

THE WEEK:

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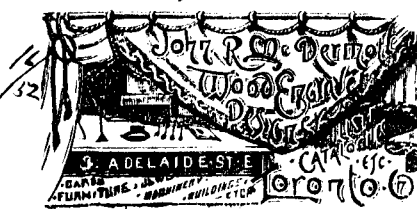
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THE UNIONIST VICTORY.

THE political battle, of all the political battles which I have witnessed the fiercest and the most eventful, is now virtually over, as the ninety elections which remain are not likely to go differently from the rest. The result is not doubtful. Mr. Gladstone is at this moment determining whether he shall resign or wait to be ejected. His conduct during the campaign leads people to expect that he will take some violent course and try to set the house on fire before he leaves it. But he has colleagues who, though individually ciphers, collectively are able to restrain him, since the Queen would certainly not consent under the present circumstances to the reconstruction of his Cabinet, and the counsels of placemen are seldom desperate. Sir William Harcourt at all events is not likely to immolate himself on the funeral pile of his beloved chief's reputation. But speculation is futile when the event will soon be known.

As to Mr. Gladstone himself, he is capable of anything. He has shown throughout the campaign a force, energy, and pluck which at his age are most marvellous: he has been the strength, and almost the sole strength, of his own cause; for the lucubrations of Mr. Morley, who is known to be the author of the most discredited part of the Irish Bill, have had little effect, and though Sir William Harcourt is a first rate stump speaker, his character was neatly painted by the *Saturday Review* when it said that in one portion of his speech at Derby he seemed to have forgotten on which side he had been retained. But the spirit displayed by the Prime Minister has been such as no British statesman in his position has ever displayed before, and, it is to be hoped, no British statesman in his position will ever display again. He has assailed all who differed from him, even those who but yesterday were his colleagues, with a vindictive bitterness which has rendered reconciliation almost impossible, and precluded any hope of the reunion of the party under his leadership. He has seriously injured his reputation for integrity, even among those who had the highest opinion of him, by his evasions and equivocations. Worst of all, he has laboured with what can only be called deliberate malignity, to set the masses against what he calls the classes, and to poison the heart of society in the interest of his own ambition. Never did demagogism assume a more noxious form. He has even deliberately falsified political history to make it appear that the more highly educated classes have been the opponents of every measure of justice and humanity, and to hold them up to the hatred of the masses. He has not wanted the effrontery to pretend that Catholic Emancipation, among other reforms, was carried by the just instinct of the masses against the prejudice and self interest of "the classes," though nothing can be more certain than that toleration was the tendency of the enlightened few, and that Lord George Gordon had the masses on his side. To compliment the people on being guided by instinct and not by reason, is to designate them as brutes. A denunciation of intellect comes with singularly bad grace from a man who owes his rise in public life to his University distinction and connections, and who was glad to identify himself with intelligence till intelligence rejected his Irish Bill. Popularity came to Mr. Gladstone late in life. He is intoxicated with it, and in his intoxication he has forgotten not only propriety and good sense, but his duty to his

country. There seems to be no more charitable mode, consistent with the supposition of his sanity, of accounting for his demeanour in his recent struggle for power. It is gratifying to see that while his appeals for justice to Ireland have had very great effect with multitudes of kind-hearted though ill-informed people, his appeals to class hatred have fallen dead, or been received by his followers with tacit, sometimes even with avowed, reprobation. His maddened ambition in its fall has desperately laid hold of the pillars of society, but the pillars happily have not given way.

Mr. Gladstone has held Scotland. This I believe to be the true account of the result in the Northern Kingdom, which took us all by surprise, since the leading journals of Scotland had pronounced against the Bill, and the tendency of Scotch opinion a month or two ago seemed decidedly to be in the same direction. The Edinburgh speeches and demonstration told, no doubt, over the whole district. Mr. Gladstone has, moreover, of late, been ostentatiously proclaiming himself a Scotchman in blood and sentiment, as he would probably proclaim himself a Welshman if his political object were to fire the Welsh heart; and this appeal to the clanish nature of the Scotch has evidently produced a great effect. The Caledonians apparently feel that they are supporting the political Wallace of the day against the Southron. If this seems unlike Scotch hard-headedness, the explanation probably is that the most hard-headed have voted the other way. The Free Churchmen in Scotland hope for Disestablishment at Mr. Gladstone's hands. This is the account of the coldness with which they have received the appeal of the Presbyterians of Ulster. The Disestablishment question is likewise the main cause of the apparent Disunionism of Wales, where the bulk of the people are Nonconformists, while the gentry belong to the Established Church. It is, however, to be lamented that Scotland, Ireland, and Wales should be apparently arrayed against England, and trouble may come of an antagonism between the portions of the United Kingdom which Mr. Gladstone in his reckless combativeness is fomenting to the utmost of his power. He seems literally to have persuaded himself that he has a divine mission, and that England in rejecting his policy has committed an act of impiety, punishment for which she is to receive at the hands of her more right-minded coempers.

The national verdict against Mr. Gladstone's policy and in favour of the Union would have been infinitely more decisive if it had been possible effectually to eliminate Party, and get the whole nation to vote simply on the issue specially submitted to it on this occasion. But to eliminate Party all at once was not possible, and though Liberal Unionists enough to turn the balance detached themselves and joined the Conservatives, the masses on both sides remained within the party lines. My own special mission during the election was to induce Liberal Unionists to vote for Conservatives instead of merely abstaining; and I can testify to the difficulty of the task. Not a few of the Liberal Unionists have fallen victims to party vengeance. The defeat of Mr. Goschen and Sir George Trevelyan has been balm to the wounded heart of Mr. Gladstone, who on the occasion of Mr. Goschen's rejection telegraphed, with a somewhat ludicrous effusiveness, his thanks to "dear old Scotland," for breaking the "chains" which nobody was aware that she had worn. But it may be doubted whether any solid advantage will accrue to Mr. Gladstone's party, since the Moderate Liberals, being deprived of leaders of their own, will be the more ready to fall into line with the Conservatives and aid them in forming and sustaining a Government. The country has received a very valuable tribute and one full of good augury in the patriotism of Liberal Unionists, who have thus taken their political lives in their own hands; and the sacrifice made by the leaders, who will certainly find other seats and remain in public life, is in reality exceeded by that of less conspicuous men who are not likely to find other seats, but will forfeit the sole prize of their ambition and be relegated to obscurity, not without odium or perhaps even without loss. So England has still some who love her well.

In its net result this is a Conservative victory, and the Conservatives must be called upon to form a Government. Their majority, if they have one, will be very small; it will not be a working majority. But they may safely count upon the assistance of the Hartingtonians. The position of Mr. Chamberlain and his following is very different, and their adhesion is much more doubtful. Their adhesion in fact must be limited to the single question of the Legislative Union. An actual coalition of Conservatives and moderate Liberals is generally desired by those who care more for the country than for Party, and it would probably be brought about without

delay were it not for the malign presence of Lord Randolph Churchill, with whose Tory Democracy and Beaconsfieldian legerdemain respectable Liberals will have nothing to do. It is to be hoped that after the lesson which they have received, the Conservatives will henceforth repudiate the fatal legacy of intrigue, remember that they are English gentlemen, and decisively return to the path, too long forsaken, of principle and honour. Unhappily, their late leader, while he profoundly debauched their character, bequeathed to them not a single statesman of mark. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, their nominal leader in the House of Commons, is a third-rate man, and the practical leadership falls into the hands of Lord Randolph Churchill, to whose folly and unscrupulousness there are no bounds. It ought not to be forgotten that the situation of peril into which the country has just been led, and from which it has barely extricated itself by a convulsive effort, was the immediate consequence of Lord Randolph Churchill's intrigue with the Parnellites, the repudiation of Lord Spencer's government, and the abandonment of the Crimes Act.

The future is still dark enough. Ireland has been made more ungovernable than ever by the violence of Mr. Gladstone's appeal to Irish disaffection, and by the ferocity with which he has traduced the conduct of the British Government, of which he seems totally to forget that he has himself for the last half century formed a part. A man who can in a public manifesto compare the Act of Union to the massacre of St. Bartholomew is surely very near the line which divides extreme excitement from insanity. The Radical party has been desperately committed by this contest to Disunionist principles in which, apart from devotion to its leader and party feeling, not a tenth part of its members probably believe. It was the certain prospect of this which made me so anxious that the struggle should, if possible, be averted. Let the clouds, however, which rest upon to-morrow be as heavy as they may, to-day one great gain is scored for the national cause. The career of Mr. Gladstone is at an end.

It is to be hoped that when Parliament meets, on the 5th of August, the first step will be, before the Patriotic Alliance of Liberals with Conservatives becomes loosened or grows cold, to place on record the verdict of the nation and to pass a resolution pledging the House of Commons to give the verdict effect by maintaining alike against foreign conspiracy and domestic treason or weakness, the integrity of the nation, the supremacy of Parliament, and the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

July 12, 1886.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

ON SOME IMPRESSIONS.

SYDNEY SMITH, in reviewing two or three now long-forgotten books on America, expresses his surprise that Americans, who have done so much for themselves and received so much from nature, should be flung into such convulsions by English Reviews and Magazines. Mr. Smith adds that this sensitiveness to criticism is really a sad specimen of Columbian juvenility. But the American was sorely tried. The Englishman of that period took pleasure in seeing the American and his institutions ridiculed and vilified, and travellers in recording their impressions were careful to colour their story to suit the popular taste.

Mrs. Frances Trollope, with her sharp and caustic pen, was in the field ten years earlier than Dickens. There was no lack of material for satire and caricature. There was no lack of things to criticize and condemn. But there was a lack of things to appreciate, so Mrs. Trollope appears to have considered. Her eyes were unable to pierce the scum, which seems to have a preference for the top of things. In the social caldron the scum was thick, but not so thick as it pleased Mrs. Trollope to imagine. The storm which arose in the United States on the publication of her highly-coloured book, "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," had but little abated on the advent of Dickens. His American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit did not tend to mend matters. When Dickens first saw and described Americans and their social customs, their society was much cruder than at present, and, as a recent writer remarks, more subject to dangerous tendencies, more sentimental, more self-sufficient. That was forty years ago—the "hard cider" time, the days of Sam Slicks, and wooden nutmegs, and "sharp cyphering." Forgetting how unwise it is to draw an indictment against a whole people, Charles Dickens joined with Mrs. Trollope in representing the social state and morality of the people as low and dangerous, destitute of high principles, and with no sense of generosity—a people of ludicrous manners and peculiarities.

But a marked change is to be observed in the attitude of critics after the close of the War of Secession. They begin to view with interest and even admiration the long-ridiculed American. He has proved himself as able as the European to slay his fellow-beings. In the Review and Magazine, Uncle Sam, his daughters, and his institutions, are henceforth

treated with some respect—a respect which was soon to ripen into a panegyric. The late Dean Stanley, in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, speaks of the "sons of that great Republic" no longer as cousins, but as brothers,—“brothers in a sense in which no other two great nations on the face of the earth are brothers.” To visit their brothers soon became the object of all distinguished Englishmen, and a shout of praise was lifted up on high from the distinguished throats. Matthew Arnold tells the American he sees straight and thinks clear, and that his institutions fit him to perfection. Furthermore, he declares that the American Philistine is a very superior Philistine. But the appreciation of Matthew Arnold, the polished panegyric of Lord Coleridge, the elaborate praise of Henry Irving, the intellectual flattery of Archdeacon Farrar, fail to revive in the breast of the now modest and doubting American those old delicious sensations of overwhelming superiority which were his aforesaid. He reads with an awakened and illuminated understanding—the result in part of extensive travelling abroad—the severe and searching criticism passed upon him and his institutions by writers within his own fold. The genial Dr. Holmes tells the intellectual Bostonian that he doesn't see things in right proportion; that he hardly knows first-rate quality from second-rate; no, not even fifth-rate! The dissecting knife of Henry James plays havoc with Boston and New York polite society. In "Democracy" and "The Bread-Winners" the shams and sores of the political and social state are unflinchingly exposed.

But this self criticism on the part of the Americans is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The Canadians stand on their side of the paper line which divides them so effectually from their astonishingly prosperous neighbours—and think of what might have been. If any distinguished visitor to the United States deigns to extend his travels to Canada, he is, as a rule, very non-committal. He prophesies. He tells us what we shall be, not what we are. The Canadians are an appreciative people. They appreciate the great man's tact. They wish there were some great men in the Colonial office.

Beneath the notice of the novelist and caricaturist, we have not even the satisfaction of feeling ourselves of sufficient consequence to be vilified or ridiculed. Our only characteristic appears to be loyalty to the mother-land—at least so we are led to infer by occasional remarks in transatlantic journals. It is seldom that Canadians form the subject of an article in these journals, and when they do the writer generally confines his remarks to the amount of English-manufactured goods they purchase. Wearying at times of his economico-political dissertation, he tells us, *en passant*, what he thinks of us other than as buying-machines. Come and let us see what he says.

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* for November, 1880, affirms that Canada is interesting materially to the British labourer and food-consumer; but she has not a shadow of intellectual significance for the thinker. "Canada lies," he continues, "among the snows and ice of the North, separated alike from the heroic aspirations of America, sharing none of the precious traditions of England, and untouched by the breath of democratic freedom which sweeps through the United States." Our history is summed up as "a century of stagnant provincialism relieved only by a third-rate insurrection." To complete this vivid picture of insignificance, the writer adds that even the Americans regard the Dominion with a "kind of half-contemptuous indifference." Intellectually dead, devoid of national life and feeling, having no aspirations, unable to excite even a second-rate insurrection, stagnant, buried in snow and ice,—Canada is only fit to throw herself supplicatingly at the feet of the heroic Americans, and crave admission into the mighty Union. This, in brief, is the opinion of the writer in the *Contemporary Review*. He does not prophesy. He tells us what we are. So do several others. "All colonies are 'one-horse' places," writes another Englishman who is discoursing about Canada. We are also informed that the Canadian is a cross between an American and an Englishman, and possesses the virtues of neither. Another, who seems to have a lively appreciation of his own sense of humour and his easy way of taking things, says that we grind incessantly and anxiously after dollars that the majority of us cannot discern the odour of a passing joke, or note a grotesque situation. This writer observes that Canadian congregations kneel to pray and stand so far enlightened as to conform to established usage in the House of God. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks, in the *Nineteenth Century*, of Mr. Goldwin Smith as "living in retirement in Canada." As Mr. Smith does not live in retirement, according to our interpretation of that word, Mr. Arnold must mean that to live in Canada is to live in retirement. It is to be regretted that Mr. Froude was so intimidated by the cold appearance of Lake Erie

as to pass us by with only a shiver. Mr. Froude is a great man, but is not supposed to be a man of much tact—at least so the friends of Thomas Carlyle seem to think—and it is probable we should have been told the truth about ourselves in his agreeable book, "Oceana."

The opinions quoted in this paper probably reflect the impressions of ninety-nine-hundredths of the people of Great Britain. Our only use, apparently, is to serve as a dumping-ground for pauper emigrants and to buy English goods,—manufactured specially for the Colonial trade, that is, as we all know, goods of comparatively inferior material and workmanship. It is true that the votaries of Imperial Federation profess to hold views not quite so mercenary. The journal which is published by the League overflows with affection and good will. A book of travels is reviewed in its first number, and the reviewer takes pains to point out that the author was most favourably impressed with Canada. It may be remembered that Sir Lepel Griffin and a certain Mr. Capper also expressed appreciation of Canada and Canadians; but this was merely to heighten the effect of their intelligent condemnation of the United States. It is not supposed, however, that the appreciation of either a Griffin or a Capper, even though it were genuine, would be much desired.

It has been remarked by ourselves, as well as outsiders, that Canadians are without national life and feeling. It is quite true. A colony is not the place to look for national life and feeling. Besides, the economic-political position of Canada is most abnormal. There is little, if any, community of feeling between the several Provinces comprising the Dominion. Better Terms and Provincial Rights form endless subjects for unseemly bickerings. Commerce between the different provinces is limited, and is forced by legislation into unnatural channels. Moreover, one of these provinces is given up to an alien people, and to a religion which stifles patriotism and intellectual aspirations. These obstacles to harmonious unity, together with the uncertainty which is felt as regards our future political relations, do not tend to promote the growth of national life and feeling. As intellectual life is largely dependent upon national life, the absence of the latter in Canada may perhaps account for the meagreness of our literary productions. The inspiration which comes from patriotism and national pride is lacking. The writer has seen it apologetically remarked in Canadian newspapers that the country is too young, and too busy to spare much time for the cultivation of letters. It seems true, then, that life with us is, in the words of Mr. Mantalini, "one demmed horrid grind." We are not only too busy "grinding after money" to "discern the odour of a passing joke," but also too busy to spare time for enriching our mental life. In education, the practical, the technical, the money-producing, receives the first consideration. Anything to win our commendation must have "money in it." Our standard of success in life is measured in dollars: so many dollars, so much success. How can this standard be compatible with high aspirations, cheerfulness, sanguineness, a belief not in the material but the spiritual future?

The future—What is to be the future of the Dominion of Canada? That our present political status is unsatisfactory and enfeebling is certainly the general impression. As a dependent and protected people we are deprived of the graver and more ennobling responsibilities of national existence. The glittering scheme of Imperial Federation meets with small favour in Canada. The "Something Else," which Mr. Froude believes will grow if Imperial Federation does not grow, may perhaps meet with a better reception. Meanwhile, it is not incompatible with a deep and lasting affection for the Mother Country that Canada should desire to be endowed with a nation's highest attributes and responsibilities. T.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

WHEN I got up at half-past seven, a.m., on Friday, July 2, I found we were passing over an arid, rolling country, utterly devoid of tree or shrub. The presence of alkali in large quantities was marked by the white, salty appearance of the ground, where various ponds had dried up, leaving the earth exposed like patches of driven snow. The Old Wives' Lakes soon came into view. According to Mr. Fleming, "these are three salt-water lakes; together they extend fifty miles in length and from ten to six miles in breadth; they abound in wild duck." I saw none, but several large gray cranes, roused by the train, flapped solemnly over the white sandy beach, and flew away across the dark green water. We came upon occasional skulls and bones of the buffalo bleaching in the sun, while their trails are visible crossing and recrossing the plain in all directions and marking its surface with deep indented lines, where the grass which has now overgrown the well-worn tracks is sunk far below the natural level of the ground and shows what countless millions of feet must have trodden these deep-cut paths as the animals travelled across the prairie from one watering-place to

another. At several stations I noticed ghastly trophies of piles of bones several feet high awaiting transport to distant cities for fertilizing and chemical purposes, and heard it was a lucrative but now nearly-exhausted traffic.

At nine o'clock we reached Swift Current, not far from the bend of the South Saskatchewan. The town consists of a few low wooden houses on a grassy plateau facing the railway station. There are two or three Indian encampments in the neighbourhood, marked by their smoke-browned tepees. This is my first glimpse of the aborigines. At Swift Current the train makes quite a long halt to take in wood and water, and the attention of all the passengers is aroused by an Indian boy about sixteen years of age, who is, we learn, a son of Big Bear's, and rides on the platform attired in full dress, wearing a black felt wide-awake, carrying a lasso over the horn of his saddle, and mounted on a cream pony, about twelve hands high, with a gorgeous embroidered saddle-cloth. Most of the gentlemen and several ladies get out of the train to examine him and his steed more closely, and at last one passenger more venturesome than the rest persuades the boy to dismount, jumps upon the pony's back and canters the little beast up and down the platform close to the car windows, amid shouts of laughter from within and without.

After a delay of twenty minutes we move slowly out of the station and pass a number of new ploughs and heavy waggons standing on the grass near the line, which would seem to indicate farming propensities in the neighbourhood. The day is bright and clear, with a delicious fresh prairie wind blowing; all the windows are open, and we feel we have left the dust and heat of cities far behind us as we steam away over an undulating, treeless prairie, covered with short buffalo grass. We see numbers of gophers scampering about in all directions and sitting up on their haunches like rabbits outside their holes, examining the train as it rolls by. These animals are a species of ground squirrel; they burrow in the earth and look like large tawny rats; their tails are stiff and hard, not furnished with the soft feathery brush of the tree squirrel, which, however, they resemble about the head and body.

We soon come upon Gull Lake, so called from the numbers of these birds which are hovering over its placid waters. "We are," said Mr. Fleming, "five hundred and fifty-four miles from Winnipeg, north of the Cypress Hills. The lofty ground to the south of us is perfectly bare; the country is dry, the herbage scanty." We slacken speed and approach Cypress Station: at one o'clock Maple Creek is reached. After leaving there we move off again over the endless prairie; but the character of herbage changes and the plains are covered with low sage brush and great bunches of a silvery-looking plant like lavender, interspersed with quantities of short yellow grass and foxtail, which resembles dwarf barley.

At two o'clock we arrive at Dunmore, and here I part with the friends who have been such pleasant companions and able protectors from Toronto to the Far West, and who must branch off here on the Galt Railway to Lethbridge, near Fort McLeod, their ranche lying in that neighbourhood. We are soon off again, rolling over a vast plain broken here and there, however, by grassy bluffs, with scattered herds browsing upon them and occasional homesteads in the distance. Now we follow for some miles the half-dried bed of a tributary of the South Saskatchewan; the banks of the stream are marked by refreshing foliage in the shape of a few low, stunted trees. Evidently there has been no rain in this part of the country for many weeks, and presently all signs of water disappear, leaving a dry, sandy bottom exposed to view. A few minutes more and we steam into Medicine Hat, which is situated on a sandy area and consists of a row of wooden houses and low cabins on each side of the track. A steamer on the South Saskatchewan is distinctly visible, anchored below the Mounted Police barracks, which are on a high bluff on the opposite side of the river. When the train moves off again we cross a solid iron bridge over the river, some thirty feet above the water's level, just outside the town; then follow the course of the Saskatchewan for a little way, and ascend a heavy grade with high grass bluffs on one side and the valley of the river on the other far below us.

Soon the top of the ascent is reached, and we are once more upon the genuine prairie, which rolls away as far as the eye can reach in an unbroken line to the horizon. I cannot do better than to quote a few lines from Mr. Fleming's book to give an adequate idea of the monotony of the scene. He says: "Our point of vision is really and truly the centre of one vast grassy plain, the circumference of which lies defined on the horizon. As we look from the rear, the two lines of rails gradually come closer till they are lost seemingly in one line; the row of telegraph poles recedes with the distance to a point. I should estimate the horizon to be removed from us from six to eight miles. The sky, without a cloud, forms a blue vault above us; nothing around is visible but the prairie on

all sides gently swelling and undulating, with the railway forming a defined diameter across the circle. The landscape is unvaried; a solitude in which the only sign of life is the motion of the train." E. S.

LITERARY NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

VERDI largely contributed to the composition of the plots of his operas—to the writing of the libretto. Not only did he select the subjects, but he traced the skeleton outlines; indicated the situations; and constructed the general plan. Piave was his chief assistant, or, as the lawyers would say, devil; he gave much practical help in the production of *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, *Simon Boccanegra*, etc. He was at best but a poor poet. On the other hand, Piave was an able *librettiste*. He had also the useful quality—that of completely effacing himself, by following all the indications and desires respecting cutting down and stretching out, as requested by Verdi. "The master so wished it," was his stereotyped reply to his friends. When disease reduced Piave to inaction, Verdi allowed him a pension, and took charge of his little daughter when he died.

The subject of *Aida* was imagined by the Egyptologist, Mariette Bey. Verdi at once approved of it. M. de Loële wrote the libretto in French prose, under the eyes and with the aid of Verdi. It was Verdi who exclusively arranged the final idea of the last act with its two superposed scenes from his own *Rigoletto*. M. Ghislanzoni translated the prose into the Italian verse, which was subsequently re-translated into French verse to suit the music. Verdi refused to go to Cairo to see *Aida* brought out; his horror of sea-sickness, equal to that of Rossini's, prevented him crossing the Mediterranean. Once in his life he voyaged from Calais to Dover to visit London. But he took a Hannibal oath never to commit such rashness again. Victor Hugo objected to his dramas being transformed into operas. It is thus that *Ernani* was so altered in title, characters, and details, that he could not recognize his own *Hernani* at all. In 1857 *Rigoletto* was brought out despite Hugo's legal opposition, the author's right of protest having lapsed.

M. Pougin, in his life of Verdi, declines to form a judgment on the nature of the genius and character of the composer, because he is still living. At what moment does posterity commence for an illustrious man? Is it at his death? Clearly not, because those who praised him, or those who abused him, will be of their own opinion still. After what lapse of time does posterity really become an infallible or a good judge? Glück is a case in point. After his death in 1787, he influenced composers, but his partisans and adversaries retained their opinions. Did posterity commence when the public abandoned his compositions? Does it begin now, when like Mozart, Berlioz, etc., taste favours his works, though few know how to sing his music? The success of an opera must be estimated by the receipts of the theatre; universal suffrage, experience proves, is no test of its value. This difficulty of judging lies in our not being able to distrust our personal impressions and preconceived ideas, even while allowing for the historical development of art.

FRANCE took possession of Canada in 1525, twenty-eight years after it was discovered by Sebastien Cabot. In 1763, she surrendered the whole territory to England. Voltaire alleged it represented only "a few acres of snow." To-day, Quebec, which was founded by Champlain in 1608, is the head of that Canadian Pacific Railway which stretches to Vancouver's Island; a line which is the shortest route to China and Japan; which will be a reserved military route for troops to India, and a serious competitor with the Panama Canal, in light goods and passenger traffic for the East. Viscomte d'Avenel states that in 1629 a royal edict gave the monopoly of the commerce of Canada to a private company. But no taste existed for emigration. No one cared to go to Canada, "not even the humble labourers and beggars."

In 1669, Louis XIV. issued a decree to pay the expenses of 500 emigrants to Canada. In the same year 150 girls were sent there from Paris, who were bound to marry on landing. Colbert, however, wrote privately to the Governor of Toulon, to take care and not allow so many persons to quit the kingdom for the future. A subsequent decree allotted pensions, varying from 300 to 400 francs, to every Canadian settler having ten or twelve children living, but who were neither priests, monks, nor nuns; and 25 francs was the pension accorded to every man who married at twenty years of age. In 1666, the population of Canada was 3,418 inhabitants; in 1669, the number was 5,870, representing 1,139 families, an augmentation that won a warm eulogism from Colbert. To-day, the population of Canada proper, that is, the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, is about 3½ millions.

M. CARTON lays down, that if woman possesses to a lesser degree the

gift of personal originality than man, on the other hand she is endowed in a superior degree with the gift of assimilation. Hence why her writings are almost always the most sincere reflection of the tastes, the common characteristics, and the literary tendencies of the best minds of her time. It may truly be concluded that female literature is the history of the art and the dominant tendencies of the periods in which woman has moved.

The literary rôle of women in France commences with the Middle Ages, although it is generally believed women then received almost no education at all. The extent of their knowledge was viewed as limited to a few medical prescriptions, and the cares of housekeeping. However, there is authentic evidence to show that from the eighth century there was a fair number of women—those naturally belonging to the higher classes—who devoted a considerable portion of their youth to studies. They acquired Latin in the convents, and learned to sing, to play the organ and the harp. Nowadays, the piano replaces the two latter instruments, not as an article of household furniture, but as a lady-like accomplishment.

The Duchesse de Septimanie, who died in 842, composed a *Manuel of Conduct*, being the counsels of a mother to her son. It was, of course, written in Latin, then the only language in vogue. Since, there has been a rich harvest of authoresses. The Marchioness de Rambouillet, who, it may not be generally known never wrote a book, united in her salons the most learned ladies of her time. They were not at all "blue stockings;" and to be received at the Rambouillet Hotel, was viewed as a diploma of honour, intelligence, and moral purity. The *élite* of intellect, however, went on so refining language and manners, as to leave themselves open to the shafts of ridicule. M. Carton believes the solid development at present being given in colleges and lycées to the mind of women, must augment the number of feminine writers. Le Brun said to ladies: "Inspire, but don't write."

THE SPITES OF RULERS.

WE were writing last week of the modern form of hero-worship, and of the power still remaining to individuals, and there is an untouched question connected with the subject which excites in us much curiosity. What is the extent of the influence of personalities, by which we mean personal likes and dislikes between sovereigns, ruling ministers, and ambassadors in international affairs? We all know that personal feelings affect domestic politics, occasionally most seriously. History is full of the influence of "favourites" upon sovereigns, and it is a fact not easy to explain that this influence, admitted on all hands, should usually be so bad. There is no *à priori* reason why the friend whom a king chooses—as, for example, James I. chose Buckingham—for his attractive qualities should not be an able man, or why the pretty woman whom a king makes his mistress should so seldom be competent to advise well. Vicious men, and women too, are often clear-headed, as witness Mirabeau and Catherine II.; nor is it a necessity of the position that courtiers who are also favourites should be vicious. William III.'s favourite, Bentinck, was a man of the highest character, and though perhaps greedy of wealth, gave up his grants the moment the people murmured at his master's prodigality. Still, favourites have swayed the destiny of nations, and there can be little doubt that even now, especially in countries where monarchy is strong, personal favour or disfavour often greatly affects a minister's position. A sovereign or premier can promote a man to whom he takes a fancy very rapidly if he pleases, and can bar the rise of a man he dislikes in a very effectual way. Prince Bismarck will not endure a man he dislikes in any great position, and we suspect that, in much more constitutional countries, men have been left out of cabinets, or admitted into them, out of sheer personal dislike or favour. George III., it is well known, once or twice confessed a motive of this kind when accepting or repelling a ministry; and Lord Melbourne's ascendancy was in part due to the deep and thoroughly deserved friendship of the Queen. Personal feeling has often had much to do with secessions from a ministry, and we should fancy that when the memoirs of this reign are published we shall find that, even in the struggle before us, "incompatibility" had a good deal to do with political action. We do not quite see, indeed, how it should ever be otherwise. Somebody must choose the executive, and no man believes profoundly in the man he hates, or sees all the incompetence of the person he most cordially likes. Modern government, too, in constitutional countries, is a kind of partnership; and a politician, however disinterested, can hardly derive full aid from a colleague whom he personally detests, while he may obtain from a friend more help than the external world thinks the friend competent to afford. The friend may supply something wanting to the minister which nobody but the minister is aware of, and may thus be as invaluable to that minister as he seems useless to everybody else. The late Lord Lyveden had that charm for Lord Palmerston, who always would put him in his cabinets, and, weak man as Lord Lyveden seemed to the House of Commons, the probabilities are ten to one that Lord Palmerston was right. He knew his own business pretty well, and had no earthly interest other than his interest as a statesman in always wanting to hear what Mr. Vernon Smith had to say in criticism of his plans. It is, however, waste of time to argue the point, for it is admitted on all hands. Enmity and friendship do affect domestic politics, and our question is whether they also affect external affairs. Do sovereigns and premiers and great ambassadors take resolves mainly dictated by enmity

or liking for other sovereigns, premiers, or diplomatic colleagues? The world says they do. The memoir-writers of his time all say that the Emperor Paul altered the policy of the Russian Court, and with it the fate of Europe, out of personal admiration for Frederick the Great, an admiration almost exactly like that of a monarch for a favourite. It had no root in policy, or in reflection of any kind, but seems to have been admiration pure and simple, like that of a school-boy for the successful athlete of his school. Carlyle has recorded the consequences of the grotesque personal enmity which existed between King Frederic William I. of Prussia and our own George II., an enmity which was like the hatred of two neighbouring squires, and would, had they met, have resulted in all human probability in fisticuffs. The hatred borne by Queen Louise of Prussia to Napoleon ultimately affected all European history, as did, in a less degree, the personal dislike between Napoleon and Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden. The policy of Russia was deflected for years by the dislike of the Emperor Nicholas for Louis Philippe; and the Crimean War might never have occurred, but that Sir Stratford Canning burned to punish the same Emperor for refusing to receive him as ambassador, a refusal which "the great Eltchee" regarded as a slight, and kept in his memory for years. A second war between Germany and France was averted in part through the strong friendship between the Emperor William and his nephew, Alexander II.; and the dislike of Prince Bismarck for Mr. Gladstone is said, perhaps falsely, to have repeatedly influenced his policy. At this moment, the peace of Eastern Europe is believed to be seriously threatened, because Alexander III. entertains what in a less exalted person would be called a personal spite against his Bulgarian namesake, is determined that he shall not get on in the world, and would like, if he saw the means, to inflict on him some keenly felt personal humiliation. In truth, "if all the world" is right, personal likings and dislikes affect the fate of nations almost as much as they ever did, and in certain circumstances as much as any other single cause. But then, is all the world right? Outside a most limited circle, nobody knows exactly what the facts are, and the tendency of the world is to accept gossip as truth, as a relief from its own consciousness of ignorance. Still, it is not likely that so many stories should all be false, especially when there is no antecedent improbability in them. The Sovereigns, it is true, never come into personal contact; but then, neither do the scholars, artists, and musicians who so often hate, and so frequently abuse, one another passionately. Not to mention that partisans constantly hate statesmen whom they never saw, with fiery fervour, jealousy requires no contact, and may be just as strong between sovereigns and premiers as between any other persons struggling for high places in the esteem or liking or admiration of mankind. Sovereigns are inordinately jealous of precedence, and as sensitive to slight as women, while, though they seldom meet, they constantly hear of one another, and this as fully as members of the same family sometimes do. It is possible to have an acute dislike of a man in business without ever having seen him, more especially when, as in the Bulgarian and Russian case, the interests directly clash. The novelist who made Smith hate Brown because Brown was intercepting his claim to a great reversion, would not be considered to be devising improbabilities; and no reversion could be more splendid or more desired than the throne of Constantinople. If, as is possible, the Czar sincerely believes that an inferior and pretentious person, "only one of those Battenbergs," is intriguing and fighting to gain that throne, and may gain it, it is quite probable that he regards him with an almost savage personal dislike. No doubt a king ought not, in the interest of his people, to indulge such feelings; but then, a king would not think so. It is the temptation of kings, as Mr. Sanford pointed out long ago, to identify themselves with their States, and therefore to think it patriotic to hate their personal foes. It is Russia, in the Czar's feeling, which is injured, as well as himself, when Prince Alexander gives himself airs of such arrogant independence. A modern king thinks he does enough in the way of self-restraint if he does not act on his hatred until it is politically, or, as he would say, patriotically, convenient. An ambassador would have precisely the same feeling as a king, his own quarrel being his country's quarrel in the same way, with this additional aggravation, that the ambassador will be more vain of his ability, and therefore be more wounded by any defeat. The king cannot be "wigg'd" for getting defeated, and the ambassador can. Judging from history and analogy, we should say that the rulers of mankind were as much affected by likes and dislikes as they ever were, or as any other cultivated class now is, the only difference being in the extent of their power to help or injure. That is not little even now, for every king is a diplomatist, and diplomacy is a far-reaching business, with extensive ramifications. If France makes herself disagreeable about Newfoundland, one may be powerless to secure a monopoly of fishing rights on the coast of that island; but the retort may be delivered with great effect as far off as Pekin. Indeed, so great are the opportunities, that unless a king or a foreign secretary is very sweet-natured indeed, or entirely indifferent to victory in his contests, the profession of itself must breed just a little malice. A nice little defeat, just where it will be felt, must seem sometimes so very like a well-conceived and well-deserved retort.—*The Spectator.*

THE DEAD SEA.

THE Dead Sea, as every one knows, lies at the very bottom of a long and narrow trough-like valley which on a map looks exactly like a continuation of the Gulf of Akabah. From this portion of the Red Sea it is, however, separated by a barrier of cretaceous rock nearly eight hundred feet above sea-level. The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,292 feet below that level, and

its bottom is about as deep again. So great an inland depression is unique, and since Von Schubert and Roth first recognized its true character fifty years ago much ingenuity has been expended in attempts to account for it. From a purely physical point of view the inquiry is interesting, and it is important that no misleading theory should be held respecting the principal topographical feature of a region whose historical associations are precious to so many.

The idea that the Dead Sea was formed when the Cities of the Plain were destroyed has probably not been seriously entertained for some years past, nor has its connexion with volcanic phenomena been recently maintained. Two views have, however, been regarded as possible by scientific men, and it became necessary to decide between them. In order to do this the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund sent out a geological expedition under Prof. Hull, the Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, and the technical results of this undertaking are detailed in the work before us.

The two views above referred to may be termed the "river theory" and the "lake basin theory." According to the first the Jordan in post-glacial—that is, in comparatively recent—times not only flowed into the Dead Sea, as it does at present, but also out of it through the gorge of the Arabah and the Gulf of Akabah into the Red Sea. It is interesting to find that this was the view held by Prof. Hull prior to his personal examination of the region, and developed by him in a lecture delivered at Dublin in 1883. The lake basin theory, which is that adopted by M. Lartet, regards the disconnexion between the inner and outer waters as very ancient—dating, in fact, from the first emergence of the land in early miocene times. It says much for Mr. Hull's candour that, with some modifications as to matters of detail, this is the view which he now holds. He went out, it has been said, to combat M. Lartet's opinion. He has come back as their champion. It is true that the evidence against the river theory is overwhelming.

Briefly summarized, the history of the Great Depression as read by Prof. Hull is somewhat as follows:—

1. In eocene times the whole region was under the sea, excepting only some mountains of palaeozoic rocks in the Sinaitic *massif* and on both sides of the Red Sea.
2. In miocene times the gradual elevation of the land began, and towards the close of that period the general outlines of sea and land were much what they have since remained. The emergence of the land, though slow, was yet due to intense lateral pressure acting in an east and west direction, and producing, therefore, a series of long north and south folds. In the case of one of these folds—a concave or synclinal one—the depth was increased, and also the liability to denudation, by actual disruption or faulting of the strata. In this hollow a portion of the ocean was imprisoned. This in an attenuated form is the Salt Sea of the sacred writers, the Dead Sea of the present day.
3. The heat of the miocene gave place gradually to cold, until the post-pliocene, or, as Prof. Hull prefers to call it, the "pluvial" period set in, when the rivers feeding the inland sea became larger, freshened it, and raised its level greatly, without, however—and this is an important point—actually connecting it once more with the outer seas.
4. Lastly, as the glaciers and snows of the northern highlands melted away under a more genial sun the rainfall decreased and the surface of the great lake fell away until it was reduced to the two smaller lakes we now know, the Dead Sea and Lake Tiberias, with a connecting stream.—*The Athenæum.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

We regret that two errors occurred in "S. A. C.'s" poem published in THE WEEK of 15th July: the title should have been "In June;" and the twentieth and twenty-first lines should read:

. whose long line of works
Beneath each gable, points to labours vast.

THE SAULT STE. MARIE LOCKS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your issue of the 8th inst., "E. S.," in describing a trip westward, falls into the common error of saying that Garden River (not Gardow, as printed), connects Lakes Superior and Huron. A glance at the map will show "E. S." that the connecting river is St. Mary's, of which Garden River is a tributary.

"E. S." is again inexact in saying that the ship canal and lock on the American side belong to the State of Michigan. The original canal and lock—the latter a comparatively small affair, now unused,—were constructed at the cost of the State Government; but the new lock—one of the finest in the world—was built a few years ago at the cost of the Federal Government, and is maintained by it. Large as this lock is (515 feet long, 80 feet wide, and with a lift of 18 feet), it is so inadequate to the demands of the rapidly increasing commerce of Lake Superior, that the Washington Government is going to expend \$2,600,000 during the next five years in building another lock on the site of the unused State lock, and in improving the canal and its approaches.

Meantime, the Dominion Government is doing little or nothing towards deepening or otherwise improving the Canadian side of the river, apparently content to accept the "benevolences" of Washington in return for the free use by Americans of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals.

Yours truly,
Sault Ste. Marie, Algoma, July 15. MILES.

*The Survey of Western Palestine: Memoir on the Physical Geology and Geography of Arabia Petrea, Palestine and Adjoining Districts. With special reference to the Mode of Formation of the Jordan-Arabah Depression and the Dead Sea. By Edward Hull, LL.D., F.R.S. (Palestine Exploration Fund.)

The Week.

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THE new Extradition Treaty with the States is not so comprehensive as it might be with advantage to both countries; yet, so far as it goes, it is a distinct gain. When it is ratified, the list of extraditable offences will be increased by four—manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement or larceny, and “malicious injuries to property whereby the life of any person shall be endangered, if such injuries constitute a crime according to the laws of both countries.” It is strange that these offences were not made extraditable by the two most civilised countries of the world, many years ago; but a partial explanation is given by Mr. Phelps in his letter accompanying the draft treaty: “The attempt to enlarge the list of crimes encounters such a variety of conflicting claims on the one side and the other as to render discussion almost endless and agreement extremely difficult.” At his accession to office he found pending between the two Governments a negotiation for a new extradition treaty that had been going on for nine years without much approximation toward a result. The discussion had been principally in regard to minor offences and details of procedure, and meanwhile the constant escape of criminals in flagrant cases, in respect to which there would be no dispute, had become a scandal to both countries. The inclusion of embezzlement or larceny of sums or value amounting to \$50 or £10, will at once put an end to one of the most glaring, though everyday, scandals, and may work a beneficial effect on commercial morality generally; for when the cities of refuge on both sides are deprived of their privileges, and no escape is possible to the criminal, a powerful restraint will be imposed that is now wholly lacking. With respect to the inclusion in the treaty of manslaughter and malicious injury to property, these two articles we suppose cover, as far as it is possible to cover, the operations of dynamitards. One who destroys property or endangers life in either Great Britain or America, and then effects an escape to the other country, or Canada, is to be surrendered for the crime he has committed; but no attempt is made to deal with those conspiring in either country against life and property in the other country, since this is an offence that does not fall within the range of extradition practice: the tribunals of the country where the offence is committed being supposed to be sufficient for the punishment of this class of offences. Article IV. excludes from the operation of the treaty all offences of a political nature; but though the miscreants who have been guilty of dynamite outrages in England may plead that their object is political—to free Ireland—no civilised community can admit that to destroy property and endanger the lives of peaceable citizens, women, and children, can be rightly called political, or, under any circumstances, deemed justifiable. Another commendable article in the treaty is that which provides that a criminal must be tried for the offence for which he is extradited, and for no other. This is a point for which the British Government have long contended: it is sound in principle as a matter of international law; but it has not for some reason been hitherto consented to by the United States Government, whose extradition practice, moreover, in this respect, has not been wholly free from suspicion.

THE Cleveland Administration has a difficult part to fill in the Fisheries question; and if the Canadian Government could help it, without giving up any substantial right, it might be done. The whole difficulty has its root in the determination of the Republican Senate to thwart the Administration: if a Republican Administration had recommended, as did Mr. Cleveland's, that a Fisheries Commission should be appointed last winter, to prevent the disputes that were certain to take place in the absence of any treaty, the Senate would have promptly assented. But it was a Democratic Administration that did this; and so the proposition was rejected, and a partisan Senate, refusing to come to the aid of the Administration, has been the direct cause of great pecuniary loss to their own citizens and of the state of irritation into which the two countries have drifted. The dispute between these must be settled by a new treaty, unless the Americans wholly cease their encroachments, and are content to honestly observe the treaty of 1818; for they may count it as certain that Canada, with the incoming Conservative Government at its back, will not yield a jot of her rights to unjust pretension and bluster. And if a new treaty must be made—as who can doubt?—the sooner the Republican Senators desist

from their unpatriotic opposition to Mr. Cleveland's proposals the better for their own credit; they are now only adding to the magnitude of the victory the Administration will one day win over them. We hardly think, meanwhile, that it would be wise for Canada to desist in any way from her present course, even to help Mr. Cleveland's Administration. Yielding would rather justify the tactics of the Republican politicians, and go to show that Mr. Cleveland's recommendation of fair play was weak, for Canada was sure, sooner or later, as the Republicans expected, to yield to the pressure of a greater nation.

MR. GEORGE BADEN-POWELL read a short paper the other day at a meeting of the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce held at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, which is better worth others' reading, in connexion with the subject of Imperial Federation, than the whole proceedings of the two days' Conference of the Imperial Federation League held at the same place a few days earlier. Mr. Powell's paper was on the subject of the “State Guarantee of War Risks.” In ships, Mr. Powell said, the central islands of the Empire obtained a major portion of the food the inhabitants ate, and of the raw materials they converted into manufactured goods; and out of this had grown the fact that Great Britain and her Colonies together monopolised two-thirds of the over-sea carrying trade of the whole world. How best to treat this special industry in case of war was Mr. Powell's theme: he cited the action of the Australian Colonies, who, last year, when there was a possibility of war with Russia, seeing that many of the Australian Colonies were intrinsically weak in means of defence, proposed to provide public indemnification for all losses due to a refusal to accede to requisitions from the enemy. Coal, for instance, was to have been destroyed rather than surrendered. And, similarly, Mr. Powell proposes that the State shall guarantee every person who sends his ship to sea during a war. It may be contended that to do so would throw on the whole community the burden of compensating one single class; but then that class is peculiarly exposed to and suffered from a public danger and attack, and, moreover, the shipping trade thus protected was in reality the vehicle for the prosperity of most other industries, and was, indeed, a trade shared in common by all industries. On the safety of the shipping depends the communication between Great Britain and her Colonies, and intercolonial communication; and the recognition of this principle of State guarantee would have the effect of urging forward another form of State guarantee—the prompt fortification of coaling stations.

HERE it appears to us we get a glimpse at the best foundation for Imperial Federation. Manifestly it is useless to project schemes founded on a common Imperial tariff; for there is absolutely nothing in common in the commercial situation of Great Britain and of her colonies. It is no longer a case of an older country exchanging her manufactures for the natural products of colonies: these have become manufacturers too, and in this they are rather rivals than customers of the mother country. A Federation to endure must be erected on an identity of interest, not a rivalry; and the one point where this may always exist in the present case is mutual protection and aid against the outside world. If a finished system of Imperial defence could be devised covering every member of the confederation and enabling the smallest member to appear before the world impregnable with all the might and prestige of the Empire, a bond of union would be found whose commercial utility would ensure its durability. We confess we perceive no possibility of another at all approaching it in value; and we believe it would be wise for the present to concentrate attention on this: if others be possible, they will become evolved in due course and will grow most naturally from this side of the question. Already, however, on another side, as the *Law Times* has pointed out, there does exist one such other—an administrative link, working in a manner most satisfactory to all interested. A few days ago, says the *Law Times*, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council gave judgment in five cases affecting important private and public rights in India, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the North American Colonies. “When the citizens of every state in the Empire are content voluntarily to submit their disputes to the arbitrament of a single Court of Appeal—and that court exclusively English in its composition—the formation of a single Imperial authority dealing with common interests is hardly outside the range of practical politics. The fact that the authority of the Judicial Committee is so highly respected in the colonies is one of which English lawyers have the best reason to be proud.” Perhaps it may be found one day that a defensive alliance between all the members of the present Empire, owing allegiance to the Crown and obedience to the Privy Council, will be the largest and most enduring form of Imperial Federation practicable.

THE excitement caused at first by the Batoum incident has quite subsided: people soon recognised that England was not likely to send a fleet to open the port; and so the subject sank out of living interest. Nevertheless, the Czar's declaration that Batoum has ceased to be a free port is, in presence of the virtual promise to the contrary embodied in the Berlin Treaty, a high-handed proceeding; and his manner of making the announcement was extremely discourteous to the other parties to the Treaty, and especially England. But then the Czar, who seems, from the many blunders lately made by the Russian Foreign Office, to have taken much of its business out of his Ministers' hands, is not only a stupid man, but also a discourteous one; and he knew perfectly well that he could take any liberty with his friend Mr. Gladstone, who might send an able state paper in protest, but who would never resort to other measures than irrefragable arguments. The subject-matter, however, in this case is really not worth quarrelling about. Russia acquired Batoum by the Treaty of San Stefano; the late Czar set his heart on keeping the place; and so at the Berlin Conference England yielded—there being no help for it, indeed, short of breaking up the Conference, and, possibly, war. The Czar could not be openly thwarted; and therefore the concession was made to him, he, on the other hand, announcing his intention of making it a free port, and of never fortifying it on any pretext. This intention, however, has not been observed by the present Czar, who probably does not consider himself bound by his father's mere intentions: the work of fortifying Batoum was commenced as soon as Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet went out of office; and the place having since become, with the connivance of the Gladstone Cabinet, a strong military port, advantage is taken of what will in all probability be Mr. Gladstone's last term of office, and of the feebleness of his Government, to formally throw off the restraints imposed by the Berlin Treaty. A Gladstone Government is Russia's opportunity—as it is of every enemy of Great Britain. In 1870, when England, under a Gladstone Government, had the Alabama difficulty on her hands and the Franco-Prussian war was raging, Russia tore up the Treaty of Paris; and, in 1886, England being plunged in confusion by Mr. Gladstone and his Irish allies, she tears up the Treaty of Berlin. But it appears by the Protocols of the Berlin Conference that the maintenance of the *status quo* as regards the Straits of Dardanelles was made by the British plenipotentiaries directly conditional on Batoum being declared a free port by Russia. Lord Salisbury declared, so runs the 14th Protocol, "that if the acquisition of Batoum had been maintained under conditions which would menace the liberty of the Black Sea, England could not have taken the engagement towards the other European Powers to interdict to herself the entry of that sea. But, Batoum having been declared a free and commercial port, the English Government will not decline to renew their engagements under the modifications imposed by the decisions already taken at the Congress." And hence it follows that, if the declaration made by the Czar and embodied in the Treaty of Berlin is now to be revoked, England will be relieved of the collateral obligation to respect the closure of the Straits. There are many weighty causes of quarrel with Russia, and it may one day be necessary to fight her; and, if war come, this last step of Russia may prove to be a huge blunder. At present, however, there is no occasion for England to do more than silently note the fact that, whenever she sees fit, she has a right, indisputable by Russia, to send her ships through the Dardanelles.

MEANWHILE the practical lesson may be taken from these infractions of the Treaty of Paris and the Berlin Treaty, that it is useless to impose restrictions on a great Power which it is against her interest to observe. So soon as opportunity offers, she is sure to repudiate an inconvenient obligation. It was ridiculous to attempt to keep Russian war-ships forever out of the Black Sea: no independent Power could submit to such an indignity; and, therefore, Russia refused to submit to this. In like manner, to grant Russia full sovereignty over Batoum and yet limit her right to raise customs there was a mistake; for it could not be expected she would observe the restriction, or refrain from converting the commercial port into a military one, if it suited her purposes. The port is hers, and as a sovereign Power she must be allowed to do what she pleases with it; at all events she cannot be prevented. Only she ought first to have got the consent of the other Powers to the necessary modification in the Treaty confirming her title; and not having done this—as perhaps she would not have been able—it is quite legitimate for England to hold her to the consequences of the indiscretion of her ruler. Batoum having ceased to be a free port and having been fortified, England is expressly freed from the obligation to respect the neutrality of the Black Sea.

RUSSIA is excited and uneasy at rumours of the contemplated occupation by England of Badakshan, a district north-east of Afghanistan. The well-known Asiatic explorer, Colonel Prjevalsky, has been summoned to St. Petersburg to give his advice on the matter. Recently the *Kavkas*, which is the official organ of the Russian Government in the Caucasus, published an article which dilated upon the injury that would be done to Russian trade by a British occupation of Badakshan.

CIVILISATION must be in a more advanced state in Africa than has been supposed, for according to Lieutenant von Nimptsch's report on that district of Africa which he has just explored, one tribe was "remarkable for its joviality" and organised burlesque songs and dances in honour of the visitors." Lieutenant Nimptsch was the first European ever seen in the district, so that it is plain that the African burlesque is indigenous; and only "advanced" nations are capable of appreciating burlesque.

ANY individual may be regarded as a very complex mingling of widely different bloods. To go no further back than the grandparents, he must be composed of at least sixteen different natures. It is not to be wondered at that such remarkable combinations should lead to great variations. The wonder seems rather to be that members of a family should resemble one another as much as they undoubtedly do. Sometimes in face, sometimes in form, frequently in the gait, gesture and tone of voice, family peculiarities make themselves apparent.

DR. DÖLLINGER, who is probably without a rival in comprehensive knowledge of history, writes thus to a friend in England: "Gladstone is to me a riddle, which I can solve only on the supposition that he knows little of Irish history, and still less of the character of the Irish people and of the spirit of the Irish priesthood. If he succeeds, what a frightful legacy will he leave to the generations which come after him! It is in truth the most threatening crisis which has occurred in England during the present century. God grant that she may surmount it happily."

THE London *Spectator* presents a curious illustration of the glamour sometimes thrown over usually clear minds by Royalty. In reviewing "The Cruise of the *Bacchante*," compiled from the journals, etc., of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, it says of the vision of the "Flying Dutchman," which the princes say they saw, that "it may not be so purely imaginary as it has generally been deemed." Would the *Spectator* admit this if the supernatural appearance had been reported by any other two middies in Her Majesty's Service? But we dare say the *Spectator* has since grown more sceptical; for in its next number a correspondent points out that the royal midshipmen have in the "Cruise," appropriated a long passage from Charles Kingsley's "At Last," which they publish as their own reflections on the state of the West India Islands.

THE English army, says the *Civil and Military Gazette*, in addition to its other virtues, is the only one which knows how to cheer. Frenchmen shriek, Italians howl, Russians roar or sing as the case may be, and Germans shout, on occasions of excitement. The Englishman takes the trouble—being born of a methodical people—to articulate a distinct "hurrah," which sound is known on the Continent as "Le British 'Orrai." A correspondent is at some pains to point out that the Englishman's attempt to make the native [Indian] army cheer as he himself cheers, leads to strange and awful noises on State occasions such as the Queen's Birthday. "No wonder," says he, "that the adjutant's horse, who has stood the trying ordeal of the *feu de joie*, sits down on his haunches in an agony of fear, while the adjutant himself, mindful of the regimental parade on the previous day, when he rehearsed the cheering 'by numbers,' abandons himself to tears."

KARL BLIND, in an interesting essay in the *Neue Freie Presse*, denies that the ancient "Fenian" were Irishmen in the present sense of the word. "The old Irish Fenian heroes," he says, "as we see them in the poems which have come down to us in the Celtic language, are evidently no Celts or Celt-Iberians. They are described as gold-haired, red-cheeked, blue-eyed, and white skinned. They drank beer out of drinking-horns." He contends that no ethnographer will doubt that the men so described can have been of any other race except the German. The true "Fenians" were, consequently, Teutons—let us say "Saxons"—who forced their way into Ireland and filled it with their fame at some pre-historic date! But this conclusion does not rest on the ethnographical type of the Fenians

alone; there are philological evidences to its probability. Words plainly German—such as “fechten” for instance—are found embedded in the midst of the Celtic texts. “St. Patrick himself,” says Herr Blind, “was not an Irishman by birth.”

THE full meaning of sunstroke, says the *Lancet*, is not included in that term. Heatstroke or insolation is a better word, and implies a further peril besides the downward glare of an unclouded sun. The concentrated heat of a close workroom, as well as the exposure incurred by some careless labourers in the open field, may lead to most serious consequences. The exhaustion of work also, particularly if clothing is heavy, is a predisposing condition which should not be lost sight of. Ventilation, regular nutrition, light clothing, and as far as possible remission of the pressure of work, are strongly indicated by the weather conditions under which we are now living, and we therefore venture to impress their importance alike on employers and employed. Beer and other stimulants are hurtful rather than helpful, and the substitution of non-intoxicant cooling drinks for those beverages is a truly scientific and sanitary advance in public taste. Protection of the head is a subject which is now fairly well understood. It should not be forgotten that the neck as well as the cranium requires to be covered.

COMPARING the dacoity now prevalent in Burmah with that which prevailed in Bengal during the first forty years of British rule, the *St. James's Gazette* says of the former: It is difficult in the present day to realize the horrors perpetrated by Bengal dacoits in those not very remote times. Expeditions were undertaken in the darkness of night, and were all of the same character. A gun was fired to warn the villagers to keep within their dwellings; and then the robbers, their faces masked or blackened, rushed in with flaming torches, and surrounded the house of some wealthy inhabitant, a trader or money lender. The inmates were roused, bound, and tortured without mercy until they revealed their secret hordes of money, jewels, or other valuables. At early dawn the dacoits vanished with their plunder. No villager had dared to interfere while the members of the household attacked were roasted or otherwise tormented; and not a man would venture to follow the thieves or make any complaint. Before the wretched villagers could recover from their panic the native police appeared upon the scene to extort money all round, by threatening to drag the villagers to the British magistrate as unwilling witnesses or to charge them with complicity in the robbery.

IN the second volume of his “Diary of Two Parliaments” just published, Mr. Henry W. Lucy draws this portrait of Mr. Gladstone: “Whilst the Premier slowly reads the terms of the question, it is not difficult to perceive that his mind is bent upon consideration of what he should say in reply, or, rather, what he should not say. When a question has not been placed upon the paper, but is suddenly sprung upon him in the House, this mental process is carried out in another and much more bewildering fashion. No time is given in such case for reflection. The question is put, and a Minister must forthwith appear at the table and reply. The Premier rarely takes refuge in the right of Ministers to demand that notice should be given. He begins his answer at once, or rather appears to begin. With slow intonation he commences a sentence, which, when finished, will stretch from Westminster Hall to Charing Cross, and has many more turnings off into by-paths, from which it threatens never to return. By the time this stupendous work of art is completed, the Premier has decided upon the kind of answer he should give, or whether he should refuse to give any at all. Frequently the latter is the case, and he speaks for three or four minutes, with every appearance of winning confidence, and at the close of his remarks he has not disseminated a particle of information.”

Few things, remarks the *Spectator*, are so inexplicable about the Irish movement as the refusal of the people of Ireland to provide any money for carrying it on. The farmers acknowledge that they have saved three millions a year by it, the classes which vote have millions in the Savings Banks, a subscription of ninepence a month from each Parnellite voter would provide £100,000 a year—more than is wanted—yet the whole burden is thrown upon the American Irish. The latter are beginning to be sensible of the anomaly. Mr. Eugene Kelly, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Committee in New York, made a speech on Monday in which, after protesting the loyalty of Irish-Americans “to Gladstone and Parnell”—“Powers eternal, such names mingled!”—he adjured his countrymen to go on subscribing, not only because victory was near, but “because Ireland will soon cease to be a burden on us.” His people, it would seem, are almost sick of subscribing, and it is necessary to address their pockets

as well as appeal to their patriotism. The speech suggests the truth of the old statement, that the Irish at home care heartily about their agrarian dispute, but are only anxious for Home-rule because it will enable them to acquire land cheap. Poor as the country is, it could, if in earnest, provide £100,000 a year for Mr. Parnell almost without an effort. He is supposed to have 500,000 households at his back, and the subscription would be less than a penny a week per house! Even a halfpenny a week would make the party independent; but it is unattainable.

SEEING all the difficulties that France has with her present Colonies, it appears strange that she should hanker after more. Tong-king has been to her little but a source of expense and trouble. The expeditionary force has had all kinds of commanders: poor Admiral Courbet, furnished by the navy; General Brière de Lisle by the marines; Generals Millot, de Courcy, Warnet, etc., by the army; but none of them succeeded, and all were in turn superseded. Not only was there jealousy among sailors, marines, and soldiers, but we are assured that Generals de Courcy and Warnet were with difficulty prevented from fighting a duel the other day. After the failures above referred to, it was determined to try a civil Governor, and the *savant* Paul Bert was sent out. But if we are to believe letters addressed to the *Temps* and the *Débats*, matters have gone from bad to worse. The new Governor has all the fighting elements opposed to him, and is “the victim of voluntary insults on the part of his subordinates.” The other day when he wished to show the Ambassador sent by the King of Annam a retreat by torchlight with music, General Jamont refused to send a military band. When M. Paul Bert wished to go up the river to Hue on board the *Estoc*, the *Estoc* was run on a sand-bank; and a gunboat which accompanied her steamed on, leaving the Governor stranded. We are told that at Haiphong the attitude of the officers towards M. Paul Bert was so hostile and unseemly on board the *Brandon* that he had to change to another vessel. It is easy to imagine how wroth the Republicans at home feel, and with what violence they denounce these acts of indiscipline, which show the small amount of respect in which the present Government and its representatives are held by the forces.

THE last disastrous war between Russia and Turkey has contributed to bring about a curious change in the domestic economy of the Turks. Polygamy, says a lady who has lately passed some time in Turkey, where she was a welcome guest in many of the harems and thus had ample opportunity for studying the domesticities,—polygamy is really the exception, and not the rule, in Turkey, and it is now more prevalent amongst the peasantry than amongst the upper classes. The wealthy have become impoverished, and are no longer able to maintain large establishments; whilst the peasants, partly out of charity, partly from a desire to secure inexpensive field labourers have selected additional wives from the widows and orphans of those who fell during the war. It must be added, too, that amongst the better class of Turks the healthy feeling that a man should be the husband of one wife is extending more widely every year. The lady referred to is a portrait painter and instructor of drawing, and has lately gathered some papers, previously published in various magazines, into a book—“*Eastern Life and Scenery*”—which gives an excellent description of the quiet every-day life of a Turkish family, differing in its simplicity and the monotonous routine of its home duties, very widely from our Western notions of the indolent luxury of the daily life of a harem. Some of her experiences as an artist are amusing, and her patience must often have been sorely tried by the vagaries of her models, and their desire to be painted in the tight-fitting garments of the West. The reader can well imagine that it was with “many an inward groan and rebellious struggle” that she submitted to the wishes of the short, plump, and imperious Sultana who insisted upon being represented as a tall, slight woman, and who had to be painted three times over, before her varying taste in dress, jewellery, and furniture was satisfied. Yet if all the models were self-willed, some, at any rate, were amusing, as, for instance, the two-year-old Bey, buttoned up in the full uniform of a superior officer, with sword belt, fez, and epaulettes, who took his natural refreshment from the bosom of his foster-mother whilst his features were being transferred to canvas.

FROM a town in the Far West comes a new form of salutation, which is said to be in use alike with the cowboy in his truculent bravery and the milder-mannered citizen. “Well, what do you know to-day?” are the first words exchanged upon meeting an acquaintance. Slang as it is—a bidding for the local gossip of the day, no doubt—still the remark is suggestive of the probable greetings of Socrates as he trudged about the streets of Athens, posing sophists, poets, painters, and others of that fine “ilk.” Change one pronoun for another, and we have, “What do I know to-day?”—a form that would have mightily pleased Montaigne, and one that would be extremely pertinent and useful in every-day practice.

TO MIRANDA.

[A free fantasia on a well-known theme.]

THE paper moon of pink
Has continents of ink,
An undiscovered literary sphere.
Above your head it swings,
Above the golden rings
That drop behind and wave below and softly veil your ear.

The moon, like some large pearl,
Looms calm amid the whirl
Of hearts and stars and planets, pulses all ;
The globe on which we fly,
The mimic one on high—
They both are real, and each is but a frail and wind-chased ball.

The banners northward flung,
The silver ribbons hung
Across an amber arch that fades to green ;
The flash of flying stars,
The fiery eye of Mars,
The blue of Sirius ere he drops behind that dusky screen ;

The colour everywhere,
The perfume in the air,
The mystery and magic of the place ;
The sweet disquietude,
With revery embued,
This is no cold colonial night—you boast some other race ;

Some other clime you knew,
Some foreign land knew you
When first you shook your curls upon the wind ;
In Grecian meadows sweet,
You set your girlish feet,
Or laughed in lakes Italian as the parted grass you thinned.

No daughter of the snow,
No northern bud could blow
Into a gold-crowned blossom, lace-enswathed ;
The soft and sunny South
Has surely framed that mouth,
The fervid East that glowing skin, those languid limbs, has bathed.

Although your hair be gold,
It holds no hint of cold,
But rather guards a bright and secret flame ;
I see from my low place
A curl lie on the lace—
It harbours light and warmth that put yon brazen bowl to shame !

My place is low but near,
If I but choose I hear
The tinkle of the cross that strikes your brooch ;
The little cross—my gift—
Chimes on as if to lift
My soul to worship, while it guards and consecrates approach.

We keep, with voices mute,
A silence absolute.
If I but choose, all's read within your eyes ;
If *you* but choose, I may
Upon your lap just lay
A hand too calm, too confident, to tremble at its prize.

So should we float to-night
In some enchanted flight
Towards those stars that mock our mimic moon,
We need not aught exchange,
Nor find the new world strange,
Since float with us through ether to some clear and joyous rune—

The pansy's purple dark,
The red geranium's spark,
The rosy oleander, smooth and tall ;
The world of mignonette,
The morning-glories met
By vine and sweet clematis climbing up the latticed wall ;

The white and orange fire
Of lanterns that conspire
Against the shadows stealing overhead ;
The arching horns of moose,
The awnings flapping loose,
The tawny rugs that meet your feet, and make my supple bed ;

The swing in which you sway,
The net of gold and grey,
The hammock filled with cushions to the brim,
The wine within your hand,
Of rare and subtle brand,
The glow within your eyes, the low and long repose of limb ;—

If good enough for this
Sad world of cankered bliss,
Perverted aims, rash hopes, and weak despairs,
These essences so fine,
These flowers and scents divine,
That seek the best nor flourish save in pure and perfect airs,

If strong enough for all
The gales that rock this ball,
The northern tumults both of wind and hail,
This canopy so free,
This latticed balcony,
That near the river rears its orange-lighted nest so frail ;

If high enough for what
Has been, must be, our lot,
To cull from all earth's duties but the best,
This love that fills my heart,
That love, which, e'er we part,
For the first time I long to hear in words, in words confest.

There is no world afar,
In planet or in star,
No mystic country Merlin ever sought,
Too fair for such a face,
For such a hidden place
Of sweetest refuge, flower and briar, pain and pleasure fraught.

There is no fairy realm,
Where magic at the helm
Holds back the ever reeling wheel of sense ;
No charmed gallery,
On mountain or by sea,
Where merge the nightly trances in the day-dream's joys intense ;

No turret-chamber hewn
In castle rock, and strewn
With sweetness plucked at dawn to scent the day ;
No palace shining fair,
With gleam of carven stair,
And splash of falling fountain in the courtyard still and gray.

Beneath what cloudless sky,
Too fair, too sweet, too high,
To shelter you, past mistress of delight !
I deem not half so fair
That royal room and rare,
Where Isolt sprang with sobs upon the breast of her lost knight !

That room so narrow neat,
Where Hero, fair and sweet,
Caught young Leander on her outstretched arm,
And drew him to the light,
From out th' encircling night,
And clasped him close and kissed him fast till he grew strong
and warm ;

And growing warm, grew bold,
And took with passionate hold
Her paling face between his trembling hands,
And made her own that hour
The man's consummate power
To drown her voice, and break her will, and bind her in love's
bands.

O sweeter far than it,
This place wherein we sit,
And sweeter far than lips on other lips,
To close our eyes and know
Whatever dreams may go,
The cherished one may stay, nor suffer wrong, nor fear eclipse !

Ottawa.

SERANUS.

A TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.—I.

THE dense grey cloud which had been hanging over the ocean since early dawn, and surrounding all objects in impenetrable gloom, cleared up, as if by magic, the instant the steamer *Norwegian* passed between the two grim sentinel rocks that guard the entrance to St. John's Harbour, and in a burst of sunlight the picturesque capital of Newfoundland was revealed to our view.

I had been up and on deck since five o'clock that morning, taking observations on the weather and harassing the sailors with questions displaying a lamentable ignorance of nautical affairs, also trying to discern through the mist some portion of the dimly defined coast line. The fog obliged us to keep well out to sea, but my investigations were rewarded now and then by glimpses of grim, rocky promontories, looming giganticly up in unexpected places. The impression I thus received of the country was not cheering. I stood beside my step-father, near the companion-way, in the bustle and confusion which seem to be indispensable in getting a vessel alongside a wharf, when it occurred to me to ask him at what hotel we were to stop? My venerable relative seemed somewhat taken aback at this question, cleared his throat nervously several times, and finally

informed me that, as a matter of fact, there were no hotels worth mentioning in St. John's, "though I believe," he added, "there are several establishments in the city dignified by that title." *

I pondered a moment on this gruesome fact before inquiring, with sarcastic intention, where he intended staying. Should we have to pitch our tents in the streets, like the—squatters? My step-father, who seemed anxious to avoid further controversy on the subject, discovered something demanding his instant and personal attention at that moment at the bow of the steamer and left me, muttering something of which I caught only the words, "private boarding-house"—"outside the city," and causing me to wonder dismally what manner of town was this, which required no hotels and where the sole accommodation for the weary stranger consisted in private boarding-houses outside the city. From this reverie Mr. Black's return aroused me. "Come!" he exclaimed, grasping my arm. He was a nervous man, and always worked himself up into a state of great excitement when travelling. He assisted me forcibly down the gangway, and across the wharf, fussily obtained a carriage, and we were soon progressing boarding-house-ward, seated in a vehicle which was considerably damaged by the lapse of time, and drawn by a horse so extremely decrepit that I felt conscious of an apologetic frame of mind with regard to it, and an inclination to alight and offer my services as a substitute.

This trip to Newfoundland, I may incidentally observe, was by no means a pleasure excursion, so far as I was concerned, though I think my step-father had no desire to preclude my deriving any enjoyment I could from it. Business in connection with certain mines in which he was interested had brought Mr. Black hither, and, as he was not a strong man and required a good deal of attendance, besides suffering in an extraordinary degree from that malady incidental to most people who travel by sea, he thought that to have an agreeable young person constantly at hand to soothe his pillow, perform all sorts of little offices for him, and look after him generally, would be a very good idea. He unfolded this plan for my edification, assuring me that Newfoundland was a country well worth seeing, and that such an opportunity might not occur again. After a good deal of persuasion, I yielded.

I remained in St. John's three months, during which time Mr. Black paid flying visits to contiguous out-harbours, and I was left very much to my own resources. I took long walks daily, and saw everything there was to see in the town and its environments. St. John's is a unique little town, situated on a rugged bit of Atlantic coast, where it tumbles down one hill and straggles up another, the harbour intervening between the two elevations. The place is at once filthy and picturesque. Nature has done everything for it in the way of furnishing fine scenery, has surrounded it with rocks and hills whose grey tops assume a thousand fantastic outlines, and against whose base the sea comes surging up, and pours into myriads of mysterious fissures and caverns with a thundering roar. With the natural advantages which it undoubtedly possesses, there is no reason why St. John's should not be a beautiful and flourishing city, except that it is not.

On some of the rocky hills that abound in the vicinity are forts, notably on Signal Hill, which stands at the northern entrance to the harbour, and is what Byron would call a very sufficient mountain. This formidable battery is garrisoned by one able-bodied person of four-score, a widower, who has sole command and whole charge of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance. The town is very quiet in most parts, but there is always a certain bustle in Water Street and along the wharves, flanked by stores and tall warehouses and loaded with goods of various merchandise, here a cargo of hides, there a quintal of fish. Seamen are singing and yee-hoing on board of sundry vessels lying at anchor in the harbour. In the spring, grinning sealers in oilskin suits are slouching about the quays or idling at the public-houses in the vicinity. When they come back from their trip in a few weeks' time, they will bring with them so overpowering an odour that even the least fastidious passer-by will hesitate about venturing within a radius of very considerable distance of their persons.

All trades here lie in most delightful confusion. Your grocer will probably display with pride a large and varied assortment of hats. In the dry-goods' shops you can buy anything "from a needle to an anchor," as they say there. At the apothecary's establishment you can invest in a miscellaneous assortment of wares—not forgetting a rope to hang yourself with, if your stay in St. John's be very protracted. There are also a couple of bookshops where may be bought, for double the usual price, some periodicals, not more than three weeks old, from busier parts of the world.

The streets of St. John's are narrow, rugged, and wind about in a tortuous manner, highly perplexing to the stranger, who loses his way frequently and bungs himself up in the course of his wanderings in quarters of unimaginable filth, tumble-down hovels, windows with broken sashes, decrepit fences, streets paved with old rags and decayed cats and other animals. One's nostrils are assailed by nauseating odours, and one's eyes by loathsome sights and sounds. A more unsavory place cannot be imagined. One gets glimpses of dirty faces at dirty windows, ragged children, slipshod women, men with evil faces and slouching gait. But a glance into these regions is quite sufficient and robs one of any desire to penetrate farther. The town abounds in hills. I noticed that pedestrians, with few exceptions, walk, even on level ground, as though going up hill. This may possibly be accounted for by the fact that if you do go out it must be either up hill or down. I used occasionally to wish that the weary mortal might walk in any one given direction without either toiling up a hill or scrambling down one, but I do not remember that this wish

was ever gratified. Mr. Black sometimes accompanied me in my peregrinations. On one occasion, I recollect, we went to town together, and to my inexpressible chagrin, were followed the entire length of Water Street by one or two street gamins, with portions of their raiment on exhibition which should have been sacred from public scrutiny, requesting us to disburse to the extent of three ha'pence. Mr. Black turned round to them now and then, menaced them with his stick, and threatened them with the strong arm of the law, but this demonstration was ineffectual, and they continued their march, exhorting us meanwhile in tones of the last trump.

The town is entirely and shabbily built of wood, with the exception of a few of the public buildings. The striking-looking edifice on the high hill, whose towers are the first objects that meet the eye on entering the Narrows, is, of course, the Roman Catholic cathedral. It seems unnecessary to name it, as the Romans generally contrive to get all the best sites for building, even in Protestant colonies, within their own digits. Neither does the stranger need to be told that the grim, sanctimonious building on Cochrane Street, leading to the Allan wharf, is the Wesleyan chapel.

Newfoundland weather is uncertain. No man can speculate on it with impunity. A day, beginning as though another deluge were at hand, will clear up suddenly and for no particular reason, contrary to the glass and the prognostications of the weather prophets. The safest plan is never to contemplate a walk, even in the fairest and most promising weather, without arming one's self with umbrella and mackintosh. The pedestrian may escape if he neglect this precaution, but the chances are that he will find both articles useful before his return.

St. John's rejoices in two newspaper organs, each claiming to be the voice of the people. The warfare between them is dire and unceasing. The *Telegram* refers to the *Mercury* as a polluted rag, and alludes to its gifted proprietor as a "designing imbecile," while the *Mercury* retaliates by designating everything that appears in the rival sheet as "drivelling slush." *

The town likewise boasts one or two (so-called) concert halls, around which hang a forlorn air of gaiety, and which are occasionally peopled by itinerant theatrical troops, of fourth or fifth-rate merit, from leading cities in the United States and the Dominion. The only play which I had the pleasure of witnessing during my stay in Newfoundland was *Hamlet*,—very originally put on the stage. The star of the company was a man named Catesby—an ex-clergyman who had divested himself of his cloth, and descended from the pulpit to the stage, where he had succeeded in acquiring the art of mouthing his words with exemplary skill. He fairly bayed forth his melancholy soliloquies. The appearance of the ghost did not accord with one's preconceived ideas of the orthodox stage spectre. He was clad in tights which were decidedly nonconformist,—refusing to adapt themselves to the shape of the wearer. He was furthermore enveloped in a species of blue mosquito-netting, the whole array forming a *tout ensemble* that was truly astonishing. As for the hapless young woman who played *Ophelia*, I really felt for her. *Hamlet* tossed her about the stage as though she were a doll, and when in their closing scene he advises her instantaneous retreat to a nunnery, he flung her from him with such force that she spun along the stage into the wings—where I sincerely hoped that some one was stationed in readiness to catch her, otherwise the consequences must have been disastrous.

I stumbled on some beautiful scenery in my various rambles. Any one who forms his opinion of Newfoundland by what he sees of the coast *en passant* from the deck of his steamer, receives quite an unjust impression of it. The grim, precipitous cliffs—with the surf of the broad Atlantic thundering against their base—than which nothing can be more uninviting, can give no suggestion of the exquisite loveliness of the scenery in the interior and on the western coast. The rugged heights, sombre, frowning, almost perpendicular in their grim monotony, are not without a beauty of their own, but nothing can surpass the silvery sheets of water, the soft undulating meadows clothed in tender green, and the beautifully wooded grounds melting into ranges of hills, made blue by distance,—that are to be found in many parts of Newfoundland. I found, not three miles from St. John's, moors—"barrens," the inhabitants of the country call them,—wild, solitary, covered with short coarse grass, and enclosed in a stunted growth of fir. Huge rocks, tumbled up, lay about, and the rushing of unseen waters alone broke the stillness. Here I was wont to sit hour after hour with my book, my solitude unbroken by sound or sight of living creature.

Near St. John's—so near as almost to form a part of the town—is the fishing village of Quide Vidi (pronounced Kiddy Viddy), whose snow-white houses, fish flakes, and rude fishing gear spread out on the rocks, coupled with the occasional view of a fisherman's daughter in orthodox red petticoat, form quite a fascinating spectacle when viewed from a distance. I use the expression, "from a distance," advisedly. The enchantment of the scene vanishes as one approaches. It is not that the houses look less picturesque when viewed through a shorter distance of ether, or that the fisher maiden's charms are not enhanced by closer inspection. It is simply that at some seasons of the year the odour disseminated by a Newfoundland fishing village is such, I do not hesitate to affirm, that the stink-pot used as a missile in war by the Chinese must be fragrant and balmy compared to it. Nevertheless, such was my curiosity, that I walked through the village and out into the "gut" beyond. I was much struck by the numerous cod-flakes covered with split, soaked, and salted cod spread out to dry. Under these

* This is not the case now. I passed through the town on my way to England last summer, and noticed a fine-looking building, red brick, facing the harbour. It was a hotel, planned, I understood, by Mr. Brookfield, of Halifax.

* The *Mercury* is the Government organ, though strictly speaking, there are no politics in Newfoundland. There are two parties. The one in power is termed very legibly and concisely "The Ins." The less fortunate denomination is specified with equal brevity as "The Outs." But they wrangle and bicker and quarrel among themselves over the newest trifles with as much earnestness as though they had a large and powerful constitution to govern.

structures, in some fishing stations the pedestrian may walk hundreds of yards, completely roofed in by cod-fish. But for the overpowering odour that permeates these structures one might glance at the water on one side sparkling through the boughs, and then at the roof whence only an occasional ray of sunlight faintly glimmers, and imagine himself in the dingy streets, narrow and shaded, of some Oriental town. In any case, I suppose, one might hold one's nose and transport one's self there in fancy.

A large quantity of fish is exported from this place; I was told the exact number of quintals for this year, but I regret to say that I forgot it. However, it is just as well, for I have no intention of writing patent office records.

There are many beautiful little villages near the capital: Topsail, charmingly situated on Conception Bay, largely used as a summer resort by people who resign themselves to all manner of inconveniences, including exceedingly poor fare, to obtain the sea-bathing. Here is a chance for some of our enterprising American cousins of a speculative turn of mind. A couple of good hotels, well managed, would make the place specially attractive, and make, also, the fortune of the proprietor.

But the village, of all others, which impresses itself upon my memory, is Portugal Cove. We drove there one balmy afternoon, and the first glimpse I got of it disclosed rugged cliffs stretching far out into the sea, with a group of huts situated, like the homes of some strange water-fowl, in the very crevices of the rocks, far above the dashing, white-capped waves, and the roar of the breakers. At first glance these houses appeared inaccessible, but closer inspection revealed rickety ladders and steps cut in the solid rock. A dreamy, dismal place, I reflected, yet not without certain advantages as a residence. Gossip would be next to impossible, because it would be a work of art to get from one house to another. But it is sad to think of the poor fishermen and women who drag out weary, lonely lives, and, dying in myriads, leave no records behind them to tell of their sorrowful, cheerless, hard-worked lives. On our way home we passed a beautiful sheet of water known as Twenty Mile Pond. The size is expressed in the name. There it lay, not a ripple on its calm surface, glowing in the yellow sunset, surrounded by rugged hills—one of the magnificent lakes in which Newfoundland abounds.

After a sojourn of some three months in the capital, my step-father appeared before me one morning with a face more flushed than usual, and surmounted by a hat very much on one side, his coat unbuttoned and the tails wildly flying behind him in the breeze, together with all other outward and visible signs of being in a hurry, in his whole presence. Questions elicited the fact that he had just received a cablegram on business which necessitated his immediate departure for Tilt Cove, in the North, and that luckily the steamer was in port—would be leaving in an hour.

"Oh, Mr. Black," I implored, rising with tears in my eyes, "take me with you; do take me!"

"You? Why, wh— It's no place for women. And, er—, you can't get ready in time."

"Try, and see."

"Can you dress, and pack your portmanteau, and be ready to go down to the wharf in three-quarters of an hour. The landlady has to be interviewed, too, you know."

"You try me, sir. If I'm not ready in time I'll give you full permission to go without me."

"Very well. I'm afraid you will repent it. You're sure to be seasick. They tell me these coastal steamers roll terribly."

With this comforting information he left me.

PORTIA.

INCONSTANT.

A WARM breeze comes from the South
And kisses the rose's mouth,
Whose red leaves tremble and part
As if from the throb of a heart.

This love,—of the wind's touch born,—
Wounds now like an unseen thorn;
For the gay breeze onward goes,
And heartsore is the rose.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE: *N. Y. Critic.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THREE AMERICANS AND THREE ENGLISHMEN. By Charles F. Johnson, A.M., Professor of English Literature, Trinity College, Hartford, New York: Thomas Whittaker.

The "Three Englishmen" are Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, the "Three Americans," Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow. The chapters devoted to them served the primary purpose of lectures to the students of Hartford College, and bear, therefore, the advantages and disadvantages of preparation for delivery from a professor's chair. In every case Professor Johnson includes the personality, the philosophy, and the poetry of all three Englishmen in his lectures. He hardly does so much for the Americans, in fact, not only in regard to comprehensiveness, but in all almost all points of treatment, Professor Johnson has done better by the foreigners than by his own countrymen. Of Hawthorne he writes very unsympathetically, he has little that is new to say of Longfellow, and Emerson he regards

coldly from the outside. But the papers upon Coleridge and Shelley, especially, are delightful, stimulative reading; they seem to be the product of deeper admiration, stronger grasp, more intimate appreciation than the others. Of course the lectures have the inalienable faults of all lectures: they are in no respect exhaustive studies of any one phase of their subjects. But no one can read them without feeling the delight of fresh contact with these literary divinities through an able scholar of refined and penetrative mind.

MURIEL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Andrew Ramsay. Toronto: A. H. Hovey and Company.

If you love not with abiding
Loyal love this wide Dominion's
Fecund lakes and fertile landscapes,
Coloured by Apollo's coming,
Soft thro' oriental lintels
Fresh from Nature's mighty Maker;
Or withhold your admiration
Simply that it is not classie
With refinement of expression,
Go; and be thou brief in going,
Never should a bard song-worthy
Harbour any heartless reader.
But if all these things delight you
If you yield the cup of mercy
To a foe when he is thirsty;
If your spirit thrills benignly
O'er another's exaltation,
Let us join our wills together
And rejoice in mutual meaning
With that fellowship of feeling
Which when found is so refreshing.

After reading this very definite quadrametrical statement of the qualifications necessary to the proper appreciation of Mr. Ramsay's verses as contained in his "Preamble," one naturally feels a certain delicacy about assuming the task of criticising it. One might profess a certain affection for

this wide Dominion's
Fecund lakes and fertile landscapes;

but to be well-disposed toward an enemy in distress, especially if the enemy be a poet, or conscious of a benign thrill "o'er another's exaltation" at all the times and under all the circumstances prescribed by Mr. Ramsay's muse, is rather more than the most amiable critic should be asked to concede. And so, although the ignominious penalty be the order to "go," and be "brief in going," we must venture to express opinions not wholly inconsistent with those of a "heartless reader."

For there are grave faults in Mr. Ramsay's verse. It seems to be spasmodically constructed, and the spasms are not always pursued to a logical conclusion.

We own a grand exhaustless store
Of uncommunicable lore;
We can feel music long before
The first note sounds;
Far off we hear storm'd ocean roar
Lashing his bounds.

In this we seem to discern the beginnings of three separate ideas, each with a certain intrinsic beauty, but each sacrificed to the other, evidently for some rhyming need, and the whole rendered worthless by the sacrifice. In addition to this "short sharp shock" of disconnected thought, Mr. Ramsay's poetry has the common fault of complication. One begins a stanza with an anxious hope of finding the verb somewhere about the middle, but it usually turns up so near the end as to necessitate a profound mental effort to recall its subject. This is a kind of liberty with our brains that we permit only our professors and Mr. Browning. In diction, as well as construction, Mr. Ramsay's poems would have gained vastly by a little judicious simplicity. Too frequently this poet allows himself a disfiguring drop into the commonplace, as when, describing the effect upon him of the news of "Muriel's" disappearance, he says:

There were three stories in that store,
An awful depth of stream below!
One plunge—and rest for ever more—
But it seemed cowardly to go.

The picture of a morbid young clerk sitting on a dry-goods box, and staring down into a melodramatic canal may be very true to nature, but it is hardly admissible in so romantic a poem as "Muriel." On every page, however, the faults and virtues of Mr. Ramsay's writing are inextricably mingled. Hard upon the heels of that melancholy youth comes this:

O Night! thou vast obsidian glass,
Where spirits see the infinite,
Of more than space, thy reign shall pass,
Thou art not everlasting, Night.
High up in heaven the stars a gleam
Remonstrate 'gainst life's short despair;

Are they not anchored in thy stream,
O Peace! forever anchored there?

Whatever may be said of the continuity or consistency of this it at least breathes a poetic spirit, restfulness, and beauty. Many of Mr. Ramsay's shorter pieces contain more merit than his sustained work. His occasional attempt at *vers de société* is brightly clever, and his frequent reminiscent sad little song, like "The Little Frame House," is touchingly pretty. All through the volume is evident a love of nature, a patriotism, and an appreciation of the best and truest in human nature that will convince all of Mr. Ramsay's readers, and we hope they may be many, that to whatever extent he has failed in expressing it, he has been gifted with the divine afflatus in no ordinary degree.

NOT IN THE PROSPECTUS. By Parke Danforth. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This book appears to have been written by a Cook's tourist, by way of avenging himself for his own indiscretion in touring with Cook. True, the guide, philosopher, and friend of Parke Danforth's excursion party is incongruously designated as "Mr. Joy," but the thin deception will impose upon nobody. It is Mr. Cook in transparent disguise. The chief characters in this party of eighty, who troop about Europe in the frantic manner that is the wont of such parties, are an amusing old maid, a rather priggish young one, a college president, who falls vainly in love with the latter, and a young doctor who goes through the same process with the best and most encouraging results, the matrimonial incident that ensues being, of course, "Not in the Prospectus." There is a will complication which renders this blissful consummation several degrees more blissful, as such complications usually do; and several pleasant little coincidences enliven the European progress of the "personally-conducted" charge of Mr. Joy. It is rather a jolly little book; the dreary situations of the sight-sated party are reflected with merciless humour, although the local European character might have been put in by a person who had never been in Europe. Rather too much prominence is given to unimportant details in the construction of the book. There are some excellent portraits in it, however, the cynical-tongued, good-hearted, middle-aged American school teacher being a gem, and the college president inimitable in his way. In fact, though it is difficult to forgive him for his rather prudish young heroine, Parke Danforth has made a very pleasant contribution to the list of summer novels now available.

TACITUS. Oxford Press.

We can recommend with full confidence and with exceptional warmth a new edition of the *Annals* of Tacitus, edited with Introduction and Notes by Henry Furneaux, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Only the first volume, containing Books I. to VI., has as yet appeared. But so far, it has not merely distanced all previous editions, but left them out of sight. Here again "Eclipse is first, the rest nowhere." The text and notes are preceded by an Introduction of great value, dealing fully with all the subjects necessary to a right understanding of the great work of Tacitus. We have ample details of the life and work of the author, on the genuineness of the *Annals*, on the sources of information open to Tacitus, and on the use which he made of his materials. Great attention is given in the Introduction and in the Notes to the peculiar character of the Latin of Tacitus, and full information respecting the historical antecedents and surroundings necessary to be understood in reading his work. The text has been formed with constant reference to the best manuscripts and the standard critical editions which have already appeared, especially in Germany; and the Notes, without submerging the text, are full and sufficient for the needs of the student. It will be apparent that no one who really wants to understand the *Annals* will be able to dispense with this edition.

In "justice" to the author of "The Art Gallery of the English Language," which he certainly deserves, and which we deeply regret that he has not before received in this connection at our hands, we reprint as follows the extract misquoted in the review:

"I have heard the wind rise on a soft June day in ever such gentle whisperings, as though fearing rebuke, wooing the leaves. By-and-bye, grown bolder with dalliance and unchecked caress, it lifts its voice in little laughs and gurglings and harmonious trills of hilarity, while the green masses of the woodland shake their jolly sides in sympathy with the happy fellow. Then follows a lull—surfeit of satisfaction, the tender interlude all hushed, only the sun-glint on the rail and the odour of summer in the air; then the first soloist sailing on ebon wing above the tree tops gives vent to his lusty caw, caw, caw—recitative to ox-eyed daisy and red-tinged sorrel and nodding grass-plume, and then, again—silence—followed by a

little burst of tremulous applause—clap of leaf-hand, and tinkling approval of ripple lip."

As to the rest of Mr. Morrison's protest, which appeared in last week's issue, we can only say that, while we regret to observe his marked hostility to the opinions of our review, we hardly anticipated that he would coincide with them. We sincerely hope that Mr. Morrison will find his own view of the merits of his book, that of a great many other people; and while we take the liberty of retaining our own, we do not consider it necessary to assume the obviously painful duty of contesting his.

We have received also the following publications.

NINETEENTH CENTURY. July. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publishing Company.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. July 24. Boston: Littell and Company.
WIDE AWAKE. August. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
SCIENCE. July 23. New York: 47 Lafayette Place.
ELECTIC MAGAZINE. August. New York: E. R. Pelton.
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. August. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
THE FORUM. August. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.
INSPIRATION. By Canon Farrar. New York: John B. Alden. Elzevir Library.
NOTES ON BRITISH PROBLEMS. By W. Bookey Brownrigg. Dublin: Wm. McGee.
MOUND BUILDERS. By Rev. W. F. Smith, M.A.B. Sc. Ph.D. Montreal: Gazette Printing Company. David Boyle, Toronto.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SALLY McLEAN, author of "Cape Cod Folks," contributes to the August *Wide Awake* an irresistible story of "Peter-Patrick."

A CHOICE illustrated edition of Paul H. Hayne's complete poems will be issued immediately by D. Lothrop and Company, Boston.

THE author of the graceful cover-design of Mr. Clinton Scollard's volume, "With Reed and Lyre," is Mr. Robert Barrows, a young artist, of Clinton, N. Y.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN, author of "The Leavenworth Case" and other "detective novels," contributes to the August *Wide Awake* "An Entertainment of Mysteries," sure to cause much mirth everywhere.

"SPUN FROM FACT," Pansy's true-story contribution to the psychological literature of the day, is attracting much attention. The facts are wonderful in whatever way the reader may try to account for them.

MR. WILLIS BOYD ALLEN has found time amidst his work as a Boston lawyer and his labours as editor of *The Cottage Hearth*, to write another juvenile. It is entitled "Silver Rags," and is published by D. Lothrop and Company.

THE midsummer (Aug.) *Wide Awake* carries a surprise in its beautiful new cover, which is a radical departure from all precedents. The design is purely decorative, as a cover should be, rich in rose colour and gold, on pale tea-green antique-finish paper.

THE numerous friends of Mrs. Clara M. Arthur will read with deep interest her "Etchings from Two Lands," published by D. Lothrop and Company, descriptive of her and her husband's missionary labours in Japan. The story is all the more touching now that she too has passed "beyond the veil."

A SPECIAL feature of the midsummer (Aug.) *Wide Awake* is a charming collection of a dozen flower poems. Miss Wilkins writes of "Mignonette," Clinton Scollard of "Water Lilies," Ernest W. Shurtleff of "The Four-leafed Clover," Bessie Chandler of "Tulips," Miss Nichols of "Dear Dandelion," etc.

D. LOTHROP AND Company will soon issue a book by a new author, "The Full Stature of a Man." A Life Story. By Julian Warth. As in "The Reverend Idol," the hero is a minister, of independent thought and action. Others of the characters are graphically drawn, and the book abounds in originality and force.

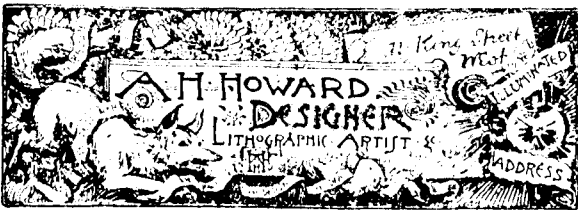
FRANK R. STOCKTON's new novelette, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," which is to begin in the August *Century*, describes the remarkable adventures of two worthy New England women and the chronicler of the tale, who were shipwrecked and cast ashore upon a small island in the Pacific Ocean, which proved to be by no means a desert.

APPARENTLY Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Co. have found the publication of Russian literature extremely popular, as they add still another to their long list of announcements of Russian books. It is now proposed to issue in a new English translation the chief works of Nikolai V. Gogol, who has been called the Charles Dickens of Russian fiction. "Tavas Bulba," the first volume of the series, will be published some time this month.

THE *Century* Dictionary upon which the *Century* Company has been engaged for the past five years is well in hand, although two or three years must yet elapse before it can appear. It is one of the greatest literary enterprises, ever undertaken. It is designed to make this dictionary absolutely complete in all the departments of the English language, and that even definitions in all branches of art and science shall be so complete that even the specialist will need nothing further. It will be, in fact, of an encyclopædic character, while preserving all the distinctive features of a dictionary. There will be 5,000 illustrations of a quality hitherto unknown in works of the class, and there are thirty artist specialists, exclusive of engravers, etc., now engaged on these pictures. Prof. William D. Whitney, of Yale College, is the editor-in-chief of the great project, which it is estimated will have cost upwards of a million dollars before the work is ready for the public.

THE *Art Interchange* of July 17th has a large, boldly-painted study in colour of Dogwood blossoms. Not only will amateur artists find this an excellent model to copy, but those who do not paint can use this charming study for the decoration of their walls. It is well worth a frame. This is the only coloured study of dogwood in the market, and it has been published in response to a demand. Another attractive feature of this issue of the *Art Interchange* is an admirable study (in black and white) of birds and grasses, to be painted on panel of matting, or embroidered on linen. A striking study of a girl's head, after Henner; a most beautiful wild rose design (conventionalised), for sofa pillow, and an outlined sketch of a mounted horseman, after Detaille, are also given. The Query and Answer department is filled with sound, practical advice to art students and home decorators, and the issue as a whole is most attractive as well as useful.

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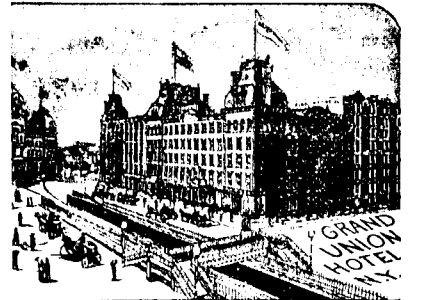
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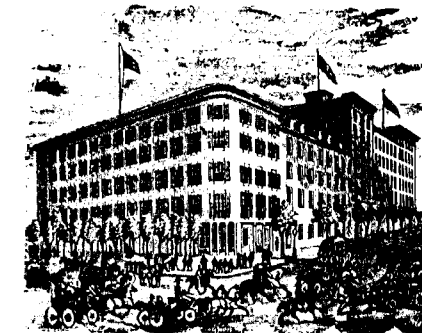


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- Portrait of Louis XVI. Frontispiece.
- Home of Major-Gen. Henry Knox. "Montpelier." Illustrated. E. Marguerite Lindley.
- The North-West Territory: Its Ordinance and Its Settlement. Israel War I Andrews, LL.D. [Mariett College, Ohio.]
- Convention of New York, 1788. A. W. Clason.
- Cedar Mountain. II. Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-Gen. U. S. A.
- Negro Slaves During the Civil War. Col. Charles Jones, Jr., LL.D.
- At the Death Angle. Charles A. Patch.
- A Canadian View of Annexation. J. L. Payne.
- Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
- The Ages of Military Commanders. Hon. James G. Blaine.
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SCIENCE is now presenting a discussion on disputed questions in Political Science, between the adherents of the so-called old and new schools. To this discussion able articles have been contributed by Professors Sumner and Hadley of Yale, Laughlin and Taussig of Harvard, Ely of Johns Hopkins University, James of Philadelphia, Simon Newcombe of Washington, and others.

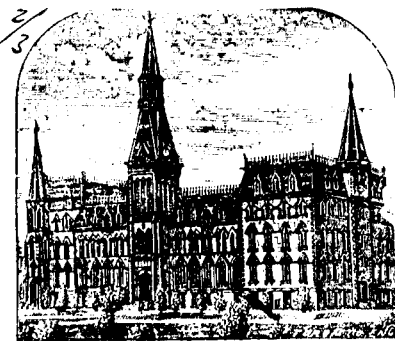
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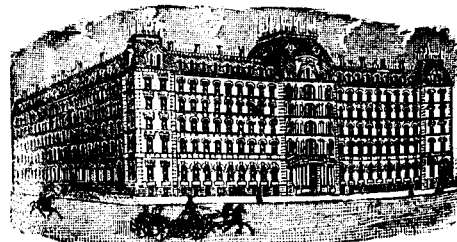
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