

THE WEEK:

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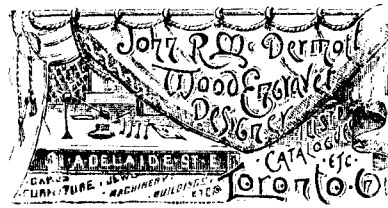
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THE JESUIT CLAIMS.

THE Jesuits are demanding the restoration of their property in Quebec, and the Province is apparently about to pay them a large sum, which will probably, by some indirect process, be ultimately drawn out of the Treasury of the Dominion. There is one thing, and one thing only, to which the Society of Jesus has a right at the hands of every moral and free community—exclusion from the national territory as a sworn enemy alike of morality and freedom. This is not a question of religion. It is not a question between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. By Roman Catholic writers, such as Pascal and Paolo Sarpi, the moral infamies and the social intrigues of the Jesuits have been exposed in language which no Protestant writer can surpass, and from Pascal Jesuitism received the wound which bleeds for ever. By the Roman Catholic Parliament of Paris the doctrines of the Society were condemned as contrary to national morality and subversive of civil society, and its books were burned upon the Place de Greve. For the same reasons, the Roman Catholic sovereigns demanded and obtained its suppression from the Pope. To no one is it more hateful than to some of the best of Roman Catholics; and its recent intrusion into Quebec was a struggle in which it supplanted the unaggressive piety of the Sulpicians and trampled on Gallican independence. It now dominates in the councils of the Papacy, and has inspired those violent measures of Papal usurpation which moderate Roman Catholics such as Montelembert and Strossmeyer deplored. It is not only immoral in action but in principle founded on immorality, since by its fundamental statute it requires the absolute submission of conscience to the bidding of the Superior, in whose hands the liegeman of Loyola is to be "as a living corpse." On that ground alone, the association would deserve to be prohibited wherever respect for conscience and for moral responsibility prevails. Jesuitism is not a religious fraternity; it is and always has been a social and political conspiracy against all Protestant communities and Governments. There is no such record of crime in history as that presented by the annals of the Society which kindled by its intrigues the Civil War of the League in France and the Thirty Years' War in Germany, besides stirring up civil discord in Poland, Sweden, and wherever its pestilential influence extended. Of the murderous persecutions of Protestants in the Netherlands, under Alva, Jesuitism was the animating spirit, and it appeared in its true character when a poor servant girl, for refusing to renounce her faith, was led out between two Jesuits to be burned alive. Jesuitism it was, that through its usual agents, a confessor and a mistress, procured the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the extirpation, with unspeakable barbarities, of Protestantism in France. By Jesuit divines was preached the Christian doctrine of political assassination, and in the murders of Protestant princes, or princes supposed to be favourable to Protestantism, such as William the Silent, Henry III., and Henry IV.,

there is always a Jesuit in the background. There are Jesuits in the background of the Gunpowder Plot. Suspicions of the same practices attach to the Jesuits in Roman Catholic countries to this hour. The brightest parts of the history of the Order were the missions: yet even to these, especially in Paraguay and China, adhered the taint of political ambition and of sinister intrigue. Jesuit education has been praised, and, from a certain point of view, with justice, inasmuch as the Fathers cultivated very successfully the art of teaching; but the object and the effect of the system were not to strengthen, enlighten, and emancipate the mind, but to emasculate, contract, and enthrall it; nor have Jesuit seminaries produced any lights of literature or science, except by repulsion, as they produced Voltaire. That the fathers sought not heavenly treasures alone was proved by the scandalous bankruptcy of La Vallette. Was the character of the Society changed by its temporary suppression? Has it, since its revival, renounced intrigue, and given itself to religion? Its intrigues in Switzerland brought on the secession of the Catholic Cantons and civil war, justly followed by its own banishment from the Confederation. By its influence over the frivolous and devout consort of Napoleon III. it precipitated France into war with Germany; while, by its machinations in Southern Germany, it laboured, happily in vain, to divide the German nation, and open a road for the invader's arms. In the East it allies itself, for its holy purposes, with French ambition, and holds out the objects of an Anti-British policy as inducements to France to support Jesuit Missions in Cochin China. In Madagascar, the same evangelical engines are plied against "the curse of Protestantism," which, after superstition and immorality, is designated as the third plague of the land. We are called upon to endow a society which not only is not national but is anti-national; which is not only anti-national, but the active enemy of our race and our Empire as well as of our religion. The Encyclical is the manifesto of Jesuitism controlling the policy of the Vatican; and the Encyclical is nothing less than a declaration of war against civil rights, the right of conscience, and the organic principles of modern civilization. To allow such a conspiracy to exist and freely to carry on its machinations within our borders, while France, Germany, and Switzerland exclude it from theirs, is surely a sufficient measure of tolerance. To re-endow it out of national funds would be an act of suicidal folly and of self-degradation, to which, enfeebled as patriotism has been by faction, it is to be hoped that a strenuous resistance will yet be made.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

YES, I take it justice is sometimes without us as a fact. After the lapse of centuries, when it slumbered, we may at length say with all truth, it is here. Though men's minds have oft to be illumined by the fires of the stake, they will then not seldom proclaim what they have seen—provided an assuring majority be on their side; and so it comes to pass a colossal statue of one Savonarola looks sternly down from its pedestal in the great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, Macchiavelli rests peacefully under the sacred roof of Santa Croce; while hundreds thread the narrow streets of old Florence, eagerly searching for the inscription—"In questa casa degli Alighieri nacque il divino poeta."

As we stand upon the Piazza della Signoria, the forum of the mediæval and modern city, from its every outlet cords seem to draw us towards as many points of intensest interest: north and west the Duomo, palaces, and churches, and southwards the wonderful picture galleries. But ere we move from the square itself, there is a world to admire; you doubtless recognise that solemn edifice with the odd independent-looking tower and fierce battlements? The Old Palace is the town-hall of to-day; still many rooms, unoccupied, remain unchanged. Here sat the Signoria, or Government of the Republic; later, it was the home of the Medici, and from 1860 to 1869 the Italian Parliament held its sittings in the great hall. Perhaps no part of Florence appears more familiar to us than just this corner of the Piazza, formed by the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi. One can easily name almost each figure of marble or bronze standing in the latter, and making of it so charming a little museum. This Loggia, formerly dei Signori, but afterwards named dei Lanzi, from the "lancers" of the Grand Duke Cosmo I. having been posted here, is an open vaulted hall, raised above the ground, to which lead a few steps of almost its entire

length. In order that the occupants of palaces might enjoy street sights; and take the air, without moving among the vulgar crowds, it was once customary to build such loggie adjoining private and public ones. Some exquisite pieces of sculpture stand now in the old Loggia. To the left, Benvenuto Cellini's beautiful "Perseus with the head of Medusa," in bronze; then Donatelli's "Judith and Holofernes," and the marble groups of Giovanni da Bologna—"Rape of the Sabines," and "Hercules slaying the Centaur Nessus."

A tiny covered passage connects the Palazzo Vecchio with the Uffizi, south of it, and again this palace is joined to the Pitti by a long gallery skirting the river, crossing the Ponto Vecchio, and thus reaching the last-named edifice on the left bank of the Arno. If we can no longer catch a glimpse of the tall, grave poet, as we lie in wait for him near his humble dwelling of the Via San Martino; if among Florentine crowds to-day, our search is vain for many a painter's face, many a keen-sighted talker; at least we turn in no direction that their marble effigies do not look down upon us, quite calmly and unastonished. The honour and the praise would have to come some time. The world has made a stride, since these brave workers are her heroes now. No, nor need we regret that the smoke and din of battle have vanished, and we may sit in peace at the feet of the "noble army of martyrs," white-robed indeed, and crowned—with laurel!

The Uffizi Palace comprises two long galleries, running parallel, and separated by the road. The ground floor of these buildings opens into a portico, which connects them at the end next to the river. The niches of this portico were adorned in 1842-56 with the marble statues of celebrated Tuscans—a charming idea carried out in many public edifices in France and Italy. The Uffizi collection, as you know, is one of the finest in the world. It originated with the paintings and sculpture of the Medici, and received many additions from the Lorraine family. As we might not exhaust many of the Italian galleries in months, so the least worthy description of one could fill no mean space. But we are neither wise critics nor German *voyageurs*, only of the concourse of *dilittanti* who, though they have not too much time at their disposition, make travelling and sight-seeing a pleasure, not a task. Like the Tribune of the Louvre, a sort of sanctum sanctorum in these temples of art, so has the Uffizi its *tribuna*, and here are found some of the most beautiful pictures in the gallery, and several gems of ancient sculpture. Among the latter are the "Group of Wrestlers," the "Medici Venus," and the "Grinder." The marvellous paintings we recognise almost all, but gaze with greatest pleasure, perhaps, at Raphael's "Madonna del Cardinello," his "Fornarina," Titian's "Venus of Urbino," Dürer's "Adoration of the Magi," and Andrea del Sarto's delightful "Madonna." First, one of the sweet girl-faces, innocent and gentle, with no thought of a heavenly throne, no thought beyond the fair children on whom she gazes—a perfect expression of love and untroubled happiness. Raphael's portrait of his friend is but another example of that wonderful capacity not only to make a skilful likeness, but to depict the inner nature of his subject. A beautiful, good-natured, voluptuous-looking creature, this Fornarina, from whose day the light has not yet faded. Andrea del Sarto's work charms by its softness, and that hazy loveliness peculiar to all his compositions. Leaving the *tribuna*, we pass through saloons, each devoted to different schools—the Tuscan, North Italian, Venetian (in which we find Titian's "Flora"), Dutch, French, and Flemish. Then, in the hall of the ancient masters we find Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin"—a lovely "queen" encircled by the most charming of celestial musicians. A very delightful picture this, of an air exquisitely naive, one towards which it is pleasant to turn, sickened by the sight of martyred saints, and whole "infernos" of horrors. The rich gold *fond forms* a beautiful background to the sweet Madonna and her angelic companions—graceful and child-faced and happy, playing with delightful abandon on their several instruments. Two saloons are devoted to the portraits of painters, for the most part painted by themselves. It is a magnificent collection, where we find all the great artists, from the earliest down to Millais and Leighton. A hasty glance at one more hall of the Uffizi and we shall leave it; or, better, you may place yourself in the hands of an all-wise cicerone with more space and leisure to tell of its marvellous treasures. In the "Saloon of Niobe" stands the wonderful group of the agonised mother, surrounded by her seven sons and seven daughters, all in the pangs of death. The statues were found in Rome in 1583, and are supposed to be copies of a work by either Scopas or Praxiteles. One can describe many things, giving by no means an unfair idea of the subject; but do you not think that that of which a picture is most easily made with words or pencil is precisely that which loses least by description? From these, the superb conceptions of man's brain, the most perfect work of his hands, there emanates a subtle something I cannot name, a something that thrills our hearts but chains our lips. As a rule,

the ninety-nine voices call forth as many vulgar epithets, and the hundredth is silent. If he have skill, as well as deep sensibility, he will be able to tell the wherefore of much, but the profoundest effect of the whole will, doubtless, be passed over—what, I mean, he feels alone from having seen, others must behold to feel, and the language of the divinest beauty is always a silent one. Thus, possessing the magnificent Niobe group and the works I have already mentioned, the Uffizi shares with the Vatican and Capitoline Museums at Rome, and the Museum of Naples, the greater part of the most precious antique sculptures in existence.

Yes, with just such looks of admiration have millions before you, and will millions again, gaze upon these exquisite piles. The Duomo or Cathedral, with the Campanile and Battistero, are among the loveliest edifices in Italy. Built entirely of coloured marble, in the delicate Italian Gothic style, they present that light, lace-like appearance peculiar to but few churches. You doubtless know all about the competition for the design of the dome, and how Brunelleschi secured the victory. If one is awe-struck by the wonderful beauty of the exterior of the Cathedral, admiration receives a decided check from its chilling interior plainness. Tiny windows break the monotony of ghastly white walls, and all is painfully new-looking, bare and cold. The dimensions are grand, but of a grandeur which leaves us unmoved. To the right of the unfortunately covered façade of the Duomo rises the bell tower, the finest, perhaps, in existence. Four storeys in height, it is decorated with coloured marble statues, and its windows adorned with exquisite tracery. The Baptistery, Dante's *bel St. Giovanni*, founded about 1100, was originally the Cathedral of Florence. Of its bronze doors, fit to be the gates of Paradise, you have read a thousand times. There are three: The first by Andrea Pisano, completed in 1330, after twenty-two years of labour, bears in relief, in square panels, scenes from the life of John the Baptist, and allegorical representations of the eight cardinal virtues. Lovely, indeed, but exciting less wonder when compared with the other two, the superb work of Lorenzo Ghiberti. In the Bargello, or, rather, national museum, are two most interesting reliefs, the one by Brunelleschi, the other of Ghiberti, produced in the competition for the execution of the Battistero gates, and here we may easily mark the vast superiority of the latter artist over even one of the most formidable of his rivals. The subject of the compositions is Abraham's sacrifice, and, while the figures in the one are overstrained in action and really ugly, those of the other are remarkable for calmness and beauty. The first of Ghiberti's doors represents, in twenty-eight sections, the history of the life of Christ, the Apostles, and the Fathers of the Church; the second, ten reliefs of Biblical scenes. It is this latter which is the most marvellous, where we find veritable pictures in bronze, and the delicate borders vie in workmanship with nature.

Upon a stone, built into the wall of one of the houses near the Cathedral, we find the words "Sasso di Dante;" for on this stone used the poet to sit, on summer evenings; and if we care to thread a few narrow streets, we shall find the Casa di Dante, containing more interesting reminiscences of him,—the most modest of little flat-faced dwellings, squeezed between larger ones, and seemingly only some yards in width. The steep staircase, opening directly on the sidewalk, leads immediately to the second floor and to two small rooms, one behind the other, to which the only means of access seems by the said staircase. In the windowless back chamber the divine poet was born, and in the front one every remnant of ought that belonged to him—his chair, a portrait by Giotto, I think, a cast of his face taken after death and jealously guarded in a glass case, his fork, spoon, and a few other precious relics. I cannot tell you what a charm hangs about this little house; we hardly like to speak above a whisper, for we are indeed on holy ground, the holiest of our earth—even there where a great, noble, true soul has lived and suffered. L. L.

Sorrento, January, 1887.

SAUNTERINGS.

THE age! In the editorial columns of the daily press, on every other page of the popular magazine, among the imaginary scenes and people of the last novel, even in connection with the exact phrases of science and social economy, in the curate's sermon and the exchange of sentiment at five o'clock tea, in all places, and upon all occasions, where the pen and the tongue of civilised humanity finds more or less profitable employment, we run upon "the age." It walks abroad with dignity and decorum, it parades with vain coxcombry, it limps, it struts, it ambles, but it is everywhere to be met, and we always greet it respectfully. Its breadth of suggestion could not be expressed in the largest type, and no other combination of vowels and diphthongs could possibly convey the vast philosophical sound it has. We are somewhat vaguely conscious of its meaning,

and the dictionary which makes it "a period of time, a generation of men, a century," does not help us out greatly. This definition is doubtless, however, of great use in the facile and fluent employment of the term, and contributes much to its popularity. With its friendly and indefinite aid what impression may "the age" not be made to take? what group of phenomena may it not embrace? to what shape will it not conform? Time is the web in which events are woven, and the pattern varies so that if we elect to pronounce judgment on it we should have a very accurate idea of the measurements involved. If we had, perhaps our dicta as to its design and wearing qualities would be less assured; but we have not—we plunge the scissors in anywhere, and our "age" may mean one year or one hundred.

Taking the phrase to mean, as I believe most of us intend when we toss it about with such an agreeable sense of taking a large intellectual view of current events, the time in which we live, and that reaches back as far as we can remember—which places another premium on the verdict of the sages, and fresh contempt upon the opinions of youth—our attitude toward the age is not less interesting than anything we have to say about it. Forgetting, apparently, that we are part and parcel of it, and individually responsible for its having done those things which it ought not to do, and left undone those things which it ought to have done, we elect ourselves a grand jury to indict and try the age. True, through the misguided clemency of the judge, who is no other than old Father Time himself, and, unfortunately, related to the prisoner at the bar, the verdict is usually set aside, and said prisoner goes forth unrepentant to prosper in his misdoing. But none the less gravely are the grand jury's deliberations printed, published, and, as we are given to understand has happened before in the history of the world, paid for.

Most of it is interesting reading. To the rest of us who watch the hurrying current of events with dumb and foolish confusion, the privilege of being permitted to regard it calmly and judicially through the medium of the unvexed vision possessed by the magazinists, is no slight one. There was that anonymous gentleman in a recent number of *Macmillan's*, for example, who contended in an admirable paper, that we had entered upon a literary period with marked resemblance to the Alexandrine age. How clearly we follow his gently satirical phillipic through some half-dozen pages of theory and observation to the conclusion that sound for sense, and finish for fact, and art for truth, were never more hopelessly mistaken under the Ptolemies than in this late, brilliant, and wonderful Victorian age! And how, in spite of the graceful periods of essayists in *Macmillan's*, could our unassisted intelligence arrive at this hard saying of a time that produced Carlyle and Browning, to say nothing of others that we all might multiply to darken wisdom with? Most gratifying also, is his assurance that the writing of novels in the realistic manner is as simple and easy a thing as possible—requiring only a concentration of one's attention upon the details of one's neighbours' daily life, an accurate transcription thereof, and a great deal of assurance! The profitable relation of this sort of literary production to the inquisitiveness of the "age" follows as a matter of course, and all men are shown how monstrously the realistic novelist thrives upon their foibles. Before this revelation one might easily have imagined the connecting of these trivial, common actions with their parent motives, the adjustment of each of these to its particular place in the complex ethical structure of human nature, and the vivid presentation of the whole in all its subtle relations to even the poorest, thinnest, tawdriest life, a work of some difficulty, deserving much recompense. But this has been otherwise settled for us, and we ought to be thankful that the way has been smoothed for any of us who may feel disposed to adopt so simple and attractive a method of gaining a livelihood. But it is a somewhat saddening reflection that, according to the plain showing of the writer in *Macmillan's*, the "age" is barren of thought and ideality, that nobody has anything to say, and that not even so small a minority can be persuaded to say nothing.

If we sit at the feet of a novelist, whose occupation in life entitles him to be heard upon the subject, he tells us, in the person of Mr. W. Bishop, that the "age" is growing non-sentimental; that romance fled away on the wings of some happy morning in the sixteenth century; and that even its less gaudily-tinted successor, modern sentiment, is disappearing from off the face of the earth to make room for more practical considerations; that the marriages are all "arranged" nowadays, not by parental interference, but by the young people themselves, which is much worse, when one considers that the arrangement is invariably with an eye to stocks and debentures; that to fall in love will shortly be to commit an unpardonable anachronism; that Cupid, after having dragged out a useless and embittered existence in almanacs for some time, is dead; that Venus is in

seclusion mourning for him; that his obsequies are celebrated in every marriage service, his knell rung in every wedding chime, his requiem sung in every nuptial hymn. To think that Cupid should have outlived his usefulness! Shades of Anacreon! what are we coming to? Yet Mr. Bishop, examining the tendencies of the age, finds Cupid a sacrifice to them; and who should know if not a gentleman who owes his reputation to Cupid's assistance?

AND Ouida finds hers a vulgar time, and says so, extenuating nothing and setting down nothing, one is fain to believe, in malice, in the current *North American Review*. The age is vulgar because it is inquisitive, because it gossips, because it is pretentious, because it builds flashy, temporary habitations for itself, because it is elaborate, because, in effect, old things, meaning the ancient aristocratic order, are passing away, and with them their æsthetic character, and new things, meaning the power of wealth that is gained, not inherited, have not yet asserted themselves in a manner which Ouida finds agreeable. This is all, in her opinion, dishearteningly characteristic of the "age." One might argue that inquisitiveness and a taste for scandal are not vices with vitality enough in them to survive as characteristics of any age; that, because they are not transmitted as traits peculiar to another time, is no reason to believe that they had no existence then; that our present great facilities for news-gathering not only foster these tendencies, but make us well acquainted with them. And one might deceive ones self and the public with the sophistry that our pretentiousness, and badly built houses, and elaboration, result from the fact that wealth increases faster than a knowledge of its best uses does, and that the millionaire may in time condone his criminal conduct in virtually illegitimately amassing the wealth that should, in the fitness of things, have gone to support, in their pristine dignity and splendour, the noble houses of the *ancien régime*. We might even gather courage and comfort from some unimpeachably true stories of inquisitiveness, scandal, pretension, and elaboration that have come down to us from the sacred precincts of the courts themselves; but, looking about us upon abundant evidence of the truth of Ouida's impeachment, and guiltily knowing that to cite such instances would be to argue ourselves included in it, we are prone to write, with a sigh, another damning charge against the "age."

A HOLLOW age, a materialistic age, a vulgar age—an age of breathless competition and over-production in every economic quarter but the soil, an age of socialistic upheaval and dark prediction, of dynamite and demagogue, and the tyranny of the majority—what can we further say to blacken the reputation of this day of ours, in which, despite our maledictions, the birds sing and the sun shines, and the clear streams run, and the corn waves golden and abundant! An age, perhaps, of discontent, of querulousness, railing, self-conscious lament! An age whose critical attitude toward all that it does or may do is clearly inimical to straightforward, single-aimed, direct accomplishment of anything very great. An age with a subjective cast in its eye! SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

WRITING on the morrow of the first pitched battle between the Unionist and Separatist parliamentary forces, one cannot be wholly satisfied with the result. The majority against Mr. Parnell's amendment to the address ought, for one thing, to have been greater. The Liberal Unionists did not come up in full force; but that may be as capable of as innocent an explanation as the absence of some Conservatives. The disheartening part of the business is that not one of the Gladstonians came over to the winning side, seeing that they were not "whipped" for a party division, and that the terms of the Amendment were broad enough, and vague enough, to furnish decent excuse for even a profound Home Ruler to have voted against it. It is a startling fact that 165 Representatives, calling themselves Honourable and British, are capable, while their leader studiously stays away, of voluntarily supporting a resolution which is notoriously false in its accusations, immoral in its excuses, and absurd in its conclusions. They were free to say that the Government was doing what every Government is bound to do; or that the "plan of campaign" is a disgraceful fraud; or that the Irish Home Rulers, by their conduct, were proving that Home Rule might be a curse instead of a blessing to their country. But the Gladstonian Liberals said none of these things. Only one of their number, a working class Representative, spoke his honest mind about Mr. Dillon's "plan," and then voted for it.

Sir William Harcourt's speech on the occasion is far more dangerous than it looks. At first sight it is so disingenuous, so frankly hypocritical, that one might fancy nobody would be taken in by it, and therefore

nobody influenced by it. Nobody inside the House of Commons, at all events, is taken in; but out of doors the case is different; and Sir W. Harcourt's speech was eminently designed for a model which his followers might advantageously follow before their constituencies, as well as for a balm to their own consciences. It is appalling to reflect that these men are now primed with facts and arguments which the crowd are incapable of resisting. The historical parallels are all false; and the statement that coercive legislation has been abandoned by the Liberal party because it failed is equally so. But the populace do not read history; and their memories are not long enough to call to mind that the Liberal party's coercion was eminently successful, and that the idea of giving it up never occurred to them until they were beaten at the hustings, and needed the vote of the faction they had coerced. Add to this the discouraging rumours afloat to the effect that an understanding has been come to amongst Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Parnell, on the basis of some kind of agrarian legislation with a modified form of Home Rule, and it will be seen that the outlook is not very bright just now. The G. O. M.'s absence from the debate and division on Mr. Parnell's amendment, and the reserved tone of Mr. Parnell himself on the plan of campaign, rather point in this direction.

As to Mr. Chamberlain, the fact that he suggested the round table conference, at which he and his supposed irreconcilable foes are now sitting, is proof that he esteems the reunion of the Liberal party of greater importance than the cause of their irreconcilable differences. It is to be feared that if Mr. Chamberlain can extort from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell any concession that would afford a pretext for any considerable contingent of Liberal-Unionists to go over to the side of the disruptionists he will invite them to follow him, and leave Lord Hartington in the lurch. They were quite right, who said, after the last elections, that the battle of the Union had still to be fought.

The Socialists, after trying their hands at church brawling for several Sundays past, by way of drawing attention to themselves, and some of them getting sent to prison, where they will find the "employment" they pretend to be seeking, have again taken to street rioting and the sacking of shops. To do them justice, they do not steal very much, and they show so little signs of being hungry that they attack the butchers and the bakers merely to wantonly destroy the contents of their shops. The superstition still prevails that the right of public meeting is the inalienable privilege of every free Briton, whatever its object may be. Last Tuesday's gathering in Clerkenwell, announced as a torchlight procession, was actually prohibited by the police; but this was easily got over by carrying no torches and forming no procession. The meeting assembled, and on being very gently dispersed, the usual consequences followed. Some good certainly these demonstrations are doing: they are seen to be the logical, though premature, development of political and economical lessons which greater men than Messrs. Hyndman and Morris have been preaching to the masses without suspecting what would come of it. The effect on the whole is to harden the Conservatism of the metropolis, and to dishearten the old-fashioned Liberalism of the provinces. Competent judges of the feeling of the country assert that it is becoming more Conservative, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say more anti-Radical.

Bad as are the prospects of peace on the continent, they are not quite so bad as one or two of the London newspapers make out. Warlike news published by the *Daily News* especially should be received with caution. One of the proprietors is—well, is Mr. Labouchere. ANCHOR.

London, Feb. 12, 1887.

THE RIVIERA.

To the minds of most travelled persons, the Riviera means the great hotels and aristocratic villa society of Cannes; the display of Paris fashions on mondaines and demi-mondaines along the Promenade des Anglais; the Carnival mirth of Nice; the gaudy, gilded rooms; the strange jumble of nationalities and types; the classical concerts; the hanging gardens of Monte Carlo; the wan consumptives of Mentone basking in the sunshine; the mildly spinsterly element of literary milk-and-water presided over by George MacDonald at Bordighera;—and to such recollections the sunset behind the jagged peaks of the Esterels, the stretch of purple blue sea, the great white domes of the distant snow mountains, the mystic gray green of the olive woods,—form but an unimportant background; the blue sky, the soft air, the constant sunshine, are but commodities provided for the use of the upper classes, and paid for as such in the exorbitant rent of the villa, or the length of the hotel bill.

Nature pays better interest for the capital confided to her than any other banker, but then the capital must be there, and I have met many a one who, knowing the prices of every hotel, the title of every aristocratic dowager from Cannes to San Remo, yet for any other purpose might just as well have spent their days between Brighton and Bournemouth.

But there are other ways of knowing the Riviera, for after all, this streak of exotic civilisation is only a thin line skirting the shores of the crescent bays, and running a short distance up the slope of the hillsides.

From Cannes, the very headquarters of aristocratic British dulness, the centre of low church spinsterhood, take but an afternoon's ramble back into the country, and you will find yourself transported from a fashionable London suburb into the old Provence, the land of the troubadours. A silent, deserted country, with the gloom of the pines on its hillsides, the dusky shadow of the olive woods on its plains, and yet half an hour's reading in the driest of guide books is enough to people the solitude for one, with ghosts—the ghosts of brave warriors and braver saints, of fair women, and Roman statesmen hurrying along the Via Aurelianne to the Imperial City.

Jeanne of Naples, that fairest and frailest of queens, fleeing from her castle over there by the Esterels, her soul dark with the sin of her husband's death, to meet her tragic doom at Naples.

Mary Magdalene, that fairest and frailest of queens, fleeing from her desolate Esterel fastnesses. St. Honorat and St. Marguerite, fleeing from the wickedness of the world to their island homes. St. Porcaire and his seven hundred monks who fell by the swords of the fierce Saracens, before the stately fortress monastery was raised which made St. Honorat one of the centres of holiness and learning to the early Christian world. St. Patrick in that monastery, dreaming of the days when he was to make Ireland part of Christ's kingdom.

The stern Templars standing at bay in their hillside village of Vence. The turbulent spirit of the young Mirabeau and his still wilder sister setting all the sedate nobility of the mountain town of Grasse in a flutter with their pranks. The little Greek child of whom the inscription in the Antibes amphitheatre says that "he danced, and pleased, and died," so many years ago. Napoleon standing staring gloomily into the camp fire, on the shore of Golfe Juan, the night of his landing from Corsica.

All these shadows come to life at a word and people the silent country—better company than that to be found in the great overcrowded hotels. The gay company that has been a day's journey from us instead of an hour's drive, in our little pink-washed turretted hotel upon its rocky crag, overlooking the great stretch of the plain of the Siagne away to the sea and the mountains.

Not that we had not many friends. Gradually we grew to know the faces of nearly all the peasants within a certain distance: the dark-eyed little Lucie, who drove Scarabee, the gray donkey, when we wanted him to carry the luncheon baskets on some expedition; Marie and Josephine, the two pretty motherless sisters down at the "bastide" (the Provençal name for farm-house), where they sold milk, and who, when one sat there to paint their threshing floor and vine trellis, and confusion of great earthenware jars, chattered and quarrelled and flirted without feeling the slightest restraint from our presence. What pictures they made as they ran in and out with their short skirts and loose pink cotton jackets, their glossy, beautifully dressed coils of black hair, and pale creamy skins!

Then there was the sweet-faced young mother up at the old convent on the hillside, with the terraced hillside garden, and the tall, dark cypress, and the little child who could only use the quaint old Provençal speech, the tongue of the troubadours.

Even if we went farther afield, and came on some lonely farm where the faces were strange to us, we might be sure that if we stopped to talk with the men pruning the olive trees, or the women working among the rose vines, we should only meet with pleasant speech and smiles. Often, perhaps, they spoke only the soft Provençal, of which it might be hard to make out the exact meaning; but that never seemed to make any difference, and they talking in the Provençal, and we in French, we parted mutually content.

What a different type from the peasants of northern France, these men with the supple, slim figures, and the clear cut features of a Greek statue! Many such a young Adonis have I seen pruning his vines, and singing a quaint tune which, for all I know, may have come down to him direct from the troubadours. On the roads the most frequent passers-by were little old women mounted on little gray donkeys, the capacious folds of their striped woollen cloaks spreading over old woman, paniers, and donkey, until the whole mass appeared to be one waving object of composite construction.

Familiar as home scenes grew the mountain paths and the meadows to us during those winter months, and many a mental picture have I saved from those lazy, happy days,—the bright winter mornings, when one hurried out to the terrace, to see the lower hill-tops all covered with snow, even the dark green Gorge du Loup transformed into whiteness.

Those still gray days, when one had a touch of winter pleasure in walking sharply to get warm, and climbed some steep little hillside path-way, edged with silvery, dried thistles and herbs, up among the pine woods where all was so still and breathless, and one saw the far-off splendour of the great Alps, shining perhaps in the sunlight. But ah, the joy of the springtime in that

"Far, fair foreign land,"

when one went down into the valley where the meadows were white with narcissus, and the great red and purple globes of the anemones glowed among the corn; here the tall yellow daffodils and the white violets were to be found along the banks of the slow streams. Then up on the hillsides all the air was sweet with the breath of the white heath, growing in one shining sheet of blossom, as the heather grows over the Scotch hills.

What a pleasure it was when one reached home laden with floral spoils, to pack the little wooden boxes and send them off by that blessed flower

post with their sweet message to the sick and sad, to tell those in the north that one thought of them.

Such were the recollections that I brought away last year from the Riviera—recollections to turn to now, while, as I write, the snow is piling deeper outside, and the wind moans more drearily as the twilight gathers.

KATE TREADWAY.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

I LEFT Donald for the third time on Monday, October 4, to conclude my run to Victoria and the Pacific. Having already described the scenery between the former town and Glacier, two miles beyond the summit of the Selkirks, where we stopped to dine at two o'clock, I will begin my travels from there. Immediately after leaving the station we entered upon the wonderful loop, one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill in the world, by means of whose curving lines the road gradually descends the western slope of the Selkirk Range. Passing round the shoulder of a mighty mountain, the track describes a perfect loop as it follows the conformation of a small inner valley and reaches a lower level of road, which could be distinctly seen as we crept slowly along, winding many feet below us down the side of the very mountain we had quitted; thus, as we steamed continuously along the curve, we commanded a view of three tiers of rails, rising one above another, surmounted by magnificent snow-capped peaks towering high above us and enclosing the narrow valley on all sides. Here is the source of the head waters of the Ille-Celle-Waet. We crossed this stream twice before we reached the wider valley at the base of the mountains through which it flows. The road follows its course, and, rising above it, creeps up the face of another mountain. The effect of finding oneself first on a level with the water, and then slowly and imperceptibly elevated above it, was curious in the extreme, especially when the height attained became so great that the Ille-Celle-Waet looked like a mere tangled thread of foaming white as it dashed far below us through a deep, rocky gorge; this it soon left, to spread its released volume over a broad, shallow bed; then again disappeared many hundred feet below in a magnificent rocky chasm, called the Albert Canyon.

Soon after passing this, we began to move down a very apparent decline, and once more reached the level of what may now be called the River Ille-Celle-Waet. At high water, when swollen by the melting snows of the early spring, this must be in some localities a mighty stream. Now, however, it flowed in peace and quiet, confined in its rocky bed. Once more we rose above it to a considerable elevation, and the station of Twin Butte was reached. The timber in this district is very fine. Enormous trees of red cedar grow close to the line; while the hemlocks and spruces scattered about in groups are of very superior size and quality. A few miles farther on we crossed the Ille-Celle-Waet for about the eighth and last time; its valley widens here, and we entered a dreary, desolate desert of burnt wood, from whose centre the artistically-named Revelstoke rises. I believe the station is some distance from the town proper, which occupies a more enviable situation. As we moved away from the place, we saw that it was surrounded by fine mountains, and was close to the Columbia River, which has made a considerable loop likewise since we parted with it close to Donald, and now appears most unexpectedly upon the scene. We crossed it here for the second time, and ran for three-quarters of a mile over a high trestle above a dreary area of cleared trees and blackened stumps.

The mountain sides all through this district have been completely burnt over by forest fires, and presented nothing but ugly lines of bare poles, relieved somewhat by the bright colouring of the undergrowth. Revelstoke left behind, we came upon a sheet of dark-green water, more than a mile in length, called Summit Lake. This marks the highest point of the Gold Range of mountains. Just beyond it is a gigantic wall of wooded rock towering immediately above the line; and here, too, flourish red cedars of gigantic proportions. It is evident that from this source has been drawn the solid timber for the snow-sheds; we have passed during the afternoon numbers of flat cars, laden with cedar logs. Three Valley Lake and one other, equally lovely, came into view before dusk—the beautiful expanses of clear water, reflecting every tree and shrub on the adjacent mountain sides. The days were now perceptibly shorter; more apparently so in this elevated region, where the natural gloom and shadow of the heights about us brought the shades of evening quickly down. When we returned to the Pullman from the dining car attached at Revelstoke, it was quite dark and a new moon rising just beyond the shoulder of a neighbouring mountain.

I found the next morning that we were running along beside the Fraser River, which flows through a magnificent rocky gorge, bounded on the east side by the range of Coast Mountains; these are a broken line of lofty heights, wooded to their summits, rising in many places to the dignity of mountains. During the night we had crossed the Gold and Cascade Ranges by way of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, passed through the Kamloops district, and were now in the part of British Columbia settled many years ago, as was evident from the number of time-worn houses scattered about, and the more cultivated appearance of the land available for agricultural purposes. A fine waggon road leading to the Cassiar and Cariboo districts, which cost the Government many thousands of dollars, crosses the Fraser at Spuzzum over a handsome suspension bridge. The line follows along the east bank of the river, rising in some places several hundred feet above the water, which sweeps along—an ever wider and more imposing volume of dark-green water. The road curves in and out with the conformation of the rocky cliffs it has to circumvent; these must have offered nearly as many obstacles to engineering skill as the north shore of Lake Superior. The scenery on the canyon of the Fraser River was far grander and more interesting than I had anticipated, though different in

character, and lacking the imposing features of the snow-capped Selkirk and Rocky Mountain Ranges; its variety constituted its charm. Huge detached rocks and boulders, and dark towering cliffs, surrounded one another in a fascinating chaos of wild confusion.

At eight o'clock in the morning we reached Yale, a town of some three hundred inhabitants, a mixed population of Indians, Chinese, and Whites. From this point the Fraser is navigable to its mouth, and near here, at North Bend, is the third hotel erected by the C. P. R. for the convenience of passengers, commanding a most picturesque view of this mountainous district.

After we left Yale the line turned away from the river, which appeared to open out in a broad stream flowing between low, sandy banks. We caught occasional glimpses of it here and there as we rolled along through a country reminding me strangely of the wooded farm districts of Ontario.

The Coast Mountains began to melt away on both sides into the width of the valley. They re-appeared again as we approached Port Moody. Near this town the land on the east side of the line extends in an open hay marsh to the River Pitt, nearly a mile in width. This is crossed a short distance from the present terminus of the Canadian Pacific; it opens the vista of a distant valley breaking the mountain range. Port Moody is a very small place, consisting only of the C. P. R. buildings, a few houses, and a fine wharf and freight shed, at which a tea ship from Japan was lying. It is situated at almost the extreme end of Burrard Inlet, a beautiful expanse of water, of varying width, running up about twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean. A range of low, wooded hills rises from the shores in a succession of promontories, jutting out one beyond the other, and giving the impression of some large inland lake. Indeed, the scene that greets the eye of the passenger as he steps from the train on to the platform at Port Moody is one of uncommon beauty and variety.

E. S.

SONNET—A REMEMBRANCE.

THIS is the rose she wore upon her breast
When last we stood beneath the passion-bloom,
And I was sentenc'd to an endless doom
Of love unsatisfied and life's unrest,
She sigh'd and said for both it would be best;
Her word was law; within a living tomb
My heart was fast immured, and no more room
Was found within the world for love's request.

Fallen apart and faded all too fast
The rose-leaves lie, all form and beauty gone,
Making their mute appeal to me alone
With ashes, eloquent of all the past.
The shrivell'd fragments of a simple flower,
Love still invests with its preserving power.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

THE FIGHT IN MANITOBA.

THERE is not much occasion for surprise over the result of the Federal-contest in this Province. It was a foregone conclusion that the Conservatives would carry a majority of the five seats (Ross having been elected by acclamation for Lisgar), and many believed that the entire five would go with the Government. The actual result gives the Opposition but one supporter, Mr. Robert Watson, the former, and now the present, member for Marquette. There was no special reason why Conservative members should not be returned, as each had pledged himself to oppose the Government in its policy of Disallowance; and, as a special plank in each one's platform, was promised support to the building of the Hudson's Bay Railway. In Winnipeg the fight was a desperate one, as will be judged by the slimness of the majority—twelve. This is rather remarkable in view of the very large vote which was polled, there being between 3,500 and 4,000 votes. Mr. Sutherland, on his Hudson's Bay Railway platform, made a gallant fight. Every force that both the Federal and Local Governments could bring to bear upon the election was exerted to its fullest extent. In view of the fact that Sutherland was not a personally popular man, and that the superhuman forces above referred to were levelled against him, the result affords a fair index of the hold the Hudson's Bay Railway has upon the public mind here. It is regarded as the antidote for all evils in this country. The Government was so much afraid of being beaten in Winnipeg—always regarded as a Tory stronghold—that large sums of money were spent in carrying the election. It need not necessarily be inferred from this that wholesale bribery was exercised, although there now exists pretty strong evidences that bribery of the grossest nature was resorted to to influence the election.

In Provencher Mr. Royal was elected by a very large majority. Although not a popular man, he was able, by virtue of the personal inferiority of his opponent, to carry his election easily. The Conservatives gained Selkirk largely by reason of having a strong man against a weak one; and so, at last, it has to be admitted that Manitoba, so much in need of a strong, independent man to represent her true interests in Parliament, is left wholly without such an advocate. In these days it must be admitted, to the dishonour of the "free and independent," that they allow prejudices and partisanship to run off with their better judgment, and lead them to vote, in many cases, in direct opposition to their true interests.

R. L. RICHARDSON.

Winnipeg, Feb. 23, 1887.

The Week,

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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Notice to Canadian Writers.

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- (1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines.
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THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

THE appointment of Sir Alexander Campbell to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario will give general satisfaction. Even political opponents will not complain. But why the delay? For the political convenience of the Prime Minister. Once more we protest against this use by the leader of a Dominion party, for his own purposes, of an office which belongs to and is paid by the Province. It is the duty of the Governor-General, as guardian of the rights of the Province, to see that these appointments are filled up at the proper time and with proper persons, though he may accept the Prime Minister's recommendation. It is his duty, that is, if he has any duty at all: and if he has no duty at all why should his office be kept up at an expense of \$100,000 a year?

OUR City Council has resolved to get a Bill brought before the Local Legislature extending the municipal suffrage to married women. The Bill had better be entitled a Bill for extending the following of the Mayor. The object may be transcendently excellent, but it might be brought about by means not so full of peril to our domestic peace and happiness. The Legislature might provide that in any contested election the votes of a number of sinners, equal to that of the married women holding property, should be transferred by the returning officer to Mr. Howland's side. The world is full of protests against the influence of the priest in the family. We do not see how the influence which it is now sought to introduce is likely to be less dangerous to the home than that of the Roman Catholic priest. The Roman Catholic priest can say nothing worse to a wife of her husband than that he is one of a party of libertines, sots, and sharpers, an enemy of God and a servant of the devil. Nor, whatever mischief he may breed beside the hearth, does he instigate the wife to appear in public against her husband. The promoters of this measure do. It is not pretended that property held by married women has suffered any special injustice under the existing suffrage system.

As publishers of a literary journal, we have thought that the best way in which we could ourselves do homage to the jubilee was by trying to call out an effort of Canadian talent. What the community ought to do, we

confess ourselves unable to decide. When a feeling is strong, spontaneous, and definite, it finds its own expression. But the enthusiasm which is whipped up, on the ground that we have arrived at a certain date, is apt to be factitious, and to find itself at a loss for a mode of manifestation. We see no reason why the community should overtax itself, either in the way of expenditure, or of effort for a merely chronological celebration. The new Parliament Buildings, or the new Concert Hall, if there is to be one, at the Horticultural Gardens, might be dedicated in some special way to the Queen's honour. A June holiday, with some fireworks, can never come amiss. In England the desire to celebrate the jubilee at all is not unanimous. A good many hissings of Radical opposition are heard, though it is the Conservatives, in truth, that have most reason to complain of the obstinate seclusion of Royalty and its refusal to perform its most important duties during the last twenty-five years. The state of Ireland, unfortunately, is a monument of Victoria's reign, as significant as it is conspicuous. A pure court, on the other hand, calls for national gratitude. However, it matters comparatively little what are the personal merits or demerits of the wearer of the Crown. The nation and the race celebrate the close of an eventful half-century, to which Victoria gives her name.

DR. RUSSELL WALLACE, the great English Naturalist, is coming here to lecture. He shares with Darwin the honour of discovering what is called the Darwinian theory. When so many minds are at work on all the problems of science, simultaneous discoveries are sure to occur. The simultaneous discovery of Neptune by Adams and Leverrier is one case, that of Natural Selection by Darwin and Wallace is another. A survey of the plants and animals of the Malay Archipelago brought Wallace to the same conclusions as to the Origin of Species at which Darwin was arriving in England, and, it is believed, hastened Darwin's publication of his great discovery. Wallace, however, does not hold that Natural Selection explains the moral and intellectual nature of man.

BEFORE the election the shrewdest judges thought that the Government majority would be twenty. It will be thirty at least, and probably more. This is too much for the public good, which, if we are to have party government, requires that there should always be a strong Opposition, and certainly not least when, as we know from signal and repeated disclosures, there is great and constant danger of corruption. But it was sure to be so. Mr. Blake, during his nine years of leadership, has shown great ability as a speaker; but he has made no way; and he has made no way because he has had no substantive policy. This is his really fatal defect. He could do very well without the magnetism, lack of which is commonly said to be his weak point. Neither Peel nor Cavour liquored up with his followers, or slapped them on the back. Peel, in fact, was singularly cold, and the same may be said of Lord Russell, who was also a successful leader. As regards manner, it is enough if a leader is dignified and courteous. The essential thing is that he should lead. Mr. Blake criticises with force, and we are glad to think that we have his voice of power, supported by a character of unquestioned purity, as a check on evils which would otherwise ride rampant. But he moves on no definite line; he offers to the people no intelligible inducement to put the government into his hands. Mere angling for this or that Vote is poor work, and generally fruitless. Even if you are successful you lose almost as much as you gain. By moving resolutions in favour of Irish Nationalism you may, perhaps, gain the Irish; but you lose at the same time all those English who, though not so loud in their demonstrations as the Irish, are unwilling to see the influence of the Canadian Government used for the gratification of Irish hatred against their Mother Country; while even the Irish know your motive too well, and owe you too little gratitude to be very trustworthy adherents. By sacrificing Liberal principles to Roman Catholic separatism and ascendancy, you may gain for a moment the favour of the priests and their liegemen, but you lose probably an equal number of disgusted Protestants, and in this case again are treated merely as a tool by your confederates of an hour. The alliance with Rielism was surely a fatal blunder. Its character could not possibly be mistaken, when it had been condemned in advance, and in the most telling language, by Mr. Blake himself, who, in embracing it, must plainly have yielded, not to his own convictions, but to the voice of the tempter. It was perfectly gratuitous, since the revolt of Quebec nationalism against the Government which had hanged Riel would have taken place, and have given Mr. Blake such strength as it was capable of giving, without any intervention on his part, while by connecting himself with it he could not fail to incur intense odium among the Loyalists of Ontario. Independent men, in fact, were deterred from voting against Ministerial corruption, only by their

disgust at the coquetting of the Opposition with rebellion. Amid the medley of influences, political, religious, local, ethnological and commercial, which jostled each other in the late chaotic contest, the strongest seems to have been the N.P. Mr. Blake's real convictions, as to the suitability of a Protectionist system for Canada, are, no doubt, the same as those of his financial lieutenant, Sir Richard Cartwright, and of all well-informed and disinterested judges. But after long wavering he has at last hauled down his flag upon the pretext that the increased expenditure renders the tariff necessary; whereas, if the tariff is protective, it must be, as has been said before, not a gain but a sacrifice of revenue, the very object of protection being to prevent importation. His surrender, as might have been expected, has won over no Protectionists, while it has lost him some Free Traders, especially in the Maritime Provinces, and cut him off from the benefit of the reaction which, if the N.P. is what he and we believe it to be, is in the end sure to come. He had better have stood to his guns even if he was not bold enough to encounter the N.P. with its natural antidote, Commercial Union. His strong point is the general and well-founded belief in the purity of his character and his enmity to corruption. As our champion against corruption he has still a hopeful, as well as a noble, part to play. That the moral sense of the people has been deadened by familiarity with abuse, and by indiscriminate accusations, the votes just polled by some of the most infamous dealers in corruption, only too clearly show; but though deadened it is not extinct, and a courageous advocate of reform will have his reward.

To attempt to conceal the fact that the Government has a large majority is futile. Anything may be made out of anything if you count as an Independent Sir Donald Smith, a magnate of the C. P. R., whom Mr. Blake the other day was accusing of bribing the Prime Minister by a present of diamonds to his wife, or Mr. Ross, of Lisgar, who carried a certificate of his Ministerialism under the hand of Sir John Macdonald. Yet the situation will not be understood till the new Parliament has been a month or two in Session. By what means have the Provinces, especially the Maritime Provinces, been carried? Is it true that their votes have been purchased by lavish promises of local expenditure? If it is, what will happen when the bills given by the Government fall due? Pressure for payment is not likely to be deferred when the existence of the firm and the value of its paper depend upon the continuance at its head of a chief in his seventy-third year. Above all, what will Quebec do? Will the Dominion parties, or either of them, be able really to incorporate it, and induce it to act for Dominion objects, or will it act apart and for objects of its own? If it acts for objects of its own, what will those objects be? Will they be merely pelf, or will they be ecclesiastical ascendancy and French nationality? How will Mr. Blake, supposing him to be raised to power by the Quebec vote, be able, as a Liberal, to satisfy the demands which are embodied in the Encyclical, or, as one of the English-speaking race, to lend himself to its extrusion by French encroachment? What seems most probable at present is that we shall have a counterpart of Ireland, allying itself with the two parties alternately in its own interest, overturning each of them when it has served its turn, and making government impossible. But in two or three months the curtain will rise.

SIR HENRY JAMES has been exulting over the reduction of expenditure at elections, which he takes to denote increased purity. But corruption is Protean in its forms. A borough may be corrupted by "nursing" as well as by buying votes at elections. We have known a borough in England actually rented by large Christmas gifts which were distributed among all the poorer electors, without asking any questions about their votes, they being only assured that the gifts would continue so long as the beneficent donor remained their member. Constituencies too large to be bribed individually may be bribed in the lump by promises of public jobs. We shall presently see what has been done in this way at the late elections for the Dominion. Under the old system a few rogues were bought; under the new system multitudes of respectable people are corrupted.

ONCE more we express our sincere regret that the wage-earning class were not able to send a genuine representative and spokesman to the Dominion Parliament. At the same time we once more point out that the way to success is to avoid, instead of cultivating, the appearance of antagonism towards the community at large, and to nominate genuine workingmen, worthy types of their order, not "Jawsmiths," as the New York Tribune happily cites them.

CONGRESS has come to the end of the session, as usual, without having done any real business. Not only has there been no important legislation,

but even the Appropriation Bills have not been considered. The blame is laid on the House, but it really rests on the whole Machine, though the waste of time by the House, and the worthlessness of that body, are, no doubt, especially conspicuous. The system of two Chambers necessarily leads to a deadlock when the same Party is not in the majority in both; and at Washington one Chamber is Democratic, while the other is Republican. But a perpetual obstacle to the progress of legislation is the elective Presidency, for which both parties are always scheming, manoeuvring, and filibustering, instead of giving their minds to the business of legislation. In the general slaughter, the Retaliation Bill meets its doom.

THE British Government, we are told, upon the recommendation of Lord Cowper's Commission, is contemplating a great scheme of "State-aided emigration," especially to the Canadian North-west. To talk of "emigration," without specifying of what sort the emigrants are to be, is like talking of exportation without specifying the kind of goods. Farmers, with the means of setting up for themselves, or hardy farm-labourers, would be welcome in the North-west. But of such there is no redundancy in England: the number of farm-labourers in many English parishes, instead of increasing, has diminished of late years. The congestion is chiefly in the purlieus of the great cities, especially London; and to send those people to the North-west would be simply wholesale homicide. It would be almost as cruel to send thither the peasantry of Ireland, than whom, as we have said before, no people can be worse provided, more ignorant of anything that deserves the name of agriculture, or more unsuited for the life of the pioneer.

TWENTY moonlighters, armed with guns and revolvers, entered the dwelling of a farmer, named Murphy, who has two daughters. The bedrooms of the girls were entered, and the girls were forced upon their knees, while their hair was cut off and a quantity of tar was poured upon their heads. Other houses were entered, and their inmates were served in the same way. The crime of the girls was having spoken to policemen. The English *Queen*, commenting on the outrage, says that the cowardly mutilation of cattle is bad enough, but it is too bad that the Irish should offer personal violence of a degrading character to women, and their own countrywomen. With the single exception of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, all the outrages have been committed by the Irish on their own countrymen or countrywomen. What are nicknamed Coercion Acts are simply provisions for preventing Irishmen from butchering, maiming, torturing, and pillaging each other.

BISMARCK has again triumphed over the hydra of Parliamentary faction and cabal, though not without a struggle which showed how much depends on his personal power, and how great will be the danger of national dissolution when he is gone. His triumph is a strong guarantee for peace, which his fall and the military weakening of Germany consequent upon it, would almost certainly have tempted France to break. The large Socialistic Vote in Berlin and some other cities is not so alarming an event as it seems, since Socialism in Germany means rather impatience of military service, than desire of a social revolution. The Separatist victory in Alsace-Lorraine seems to show that it would have been better to give the reannexed Provinces an administration of their own till they had become quiet and contented, instead of incorporating them at once into the representative system of Germany, and arming them with votes, of which they were sure to make a hostile use.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, who is creeping back into public life through the Press, has an article in the *Fortnightly* on French politics, his special subject, in which he describes the popularity of Boulanger as greater than that of any one since Napoleon at the height of power, with the possible exception of Lafayette in 1830. If this is not an exaggeration, it is another curious proof of the tendency of democracy to a one-man power. Strange to say, Sir Charles Dilke scouts the notion that Boulanger is warlike. This paradox he defends by pointing out that Boulanger is constantly limiting expeditions intended to conquer colonies. But this Boulanger may do, simply from an unwillingness to expend or disperse his forces. In bringing the army, in every sense, up to the fighting point, while his organs appeal to the national desire of revenge, he is, at all events, doing that which would certainly lead to war if it were not for the qualms of the politicians, who must see that defeat would be the ruin of the Republic, and victory would make Boulanger dictator. Sir Charles Dilke asked a friend, who was going to Paris, to find out for him whether Boulanger was a man, a soldier, a mountebank, or an ass. The answer was that he was all four. It is a very dangerous combination.

"THE knowledge that is suited to our situation and our powers, the whole compass of moral, natural, and mathematical science, was neglected by the new Platonists, while they exhausted their strength in the verbal disputes of metaphysics, attempted to explore the secrets of the invisible world, and studied to reconcile Aristotle with Plato on subjects of which both these philosophers were as ignorant as the rest of mankind." This, which Gibbon said of Plotinus, Porphyry, and the other New Platonists of the heathen school, is largely applicable to Clement, Origen, and the other New Platonists of the Christian school also. Yet the subject of Dr. Brigg's Bampton Lectures, "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria," (New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson and Company), is extremely interesting, as a portion of the history of religious opinion. Augustine may have been the greatest religious writer of the Patristic era, but Origen was incomparably the greatest religious philosopher. He alone, indeed, deserves the title. Much there was in his philosophy that was fantastic, so fantastic that we seem to have absolutely nothing in common with it. Yet he enunciated the vital principle that nothing was to be believed which was unworthy of God, and he made a serious effort to reconcile reason with revelation, and to solve the great problem of man's estate by showing that the disorder and injustice visible in the world were compatible with the Omnipotence and the goodness of God. In a man of powerful mind, who fairly faces these questions, our interest never dies. It was not by accident that Origen furnished the matter for Butler's Analogy. Nor has any better explanation of the existence of evil under God's government been found to this hour than that which he propounded and which represents existence as a continual struggling towards a far off goal. Dr. Brigg has rendered us a substantial service in these lectures. He has had a heavy piece of work to do, and has done it well. The book may be safely commended to all ecclesiastical students. The handy form of this new volume of the Bampton Lectures, we cannot forbear saying, is a welcome innovation, and will be appreciated by those who could ill afford the price of its more costly predecessors.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S "Life of Benton" is a good addition to the very valuable series of Lives of American Statesmen." [Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.] Mr. Roosevelt is inside politics, and he is a vigorous and trenchant writer. Nor is his subject a bad one. Benton, though not leader of a party, or in any way one of the chiefs of men, was the wheel-horse of politics in his day. He was a tough, resolute, laborious man, with more in him, as Mr. Roosevelt shows us, of the Western pioneer than of the Southern slaveowner, and a type of the old-fashioned Democrat who cared for the Union more than for Slavery. His loss of the seat which he had held for thirty years in the Senate marks the transition from the Democracy of that school to the Democracy trained in the school of Calhoun, which cared for Slavery more than for the Union, and which, as soon as it gained the ascendancy in the party, began to pave the way for Secession. Benton, in short, was a devoted Jacksonian, and, like Jackson, though himself a slaveowner, would have been disposed to hang Calhoun. His long life was absolutely devoted to the public service, and probably he was about as upright as it is possible for a demagogue to be. He was the ringleader of the Jacksonian mob in its attack upon the Bank, but he was thoroughly true to hard money. His industry was immense; it was sustained in extreme old age; and he thoroughly mastered the subjects, political and economical, with which he had to deal. He was a strong speaker, though not incapable of talking nonsense, as when he denounced the salt-tax as not only inexpedient but impious, inasmuch as good Christians were the salt of the earth. On his Western homespun he had stitched a gold-lace garnish of somewhat incongruous erudition which led him to be sometimes grotesquely classical. His "Thirty Years in the Senate" has an established value, though it is not delightful reading. We read the journal of his life with a decided feeling of respect for the man, and for the people who chose him as their representative, and remained faithful to him almost to the end of his long life. Mr. Roosevelt, we have said, writes well. As an American politician, he cannot be expected entirely to abstain from clap-trap, or from those spiteful slaps at England which he would introduce if he were writing the life of Nebuchadnezzar. His patriotism places Lee as a general above Von Moltke, and Grant fully on an equality with Marlborough or Wellington, and designates Abraham Lincoln as the greatest man of this century. We should as soon think of taking serious issue with a man on the perfections of his mistress. As Mr. Roosevelt means, no doubt, to offer morality as a sacrifice on the altar of his country, we shall only gratify him by owning that his theories of American aggrandisement are extremely repulsive to our moral sense. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for an American politician to write history.

BOYCOTTING has been declared illegal by the Supreme Court of Connecticut, in accordance with the decisions of other American Courts. The Americans will have none of it themselves, though some of them abet it in Ireland.

LORD WOLSELEY speaks of the quiet return of the vast army of the United States to industrial life after the Civil War as a wonderful spectacle. So it was; but now behold the Grand Army and the Dependent Pensions Bill.

THE English Liberals, we are told, have now a Primrose League of their own. A Primrose League they can hardly have, since the essence of the Primrose League is the use, for political purposes, of the influence of the female aristocracy, and the female aristocracy is Tory. But they may train their women to take part in faction fights, and greatly they will enhance the charms of their womankind by so doing.

THE Rev. G. J. Low, writing on Prohibition, in the Brockville *Times*, quotes from the *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist Episcopal organ in the United States, these words:—"If Christ made alcoholic wine, He must be put on His trial, not as a sot, but as a moderate drinker who, according to the law of human nature with so many illustrations, was possibly saved from becoming an example for sots by being crucified in early manhood."

A WILL bequeathing money for the circulation of Mr. George's book is disputed in a New Jersey court, on the ground that the books are "immoral and revolutionary." That they are revolutionary, will not be questioned; nor, if to strip your neighbour of his lawful property without compensation is immorality, can anybody doubt that they are immoral. But the question must be decided by a larger tribunal than the New Jersey Court of Chancery.

WHATEVER records may have been smirched in the faction fight, Mr. Jury's has come out clean. Amidst all the pusillanimous and hypocritical inquiring to the N. P., he bravely persists in declaring it a fraud. It is something to have one man who keeps his flag flying, and dares to speak the truth. Mr. Jury's courage is the greater because the workingmen, to whose support he appeals, while they really suffer more than any other class by a Protectionist policy, are most strongly possessed with the delusion.

THE powers of the great Lick telescope in California are about to be tested amidst great expectation, especially in the West. It seems as if the astronomer now were the great theologian, and the most likely of all inquirers to discover the secret of the Universe. Yet, it is not possible that any Lick telescope should discover the secret of a universe which must be infinite. Mr. Proctor says that colossal telescopes hitherto have not done as much as was expected of them, and prepares us for another disappointment.

MR. HEWITT, the Mayor of New York, in a letter to the Democratic Club, deals a heavy blow against the Knights of Labour. After setting forth that liberty is the great historic principle of the Democratic party, he says:—

"Within the last five years, however, a secret organisation has been growing in strength and power which seeks to enslave the labour of this country, and make it subject to the irresponsible domination of men unknown to the people, who are not officers chosen by the people, and who are not creatures of law, responsible to free public opinion and to the constituted authorities for their action. Gradually the leaders of this body have succeeded in stamping out all personal independence on the part of a large number of the workingmen of the country by refusing to permit any persons to earn a living who are not affiliated with this secret organisation. In this way the workingmen have been coerced into blind obedience to irresponsible power, and the condition of those who have tried to remain outside of the organisation is, in many cases, truly pitiable. They are called by opprobrious names, are hunted from shop to shop and denied employment on the fearful penalty of stopping all work, however pressing and important. This is tyranny, against which the Democratic party has ever struggled, and which it must now confront and denounce in no mistaken tones."

He concludes by declaring that unless the Democratic party disowns and condemns all organisations which place the citizen under any other control than that of the law, and deprive him of his right of free action, it will deservedly perish.

THE FAN.

[Translated from the French of Jean Aicard, in the *Illustrated Figaro*.]

CUPID never hidden sighs,
Cupid ever Psyche seeks.
All the ancients say are lies,
Here the truthful story speaks.

Psyche sleeping, Cupid loved,
Watched her even while she slept ;
Innocent of guile she proved,—
Her head on folded arms she kept.
As he trembling o'er her bent,
One moment saw her chaste and bare,
The lamp a burning portion sent
Of golden oil upon her there—
Th' adored Immortal quick awoke,
Her eyes scarce open, spread her wing ;
And Cupid ne'er to Psyche spoke,
Nor touched the gauzy azure thing.

Since then he seeks her, doubting if she lives,
And this the reason of his sadness gives,
The tale before my readers now I place,—
The youthful Cupid vouches for his case.

The god as he walked, one April day,
Saw a butterfly poised on a rose in his way ;
He suddenly dreamt of some wonderful change,
And that Psyche he saw in a disguise so strange,
He slowly advanced, "I will have her," said he ;
"Kiss her wings in remembrance, no matter to me
What the cost!" A butterfly's frailty we all have found out,
And Cupid was awkward with this one, no doubt !
Alas ! in his hand the god kept but one wing,
"Bah," said he at once, "there is some other thing
"I can do just as well! Rest, butterfly, rest,
"To die on a rose! That is always the best.
"I will make you," he said to the delicate wing,
"The elegant toy of a fair lady's whim ;
"But never forget that day on the rose,
"When the zephyr rocked both of you just as he chose,
"The gift will be yours, at will of the hand,
"To repeat what the wind makes the flowers understand,
"On every face a sweet smile to leave,
"Or a blush and a tear for the vow which I breathe
"To the lips and the sighs, and the eyes that you hide,
"You will sure be the cloak of a good deal beside.
"Go speak, be discreet, be careful, be tender,
"I must now bid adieu to creation so slender."
He corrected each fault as a god only can,
He made the wing larger and gave us the Fan.

E. S.

THE relation Toronto University bears to the general public is never more broadly and strikingly illustrated than by its annual *Conversazione*. The number of people that attend, and the very various social circles they represent, as friends or relatives of the students or the authorities, show, as nothing else can, how the influence of our great educational institution permeates the community. Last Friday night the assemblage was, if anything, larger and more fully representative of the best elements of society here or elsewhere, than usual. Some eighteen hundred people are believed to have crowded Convocation Hall, and to have listened to a delightful programme, or found entertainment of a different nature in other parts of the building. Some heard, with praiseworthy attention, theories of Acoustics explained, with experiments, by nervous young gentlemen undergraduates ; others inspected the various microscopic specimens displayed ; others hung over the theodolites ; others strolled through the library, and trifled with Audubon ; others dallied in the arbour of evergreens, constructed by some sentimental sophomores ; others sped hither and thither with plates of ice-cream and maccaroons. "Grip" entertained a good many people with stereopticon views, and the museum, as usual, contributed its share, stuffed, dried, fossilised, or preserved in alcohol. The eighteen hundred seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly until they attempted to go home, when some harrowing scenes are believed to have occurred in the dressing-rooms, with great loss of buttons, tempers, *et cetera*. It is a strange and an unfortunate thing that its long and successful experience in entertaining its friends has not enabled the University to obviate this wholly unnecessary discomfort.

SORROW comes to all.

Our life is checked with shadows manifold :
But woman has this more—she may not call
Her sorrow by its name. —Sarah K. Bolton.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LARGE AND SMALL FARMS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have read a paragraph in THE WEEK of February 17 criticising my scheme, which criticism I am anxious to reply to ; for this reason, that the critic has evidently not seen my project described on the lines on which I intend to carry it out.

You will, I hope, excuse my saying that in comparing my project to schemes of immense acreages, under one management, and producing one article only of agricultural commerce, the critic does my project an injustice, which, I hope, you will give me the chance of setting right by publishing this letter in your valuable newspaper. The reasons of the want of success in the mammoth farms whose names you quote have been to me the foundation of the idea of the different treatment of land and its capabilities which, I maintain, my project will carry out. The cause of failure in all huge agricultural enterprises has been either that from their size they became unmanageable, or from the attempt to produce one article only, grain alone, cattle alone, horses alone, sheep alone, hogs alone, coal alone, building of villages alone, a year of drought or a fall in prices swept away the profits.

In my project we embrace all the sources of revenue above mentioned, and also divide the 200,000 acres into twenty properties of 10,000 acres each ; that amount being, in my opinion, as much as one man can manage thoroughly. Each property of 10,000 acres will have a manager who will conduct the affairs of the property as if no other estate existed, and when it is remembered that 10,000 acres of land in England, when fully equipped as it is intended to equip each 10,000 acres in the North-west Territory, are worth £338,000 ; that is to say, at a rental of 19s. per acre at thirty years' purchase, £285,000, with equipment, £53,500,—and then compare such a property to 10,000 acres on the Canadian Pacific Railway in the North-west Territory, fully equipped in the same manner with buildings, breeding cattle, brood mares, sheep, hogs, draught horses, agricultural implements, etc., at a total cost of £56,000, and also producing 19s. per acre, the difference in return on capital is appreciated.

I hope that you will excuse my having trespassed on your valuable space, and trusting that you will give this letter for publication,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN LISTER-KAYE.

Windsor Hotel, Montreal, February 21.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

IN "The Princess Casamassima," Mr. Henry James has made quite an extraordinary departure. Hitherto he has been known to us mainly as the white-kid-gloved historian of people of the same manual characteristic. His predilection for society polite according to ancient and established forms being strong enough to wean him from his native land, and lead him to reside for much the greater part of his life among Europeans, it is not surprising that his novels should have been in great part reflections of its tastes and habits, when they were not reflections of the idiosyncrasies of those of his touring compatriots whose wandering footsteps brought them beneath his keen and somewhat merciless observation. Mr. James has been much reviled for thus tickling his preference for well-bred people by contrasting their sentiments and behaviour with that of others less favoured by circumstances, in the tempting scope the novel allows ; but we cannot see upon what reasonable grounds. A man's best work is likely to be in relation to matters with which he is most in sympathy, and if Mr. James prefers kid slippers to hob-nails, why should the novel-reading public carp at his consistent request that we should follow them into a drawing room ! But here, whether pricked to it by the criticism of the chiefly unfriendly press of his own country, or driven to it by the uninspiring sameness of the upper levels he has chosen so long, or enticed to it by the dreadful fascination that always hangs about a prodigious leap, Mr. James has forsaken the elect and its beautiful habits of self-repression and five o'clock tea, and made in "The Princess" a flying descent into Bohemianism, socialism, slums, regions of the tallow candle and the sardine, poverty and—more inexplicable!—vulgarity, book-binders, dress-makers, fiddlers, German conspirators against the system of society that encourages habits of self-repression and five o'clock tea ! For his hero, for his plot, for his scenes and situations, Mr. James has gone, in "The Princess Casamassima," deep into that black and subterranean London that year by year honeycombs the vast structure above it to an extent that affords the dwellers therein much material for social philosophy !

We do not find, in this complete and abrupt change of the *mise en scène* of Mr. James's work, any change in his manner. There is no broad treatment of the strong lights and shadows the subject presents, no massing of its tragic elements, no brilliant relief of its possible phases of moral nobility and beauty. These things are there, but placed with such microscopic fidelity that in admiration of their details one loses the effect, which should be a great one, of the whole. Mr. James has simply handled the

virtues and vices of the proletariat with the same delicate consideration he bestows upon those of its superiors. It is precisely what he might have been expected to do.

Withal, "The Princess" is a delightful book. Mr. James has never surpassed Hyacinth Robinson in his delicate, clean-tinted creations, and the Princess herself is second in originality only to the wonderful little book-binder. On every page one finds the high, keen, intellectual pleasure which the author's mind-processes never fail to impart, and one closes this latest book, as all the rest, with a sense of having obtained from it at least a knowledge of some interesting and agreeable attitudes toward life.—(London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.)

NOTHING that the author of "The New Republic" writes can be received without gratitude for sound thought upon a vexed and confusing question, and serious interest in its expression. Mr. Mallock writes always carefully and logically, and his argument is governed by the deepest and most sincere concern for the destinies of civilised humanity. He neither denounces the "classes" nor deifies the proletariat, but is moderate in his demands of the one and his expectations of the other. When Mr. Mallock chooses to speak upon social topics he has established his right to be heard.

Recognising the influence of the novel among all classes at the present time, and its consequent importance as a vehicle for theory, especially for social theory, Mr. Mallock has chosen it for the expression of views somewhat vaguely indicated by the title of his book. We cannot help thinking him somewhat unfortunate in his choice, and believing that his serious and dignified opinions might have been set forth better in a series of essays, dominated by the first person singular, than put into the mouths of the people Mr. Mallock has selected for that purpose. For while his book is strong and sincere, Mr. Mallock curiously fails to get his readers into sympathy with it. The reader finds himself constantly resenting the assumptions of Carew, the hero, who is a most unconscionable prig, and wondering why the author found it necessary to drag out the story to such an interminable length for the sake of Carew's incomprehensible entanglement with a shallow young American who contributes nothing to the social problem, and is introduced simply to make a complication, apparently, and perhaps to act as a foil to Miss Consuelo Burton, another transcendental, whom Carew marries in the end. The reader is no better pleased with himself or with Mr. Mallock for knowing, as he does, that these are very good and admirable people whom he is tired of, and that it is simply Mr. Mallock's persistent placing of them upon pedestals that makes him impatient with them, and quite disposed to look favourably, for the sake of contrast, upon a certain worldly Madame de Saint Valery, who helps the frivolous young American as a doubtful-tinted background for the shining virtues of Carew and Consuelo. The book is full of well-digested thought on social problems, and contains much clear showing of the action of spiritual forces upon character, but the author has fallen a prey to his own purpose, and in giving us an extremely improving volume, has given us a rather dull one. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.)

"SONS AND DAUGHTERS," is the unambiguous title of a new book by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," brought out by Ticknor and Company, of Boston. It is simply a story of the amatory affairs of a lot of young people whom fate brings together in a suburb of Philadelphia. The scene does not vary, and there are no striking incidents, the reader's interest being bidden for only by the author's treatment of the characters, and of their influence upon one another. The bid will be successful, and the book will be popular, for this treatment is bright, almost playful, all through. The author never accomplishes brilliancy or satire, but she makes attempts which are clever and amusing, and she carefully refrains from presenting us with anything more disagreeable than an occasional deviation from good taste. We say "she" advisedly, for the book is without doubt written by a woman, a young and a vivacious woman, one would say. It is quite without seriousness or power or discoverable motive, but its pleasant manner and unquenchable good spirits can hardly fail to sell it.

DRUMMOND'S "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," has been reprinted by the indefatigable John B. Alden, of New York, and comes to us in a neat, cheap, and convenient form. So thoroughly have the virtues of this admirable work been summed up by enthusiastic admirers everywhere that even a recapitulation of them at this juncture is unnecessary. The opportunity of possessing the book at a moderate price is a boon that ought at once to be appreciated by everybody interested in the living phases of religious philosophy. Uniform with the Drummond book in merits of the cover comes "The Triumph of Life," by the Rev. Thomas

Stoughton Potwin. The rev. gentleman's volume is a thoughtful exposition of the doctrine of conditional immortality, and will doubtless meet with serious attention from the clerical class.

"THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL," is a little paper-covered volume of eight sermons by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Charles H. Kerr and Company, of Chicago. They are bright and sensible, kind and practical discourses, making little pretension, but bringing much benefit,—pleasant as well as profitable reading. A tiny essay, "A Mother of Angels," by Bessie Starr Keefer, may bring the sympathetic balm its author intended to some mourning heart: and the many friends of the Rev. Samuel Massey will doubtless read with pleasure and not without spiritual advantage his memorial, "My Mother and Our Old English Home." Mr. Massey hopes that his pamphlet will find its way into the hands of many mothers, and that they will not fail to be strengthened thereby.

VERY many of the children of a larger growth who still find a spare interval agreeably beguiled by "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," as well as the host of juvenile readers who are daily delighted by it, will be glad to possess the fac-simile of the original manuscript, with the author's drawings, just issued by Macmillan and Company. The story is more original than ever in this form, and what one loses in the additions its author made in preparing it for publication is more than made up in the quaint text and remarkable illustrations of his first conception. As Lewis Carrol explains in his very charming preface, the profits of this edition are to be given to Children's Hospitals and Convalescent Homes for Sick Children.

"PRIMARY LESSONS IN LANGUAGE AND COMPOSITION," by W. H. Maxwell, M.A. (A. S. Barnes and Company, New York and Chicago), is a little book which will be found very useful in the formation of correct habits of expression in very young children. Mr. Maxwell's method is chiefly the use of elliptical sentences and picture-talks. It will have an interest for the dullest child, and the brightest can hardly fail to profit by it. Another aid to composition, of which nobody is too old to avail himself with some degree of profit, is "Slips of Tongue and Pen," by J. H. Long, M.A., LL.B., published by Copp, Clark, and Company, of Toronto. Mr. Long's University record, as well as his wide later experience in the training of students in higher English, entitles his book to a special meed of attention. The work consists of lists of popular errors, alphabetically arranged under seven heads. The grosser mistakes are ignored, the author devoting most of his attention to those which pass muster as good English among cultivated people. While many of us who have hitherto been disposed to forgive ourselves a certain carelessness in words and phrases, on the ground of usage and the grudging consent of dictionaries, will be inclined to quarrel frequently with Mr. Long in his chapter on "Objectionable Words and Phrases," and to call him such hard names as purist, and even in very inflammatory cases, bigot, we think there are few that will not benefit by his nice discrimination, and acknowledge the value of his book as an auxiliary to any of the well-known works upon this subject.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, of Boston, have sent us (through Messrs. Williamson and Company, Toronto,) "The Great Debate," a verbatim report of the discussion at the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held at Des Moines, Iowa, the 7th October last. The Great Debate, was on the question of a second probation, while has agitated Andover circles so much of late. The discussion was most interesting, including as it did masterly speeches from all the chief modern representatives of the Pilgrim Fathers; and from it the candid lay mind will not fail to gather much light. But when it asks itself the question why should any one believing in a second probation be therefore debarred from usefulness in the field of Foreign Missions,—if, as seems to be admitted, the hypothesis need affect neither faith nor preaching,—the modern Fathers, standing firm as Plymouth Rock on the orthodox creed, simply reply by a resolution emphatically disavowing their belief in the doctrine of probation after death.

LAST upon our list for this week comes "Aphorisms of the Three Threes," by Edward Orvings Towne, from the press of Charles H. Kerr and Company, of Chicago. According to its preface, the contents of this book "are made up of the utterances of the members of a small south-side club called 'The Three Threes.' . . . At these meetings, held every ninth night after the first night of each and every of the nine months following the ninth month of the year . . . it is the custom of the members, 'seated in threes at three three-legged tables,' to evolve the aphorisms Mr. Towne has presented to us. This practice has probably been very amusing to the members, and the result will doubtless be conned with

interest by the intelligent circle which they represent with such triple qualifications. The "aphorisms" will vary in value to the rest of the reading public. Some of them are clever, some flatly stupid, some wildly ambitious, some unconsciously plagiarized, and some quite silly. It is but fair to say, however, while we fail to see in its sayings any good reason for their publication in book form, that almost all of them have merit enough to give their authors quite a brilliantly philosophical reputation in society.

MUSIC.

At last we are enabled to gratify our curiosity with respect to "Ruddy-gore." Again are we made happy by the most whimsical of plots, the most grotesque of situations, the most pungent, yet delicate, of satire, and the most charming of songs and lyrics. Act I. is the little Cornish village of Rederring (without the H). Act II., the Picture Gallery of Ruddygore Castle, which is presently filled with the ghosts of the dead warriors, bishops, judges, and admirals, that line the walls in canvas. They come to life to inquire into the proceedings of the latest heir, Sir Ruthven, who, according to a curse levied upon the family ages ago, is obliged to commit a daily crime. Naturally a good man, this involves him in much anxiety. "I get my crime over the first thing in the morning," he says, "and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good—I do good—I do good! Two days since, I stole a child, and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday, I robbed a bank, and endowed a bishopric. To-day, I carry off Rose Maybud, and atone with a cathedral. This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the nation, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!" There is the usual wicked steward, the lawful heir, the village belle, the Ophelia-like madwoman transformed, in Act II., into a prim poke-bonneted maiden, a Gilbertian chorus of impressionable bridesmaids, a chorus of "bucks and blades," while sailors, villagers, hornpipes, gavottes, patter trios, and songs, furnish an *ensemble* which, if not eminently original, will yet prove delightful to the multitudes of all classes who have found so much pleasure in the previous operas. The following nautical song is sung by "Dick Dauntless," who boasts that his ship has spared more French ships than any other man-o'-war's-man afloat:

I shipped, d'ye see, in a revenue sloop,
And, off Cape Finistere,
A merchantman we see,
A Frenchman, going free,
So we made for the bold Mounseer,
D'ye see?
We made for the bold Mounseer.
But she proved to be a frigate—and she up with her ports,
And fires with a thirty-two!
It come uncommon near,
But we answered with a cheer,
Which paralysed the Parly-voe,
D'ye see?
Which paralysed the Parly-voe.
Then our Captain he up, and he says, says he,
"That chap we need not fear,—
We can take her if we like,
She is sartin for to strike,
For she's only a darned Mounseer,
D'ye see?
She's only a darned Mounseer!
But to fight a French fal-lal—it's like hitting of a gal—
It's a lubberly thing for to do;
For we, with all our faults,
Why we're sturdy British salts,
While she's only a Parly-voe,
D'ye see?
A miserable Parly-voe!"
So we up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze
As we gives a compassionating cheer;
Froggee answers with a shout
As he sees us go about,
Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer,
D'ye see?
Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer!
And I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek
(Which is what them furriners do),
And they blessed their lucky stars
We were hardy British tars
Who had pity on a poor Parly-voe,
D'ye see?
Who had pity on a poor Parly-voe!

SERANUS.

LONDON.

A SACRED concert was given on Wednesday, 16th inst., at Dundas Street Methodist Church. The vocalists were Miss Louise Elliott and Mr. Winch, with Mr. Doward (Toronto), as solo organist. Miss Elliott displayed a good deal of dramatic feeling, and has a fine voice, not, however, a soprano, as her upper notes were taken with obvious effort. Her singing of the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," induced a storm of applause, and an *encore*; but she does not approach Mrs. Louise Tanner in this difficult solo, nor in oratorio singing generally. Mr. Winch sang with much finish "In Native Worth" ("Creation"), substituted for "Cujus Animam," and the well-known semi-sacred song "The Requital." He certainly possesses a beautiful voice, and sings like a true artist. Mr. Doward played several solos with taste, but the organ is scarcely large enough for solo work of any pretension. The choir, of about sixty voices, under Mr. W. J. Birks' admirable direction, sang remarkably well, and in the "Inflammatus" showed their careful training in the art of supporting the soloist instead of drowning her. A beautiful chorus, "Harps of Eternity," was also sung, for the first time in America. It is from the Oratorio of "St. Mary" (a very fine work), by Dr. Frank Sawyer, of Brighton, England, and, with harp obligato, is especially effective. Altogether this concert was a brilliant success.

MARCIA.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MISS HELEN CAMPBELL'S articles, entitled "Prisoners of Poverty," which are attracting so large a share of public attention in the Sunday issues of the *New York Tribune*, are to be brought out in book form simultaneously with their ending in serial publication. Messrs. Roberts Bros. of Boston will issue the book.

"PUBLIC OPINION," the Washington journal which makes a specialty of presenting the opinions of all leading papers on leading topics, will hereafter be published simultaneously in Washington and New York. Few papers have ever attained, in the same length of time, a more substantial following or greater popularity.

THE Messrs. Putnam are just in receipt of a letter from Professor Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, dated at Palermo, Italy, where he is now sojourning in quest of material for his forthcoming "Story of Sicily." The book will be issued during the latter part of this year, and is written with the special view of being valuable to students of Sicilian history. Professor Freeman's researches have led him to ascertain, what he also says travellers in Italy are finding out, how important a part the lovely island of Sicily has played in the history of Italy and really in all Europe.

SPEAKING of actresses as authors, it is interesting to note the demand which has suddenly been created among editors for the pen work of Miss Fanny Davenport. Her first article on "Is the Stage Immoral?" had scarcely been printed and read, when the actress quite unexpectedly found herself the recipient of several applications from editors for articles. She has now published her second article, "My Stage Life," which appeared in the Christmas *Mirror*, and her third will be an "Essay on Beatrice," to be printed shortly in the *Shakespeareana* magazine of Philadelphia. Miss Davenport has also contracted to write another article for the *Brooklyn*, in which her first appeared, and still another production from her pen is promised for an early number of *Lippincott's*.

THE new *American Magazine*, which is to step into the literary arena about April 15, is preparing its prospectus, and authors and artists are completing their work for the first number. It is intended to print an edition of 50,000 copies of the initial number, which will be published simultaneously in the United States, England, and Canada. The magazine is to be popular in its character, and yet first-class in every respect. Its illustrations will be of a high order, and the work of skilled artists. The new monthly will sell for the same price as the new *Scribner*, namely, 25 cents per number and \$3 a year. Each number will contain 124 pages, and several departments of a peculiar character will give it a distinctive tone. The cover design is rather too suggestive of the high-grade "railroad guide" to suit some tastes, but it is certainly effective and very striking. The name of the magazine runs diagonally across the cover in large block letters, surmounted by the head of an Indian girl, while the left side of the cover is finished by sprigs of American mountain laurel. The publication has its editorial and business offices in Pearl Street, New York.

CHANCING to drop in at the "Old Corner Bookstore" says a Boston correspondent, I noticed the attention of a group of customers centered upon a little man, somewhat slim in figure, with his head bent over one of the latest English reviews. Unconscious of the attention he was attracting, the unpretentious little man scanned leisurely over all the new books and periodicals, occasionally asking a question or two of the salesman near by. Unassuming in appearance as was the man who moved so quickly among the counters and shelves of the famous old bookstore, yet scores of eyes followed his every movement, and whispers and significant glances passed among the other book buyers who happened to be present. Presently a tall, dignified, and well-developed lady entered the store, and detecting the little old man, walked quickly up to him. In a few moments the two were busily engaged in a lively conversation, and the smiling face of Oliver Wendell Holmes was as interesting to watch as it from time to time lit up by a beaming expression, as were the keen, flashing eyes of Louisa M. Alcott. Although I was in the store for nearly an hour, these two interesting figures were chatting as vigorously when I left as at the moment of their meeting.

AN entertaining article on "Duelling in Paris" will be one of the strong features of the March *Harper's Magazine*. It is written by Theodore Child, and is illustrated. Mr. Child claims that "never since the time of Richelieu and the Fronde has duelling been more common in France, and that it has remained since the sixteenth century, not only tolerated, but approved by public opinion." The explanation of this characteristic distinguishing France from all other nations, is said to be the proverbial sensitiveness of the French sense of honour, the survival of the combative phase of chivalry, and the national trait to which Montaigne referred when he wrote, "Put three Frenchmen together in the deserts of Libya, and before a month has passed they will be tearing each other's eyes out." Gambetta's famous duel with M. De Fourtou is fully and faithfully narrated. One of the illustrations represents the actual scene of exchanging pistol shots at thirty paces, and another shows Gambetta shooting sparrows from his window on the morning of the contest. A droll incident, illustrated by a full-page engraving, is the celebrated duel in the rain between the critic Saint-Beuve and the journalist M. Dubois, in which Saint-Beuve insisted upon holding up his umbrella as well as his pistol, saying, "I am quite ready to be killed, but I do not wish to catch cold." Both adversaries shot four times, but, as is usually the case, neither of them were harmed.

FOR some time negotiations have been pending between a firm of New York publishers and Miss Anna E. Dickinson, looking to the latter removing to that city to engage in literary work. On inquiring into the matter a few days since it was learned that Miss Dickinson is at present lying ill at her home at Pittston, Pa. She has been very ill, but is now able to sit up a part of every day, and dictate her correspondence to her sister. She has lived very quietly with her aged mother in Pittston, and has written nothing for a long time. She has many requests from magazines and other publications for contributions, but declines them all on account of her health. Miss Dickinson has been suffering from nervous prostration, and her friends think that she has increased the trouble by her seclusion. To all overtures from them to go to New York she is deaf, and while her mother lives it is likely she will remain with her. Strong efforts are being made to have her write her reminiscences for publication, but whether these will be successful is difficult to say. To the younger generation her life would be almost a revelation, as to it her record is practically unknown. Her career, when those who are familiar with it look it over, is one of the romances of America, and certainly would make a most interesting story to read. Of late years Miss Dickinson's life has been unfortunate, and it is well known she lost a good deal of money in her theatrical ventures. Had she adhered to her lecture platform, from which for several years she netted an income of between \$10,000 and \$15,000, she might have spared herself much of what her other ventures compelled her to go through. It is not unlikely that the losses she has of late suffered would be largely retrieved by a volume of her reminiscences, and it is possible that her friends may yet induce her to enter upon the work. But for the present, and until she recovers from her illness at least, it is not likely, as she herself admits in a recent letter, that she will be heard from even by her best friends.

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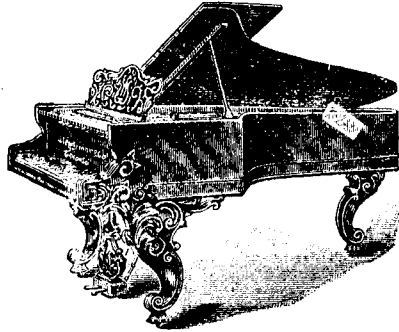
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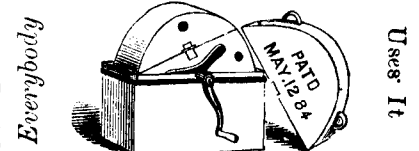
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