliamentary duns may be dealt with; and on the next occasion it will be found that the credulity of Provincial covetousness has not been exhausted.

THE vultures are again hovering over Upper Canada College, Mr. Waters with ominous cry and funereal wing leading the flock. If an institution is at all ancient and makes any approach to greatness, pull it down. Such, we fear, is the present mood of democracy, which the ages may hereafter temper and exalt. If the enemies of Upper Canada College are the High Schools, they may have the satisfaction of levelling what is obnoxious to them, but they will not be gainers themselves, at least in the way of spoil; for if the endowment is carried to their account, so much less will be voted them—that is all. If the College is removed from its present site, which seems in any case to be expected, to set it down again in another site will not be easy. It requires an open, healthy situation, with an ample playground. But it also requires churches for pupils of all the different denominations. A site in Toronto with a large playground would now be enormously expensive. It is suggested that the buildings of Victoria University, at Cobourg, will be vacated by the transfer of the University to Toronto; and if they are not at present very well suited to the purposes of a school, might be capable of adaptation. Cobourg would be a good place for a school; it would afford churches and all other conveniences, while it is not too large for superintendence. Plenty of land, we believe, might be had, and the Cobourgers would no doubt welcome the school with open arms. Toronto, however, would lose its great day school. A move, we are afraid, will be the end; but the College, however, has a strong body of friends, not only among its own *alumni*, but among those who do not wish to see the institution reduced to a mere political machine.

IN Mr. Ward Beecher the world loses, not a theologian, nor even a preacher, in the religious sense of the word, but a great orator of the religious platform. A great teacher he was not, for he had no religious philosophy or settled convictions of any kind. A vague and popular, almost demagogic, rationalism was his creed. He had remarkable gifts as a rhetorician, physical as well as mental, and was, in an eminent degree, what the Americans call "a live man." He had, also, a certain amount of moral force, though, since the Tilden affair, his moral authority had, with most people, been greatly weakened by the cloud which had settled on his reputation.

LORD WOLSELEY is taken to task for saying that the English people think the Fisheries not worth contending for. But, in calling the question a miserable squabble, he spoke not for the English people but only for himself. The English people think nothing about the matter, except that they are totally unconcerned in it; and they would at once upset any Government



which threatened to get them into serious trouble on the subject. The fact cannot be too often or too strongly stated that England, since the extensions of the suffrage, has become democratic, and the democracy cares only for its own wages. Would Canadians make sacrifices to protect English rights of fishery on the Dogger Bank? How many of them know where the Dogger Bank is?

Mr. BRIGHT's zeal for humanity is always fervent and sincere. But it is much to be regretted that he should have been led by misinformation to asperse the characters of the brave soldiers of Abu Klea, and we rejoice that Lord Wolseley has vigorously vindicated their honour. Nothing can be more trying to the humanity of a soldier than fighting with savages, who give no quarter, kill the wounded, keep no faith, and respect none of the laws of war. Yet the British soldier has, upon the whole, gone through that trial eminently well. In all his conflicts with savages in New Zealand, in South Africa, or in the Soudan, his arms have been sullied by nothing like the atrocities committed in Algeria, against foemen less savage than the Maori or Zulus, by the French under St. Arnaud and Pelissier. From the scenes of treasonable imbecility and cowardice which are being enacted by the political factions at Westminster, the heart of a true Englishman turns for comfort to the valour, the constancy, the endurance, the fidelity, the discipline, the devotion to duty, displayed in the terrible battlefields of Egypt and the Soudan. From the Senate British honour has fled for refuge to the camp; from the camp, perhaps, it will some day return to the Senate.

Mr. GLADSTONE, we are informed, is in the highest spirits, saying that the Tories are on the verge of an abyss from which there is no escape, and is perpetually laughing and joking. We can well believe it, though those who have formed their idea of him from Gladstonite newspapers, might be surprised by being told that his levity is not less remarkable than his self-worship. But if he had any real depth of character he could not so lightly break with his own past, throw overboard without a word of acknowledgment or compunction the greater part of his own career, rail at Tories as though he had not long been the champion of extreme Toryism, and not only discard but trample on the principles which he spent more than half his public life in upholding. That "the Tories are on the verge of an abyss," and that one more spell of power for himself is at hand, are the thoughts which fill his soul: that the nation whose greatness it has cost so many ages, so much effort, so much heroism and self-devotion, to build up, is also on the verge of an abyss, and has been brought there by his own selfish ambition, is a matter which gives him not the smallest concern. Just as little is he moved by the reign of crime and terrorism in Ireland. It is perfectly in keeping with his character, while the nation is in the extremity of peril, to indulge his literary vanity by publishing an essay on Poseidon. The lucubration itself has not reached us, but the outline of a criticism on it by a Gladstonian journal has been cabled. It is evidently like the preposterous speculations in mythology in "Homeric Studies," where Latona is identified with the Virgin Mary, a piece of crude ingenuity produced by a writer who has not had time to study the subject with which he deals. Had Mr. Gladstone been moderately acquainted with the results of mythological research, the passages in "Homeric Studies" could never have been written. A man may be very fit to govern a nation though he may know nothing about Greek mythology; but it is difficult to believe that a man who finds mare's nests about Greek mythology, and complacently gives them to a tittering world at a moment of extreme public peril, is fit to govern the nation. If Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, he at least had learned to fiddle.

Mr. GLADSTONE complains that the Tories have been playing with great questions, at the expense of the nation, for the last fifty or sixty years. The *Times* remarks that for quite half that period Mr. Gladstone was himself a Tory, and that it argues a serious failure of memory when he casts this fearful slur on his own immaculate career. The fact is, that Mr. Gladstone's persuasion of the immaculate character of his own career is now so strong that he believes himself always to have been on the side of wisdom and right as firmly as George IV. believed that he had commanded a regiment of hussars at Waterloo. The process by which he convinces himself of this is disclosed in his "History of an Idea." He may have been acting and speaking as a Tory, but he was all the time, in the depths of his august mind, thinking as a Liberal; and if his Liberalism was not revealed to the world it was only because its hour had not yet come. It is without the slightest sense of shame, therefore, that he inveighs against the Tories for acts in which he was a prominent participant, and which were simply the application of principles eloquently advocated by him in those days.

APPENDED to the *Fortnightly* is a letter from New South Wales, describing an ominous state of things, both political and industrial, in that Colony. Politics, the writer says, have fallen into the lowest hands with the worst results. As regards industry, were the rate of wages regulated by supply and demand, there would not be a sober and capable man out of work; but the artificial rate of wages kept up by the leaders of the Trades Unions has rendered necessary the dismissal of numbers, and thus there is a proletariat for which Government is compelled to provide employment by lavish expenditure on unproductive public works. The result is a public debt of two hundred and five millions of dollars for a population under one million. But Government does not dare to reduce the expenditure. The workmen care nothing for New South Wales, and would take up their tools and leave it when ruin came. "Labour has no country." This is now almost as true with regard to the artisan in England as it is with regard to the artisan in New South Wales, and the fact that an important portion of the community has been brought to care nothing for the rest, but simply to treat it as an object of antagonism and pressure, is a very serious element in the situation. The writer from New South Wales may well say that difficulties are at hand.

A CONVENTION against Secret Societies is about to be held in the States. As the names of the conveners are Academical, we suppose the movement is specially directed against the societies, styled secret, which have been formed in American Universities, and to one or other of which most of the students belong. But these societies, though they have grips and pass-words, and indulge in a little piquant mystery, have nothing, we should think, in their character or objects to give rise to just alarm. As their members continue after graduation to belong to them, they perpetuate University associations, which, if the Universities themselves are what they ought to be, must be good. By keeping records in their archives of subsequent careers they furnish what would seem to be an inducement, so far as it goes, to walk in the path of honour. Evil may possibly have crept into some of them, as it does into social circles of every kind, though we find it difficult to guess what the nature of the evil can be. The taste for forming brotherhoods is natural on this continent, where society is so loose and shifting that we should be mere grains in a sand-heap unless we formed some special ties. Freemasonry, Oddfellowship, and the rest of these brotherhoods, have the same root, though the sentiment of association may be materially helped by the fondness for titles, regalia, and picnics under the name of "conventions."

THE Government is said to be anxiously endeavouring to find or create for itself an organ in the Toronto Press. We rejoice to think that the day of organs is about over, and that money invested in them henceforth is likely to be lost. The *Mail* has struck into the right path, and it will bid defiance to all competition except that of a journal equally independent and as well written as the *Mail* has of late been.

Mr. MEREDITH thinks it necessary to protest that he has not raised the "No Popery" cry, and that his principle is equal rights for all. Nobody, so far as we are aware, has raised the No Popery cry. But are Separate Schools and Palace ascendancy equal rights for all?

IN accounting for the difference between the results of the Provincial and those of the Dominion election in Ontario, we have to remember that both Governments had gerrymandered, each had passed a Franchise Bill, and each had the fund of patronage and corrupt influence in its hands. When those three items are put together, no great margin is left to be explained by variation of sentiment among the people.

By the mouths of its chiefs and through its organs, the Opposition seems to have definitively surrendered to the N. P. and the C. P. R. In that case, unless it is prepared to embrace Commercial Union, it has no intelligible platform that we can see, nor is there any assignable reason why anybody should wish to put Sir John Macdonald out or to put Mr. Blake in. But then there is room for other leaders and for a new party.

THE Montreal papers contain a report of a lecture delivered in that city last week, which, we are glad to learn, is likely to be repeated in Toronto, and elsewhere in the west, shortly. The lecturer was Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, of St. John, N. B., one of our ablest *littérateurs*, whose pen is well known to the readers of the *Critic* and similar publications, as well as to our own; and his subject was "Thoughts on Canadian Life." Mr. Carter Troop is Canadian before all things, as has been shown in his written pleas for a Canadian literature; and in passing from the study to

the platform, we make no doubt he is entering on a wider field of usefulness, where he will everywhere personally receive as appreciative a welcome as his writings have received. The lecture delivered covers other than literary ground, dealing also, as we see by the report, with the "Repeal" agitation in Nova Scotia, which Mr. Carter Troup rightly regards as economic rather than political. "It is to be regretted," he said, "that Canada has no social and intellectual capital, no centre of taste and judgment. The beneficial effects of such a centre would be incalculable in a democracy such as ours. . . . Canada in rejecting what is extreme in the two social systems which have most influenced her own—the English and American—has produced a society the excellence and novelty of which the world will some day recognise and acknowledge. . . . We hear a good deal about Canadian feeling and sentiment, but that we should is only a sign of its unhealthy state. The trouble with Canadian life is that it is colonial, not national," and this thought precedes an eloquent appeal to the Canadian press on behalf of Canadian literature: "The days of the greatest literary splendour of England, Holland, and Portugal were the days when all had a smaller population than that of Canada, and when the book market must have been more limited than ours." The lecture given in the schoolhouse of St. Martin's Church was kindly received, and is to be repeated next week in one of the larger halls of Montreal.

WITHIN a few weeks two railway men met their deaths by putting their feet into a frog. It seems that the Provincial Legislature has legislated to prevent this reckless sacrifice of life, but the legislation does not extend to lives under the jurisdiction of the Dominion. The sooner it is extended the better. Let everything be done that legislation can do to protect the workingman against the cupidity or carelessness of employers, to assure him the payment of his fair earnings, to secure to him all the rights of labour. Let righteous Factory Acts be framed, and vigorously carried into effect. So long as Trade Unions are working for such objects as these, our heartiest sympathies will attend them.

THE great question about the presentation of Americans at the Court of St. James' has once more been raised, and the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* wonders what it can be that makes a certain class of Americans so anxious for presentation. It is at bottom the same sentiment that makes them so fond of scandals about the British aristocracy; only, the sentiment shows itself directly in one case, and in an inverted form in the other.

WE said that we had reason to doubt the truth of the statement that Mr. Goschen is a Jew. Mr. Goschen has now positively denied it. He says that he is of German origin, that his family have always been Protestants, and that the impression that he is of Jewish descent is quite unfounded.

THE most interesting thing in Mr. McLennan's "Studies in Ancient History" (Macmillan) is his account of "Marriage by Capture," of which the Rape of the Sabines is the mythical embodiment and commemoration. The custom of feigning to steal or carry off the bride, after the marriage has been really arranged, still prevails in many primitive races. Among the Khouuds the bridal assembly divides into two parties, and while the bridegroom is carrying off the bride, and his friends are assisting him, the friends of the bride attack and pelt him till he reaches the confines of his own village. Among the Kalmucks, when the price of the girl has been agreed on, she is mounted on horseback, rides off at full speed, and is pursued by her lover. Mr. McLennan thinks that the custom of throwing a shoe after the newly-married pair may be a mimic assault and a relic of the same tradition. The explanation that the pretence of force is a tribute to virgin modesty, Mr. McLennan rejects as too refined for primeval sentiment. He finds the origin of the custom in the exogamous habits of certain tribes, which compelled them to take wives by force from other tribes. Exogamy, again, he connects with the practice of killing female infants, which left the tribe without its complement of women. We might add to Mr. McLennan's account of the manner in which women are won in marriage, by citing the custom prevailing among some tribes of our North American Indians. Hearne, in his "Journey to the Copper Mine River," published at the close of last century, speaks of the Dog-rib and Copper Mine Indians, in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, as wrestling for the women to whom they are attached, or for whose accomplishments, as cook and beast of burden, they take a liking. "A weak man," writes the explorer, "unless a good hunter and well beloved, is seldom permitted to win or keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice." Thus many a poor girl during his journey was lost and won at wrestling in the wilderness joust; and the custom, we dare say, still prevails in the region

### THE NORTHERN RIVER.

I SPRING from out my parent lake  
In far-off northern highlands,  
And southward, ho! my course I take,  
Through tangled maze of alder brake,  
And mid my tiny islands.

My channel deepens, on I rush,  
And wind by dale and hill,  
Full-fed by many a torrent's gush,  
And tributary rill.

Past reed-fringed shores, where from his nest  
Slow flaps the sluggish crane,  
And where, upon my tranquil breast,  
When no rude winds the waters crest,  
The wild fowl leads her train.

'Twixt rifted cliffs with forests vast  
Of waving pine trees crowned,  
That towering high in mid-air cast  
Upon my waters sweeping past  
A shadowy gloom profound.

Through dense, wide-spreading, cedarn swamps,  
Where in the dusk are seen  
A thousand fire-flies' twinkling lamps  
Bright'ning the sombre green.

No hut its train of smoke reveals,  
No dams my currents curb,  
No noisy mill's revolving wheels  
My quiet deeps disturb.

At times my mirror's broken by  
The springing trout at play,  
Or kingfisher that from on high  
Swoops down to seize his prey.

With stately step the wild red deer  
At times comes down to drink,  
And sees his graceful image clear  
Reflected on my brink.

And in the still midsummer night,  
When beasts are lulled in dreams,  
The wandering Indian's camp-fire light,  
'Gainst the dark fir trees flaring bright,  
Upon my surface gleams.

No labour's din I leave behind,  
No fact'ry stuns the ear,  
But, borne upon the norland wind,  
Far other sounds I hear,—

The roving hunter's distant shout,  
Prolonged the rocks among;  
The wolf's long howl, the owl's weird note,  
Or whippoorwill's strange song.

Lonely, untrammelled, wild and free,  
My current's changing flow,  
In notes of varying minstrelsy  
Sings a glad song of liberty.  
As southward on I go.

Ottawa.

D. C. C.

### CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

WITH reference to the use of Roman Catholic churches by Protestants, the librarian of the Toronto Public Library kindly contributes the following extract from the *Quebec Gazette* of April 28, 1768:—"On Sunday last a charity sermon was preached in the Recollets Church, by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, chaplain to the garrison, for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire at Montreal, and Tuesday the collection began from house to house amongst His Majesty's old and Protestant subjects in this city. From the success which has attended its beginning it is expected the amount of the whole will be considerable. On Sunday next, at the same church, will be preached a sermon in French by the Rev. M. Delisle, chaplain of Montreal."

LOCAL news seldom occupied more than a dozen lines in the *Gazette*; but occasionally one comes upon an interesting item, possibly preserved only there. On Thursday, October 20, 1785, it describes the phenomena which caused that year to be popularly remembered as *l'année de la grande noirceur*.

"On Sunday, the 9th instant, between four and five in the afternoon,

an uncommon darkness was perceived here, though at the same time the atmosphere over this city appeared of a fiery, luminous, yellow colour; this was followed by squalls of wind and rain, with severe thunder and lightning, which continued most of the night, a thing uncommon here at this season, it having froze considerably the night before.

"On Saturday, the 15th, about fifteen minutes after three in the afternoon, it became darker than it had been the Sunday before, and the sky of much the same colour: it was succeeded by a heavy shower and very severe thunder and lightning.

"Sunday morning, the 16th, was quite calm and foggy until about ten o'clock, when there arose some wind from the eastward which partly expelled the fog. In about half an hour after it became so dark that ordinary print could not be read within doors. This was followed by a squall of wind and rain, when it brightened up again. From five till about ten minutes after twelve the darkness was so great that the ministers in the English and Presbyterian churches were obliged to stop till they got candles. From two o'clock till about ten minutes after it was as dark as at midnight when there is no moonlight. From forty-three till about fifty minutes after three o'clock it was total darkness, and from thirty-five till forty-five minutes after four it was very dark. The people in this city dined by candle light, and spent a part of the afternoon in lighting up and extinguishing them. Each period of darkness was followed by gusts of wind and rain, with some severe claps of thunder, and the atmosphere looked as before described. It was remarked that on the days before mentioned there appeared to be two adverse currents of air, the uppermost impelling a luminous strata of clouds towards the north-east, and the lower driving with great rapidity broken, misty clouds towards the south-west, and that the rain water which fell on Sunday during these gusts was almost black. As these wonderful phenomena have been the subject of much conversation, and given rise to various conjectures, we flatter ourselves some of the curious, skilled in meteorological observations, will furnish us with their opinions thereupon for our next."

The same phenomena were observed in Montreal on Sunday, the 16th, and are described in the *Quebec Gazette* of the 27th, which also gives the following opinion of a Montreal observer—the only attempt at an explanation which appeared in the *Gazette*:—

"Doctor Serre, who resides in this city, says that having perceived the rain water that fell during the showers to be of a black colour he smelt it, and finding it had a sulphurous smell he placed in the middle of his yard a muslin handkerchief in the form of a funnel, at the bottom of which he found a black sediment. Having rubbed it between his fingers he found that its smell was owing to no other cause but the sulphur which composed its substance. Hence, he is of opinion that the only cause of this phenomena was the inflammation of some neighbouring mines, whose thick smoke being condensed in the air, was driven by the wind over this region."

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### "THE LEISURE HOURS OF GREAT MEN."

MR. GLADSTONE, as all the world knows, is never more happy than when cutting down trees. But this hewer of wood is also an enthusiastic backgammon player, and in the long winter evenings at Hawarden has had some desperate tussles with Mrs. G. The ex-Premier is also devoted to the drama, and few are the new plays he does not go to see, accompanied by his *fidus Achates*, Sir Charles Forster. Lord Salisbury was a great athlete in the days of his youth, when Leotard himself could hardly have beaten him on the flying trapeze. Now that the joints have got less supple, the noble marquis devotes his spare time principally to his turning-lathe, and few among the presents to Her Majesty are more valued than the set of chessman turned out by the head of the Cecils. Sir William Harcourt's great delight is in lawn tennis, at which game he is a proficient. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is great as an amateur actor, and invariably chooses the parts made famous by Charles Mathews. His *Young Wilding* in "The Liar" and *Plumpper* in "Cool as a Cucumber" are truly masterly performances. When not engaged with his orchids, of which he has a fine collection, "Joe" is generally studying a part. Mr. W. H. Smith devotes a lot of his leisure time to fancy wool-work, being quite an adept with the needle. He scarcely ever reads a newspaper, except the *Sporting Times*, which is brought to his bedside regularly every Saturday morning. Lord Randolph Churchill is pre-eminently domestic in his habits. For two hours at least after breakfast he will read the *Queen* or the *Lady's Pictorial* aloud to Lady R., as she sits at work; and he is her pretty constant attendant out shopping, whilst it is avowed that he does not even know the meaning of certain lecture. Mr. John Bright is devoted to fishing and billiards, Mr. Bradlaugh, curiously enough, being an adept at both amusements. Mr. Labouchere, when not engaged in making money, or chaffing the powers that be, likes nothing better than to lie on his back on his beautiful lawn at Pope's Villa, and throw stones into the silvery Thames. Mr. John Morley is a great collector of natural history subjects, and is never so happy as when running at full speed, net in hand, to capture an Admiral or a Purple Emperor. The Irish members—if any of these can be called "great" men—are for the most part engaged in drinking and wrangling with one another. They toil not, neither do they spin. Nobody ever saw an Irish member, with the exception of Mr. Parnell (who once kept a pack of hounds and worked a circular saw with much vigour), engaged in any sport or pastime. Some of the great legal luminaries have strange fancies. The Lord Chancellor adores quadrille parties, and is as graceful a dancer as even Mr. Grossmith himself, who for so many nights caricatured that functionary.

Sir Charles Russell is never so happy as when, snuff-box in hand, he is interviewing some owner, trainer, or jockey in a race paddock; and Sir Henry Hawkins would rather hypothecate his black cap than miss a Newmarket meeting. The Attorney-General is an enthusiastic quoit player; and yet another mighty man of law, who shall be nameless—for he follows his bent in secret—never misses a slaughter of rats, a cock-fight, or a "big scrap"—otherwise glove fight—being himself no mean performer with the "mittens."—*Society*.

#### THE ART OF DINNER-GIVING.

DINNER-GIVING has now come to be an art of a very different kind from what it was in the days when the boar's head, with the lemon in his mouth and garnished with sweet herbs as meet flowers for his honourable entombment, formed part of the pageant of serving—the "peacock in his pride" making the other part. Then "it was merry in the hall when beards wagged all," and the server sang more loudly than the trumpets blew:

Caput apri defero  
Reddens laudes Domino.

These huge joints were the proper food for the coarse if powerful physique and brawny thews and sinews of the feeders. Now, the joint must be out of sight altogether, and dainty little fragments must be laid delicately on the porcelain plate where neither gravy must be excessive nor colour too pronounced. We have got beyond even the milder profusion of our immediate progenitors, to whom the four silver side-dishes, with their hot water plates to keep all stewing, were crucial tests of skill, and the removes, of paramount importance as evidences of taste and hospitable generosity. Now our most *rêcherché* dinners are those where the dishes are comparatively few and the perfection of cookery most absolute. Profusion is barbarism. "Handsome joints" and huge arrays of fish or fowl would condemn the giver of a feast just as much as a badly-cut skirt would condemn the wearer in the eyes of a fashionable milliner: and the exaggeration which must needs be—else should we be more than human—goes now into the perfection of flavour and arrangement. Half a tone too high or low in sauce or salt is an offence equal to boasting or cowardice—a loud voice or a cringing manner; but where the *suprême* is a success and the *filet* without blame, then may the dinner-giver rest in peace—provided always that the clear soup is not muddy and that the ices are not insipid. But in any case the best dinners are those which are given within the means of the domestic staff, where the refinement is natural and the hospitality sincere.—*The Queen*.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Vols. II., III. and IV. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company; Toronto: Geo. Virtue.

In these volumes students of American and Canadian history will find a mass of interesting matter of the highest value in throwing light upon the discovery of this continent, in illuminating the pathway of exploration, and in enabling one to realise the fateful story of French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and English settlement in various sections of the New World, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Different portions of the work have been assigned to writers whose special knowledge has enabled them to treat their respective subjects exhaustively; while the editor, besides his own extensive and scholarly contributions, has supplied much additional illustrative matter, in the way of maps, plans, charts, portraits, and bibliography—certainly not the least valuable feature in the volumes before us. The editor's research in this department of the work, and his intelligent and painstaking industry, in unearthing from French, Colonial, and other sources, the mass of matter, and the illustrative cartography, which enrich the work and enable the reader to follow clearly the lines of discovery, are well-nigh beyond praise. The first volume has not yet appeared. The second deals primarily with early Spanish and Portuguese discovery, and tells anew the story of Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, Magellan, and the other sixteenth century explorers of the New World. Later on it recounts the adventures of Las Casas, Cortez, and Pizarro, with what the writers have been able to glean of the exploration of New Mexico, of the Amazon, and of the coast and the vicinity of the Gulf.

Volume three opens with an account of the voyages of the two Cabots, of Hawkins, Drake, and the explorers of the northern waters of the continent—Martin Frobisher, John Davis, Wm. Baffin, and Henry Hudson. This volume also deals with the records of settlement on the Atlantic coast, from the Pilgrim colony in New England to that of Raleigh in Virginia, with the intervening settlements of Pennsylvania and New Amsterdam. The fourth volume, which to Canadians will be found the most interesting, takes up the explorations of Cortez, Verrazano, and Jacques Cartier and his successors, prefaced by an able and most instructive paper on the Physiography of North America, from the pen of Prof. Nathaniel Shaler, of Harvard. In illustration of this section of the volume, the editor supplies beautifully engraved reproductions of the early cartography of the eastern and north-eastern coasts of the continent, besides

copies of the maps of Canada, compiled by French travellers of the seventeenth century, and the other geographers and explorers of the period. Passing over the introductory matter, we arrive at the articles proper to the volume, viz., that on Jacques Cartier, by Dr. De Costa; on Champlain, by the Rev. E. F. Slafter; on Acadia, by Mr. C. C. Smith; on Discovery along the Great Lakes, by the Rev. E. D. Neill; on Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Hennepin, and La Hontan, by the editor, with an account, by the same pen, of the Jesuit Relations, and a paper on the Jesuits, the Recollets, and the Indians, by Mr. J. Gilmory Shea. An able and carefully wrought out monograph on Frontenac and his Times, by Mr. George Stewart, junr., of Quebec; with interesting articles on the New Netherlands and the Dutch on the Hudson, by Mr. Berthold Fernou; and on New Sweden and the Swedes of Delaware, by Prof. Gregory B. Keen, bring the interesting volume to a close.

With this bare enumeration of contents, we must at present content ourselves, hoping to have the opportunity to return to the work, or at least to this volume of it, in a future issue of THE WEEK. Enough, no doubt, has been said to indicate the scope of the volumes, and to whet the appetite, of students of native history at any rate, for some further and more intimate knowledge of this elaborate and most useful work. Projected on its generous lines, with all that writers and editor, and we might add that publishers, have done for the work, this Narrative and Critical History of America must take its place as one of the most serviceable, as well as notable, contributions to the history of the New World. As such it will doubtless be appreciated not only by the general reader, but by all scholars and students of the early history of the Continent, whose future labours it will vastly lighten, and whose research it will amply and readily satisfy.

G. M. A.

## MUSIC.

Anglo Canadian Company :

"THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD." Song, by F. N. Löhr. A very charming song for medium voice, the music appropriately fitted to beautiful words by Edward Oxenford.

"WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA." Duett, by Henry Smart. Good English duetts are so rare nowadays that this one will be welcomed as a boon.

"CYNISCA VALSE." By Pierre Perrot. An extremely pretty valse, with voice accompaniment in parts (*ad lib.*), destined to be popular.

I. Suckling and Sons :

"CARILLON DE LOUIS XIV." Chas. Neustadt. A very charming and graceful *morceau*.

"SARABANDE." E. Nollet. One of the prettiest we have seen lately—although not written in strict "Sarabandé" time.

"THE OLDEN TIME" (GAVOTTE). F. J. Hatton.

"GRETCHNIE" (GAVOTTE). F. J. Hatton.

These two gavottes bid fair to rival in popularity the same composer's impromptu "*Molto Felice*."

"MA BELLE" (VALSE). H. Cresswell Shaw. A pretty valse with a good swing, to it and tuneful withal.

We have also received the following publications :

- FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE. March. New York: Park Place.  
 SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. March. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. March. Toronto: William Briggs.  
 FORUM. March. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.  
 LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. March. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.  
 ST. NICHOLAS. March. New York: Century Company.  
 ATLANTIC MONTHLY. March. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.  
 DOMESTIC MONTHLY. March. New York: Blake and Company.  
 THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. March. New York: 130 Pearl Street.  
 THE ANDOVER REVIEW. March. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

## MUSIC.

To one-half the public it may have appeared a rash undertaking for any body of musically inclined people in this already beleaguered town to meet, organise, and formally constitute in itself a new Oratorio Society. Yet to the other half it may have appeared as plucky as, according to local tradition, was the first attempt years ago to found the original of all these societies in our midst. The new Society, or the Musical Union, will, doubtless, have friends as well as enemies, detractors as well as admirers; and, while it is not to be expected that a musician of Mr. Harrison's attainments will content himself with anything short of the arduous, yet fascinating, labours of the *conductor*, as contrasted with the somewhat monotonous and colourless work of the *teacher*, it will be well for the promoters of the new Society to take up some, at least partially, new line, and to mark out for themselves a more or less original course, which shall ensure them the interest, curiosity, and sympathy of the public—that public which, they must remember, has three other societies to listen to, applaud, and subscribe to during the season. As music is rapidly approaching the purely architectural stage, new schools being an impossi-

bility, inspiration a dead-letter, and melody defunct, we may look forward to possibly a better acquaintance with, and warmer understanding of, the old and partly forgotten masters, as well as the modern composers, whom it is fashionable to allude to as "tone-poets," one outcome of which may be the dedication of certain societies and musical organisations to the study of special composers. We may shortly have a "Bach Choir," a "Rubenstein Choir," a "Wagner Society!" Or a purely English organisation, which will choose from that wide and brilliant circle embracing Purcell, Arne, Bishop, Lawes, Sullivan, Cowen, Mackenzie, Oliver King, Balfe, Barnett, Bennett, and Barnby! Or an exclusively Italian one, which will present masses, hymns, operas, and serenades from Carissimi, Cavalli, Cesti, and Monteverdi, down to Rossini and Donizetti, Verdi and Boïto! At this rate we should quickly reach the point already gained in the imagination of many, and establish in time societies for the exclusive practice of American compositions (?), nay even Canadian.

WITH regard to the performance of the "Prodigal Son," the strongest point scored was, without doubt, the singing of the chorus. Time and tune were equally good, the balance fair, and the tenor part unusually well given. The work is a charming and melodious one, but is specially designed for orchestral accompaniment, the absence of which rendered the concert much tamer than would otherwise have been the case. The soloists acquitted themselves admirably, Miss Huntington, of course, carrying off the honours. The miscellaneous part afforded Mr. Thrower and Mr. Norris opportunities of displaying their excellent gifts in a more popular style than oratorio singing warrants, and the Society contributed a neatly-sung part song by Miss Macirone. Mr. Schuch, the favourite basso, Mr. H. Guest Collins, and Mr. W. E. Clarke assisted materially in the production of the work, and the conductor, Mr. Harrison, must certainly have felt a pardonable pride in the creditable rendering of so varied a programme by so youthful a society.

VERY tasteful coloured invitations, bearing the young lady's Royal Academy medal in one corner, and otherwise suitably decorated, admitted to Miss Elwell's Matinee Musicale on Saturday last. The *beneficiare* played to much advantage in the Henselt Concerto, and Miss Hillary, Miss Berryman, Mr. Schuch, Mr. Jacobsen, and Mr. Phillips gave their valuable assistance. Boïto, Beethoven, Lassen, Schumann, Molique, and Randegger were represented in the well-chosen programme; while probably the concertina pieces, in which Miss Elwell is such a proficient, were the greatest novelties to a Saturday afternoon public. Miss Elwell is a valuable acquisition to the musical profession in Toronto, bringing, as she does, competent training and correct method to bear upon distinct and unusual talent for the piano and the concertina. The concertina, we may remark, becomes in Miss Elwell's hands a much superior instrument to the concertina of days gone by, which, under the manipulation of Sedgwick and Company, produced variations on "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and "Auld Lang Syne."

IN aid of the Industrial School, a charming musical evening was held last Thursday at the residence of Mrs. H. Piper. Mrs. Corlett-Thompson, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Piper, and various other talented artists assisted. The sensation of the evening was the appearance of a phenomenon of eleven, Miss Blanche Loeb, who performed, on the violin, several striking and difficult pieces by Wieniawski and other well-known composers. His Worship the Mayor, in accordance with his usual geniality and kindness of heart, was present, and expressed himself delighted with the entertainment.

SPACE does not permit of a lengthy notice of Monday's excellent concert in Shaftesbury Hall, under the auspices of the Chamber Music Association. That the concert was one of the most satisfactory of the season, every one will admit. The Haydn Quartette was rendered in a perfectly satisfactory manner, the delightful finale being specially well given, although Mr. Jacobsen was sometimes uncertain in his upper notes. The Beethoven Quartette, with Miss Elwell at the piano, went remarkably well, with the exception of a slight lack of understanding among the performers. Miss Elwell also played a couple of pieces by Schumann. The string quartette, however, principally distinguished itself in the performance of Schubert's exquisite Andante. This beautiful number, so much like the Seventh Symphony Allegretto in A minor, is one of the most striking compositions Schubert has left for chamber music, and never fails to create a great impression by reason of its mournful iteration of certain phrases of great melodious charm. Miss Clara Barnes, of Buffalo, adds to a beautiful presence a truly superb voice. She is not only a singer, but she possesses a voice so youthful, round, full, and rich, that she evokes a true and unaffected enthusiasm. It will be a matter of great desirability to hear Miss Barnes shortly again. Mr. Corell supplied an excellent Obligato on his 'cello; but where was Mr. Arthur Fisher? Not at the piano, as he ought to have been; for Mr. Jacobsen, though our leading violinist, cannot be expected to furnish such correct accompaniments as in a concert of this rank the public looks for. The next of these enjoyable concerts takes place on the 18th of April.

HAMILTON.

AT the annual festival of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, held in the Grand Opera House here, a very long programme of very unequal merit was presented to an audience which crowded the house to its utmost capacity. The chief vocalists were Miss Rose Braniff, soprano, and Mrs. Petley, contralto, of Toronto; Mrs. Fenwick, mezzo-soprano, of this city; and their singing pleased their hearers much. Miss Braniff was especially successful in Benedict's "Carnival de Venice." Other vocalists were Miss

Robbins, Miss Kelly, Messrs. J. F. Egan, George Clark, and E. G. Payne. Mr. P. D. Sheerin, a gentleman who describes himself as a comic vocalist, took up the time of the audience long enough to go through Scanlan's ditty, "Remember, Boy, you're Irish." The selection was entirely out of place. It is a pleasing sign of musical progress here that numbers for string quartettes and solo instruments are now frequently placed upon programmes, and receive a respectful, intelligent hearing. At this concert the Littleholes family (strings) with Mr. C. L. M. Harris, solo clarinet, played an air and variations from Mozart's clarinet quintette; and Mrs. Wigmore, R.A.M., a pianist of no mean ability, with the assistance of Mr. Littleholes and his clever children, played the first movement from Mozart's Piano Concerto in C. Master George Fox, widely known as an excellent boy violinist, contributed "A Legende," by Wieniawski, and "The Souvenir de Bade," by Leonhard, to the programme. C. MAJOR.

THE Report presented by the Directors of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Company, at their fourteenth Annual Meeting, held on the 23rd ult., showed a net gain on the year's business of \$18,047, which permitted the distribution of a scrip dividend of fifty per cent. to the mutual policy-holders, and a two per cent. dividend on the capital of the Company. This is a very satisfactory result, as well to the stockholders and the policy-holders, the latter especially gaining a substantial benefit; and both are to be congratulated on the excellent management this showing exhibits. The list of assets indicates careful investments; the stockholders are an exceptionally responsible body of men; and, altogether, we should say the Company is one worthy the attention of every insurer.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SOME interesting works in biography may be looked for soon from the press, the subjects of some of which we may here notice, viz., Mr. Thomas Hughes' "Life of Bishop Fraser, of Manchester"; Rev. Mr. Dawson's "Life of the martyred Bishop Hannington"; a "Life of Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon"; Mr. Dowden's "Life of Shelley"; Mr. Louis Jennings' indictment of Mr. Gladstone; Mr. Fitzgerald's "Lives of the Sheridans"; and Miss Strickland's Life of her sister, Agnes Strickland.

New issues of these useful compends, "Men of the Time," a dictionary of contemporaries, and "Men of the Reign," a biographical dictionary of eminent characters of both sexes who have died during the Victorian era, appear from the press of Messrs. George Routledge and Son, of London and New York. In the first of these volumes, Canada is represented by some forty members of Parliament, prominent politicians, and legal and literary luminaries, divines, etc., whose public careers are briefly and tersely sketched.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are doing good service in re-issuing at a lower price, for the benefit of a yet wider public than the volumes have hitherto reached, Mr. Morley's excellent series of "English Men of Letters," written by the most prominent *littérateurs* of the day. The series, we need hardly say, forms a library of the most valuable kind to the student of English literature, embracing as it does the main facts in the personal and literary life of over thirty of "our best authors," with a list of their works, and a critical estimate of their place in literature. The re-issue is to appear in shilling volumes, and the original order of publication, we understand, is to be adhered to. The early volumes will therefore be Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Johnson," Mr. R. H. Hutton's "Scott," Mr. J. Cotter Morison's "Gibbon," and Mr. J. A. Symonds's "Shelley."

MR. LOWELL will again appear as a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* in its March number. This time the poet's contribution is a poem shorter than that published in the February number, and has for its title "Fancy or Fact?" The reception of Mr. Lowell's poem in the February *Atlantic* has been extremely good, the publishers say. The general opinion of the critics has been that the poem, in a light manner, puts a very serious question, namely, Has science, having destroyed faith, supplied us with anything better? The March *Atlantic* will also contain the first instalment of Dr. Holmes' descriptive papers of his visit abroad, to be entitled "Our Hundred Days."

THE growth of the literature of fiction is becoming more perceptible with each year. More novels are being issued by American publishers than almost any three other classes of books. During 1886, for example, fiction composed almost a fourth of the entire literature of the year, and 1,080 novels were issued, against 934 during 1885. Collections of poetry are also on the increase, but not in the same proportion as fiction. Works of theology, on the other hand, are on the decrease, over fifty works less being issued during 1886 than in 1885, and this in the face of the last year being an unusually active and busy one in the world of books. Figures such as these certainly offer food for thought, and show in a measure the tendency of the American reading public.

FROM private London advices it is learned that the aged poet and philosopher, Martin F. Tupper, is rapidly failing in health, and is almost entirely broken down. "For the last ten weeks," writes a correspondent, "he has been suffering from an attack of nervous exhaustion of the brain, which entirely prevents him from doing anything. He can neither read, write, nor speak intelligibly, although he is quite sensible, and his mind is clear. The doctors give hopes that he may to a certain extent recover; but his age, which will be seventy-seven next July, is against him, and his daughter says that he is never likely to write prose or verse again. Only a few days before the illness that now prostrates him, Mr. Tupper finished his poem, 'Jubilate: A Jubilee Offering for 1887,' the first copy of which was accepted by Queen Victoria, who accompanied her gracious acknowledgment of it with a sympathetic message of inquiry after his health. A member of his family told me that the philosopher's illness was undoubtedly brought on, in the main, by anxiety about financial matters. His books have brought him nothing for a long time, and even his latest work, 'My Life as an Author,' has at present yielded no result, although it has been published nine months. His home at Albury, where he has lived so long, and where most of his books were written, is being disposed of; but it is feared that the purchase money will not more than cover charges on the property and other pressing liabilities. Mr. Tupper's daughter Ellen is his constant companion, and watches by his bedside with loving devotion. She is the only member of the family that entertains any hope for her father's recovery; but it will not be surprising to those who have conversed with the physicians if another month should remove the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy' from their sight and that of the world. His home is a sad picture, and traces of want meet the visitor at almost every turn."

HAND-IN-HAND INSURANCE COMPANY,  
MUTUAL AND STOCK.

Report of the Directors to the Fourteenth General Ordinary Meeting of the Members and Shareholders, held at the offices of the Company, No. 24 Church Street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the Twenty-third day of February, 1887.

The Directors beg to submit to the members and shareholders the revenue accounts for the past year, and the balance sheet, showing liabilities and assets on 31st December, 1886.

It will be seen from the Fire Branch Revenue Accounts that the total income was \$37,741.91, and after deduction of all expenses, losses, and re-insurance, a balance remains to the credit of this account of \$16,023.83, out of which sum your Directors feel justified in declaring a scrip dividend to last year's Mutual policy-holders, under By-law No. 5, of 50 per cent., amounting to \$4,368.55, and a two (2) per cent. dividend on the capital of the Company.

The balance shown at the credit of the Plate Glass Branch, \$2,023.85, may be considered fairly satisfactory.

In view of the general fire underwriting experience of the past year, there are just grounds for congratulation on the above results.

The retiring Directors this year are: W. H. Howland and D. Mitchell McDonald, and who are eligible for re-election.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

HUGH SCOTT,  
Secretary.

W. H. HOWLAND,  
President.

REVENUE ACCOUNT, FIRE BRANCH.

Dr.		
To premium income, cash for year ending December 31, 1886	\$28,401 98	
To premium income, undertakings in force	8,737 10	
		\$37,139 08
To interest income for year ending December 31, 1886		602 83
		<u>\$37,741 91</u>

Cr.		
By salaries, directors' fees, commission to agents, advertising, postage, plant, plans, etc.	\$7,430 66	
By claims paid	9,681 10	
By cancelled policies	\$1,322 74	
By re-insurance	2,774 58	
		4,597 92
By balance		16,023 83
		<u>\$37,741 91</u>

REVENUE ACCOUNT, PLATE GLASS BRANCH.

Dr.		
To premium income and interest for year 1886		\$4,364 03
Cr.		
By commission, charges, stationery, proportion of advertising, rent, directors' fees, etc.	\$672 88	
By claims paid	200 22	
By cancelled policies and rebate		873 10
		2,023 85
By balance		<u>\$4,364 03</u>

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		
To capital stock		\$100,000 00
To scrip issued prior to 1885	\$11,208 00	
To revenue, Fire Branch, 1886	16,023 83	
		27,231 83
To sundry creditors	\$1,437 93	
To revenue, Plate Glass Branch, balance, 1885	2,023 85	
		3,461 78
		<u>\$131,234 22</u>
ASSETS.		
By capital liable to call	\$80,000 00	
By undertakings in force, December 31, 1886	8,737 10	
		\$88,737 10
By first mortgages on real estate	\$15,186 33	
By debentures, Man. and N.-W. Loan Co.	10,000 00	
By bank stocks, Imperial, Federal, Ontario and Dominion	9,725 00	
By cash on deposit in Ontario Bank	5,317 36	
		40,228 69
By sundry debtors (since paid, \$1,412.03)	\$2,105 66	
By interest accrued	162 77	
		2,268 43
		<u>\$131,234 22</u>

I hereby certify that I have audited the books, and examined the vouchers and securities of the Company for the year ending 31st Dec., 1886, and find the same correct, carefully kept, and properly set forth in the above statements.

D. URQUHART, Auditor.

TORONTO, Feb. 18, 1887.

After the customary votes of thanks were tendered, and the retiring Directors re-elected, the meeting adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board W. H. Howland was elected President, and B. Homer Dixon, Vice-President.

List of Shareholders and amount held by each:

J. Austin, President Dominion Bank, \$5,000; A. H. Campbell, President British Canadian Loan and Investment Company, \$5,000; L. Coffee & Co., Produce Merchants, Toronto, \$5,000; B. Homer Dixon, Consul-General, Netherlands, \$5,000; John Downey, Barrister (Mowat, MacLennan & Downey), \$5,000; Wm. Elliot, President People's Loan and Deposit Company, \$5,000; D. Fisher, former Manager Ontario Bank, \$5,000; Col. C. S. Gzowski, A. D. C. to Her Majesty, \$5,000; Sir W. P. Howland, K. C. M. G., President Ontario Bank, \$5,000; W. H. Howland, Mayor of Toronto, \$5,000; Sir D. L. Macpherson, Senator, Chestnut Park, \$5,000; James McLennan, Q. C., \$5,000; Hon. Wm. McMaster, Founder Bank of Commerce, \$5,000; D. M. McDonald, Director Central Bank, \$5,000; Prof. Goldwin Smith, The Grange, \$5,000; L. W. Smith, D. C. L., President Building and Loan Association, \$5,000; H. A. Smith, Inland Revenue, \$5,000; James Scott, Vice-President Farmers' Loan and Savings Co., \$5,000; Scott & Walmsley, Underwriters, \$5,000; Sir Donald A. Smith, M.P., Vice-President Bank of Montreal, \$5,000.

HEAD OFFICE, NO. 24 CHURCH STREET.

DIRECTORS.—W. H. Howland, President; B. Homer Dixon, Vice-President; James Austin, L. Coffee, L. W. Smith, D. C. L., D. Mitchell McDonald, Hugh Scott, Manager and Secretary.

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ST. AUGUSTINE—A dark, sweet, red wine, produced from the Concord and Catawba grapes, containing only a small quantity of spirits, is especially suitable for church purposes.	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 25	4 50
CLARET—A dry, heavy, red wine, produced from the Virginia seedling grape; a great favourite.	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 25	4 50
CLARET—A dry, red wine, the product of the Concord grape.	1 40	1 30	1 20	1 10	4 00
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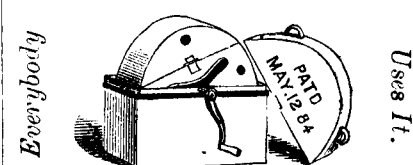
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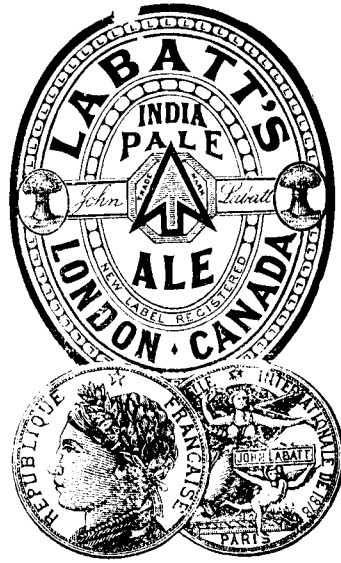
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