

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 31.

Toronto, Thursday, July 1st, 1886.

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THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 31.

Toronto, Thursday, July 1st, 1886.

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Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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THE STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND.

MEN who have followed Mr. Gladstone all their lives are shocked at the unscrupulousness of his last manifesto, as they are at the violence of his demagogism, at his appeals to ignorance against education, and his threats of confiscation against Irish landowners who refuse to support him in his scheme of political revolution. He must know perfectly well that he is telling the people an untruth when he declares that there is no alternative to his own scheme but Coercion. He must know, since it has been distinctly and repeatedly brought before him, both in his own Cabinet and elsewhere, that the real alternative is a measure of decentralization and increased local self-government for all the three kingdoms alike, without impairing the Legislative Union or the Supreme Authority of Parliament. Nor can we believe, though he asserts, that Lord Salisbury proposed twenty years of coercion for Ireland. Lord Salisbury made, as I said at the time, a very unwise speech; but what he said that Ireland required was not twenty years of coercion, but twenty years of firm and steady government. Some extraordinary change, say Mr. Gladstone's old friends, has come over his character. What I believe, and what seems to me more probable, the more I see of his conduct and demeanour, is that decay has begun to set in, and that he is possessed with a senile passion for popularity which overcomes all restraints. Instances, I believe, are not uncommon of a senile passion taking possession of an old man in this way without any general loss of faculties or palpable derangement of mind. I think I could point to two within my own experience. If my conjecture is well-founded, the nation, over the masses of which Mr. Gladstone, in the absence of any rival in eloquence and distinction, has acquired so uncontrolled an ascendancy, is in a pleasant situation.

The callous egotism of the old man would otherwise, I confess, move my strong indignation. By trying to keep the whole credit of settling the Irish question to himself and springing upon his friends a plan for which they were unprepared, and from which they dissented, he has shattered a great party, to which he owes his position, which has followed him faithfully, and which has guided constitutional progress, not only in England but in Europe, for two hundred years. For this he cares no more than he would for having broken an earthen pot. His only utterance on the subject is a homily on the duty of following himself. His whole desire is to retain his hold on power by exciting popular passion against all who have refused to support him; whereby, of course, he is widening the breach every hour. Of betraying and ruining the Protestants of Ulster, as they will not do his will, he thinks no more than he would of drowning a litter of puppies. Nor is he in the least disturbed by the fact that he is acting in practical alliance with the avowed enemies of the realm, and that his election fund will be largely drawn from the treasury of American Fenians, who subscribed the money not only for the destruction of the British power, but for the wholesale slaughter of British men, women, and children. When Sir Robert Peel found himself constrained to change his policy and to give up the principles which he had long maintained, he paid, like a man of truly high and noble nature, his tribute to morality. He frankly

avowed his conversion, did justice to those whom he had opposed, resigned office, and did not resume it till the leaders of the other party had failed to form a government. Mr. Gladstone flings his principles of yesterday to the winds without a word of apology. As to resigning office—to retain it seems the only passion of his soul.

ANOTHER thing which might cause a pang to a man who had anything British in his heart is the attitude of all the foreign enemies of Great Britain both in Europe and in the United States. Without exception they are on Mr. Gladstone's side, applaud him with yells of exultation, and heap on his patriotic opponents the same abuse which is heaped on them by the Irish. The voice of French Anglophobia is particularly loud and jubilant. The Italians, on the other hand, who desire to see the influence of Great Britain maintained, are dejected at the prospect of her dismemberment.

THE alliance between Liberal Unionists and Conservatives has up to this time been carried on with good faith on both sides. It is unspeakably welcome as a sign that the public men of England still owe allegiance to a principle higher than Party, and that at a moment of national peril they will lay aside their rivalries and combine to save the country. It seems a rainbow set among the clouds which in dark and stormy masses are gathering round the political horizon of this country; and there is reason even to think that its significance may not be confined to England, but that sensible and patriotic men in all countries may begin to see that Party has been carried too far, and that by it nations are being delivered into the vilest hands.

My impression up to this time has been that the balance of parties and sections was not likely, in the upshot, to be much changed. But I abstain altogether from prediction. Though I think I have as good information as possible, all to me at present is mist and uncertainty. Supposing that Gladstone gains about as much by the Irish vote as he loses by Liberal Secession, and that in that respect the balance remains as it is, the decision will rest with Hodge. Now, I have asked a number of people who ought to know Hodge as well as possible, what he is likely to do, and they all give different answers. One says he will vote for Gladstone because Gladstone promises him three acres and a cow; another that he will vote against Gladstone because Gladstone has not yet given him three acres and a cow; a third, that he will vote against the squire and the parson; a fourth, that he will vote for getting rid of the Irish, which he fancies is the object of the government bill; a fifth, that he will vote for the name of the G. O. M.; a sixth, that nothing about him is certain, except that he will not do this time the same thing that he did last time. All, however, are agreed in thinking that about the momentous issue submitted to him Hodge knows nothing, and his vote will be determined by some totally irrelevant and, probably, irrational motive. The destiny of this great nation might as well be settled by a throw of the dice. That is the appalling fact.

I HAVE been amused by the perusal of Mr. Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy." One can read Mr. Carnegie with pleasure because he is so evidently sincere and childlike in his democratic faith, and at the same time so good humoured and so free from the wretched American spite against England, at least so far as the people are concerned, though aristocracy anywhere is his bugbear. In American democracy he sees no speck or flaw. Not a rumour of faction, corruption, Tammany, lobbying, log-rolling, wire-pulling, labour disturbances, Molly Maguire outrages, or anything else that is questionable, appears to have reached his ears. But, at all events, American democracy, whatever the merits or faults may be, has only its own fish to fry. It is not called upon, like the masses of electoral ignorance and passion around me, to rule the destinies of a world-wide Empire.

Oxford.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

WHEN Louis XVIII. returned to France, and Fouché was his Minister of Police, the king asked Fouché whether, during his (the king's) exile, he had not set spies over him, and who they were. Fouché hesitated to reply, but on the king insisting, he said: "If Your Majesty presses for an answer, it was the Duc de Blacas to whom this matter was confided."—"And how much did you pay him?" said the King—"Deux cents mille livres de rente, sire."—"Ah, so!" said the King, "then he has played fair; we went halves."

UNIONISM AND POLITICS.

SOME people seem to have a very hazy notion of the relations between patriotism and politics. Their care for the interests of their party is so great, and their patriotism so small, that they are ever on the watch, lest any generous sentiment on behalf of British nationality should be turned to the injury of the knot of politicians with whom they are accustomed to work. If they would give themselves a little trouble to distinguish between politics and party politics, they would find their ideas clarified, and their course of action made more intelligible to themselves and others.

In the large sense of the word, it is impossible to keep politics out of any subject which has any real connexion with the practical life of man upon earth. Politics deals with the wellbeing of the State, as distinguished from the Church, the family, and the individual. But although we can distinguish we cannot separate. The Church is in the State, profoundly affecting it, profoundly affected by it. The same is true of the family and of the individual. Therefore it is impossible for any community or for any individual to ignore the subject of politics when dealing with those topics which concern their life and wellbeing.

In this sense politics must appear in the pulpit, in the Church assembly, in the family circle. We rightly condemn the preacher who takes advantage of his position as a teacher of religion to bring into the pulpit the political squabbles of the locality, or even to ventilate his own partisan opinions respecting the government of the country. But we do not blame him when he teaches that we must not only "fear God," but "honour the King." We should blame him if he neglected to expound this as he does other portions of the sacred volume from which he draws his lessons. Similarly, if a rebellion were to break out in any portion of the Empire, we should expect our Christian teachers to talk "politics" in the larger sense of the word, but not in the narrower. We should certainly be greatly surprised in such a case to hear of a protest being made against political preaching.

Are our notions getting a little cleared on the subject of what is lawful and what is not lawful in connecting religion and politics? Concrete instances have the advantage of bringing the substance out of the haze of indefiniteness, but they have the disadvantage of narrowing the field of view. Let us consider, then, that the wellbeing and integrity of the land of our extraction, our birth, or our adoption, are subjects which cannot be separated from the religious and ecclesiastical thoughts and deliberations of individuals and communities--and these are strictly political subjects. They are political in the etymological sense of that word; they are political in the meaning stamped upon that word by long usage. In this sense, then, politics must be a concern to everyone who cares for his country and for mankind, and must be interwoven with all his thoughts.

We think if these considerations had been borne in mind, the debate at the Anglican Synod last week on the Home Rule question might have been a little less breezy. Assuredly there was nothing in the amended resolution that drew party politics after it. Nor, as far as we can see, was there anything in the remarks of the speakers which touched upon the forbidden ground. It is quite true that there was a continual danger of the discussion sliding away into party politics; but surely the mere assertion of the necessity of preserving the unity and integrity of the Empire had not got that length. This necessity was alleged in the amended resolution, and the seconder of the resolution had done no more than repeat, perhaps somewhat vehemently, the assertion. If political subjects were subsequently introduced, it can hardly be maintained that it was the fault of that particular speaker, and we imagine that the objectors have themselves to thank for the very features in the debate to which they most objected.

This whole question of party politics is getting a very serious one, and it is high time for many persons who belong to the recognised parties in our political life, to consider how far they will allow themselves to be trammelled by the supposed requirements of party loyalty. Has it come to this, that, whenever a party leader may consider any measure useful as a means of retaining political power, it is a matter of loyalty with all his ordinary followers to support that measure, however injurious they may think it to the well-being of the country? If so, then not merely must politics be in a diseased condition; but the very life of society must be unsound.

Before leaving this subject, we should like to say a few words on the charge that the Orange Society has become a mere political organisation. Let it be clearly understood that we are not defending Orangeism, with which we have a very imperfect acquaintance. Nor are we representing the Conservative party of this Dominion with which the Orangemen are said to have entered into alliance. With neither of these have we any

alliance beyond that which may be connected with partial unity of aim, and sympathy on particular points. But surely it is a very remarkable thing that such an accusation as this should be made. We may well ask, how that society which is built upon the very foundation of Whiggery should have been ever suspected of going over to Toryism.

As regards the Origin of the Orangemen there is no dispute. They contend for the principles of the English Revolution, "civil and religious liberty," the watchword of the Whigs. They are not accused, that we have heard, of deserting their *principles*. How comes it, then, that they are accused of deserting their *party*? This is an interesting and important question. Perhaps the *Sentinel* will help us to understand it.

As a matter of fact, we do not in the least believe that the Orangemen are, as a society, political, in the party sense of that word. If we are mistaken, we shall be glad to be corrected; but our clear impression is, that a man may join the body, whether he is a Liberal or a Conservative, and that no questions are asked on such subjects. We believe that the Orangemen, as a body, are not pledged to the support of any political party. If, however, they find that one political party is resolved to uphold and strengthen principles against which they are pledged to contend, can we wonder that they seek from the other party what assistance they can obtain for the maintenance of their own principles and the carrying out of their own plans? We do not say that this is the case; but if it be so, it certainly is not discreditable to the society; nor is it a reason for asserting that it is a mere party organisation.

Here we must pause for the present. It is possible that we may not have thrown "a flood of light" on the subject; but in the present twilight a few additional rays may be of some service. C.

SOMETHING ABOUT CAPE BRETON.

THE internal aspects of this island and the seas that surround it may have some part toward producing a people in many respects absolutely unique and peculiar. The storm gales that so often rage about this ocean-bounded land, and the heavy fogs that for months together are never absent from some part of its coast, must exercise a direct and permanent influence upon the character of such a race as we find in Cape Breton; as the pure, strength-imparting breeze that sweeps over the rugged hills and through the beautiful valleys most assuredly does in producing the splendid bodily development with which a majority of these islanders are endowed. The predominant race-power is Highland Scotch; but English, Irish, Welsh, and Acadians, at different times have settled here in large numbers, and in that combination, which forms the bulk of the population, the distinctive traits of these nations are all more or less manifested. They have many manners and customs and ideas that belong entirely to themselves, and in some respects are wonderfully old-fashioned, and consequently wonderfully honest and upright. Especially is such the case in politics. Regarding government and patronage they have always entertained the most distinct and independent opinions, and any attempt to teach them another way of doing things is viewed with slight encouragement. When a candidate comes before the electors and asks them to give him their votes, it does not appear to make any great difference with the sturdy farmers and fishermen whether he belongs to the Liberal or the Conservative party. If in certain respects of vastly greater moment to these simple reasoners he can prove himself to be all right, the gentleman stands a good chance of success. And the case seems about the same if he supports the Dominion Government or proclaims himself a follower of Premier Fielding. These considerations are purely local. In the first place they want to know if he belongs to the ruling clan in the county he desires to serve? If this question can be properly answered, they will next require evidence that he has the right qualities and inclinations to secure the building of the roads and bridges, in which respect almost every Cape Bretoner appears to think the locality in which he happens to reside has been cruelly neglected. Then the matters of more extended railroad communication and a better steam service along the interior and exterior coasts is always before their minds; and those aspiring to such political honours as they have to bestow must be able to show ability and zeal for presenting and energetically pushing any special or general claim on these subjects. Besides these main issues, there are many minor interests about which a candidate must be posted and entertain correct views before he has a chance of becoming the official representative of any county on the island.

In the late election the most sanguine friends of Repeal hardly expected that their party would secure more than two of the eight members that come to Halifax from the four Cape Breton counties. But it turns out that four extreme Liberals have been chosen, and one gentleman

designated as an Independent. But the Repeal cry does not appear to have produced any great impression, either one way or the other; and the promise of the Dominion Government to do something royal in the way of railroads, as it was made only a very short time before voting day, seems to have been received with considerable distrust. The incredulous islanders will tell you that a word of this kind, which comes from a place so far away as Ottawa, must be taken with a deal of allowance. Many who have not visited these counties supposed them intensely loyal alike to Canada and the Mother-country. But while they are not lacking in a national feeling, their deepest love is always for their native land. Cape Breton folk who go away to seek the fortune which cannot be found at home, as we meet them in Boston, New York, and other American cities, speak with the most joyful anticipation of the time when they will have made their pile and can return to the good northern country of their childhood.

There has been some talk about a desire on the part of Cape Breton to separate from Nova Scotia, and it is even said one or two of the new members are pledged to work for this result. But a most careful inquiry, which has extended to every district of the island, fails to reveal any deep or wide-spread sentiment of this nature. Very likely some individuals who are in a position to have their words heard may have personal reasons for disliking any government located at Halifax; just as a few Nova Scotians, with more voice than brain, are shouting for annexation to the United States. Disregarding such wild talkers, a great majority of these independent thinkers are well satisfied with Cape Breton's present relations to the neighbouring peninsula. Did any reason actually exist for terminating these relations, the people certainly have the courage and energy for taking immediate steps in that direction. And in such a case we should hear something very different from the vague rumours at present floating about, which do not give evidence of being anything beyond campaign documents.

Among the reasons why so many annually emigrate from Cape Breton is the fact that the number of births always vastly exceeds the number of deaths. Were all the stalwart young men and women constantly growing up in such numbers to remain at home, the country would soon have a population which its utmost resources could not support.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

A REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH.

A GLANCE at the currents of thought and politics which have been flowing through Europe and America during the past few months reveals a strange if not dangerous condition of things. The very soul of society, we may say, has been cast down and disquieted within us. Deep has called unto deep: all the waves and billows of anarchy have gone over us. Order has linked itself with license, and bloodshed has been the result. Statesmanship has gone hand in hand with demagogism, and political progress has come to an end. The stream that has run comparatively smoothly in England since the unquiet days of the Reform Bill, has of late again raged furiously, and, overflowing its banks, has made itself felt elsewhere than in the British Isles. Ireland, or a part of Ireland, clamouring for the right of self-government; London working-men defiantly demanding work and wages; Belgian miners in open revolt; the Knights of Labour resisting to the utmost what they consider to be the oppression of capitalists; Eastern Roumelia obstinately refusing to accept the terms of more powerful nations; Greece flying in the face of all the European Powers; riots in Liège; riots in Belfast; riots in Chicago; a revolution in Uruguay; Bismarck and the Reichstag disagreeing; Australia protesting against the actions of the Home Government;—such is the darker side of the picture which the columns of the daily press have presented to us within the past few weeks. "Disintegration," "dismemberment," "separation," "repeal," these are words which have been floating about us like vibrios in an epidemic, reminding us strongly of another period in the history of Europe—itsself, too, a revolutionary epoch—when were heard from the Chamber of the States-General to the log cabin in Pennsylvania, phrases not dissimilar to these, phrases such as "pantisocracy," "rights of man," "Liberté," "Égalité, Fraternité." Far seeing statesmen with clear views and sound opinions have not concealed the fact that they tremble for the fate of more than one class and one nation. A high authority in politico-historical subjects has weekly reiterated his forebodings as to the fate of the British Empire—an empire which has been called the police of the world.

None of us can afford to be blind to these things. Take as rosy a view as we may of the general tenor of the changes which (every one of us must admit) have been taking place in society, the source of these changes must by us be carefully sought for and diligently pondered. They are not confined to one class or one nation. Their influences are not limited to one people or one time. A disturbance in an out-of-the-way cantonment in

India will affect stocks the world over; the hoisting of a Union Jack in the antipodes is the signal for energetic foreign policies in countries separated by the diameter of the globe. No serious political action is, in these days of steam and electricity, trivial or ephemeral; and it is well that one should now and again pluck his fellows by the sleeve and with them consider carefully whither we are drifting.

Of the many changes that are taking place in the relationship between monarch and subject, governing and governed—indeed between class and class, and man and man—the most opposite views are taken. Never, perhaps, were there more incompatible remedies prescribed. Coercion is as often advocated as is conciliation. Disenfranchisement is mooted simultaneously with manhood suffrage. Labour, as the enemy of capital, is egged on at the same time that the hostility of labour is opposed by ball cartridge. Communism is preached at the very moment that the prerogative of the Sovereign is insisted upon.

Amidst these contradictory theories each will choose according to his peculiar proclivities; but the very antagonism of the remedies proposed points to the impossibility of making a correct prognosis. The treatment is empirical. I, certainly, am not about to exhibit any nostrum of my own. Let us, however, consider if some diagnosis cannot be made.

One symptom of this unhealthy state of society we can, I conceive, all detect: Society is suffering from moral and intellectual ataxia: the nerve-centres are paralyzed, and the muscles refuse to act—or rather act only too violently, but without co-ordination. Those who are supposed to solve political and sociological problems, alighted at their complexity, give them up as insoluble, or attempt weak and avowedly crude solutions. The result is they are not accepted; temerity gains the day; law and order vanish. Responsibility is shirked. We see evidences of this everywhere, from the Greek Chamber to the Imperial Parliament. Weakness, and not strength, characterizes the actions of the leaders of all parties. What strength there is is not the strength of the position fought for, but of the union of those fighting for it. Mob law reigns as much in the halls of Westminster as in the streets of Liège or Belfast. And where shall we seek for the source of this so deplorable a lack of stamina? Shall we not find it in that universal restlessness under control, that impatience of restraint, that hatred of discipline, that disdain of authority, which is so salient a feature of these closing decades of the nineteenth century? That curious sophism which taught the equality of man has tainted the blood of humanity, and the sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children. Our very statesmen have been inoculated with the virus. They forget their position as leaders. They will not wield authority. They are led. They do not guide.

We are too squeamish in these days. We know too much. Too much learning has made us, if not mad, at least imbecile. There is so much to be said on either side that we take neither side. We halt ever between two opinions. The exuberance of our information hides our view. We are not satisfied with approximations; we wait for accuracy.

Perhaps if we could find some man who would accept some one approximation, and would with that work out for us the problem, his solution would be accepted. If x is to have all values (and the equality of man seems to give to each the right to attach to x any value he may choose), if x is to have all values, there will never be any beginning made to finding the answer. (Give it some particular value, and even if the answer be "*plus or minus*," we may congratulate ourselves that some progress has been made. But the man who works it out on this principle must be no ordinary man.)

In the multitude of counsellors, says the wise man, there is wisdom; it does not follow that in the multitude of leaders there is guidance. Perhaps a multitude of leaders is itself a contradiction in terms. One leader there must be, whether those led be a flock of sheep or a nation of republicans.

But that leader must be a powerful one. In all great crises it is power, determination, force, that wins the day. When the Republic is in danger it is the Dictator that takes the helm, and no one asks by what compass he steers or for what port he makes. The era of revolutions in Rome was the era of weak emperors, not of stern kings. What has been the distinguishing characteristic of the great dictators of the world, from Cincinnatus to General Gordon? Acute argumentative ability, or force of character? Extraordinary analytical acumen, or wonderful power of action? The questions need no answer.

It is not the uniqueness of the theory or the validity of the argument that saves a country. Revolutions, as the word itself so aptly suggests, often end, so far as theories and arguments are concerned, in much the same state of affairs as existed before the revolt—perhaps even in the same state of affairs in exaggerated form. Louis's *Lettres de Cachet* were followed

by Napoleon's grape-shot, and Charles's "*Le Roi le Veult*," by Cromwell's "Take away that bauble." Caesar was offered the laurel. Napoleon succeeded Louis XVI. Cromwell reigned after Charles. Perhaps a future Dublin Parliament will refuse Home Rule to Ulster. Most probably.

Submission to authority it is that is now so sadly wanted. But the man to wield such authority as will compel that submission does not at present seem to be forthcoming. That he will at no very future date be forthcoming we may, I think, rest confident. From whence it is hard to say. Probably not from the great ones of the earth. The salt of the earth was a title not applied to the mighty. A farmer once saved Rome; a Corsican lieutenant, France; a rail-splitter, the Union.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

M. DRUMMONT is a distinguished writer, and a gentleman of standing in the Catholic world and its Press. This is what has given rise to the belief that his two large volumes—*la France juive*, which is a formal indictment against the Israelitish community, was not the result of his own inspirations, but the first act in a crusade, under the auspices of the chiefs of Catholicism—an anti-Semitic agitation, similar to what has disgraced Germany, Russia, and Hungary.

The author does not spare the Freemasons and the Protestants any more than the Jews—he indulges in a general massacre. But his heaviest blows and direst wrath are reserved for the seed of Abraham. M. Drummont thus parallels the Semitic and Aryan races: The former is mercantile, avaricious, subtle, and intriguing; the latter, enthusiastic, heroic, chivalrous, and frank. *Credat Judæus!* The Jew is of the earth, earthy—seeing nothing beyond the present life. The Aryan, on the contrary, is a son of heaven, incessantly preoccupied with superior aspirations. From these standpoints, Jews and Gentiles are pretty much alike, though they may worship on different mounts, and both have about the same dose of the real and the ideal.

The Semite is a dealer by instinct; he has intuitively a vocation of traffic, the genius for commerce in moneys, and a proclivity for deceiving his fellow. This cap would fit not a few Gentiles. Again; the Israelite, it seems, has no creative faculty—Lord Beaconsfield declined to subscribe to this allegation—and has never invented anything. But he farms the creations of the Aryans, and pockets the profits. The author has collected all the gossip, discreditable to the Israelites, and current in France since fifteen years. It is to be regretted he never sifted the chaff from the wheat. Further, he distinctly names Jews of high and low degree, reputed to be involved in questionable transactions. Naturally M. Drummont has his course of duels to fight, which are presumed in this country to atone for all wrong—as cash damages do elsewhere. All the evil in the world—perhaps "the double dose of original sin" in the Irish included—the author alleges, comes from the Jews, or from associating with them. Then they are lunatics, living perpetually in day-dreams, and victims of neurosis. Doubtless these maladies will be a surprise to the Jews themselves. This said, the Semites are omnipotent in this country, but it would be wrong to add, popular. France is the New Jerusalem for the Israelites, and Paris is their abiding city.

THE Hungarians or Czecs possess witty proverbs, which form largely the current coin of their language. Thus, they allege that when Satan was hurled from heaven, he fell on earth, but with such violence that he was broken into fragments. These were scattered: his head to Spain, his heart to Italy, his stomach to Germany, his hands to Turkey and Tartary, and his feet to France. The latter explains why the French like dancing; and further, why the Turks have a weakness for pillage, the Germans for the table, the Italians for conspiracy, and the Spaniards for pride. The Slavs secured for their fragment the scroll his expelled majesty held in his hand, that recapitulated all the injustices they endured; there was not even a blank space to write more. Surely they merit Constantinople and Salonica as a compensation.

The Hungarians have a head composed of "wood and tow," hence, when rubbed together, it inflames. "Without the knout, the Russians could do nothing good; if they be scratched, the bear will be heard growling." A German is not a venerated neighbour; he is the symbol of a "mouse and a toad; a thistle is a German rose." The Italians say, "the worst thing in the world is a naturalised German." Of course the Danes are equally uncomplimentary; but they were tricked out of Schleswig-Holstein. The Poles are sure to be down on Bismarck's people, and declare they are all drunkards. But "as drunk as a Pole" is as common in France as is "drunk as a lord" in England. The Germans would accept the French "as friends, but never as neighbours," and the Spaniards say, "If

God wished to reside on earth, he would select Spain, with the king of France for head cook."

The English are synonymous with creditors, and their realm is the purgatory of servants; they have wit at the tips of their fingers, while the French have it on the tip of their tongues. As bearing on the questions of the day: The Spaniards, on taking possession of an island, first build a church; the French, a barracks; a Dutchman, a store; an Englishman opens a public house; and an American starts a newspaper. Greece is held to see truth only once a year, and the Hungarian is deceived by the Jew, the latter by the Greek, and the Hellene by the devil. It appears, the Serpent tempted Eve in Italian; she deceived her husband in Hungarian; God cursed them both in German; and the angel expelled them from Eden in Spanish.

FRANKFORT is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in Germany. Its inhabitants are intelligent, active, and industrious. They are just as "hospitable," as Parisians; they do not give you bed and board for nothing; but if you bring within their walls, intelligence, activity, and the ability to pay your way—taxes included, the foreigner is welcome to become a sojourner. More cannot be expected from any civilised capital. Such are M. Nuc's reflections, from a residence in Frankfort. As his countryman, the Père Didon, he concludes. "In proportion as I know Germany more, I understand and love France better." Neither authors "write down" the Germans like Tissot—who is a Swiss.

M. Nuc draws a comparison between German, English, and French ladies. With the former, although beauty be not rare, it is massive, material; the features are square; cheek-bones, large; neck, fleshy; and shoulders, broad. Teeth, excellent; skin, roseate; eyes, all the shades of blue; figure, slim, and bust superb. German girls have essentially looks at once spring-like and attractive. Merely "roses without perfume, fruits without flavour." Ladies are devoid of piquancy of character. They comprise the whole gamut of blondes—from ash-gray up to flaxen. The few that are dark are of Jewish extraction.

English ladies are frequently less handsome than their German cousins, but they monopolise the truest type of sculptural beauty; they have a profile more accurate; traits, more fine, more full of distinction and nobility. The English lady is at the same time bigoted; a rigid practician, prudish to an extreme; stiff in her bearing; a no surrenderer on religious principles, and intractable in her prejudices respecting caste and blood.

A German lady is more liberal, more broad in her social and religious views; she is more the housewife than either a French or English lady; thinks less about her hair and "make up"—matters that she leaves to nature. She does not blush to be in relations with the kitchen, or feel humiliated if caught with a brush or a saucepan in her hand. An English lady only gives orders; a French would do neither. *Fräulein* looks upon servants as "helps," not "mean whites," and laughs and jokes with them. M. Nuc asserts that German ladies are proverbial for jam-making, and nothing can surpass this branch of cookery, in causing mistress and maid to sympathise as a woman and a sister. The future is to—jam and democracy.

A *Parisienne* has wit, captivating manners, and that *je ne sais quoi* which replaces all drawbacks under the head of physical beauty. In a *salon* she would attract to her side all the gentlemen, leaving her national rivals out in the cold. She knows, too, how to wear her toilette, with ease and distinction, because her elegance dreads no competition; she is not clothed, but dressed; where colours are in harmony, shape in faultless taste, and both selected to suit herself and to vex every member of her sex. Germans are more intellectual than French; have solidity, rather than *éclat*; they possess, above all, practical sense. There is nothing frisky in their conduct; no shining eccentricities; no subject for society journals, but a temperament as calm as their conduct is tranquil. The German blue-stocking is a product that is limited to her own fireside; she is not a *femme de lettres*; never takes to tracts, tea, the ologies, or collecting cards. At an early age, the German girl is trained for her two great aims in life: to catch a husband, and wear him ever to her heart, by making his home comfortable and keeping his purse from leakages. ZERO.

THE infant king of Spain, who has been christened Alfonso-Leo-Fernando-James-Mary-Isidore-Pascal, already has a "household" of his own. Among the functionaries is a "surgeon-dentist to His Majesty," whose office is to take charge of the royal teeth—when they come.

ONE day, M. de Narbonne and Talleyrand were driving together in the Pont-Neuf, and M. de Narbonne was particularly tiresome, when suddenly they saw a man who was walking along yawn violently, upon which Talleyrand said to M. de Narbonne, "Ne parlez donc pas si haut, on nous entend."

RICHELIEU.

His (the Duc d'Aumale's) picture of Richelieu reflects the hostility with which the grand seigneurs of the generation of Louis XIII. opposed the measures of the great cardinal; and though he does not conceal the immense services of the most illustrious of French statesmen, he has not given them sufficient prominence. We are somewhat surprised to perceive this tendency in a work instinct with true patriotism. Granting all that can fairly be urged against Richelieu, it is not now, surely, that French writers should underrate the merits of the renowned minister who raised their country out of a state of impotence, gave it the double blessing of strength and order, changed the monarchy into a national government supreme over all kinds of anarchy, and, if despotic, in one sense popular, and, steadily carrying out, despite appalling obstacles, a policy of extraordinary wisdom and grandeur, placed France at the head of the powers of Europe, and secured to her a frontier which, after a possession of two stormy centuries—so enduring and deep-laid was his work—she has lost, only as it were yesterday, through her own folly and that of her rulers.

In the spring of 1624 Richelieu had become minister, and his powerful hand and far-seeing eye soon made themselves felt at the helm of the State. The successor of Henry IV. and Sully, he had already entered upon their labours, and he had begun the great work which was to raise France out of weak disorder to a proud eminence. Abroad he had laid down the lines of the policy which was to lessen the preponderance of the House of Austria; at home he had perceived that the "Huguenot liberties," which made the Reformers' cities independent commonwealths, were incompatible with the unity of France. His first measures, however, had been chiefly aimed at reducing the power of the great nobles, which had been a source of peril to the State ever since the days of the League and the Guises, and which had spread confusion throughout the kingdom, and exposed the monarchy to general contempt under the feeble rule of Concini and Luynes. A noble himself, he knew well how valuable was a noble order to France, and yet how ruinous was the anarchy of the noblesse, and he had steadily addressed himself to the task of breaking down the great feudal seigneurie, and yet of employing the ennobled classes in their proper sphere, the service of the Crown. Despite resistance of every kind, he had made some steps to attain this result, and the demolition of many a lordly chateau and the punishment of more than one lordly plotter had proved how determined he was in his purpose.

Richelieu was earnestly pursuing his foreign policy, when the intrigues of Buckingham and the growing influence of the Puritans in the councils of England led to the last and most dangerous of the Huguenot risings. The signal of insurrection was given by La Rochelle—the citadel of the Protestantism of France on the sea—and the southern provinces were soon up in arms under Henri de Rohan, their renowned leader, assisted, perhaps, by the gold of Spain. The cardinal took decisive steps to crush the rebellion, and to put an end for ever to a state of things destructive to France, and while he organised the fleet, set on foot armies, and made great preparations to besiege La Rochelle, he placed Condé in supreme command in the south. The cardinal, in the hour of triumph, as is well known, showed his wonted forethought: he deprived the Huguenot towns of rights which had made them really independent of the State, but he confirmed their purely municipal franchises, and he secured them complete religious liberty. This settlement, marked by profound wisdom, promoted the growing national unity, assured to France the devoted services of a long roll of illustrious names, and preserved for the nation its most precious elements; and its abrogation in a subsequent age was not the least of the many causes of the decline of France in the eighteenth century.

The power of France was slowly advancing, and she had nearly 200,000 men in the field; but her armies were not as yet a match for the veteran legions of Spain and Austria, with their great traditions of Parma and Wallenstein; and the chief elements, perhaps, of her military strength were to be found in the old bands of the King of Sweden, or in Saxe-Weimar's well-tried levies, both her allies in the gigantic contest. Yet Richelieu was gradually attaining his ends; he had already obtained a footing on the Rhine, had rolled back the invaders of 1636, and had planted the standards of France in Artois; and though still a mark for intrigues at home, and for the vengeance of the unforgiving noblesse, he had become recognised in the councils of Europe as the champion of the true rights of nations against the domination of one arrogant house and the Catholic reaction in its worst aspects. The newly-created navy of France, besides, had made its influence felt in the struggle; it had avenged the Spanish descent on Provence, and it had more than once defeated the proud squad-

rons—imposing, massive, but ill ordered—which still retraced the memories of the long-lost Armada.

At his death the great minister had not attained old age, but he had gloriously done his allotted work, though the Treaty of Westphalia and that of the Pyrenees do not bear his illustrious name. He had given a death-blow to French feudalism, with its lawless disorder and selfish tyranny; and though the great nobles were to stir again, the monarchy was steadily growing in strength, and was becoming the symbol and the assurance of the unity and the grandeur of France. He had caused the religious wars to cease; the Huguenots had become the best of subjects, and France had been saved from the frightful troubles which had covered Germany with blood and ashes, and which checked her progress for two centuries. More than all, he had contrived to associate the policy of France with the moral forces becoming dominant throughout Europe; he had made her influence supreme on the Continent; and if her armies had suffered defeats, she was steadily and surely extending her borders, and was advancing to what the national sentiment has recognised as her natural frontiers. If, in the furtherance of these great designs, Richelieu had committed questionable acts, nay, if perhaps he had done lasting injury to his country's interests in one direction by the suppression of local rights and privileges, still his immense services outweigh these many acts of cruelty and even of crime. Let it be added, too, that this consummate statesman showed wonderful skill in raising to eminence whatever France possessed of genius and worth; he crushed the insolence of the great nobles, but he drew from the order into the service of the State a number of men of high merit; and if he made government an oppressive burden, he gave a strong stimulus to the French intellect. The middle and the close of the seventeenth century is the period when France enjoyed a triple supremacy in arms, in letters, and in diplomacy.—*Edinburgh Review* on the Duc d'Aumale's *Princes of the House of Condé*.

SHEMUEL.

SHEMUEL, the Bethlehemite,
Watched a fevered guest at night;
All his fellows fared afield,
Saw the angel host revealed;
He nor caught the mystic story,
Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,
Heard the holy multitude;
Back they came in wonder home,
Knew the Christmas kingdom come,
Eyes aflame and hearts elated;
Shemuel sat alone, and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,
Hide the angel host from men;
Hearts atune to earthly love
Miss the angel notes above;
Deeds, at which the world rejoices,
Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence
His celestial recompense.
Shemuel by the fever bed,
Touched by beckoning hands that led,
Died, and saw the Uncreated;
All his fellows lived, and waited.

EDWARD D. BOWEN: *Harrow Songs and other Verses*.

"FOR many years I enjoyed the pleasure of acquaintance with the late Giuseppe Mario, and frequently met him in society, both here and in London. Sitting next him at a dinner party in this city on the evening before his final departure from Ireland, and chatting over the times of his operatic triumphs at the Royal, I reminded him of an occurrence which took place there one night during the performance of *Rigoletto*. The engagement being an expensive one, the prices had been raised; and for admission to the upper gallery an additional charge of sixpence was made, the usual price being a shilling. The charming tenor had just finished his exquisite rendering of 'La donna é mobile,' the concluding words of which are 'e di pensier,' when a facetious occupant of the Olympian region exclaimed, 'Yes: it's eighteenpence here, and should be only a bob.' Mario was quite at a loss to understand what provoked the laughter which ensued upon this utterance from the upper gallery; but, when the cause was explained to him at the conclusion of the act, he thoroughly appreciated and heartily enjoyed the joke."—*Dr. Tisdall, of Dublin*.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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It is satisfactory to learn that no substantial change has been made in the attitude of the Canadian Government toward the Fisheries question. From the rumours rife during the past week, it looked as if Government had somehow modified its determination to maintain the rights of Canada. A Washington despatch stated that the Imperial Government had interfered, and had intimated that the position taken by Canada could not be maintained; and colour was given to this by accounts published in the Opposition Press of modifications said to have been made in the Government instructions to cruisers. But happily the wish has proved sole father to the thought; the Imperial Government has not interfered; and the Canadian Government has in nowise swerved from its original determination to enforce the law.

THE Fisheries dispute may not be settled this season; but undoubtedly the Canadian Government by showing a determination to insist on Canadian rights has brought a settlement within measurable distance; and before next season opens we fully expect to see the New England fishermen clamouring for the Commission they rejected with such scorn last winter. For, besides, the fish, it seems, have opportunely come to the aid of Canada. When the American fishermen denounced their Administration for proposing the Fisheries Commission they thought the privilege of free admission to Canadian waters within the three-mile limit was of no value to them; but during this season, the mackerel schools, in moving up the coast, have taken refuge on the shores of Nova Scotia within the three-mile limit—have placed themselves, in fact, under the protection of the Treaty of 1818; and in consequence the whole mackerel catch of the New England fleet this season, to date, is about 5,000 barrels against 26,000 last year. Hence the approaching change of wind; and the Canadian Government has, we think, only to be firm in order to obtain the simple justice that these fishermen, and their accomplices in Congress, have induced the American people to deny.

THE United States Senate has just passed Senator Frye's Bill for a Congress of American Nations with a view to form a Customs Union, adopt a uniform coinage, and do other things for the promotion of American prosperity. To this congress delegates are to be invited from the Republics of Mexico, Central, and South America, from Hayti and San Domingo, and from the Empire of Brazil; but Canada, the West Indies, and the European territories in South America are to be excluded—for the reason that they do not possess the attribute of sovereignty. What difference this could make in the case of Canada is difficult to perceive; for certainly in her trade intercourse with foreign Powers, Canada is not hampered by her connexion with the Mother-country. But perhaps, as the *Philadelphia Record* suggests, if she were invited, "the discussion of free fish, free coal, and other reciprocities of trade might arise, which would prove extremely embarrassing to the statesmanship of Maine." It is strange to see how the Maine Senator is allowed to pull Uncle Sam around by the nose; one begins to fear the respected uncle is growing almost as stupid as the traditional John Bull.

SEEMINGLY, the Democrats are but little more inclined to tariff reform than are the Republicans. Previous to the elections of 1884 both parties were pledged to revise the tariff; in the case of the Democrats, on the principle that "all taxation should be limited to the requirements of economical government;" in the case of the Republicans, "to relieve the taxpayer without injuring the labourer or the great productive interests of the country." But during the two years that have elapsed, revising bills have been introduced at each session by the Democratic Committee of Ways and Means—only to be voted down, however, by the Democratic House. The last of these bills—the Morrison Bill, from which so much was hoped by tariff reformers—came up a few days ago on the question, not whether it should pass, but whether it should be considered, and even consideration was denied it, by a vote of 140 to 157, thirty-five Democrats voting against it. The truth is, it would seem, that neither party cares to grapple with the tariff question; both are pledged to do so; but both alike are

obliged to keep an eye on the elections that are always in the air, and neither will venture to take a leap. Indeed both parties seem equally determined—and probably for the same reason that makes them avoid the tariff issue—to avoid all other useful legislation whatever: they appear to have taken a pledge to leave the legislative slate as clear as they found it; and consequently, beyond a number of pension bills, which have been vetoed by the President, and a quarrel with the President about nominations to office, in which the Senate was disgracefully beaten, the present Congress has done absolutely nothing beyond getting elected and drawing their salaries.

MR. GLADSTONE must feel himself desperately isolated among his living countrymen when to support his schemes he has to imagine the approval of a dead statesman, murdered by the accomplices of the men to whom he desires to hand over the government of Ireland. While summoning the shades of his deceased colleagues to memory, has he, we wonder, stumbled across Mr. Forster, who died with "No Home Rule" on his lips, or Mr. Fawcett, who was no less decisively against what every statesman of experience and sense must condemn as the greatest folly of the nineteenth century.

MR. BRIGHT has spoken to the people at last, and to a purport that might have been confidently expected from their great tribune. Honest as man can be, he, abhorring the trickiness that has lately characterised the G. O. M.'s erratic course, declares that the experience of the past three months has not increased his confidence in the wisdom of the Administration, or in its policy respecting the future government of Ireland. He sees that Mr. Gladstone's aim is to trick the country into an approval of the same scheme Parliament has already rejected. For while ostensibly withdrawing that scheme—which he declared to be the only positive, intelligent, and consistent plan, besides Coercion, and which he declared, moreover, he would never remodel—and while he asks the electors to vote on the simple question—"Are you for or against the principle of Home Rule?"—his first lieutenant, the Irish Secretary, declares positively that continuous Irish Representation in the Imperial Parliament is impracticable, and says the Home Rule Bill "is not dead, but sleepeth." Are the two at variance, or is the G. O. M. concealing his hand from the view of the electors, and asking for their suffrages on false pretences? The truth is he may remodel his plan, or he may not, just as circumstances suit—he keeps a perfectly free hand to do as he pleases; but certainly all the Gladstonites elected to support him will be held to be bound to vote for any measure he may choose to frame. In giving him a majority the electors would be giving a blank cheque to a man whose whole career is strewn with the wrecks of every great enterprise he has had the management of.

At Glasgow Mr. Gladstone asked his hearers whether, if a great majority of the people of Scotland wished to manage her local affairs within her own borders—if they arrived at a clear conclusion to that effect, would England dare or wish to refuse them? He was answered by cries of "No"; but we have no hesitation in affirming the contrary, if Scotland were as disaffected as Ireland, and it were proposed by some mad statesman to set up a Parliament at Edinburgh, independent, save for a few paper reservations, of that at Westminster. History has not forgotten the struggles between England and Scotland previous to the Union, struggles in which Scotland had great assistance from France; and supposing this disunion had lasted down to the French Revolutionary times, would England then, to make peace, have handed over Scotland, under paper guarantees, to the rule of the French Jacobins, as Mr. Gladstone now asks her to hand Ireland over to the American-Irish Invincibles? The main question with Ireland is not, as Mr. Gladstone states in the same speech, whether Ireland is to have free government or be overridden by England and Scotland; it is whether she is to have the free government which alone England and Scotland can give her, or be overridden by the National League. No Irish Parliament, as Mr. Bright says in his address to his constituents, can be so powerful or just as the united Imperial Parliament at Westminster. And "I cannot," he continues, "entrust the peace and interests of Ireland—north or south—to the Irish Parliamentary Party, to whom the Government now propose to make a general surrender. My six years' experience of them and their language in the House of Commons and their deeds in Ireland make it impossible for me to hand over to them the industry, prosperity, and rights of five millions of the Queen's subjects."

In the circular summoning the National League Convention to meet at Chicago in August, although the belief is expressed that after the General

Election about to take place Mr. Gladstone will be in a position "to undo by an overwhelming majority the so-called Union," yet every branch of the League is urged to "prepare promptly for the coming crisis, to remit all funds on hand, so that the money may be forwarded to Ireland and be made available, if necessary, for the approaching campaign." What crisis is coming, if Mr. Gladstone is to be so overwhelmingly successful? and what campaign is to follow, *if necessary*? It cannot surely be another campaign of dynamite and murder, for the same document assures us that, "with the exception of a handful of misguided Loyalists in Belfast, the people of Ireland have, in spite of the desperate, disgraceful attempts of Salisbury, Churchill, and Chamberlain to foment religious strife throughout Ireland, shown the world that the days of stupid religious bigotry and intolerance amongst Irishmen have forever passed away." And the days of agrarian crime, moonlighting, cattle-houghing, boycotting, and murder and outrage by knife and dynamite have of course passed away too.

If Mr. Gladstone be beaten at the polls, the abdication of the uncrowned King of Ireland is likely to follow. At the Fenian Convention to be held at Chicago, in August, the conduct of the Parliamentary campaign by Mr. Parnell is to be discussed; and, as by that time, it may be hoped, the people of England will have shown unmistakably that they have no intention to surrender to Fenianism, we may expect that the Parnellite method of warfare will be discarded and a return made to dynamite and open insurrection. Ever since the Kilmainham Treaty Mr. Parnell appears to have been drawing apart from the Extremists in America. That treaty was scoffed at by the *Irish World* as a Parnellite surrender, and when the Gladstone Home Rule Bill was introduced the same paper, it will be remembered, repudiated it utterly. At the Cincinnati Convention, two or three years ago, Mr. Parnell, addressing an Irish-American audience, declared he would never rest till the last link that bound Ireland to England was severed, and he has frequently said much the same thing since; but at the last moment, when, on the night of the division on the Gladstone Bill, Home Rule of any kind seemed to be slipping from his grasp, he professed his willingness to accept a very moderate measure indeed. It cannot, however, be supposed that such a measure would satisfy the Extremists on this side of the Atlantic; in offering to accept it Mr. Parnell was perhaps simply carrying out the instructions of his employers, whose aim it has of late been to publicly praise Mr. Gladstone's Bill in order to bamboozle the nation into granting what, supposed to be a finality, would really be accepted by the Fenians only as a means of getting more—a stepping-stone, and a huge step, to Separation. But Mr. Parnell has failed even to get this; and if the approaching elections should confirm his failure, he will have either to place himself in hostility to the American-Irish Extremists or to go heartily with them in their methods. Which will he do? In the first case he may count on the support of the rival Nationalist organisation—what is known as the Hoffman House Party—who are comparatively moderate and respectable, but, therefore, weaker. In the other case he can hardly expect still to retain his command—at any rate he will lose any independence he now possesses; and what will be his chances when Government is again re-established in England, as it must be?

AMONG the many weak arguments with which Mr. Gladstone attempted to buttress his Dismemberment Bill, perhaps the strongest was his pretension that it is the local autonomy of Austria and Hungary that keeps the Austrian State together. This sounded very well, and coming from Mr. Gladstone it would be very convincing to all who are ignorant of or have forgotten the words Mr. Gladstone had to eat in 1880, when he succeeded to power after making in his election campaign an equally wild statement about this same Austrian Power. Yet, in fact, nothing can be further from the truth than that local autonomy is in any way a source of strength to Austria-Hungary; and this, singularly enough, is illustrated most clearly by a serious quarrel that has lately taken place between the two countries, and that is now going on. "Some officers at Pesth recently placed a wreath on the statue of an officer who distinguished himself in 'putting down' the Hungarians, and the Magyars were very angry. A Magyar journalist insulted the old Archduke Albrecht, and the students raised a riot against the officer, General Janski, who had prompted the laying of the wreath. The Austrian army took dire offence, and the Emperor was compelled to interfere. General Janski was directed not to enter Hungary, and the journalist was compelled to apologise; but the riots are going on, and the soldiery have at last been ordered to fire. As the Emperor holds himself bound to protect the honour of the army, the incident might be exceedingly serious; but, fortunately, the leading Hungarians are quieting their people. They know that the Empire must

hold together, or its kingdoms will be absorbed in detail by Germany and Russia. This conviction is the basis of the Emperor's power, but it does not suffice to prevent Austrians and Magyars fighting whenever they dare, in spite of the 'dual' arrangement, which but for the Emperor would be unworkable." This is the sort of dual or multiple Empire Mr. Gladstone contemplates for Britain with such pleasure. But let but an Englishman dare to lay a wreath on the tomb of Lord Frederick Cavendish or Mr. Burke and we shall have all Ireland in a ferment of insurrection against the Crown; and possibly by that time the ill-jointed Empire will have sunk so low that, like Austria-Hungary, it will be held together only through fear of absorption by France or Holland.

THE enterprise of the German syndicate who proposed a few months ago to lend China a good many millions of money (first borrowed from England) in return for the exclusive privilege of opening up commerce and constructing railways in the interior of China—the bulk of the money being spent in Germany—has been untimely nipped in the bud by the reply of the Viceroy of China to a delegation from the syndicate, to the effect that China would build railways when she was able to manufacture the materials needed in their construction within her own dominions. And so the accomplishment of this scheme to supplant England in the position of paramount influence in China has seemingly been deferred to the era of universal Free Trade.

AN estimate published of the quantity of money in circulation in Germany at the beginning of the current year, as compared with 1871, affords a striking illustration of the truth that war arouses a nation to commercial activity. In 1871, the currency of all sorts needed to carry on German trade amounted to £115,200,000 sterling; it is now £157,750,000—an increase which shows that the national courage aroused by a great war may be most useful in promoting commerce, for to the success of commercial enterprise courage is as essential as to the success of war.

Soon after the restoration, Mademoiselle Mars appeared on the stage wearing a tricolor ribbon, which so enraged the parterre and the Gardes du Corps that she was obliged to take it off and apologize on the spot. "Ces camilles de Gardes du Corps," she was heard to mutter, which they, hearing, very foolishly sent one of their officers on the following morning to demand an apology. She was in bed when he arrived, but her maid went into her room to announce him, leaving the door open, when Mademoiselle Mars cried out, "What is it?" "Madame, it is one of the officers of the Gardes du Corps, who particularly wishes to speak to you." "Tell him," she answered, "that Mars has nothing whatever to do with the Gardes du Corps."

SIGNOR BRIGNOLI was telling one day that once, while he was singing in concert for a charitable object, the prima donna was suddenly attacked with a singer's sore throat; and it became necessary for some one to apologize to the audience. The manager declared he was suffering from nervousness, and could not do it; and he begged Brignoli to make the explanation. The tenor, going forward, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that Madame N. eez a little horse this evening." Peals of laughter greeted this announcement; and the tenor looked puzzled, thinking the audience misunderstood him. He advanced once more, and with thundering emphasis roared out, "I say that Madame N. eez a little horse dis evening." Another roar of laughter, amid which a voice in the gallery cried out, "Then, if she is a horse, why not trot her out?" Then the mistake was plain to him, and Brignoli laughed as heartily as any one.

THE London *Spectator* says: Foreign opinion would seem to be, in the main, friendly to Home Rule, upon two grounds. The Radical and Romanist papers think it would be either a democratic victory or a victory for Catholicism, while the Conservative journals, and especially the Royalist journals of France, think that it would substantially weaken the external power of Great Britain. Only the journals which, like the Italian *Diritto*, seriously dread any diminution of English influence in the world, are heartily with the Unionists. As no nation ever quite understands another, foreign opinion on domestic affairs is not usually of much value; but the secession of a province is hardly a domestic affair. American opinion is separate; but not to mention the anxiety of parties in America to catch the Irish vote, the people of the United States are accustomed to Federalism, and, in spite of their civil war, think it the natural arrangement for freemen. If ever a State of the Union falls entirely into Irish hands, which might happen if Irishmen really wished to be self-governing, our friends across the water will probably reconsider their opinion, and perhaps stretch their Constitution a little.

A LOVE SONNET.

AMONGST the sheaves, when I beheld thee first,
That happy harvest-morn a year ago,
A thought crept through my heart with sudden glow,
That never sunny mountain-top had nursed
A fresher, fairer flower—the very air
Kissed thy dear face and seemed to feel it fair,
And the serene, deep, summer heaven above
Leaned down to gaze on thee with looks of love . . .
Oh! child-like woman, that hast kept thine heart
So pearly with morning dew—my flower, my flower!
How passing dull my thought was in that hour,
Owning thy beauty, yet devoid of art
And insight to discern, that by God's grace
My life's best angel met me face to face.

T. WESTWOOD: *Gathered in the Gloaming.*

TWO NIGHTS.

[Translated from the German of HACKLAENDER for THE WEEK.]

THE SECOND NIGHT—1848.

SHALL we acknowledge that it was only a pleasant memory which in reality impelled our hero to quicken his pace? Ah, he thought, the chances of war have fallen near her home, nay, in her home, else should I be going there now? His fancy pictured in bright hues on the gray landscape, his arrival in Pusterlengo and sudden appearance before the astonished girl. "Dear Teresina, you would not let me come before, but now you see I must—it is the fortune of war; four years is such a long time, you will be glad now to let me stay, Carissima." Then she will smile, he thought, and as the place is filled with officers and men she will give him a tiny little room whose window looks through heavy grape-clusters out over the garden behind the house. Will she be changed? Perhaps grown taller! But in her eyes there will be the same deep, plaintive expression, on her lips the same sweet smile as of yore. So musing, he rode as quickly as possible past the artillery train. The soldiers drove their horses moodily forward, and the officers, wrapped in their long mantles, preserved an unbroken silence, not a word, not a laugh,—no sound but the heavy breathing of the horses and the clanking of the couplings. Presently he came up to a train of pontoniers; further on passed long, close columns of infantry; and at last reached the head of the detachment, exchanged a few words with the commanding officer, then rode more rapidly over the stretch of empty road before him.

In the west the heavy clouds had somewhat lifted to show a streak of pale yellow just above the horizon; Pusterlengo could not be very far away now, and a vision of dry clothes, to be followed by a cup of delicious coffee, floated before his "mind's eye," and made him impervious to the chill morning air.

And Cecco! he must be a big boy now, and my forage cap is in shreds by this time, I suppose. How strange to see them all again after four years. Presently the way was again filled with moving forms, and by the dim light he saw a party of chasseurs advancing towards him. Although the discipline is lighter in this corps than in any other, and laughing and talking is not prohibited, even they seemed to succumb to the general depression, and rarely spoke. At the head of the battalion walked a couple of Uhlan patrols, and between them a man, evidently belonging to the class of well-to-do farmers, with his hands bound behind his back; his clothes were torn and dusty; he wore no hat, and the long, black hair hung over his face; his eyes on the ground, and apparently utterly indifferent to the ankle-deep mud, he trudged stolidly on.

As Count S. rode past he heard a laugh, and then a voice call "halt"! It was no other than his friend the hussar.

"Grüss Gott," he called. "This is fine weather for meeting old friends in, eh? I have caught an abominable cold since yesterday, and am consequently not in the best of humours."

"Wait a moment. If my water-tight case proves what it pretends to be I will cure you with a good cigar."

"No soldier like a hussar!" exclaimed the other. "You shall be repaid with a draught of purest 'Kirsch.'"

The leather case justified its water-proof qualities, and cigars and "Kirsch" were interchanged.

"Where are you going to. Surely you have not been on horseback since last evening?"

"Very nearly. I changed my horse and stole an hour's sleep, but have been riding all night in the storm."

As they stopped for an instant to relight their cigars, the Uhlans walked on with their prisoner.

"Whom have you there?" asked Count S.

"A spy. A wretched fellow who would have been the cause of not a little bloodshed had the Piedmontese been more courageous. They are taking him to the headquarters in Pusterlengo."

"What proofs did they find on him?"

"More than enough to condemn him. He will be shot. Yesterday the body of a postilion was brought in; he had been stabbed and part of the despatches he carried were found on this fellow; evidently he killed him out of pure hatred to us and not for a reward from the enemy, *tant pis*." The hussar shrugged his shoulders but at the same time looked compassionately at his prisoner.

"After all, it is sad to see any one led to death in cold blood—even a spy; but he is already sentenced; there is no escape. They are marching him into Pusterlengo partly to hear the people's opinion there; perhaps somebody will have a good word for him."

Quickening their pace the two officers rode on in advance to the village. Meanwhile the yellow streak on the horizon had brightened, the masses of grey clouds divided and daylight broke again over the earth; but it was a feeble, sad light, dimmed by the floating clouds that still hung sombrily over the fields. The trees and bushes bent beneath the strong wind, showering heavy rain-drops upon the ground. The corn-fields seemed to shiver as with cold.

Both men laughed as they now looked at each other by the morning light and beheld the destruction in their personal appearance—their white mantles had a wide border of brown, the horses were bespattered with the saddles, and boots, spurs, and swords were covered inch-thick with mud.

On entering the village they encountered more regiments; the streets were fairly barricaded with soldiers. The headquarters were in a long rambling building in the centre of the place. About an hour passed before the despatches were ready and Count S. could again mount and ride over to the other side of the town in search of the posting-house. The rain had ceased; whole rows of infantry stood in the streets, and the villagers were bringing them food and drink—indeed on the entire route to Milan the country people greeted the Austrian soldiers as "our deliverers"—an expression denoting as much an anxiety for the end of hostilities as adherence to the imperial family.

At last the posting-house, here the house, there the stable, lay before Count S. A group of guardsmen were putting up their horses in the latter; the postilions were assisting them, and one came forward to hold his horse as he dismounted and asked for the posting-master's family.

The postilion glanced hesitatingly towards the windows and shrugged his shoulders. "There is the house, Signor, and the door is open; you may enter, though I cannot tell if you will find any one there; but there will be a place where you can hang up your dripping mantle. I'll just put your horse up and then go in and make a fire."

"No one at home! Are you sure?"

"I cannot tell, Signor," came the same answer, "but you may go in."

Quickly he strode toward the door. On the threshold lay the great dog he remembered so well; the creature looked at him, wagged his tail, then rose and slowly followed him. Count S. walked down the entire length of the corridor, knowing that the little room at whose window he stood on that night, which now seemed so remote, must be quite at the end of it;—right, and opening the door, he entered.

The window overlooking the garden stood open, and now, as then, the grape vines grew around it, only now, instead of the mild moonlight, the grey light of a misty morning crept through them and raindrops fell sadly from their leaves upon the window-sill below.

In the room were two children; one, a child of six, was trying to make the few embers on the hearth burn brighter, the other, a baby of not more than two, sat on the floor, its wee hands tucked for warmth under its thin little dress. The first was a boy, the other evidently a girl—her baby-girl, with the mother's every feature, even to her great shining eyes! "Teresina"! At the name the child turned and smiled at the young officer. Great confusion reigned throughout the room and Count S. shuddered as he glanced around, why, he scarcely knew. The boy—Cecco of course, the child Teresina had upon her knee that memorable night—assured him frankly and fearlessly that he would make the fire burn in a minute!

As he spoke the old postilion entered with an armful of wood.

"Are these children all alone in the house?" asked Count S. "Where is the posting-master? And—"

The postilion threw the wood down beside the chimney-place and asked: "Was the Signor ever in the house before?"

"About four years ago."

"Ah."

"At that time I remember seeing—while waiting for fresh horses—a very beautiful young girl here."

"Teresina!" the postilion's voice grew grave. "That is her child on the floor."

"And she?"

"She, Signor, she died a year ago, happily. She had a hard time of it with him, poor child!"

"With whom? Her father?"

"No, no; he died some time ago—I mean her husband, our present master," and as he spoke he shuddered.

"Yes, yes, the posting-master's son from Piacenza," continued the Count in a low tone.

"The Signor knew him?"

"No, but I have heard of him."

"I can believe that! But he deserves all he will get; such a brave, such a good and beautiful wife! Her father forced her to marry him, and, wretch though he was, she clung to him so faithfully. But it's no more than right, although hard on the poor children, no more than right."

"But what has become of him, then?" asked Count S., his heart contracting with sudden, painful foreboding.

"Just this, Signor: he has been creeping round the country in his mysterious way and at last they have caught him, proved him to be a spy, and sentenced him to be shot. Surely the Signor must have heard this; he was just brought into the village. No one can save him now, not even the field-marshal himself."

With deep compassion Count S. gazed at the little maiden who had

tottered along the floor to his side and was trying to reach the round tassel that hung from the hilt of his sword. For a few minutes he did not speak, then, drawing out his purse, he gave it to the old man, saying: "You are an honest fellow; keep this for the boy and give it to him when he is old enough to need it." Then, lifting the younger child in his arms, he pressed three fervent kisses upon the sweet baby-mouth and silently left the room.

"The fire is burning now, Signor," Cecco called after him; "stay and warm yourself."

But he had already left the house, found his horse and mounted. Gathering the reins in his hand he turned to give one last look at the house. At this moment he heard the rapid beating of a drum in the field to his left, followed by three or four gun-shots. With a thrill of horror he drove the spurs into his horse and galloped out of the village on the road that leads to Lodi.

REN.

DIRGE FOR A SON.

O THOU, my son, departest now unto the Lower Regions
And leav'st thy mother sorrowful, heartbroken, and despairing.
Where shall I hide my pain for thee, how shall I throw it from me?
For, if I throw it on the road, the passers-by will take it,
And should I hang it on the trees, the little birds would find it.
Where shall I hide my bitter tears, my tears for thy departure?
If on the black earth they should fall, the grass no more would flourish;
If they should in the river fall, they would dry up its sources;
If they should fall upon the sea, the vessels there would founder;
But if I lock them in my heart, I quickly shall rejoin thee.

LUCY M. GARNETT: *Greek Folk-Songs.*

NO SAINT.*

THE first part of this story deals principally with the lower classes. It opens with Paul Hernshaw's release from gaol, where he has undergone two months' imprisonment with hard labour, having killed his elder brother in a quarrel, and incurred the penalties of a verdict of "manslaughter." His passage is taken for Canada, but his first act is to make his way back to Glandford, his old home. All who come in contact with him shrink from him; he comes upon his old sweetheart saying an affectionate good-night to some one else; she taunts him with his sin; he goes on to the scene of the murder, and at last, worn out with bodily fatigue and mental depression, falls into a stupor, in which he is found and cared for by a good Samaritan, who nurses him through a severe illness, from which he recovers to assert his intention of remaining in the place. No entreaties, no persuasions, can deter him from this self-imposed self-torture. At last he succeeds in getting work in a smithy, and finds a room in the "Red House," in which he drags out his miserable existence when not at the forge.

One follows the different phases of his character with great interest; having, in a mad temper, struck the blow which killed his brother; having, by that one act, cut himself off from the rest of humanity, he lives alone, brooding over his sin, with no hope of happiness here or hereafter.

In his greatest loneliness he finds a companion; a poor miserable dog, beaten and ill-treated, which he buys and treats with tender care, lavishing all the affection which his stunted nature can yield forth, upon it.

One day his cousin "Cissy" (his brother's ward) finds him. The scene between them is very touching.

She had a few violets in her hand and she held them timidly out to Paul. "I thought you would like some violets," she said.

Paul hesitated. "Don't give them to me," he answered, rather harshly; "Mrs. Hernshaw would not like it."

She came a step nearer and thrust the flowers into his half-unwilling hand. "I don't believe you're wicked," she said, looking him in the face with her trustful blue eyes.

"Don't you?" It was all that he could find to say. He shrank beneath that inquisitorial gaze.

"I must go," she said suddenly, hearing her name called from a distance. "I will come and see you some day; I know where you live. Good-bye, cousin Paul."

She held up her face to be kissed as naturally as she had done in the days when Paul was an inmate of George Hernshaw's house, but Paul drew back trembling. He dared not let her kiss him.

Further on, Paul's dog bites his little cousin Cissy, and he (though it is a sore trial, for the dog is his all) destroys the dog—drowns him with his own hand. After this he sinks to greater depths—falls even lower in his own estimation.

One evening when contemplating going into a public house, Cissy, who appears to be his ministering angel, passes by and leads him into a "prayer meeting." The minister's words, stirring and thrilling in their reality, reach Paul's soul, touch something there which had lain dormant, only

waiting to be touched; he confesses his sins before the congregation, and feels new hope, new life, even peace, enter into his heart. Afterwards he goes to his brother's wife and offers to give his life to them, to work for the children he had made fatherless. She greets him with righteous indignation and abuse, but accepts his offer, as it will save money.

Later, Paul's control of himself shows grandly; he meekly accepts both insolence and blows; but his old broodings come back and take hold of him, momentary wicked thoughts appearing realities to his morbid mind.

The second part of the book opens eight or nine years later. We find Cissy with two lovers—Ronald Cust, who loves and meets her secretly; the other, her cousin Matthew, whose offer of "hand and heart" she indignantly declines. The upshot of the matter is that she leaves her aunt's establishment and takes up her abode at the "Red House," where lives an old relative of hers. Paul discovers Ronald and Cissy together late one night: at first, disposed to anger, he listens to their entreaties. "They are bidding good-bye. Ronald leaves on the morrow to join his regiment, which is ordered to the seat of war in Africa." The tragedy which follows this parting is well written; also how Paul's love dawns for Cissy.

The book shows evidence of keen humour, and the writer depicts well the different phases of life—its virtues and vices, temptations and renunciations; how Paul "renounces his renunciation," and for what, is shown as the book closes.

FERRARS.

LIVING OR DEAD.*

As usual, with "Hugh Conway," the book contains a mystery. What the mystery is, is very apparent to the reader, who also remains in no doubt as to the answer of the question which forms the name of the book. Phillip Norris, the hero, who tells the story himself, lives alone with his father in an out-of-the-way place by the sea. The whole tenor of his life is changed by the accidental meeting with a yacht one day while out in his own skiff. One of the occupants, a Mr. Dunstable, suffering from acute sea sickness, begs to be put ashore, and it ends by his two friends accompanying him with Phillip. Phillip takes them to his father's house. The mystery is first touched upon in this meeting.

"My father was, as usual, in his library. I begged my guests to be seated and I would call him. Before I could do so, the door opened and he entered. I first began: 'This is Mr. Bothwell and Mr. Stanton, who—' when the former gentleman stepped quickly forward, with signs of great astonishment on his face, and with his hands extended towards my father.

"'You?' I heard him say, as he crossed the room, 'you, of all people, in this lonely place! How I have sought for you years and years!' But my father betrayed no sign of recognition. He drew himself up to his full height and moved neither hand nor foot. The surprise caused by his visitor's strange greeting soon faded from his face, and was succeeded by a faint smile, 'you are mistaking me for some one else, I think,' he said calmly.

"Mr. Bothwell appeared quite staggered by his reply. He looked my father full in the face for a couple of seconds.

"'I cannot be mistaken. You are greatly changed, it is true: but it is so long since we have met! You are, you must be the man I mean.'

"'That is a very indefinite description,' answered my father languidly and indifferently. 'My name, as I dare say my son has told you, is Norris.'

"Mr. Bothwell, still looking at him attentively, scarcely seemed to hear the last word."

After this, the boy's loneliness, and craving after new scenes and excitement, asserts itself, and his father sends him to London, and then to Harrow. When he reaches manhood he tries to prevail on his father to live with him in London, but to no avail. The plot is too complicated to give a brief sketch of it, but the book is of great interest—though very sensational and slightly improbable, as all of the writer's works are.

It is repulsive, though, and jars on one's finer feelings, that anyone, for whatsoever ends, should trade on an individual's personal liking—and this is what Phillip Norris has to do to Chesham, who is a villain of the deepest dye—yet one can even pity a villain when played on like this.

The book has several little incongruities; some of them most ludicrous, for instance:

"'No Phillip,' said Claudine—rising like a queen—and positively stamping her foot on the ground"—

The idea conveyed to me is hardly majestic—but "Hugh Conway's" books undoubtedly possess genius. The latter part is dramatically written and holds one's interest fast.

FERRARS.

* "No Saint." By A. Sergeant. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

* By Hugh Conway (F. J. Fergus). New York: Henry Holt and Company.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A MARTYR; OR, A VICTIM OF THE DIVORCE LAW. A novel. By Adolphe d'Ennery. From the French by Aristide Filiatreault. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company.

Not the least amusing writing between the paper covers of this publication may be found in the ingenuous preface of the translator. And not the least amusing statement in that truly naïf production is an explanation of his motive for presenting us with the fiction of Mons. Adolphe d'Ennery's especial excellence. "Heretofore," says the writer, "with few exceptions, the translators of French novels seem to have chosen only the works of such authors as Zola and his disciples." While nobody doubts that "Zola and his disciples" enjoy rather a reprehensible popularity on this side of the Atlantic, a number of mute Gallic literary ghosts will arise before most people in astonished reproach and pained contradiction of this startling assertion of Mons. Filiatreault.

The translator grows eloquent in praise of this "*chef-d'œuvre*" he has selected for its corrective effect upon our morals. "And throughout the entire work not one word—not one thought—but is calculated to depict the nobler feelings of human nature, written in elevated and flowery language." Perusal of the volume will lead the reader to unhesitatingly corroborate the last half of the translator's opinion, and to wonder under what hallucination he ventured the first. Truly, there is none of the loathsome realism of Zola and his imitators, but—there is a distinct moral limitation in the "but" with which most people will qualify Mons. Filiatreault's selection. The story is the work of a playwright, not a novelist. It has an extremely improbable plot, but abounds in dramatic situations. The characters stand out in the vivid prominence of the foot-lights, and there is a brilliant climax. There are about three people in the book whom it is edifying to know. The rest one would rather not be introduced to. But if one is not too fastidious about his literary acquaintances, "A Martyr" will be found to possess quite a thrilling interest for a July afternoon. The translation is admirably done.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Hardy's last novel, while unambitious in scope, will assuredly be found to show more powerful handling of humanity than anything he has before undertaken. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" is a study of no ordinary penetration, of the character and development of a hay-trusser. The story is interwoven with the prosperous and adverse conditions that work it out. Oddly enough, it dispenses with a heroine, for of the three specimens of femininity that play more or less important parts in the narrative, it would be hard to pronounce upon the chief. Indeed among the three it would be no easy task to find the qualification of a properly equipped heroine, even of the modern realistic order that demands no extraordinary endowment. Two of them, mother and daughter, are good and commonplace. The third is bad and commonplace. The female excellence portrayed is excessively stupid, and the qualities which offset it are weakly unworthy, not absolutely vicious. The virtue of the story lies wholly in the masterly delineation of the "Mayor." This single all-absorbing feature of the book cannot be too highly commended. The material with which Mr. Hardy works is of the coarsest fibre, though not wholly base. It is wonderfully flexible in his hands, and, though he leaves it but a sorry figure, the art with which the whole conception is wrought has added definitely to the small amount of genuine human nature embodied in current fiction. The social horizon of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" is contracted. The life it depicts is irredeemably dull, and the dialogue abounds in inconsistencies. Nevertheless the book holds the inalienable charm of truth, and will score a success of a new order for the novelist whose name it bears.

A STUDY OF "THE PRINCESS." By S. E. Dawson. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

However opinions may differ as to the value of "The Princess," either as a contribution to poetry, or social philosophy, or both, Mr. Dawson's discussion of it can hardly fail to be recognised as a careful, scholarly, appreciative piece of work. It is done in a spirit of whole-souled admiration and enthusiastic defence, a spirit of reverent certainty that its subject is a work of the most unimpeachable inspiration. This deprives it somewhat of critical value, but the rôle of a Tennysonian critic is apt to be rather an iconoclastic one, and perhaps we have enough of idol-smashing nowadays. A little downright, earnest, sentimental idolatry will come like a healing balm upon the "blows of sound" the jarring fragments of our divinities have inflicted upon our devotional consciousness lately. This is the second edition of Mr. Dawson's book, and it con-

tains a dozen pages of exceptional interest in the letter which a presentation copy of the first elicited from Lord Tennyson. This comments freely and approves widely, as well it might. It would be difficult to imagine more thoroughly and intelligently appreciative treatment than Mr. Dawson has bestowed upon "The Princess." One could wish he had given less space to the narrative of the poem—with which everybody may be supposed to be familiar who is disposed to read a discussion of it—and more to the exposition of its beauties. And we could afford to dispense with the somewhat irrelevant citation of the writer's own admirable orthodox views upon the "woman question," in favour of the same. The "Study" is happily written in the same vein as the poem, serious, sublime, and jocular by turns. A copious appendix of notes gives the book a possibility of school-room usefulness.

In advancing a bit of poetic philosophy, Mr. Dawson makes such an apparently unconscious comment on the poet of his choice that we cannot forbear quoting it:

"This idea"—of Tennyson as an interpreter—"has been pushed too far by others, who wish to discover in his poems incessant allusions to current events. A poet who suffers his thoughts to drift into the eddying currents of passing events, will soon lose his grasp upon the inner and real relations of things."

This is most forcibly and undeniably true, but what an excellent illustration of it Mr. Dawson might have found in the "you-you!" rhyming perpetration for which "the eddying currents of passing events" were plainly responsible to the Tennysonian genius!

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH. By A. R. Macfarlane. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The author of "Children of the Earth" has attempted rather more than she has accomplished. The grand purpose of the book is evidently to show the action of certain forces upon the moral nature of the heroine. While this is but indifferently done, the effort has resulted in a very clever story in which the abstraction referred to plays no unimportant part. Miss Macfarlane's laudable ambition to write from the inside has proved mainly that she can write most entertainingly from the outside. The scene of the story is laid in Nova Scotia and shifts to New York. The local colouring is fair all through, and Miss Macfarlane indulges in no little sarcasm of a gentle feminine order, at the expense of social Gotham. Vivien Langstreth, the heroine, is rather a strained conception in her extreme youth, but after she abandons metaphysics and takes to shoes and stockings she becomes quite a piquant and charming young person. Her soldier lover seems to be drawn from life, and has some excellent "points," but the author has made only an outline sketch of him. Decidedly the hit of the book is Vivien's "Grandam," a deliciously worldly old woman with a serene capacity for anything. The ideal man, who is jilted, as the ideal man always is, is passively acceptable but not especially impressive. The charm of the story is in the bright, breezy telling of it, its constant piquancy, its occasional pathos. It is the very book for a summer afternoon. And under all its lighter features one can see that its informing spirit is a serious one. The art of fiction has evidently a devotee in Miss Macfarlane. It is to be hoped that this is the first of many novels from her pen, and that her future books may fulfil the promise of this one.

SAINT GREGORY'S GUEST, AND RECENT POEMS. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Daintily bound in white and gilt comes this latest, probably this last, message to the world from the Quaker poet. And the world, deaf and graceless though it be, does not fail at this time, as it has never failed at any time, to listen to and revere the quiet voice that speaks to it out of the calm solitudes of a spirituality of wonderful beauty and sweetness. "A little belated collection," Mr. Whittier calls it in his "Prefatory Note." "I am well aware," he says pleasantly, "that for the publication of a new volume of verse when one is on the verge of fourscore, no adequate excuse can be offered. I frankly own that I know of no call for such an act of temerity." A most effectual spiking of the enemy's guns, supposing the existence of an enemy, which is a difficult feat of the imagination. Even the critic who makes a sporadic appearance in the magazines with the demand that the muses enter suit for divorce from every poet over sixty, would lack the hardihood to declare in face of this, that this venerable lyre has reached that unresponsive time before its strings shall be broken forever. Yet few will read the little book without the feeling that it holds an aftersong. The grand harmonies have rolled through the post-life, this is a refrain that has lingered about the empty spaces, a refrain so gentle, so sweet, so celestially pure that it might be echoed in Paradise—

but only a refrain. Chiefly the poems testify of God in life, and presage immortality in death; but here are two or three verses from the "Reunion" that hold what nature has always held for Mr. Whittier:

'Tis something that we wander back,
Gray pilgrims, to our ancient ways,
And tender memories of old days
Walk with us by the Merrimac.

That even in life's afternoon
A sense of youth comes back again,
As through the cool September rain
The still green woodlands dream of June.

The eyes grown dim to present things,
Have keener sight for by-gone years;
And sweet and clear, in deafening ears,
The bird that sang at morning sings.

QUEEN VICTORIA. Her Life and Reign. By T. Frederick Ball. Toronto: S. R. Briggs.

A brightly bound little volume that tells all that any school girl will want to know about the Queen and her family. All the popular anecdotes, and some that are quite novel, Mr. Ball has collected and arranged in such painstaking chronological order that the result is almost a biography. Queen Victoria's personality could hardly be more happily presented, or more faithfully, by an author who is also a subject. The book is written uncritically, of course, but its flattery is never fulsome, and few foolishly unimportant incidents are admitted.

The style is pleasantly picturesque, and its attention to detail suggests the work of a woman. Ninety-eight illustrations, chiefly portraits, enrich the volume, and are very creditably executed. Mr. Ball's publishers may count upon a ready popularity for his book—it is of the sort that commands a wide interest not distinctively literary—but we confess to a feeling of disappointment that Her Majesty's year of jubilee should have brought forth no more serious a volume. Mr. Ball has written the life of the woman, not of the Queen. Compared with what might be said with timeliness of fifty years' British occupancy of the throne, this work is slight and unimportant.

MANUAL TRAINING IN EDUCATION. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company.

In this unpretending little paper-covered volume a gentleman well qualified to express his views has embodied opinions distinctly favourable to the introduction of manual training in public education. No one who reads them will doubt their soundness or fail to be struck by their originality; not that Mr. Blake's theories of the benefit of training the hand are especially original, but his idea of its practicability on a general scale has certainly the force of novelty. Whatever may be thought of its present feasibility, a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Blake's scheme of devoting half of the present school-day to education in handicraft will convince the most sceptical that its adoption is only a question of time. In the meantime his thoughtful little volume, based as it is upon the testimony of liberal scholarship, wide experience, and close observation, will surely reawaken a genuine interest in educational circles in the matter upon which it bestows such keen and logical treatment.

PUBLIC SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND CANADA. By G. Mercer Adam and W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B. Toronto: Copp, Clark, and Company.

The principles upon which this excellent little history is compiled are distinctively educational, rather than simply instructive. It aims successfully at giving in bold outline the fact-framework of English and Canadian history. This is all that any text-book upon the subject could be reasonably expected to do, adapted to the requirements of the junior classes of our public schools. But this service is supplemented by such assistance to teacher and pupil as will enable the latter to round out through other sources a very fair and complete knowledge of the whole. The chapters are written as entertainingly as is compatible with their limited scope, and present a careful and effective narrative. In the hands of a conscientious teacher the little volume ought to be a remarkable agent in the dissemination of historical information; and in the hands of an indifferent one it is likely to accomplish quite as much as any work of the kind now in the market.

BUSINESS CHARACTER. By John Macdonald. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The very admirable paper which forms the contents of Mr. Macdonald's book will be well remembered by many to have been read by him before the students of the British American Commercial College in March. The author has nothing to advocate but the old principles of truth and honesty

and industry and patience, but his advocacy is earnest and forcible, and is well endorsed by his example. The book cannot fail to benefit every young man who is wise enough to make its precepts his.

SHALL WE OR SHALL WE NOT? By the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a series of five discourses delivered by Mr. Johnston in the Pavilion Music Hall upon dancing, card-playing, and kindred abominations. They are thoughtfully and reasonably written, and are doubtless calculated to persuade many dancers and card-players from the errors of their ways, for, as might naturally be expected, the reverend gentleman is of the opinion that we shall not.

WE have received also the following publications:

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. June 26. Boston: Littell and Company.
ST. NICHOLAS. July. New York: Century Company.
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. July. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company.
WIDE AWAKE. July. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. July. New York: E. R. Pelton, 21 Bond Street.
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. June.
NINETEENTH CENTURY. June.
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. June. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publication Company.

THE Management of the Merchants' Bank are to be congratulated on maintaining the business of that great institution so well in the dull times we are passing through. The dividends are kept up, and a large sum has been added to the Rest; and what to us appears to be a most excellent step, the Rest itself has been placed beyond the reach of the Loss Account by its equivalent being invested in Government Bonds. This is a policy that should be persevered in, and imitated by other banks.

THE Second Annual Report of the Central Bank exhibits a very healthy growth in the business of that institution. Deposits and discounts have increased by nearly one-half during the year, the circulation is at a very handsome figure, and the profits show a high percentage on the paid up capital. It will be noticed too that the Past-due Account is extremely small, and the resources of the bank are kept well in hand, the proportion of assets available for sudden demands being amply sufficient for any probable requirement.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ALBERT JACKSON, an English bookseller, lately purchased a parcel of books for four shillings at a sale at Saffron Walden. It included a very fine uncut copy, in its original boards, of the first edition of Keats's "Endymion," worth many more pounds than the shillings he gave for the lot.

VON RANKE, who carried on his literary work with inflexible regularity, never allowed himself to be interfered with by correspondence. In the course of one of his visits to England he expressed himself strongly on this head to a friend who was in the habit of devoting a couple of hours daily to letter-writing. "Doing that amount of composition," he said, "regularly and carefully every day, you might produce two good octavo volumes in a year."

MONS. A. MILLAUD, in the Paris *Figaro* of May 6th, devotes a leading article to the subject of reporting and its unhappy influence upon journalism in France. He says: "Journalism has killed literature, and reporting is busy killing journalism. Nothing will kill reporting; it will die unaided. It is the final expression of the literary decline of a period. . . . It is clearly from the Americans that we have borrowed the art of reporting. In the United States reporting is the god of the hour, for, as a reader, the American is still in his childhood, and incapable of understanding great things in art and literature."

LITERARY LIFE claims to have discovered the most beautiful literary lady in America. If she is prettier than Sara Orne Jewett, of Boston, Lily Curry, of New York, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, of Meriden, or any of the many beautiful women now passing into the ranks of literature, she must be a rare woman. A splendid portrait of the lady, together with engravings of her library and boudoir, and sketch of her personality, soul-experiences, home life, and work, appear in the June issue of the magazine, now on sale by all prominent newsdealers.

"CHATA AND CHINITA," a novel of Mexican life by Mrs. Louise Palmer Heaven, begins in the June number of the *Overland Monthly*. Mrs. Heaven has been a favourite contributor both to the first series of the *Overland* and to the present magazine. Her contributions have been chiefly stories and sketches of Mexico, a country with which she is familiar from long residence. She does not describe the American life in Mexico, but the life of the Mexicans themselves, entering into their point of view. As a story of the inner life of a rich Hacienda, and the real character of Mexican Senoras and Senoritas, it should be more valuable than "Ramona," on account of the much more intimate acquaintance of the writer of the subject.

At the Riverside Press, Cambridge, the printers are making rapid progress upon the new edition of Longfellow's works, and copies of some of the volumes will be shown before the hot weather is past. The books will be printed from entirely new plates; the page is a good, generous octavo, and the set will be complete in eleven volumes, every line of his writings, which Mr. Longfellow authorized to be printed, will be given. The first two volumes will be devoted to the prose works, then will follow six volumes of poems, and finally three filled with translations. The edition is limited to five hundred numbered copies. A number of other large enterprises Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. have in preparation, and some especially important illustrated books for the holidays, about which it is, of course, now too early to speak definitely.

THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at the Banking House, Toronto, on Monday, the 21st day of June, 1886.

Those present were:—D. Blain, Samuel Trees, H. P. Dwight, K. Chisholm, D. Mitchell McDonald, C. Blackett Robinson, A. McLean Howard, Jas. Brandon, Frank E. McDonald, Henry O'Brien, C. S. Gzowski, Jr., H. H. Cook, W. Gibson Cassels, J. D. Henderson, Dr. C. E. Martin, Alex. Lawrie, Dr. Husband, Robert McClain, A. Muldoon, S. K. Dingle, A. A. Allen and F. W. Trounce.

On motion, D. Blain, Esq., was called to the chair, and Mr. Allen, the Cashier, requested to act as Secretary.

Moved by D. Mitchell McDonald, Esq., seconded by Henry O'Brien, Esq., and resolved, That Messrs. W. Gibson Cassels and C. S. Gzowski, Jr., be appointed scrutineers. By request of the Chairman, the Secretary then read the following

REPORT.

The Directors have much pleasure in presenting to the Shareholders their Second Annual Report, showing the result of the business of the Bank for the year ended 31st May, 1886:—

The balance of profit and loss on 30th May, 1885, was	\$385 72
The profits for the year ended 31st May last, after deducting charges of management, interest reserved and credited, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, were	37,602 40
	\$37,988 12
From which have to be taken—	
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st December, 1885	\$9,815 50
Dividend 3 per cent., payable 1st June, 1886	10,170 30
	\$18,002 32
Carried to reserve fund	15,000 00
Ten per cent. written off office furniture account	1,536 36
	16,536 36
Leaving a balance at credit of profit and loss account to be carried forward of	\$1,463 96

The net earnings show a result equivalent to about 11½ per cent. upon the average paid-up capital of \$330,000 in use during the year.

The business of the Bank at Head Office and Branches continues to give satisfactory evidence of progress. Circulation and deposits have steadily increased during the year, the latter from \$903,864.01 to \$1,463,853.97, and discounts and loans from \$1,243,036.12 to \$1,782,709.31.

The capital stock paid up now stands at \$356,930, an increase for the year of only \$4,050. Your Directors, however, have good reason to expect that during the ensuing year the whole amount subscribed, viz., \$500,000, will be fully paid up.

The Head Office and Branches have been duly inspected during the year. The various officers of the Bank have discharged their respective duties efficiently, and to the satisfaction of the Board.

Toronto, June 21st, 1886.

D. BLAIN,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid up		\$356,930 00
Reserve fund	\$25,000 00	
Balance of profits carried forward	1,465 96	
Dividends unclaimed	39 65	
Dividend No. 4, payable 1st June	10,170 30	
Reserved for interest on deposit receipts	5,096 97	
		41,772 88
		\$398,702 88
Notes in circulation	\$299,275 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	335,979 87	
Deposits bearing interest	1,127,874 10	
Balances due to other banks in Canada	9,227 23	
		1,772,356 19
		\$2,171,059 07
ASSETS.		
Specie	\$46,278 35	
Dominion Government demand notes	129,875 00	
Notes and cheques of other banks	83,118 14	
Balances due from other banks in Canada	36,242 09	
Balances due from foreign agents in U.S.	14,685 92	
Balances due from agents in Great Britain	27,880 56	
Dominion Government stock	2,800 00	
Municipal debentures	27,669 70	
		\$368,549 76
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call)	\$1,782,709 31	
Overdue debts secured	1,417 56	
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for)	4,517 10	
Office furniture at Head Office and Branches (including safes)	13,865 34	
		1,802,509 31
		\$2,171,059 07

The Central Bank of Canada,
Toronto, 31st May, 1886.

A. A. ALLEN,
Cashier.

The Chairman moved, seconded by Samuel Trees, Esq., That the report read be adopted. Carried.

Moved by Henry O'Brien, Esq., seconded by James Brandon, Esq., That the thanks of the shareholders be given to the President, Vice-President and Directors, for their services during the past year. Carried.

Moved by H. H. Cook, M.P., seconded by Dr. C. E. Martin, That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Cashier and other officers of the Bank for the satisfactory manner in which they have performed their duties during the year. Carried.

Moved by J. D. Henderson, Esq., seconded by Dr. Husband, That balloting for the election of Directors for the ensuing year do now commence, and that it close at 2 p.m., but that if at any time five minutes shall elapse without a vote being tendered, the ballot may be closed by the scrutineers. Carried.

The scrutineers reported to the meeting the following gentlemen elected as Directors for the ensuing year:—D. Blain, Samuel Trees, H. P. Dwight, A. McLean Howard, C. Blackett Robinson, D. Mitchell McDonald and K. Chisholm.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board, D. Blain, Esq., was elected President, and Samuel Trees, Esq., Vice-President.

A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

Report Presented to the Stockholders of the Bank at the Annual Meeting 16th June, 1886.

The Directors beg to present to the Stockholders the following Report of the business of the year just closed:

The net profits of the year, after payment of interest and charges, and deducting appropriations for bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to

\$524,754 03	
7,566 71	
\$532,320 74	
This has been disposed of as follows:—	
Dividends Nos. 34 and 35, at 7 per cent.	\$403,735 50
Added to the "Rest"	125,000 00
Carried forward to profit and loss account of next year	3,585 24
	\$532,320 74

For the general position of the Bank the Directors refer to the accompanying Balance Sheet. A comparison of this statement with that for last year will show that the business of the Bank has been well maintained.

The Directors have this year increased the Bank's holding of Bonds of the Dominion of Canada so as to bring up the total to an amount equal to the whole "Rest" of the Bank. They trust their action in this matter will have the approval of the Stockholders.

They have also considerably added to the other available securities of the Bank, and to the amount of money employed in call or short loans on stocks and bonds.

The immediate profit of this description of business is smaller than that of discounting; but it has important advantages in the way of availability and safety.

The average return from the investments of the Bank has been smaller than in former years, owing to the general reduction of the rate of discount and other causes; but safety has been a primary consideration.

The net outcome of the year's business has been such as to enable the usual dividend of seven per cent. to be declared, and the sum of \$125,000 to be added to the "Rest."

The Directors endeavour constantly to keep before them the importance of building up this fund, not only as increasing the earning power of the Bank and adding to its stability; but in view of the maintenance of the dividend, and a possible increase at a future day when a larger "Rest" has accumulated.

The Branch at Emerson, Manitoba, has been closed during the year, and the remaining assets of the office transferred to Winnipeg for collection. The unusual circumstances attending the business of this town have called for heavy appropriations out of the earnings of the present year.

The Directors trust that the good prospect of the growing crops, together with an influx of desirable emigrants will favourably affect the business of this neighbourhood and every other part of Manitoba.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the extension of the Manitoba and North-Western and other tributaries of the main line into the fine farming districts of the interior, must aid in this development.

The Board have the painful duty of referring to the decease of two former Directors of the Bank, Mr. Wm. Darling and Mr. Adolphe Masson, both of whom were devoted to its interest. To replace the former the Directors, under the powers conferred by the Banking Act, elected Mr. H. Montagu Allan to a seat at the Board. The second vacancy is of recent occurrence, and it has been deemed expedient to defer an election until the Annual Meeting.

During the year special efforts have been made to get the partially-paid stock accounts paid up in full.

At the beginning of the year there were 24 shareholders holding 1,283 partly paid and unreduced shares—1,273 of these have been paid up and reduced, and 10 shares cancelled.

This brings the subscribed capital of the Bank to 57,992 shares, all of which are now paid up in full.

The Branches of the Bank, including the Montreal office, have all been duly inspected. The General Manager and other officers of the Bank have discharged their duties to the satisfaction of the Directors.

On behalf of the Board,

ANDREW ALLAN, President.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES AT 31ST MAY, 1886.

LIABILITIES.		
Notes in circulation		\$2,869,398 00
Deposits at interest (including interest accrued to date)	\$5,797,675 68	
Deposits not bearing interest	3,189,256 17	
		8,066,932 05
Balances due Canadian Banks keeping Deposit Accounts with Merchants Bank of Canada		604,754 62
Balances due Canadian Banks in daily exchanges		13,508 84
Balances due to Agents in Great Britain		292,680 07
Dividend No. 35		202,972 00
Dividends unclaimed		5,137 37
		\$12,061,292 95
Capital paid up		5,799,200 00
Rest		1,500,000 00
Contingent Account		140,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried to next year		3,585 24
		\$20,424,078 19
ASSETS.		
Gold and silver coin on hand		\$358,938 52
Dominion notes		559,675 00
Notes and cheques of other Canadian Banks		624,969 48
Balances due by other Canadian Banks in daily exchanges		64,744 02
Balances due by Banks and Agents in the United States		697,681 81
Dominion Government Bonds		1,524,766 66
Railway and Municipal Debentures		508,676 00
Call and short loans on Bonds and Stocks		1,831,423 47
		\$6,170,894 96
Time Loans on Bonds and Stocks		\$133,522 59
Other Loans and Discounts		13,079,469 25
Loans and Discounts overdue, and not specially secured (loss provided for in Contingent Account)		110,109 88
Loans and Discounts overdue, secured		92,753 82
		13,415,855 54
Mortgages and other securities, the property of the Bank		270,619 76
Real estate		120,988 82
Bank premises and furniture		430,000 00
Other assets		15,719 11
		\$20,424,078 19

G. HAGUE, General Manager.

The Directors' report having been read, it was moved by the Chairman, and carried unanimously:—"That the report of the Directors as submitted be, and the same is hereby adopted, and ordered to be printed for distribution amongst the stockholders."

Moved by J. H. R. Molson, Esq., seconded by J. Y. Gilmour, Esq., and unanimously resolved:—"That the thanks of the stockholders are due and are hereby tendered to the Institution during the past year."

On motion of W. C. McDonald, Esq., seconded by Mr. Sheriff McConkey, of Barrie, it was unanimously resolved:—"That the thanks of the stockholders are due and are hereby tendered to the General Manager for his efficient management during the year."

On motion of Mr. Alderman Hood, seconded by J. P. Cleghorn, Esq., it was resolved:—"That Messrs. W. B. Cumming and John Crawford be appointed scrutineers for the election of Directors about to take place; that they proceed to take the votes immediately; that the ballot shall close at three o'clock p.m. this day, but if an interval of ten minutes elapse without a vote being tendered, that the ballot shall thereupon be closed immediately."

It was finally moved by John Morrison, Esq., seconded by John Crawford, Esq., of Verdun, and carried:—"That the thanks of the meeting are due and are hereby tendered to the Chairman for his efficient conduct of the business of the meeting."

The meeting then adjourned, and the scrutineers shortly after reported the following gentlemen to be duly elected as Directors for the ensuing year:—Andrew Allan, Esq., Robert Dawes, Esq., John Duncan, Esq., Jonathan Hodgson, Esq., John Cassels, Esq., James P. Allan, Esq., was elected President, and Robert Anderson, Esq., Vice-President.

By order of the Board,

G. HAGUE, General Manager.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA, Montreal, 16th June, 1886.

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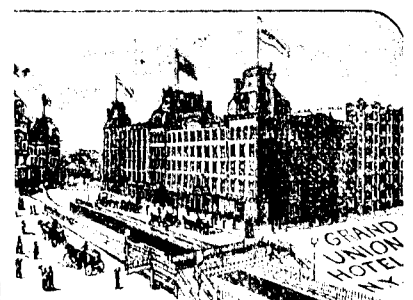
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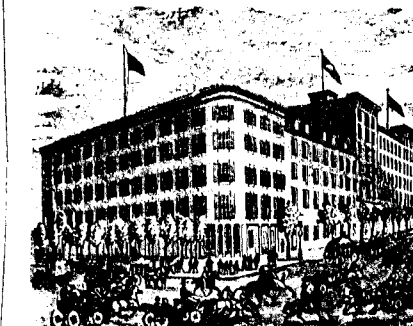
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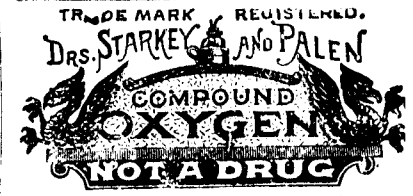
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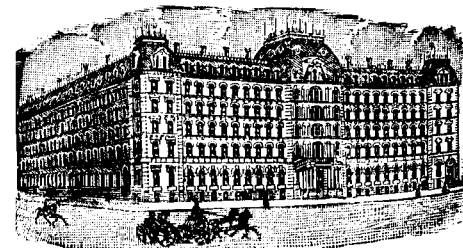
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