

# THE WEEK:

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By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 7th December, 1885.



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# THE WEEK.

Third Year.  
Vol. III., No. 4.

Toronto, Thursday, December 24th, 1885.

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### MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHEME FOR IRELAND.

THE announcement that Mr. Gladstone had proposed to capitulate to Parnell, to give Ireland a separate Parliament, and if the Conservative Government resisted, to turn it out by the help of the Parnellite vote, appears to have been premature. No wonder that Tories, who had just been lectured by Mr. Gladstone on their intrigues with the Parnellites, should have denounced his proposal as profligate. There are symptoms, nevertheless, which indicate that some scheme of the kind is in course of concoction. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, his father's political acolyte, has ventilated his opinion that if five-sixths of the Irish people want a separate Parliament wisdom and justice require that they should have it. The Unionists in Ireland are not one-sixth, but something like a third, of the entire population, and as they have among them the very flower of the whole, their opinion about the interests of the country is not to be set at naught. But does Mr. Herbert Gladstone think that every discontented province or district has a right to set up for itself? The United States did not act on that principle in the case of Southern Secession, nor did Switzerland in the case of the Sonderbund, nor Canada in the case of the Metis. What security could there be on this hypothesis for any nation of composite structure, or one in which there were any dividing lines of religion or race?

Is it reasonable that the fate of the Union, and all that depends on it, should be settled by the result of a single Irish election, when that election was not free, but coerced by a terrorist organization in the hands of Parnell, with the aid of money supplied by the foreign enemies of the realm; and when most of the people were not really voting on the political question at all, but in favour of unrestricted liberty to strip the landowners of the remainder of the rent? Before the irrevocable step is taken the country may surely be allowed time for deliberation, and for a more satisfactory testing of Irish as well as of British opinion. But Mr. Gladstone is seventy-seven.

The concession of legislative separation would of course be guarded by conditions and restrictions penned by Mr. Gladstone's ingenious hand, and which would not be worth the paper on which they were written. Before the ink was dry the agitation for their abolition would commence. Mr. Gladstone has to deal not with reformers seeking redress of grievances, but with deadly enemies of Great Britain seeking the destruction of the realm. Parnell has never brought forward a grievance of any kind, or sought any reform at the hands of Parliament. His policy from the outset has been that of moral rebellion, and his aim throughout has been disruption.

To talk of "Grattan's Parliament" is absurd. It was kept in practical subordination to the Parliament and Government of Great Britain by a system of the grossest corruption, and its career soon ended in a murderous civil war, resulting in an anarchy which left no alternative but Union. Grattan himself sat in the Parliament of the United Kingdom for the English borough of Malton.

The alleged parallel of Hungary and Austria is equally beside the purpose. Hungary was always a nation in the fullest sense of the term, with a Crown, a Diet, laws, and a language of its own. When it tried to go out of the Empire, the Empire coerced it with the sword. Besides, the Austrian system is as yet far from being an assured success.

Supposing Mr. Gladstone should really meditate crowning his pile of

calamities by a surrender of the national unity, will he succeed in carrying out his design? He can reckon of course on the Parnellites, who will support him with a chuckle and a sneer. He can reckon probably on the Radicals, who are inflamed to frenzy by the recent faction fight, and seem to outnumber the Liberals. But the Unionist Liberals are still strong, and will no doubt support the Government if the Government is true to its trust. Unhappily, the Government in the House of Commons is practically represented by Lord Randolph Churchill, and the Dutch auction of infamy is likely to recommence. Had Lord Salisbury kept the road of honour he might now be standing forth in opposition to Mr. Gladstone as the saviour of the nation from dismemberment.

The House of Lords is too weak to interpose its veto even if it cared much for anything but landlords' interests, while the Throne, round which the nation might rally in defence of its unity, being occupied by a lady, is politically vacant.

The Ulster Orangemen apparently will fight, and, amidst general weakness and cowardice, a small body of men who will fight may do great things.

England has no doubt survived many a perilous hour. That does not prove that the present hour is not perilous, or that the language of patriotic anxiety is a proper subject for derision: at least, if it is, the ridicule must extend to some of the foremost of British statesmen. But the failure of public spirit, we may reasonably hope, is confined to the politicians and their vile and selfish factions. The British soldier or sailor is what he has always been, and so is the Englishman on the common path whether of duty or of enterprise. With Lawrence or Gordon in place of Salisbury or Gladstone, the nation would be in no danger of cowardly capitulation or of dismemberment. Nor need the disaster, if it comes, be final. When the consequences of the surrender of national welfare and honour are felt, patriotism may be reawakened and a strong hand may recover what weakness and treason have lost.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

### LYTTON'S "GLENAVERIL."\*

It is a little unfortunate for Lord Lytton that the measure, and at times the method, of his new poem inevitably recall "Don Juan." The defiant jauntiness of Byron does not offend, even when it appears most incongruous with its matter, because it has always a meaning—is always representative either of a mood or of an attempt to disguise a mood. But the like attitude in Lytton strikes one as a pose. Byron's jauntiness was an idiosyncrasy, which Lytton, for effect, has borrowed of him. Passages in "Glenaveril," which to one ignorant of Don Juan would seem racy and taking, lose most of their relish when the flavour is perceived to be not fresh. A diminished Byronic note is plainly detected in

Tyranny's motto (learn it, young aspirant  
To freedom!) is *Memento*. Death's a tyrant;

and in the clever saying that

Man is not man's brother  
As woman woman's sister: her vocation  
Begins where ends his aid,—with consolation.

It is Dr. Holland, I think, who has said "Fish is good, but *fishy* is always bad." Sometimes, again, this Byronic off-handedness loses all trace of its origin, and degenerates into a spasmodic attempt at the colloquial and familiar. Lord Lytton can dramatically present the thought and speech of his own class, but in speaking for the lower classes he is at his worst:—

'Then, dear Miss—  
Müller, Sir, Martha Müller, as you see,  
Hearty and hale; and, God be thanked for this,  
A spinster, *Grundbesitzerin*, thank Heaven!  
Residence, Stuttgart,—age, Sir, forty-seven.'

In the six books of "Glenaveril" the passages to which the above censures will apply are not few; it must be said, however, that they grow more infrequent as the tale progresses, and the poet becomes more faithfully himself as the interest of his story deepens upon him. Nevertheless, he has not been able to refrain from introducing a shipwreck midway the narrative, and thus again suggesting fatal comparisons. This shipwreck is a spirited piece of work, more than overreaching a fine height, both in

\* "Glenaveril, or The Metamorphoses": by the Earl of Lytton, "Owen Meredith." New York: D. Appleton and Company.

expression and imagination. The following stanza, with its impressive concluding line, is a fair instance :—

The next wild moment he, in turn, was gazing  
From the swift upswell down upon the ship ;  
And for awhile, now sinking and now raising  
Its victims, with alternate heave and dip,  
The awful see-saw played. At times the dazing  
Levin in livid gashes seemed to rip  
The storm's heart open, and then all again  
Was one wide roaring darkness lashed with rain.

But bring in contact with this a line from Byron's shipwreck, and how the passage pales and becomes common :—

And first one universal shriek there rushed,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,  
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash  
Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

This drawing of comparisons may be objected to as a cheap and ungracious sort of criticism, but Lord Lytton's plain invitation must excuse it. When all is said, however, it must be confessed that marked originality is the last excellence to have been anticipated in the verse of "Owen Meredith," whose early work, the brilliant but superficial and slovenly "Lucille," furnished the world with a fit measure of his genius. No more in "Glenaveril" than in his previous poems need we look for great strength and simplicity of passion, or for those little fragments of speech which serve men for a revelation. Once or twice, in the old days, he struck such a note as this :—

A tone, a touch,  
A little look, may be so much !  
The little glance across the crowd,  
None else can read, wherein there lies  
A life of love at once avowed,—  
The embrace of pining eyes.  
So little more had made earth heaven,  
That hope to help us was not given.

But the directness and sincerity of this is scarcely even repeated in Lytton's work. Other qualities there are in abundance. "Glenaveril" is full of quotable things, like

So great is the capacity  
For adaptation that discreetly dwells  
In all imperishable principles.

It is not lacking in forcible protest, such as this to England :—

Degenerate land, beware ! The storm may break  
On thee thyself, when skies seem most serene,  
And find thee friendless, as thy friends have been !

And it contains such lively portraiture as this of Bright :—

Who rising yonder, from firm lips unlocks  
Words like chained bulldogs chafing for release ?  
What front pugnacious ! Doth he rise to box ?  
The saints be thanked, your natural fears may cease !  
Tho' fierce of heart as Sefton's fighting cocks,  
His creed is Penn's, and his vocation Peace.  
Those sturdy fists may not assault your nose,  
And words must vent the instinctive wish for blows.

There are passages of eloquent and elevated description, particularly in Book III., which also contains the finely told legend of "Marietta's Needle," and the swift and appalling scene of "The Catastrophe." There are bits also of very tender colour and delicate sentiment, culminating in that exquisite allegory of the quest of Love, told by Cordelia in Book V., with its creed that

Love's a thirst which loving cannot slake.

In view of the varied poetic riches to be found between the covers of "Glenaveril," it is disappointing to have to confess it not a great poem. It is undeniably, however, a good story well told, interesting to a high degree, fresh in conception, if not in execution, and bathed in a poetic atmosphere. Versatility of talent the whole work displays. The highest poetic power, the interpretive, is not found therein.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE famous violoncello by Stradivarius, which belonged to the two Servais, father and son, the violoncellists, is offered for sale. It is reported that the highest bid, 60,000*l.*, has been made by Herr von Mendelssohn, of Berlin, but that Mme. Servais has fixed the price at 100,000*l.*

THE earliest use of the word "piano-forte," so far as known, was in a play-bill dated May 16th, 1761. The piece announced was "Beggar's Opera." The bill read : "Mrs. Buckler will sing a song from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin, on an instrument called 'piano-forte.'"

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, December 5.

RACE and education make a man. M. Gruyer applies this test to Charles IX., of unenviable memory : a monarch who had in him the blood of the Valois, mixed with that of the Medicis. His paternal ancestors were Henri II. and François I. On the side of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, he inherited an Italian blood, vitiated since a century. The Medicis inoculated the royal blood of France with the dissolving virus of a decayed Italy. Now Charles IX., from his birth to his death, belonged to his mother. She inaugurated in France the political insidiousness and perfidy of her ancestors. She desired to make Charles IX. a Medicis, and all but succeeded.

Charles IX., following M. Gruyer, was not wicked by nature : he caught that contagion from the infested *milieu* in which he lived. He was brave, and had a contempt for life ; he was never allowed to "fight," so he put all his courage in dissimulation. Vengeance took then possession of him ; he regarded it as a duty akin to heroism, a part of religion. His tutor, De Gondi, instructed him in the art of dissimulation and vengeance. Charles commenced to curse at everything, and at all moments. But the vengeance taught Charles was not that of a fair and frank character, aboveboard, which exacted eye for eye and tooth for tooth : it was Italian vengeance—crooked, cunning, hypocritical—which caressed, the better to assassinate. France had devastated Italy, and the latter, as revenge, dishonoured France. Italy imposed her manners on France, as she did her paintings.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the 24th August, 1572, was the expiation of the attempt made on the life of Charles himself, the 27th September, 1567. For him, at least, it was a private revenge ; with others a political or religious conspiracy. For that massacre Charles claimed the entire responsibility ; but he guarded in his soul a wound which nothing could cure, not even the glorification of the dead by two frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel, and visible to this day—though *minus* their Latin inscriptions—alongside that triumph of the Christians over the Turks, the Battle of Lepanto.

Charles bore the stigma of his execrable crime the remainder of his days ; the expression of his visage changed into severity, and a contempt for life. His irritation became not so much a disease as a malady ; in truth, his death set in from the day of St. Bartholomew, and he died at the Castle of Vincennes, 30th May, 1574, at the moment he was arranging to march at the head of his army to reconquer his kingdom. He expired bravely, and welcomed death as a deliverance. He never held much to life : when he was prohibited from fighting he replied "that his life was not of such great importance that it should be so precious guarded like crown jewels in a casket."

It is inexact that Charles IX. died of poison, a common occurrence at the time. Paré states that his death was due to excessive blowing of the hunting-horn, as he was notoriously fond of hunting. The truth is he was worn out ; the blade had used its scabbard.

TRIPOLI and Tripolitania are destined to play an important rôle in the future, either by becoming an Italian colony, or as the direct neutral highway into the Soudan. It is an undefined, loosely-united territory, having an area of 625,000 square miles. Tripolitania is composed of several regions, more or less inhabited, and deserts. It is rocky, stony, argillaceous, and sandy ; but it is a pure political fiction to describe it as homogeneous. Viewed from the sea, Tripoli appears charming, with its minarets, the masts of the shipping, and their different flags, contrasting with the blue water. The population is 30,000 ; the one-sixth is European, and these chiefly Maltese or Italians. The native men and women dress nearly alike ; they differ only in the manner of draping the togas, or jupons. Women have three of the latter, gauze, silk and wool, one over the other. There are several beautiful villa residences in the suburbs of Tripoli, in well-shaded and well-flowered palm groves. Rohlf's says : "Whoever possesses Tripoli will own the Soudan." He urges the Italians to lose no time in "protecting" Tripolitania, and executing a railway to tap the Niger and the Congo. The French, from West Algeria, can compete with this important commercial route by their proposed Grand Trunk Timbuctoo line.

WHERE was the garden of the Hesperides ? The twelfth labour of Hercules was to go to the extremity of the earth, and carry off the golden apples that the three sisters cultivated in a distant kingdom, uniting their chants with the sound of the waves. The golden apples had a surprising virtue ; it was with them that Juno paid her fortune to Jupiter ; it was with them that Discord sowed troubles in Olympus, and by them Hippomène so well served herself in her celebrated flat-race with Atalanta. The Latins were as ignorant as the Greeks as to the situation of the

garden, where the famous trees, their leaves and branches as well as their fruits, were resplendent with gold.

It was not, according to M. Antichau, the Greek, but the Phœnician, Hercules, Melkarth, who set out in search of the garden. The former lived in the time of Priam, whilst the latter, more ancient, flourished fourteen centuries B. C. After extraordinary exploits, Hercules arrived before the entrance of the garden. His passage was barred by a horrible dragon, having one hundred heads, with eyes open day and night; from every head escaped a distinct roar. Deceiving the monster's vigilance, Hercules smashed its heads, carried off the apples, and took an overland journey home, across Southern Europe.

Stripped of fable, the matter of fact is this: Hercules represented the Phœnician race, whose enterprises were bold; mistress already of the Mediterranean, Tyre desired also to reach the ocean, and, to arrive there, had to resort to tact, cunning, and audacity, to overcome the obstacles—human as well as material. The slaying of the material monster was, on a par, like the isthmus connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea—attempted to be opened by Rameses, Darius, and Ptolemy. The golden apples were supposed to be simply oranges; that tree, whose crown is at once composed of fruit and flower, being apparently unknown to the ancients. Pliny makes no allusion to it.

The daughters of Atlas grew oranges, and traded in them, and at gathering-time sang joyfully—like all harvesters, and hence why they were mistaken for sirens, for the garden was situated at Hyères, following some. However, later authorities place the garden on the Guinea Coast of Africa. To reach it, Hercules had to brave the Ocean, kill the Hydra, and pass through the Straits of Gibraltar, and it is presumed that the golden apples—dropping the figurative—mean gold dust or nuggets. Hercules was the personification of the Phœnicians, trading to the African gold coast, the Gambia, and the Niger.

It was their reputation for their metallic riches that attracted the many invasions of the Atlantes and the Iberians, and Hercules simply went in turn to seek, neither apples nor oranges, but gold nuggets, and to this day, the "Poules," the descendants themselves of the ancient Atlantes or Libyans, bring down to the coast pellets of gold in exchange for merchandise. The ore was formerly transported to the coast, to be crushed and washed through sieves filled with water, according to Strabo; or in vessels, following Herodotus. Women were employed to gather the pellets, with feathers smeared with pitch, as modern "washers" employ mercury; they whiled away their time, singing like sirens, hence became the Hesperides, with sonorous and harmonious voices.

ADMIRAL DE LA GRAVIERE maintains that the history of nations is the history of their arms. He points out that the fate of the world on three occasions hung on the issue of a naval battle—Salamis, Actium, and Lepanto—and it would well happen, judging from the tendencies of modern naval constructions, the same may occur again. The 7th of October, 1571, witnessed the overthrow of the maritime supremacy of the Turks. That Battle of Lepanto was the fortuitous concurrence of two navies, almost equal in numbers and encountering within a narrow arena—already celebrated by the sanguinary struggles of Octavius and Antony, Doria and Barberossa. The total combatants numbered 172,000, of whom 85,000 were Christians. The losses of the victors were known to be 15,000, and those of the defeated were estimated at 60,000.

The Turks said of this defeat, which for ever deprived them of the Empire of the Seas, "the Christians have only shaved our beards." But the beard has never since grown. The battle commenced at noon, and finished at twilight. It was virtually decided in the course of one hour, and would not have been prolonged had not Doria, like his grand-uncle in 1538, adopted too subtle tactics engendering confusion. It is not only on land that masses of combatants will concentrate; on sea, great powers will henceforth attack by thousands of ships and of all dimensions. The sea too, henceforth, will have its battalions, and the Admiral recommends not to quit too readily beaten paths—the old tactics. The power that shall know how to separate judiciously from the traditions of the past will appear on the nautical scene with all the advantages of a Bonaparte at Montenotte and Rivoli. The old captains will remain amazed at the new-fangledness, as did the Austrian generals dumbfounded and crushed by the audacity of General Bonaparte.

THE Letters of M. Bikélas give a very clear account of the present condition of Greece, when the kingdom is about staking its very life on a cast, and will stand the hazard of the die. About powerfully contributed to render Greece unpopular. For him she was a whited sepulchre, the fatherland of theatrical bandits and picturesque blacklegs. Hence why no altars have been raised to him. However, since thirty years matters have changed; for example, Athens, Corinth, Patras, and Argos are now con-

nected by rail. The author never separates history, topography, and ethnography. He visited Ithaca, but in the capital encountered only one specimen of Penelope's graceful countrywomen. On an islet near Souli reside fishermen who fabricate the *prêvesa*; the latter being the salted eggs of the mugil preserved in wax. Arta is remarkable for its legendary bridge, its solidity being due to the contractor having enclosed his wife, living, inside the foundation stone, instead of old coins and copies of the newspapers, to appease the anti-architectural spirits. This explains why a cock is sacrificed when laying the foundation stones of buildings in Greece. Convalescents also sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius. In Greece the traveller walks on a carpet of wild thyme and marjoram.

Missolonghi is "a very little village, built in mud and on the borders of a lagoon." Byron's boatman, Kazis, still pursues his ordinary calling, and the poet's tomb is well kept, beside the Ossuary containing the bones of the patriots of 1822. Greek is rapidly superseding the Italian tongue in the Archipelago. At Patras there is an Egyptian colony, living quite apart, and dating back to the earliest relations between the Nile valley and Greece; perhaps when Atholes and Cadmus occupied themselves with "letters."

ZERO.

## SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

It is not always the most important work that creates the most sensation. For two seasons past, and for a few weeks of a third, a hydrographic survey of the Georgian Bay has been in progress; yet very little has been known of it, though its results will be of the utmost practical benefit to our inland marine. It is true that this body of water was surveyed, in common with the whole of the coasts of the Dominion, fifty years ago or more, by the lately deceased Admiral (then Lieutenant) Bayfield, and in a wonderfully complete manner, considering the time at his disposal for the vast extent of country traversed; but his work has proved not sufficiently accurate for the increased shipping interests of to-day. Consequently the matter was brought before Parliament three years ago, and the Marine Department was instructed to re-survey the Georgian Bay, which may be characterized as the most dangerous of our inland seas. Our Government obtained from the British Admiralty the services of Staff-Commander Boulton, R.N., who, assisted by Lieutenants Stewart and Campbell, graduates of the Royal Military College, and working with a steam propeller and a boating party, has already finished the east coast of the Bay and the North Channel as far west as Clapperton Island. I have seen the proof of a chart embodying the work of 1884, which is about to be published by the British Admiralty, and which plainly shows the necessity for this survey. The district embraced extends from Cove Island to Cape Smith, and eastwardly to Cabot's Head, and locates in the most graphic manner the numerous shoals in the "gap" or entrance to the bay, as well as many dangers not hitherto known to have existed. The work done this year will be incorporated in a second chart.

On Lake Erie, also, navigation has been improved in another way. Down the Detroit River, bound for eastern ports, passes a surprisingly large tonnage, and all the vessels have to run the gauntlet of an intricate nest of sandbars outside the mouth of the river, and sixteen miles down the lake must pass close by a hidden reef off Colchester. Both of these dangers have for years past been marked by the Canadian Government by lightships, but moored vessels are very uncertain guides compared with permanent structures, and consequently have during the past season been replaced by lighthouses, the erection of which, in localities so exposed to the full force of the lake storms, has involved some very pretty problems of marine engineering. That off Bar Point, at the mouth of the river, was erected by the United States Government, and consists of a large boat-shaped pier of solid masonry, standing on a gravel and clay bottom in twenty-two feet water, and surmounted by a magnificent iron tower, from which a flashing white light is shown. A powerful steam fog alarm is also provided to supplement the light in thick weather.

The lighthouse on Colchester Reef has been erected by the Canadian Government. A circular pier of masonry rises twenty feet above the water from the solid rock, that lies twelve feet below the surface. This pier is surmounted by a handsome wooden tower, and a brilliant fixed white light is shown from an apparatus made by Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham. The fog alarm will be a bell, struck by machinery.

THERE is evidently a "boom" in bridges and tunnels in Canada. Besides those I have already referred to, others are in contemplation. A contract has been let for the construction of a bridge across the St. Lawrence at the Lachine Rapids, which, it may well be imagined, is a serious undertaking. The bridge will be a steel truss structure, having, in addition to ten deck spans, two cantilever spans, each 410 feet in the clear, over the navigable portion of the rapids. This will involve the sinking of a pier in about forty feet water in a very swift current, a sufficiently hazardous enterprise under any circumstances, but especially so when the element of time has to be considered, the contractors having undertaken to complete the work by next autumn.

With a view of exhibiting the state of Canadian engineering skill, the Department of Railways is having plans prepared, to be shown at next year's Colonial Exposition, of an immense cantilever bridge, for a site similar to that of the bridge proposed to be erected at Cap Rouge above Quebec, an English design for which was figured in the *Scientific American* of the 30th of May last. Such a bridge, if built, would not compare in length with

that at Lachine; but it would have a single clear span of 1,442 feet, raised 150 feet above high water mark, a stretch only inferior to that of the Brooklyn suspension bridge. The erection of a structure of this kind is only rendered possible by the rapid strides which the manufacture of steel has made within the last few years, the great lengths in which it can now be procured, its remarkable cheapness, and uniformly good quality.

It is proposed to solve the problem of winter communication with Prince Edward Island by building, not a tunnel, below the bottom of the strait, but a metal watertight tube lying on the bottom. The scheme will be submitted to the Dominion Parliament at its next session. The idea is American in origin—I was about to add, of course. The plan proposed is to build out piers for about four out of the eight miles across the strait, and to tube the remainder of the distance. In laying the tubes, which are to be in short lengths connected together by bolted flanges, and ultimately lined with concrete, a caisson moving along the bottom, into which the open end of the tube will project, is proposed to be used. This will be a watertight workshop, and as each length is added to the tube the caisson will be moved forward, the junction with the tube being kept watertight with elastic packing. In the shore end of the tube will be laid the railway track for bringing in workmen and material.

It is gratifying to learn that the Dominion Government have promptly choked off the speculation which was so much dreaded in the matter of the celebrated Banff lands by reserving from sale, settlement, or squatting, a tract roughly three miles wide by three and a half miles deep, in the north-eastern portion of township 25, range 12, west of the fifth principal meridian, which embraces the hot mineral springs. The lands in question are located in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, on the line of the C.P.R., and besides the great natural beauties of their mountain scenery, the springs already have a good hygienic reputation, so that the district now defined seems destined in course of time to become another National Park.

THE manufacture of paper pulp from wood promises to become an important industry in Canada. Besides the wood pulp machines in the various paper mills, there are several establishments engaged in the preparation of pulp alone, and a large new mill for this purpose, of sufficient capacity to employ forty hands, is about to go into operation at Buckingham, Que. For the manufacture of pulp any non-resinous wood will answer, but basswood and poplar are considered the best. The wood is cut into pieces about a foot long, which, the bark and any discolourations or large knots being first removed, are kept, by hydraulic pressure, against the face of an immense grindstone, revolving rapidly under a constant stream of water, that carries the shreds into receiving vessels, whence the mixture is taken to be dried, and, if necessary, bleached. Some of the pulp is dried in sheets on steam-heated cylinders as it leaves the grinding machinery, when it is used for making paper boxes without any other admixture, but for use in paper making it requires an addition of forty to sixty per cent. of rag pulp to toughen it. At the date of the last census the annual value of the products of pulp mills was stated to be \$63,300, resulting from the labour of sixty-eight workmen; now both the number of hands and the value of the product must be more than double those figures.

Talking of paper, one of the most curious and interesting uses for this material is in the manufacture of railway car wheels. When tired with steel, paper wheels are considered far safer than metal ones, not being liable to fly to pieces as the latter too often have done; consequently they are in such demand for the best description of passenger railway stock that the not yet five-year-old Allen Company, which enjoys a monopoly of their manufacture, has already turned out about sixty thousand paper wheels.

THE cable railway, or elevator, to the summit of Mount Royal, Montreal's fine park, is now running. It is five hundred and ten feet long, with an inclination of about thirty-three and a half degrees. The cars are moved by means of a stationary engine of seventy-five horse power at the top of the incline, winding two wire ropes, each one and one-eighth inches in diameter, over sheaves six feet in diameter, on to drums ten feet in diameter. In addition to these there is a central safety wire rope, one and a quarter inches diameter, running independently of the engine, and attached to both cars, so that, in event of the others breaking, it would hold the cars in check; besides which a wheel, eleven feet in diameter, encircled by the rope, is provided with brakes, which may be applied by the engineer at the summit.

GRADGRIND.

TO—

Go, missive sweet,  
With flying feet,  
For my wish brooks no delay:  
The heart's fond greeting,  
No distant meeting,  
And a merry Christmas Day!

J. H. BURNHAM.

TOUCH, in its vulgar sense, is mechanical, teachable, and belongs to technic; in its nobler sense it is a gift, unteachable, and belongs to talent, if not to emotion. For there is a certain timbre in inborn touch (as in a voice), an indescribable something, emanating, as it were, from the fibres of the soul, which directly indicates and appeals to emotion. Inborn touch has an inherent power, which, to a certain extent, can move and charm the listener, even without brilliant technic.

## TWO LOVE SONGS.

## I. "MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

DEAREST, these dark November days  
Grow golden to my sight,  
Because that, through God's gracious ways,  
They gave me my delight.  
Whate'er I've dreamed of wealth or fame,  
Whate'er I've learned to prize,  
Is coloured by the tender flame  
Of love in your dear eyes.

I find no harshness in the breeze,  
No darkness in the days;  
I dream of you beside your seas,  
I paint your household ways;  
And every care and darkening mood  
From off my spirit slips,  
These days that 'mind me how I wooed  
The love on your dear lips.

'Tis spring, not autumn; sun, not shade;  
'Tis Youth and Love once more;  
And you are but a trusting maid  
Whom I, a boy, adore!  
Ah! could you reach out wifely arms,  
From me so far apart,  
I'd know how love still fondly warms  
The pulses of your heart.

November 26, 1885.

## II. A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

THESE Christmas days of prayer and praise  
Recall our earlier years,  
Your tender cares, your dainty ways,  
Our laughter and our tears:  
Though distant, let me dream you near,  
And kiss you for a sign  
That never lips were half so dear  
As thine, my love, as thine.

My lamp I light, my fire burns bright,  
My curtains close around,  
My books are pleasant to my sight,  
There's no disturbing sound:  
But every thought that stirs my brain,  
As blood is stirred by wine,  
Is music wedded to one strain—  
Is thine, my love, is thine.

My poets sing, or sweet or sad,  
Of hearts that bound or break:  
For you my faithful heart is glad,  
Or sad for your sweet sake;  
For every pulse that stirs my heart  
To rapture half divine,  
Ah dear! from me so far apart,  
Is thine, my love, is thine.

Ottawa, December 19, 1885.

M. J. G.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK,  
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.  
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for the purpose.

## TIMBER LANDS AT THUNDER BAY.

To the Editor of The Week:

DEAR SIR,—The business men interested in the prosperity of the Thunder Bay district of the Province of Ontario have now to answer the question, From whence will our future revenue come? For the past few years every dollar expended in this section could be traced to the construction, office of the C. P. R.; that has ceased, and we must now either prepare for famine or turn our energies toward developing the visible sources of wealth at our door. Of course the mining indications are favourable, but thus far, with only one exception, all attempts to extract our minerals have proved disastrous, and every attempt to dispose of, or work, any mining properties has an odour of fraud about it so pungent as to keep our residents away from the supposed traps, while strangers taste the bait.

A few years ago this whole region, from Nepigon River to the Lake of the Woods, was a pine forest, and upon the streams tributary to Lake Superior and to Rainy River the quality of the timber was very fair. The railway construction burned many thousands of acres, while the mining explorers have destroyed more than did the railroad work. The laws regarding forest fires are as absurd as a law would be regulating the swimming of herring off Newfoundland: the herring will swim as they

please; so the fires will burn as they please; and no Government can prevent them. We have pioneered this "farther Algoma" until our log huts and cotton tents have grown into a city; we have paid thousands of dollars into the treasury of our Province, and have built up the lands of the Government and of the non-resident non-taxpayers, until they have become of great value. It is not my wish to reflect upon any party, or dwell upon an alleged political policy: the question with us now is, shall we let our forests go into fire and smoke, or shall we turn them into money, work, food, and clothing for our settlers? Non-resident landowners now hold thousands of acres for speculative purposes, and pay nothing toward our public improvements; political favourites now obtain thousands of dollars' worth of timber upon our lands, and pay us nothing therefor. Is it just that we explore, survey at our private expense, and pay cash for our lands, and then let some one who pays nothing denude them of their timber, leaving us the bare rocks? We can cut down, burn up, and destroy all the pine timber on our lands, and receive the approval of the law, but we cannot sell one stick, we cannot receive one dollar from the timber, for our surveys, cash entry, or labour, without becoming criminals, and subject to arrest. We are willing and anxious to pay the Government timber dues of 75 cents per 1,000 feet for all logs of pine cut on our lands, in addition to the cost of survey, the \$1 per acre price to the Government, and an increased ground rent of fully five times the present amount; but, no! we cannot—we are too insignificant, politically and financially; we have probably lived and struggled so long in this "far section" that we have sunk into ignorance, and should be guided, as to our necessities, by some supposed shrewd barristers near Toronto.

THE WEEK is unprejudiced; it has shown itself above party questions, and ready to give attention to any subject which tends to advancement and justice. We have tried to get this subject discussed before, but thus far each journal to which we have applied has said: "The question would, perhaps, injure our party; we dare not speak of it."

Must all legislation be for the rich or influential? The mining laws say, substantially this: we can go to the expense of a costly survey; we can give to the department our plans, field notes, and maps; we then pay one dollar an acre cash for all the lands surveyed, receiving a patent therefor, and in said patent, "all pine timber upon said lands is reserved to the Crown."

Then the timber laws appear as follows: A timber limit can be run out, including the lands of A. B. and C. already surveyed and paid for, and all of the pine timber given for nothing to a political favourite, or sold at public auction; the lowest price which the Government will take for said limit is fixed at \$1,000, \$5,000, or some figure near the value, including *the whole tract*, the purchaser paying 75c. per 1,000 feet additional as fast as cut. We are poor; we have six hundred and forty acres included in that limit; our land has cost us about \$900, paid to the Government; we cannot raise money enough to buy twenty square miles, but we wish to cut the pine on the one square mile we own, and pay as much for it as any one else will; but, No!—again the capitalist says, "You must have \$5,000 or lose your timber—you must buy a whole ox to get one steak, or starve." Up here, in the North-West, we don't call that justice. It would be better for each man who owns a mining location to have the timber by paying the 75c. per 1,000 feet dues to the Government. Let him sell it to the capitalist, let him work and lumber said lands, and sell his logs to the manufacturer; let the taxes or ground rent be at such a figure that our large landowners (non-residents all of them, nearly,) will do something towards developing this section. Mr. Lyons, our former member, was strongly in favour of justice regarding our lands, and Mr. Connie, our member-elect, has said repeatedly that he favours a change in the land laws in the Thunder Bay District, so that a man who explores and surveys the wilderness shall be protected; and that our prosperity must come now from timber manufacturing, which can be stimulated and encouraged by explorations, allowing the explorer to buy at some reasonable price the lands found. Let the poor men buy their eighty acres or more, and if the wealthy one wants the land, let him buy it from his neighbour, but don't say that capital shall take all, and the miner and explorer be debarred from saving that which is morally their own.

It is most unjust, in our opinion, that men of wealth should hold such large tracts of country here and elsewhere in Algoma, and pay nothing, or nearly so, for them, besides paying nearly nothing in the shape of taxes. If a man wishes to monopolize lands, it seems right that he should pay at once for them, and pay a liberal ground rent for them; and not that the Government should assume all risks of fire and wind storms and lend him capital to do business on, simply because he has fifty or one hundred thousand dollars to begin with. The feeling here, and all through the North-West, wherever the pine timber grows, is strongly in favour of a system that will sell to the purchaser of the land all there is on it, either by a reasonable cash payment, or the regular timber dues as rapidly as cut.

That will stimulate explorations, will get the country surveyed at no expense to the Government, and pay into the Crown Lands Department \$640 cash for each square mile, in addition to the regular dues of 75c. per 1,000 feet. A man with \$80 would then stand as good a chance for eighty acres, timber and all, as if he had as many thousands. MATTAWAN.

Port Arthur, November 10, 1885.

BANCROFT, the historian, is one of the two Americans now living who ever met Goethe. The other is George H. Calvert, the scholar and poet, who is eighty-three years old.

## MUSIC.

## MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB CONCERTS.

THE Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave two concerts in the Pavilion Music Hall, Toronto, on the evenings of the 17th and 19th inst. Their audiences were not large, but made up for their want of numbers by their sympathetic appreciation both of the music presented and its interpretation. From a musical point of view the most important numbers given at the two concerts were Beethoven's quintette in C, Op. 29, the *adagio* and minuette from Haydn's quartette in D, Op. 67, and the *allegro* from Mendelssohn's grand quintette in B flat, Op. 87. The other numbers were either mere vehicles for displays of virtuosity on the part of the individual members of the club, or were pieces of a light and sketchy nature, selected to please the general public. The concerted numbers were, on the whole, artistically played, although occasionally there was evidence of roughness of finish, which was perhaps to be expected by those who were aware that the club has only just commenced its season, and that its *personnel* has been changed from that of last year. The solos by Messrs. Franks, Schade, Ryan, and Blumenberg on the violin, flute, clarinet, and violoncello respectively were pronounced successes, and *encores* were very numerous. The vocalist, Miss Edith Edwards, was a disappointment to everybody. She has serious faults of style and method, and her constant use of the *tremolo* is excessively wearisome. At the first concert she was quite overweighed with the aria, "Dove Suono," from Mozart's "Figaro," while her reading of it was a violation of the character of the music. Mr. Rodolph King, of Boston, assisted the club as solo pianist. He is a promising young artist, and played his solos with neatness of *technique*, delicacy of touch, and musicianly interpretation.—*Clef*.

In the Lecture Room of the Metropolitan Church, on Monday evening last, an exceptionally high class entertainment was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. Miss McGarry, of Montreal, gave a series of readings, which were interspersed by selections of music, rendered by members of the church and choir. Miss McGarry's talents are of a high order; and her refinement, culture, and modest, unaffected deportment won the sympathies of an appreciative audience. Her reading was greatly enhanced by a judicious use of a rich, full, melodious, and sympathetic voice, such as would command a place of honour amongst the highest ranks of vocal artists. Should she visit Toronto again she may look forward to a well-earned welcome.

## LONDON, ONTARIO.

THE closing concert at Hellmuth Ladies' College took place on Thursday afternoon, 17th inst., and was a brilliant success. The programme included concertos and choruses by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schumann, Rubinstein, Saint Saëus, Hiller, and Scharwenka. The remarkable proficiency attained by the pupils must be most gratifying to the musical director, Mr. Martin. All the young ladies acquitted themselves admirably. In the Rubinstein Sonata for piano and violoncello Mr. H. Saunders played with his accustomed skill. The part singing of the St. Cecilia class was very good. The solo singing does not call for special mention.—*Marcia*.

[THE Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave a concert on Wednesday, the 16th inst., in the Grand Opera House, London, a notice of which we have received from our correspondent there; but as it arrived late, and is in substance of the same purport as the notice which appears in this issue of a similar performance by the same Club in Toronto on the 17th and 19th inst., we are compelled to omit it.—*Ed.*]

ANOTHER very important custom in which new-comers have to be instructed is that of fagging. They are purposely allowed a fortnight's grace that they may carefully study the duties exacted of them. It is with fagging as with football and hare-and-hounds. Its greatest days are past. Think of a boy having to warm three or four beds on a cold night by lying in them until the heat of his body had destroyed their chill, and then having to rise at four o'clock in the morning to run two miles to the Avon to attend to the fishing-lines of the sixth-form boys, and then to be back in time for first lesson! Fancy his being obliged to form one of a team of four or twelve in harness, to be raced around the school-yard, or "close," by the prepostors of the Four-in-hand Club, and compelled to make flower-beds for the same mighty beings, having half a pewter spoon and a whole fork for his only garden tools, and the flowers to be supplied by fair means or foul! Yet these were a few of the services expected of fags in the days when "there were giants in the land," as a Rugby song says. Now they are treated with much more leniency. Only the sixth-form boys are allowed to have fags. The younger boys must wait on them at breakfast, tea, and supper, run their errands to the nearest pastry-cook shop, clean out their studies, attend to their wants in the dormitories, and sometimes "field" for them at cricket. As in several other public schools, when the sixth-form boy or prepostor wants anything he calls out "F-a-a-g!" in answer to which call all the fagging boys must run, the last to arrive having to do the work. It is but for a short time, fortunately, that fagging is really a serious and perhaps tiresome duty. For the rule is that during a boy's first term he must run at the first call; during his second he need only answer the second, and so on; so that at the end of his second school year he has comparatively little to do as a fag.—*From "School-life at Rugby," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in the Christmas St. Nicholas.*

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

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PERHAPS it is hardly possible to intelligently discuss the decision of the Privy Council in the matter of the Dominion License Act until a fuller account of the judgment reaches this country; but still there are one or two points to which a moment's attention may be profitably given. According to the cable the judgment not only confirms that of the Supreme Court declaring that the power to issue hotel and shop licenses rests exclusively with the Provincial Legislature, but also affirms, what the Supreme Court denied, that the power over wholesale and vessel licenses is also vested in the Provinces. This seems to dispose of the power to license, and so far is not in contradiction with the decision of the same Court in the case of the Queen against Russell. In that case the Court decided that "the power of granting licenses is not assigned to the Provincial Legislatures for the purpose of regulating trade, but in order to the raising of a revenue for provincial, local, or municipal purposes"; and their Lordships further intimated that they must not be understood to express any dissent from the opinion of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada and the other judges who held that the "Canada Temperance Act, 1878," as a general regulation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors throughout the Dominion, fell within the class of subjects, "the regulation of trade and commerce," enumerated in the section cited, and was, on that ground, a valid exercise of the legislative power of the Parliament of Canada. The question now arises, Does the judgment go beyond declaring which legislative body has control over the issuance of licenses? The cable information is silent on the point. It seems to be assumed here that the whole Act is declared to be *ultra vires* of the Dominion Parliament; yet there remains of the Act, besides the points explicitly stated to be settled, the clauses (42-45) regulating the number of licenses to be granted; the local-option clause (46), giving a majority of three-fifths of the electors in any place the power to prevent the issuance of any license in that place; clause 88, providing for the issuance of permits to sell in municipalities where no licenses are granted; and some other provisions bearing on this *permissive* part of the Act. These, of course, may, some or all of them, be also swept away, but we have no information to that effect. They may not be: there is a distinction between the *regulation* of the trade in liquor, which is the purport of this part of the Act, and which as pertaining to the "regulation of trade and commerce" appears under the B. N. A. Act to belong to the Dominion—there is a distinction between this and the issuance of licenses for the purpose of raising a revenue, a power which now seems to belong wholly to the Provinces. Of what use, however, this latter privilege is while the Dominion Parliament has the power to say that only so many licenses, or even none whatever, shall be issued is a mystery. To a plain understanding it would seem that this power to license implies the power to refuse to license: as Chief Justice Ritchie argued, the power to prohibit must of necessity go hand-in-hand with the power to permit; and if it does not in this case, this is apparently an anomaly in jurisprudence that might prove awkward under certain circumstances, as for instance in the case of the Provinces depending for revenue on license fees, while the Dominion extinguishes the revenue by prohibiting legislation. One thing is clear, however, amid this uncertainty, that the permissive part of the Dominion License Act to which we have directed attention is identical in principle with the Scott Act: the Scott Act will stand if this part of the Act stands; but if that also has been swept away, the Scott Act goes with it.

For the first time in many months a day has passed without a death in Montreal from small-pox, and the Toronto Board of Trade have congratulated the commercial metropolis on her recovery. This is well and gracefully done; but yet we must not conclude too hastily that because the epidemic is abating it is on the road to extinction. Small-pox has been quietly at work in Montreal for forty years past; and it will continue to quietly claim its victims, with an occasional explosion like the late one, till the ten thousand cesspools that are said to exist in the French wards are done away with, and a better system of drainage for the whole city is adopted. The offensive odours that salute the pedestrian in any part of the city are a convincing proof, to strangers at least, that in spite of its splendid situation

for drainage it is among the worst drained cities of its size on the continent. What appears to be wanted is a river sent through the whole system of sewers: at present the effluvia ascending, pregnant with typhoid fever, from the lower districts of the city spread death and disease among the wealthiest in the best ordered houses. It would have paid handsomely years ago to have diverted a portion of the Back River and sent a copious stream from it rushing from the high ground in rear of the city through the whole sewerage system; and if the stream were made to pass through the Council Chamber when some of the members were in session so much the better. The sewers flushed in this way, and vaccination made compulsory, Montreal would be a most wholesome and delightful city. She would speedily regain any trade she may have lost through the late scourge, she would regain her good name, and reap to the full the advantages her situation at the head-waters of navigation and her cheap and abundant labour give her—advantages which have made her the commercial metropolis of Canada, and of which, ordinary prudence and good sense being used; nothing can in the long run deprive her.

SOME of the returns in the recent elections in England afford a curious illustration of the weakness of an argument used by a large class there, and by one or two of our own statesmen, to promote the adoption of the principle of minority representation. Thus it is stated by a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* that in four of the largest towns of Great Britain the result of the elections has "grotesquely" misrepresented the opinions of the electors. Birmingham (seven members), he says, with 33,431 Liberal against 22,909 Conservative votes, seats seven Liberals and no Conservatives; Liverpool (nine members), with 29,647 Conservatives against 18,434 Liberals, seats eight Conservatives and one Liberal; Manchester (six members), with 25,854 Conservatives against 22,387 Liberals, seats five Conservatives and one Liberal; and Glasgow (seven members), with 32,394 Liberals against 26,480 Conservatives, seats seven Liberals and not one Conservative. Well, if the advocates of minority representation regard the members of Parliament as mere local delegates or voting machines for the boroughs they represent, it may seem that every one of these boroughs is misrepresented. But taking account of the system in vogue in England, in theory at least, of choosing as a representative not local men, but the best men that can be found, wherever they reside; and considering, too, that the members are not yet degraded to the level designed by the Caucus system, it will be seen that after all rough justice is done in this case. It is true 22,909 Conservatives of Birmingham return no members while 33,431 Liberals return seven, and similarly in Glasgow; but the total of these four boroughs shows that 106,646 Liberals return sixteen members and 104,890 Conservatives return thirteen, which, it must be admitted, is a very fair representation of both parties. And thus it is that under this system of single electoral districts the very best representation of minorities is obtained, the minorities of one district being represented by the majority members for another; in this case the minorities of Birmingham and Glasgow being represented by the majority members for Liverpool and Manchester.

VERY different, however, is it under the method of *scrutin de liste* used in the recent French elections. Under that method, and with an efficient organization, almost any desired result may be secured by judicious "plumping." In the late elections the departmental lists of candidates were prepared by the wire-pullers; and in consequence, while professional politicians everywhere abound, the vast agricultural interest of France, which engrosses two-thirds of the population, is represented in the new Chamber of Deputies by only twenty-three agriculturists, and trade and commerce have only seventy representatives in a total of five hundred and eighty members.

THE cast of fortune that has placed the balance of power in Mr. Parnell's hands has awakened an ardent interest in Home Rule in the breasts of British statesmen. Previous to the elections these were in general somewhat defiant or non-committal: Mr. Gladstone's utterances were oracular but vague. The generalities then indulged in have now, however, under stress of circumstances, dissolved into at least the project of some plan of Home Rule. It may be that the details of that plan are yet in an inchoate state. What has been given to the world has very likely been so published in order to feel the public pulse; but in view of Mr. Gladstone's own ambiguous statements since the publication, it cannot be doubted that an intention exists in his breast to concede Home Rule in some shape or other, and that not in the only form in which it can be safely granted—separate local legislatures respectively dealing exclusively with the local affairs of British and Celtic Ireland. In the scramble for

the Parnellite vote even this concession may not be the last: Lord Randolph Churchill is too keen a politician to let go the reins on such an issue. He only waits to see how far the Liberal leaders will go; and when fully informed he will bring forward *his* benevolent plan for the pacification of Ireland and out-bid them. And so the progress of dismemberment begins. The sole safeguard known to be reserved by Mr. Gladstone—the exercise of the veto power on the advice of a Minister responsible to the Imperial Parliament—is an entirely illusory one. Despite any guarantees Mr. Parnell may give of protection to the rights of minorities and the interest of property, the past history of Ireland and the present sentiment of Irishmen teach us that in all likelihood both will be systematically invaded by any Celtic Parliament, and the Imperial authority will have either to give way—which, with Irish members still sitting at Westminster, it will most probably do—and sacrifice the loyal minority to the exigencies of party, or be perpetually exercising the sovereign veto—an exercise of power which can only result in a worse state of feeling than what prevails at present, in a rebellion strengthened by the arms the party leaders are now fatuously placing in traitors' hands, and in a bloody re-conquest to recover that control which statesmen are now letting slip with so light a heart.

THE direct result of the political profligacy which may secure a brief tenure of power to the party that bids highest will be to effectually prevent that coalition of the more respectable members of both parties, through which alone a lasting tenure of power can be obtained by any Government and the safety of the country secured in this hour of supreme peril. If the leaders of both sides could for once rise above faction, lift the question out of the range of party, and agree together upon the amount of concession to be made to Ireland—upon the extent to which the constitution of the United Kingdom is to be altered, the arrangement could be carried through Parliament in the only way that will ensure equal justice to the three kingdoms, that is, independently of the Parnellites. An old rule laid down in the Act for the Settlement of the Crown provides for just such a crisis as the present, and in accordance with that rule a patriotic Ministry would, if they might, to settle it summon all available members of the Privy Council, including Mr. Gladstone and the other leaders of the Opposition. The decision of such a body would presumably receive the support of both English parties alike, and so sanctioned by Parliament it would relieve parties from the supposed necessity of these disgraceful concessions. If ever there was a time in the history of the country when patriotism was needed in its service this is it. But it must be feared that faction will still rule triumphant, and will earn a lasting infamy for the sake of a short lease of office. And short it will be, whichever party win. With a Liberal Party united in disappointment against them, the Conservatives, counting every Parnellite on their side, will not outnumber or indeed equal their opponents: they will be time and again put in a minority on home questions, to the detriment of their really efficient foreign policy, and will be for ever verging on defeat. If Mr. Gladstone win, it is by no means certain that the moderate Liberals will all consent for such a purpose to go under the old umbrella. Several will surely not; and though the party, counting the Parnellites, may be fairly strong numerically, they will be morally weak. And then will recommence such another era of shame and disaster abroad that closed with the exit from office of the late Liberal Government, the traces of whose divided counsels, vacillation, and consequent incapacity, are written across the whole face of the earth. Every European robber-government that has anything to gain by playing on the weakness of the British will again be astir; and it will be much if this Government, an object of distrust and contempt to every European Court, do not sooner or later plunge the nation in some unforeseen and disastrous war.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, in an interview had with him on Friday last by a *Globe* reporter, gave the following as his opinion in respect of the reduction of licenses in Toronto:—

This sudden agitation for a reduction in the number of licenses wears rather an ambiguous aspect, and appears like an attempt, in connection with the Mayoralty election, to get up the temperance sentiment in the interest of a particular candidate without bringing forward the Scott Act, which seems to be now somewhat discredited and to be abandoned by some of its former champions. As a member of the Liberal Temperance Union, I shall be most willing to consider any feasible plan for the suppression of low taverns and the limitation of the liquor trade to respectable houses. But it would be necessary to proceed with caution. A sudden and sweeping reduction of the number of licenses would probably have the effect of multiplying unlicensed places, which are the worst places of all. A number of tavern-keepers would be turned adrift who would have no means of keeping themselves from starving but setting up illicit drinking-shops, where bad liquor would perhaps be combined with attractions even of a

worse kind. I must add that the Liberal Temperance Union, before going into conference with the friends of the Scott Act about a plan for reducing the number of licenses, would require, I believe, to be informed plainly what was the position of the other party. A licensing scheme of any kind is clearly incompatible in principle with the Scott Act; and there is no use in adopting it or discussing it, if, after all, an attempt to impose the Scott Act on the city is to be made. Let the Scott Act party tell us frankly what their intention is, and whether they mean to submit the Act or not. We shall then know how we stand, and be at liberty to confer and co-operate with them in the improvement of the license system.

EVERYBODY will be glad to hear that Cambridge is thinking of a memorial to Kingsley, who loved his old university well. His Magdalene days were not indeed the happiest of his life. "More than once," says Mrs. Kingsley, "he had nearly resolved to leave Cambridge and go out to the Far West and live as a wild prairie hunter." His trouble was religious doubt; from the misery of which he sought refuge in a variety of distractions, including "cards." At length the clouds broke: when he almost worked himself into brain fever to make up for lost time. His principal recreation now consisted in the performance of feats of physical strength. Thus "he walked one day from Cambridge to London, fifty-two miles, starting early and arriving in London at 9 p.m., with ease." It would seem as if his love of classical literature had been acquired after leaving the university. "As for my studies interesting me," he writes to a friend, "if you knew the system and the subjects of study you would feel that to be impossible. . . . I wish to make duty the only reason for working; but my heart is in very different studies." Three months later he wants to take a good degree, "that I may enter the world with a certain prestige which may get me a living sooner." This hardly sounds so lofty; but it must be remembered that Kingsley was in love, and duty naturally presented itself in a business-like aspect. He came out first-class in classics, and senior optime in mathematics. The living—of Eversley—he obtained two years after.

THE *St. James's Gazette*, speaking of the object of Sir John A. Macdonald's visit to England, says:—

Canada, unlike the United Kingdom, is in a position to offer reciprocal trade advantages to the United States, and there appears a fair prospect of commercial reciprocity between the two great divisions of North America being revived on the lines of the treaty of 1854. All formal negotiations with Washington have, as a matter of course, to be conducted through the Foreign Office here. Some time ago Mr. Blake, the leader of the Canadian Opposition, delivered a speech in which he demanded for Canada the power to make her own treaties, without reference to the Imperial Government. The demand has a plausibility suggestive of Parnellism, and to accord it would be as disastrous to the young Dominion as separation would be to Ireland. As things are, Canada is able to maintain and develop its institutions, and to secure its interests abroad, without the heavy burthen of a standing army or navy. This country is pledged to defend Canada against foreign aggression with all the resources of the empire, and that pledge would be absurd and impossible if Canada were to be allowed to enter into any foreign relation she chose. But, as a matter of fact, the Dominion is accorded perfect freedom of action both as respects domestic and foreign affairs—subject only to imperial considerations. The Washington Treaty, for instance, so far as it affected Canada, had to be ratified by the Canadian Parliament. In the important negotiations now pending with the United States, Canadian interests and Canadian views of the subject will chiefly determine the issue.

BULGARIAN women are not models of conjugal fidelity. But in a country where everybody is subject to butterfly fancies, the husbands are but little distressed by their wives' weaknesses, and when a woman shows a preference for another man, the divorce proceedings are carried through in a perfectly friendly way, and the *divorcée* trips off and gets married to her second choice. The first husband cordially congratulates him and her, and perhaps even sends them a wedding present with his best wishes. Everything is quite pleasant. Later on she may have another husband, and yet another, but the same friendly relations are still preserved. Thus it is related that when a Bulgarian beauty enters a ball-room, she may bow to husband No. 1, who is chatting to husband No. 2 in a corner; then, seeing husband No. 3 leaning on a mantelpiece, she blows him a kiss, whispers a soft nothing to No. 4, on whose arm she leans, and keeps a sharp look-out, all the time, with her dark, sleepy eyes, for the entrance of the prospective No. 5.

THE young Empress of China is very modern and European in her ideas, and astonishes the natives by adopting the English fashions. She also fortifies her body by muscular exercise. Boxing is one of the principal exercises of Her Majesty.

THE striking feature of the celebrated treatise on "The Law of Vendors and Purchasers," which made the fame of Edward Sugden, afterward Lord Chancellor, is that, although it was originally written when the author was barely twenty-two years of age, and before he was called to the Bar, it immediately took the highest position as an authority with all ranks of the legal profession, and ran through fourteen editions during Lord St. Leonards' lifetime. Messrs. Sweet and Co. have determined to bring out a fifteenth edition, the last having appeared in 1862, since which there have been some thousands of important decisions affecting its subject-matter. The publishers have invited Mr. Arnold Statham, of the Inner Temple to undertake the work, and he will be assisted by Mr. Rowland Estcourt, of the Inner Temple. The task of bringing the work up to date will necessarily be a long one; but there is a felt want for an exhaustive volume embracing the modern law as it affects sales of real property.

THE King of the Maories was smitten a short time ago with the charms of an actress on tour in New Zealand. She had youth, beauty, and genius on her side, but alas! she was obdurate. When the king, after the performance, sent a message to the lady, intimating that he would like to marry her, he was met by a firm but polite refusal. Consternation reigned in the royal breast until he remembered that he was already the husband of four wives, and that possibly the fascinating miss was minded to be sole mistress of her monarch's heart. Forthwith he reopened negotiations, intimating, with a bluntness worthy of Bluff Hal of Divorce Court memory, that if the four existing wives were looked upon as obstructions he would have them strangled forthwith. A colder, curter refusal was returned to this generous proposal, and now King Tawsaio is in much perplexity. He cannot comprehend the ways of English ladies.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY writes to the *Times* to say that his long connection with the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines at South Kensington is not at an end. At the request of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, he retains the positions of Dean and honorary Professor of Biology in that institution. A pension of £300 per annum has been offered to Professor Huxley, "in recognition of his eminent scientific services," and has been accepted. Professor Huxley's great services to science deserve national "recognition"; and since he has refused all honorary distinctions, it is welcome news that he will allow the nation to offer him this testimonial.

ENGLAND has in a mild form its parallel to the Chinese Question Complaint is made of a "terrible and alarming" influx of hungry, needy Teutons into England. They swarm in London; they abound in all trades; and they will take wages or salary far beneath what an Englishman asks. The suggestion is made that every person employing them should pay an additional tax for the privilege. But these economists do not appear to be aware of the composite character of the English nation, or how it has been built up by utilizing precisely such influxes of foreigners.

A RUMOUR is gaining currency that the Queen, immediately after the celebration of her jubilee, in 1887, will voluntarily step down from the throne and yield her place to the Prince of Wales. But the ill-natured say that though it might be possible to persuade Her Majesty to retire on full pay, nothing short of that will do; and it is not to be expected that the nation will ever consent to pay two full salaries—to give forty shillings for one Sovereign.

### THE RECENT FRENCH ELECTIONS.

In a paper—"Life and Thought in France"—in the December *Contemporary Review*, M. Gabriel Monod counts among the causes that underlie the check administered to the Republic in the recent elections: (1) The substitution of the *scrutin de liste* for the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The Republican party were accustomed to the latter, but not to the former, and were organized with a view to that method of voting. Every deputy had concentrated all his efforts on his own *arrondissement*, and the Republican lists made up of deputies of the different *arrondissements* had to compete with lists constructed expressly with a view to the *scrutin de liste*—that is to say, composed not of local but of departmental notabilities. (2) The fall of the Ferry Cabinet also contributed to the disorganization of the Republican Party. M. Ferry's majority, instead of holding together as it might have done if it had appeared before the constituencies as the Ministerial Party, fell quite to pieces, and had not even the courage to frame a programme or organize a common course of action. (3) The *scrutin de liste* cannot be carried out in any reasonable manner unless it is a question

of voting for or against a certain Government; but on this occasion the Government systematically effaced itself. In the first place, M. Brisson had taken office against his will; and in the second, his Government has no sort of homogeneity; it is composed of men taken from all parties and representing the most incongruous ideas—so that it was impossible even to find a political principle on which the electors might pronounce, much less to agree upon a programme. The author continues:—

These three causes of which I have spoken had their share, each and all of them, in bringing about the result; but these are only secondary causes: there are others that lie deeper than these.

The gravest and the most universal of all is the general uneasiness. Industry, commerce, and agriculture are all suffering; numbers of the electors are anxious and discontented; and under a system so centralized as ours it is always easy to attribute one's miseries to the Government. It is especially easy at a moment like the present, when the exchequer is low, and when the fall in the funds and the uncertainty of the financial situation are causing heavy losses to the capitalist, and paralyzing business. It is true that the deficit and the generally unsatisfactory condition of our finances are due in part to transient causes, such as the war in Tonquin, or to that universal depression of trade for which the Republic cannot be held responsible; but they are also partly due to a real mismanagement of the public money, and to the imprudence with which expenses have been increased and sources of revenue surrendered. The deputies have tried to please the electors at once by lightening taxation and by voting fresh expenditure; and they have simply precipitated a crisis from which the whole electorate is now suffering. The famous scheme of public works inaugurated by M. de Freycinet will hang for years like a millstone round the neck of the budget; while the law for the building of primary schools has led to such extravagant outlay that its application has had to be suspended altogether. The agricultural crisis, which is due to a multitude of different causes, and which the Chamber has done its utmost to mitigate, has done more harm than anything, because it affects a greater number of people. It is unreasonable to hold the Government responsible for it; but then the masses naturally are unreasonable; and besides, it must always be so in a country where the State tries to do everything itself, and puts down its foot on all individual enterprise.

This cause it is which has had the greatest influence in leading the electors to vote, according to their individual tendencies, either for the Right or for the Extreme Left, and to yield to the enticements of those who promise financial security and the protection of the agricultural interest; but in addition to this, there are other causes less general in their character, which nevertheless are serious enough, since there seems little likelihood of any remedy being found for them. To a certain extent the Tonquin expedition must be classed among the sources of popular discontent; but this is not nearly so much the case as might perhaps be imagined. Of course a good deal was said about it, especially at the outset; it made a good weapon against the Opportunists, and attempts were made to work upon the feelings of the public by depicting the sufferings of our soldiers, our fleet, our garrisons in the delta; but for all that, the Tonquin question had very little effect on the elections. It may have given the Radicals some ten or fifteen seats, but there is an end of it. The number of communes which suffered severely by the expedition was very small; the idea of giving up a conquest, however distant, can never be a popular one; and Tonquin is so out of the way that no one realizes the sacrifices it costs or the sufferings it entails.

The policy of the late Chamber with regard to religion, education, and the army had very much greater weight with the electors. By a reasonable mixture of firmness and gentleness the Republic might easily have secured the neutrality of the higher clergy and something very like the sympathy of the lower. It preferred an indecisive policy, at once weak and unfriendly—a policy of petty annoyance, which irritated without terrifying, and which the Clericals represented as persecution. The clergy, thus alienated, threw themselves in a body into an open agitation on behalf of the Conservative candidates, while men of moderate opinions, who by no means belong to the ranks of the Clericals, but who valued religious liberty, were driven in large numbers in the same direction. The persistent threat held out by certain Republicans to destroy the Church, either by a hypocritical fulfilment of the Concordat or by the forcible separation of Church and State, has been skilfully used by their adversaries amongst the peasantry, who dread nothing so much as having to pay their *curé* themselves. The Government was so well aware of this fact that in some of the departments the catechism was ordered to be recited in the schools during the last week before the elections, though only two months earlier the teachers had been strictly forbidden to use it. This childish stratagem had, as might have been expected, no great success.

It may at first sight seem surprising that the laws for primary instruction should have injured the credit of the Republican Party. The work it has done for the schools has been its best title to honour. But admirable as the work may have been on the whole, it has had many defects. The large sums spent in building have burdened many of the communes with debt, and the increase of local rates has not been made up for by the advantage of free education, for, as a peasant put it, "I used to pay for my own son; now I pay for everybody." In some places, even, the parents feel insulted by a gratuity which reduces them to the level of paupers. The State, by providing free education for everybody, and not only for those who claim it, has seriously diminished its revenues, and has deprived the teachers of the very necessary addition to their salaries afforded by the capitation fee. Compulsory education has given rise to other grievances. Compulsion was a good thing in itself; but instead of being applied in a simple and practi-

cal way, by giving the school boards the right to summon and punish parents who of set purpose were providing no education for their children, it was surrounded by a multitude of petty and vexatious details; the parents were required to make a declaration every year, with the risk of having their names published if they forgot; while children who did not attend the public schools were obliged to undergo a pretty severe annual examination, thus affording the tyrants of the village a fine opportunity of annoyance. It is not easy to realize the variety of quarrels and difficulties of all sorts which have sprung out of this system of compulsory education.

### THE SCRAP BOOK.

#### THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.

JUDGING the American press as a whole, and from impressions formed not at a distance, but in the very country where it is written and read, I should characterize it generally as trivial, sensational, and essentially vulgar. Its triviality is manifested in the amount of space given to petty subjects, laboured conceits of language which pass for wit, "the latest emanations of eminent punsters and laughter-makers, and paltry personalities." Imagine the state of mind of people who can take pleasure in reading columns of items like the following, which I copy textually from a Philadelphia paper: "Samuel R. Shipley is lying awake o' nights, studying plans for the salvation of the Reading Road." "Aristides Welch still takes a deep interest in thoroughbred horses." "Frank Thompson is fond of yachting on the ocean." "Thomas Eakin believes in painting without outlines." And then the extraordinary titles that they invent for their columns of miscellaneous notes: "Nuggets and Nubbins," "Pressed Bricks," "Pith and Point," "Police Pickings," "Drops of Ink," "Microbes." Again, there is the wonderful space work of those "smart" and "sparkling" reporters who write elaborate interviews with bar-keepers, loafers, dealers in chewing gum, candy makers, and other eccentric characters. Such subjects, I presume, are considered to be of "real interest to human beings"—I quote the words of a newspaper programme—and doubtless they are, but within limits. A charitable critic might perhaps discern in this kind of reporting a certain striving after impression and effect. Yes, there is a vivacity of appreciation, a rough hand that might perhaps be trained to do good work, but at present what coarse art it is if it can be called art at all! What triviality, doubly trivial, being, as it is, unredeemed by charm of form and style! And what a taint of provincialism running throughout the whole periodical literature of the country, and manifesting itself not merely in the newspapers, but even in those beautifully illustrated American magazines where the text so often seems to be the work of aspiring New England school-ma'ams!

The sensationalism and vulgarity of the American press cannot, I am afraid, be denied, however readily these elements may be explained. But before going further I would beg the reader to bear in mind that we are considering the American press of the present day, and that whatever criticisms I may make apply to the press of 1885, and not to the press as it was ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. The historical aspect of the press is outside our present point of view. First of all, then, we may remember that although the social state of America is not so crude as that which Mrs. Trollope and Basil Hall discovered some forty years ago in the wilds of New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, it is still sadly wanting in those qualities of refinement, calmness, and gentleness of mind and manner which Matthew Arnold has summed up in his famous formula, *Sweetness and Light*. The refined and cultivated section of the population is outnumbered ten thousandfold by the most heterogeneous swarm of humanity that can be found on the face of the globe—men, women, and children, full of intelligence of a certain perverse kind, who have been gathered from all parts of the earth to people this mighty American continent, and who are living there in a state of aggressive equality, free from the restraint of all but the most elementary social and intellectual traditions, absorbed in a keen and ardent struggle for material prosperity, and presenting phenomena of social evolution such as the world has never before witnessed. It is a country where industrial activity predominates so universally that a man of leisure becomes at once an object either of pity or of suspicion; a country where every man is citizen and elector, and where even the blubber-lipped negro is the political equal of the man whose boots he blacks, and whose vote he can nullify or confirm; a country too where, for all practical purposes, we may say that every man, woman, and child can read and write.—*Theodore Child, in the December Fortnightly.*

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS IN PARIS.

POLITICAL writers in Paris are objects of much greater public interest than their brother scribes at Washington, and visitors to the Chamber of Deputies always vent a portion of their curiosity upon the celebrities of the reporters' gallery. They were sure to ask who the little man was who owned the big head and immense white beard, and in this way Crawford, for many, many years the Paris representative of the London *Daily News*, gained something of a reputation. This was added to by several brilliant articles which appeared in the journal he represented, and which he got credit for, although he had not written them. Those who knew him well knew that, like Sampson, his strength lay entirely in his beard, and that his was a totally negative character. Still, his death last week will create a void in the gallery, and many will miss his invariable courtesy and ever ready willingness to do any one any act of kindly politeness. He was dean of the press gallery for many years. Then Ryan, of the *New York Herald*, a monstrously conceited and ambitious old foggy,

hatched a conspiracy to obtain the position for himself, and prevailed upon De Blowitz, of the *London Times*, to aid in his scheme. The foxy Blowitz interested himself very much in the matter; he extolled the virtues of Mr. Crawford, worked secretly for Ryan, and somehow managed to get the coveted deanship for himself. It is curious that the oldest members of the press gallery of the French Parliament should all be foreigners, but the paradox is explained by the large European circulation the English journals have, and the fact that every leading statesman fears and respects their editorial opinions more than he does those of his own country. Blowitz in the gallery is quite as much an interrogation mark as his predecessor. Turn over an old Dickens, illustrated by Cruikshank, and find his personation of Mr. Mantalini, and you have the portrait of Blowitz. Hair deep-dyed, shining, and perfumed; moustaches curled like a piece of wrought iron scroll-work, and on each side of his broad, flabby face two shining ringlets, that seem to hang from his temples like a pair of black sausages. It was the *Times*, and not Mr. Blowitz, that was elected dean of the press gallery, for personally Mr. Blowitz is thoroughly disliked. Millage, of the *London Daily Chronicle*, is, on the contrary, a great favourite. He is handsome—which goes a long way in France—and during the many years that he has occupied his present position he has proved himself thoroughly able and impartial. Mr. Levy, the wealthy owner of the *Daily Telegraph*, sends his son-in-law to represent him. He is a dapper little man, a good journalist, has fine horses, a well-appointed apartment on the Avenue de l'Opera, a handsome wife, and goes much into society. Meltzer, of the *Herald*, who succeeded Ryan last year, but who has lived for years in Paris, also goes into society as often as his journalistic duties will permit. He wears a broad-brimmed Quaker hat, Oscar Wilde curls, a sixteenth century coat, and base-ball moustache. Such a distinguished figure is always welcome at a large assemblage, where he will easily pass for a celebrated poet or composer. He is the most modest man I ever knew. Yet he knows more languages, more of the political, social, art and musical history of different countries, and can write well on a greater variety of subjects, than any journalist I have met. Meltzer is now, I believe, located in London.—*To-Day.*

#### THE INSANITY OF GENIUS.

THE influence of flattery on great men is noticeable. William Godwin could swallow the largest dose with ease. A fascinating widow understood this, and so won his heart. She occupied the next house to Godwin. The widower often sat in the little balcony at his window, and one evening Mrs. Clairmont, a perfect stranger, addressed him rapturously from her own with, "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin," and they were married soon after.

The Westmoreland peasants thought Wordsworth simple, or bereft of his senses—a little cracked. As he strolled through the woods muttering his wayward fancies, the astonished rustics regarded him with pity because he went "booming around."

Among the many interesting reminiscences of Bryant's intercourse with the English poets, there is a characteristic anecdote of Rogers. On a visit to London, in 1849, Rogers said to him, "Our poets seem to be losing their minds. Campbell's son was in a madhouse, and if the father had been put there, in the last years of his life, it would have been the proper place for him. Bowles became weak-minded, and as for Southey, you know what happened to him. Moore was here the other day, and I asked, 'Moore, how long have you been in town?' 'Three or four days,' he replied. 'What, three or four days and not let me know it?' 'I beg your pardon,' said he, putting his hand to his forehead, 'I believe I came to town this morning.'"

Shelley was at times mad outright, and Byron's blood was deeply tainted with maniacal infusion. His uncle, the fifth Lord, had been the homicide of his kindred, and hid his remorse in the dismal cloisters of Newstead. A most eccentric, passionate man, killing his neighbour and kinsman after a foolish quarrel on some frivolous subject, he became a recluse, shunned by all. He hung the bloody sword with which he murdered Mr. Chaworth from the tester of his bed, that the sight of it should for ever sting his conscience; chased wild boars by day and tamed crickets on his solitary hearth at night. Byron said that his ancestor's only companions were these crickets that used to crawl over him, receive stripes from strands when they misbehaved, and on his death made an exodus in procession from the house. His wife stated her belief, and that of her advisers, that "Lord Byron was actually insane," and she found thirteen instances of absolutely insane conduct in him during their short companionship.

Ampères, father and son, were extremely absent-minded. Jean Jacques Ampère was determined to show how useful he could make himself as a butler, so he went to the cellar to fetch wine, but found that the key would not turn in the lock. He had another key made, and things went on very well for some time, when, lo! one day he observed that the stock of wine was diminishing with a rapidity which suddenly surprised him. The day following, to his still greater surprise, the empty bins were full again; yesterday only twenty-five bottles could be counted, to-day several hundreds; he rushed upstairs to tell the wondrous tale; two witnesses go down with him to confirm it, they count hundreds of bottles.

The explanation was that Jean Jacques had with the most perfect innocence got a key made to open the door of a neighbour's well-stocked cellar, while he kept the old key of their own, thus going one day (just as it

might happen) to the meagre Ampèrestock, and another helping himself freely to the more abundant supplies of a neighbour and tenant called Fresnel. "I ought to have been tried for it at the Assizes," said poor Jean Jacques, but the affair was hushed up and restitution made.—*The Vanity and Insanity of Genius*, by Kate Sanborn.

## BELOVED.

MORTAL, if thou art beloved,  
Life's offences are removed ;  
And the fateful things that checked thee,  
Hallow, hearten, and protect thee.  
Grow'st thou mellow? What is age?  
Tinct on life's illumined page,  
Where the purple letters glow  
Deeper, painted long ago.  
What is sorrow? Comfort's prime,  
Love's choice Indian summer clime.  
Sickness!—thou wilt pray it worse  
For so blessed balmy nurse.  
And for death!—when thou art dying  
'Twill be Love beside thee lying.  
Death is lonesome? Oh, how brave  
Shows the foot-frequented grave!  
Heaven itself is but the casket  
For Love's treasure, ere he ask it,—  
Ere with burning heart he follow,  
Piercing through corruption's hollow.  
If thou art beloved, oh then  
Fear no grief of mortal men.

—*Contemporary Review.*

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

THE antagonism between science and religion, about which we hear so much, appears to me to be purely factitious—fabricated, on the one hand, by short-sighted religious people who confound a certain branch of science, theology, with religion; and, on the other, by equally short-sighted scientific people who forget that science takes for its province only that which is susceptible of clear intellectual comprehension, and that outside the boundaries of that province they must be content with imagination, with hope, and with ignorance. It seems to me that the moral and intellectual life of the civilized nations of Europe is the product of that interaction, sometimes in the way of antagonism, sometimes in that of profitable interchange, of the Semitic and the Aryan races, which commenced with the dawn of history, when Greek and Phœnician came in contact, and has been continued by Carthaginian and Roman, by Jew and Gentile, down to the present day. Our art (except, perhaps, music) and our science are the contributions of the Aryan; but the essence of our religion is derived from the Semite. In the eighth century B.C., in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me to be as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Pheidias or the science of Aristotle.

"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

If any so-called religion takes away from this great saying of Micah, I think it wantonly mutilates, while, if it adds thereto; I think it obscures, the perfect ideal of religion.

But what extent of knowledge, what acuteness of scientific criticism, can touch this, if any one possessed of knowledge or acuteness could be absurd enough to make the attempt? Will the progress of research prove that justice is worthless, and mercy hateful; will it ever soften the bitter contrast between our actions and our aspirations; or show us the bounds of the universe, and bid us say, Go to, now we comprehend the infinite?

A faculty of wrath lay in those ancient Israelites, and surely the prophet's staff would have made swift acquaintance with the head of the scholar who had asked Micah whether, peradventure, the Lord further required of him an implicit belief in the accuracy of the cosmogony of Genesis!

What we are usually pleased to call religion nowadays is, for the most part, Hellenized Judaism; and, not unfrequently, the Hellenic element carries with it a mighty remnant of old-world paganism and a great infusion of the worst and weakest products of Greek scientific speculation; while fragments of Persian and Babylonian, or rather Accadian, mythology burden the Judaic contribution to the common stock.

The antagonism of science is not to religion, but to the heathen survivals and the bad philosophy under which religion herself is often well-nigh crushed. And, for my part, I trust that this antagonism will never cease; but that to the end of time, true science will continue to fulfil one of her most beneficent functions, that of relieving men from the burden of false science which is imposed upon them in the name of religion.

This is the work that M. Réville and men such as he are doing for us; this is the work which his opponents are endeavouring, consciously or unconsciously, to hinder.—*Prof. Huxley on "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," in the current Nineteenth Century.*

AN English bishop querulously remarked to his servant that he was dying. "Well, my lord," said the good fellow, "you are going to a better place." "John," replied the prelate, with an air of conviction, "there's no place like old England!"

## A LAVA STREAM IN HAWAII.

AN advancing lava flow makes a considerable ado as it goes on—especially if its line of advance is through a jungle or forest. The noise accompanying its movement, under these circumstances, resembles the roar of the battlefield. The ears of the person who visits the scene are greeted by the crackling of blazing foliage, the hissing of hot air and steam, the falling of trees, and the bursting of bombs, all commingled in one tumult.

Traversing a lava stream while it is yet running, may be compared to traversing a river in winter by walking on the ice. A pair of thick shoes and stockings are needed to protect the feet from the heat, as on the ice to protect them from the cold. Vent holes, too, will be ever and anon encountered in the solid crust covering the liquid stream, down which the spectator can look and behold the fiery river below; and fire-falls, which are usually without any covering of solid lava over them, just as water-falls in winter, be the weather never so cold, are without any covering of ice.—*Edward Baker, in December Overland.*

CANADA has a new sect, "whose doctrine is that women have no souls, because the Bible nowhere mentions women as angels." The leader of this sect is said to be a Frenchman, who, without the imagination and spirit of gallantry characteristic of his countrymen, fails to see what the *Boston Herald* regards as a fair supposition, "that the Lord did not send women angels because of the difficulty that would have been experienced in distinguishing them from their lovely sisters who were still in the flesh. No live man would ever be taken for an angel."—*Index.*

THE new hansom, to convey four persons, which is to supersede the anachronistic growler, has appeared in Piccadilly, and is causing immense excitement among the Jehus. It is lighter and brighter than the lugubrious four-wheeler, but not quite so roomy, and very much more springy. It shuffles about upon its heavy springs very much like the Lord Mayor's state coach on November the 9th. It is called the Devon hansom, but it is not likely to hold its position beside the victorias which are about to be placed on the ranks by a Birmingham company. The brougham and the victoria are immediately to take their place among the vehicles plying for hire in our badly-supplied metropolis. We have, it is true, the gondola of London, but our omnibuses, though in course of gradual improvement, are inconvenient, and our cabriolets are a disgrace to the largest city in the world. The disgrace is to be immediately removed. The Devon hansom is the first step towards it, but only a step to broughams and victorias.—*London Correspondence.*

A RUSSIAN observer, Dr. Kolbe, having made some researches on the effects of various degrees of brightness and of coloured paper on the acuteness of vision, using for the purpose Snellen's tables, has come to the conclusion that acuteness of vision increases with the difference in brightness between an object and the ground upon which it is placed; but that this increase is not proportional to the difference, augmenting rapidly as long as the difference of brightness is small, then augmenting very slowly until a great difference in brightness is reached, when it again augments very remarkably. He also finds that the colour of the ground, unless it is very intense, has little effect on the acuteness of vision. With regard to the fatigue occasioned to the eyes by paper of various colours, he finds that red and green papers produce more fatigue than blue and yellow, and these again more than gray and white of the same degrees of brightness. Altogether he does not think that a coloured paper for printed books presents any advantage, as far as the eyesight is concerned, over white paper.—*Lancet.*

I HAD a talk about the blowing up of the André monument last week with an artist who has spent the summer in the neighbourhood of Tarrytown and who was there when the explosion occurred. He lays the affair to the natives of the district. "The country all about," says he, "is alive with patriotic and revolutionary memories. The mass of the people regard the André monument as a much greater outrage than its blowing up. The inscription on it I have heard denounced time and again as disgusting gush by some of the best people of the neighbourhood, and I do not doubt that the last attempt to demolish it is the work of some of the younger and hotter-blooded members of the community. If the spot had been originally marked with a simple stone announcing the event it commemorated, and nothing more, it would probably never have been interfered with. But to make it a monument to the glory of an enemy and a so-called gentleman base enough to do the dirty work of a spy in the cause of tyranny was a little too much. Now I do not believe any monument, however simple, would be allowed to stand there."—*To-Day.*

SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S explanation—to the effect that he does not allow his literary amusements to interfere with his professional occupations—was presumably intended for that class of persons whom Carlyle held to be a majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain. No doubt foolish people are puzzled to understand how anybody can excel in two different pursuits, or contrive to be at once witty and wise; although, as a matter of fact, the most eminent men of all ages have shown capacity for more than one kind of work. Of course it must be admitted that some conspicuous literary successes proved as decided medical failures, and Goldsmith may well have strengthened the vulgar prejudice against a combination of the two callings. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," urged Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." But it is possible to conceive the case of a man who should find neither patients nor publishers; nor was that witness a distinguished writer who told Lord Ellenborough that "he employed himself as a surgeon," and had to

answer a further inquiry as to whether "anybody else employed him as a surgeon." Yet to the very first rank both in letters and medicine no Englishman can be said to have attained. The Muse of Jenner hardly achieved more than a neat epigram or two; while the utmost that can be said for "Dr. Locke" is, that he did not disgrace the author of the "Essay Concerning Human Understanding."—*St. James's Gazette*.

In a lecture which he delivered at Edinburgh before an audience of 2,000 persons, over whom the Earl of Rosebery presided, Lieutenant Greely, of the United States Navy, whose disastrous expedition to the Arctic regions is fresh in the minds of all, gave his matured opinion that the theory which placed the Garden of Eden at the Pole appeared to rest on sound scientific grounds. This is the right sort of topsy-turvydom; far better than mincing matters, and suggesting that the Garden of Eden was in the Regent's Park, or somewhere out Wapping way. How Adam must have enjoyed himself when on a cold frosty morning he swarmed up the Pole, and felt himself the monarch of all he surveyed. How delighted he must have been when Eve came to town. No wonder our first parents fell, for they could hardly do otherwise in such a slippery region. The serpent that tempted them was probably a seal, and any visitor to the Zoo or the Brighton Aquarium may perceive that this creature goes "on its belly" to this very day. Perhaps Eve had an eye to a sealskin jacket, a garment much beloved by many of her frail daughters. No doubt Adam admired his wife with the Frigid Zone round her waist. The chilly pair were doubtless delighted when they received notice to quit this inhospitable spot, and were despatched to a warmer climate, and glad indeed must they have been to say good-bye to Paradise.—*Modern Society*.

POLITICAL differences frequently lead to strained relations in family circles. They are, however, occasionally not without compensating effects. This is illustrated by an official arrangement which took place the other day at Berlin, Langannon County, Illinois, where it has excited much interest. Postmaster Parker at that place is "a real old-fashioned stalwart Black Republican." He is represented as being "the most zealous, rancorous, offensive partisan conceivable, and fairly lives to spend his voice and dollars in the cause." Mrs. Parker, his wife, is, on the other hand, a Democrat of almost ferocious zeal. She hates all Black Republicans except her husband, and during the campaign she keeps even him on short commons, so that she can save money to contribute to the Democratic funds. Complaints have for some time been made to First Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson of Mr. Parker's rabid partisanship, and it was at last decided to remove him from his office. The next question was the selection of his successor; and, after due deliberation, the Assistant Postmaster-General came to the conclusion that no more uncompromising and worthy Democrat in Berlin could be found than Mrs. Parker. That lady was accordingly, on the 29th ult., formally appointed postmaster in the place of Mr. Parker, removed—to her great delight and to the satisfaction of her numerous friends and admirers.—*St. James's Gazette*.

"As I had the honour of living in the same house, 142 Strand, with George Eliot for about two years, between 1851 and 1854, I may perhaps be allowed to correct an impression which Mr. Cross's book may possibly produce on its readers. To put it very briefly I think he has made her too 'respectable.' She was really one of the most sceptical, unusual creatures I ever knew, and it was this side of her character which to me was the most attractive. She told me that it was worth while to undertake all the labour of learning French if it resulted in nothing more than reading one book—Rousseau's 'Confessions.' That saying was perfectly symbolical of her, and reveals more completely what she was, at any rate in 1851-54, than page after page of attempt on my part at critical analysis. I can see her now, with her hair over her shoulders, the easy chair half sideways to the fire, her feet over the arms, and a proof in her hands, in that dark room at the back of No. 142, and I confess I hardly recognize her in the pages of Mr. Cross's—on many accounts—most interesting volume. I do hope that in some future edition, or in some future work, the salt and spice will be restored to the records of George Eliot's entirely unconventional life. As the matter now stands she has not had full justice done to her, and she has been removed from the class—the great and noble church, if I may so call it—of the Insurgents, to one more genteel, but certainly not so interesting."—*Hale White, in the Athenæum*.

For a "dead language," Hebrew shows remarkable vitality. It is little known that even in this country a good deal of pure Hebrew is spoken, and that one at least of the many dialects descended from it is the mother-tongue of a considerable number of British citizens. The Judeo-German dialect, a mixture of archaic German and pure Hebrew, may be heard at every street corner in the East of London, where it is spoken by the lower class of foreign Jews; and at the present moment not a few election handbills, couched in this dialect and printed in orthodox Hebrew characters, are circulating among the enfranchised Jewish denizens of the Tower Hamlets, Whitechapel, Mile-end, Stepney, and St. George's-in-the-East. One of these documents, issued by Mr. J. C. Durant, Liberal candidate for Stepney, makes an appeal for a solid Hebrew vote by reminding the Jews, in the language of David and Solomon, that "Kol Yisroel Chaberim" ("All Israel are comrades"). It is curious to notice that Judeo-German, while continuing to be written and printed in Hebrew characters, is daily losing more and more of its pure Hebrew elements. *En revanche*, it appears to be adopting English expressions in this country and America. Thus a circular recently issued by the Liberal party in Whitechapel strongly animadverts on "die tricks von die Tories." The earliest Jewish settlers in England in the reign of Charles II. spoke a kind of Judeo-Spanish called "Ladino;" but this jargon has almost entirely disappeared from the West of Europe.—*St. James's Gazette*.

## BOOK NOTICES.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES FROM BALZAC. Done into English by Myndart Verelst. With an Introduction by Edgar Saltus. New York: George J. Coombes.

English admirers of Balzac will welcome this volume as containing four of his shortest stories, now for the first time presented to English readers. They are characteristic of the author; the translator has succeeded admirably in conveying the spirit of the originals; and, being accompanied with an excellent memoir, they will doubtless be eagerly read.

SONGS OF OLD CANADA. Translated by William McLennan. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This pleasant booklet contains a few of the old French songs one occasionally hears in the Province of Quebec. The object of the translator has been to preserve them in an English dress and in a form that will admit of their being sung to the airs we are familiar with; and he has succeeded admirably in his design. The spirit of the old French is not lost by his transference to our language of "*A la Claire Fontaine*," the terrible story of Marianson, and some eight or ten others.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES AND MINISTERS OF MONTREAL. By Rev. Samuel Massey. Illustrated with Photographs by W. Notman and Son. Montreal: Witness Printing House.

This is the first number of a series of brief sketches of the Protestant churches of Montreal, and contains some "Sunday Morning Notes" of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. It is illustrated by two very good photographic views of the church and a portrait of the pastor. The work is well designed to be a lasting memorial of its subject.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE. A legend of the Ottawa. By James D. Edgar. Toronto: The Toronto News Company.

An Indian legend told in the simple metre adopted by Longfellow. The tale is interesting, and the poetic dress extremely good. It is illustrated by W. D. Blatchly, and as this and the whole of the typographical and mechanical work is Canadian, the book is entirely a home-production, very suitable for a holiday gift-book.

THE *Globe* Christmas Number contains twenty-four stories selected out of four hundred and seven submitted for the *Globe* Prize Story Competition. These, presumably of the best, display in general a good degree of literary ability in the writers: so creditable a degree, indeed, that we fancy a difficulty will be experienced in settling upon five for the prizes.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have received the following books and publications:—

- LITERARY LIFE. December. Chicago: Elder Publishing Company.  
SONGS OF OLD CANADA. Translated by William McLennan. Montréal: Dawson Brothers.  
THE *Globe* CHRISTMAS NUMBER.  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE. January.  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 1885-86. Boston: Lee and Shepard.  
ELECTRA. A Magazine of pure literature. December. Louisville, Ky.  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. January. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.  
MAN. December. Ottawa.  
ART INTERCHANGE. December 17th, With Christmas card supplement. New York, 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.  
MARIUS THE EPICURIAN: His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Peter, M.A. Second Edition. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.  
TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Lord Tennyson. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.  
FIAMMETTA: A Summer Idyl. By William Wetmore Story. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.  
POEMS. By William Wetmore Story. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.  
A MORTAL ANTIPATHY: First opening of the New Portfolio. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.  
BONNYBOROUGH. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.  
THE WHITE STONE CANOE. A Legend of the Ottawa. By James D. Edgar. Toronto: The Toronto News Company.  
WHAT TOMMY DID. By Emily Huntington Miller. New York: John B. Alden.  
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF PROTESTANT CHURCHES AND MINISTERS OF MONTREAL. By Rev. Samuel Massey. Montreal: Witness Printing House.  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. January. New York: E. R. Pelton.  
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. December. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

M. RENAN's new book, "The Priest of Nemi," purports on its face to be a drama of ancient Rome, but is in reality one of contemporary life. In his preface M. Renan thus sets forth the object of his work: "My desire is to develop my idea, that is, my belief in the final triumph of religious and moral progress, notwithstanding the reported victories of folly and evil. I have attempted to show the good causes gaining ground in spite of all the faults and feeblenesses of its apostles and its martyrs. I have aimed, in short, to render evident a network of truths, all tending to the iron law which decrees that crime is often rewarded and virtue punished."

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. RUSKIN's autobiography, "Præterita," will be issued fortnightly after January 1st.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY will shortly issue Miss Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany," with a preface by Sir George Grove.

A NEW edition of the quaint and delightful "Essays of Elia" has recently been issued by John B. Alden, the "Literary Revolution" publisher of New York.

THAT delightful draughtsman, Randolph Caldecott, has come to America to travel and make sketches for the London *Graphic*. It is his first visit to the States.

THE Jews intend to take the Revised Version of the Old Testament as a foundation for their English Scriptures to be published by the Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge.

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS, Philadelphia, will publish immediately Henry Gréville's new Russian novel, "The Princess Nadia"; "Geneviève's History," also by Henry Gréville; and "The Master of L'Étrange," by Eugene Hall, of North Carolina.

ALDEN'S *Library Magazine* maintains its position as a storehouse of the best literature. Among the contents in the current number are articles by such noted authors as Canon Farrar, Max Müller, the Bishop of Carlisle, Cardinal Newman, Philip Schaff, and others.

THE *Eclectic* magazine for January opens a new volume, and is full of good things. It contains no less than twenty articles selected from the cream of the world's thought; and is likely, we think, to arrest attention as a fine example of what an eclectic magazine should be.

TICKNOR AND COMPANY issue this week "Doria's Daughter," by Henry Gréville, translated by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement. This is said to be one of the most charming and popular of all Henry Gréville's writings. It was especially written for this country, and as it is not published in French it cannot be reprinted.

THOSE persons who "extra-illustrate" books will be glad to know that Houghton, Mifflin and Company have printed a number of steel portraits of the authors on their list, which they sell apart from the books. The latest edition to this collection is a portrait of Mr. Lowell, which is an excellent likeness and an admirable piece of steel-engraving.

THE January number of the *Magazine of American History* will contain three notable articles in the Civil War Series, of which "The Operations Before Fort Donelson," by the distinguished military critic, General "Baldy" Smith, will furnish abundant food for fresh thought. General Smith is a conscientious historian, and he gives a clearer and more truthful view of that much misunderstood affair than was ever before presented to the public by any writer in any publication.

GINN AND COMPANY will issue on the 15th inst. a "Music Primer," by G. A. Veazie, jun., Supervisor of Music, Chelsea, Mass. This is a convenient little work, prepared expressly for the use of teachers in primary grades, in the preparation of their younger classes for staff-notation, as taught in Mason's National Music Course. A feature of this book is a set of formulas for finding the pitch of a given key, with the aid of a pitch-pipe.

GEN. BEAUREGARD will give a history of the Shiloh campaign in the January number of the *North American Review*. He claims that Gen. Algernon Sydney Johnson acted only as a corps commander at Shiloh. Gen. Beauregard emphatically asserts (contrary to the common belief) that he was the sole commander on both days, and, without naming them, controverts the reports of Grant and Sherman as to the nation's forces being taken by surprise.

W. J. LINTON, the distinguished English engraver and writer, now in this country, was authorized and deputed by Mazzini to be the exponent of his principles in America. Probably no one living is better able to write authoritatively on that group of "European Republicans" who are the subject of an article by Mr. Linton in the forthcoming *Century*. The illustrations are all engraved by the author himself, and include a full-page portrait of his friend Mazzini.

LEE AND SHEPARD have nearly ready "La Chrestomathie Moderne ou l'art d'apprendre la grammaire par la langue," par Le Dr. Alba-Raymond et le Professor T. N. Genoud, Directeurs du College, Lafayette, Boston; "Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses of Young Children," edited by Willard Small; "Hints on Language, in Connection with Light Reading and Writing in Primary and Intermediate Schools," by S. Arthur Bent, Superintendent of Public Schools, Clinton, Mass.

ROBERTS BROTHERS have just published "What We Really Know About Skakespeare," by Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall, which gives in a compact form the latest results of the inquiry into his life and circumstances; also, "Time Flies," a reading diary for every day in the year, by Christina G. Rossetti, uniform in binding with "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." Messrs. Roberts have in preparation "Colonel Cheswick's Campaign," a novel, by Flora L. Shaw, author of "Castle Blair," etc.

THE prospectus of *Wide Awake* for 1886 offers a rich treat for the young folk. This is the children's magazine *par excellence*, and the commencement of a new year is a good time to subscribe. The magazine has secured some good true stories of adventure from the pen of John Willis Hays, of the U.S. Geologic Survey; the first, a tale of Western North Carolina, "An Adventure in a Mica Mine," appears in the January number. A true North Carolina story of the Revolutionary War, a page of the author's family history, "A Revolutionary Turn-Coat," is also given in the same number.

ADVANCE notes of the *Overland Monthly* for January promise a number of especial interest. This will be the "Holiday Issue," and it has been decided to publish it a few days before Christmas. The first article will be Leonard Kip's Christmas story, entitled "Golden Graves," a tale of the mines at "Lowber Bar," in the stirring times of '49. Miss Helen Lake's new novel of California life, entitled "For Money," will begin in this issue, and the first instalments show a distinct advance upon the best of Miss Lake's previous work. It promises to be a strong, earnest story, full of fidelity to Pacific Coast society and manners. Kate Heath will contribute a holiday story, "Mr. Griggs' Christmas," a sketch full of human interest, love, and pathos. Hon. A. A. Sargent will write again of the Chinese Problem and the recent agitation against the Chinese. His article is a reply to a writer in the December *Overland*. Some "Observations on Chinese Labour," by H. Shewin, will give the brighter side of the picture. Perhaps the article that will attract most attention is entitled "The Lost Journals of a Pioneer." Some old books, manuscripts, etc., were recently found buried in the Coast Range, and a chapter of comments upon events of many years ago in Sacramento and San Francisco will appear in the January *Overland*.

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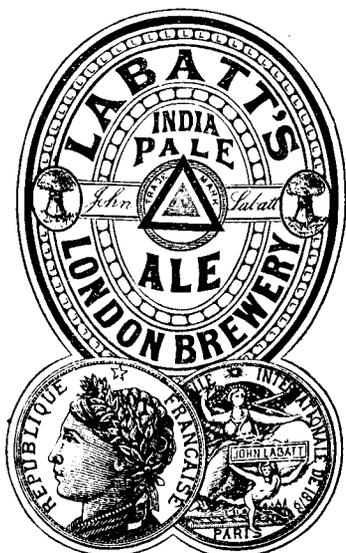
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**Fortnightly Review.**

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**British Quarterly.**

While discussing all branches of modern thought, is particularly devoted to the consideration of the more recent theories in Theology and Philosophy. Its articles are characterized by a keenly critical spirit, and for boldness of treatment and justness of criticism it stands alone, in its special field, among the periodicals of the world.

**Edinburgh Review.**

Numbers among its contributors the greatest names that have moulded English thought for the past fifty years. While its policy admits the discussion of all questions, its conservatism is tempered with a liberalism that marks it as the INDEPENDENT REVIEW of the world.

**Quarterly Review.**

Its reviews cover all the leading issues of the day, and embrace the latest discoveries in Science, in History, and in Archaeology. Much space is devoted to ecclesiastical history and matters connected with the Church, thus making the Review invaluable to the clerical student, as well as of great interest to the general reader.

**Westminster Review.**

Is notable for the latitude of its theological views, many of the most advanced of modern theories in theology having received in its pages their first authoritative support. A distinctive feature of this Review is its "INDEPENDENT SECTION," containing articles advocating views at variance with those of its editors.

**Blackwood's Magazine.**

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