

THE WEEK:

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Toronto, Thursday, December 23rd, 1886.

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Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No. 4.

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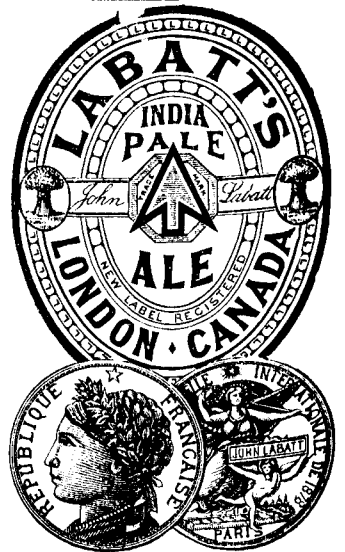
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Vo V.

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THE CONFLICT IN IRELAND.

WE have constantly maintained that the real difficulty in Ireland was agrarian, and that the political agitation was, like previous agitations, from O'Connell's Repeal movement downwards, a bubble, which derived its appearance of solidity and its show of strength from its connection with the struggle for the land. We are confirmed in this by the spasmodic effort which the political agitators are now making to prevent a settlement of the land question, which they well know would leave their fire without fuel, or without any fuel but that which is extracted from the pockets of luckless Irish servant girls on this side of the water. The gravity and perplexity of the land question itself we have never underrated. Nor have we ever attempted to disguise or palliate the evils of absenteeism. Its mere commercial evils perhaps may have been exaggerated: the rent, though it is not spent upon the spot where it is collected, circulates through the whole of the United Kingdom, and if it buys Irish products in London the commercial result is much the same as if it bought them in Ireland. But the social evil of absenteeism is very great indeed, particularly in the case of people so dependent on personal leadership as the Irish. Landed property has duties morally attached to it, especially when it is held under laws framed with the object of keeping land in possession of a limited class and out of general circulation, for the purpose of supporting a territorial aristocracy. By Irish landlords as a class those duties have been grievously neglected. Of late years, it is true, there has been a marked improvement, if not in respect of residence, in respect of liberality of management and care for the well being of the tenantry. But it is proverbial that upon the generation which begins to amend, the deluge of revolution comes. Long ago, and before resort was had to the legislative subversion of contracts, or to violent measures of any kind, primogeniture and entail ought to have been abolished in Ireland, and a cheap and easy system of conveyancing, such as the Torrens system, ought to have been introduced. This would probably have led to the severance, in some cases at all events, of the Irish estates of great families from their English estates, and would thus have extinguished a good deal of what is now unavoidable absenteeism. Royalty might also have done not a little to make residence fashionable among the landowners, as well as to win the hearts of the people, had it set the example of duty by frequent visits to Ireland. Unfortunately, Royalty has set the opposite example. The result is as awkward a social problem as ever statesmanship had to deal with, rendered still more desperate by political agitation. There are even those who, looking at the matter from a conservative point of view, think that the relation between landlord and tenant in Ireland will henceforth be impossible; and there can be no doubt that the social estrangement as well as the agrarian hostility between the two orders, has now become extreme. There is no simple or heroic solution, and the attempt to find one made by the authors of the Land Act has

broken down, economical laws, like the law of gravitation, having still the effrontery to assert themselves in spite of all demonstrations of their effectness. But by the joint operation of private compromise in the form of the reduction of rents, of purchase by the tenant under the Ashbourne Act, and of the introduction of the Torrens System, a settlement may be gradually effected, and, that something of the kind is apparently approaching, the panic violence of the political agitators is a sure sign. There is a limit to the agrarianism of the Irish tenant farmer which may make him stop short of extremities. He does not want the labourer to share the land. Not only does he not want the labourer to share the land, but he often grinds him pretty hard, and probably he will grind him harder still when, by the abolition of the landlord, the only moderating power is removed.

A CRISIS has certainly come in the struggle between the Queen's Government and the League. Again the parrot cry of coercion is raised. Those who raise it do not pause even to inquire whether the Government is acting under any special legislation or only putting in force the ordinary law. As a matter of fact it is only putting in force the ordinary law against conspiracies to defraud. Great Britain has enemies in Canada as elsewhere, who would with pleasure see her dismembered, and desire the triumph of the rebellion. This is perfectly intelligible, though on the part of British Canadians not very filial, or perhaps indicative of great nobility of nature. But it is difficult to understand how any man who does not wish to see civil society dissolved can blame a Government for upholding the law. Suppose in this country a conspiracy were formed to prevent the payment of debts, and a "plan of campaign" were promulgated inciting debtors to put half the amount due into the hands of trustees to be tendered to the creditor, and to repudiate the rest, would the community allow the Government to stand by with folded hands? Would not Mr. Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright themselves, if they were in power, think it their plain duty to put the law in force? Did not the Americans put the law in force against boycotting as soon as it showed its head among them? Even of those who would advocate confiscation of the property of landlords by legislative authority, few, it may be presumed, will maintain the liberty of private buccaneering. If they do, they will have to provide themselves with stronger bolts and bars for their own doors and windows. The right of property in real estate cannot be separated from the right of property in anything else; and perhaps some day the Radical manufacturers of Leeds and Bradford may find their workmen applying advanced doctrines to factory buildings and plant. It appears that there is an element of weakness in the British Cabinet which has been causing hesitation at the last moment, nor can there be much difficulty in divining where that element of weakness resides. The nature of the Tory demagogue is exactly the same as that of his Radical compeer, and a bully in debate is almost always a coward in council. On this occasion, however, the authority of the Prime Minister seems to have been exerted. Messrs. Gladstone and Morley, with their organs, continue to encourage law-breaking by faint condemnation, but there are symptoms among their followers of unwillingness to be identified with rapine. If the Government acts with firmness it will certainly prevail.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

FAIRBAIRN'S "Studies in the Life of Christ" appears to be popular and to deserve its popularity. It is, at all events, a work of the right kind. To study the acts and sayings of Christ as recorded in the gospel is possible and most profitable. To write a life of Christ other than the Gospels' is impossible, and the pretended biographies, great as is the vogue that some of them enjoy, are little better than impositions. They are simply the gospel shredded up and interlarded, sometimes to a ridiculous excess, with Jewish topography and antiquities. Shreds of the gospel and Jewish topography and antiquities, with a most unsatisfactory philosophy of miracles, and a quantity of rather full-bodied language, are all that there really is in the immensely popular work of Archdeacon Farrar. All this illustrative matter may be useful and interesting as notes to the New Testament, but it will not make a substantive history. In the attempt to

weave the four Gospels into a single and connected narrative, the same desperate difficulties of course present themselves which are encountered by the author of a Diatessaron, and they are totally fatal to anything like free and flowing narration. Nobody can possibly have anything new in the way of facts to tell us about Christ. To fancies of course there is no limit. Renan's pretended life is the merest fancy, and a fancy which in essential respects most likely bears no relation to the facts whatever, though by its literary fascination it has now probably taken complete possession of the imaginations of a multitude of people, many of whom in France and other Roman Catholic countries have never read the Gospels.

Mr. Fairbairn's book is remarkable as a concession to the tendencies of the age on the subject of miracles. He does not attempt to separate the natural from the supernatural part of the narrative, and indeed admits that the separation is impossible. But he confesses that the miracles, which to the generations before science were the great evidences of Christianity, are in a scientific age its stumbling block, and the object of his book apparently is to present the founder of Christianity to our spiritual acceptance and allegiance on other grounds than the evidence of miracles. By taking this line, he at all events brings out with special clearness, and in strong relief, what we may call the testimony of history to the divine origin of Christianity. For any other character however extraordinary, and for the effects produced by any other character, however immense, history can account. Given an account of individual genius and force, which, though unusual, is within the bounds of experience, history can perfectly well account for Mahomet. We can trace all his ideas and the elements of his character to their sources, Arabian, Christian, or Jewish, and we can show that he set agencies in motion sufficient to overthrow the decrepit Roman Empire, and give birth to the Mahometan powers. The same thing may be done in the case of any other man who has produced great changes and exercised a permanent influence, such as the leaders of the Reformation, or the founders of science. But the character of Christ, and the effects which His life and sayings have produced, are to scientific history still a mystery, if not a miracle. We can see that Galilee, Jewish in religion, yet inhabited by a mixed population, free from the exclusive pride of race, was suited to give birth to a religion of humanity. We can see that the simplicity of peasants would preserve them from the taint of Pharisaic legalism and open their hearts to such teaching as that of Christ. Still, there are natural limits to the vision and the power of the son of a Galilean mechanic, totally ignorant of history, and almost ignorant of humanity outside his own Capernaum. We have to account for the foresight of Christ as well as for His insight, for His having been able to found a moral civilisation which has endured for eighteen centuries, and to retain His own ascendancy over it to this hour. This is a problem which historical science has not solved, and, which, therefore it is open to us, if we choose, to hold that historical science by itself is incapable of solving.

SAUNTERINGS.

THERE are certain days and certain books, we think, about which it is impossible to say any new thing. All the harmonies in their colour-schemes have been exhausted long ago. We are familiar with every line and detail of the pictures that are conjured out of the memories of the one, or lie between the pages of the other. All the chords in the gamut of their associations have been struck again and again, and, from its simplest melody to its most intricate variation, we know the music well.

Such a day is the day after to-morrow, such a book is Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol." We cannot expect or be expected—thank heaven!—to talk or think originally about Christmas, or Dickens. In talking or thinking otherwise we may take comfort in the reflection that the masters have nothing, mediæval or modern, to compare with the simple old pictures that hang in everybody's private art-gallery, their backgrounds "scumbled" with happy memories, or "washed in" perhaps with tears—that in a worldful of divine clangour there is no note so sweet as that which finds gentle and prolonged repetition in our hearts. We saunter to-day in a path beaten by the feet of countless multitudes, yet the wild thorn by the wayside may be as sweet for us as for them. In gathering it we only illustrate the fact that the dew and the sunlight repeat themselves endlessly, and why not we?

The history and tradition of Christmas came into this man's life as it has come into all of ours, to solemnise and sweeten it, and lift it up to higher altitudes of hoping and believing and doing. But he found in it such sustenance for a nature prone to take root and grow in all that was best and truest among men, that in a short quarter of a century we see clinging to Christmas, gray and monumental among the days, lichen-covered with a thousand thoughts of other men, the vital essence of Charles

Dickens' broad humanity—clinging and loving best the queer crannies and out of the way corners, like the "ivy green" he rhymes about. And so it comes to pass that he, kindly shade, keeps every Christmas with us now, though he must enter his genial invisible protest at our colonial dearth of yule logs and holly, and the growth of the sentiment that would prohibit the true adaptability of the nutmeg and the higher uses of the lemon, as he sits, a benignant impalpability, on one of our creaking modern "platform rockers," in the ruddy flicker of our Scranton coal-fed hearths, and looks vainly and a little disconsolately about him for the steaming and appetising bowl which is not an invariable accessory to the colonial Christmas Eve. There is no doubt about the Presence; we feel it everywhere in the soft, warm light of the room, see it in the gentle, unaccountable stirring of the curtain-folds, hear it in the quiet cinder-droppings from the grate. It gyrates pleasantly with the shadows about the bookcase in the corner where you go for your leather-backed Piccadilly edition, or looks approvingly over your shoulder as you cut the strings of a fanciful little package that contains rough edges, broad and uneven margins, vellum-like pages, and all the luxurious whimsicality of a holiday book, together with photographs of John Leech's drawings, and a preface which, in so far as you are aware, has not previously been printed as such. The preface indeed carries conviction with it, and you look over your shoulder with some little apprehension as you fancy your guest introducing himself *viva voce*, thus:

"I have endeavoured, in this Ghostly little book, to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me. May it haunt their houses pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it."

In good sooth, sir, you have succeeded; but why anybody, of never so nervous a temperament, should desire to 'lay' your beneficent spirit, so long as it keeps within the dematerialised limits of ghostship, it is not easy to say.

It is probably the twentieth time that you have experienced the distinct sensation attendant upon being informed that "Marley was dead: to begin with," and followed the incontrovertible logic that discarded the obviously excellent simile of the coffin-nail in favour of the time-honoured and commonly accepted door-nail by way of showing how exceedingly dead Marley was. Christmas Eve would not be Christmas Eve without this post-mortem reminiscence of Marley. We do not find it at all out of accord with the prevailing festivity; in fact, we are curiously certain that Marley could have contributed nothing merrier to the sum total of Christmas cheer than the fact of his funeral. We have looked in upon Marley's obsequies so often as to begin to feel a positive nepotistical interest in them, which does not flag, oddly enough, when we learn that Scrooge is "his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee." We feel that, nevertheless, Marley has made individual bequests to all of us, with several figures in them, if one stopped to compute them after the manner of the world's notation. As to Scrooge himself, age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety. Scrooge, King of Skinflints! Behold his withered lineaments:

"Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

"External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him, no wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did."

The keenest, finest, most merciless caricature of miserliness known to literature! and yet not repellent and not cruel—redeemed from that by the subtle play all through it of a sunny nature, with which even Scrooge might claim the kinship of a common humanity.

Then Bob Cratchit, and the nephew, and the two philanthropic old gentlemen, and the place to pause and contemplate the red ruin in the grate, while the clock on the mantel regularly and rhythmically punctuates the silence, and reflect upon the infinite differentiation of the spirit that said "Humbug!" to sentiment and "Good afternoon" to philanthropy.

Going before, as he did, Scrooge is, after all, but an epitome of certain modern tendencies—the tendency to sneer at all things that have no sufficient reason for their being beyond their own inherent fairness—as if that were not reason enough, in all conscience, in a world we have done so much to make ugly!—the tendency to systematise charity into a virtue with a balance in the ledger—the tendency to turn our very tears to good account, and make weeping, in so far as may be, a profitable exercise. There is this difference. Scrooge was a law unto himself only—his transgressed disposition would be a law unto the universe, and direct the very stars in their courses from a utilitarian point of view. Then Scrooge never troubled himself to give a reason, while his modern prototypes are, above all things, desirous of demonstrating the eminent reasonableness of the explosive “Humbug!” and the irresponsible and irresponsible “Good afternoon.”

But no modern tendency could keep us long from Marley's ghost, as it made its first fantastic and fractional appearance on the knocker of Scrooge's lodgings. And once having entered with the hapless Scrooge, and listened to the echoes that resounded through the empty old warerooms as he shut himself in, and watched the ghostly hearse precede him up the broad staircase, and shared his terror at the clangorous bells and the clanking chains, and been “interviewed” with him by the queer, dapper, little ghost, with its caudal encumbrance of cash-boxes in Mr. Leech's picture, once under the spell of the quaintest ghost story a disembodied individuality ever figured in, there is an end to reflection and an end to time, though the clock ticks on as if the moments were at par; and the Spirit of Christmas enters and fraternises with him in the platform rocker, and we all celebrate in many a toast from the empty Koransha bowl on the mantel. The lamp burns low, and the gray ashes pile up on the fender, and the snow gathers on the sill in long white ridges against the blackness of the night, and from a vase of withered petals arise and blossom, shedding a dear and a subtle perfume, the roses of Christmases long overpast; as we look down with Scrooge upon the scenes of his *séance* with the Past, the Present, and the Future.

With Scrooge as our nimble partner, we curtsy and caper in “Sir Roger de Coverley” at the Fezziwig ball, when “old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners, people who were not to be trifled with, people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

“But if there had been twice as many; ah, four times; old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons, and when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance, advance and retire, hold hands with your partner, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig ‘cut’—cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.”

And with Scrooge and the other invisible guest we look on at the Cratchit Christmas dinner, not daring, for obvious reasons connected with the size of it, to partake of anything but the general hilarity, when “at last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, ‘Hurrah!’”

And we shudder with Scrooge over his own wretched, lonely, friendless, prospective end; and look with moist eyes upon the homely domestic scene from which Tiny Tim had gone away.

“Quiet, very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet.

“And He took a child and set him in the midst of them.”

“The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hands up to her face.

“The colour hurts my eyes,” she said.

“The colour? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!”

AND so, for the twentieth time, the book performs its good office for us, and stirs in us the love and pity and gentleness that fall so easily into

a state of coma in unwatched chambers of the human heart. And the Scrooge in each of us is gloriously regenerated by the blessed interposition of Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and To Come. As they rustle and beckon about us in the deepening shadows of the room, we can find no voice for the inspiration of their presence. But at least we may repeat, as the last ember falls, that very remarkable sentiment of Mr. Scrooge's, as Mr. Scrooge's, “A Merry Christmas to everybody!” and echo, as we close the book, the gentle benediction of Tiny Tim,

“God bless us, every one!”

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL.

AND is it Christmas mornin'? I've lost my count of time,
But I thought it must be Christmas, by the bell's sweet, solemn chime;
And I had a dream of the home-folks, just as the mornin' broke—
May be t'was the bells that brought it, ringin' before I woke!

An' is it Christmas mornin'? An' while I'm lyin' here,
The folks to church are goin'—the bells do ring so clear!
Fathers an' mothers an' children, merrily over the snow,
Just as *we* used to go, on Christmas long ago!

Oh, yes! I know you're good, nurse, an' I *do* try not to fret,
But at Christmas time, no wonder if my eyes with tears are wet;
For I saw so plain, in my dream, the brown house by the mill,
An' my father an' my mother—ah me—are they there still?

And, as they go to church to-day—do they think an' speak of *me*,
An' wonder where poor Katie is, across the great blue sea?
An' well it is they cannot tell! an' may they *never* know;
For sure t'would only break their hearts to hear my tale of woe!

My mother must be gettin' old; an' *she* was never strong;
But then her spirit was so bright, an' sweet her daily song;
She sings no more about the house, but I know she prays for me,
An' wipes away the droppin' tears, for the child she ne'er may see!

My father's bent with honest toil an' trouble bravely borne,
But never has he had to bear a word or look of scorn;
An' never shall it come through *me*! for all I have been wild,
I'd rather die a thousand deaths than shame him for his child!

Ah yes! I have been sinful, but some were more to blame,
Who never think because of *that* to hang their heads for shame!
Ah well! I mustn't think of *them*, but of *myself*, and pray
That He will take away the sin—who came on Christmas day!

An' thank you for the letter, nurse, you say the ladies brought,
'Twas kind of them to think of me—I thank them for the thought;
The *print* is easy read, but oh! what would I give to see
Just one small scrap of *writin'* from the old home-folks, to me!

But nurse, those bells seem tellin' of the better home above,
Where sin an' sorrow cannot come—but all is peace an' love;
Where broken hearts are healed at last, an' darkness passed away—
An' He shall bid us welcome home who came on Christmas day!

FIDELIS.

SOCIAL SOLEICISMS.

At some period or another in life, how many of us have had occasion to reflect that there is an inordinate amount of inconsiderateness—to call it by no harsher name—in this mundane world? With what disregard of time that is valuable, and indifference to feelings that are our own, do people intrude upon the individual privacy, from motives that are frequently trivial, and upon matters that do not at all concern us? One caller wants an introduction to so-and-so, and we are supposed to be on terms of such intimacy with him that, with no chance of escape from the request, we are confidently besought to furnish the social passport on the spot. Often, too, we are called upon for the introduction, which is tantamount to a certificate of character, by those who have no claim whatever upon us, and who, it may be, have just made our acquaintance through a chance third person, whose knowledge of the individual we are asked to vouch for is as slight as our own. To the calls of humanity, in the case of those who have been unfortunate, one's ear, of course, must always be open, and if one's purse cannot extend the needed relief one's heart may. But these are not the calls we generally feel impatient with; nor should they be those that make demand upon our interest with some acquaintance who may be in a position to help a friend in need, if we ourselves are unable to act the part of the Good Samaritan. It not infrequently happens, however, that even these requests are a serious tax upon friendship, besides upsetting our complacency, and putting a strain, which it may ill bear, upon our good nature. This is particularly the case, when the demand is for an introduction to some heaven-descended Editor or Jove in the journalistic orb, whose favour, it may be, we ourselves have only just succeeded

in propitiating, and in our relations with whom we may feel that we have not made our own calling and election sure.

But inconsiderateness often takes a wider range than this, and the injunction, "Make the most of thy friends!" is frequently felt to have a more literal fulfilment. How irrepressibly, for instance, does the young literary aspirant follow us to our lair, and, when we have just settled down, as we thought, to an afternoon's uninterrupted work, beseech us to read over the poem or the essay he has written? With what ruthlessness, too, does his elderly maiden sister, with a portfolio of unpublished treasure, drop in upon us unwarily, and take up our time with the prolix narration of her intellectual strivings. Nor have we peace when both have gone, for the express or the postman rings, and a voluminous package of manuscript is shot at us, with an irresistible appeal to read and deliver literary judgment upon it, as if the world paid one to sit continuously *en banc* for the benefit of nascent authorship. Then there is the man whose misshapen imagination conceives that you have done him an injury, or that you have somehow stood in the way of his personal advancement. In vain you rack your brain trying to account for his pitiful animus, and succeed only in assuring yourself that you had long forgotten his soured and disappointed existence. But for this—to him the unpardonable sin—he stabs you in the dark, and in some hole-and-corner broadsheet pours out the venom of his small mind in lying print. This, however, is the inconsiderateness of the dastard, and with him and his kind we are glad to have no words.

Equally glad are we to have as few words with another plague of this boorish age—the anonymous letter-writer. His diabolical mode of attack is generally by means of a post-card, open to the gaze of every one who thinks it not dishonourable to read these so-called non-privileged communications. When you happen to have written some article which arrests attention, or, over your own signature, to have unburdened your soul in the newspapers on some subject you feel strongly about, then is the time to look out for the anonymous libeller, who calls you foul names, accuses you of being a mercenary hireling, and peremptorily and unqualifyingly consigns you to eternal infamy. "Turn author," said the poet Gray, "and straight-way you expose yourself to pit, boxes, and gallery: any coxcomb in the world may come in and hiss if he pleases; ay, and what is almost as bad, clap too, and you cannot hinder him." Only once in a while does your anonymous letter-writer condescend to reason with you, advance argument to confute your position, or endeavour to reclaim you from the supposed error of your ways. Still more seldom are you gratified at receiving a note of commendation and agreement, and never does it chance to come from an anonymous source. If that good fortune at any time befall you, it is a pleasing change from the calumny heaped upon you by the stalking pestilence circulated through the medium of the unsigned post-card. To strike back in the case of these dastardly stabs in the dark, is, of course, impossible; and all that is left you is to make unlimited draughts on your philosophic composure, and to take what comfort you can in quoting that remembered scrap of your Latin Delectus: *mens sibi conscia recti*.

Another of the insufferables, who takes no end of liberty with you, is the young person with the "Album of Mental Characteristics," whose thirst for knowledge is unslakeable, particularly in those facts with which album makers so ingeniously contrive to torture mankind, and above all, those who endeavour unostentatiously to live by their pen. Who does not know, who has not suffered from, this ghoul in literary society, who affects the intellectual calling, and, note book in hand, vindictively haunts those who pursue it? Nothing is sacred from his intrusiveness, as no cynicism avails to prevent him from plying you with his questions. "What"—he launches bravely forth—"are your mental characteristics as an author?" "Which part of the day do you devote to your work?" "Do you have to give much polish to what you have written, or do your thoughts flow freely in good literary form?" But who does not know the stock questions put to one who is accustomed to write for the press, and who has not experienced the weariness with which one turns from his work to fill up the irritating blanks and get rid of the torment? The serious aims of those who thus haunt one make the interruption the more intolerable. If now and then there were only a gleam of humour in the catechising to vary the monotony, one could put up with the annoyance; but how rarely does humour make apology for impertinence? Why, for instance, should not these questions be differently constructed—say upon some model such as the following? "What effect have interruptions and a buzz of conversation upon your work?" "Do you take occasion to revise your manuscript when you are being interviewed, or only when the 'printer's devil' is waiting?" "Do you find your thoughts take a prose form after an altercation with your landlady?" "When 'a dun' is at the door, have you much difficulty in expressing your thoughts?" "Can you write spring poetry best during a snow storm?" "Have you to loosen your necktie and unbutton your shirt collar when you are indignantly replying to a critique upon your work in the newspapers?"

But if such idiocy is to be tolerated, why should not the interrogations be made to serve some ethical purpose? Why should not the questions be framed so as to evoke literary judgments, the circulation of which might benefit the community? How advantageous would it be, for instance, to procure and disseminate answers to the following questions? "In your opinion, what are the moral influences of political journalism? and which of the party organs supplies the best incentive to the intellectual life?" "Do you think 'boodle-contracts' and 'log-rolling' in the Legislature make for righteousness in the nation?" "Is there any moral objection to Riel's scaffold being made the Liberal ladder to power?" "What prospect is there of an early union between the Presbyterian and the Roman Catholic Churches, and which of these bodies is likely to exercise the greatest influence in the coming elections?" "Is it not written in the Book of Fate that all the members of the present Ontario Cabinet will die in the Roman

Catholic faith?" "Have you any doubt of the Dominion Premier being the Man of Sin?"

Our readers may be assured that we have far from exhausted the topic which we set out to illustrate, as general experience of "Social Solecisms" will doubtless abundantly testify. With one aggravated form of interruption—that of the placid book canvasser—we have not dealt, and for the reason that the subject is practically limitless, and is not to be handled unwarily. But we have got to the end of our allotted space, and to the much-enduring editor we ourselves must not be a living illustration of inconsiderateness, or exemplify in our person one of the nuisances we would strenuously seek to suppress.

G. MERCER ADAM.

SALVETTE AND BERNADON.

[Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.]

I.

It was Christmas Eve, in one of the largest cities of Bavaria. The streets were covered with snow; and in the confusion of the fog, the noise of the carriages and bells, the crowd gathered gaily about the cook-shops and open-air booths, in which there was quite a display of goods. Touching lightly the fancy shops wreathed with branches of holly and evergreens entirely laden with hoar-frost, the snow passed over them, and hung in festoons, like the shadows of the forest of Thuringen, being, as it were, a souvenir of Nature, in the fictitious life of winter. It grows dark. There, behind the gardens of the Consul, one can still see a ray of the setting sun, of a roseate hue, across the fog; and there is in the city such gaiety and so many preparations for the *fête*, that each light which illuminates the windows seems to hang before a Christmas-tree. The reason for this is that it is not an ordinary Christmas time. We are in the year 1870, and the birth of Christ is only a pretext to drink still more to the illustrious "Von der Than," and to celebrate the triumph of the brave warriors. Christmas! What a Christmas! The Jews of the lower town are even merry. There is old Augustus Cahn, who became dizzy in turning the corner of the Blue Grape. His ferret-like eyes were never so bright as to-night. His little bunch of brushwood never snapped about so cheerily. Inside his worn sleeve, and attached to the strings of his wallet, he fastened a little basket full to the top, covered with a brown napkin. The neck of a bottle protruded from one side, and a branch of holly covered all.

And now, at this time, when you see him walking so fast, with his basket on his arm, it is because the military hospital closes at five o'clock, and there are two Frenchmen waiting for him up there in that large, black house with the barred windows, where Christmas time has nothing to brighten its coming but the dim lights which are placed at the head of the beds of the dying.

II.

The names of these Frenchmen are Salvette and Bernadon. They belong to the infantry from Provence, and come from the same village; they enlisted in the same battalion, and were wounded by the same shell. Salvette, who is the stronger of the two, could get up and walk a few steps from his bed to the window. Bernadon did not get well so fast. In the dim curtains of his hospital-bed he seemed to grow thinner and more languishing from day to day, and, when he spoke of returning home, it was with the sad smile of the dying, in which there is more resignation than hope. To-day, however, he brightened up a little in thinking of that beautiful Christmas time, which, in Provence, resembles a great blaze of light in the middle of winter. He remembered coming out of church after midnight mass, the church decorated and lighted, the streets of the village black with people; then waiting up late around the table, the three traditional torches burning, and the pretty ceremony of the yule log that the grandfather carried about the house and sprinkled with boiled wine.

"Oh! my poor Salvette, what a sad Christmas time this is for you! If you only had enough money to buy a roll of white bread and a little wine! It would give me much pleasure to sprinkle the 'yule log' with you once more before I join the army again."

And in speaking of white bread and wine the invalid's eyes glistened. But how can it be managed? They have neither money nor watches. Salvette had a note for forty francs in the lining of his coat. Only he intended to keep this for the day when they should be liberated, to be spent at their first halting-place at an hotel in France. That money was sacred. He felt he must not touch it. Nevertheless, poor Bernadon was so ill! Who knows if he will ever be able to return home? And we might have a jolly Christmas time feasting together; and ought we not to profit by this chance?

Then, without saying a word, Salvette ripped the lining of his coat to get at the note; and when old Cahn came and made his usual round, after having a long discussion with him in a low tone, he slipped the square of paper into his hand. It was stiff and yellow, smelling of powder and stained with blood. From this time Salvette had a preoccupied air. He rubbed his hands together, and smiled to himself, when he looked at Bernadon. And now that it was dusk he was by the window with his head pressed against the glass, watching until he saw through the fog the man he was waiting for—old Augustus Cahn—who arrived all out of breath, with his little basket on his arm.

III.

It is the solemn hour of midnight, which all the clocks in the city are striking. It fell dismally on the night of the restless and wounded ones. The hospital is quiet, lighted only by the dim lamps suspended from the ceiling. Deep shadows hang over the beds and bare walls with perpetual

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suspense, which seems like the suppressed breathing of all the inmates. Sometimes they dream, and call aloud in their sleep; some have night-mare, and tremble terribly; while in the street below there comes a faint sound as of passers-by, voices hushed in the dark, cold night, as if in some cathedral porch, they sound so far away. One starts back at the mystery of a religious fête placing lights in the city and illuminating the church windows at such a time.

"Are you asleep, Bernadon?"

On the little table near the head of his friend's bed Salvette had placed very quietly a bottle of wine and a white loaf—Christmas bread—in which the branch of holly is placed in the centre. The wounded man opened his eyes, which were bloodshot from fever. In the indistinct light, and from the reflection of the roof where the moon shone on the snow, this improvised Christmas seemed very odd to him.

"Wake up. It must not be said that two men of Provence have let Christmas Eve pass without drinking a cup of wine together."

And Salvette remembered his poor old mother. He filled the glasses, cut the bread, and they touched their glasses together, and spoke of that dear country of Provence. Little by little, Bernadon became animated and softened. The wine: old memories, etc., were awakened. With that childishness which comes to invalids, he asked Salvette to sing him a Christmas carol in his mother tongue. Nothing pleased his companion better.

"Let us see. Which one would you like? 'The Landlord,' or 'The Three Kings,' or 'Saint Joseph Said to Me?'"

"No! I like 'The Shepherds' better than any; it is our favourite at home."

With his head between the curtains, Salvette commenced humming "The Shepherds" in a low tone. All at once, at the last verse, when the wise men came to see Jesus in the stable, and having put their offerings of fresh eggs and cheese on the manger, were being graciously dismissed by these words:

Joseph leur dit: Allons! soyez bien sages,
Tournez vous-en et faites bon voyage.
Bergers,
Prenez votre congé,

at this point poor Bernadon slipped, and fell heavily over on his pillow. His friend, thinking him asleep, called him, shook him; but the wounded man did not wake. The little branch of holly laid across the stiff sheet seemed like the green palm which one places at the head of a death-bed.

Salvette understood it all now. Then beginning to cry, and being a little excited by the fête and such trouble, he began to sing at the top of his voice, in the quiet ward, the joyous refrain of Provence:

Bergers,
Prenez votre congé,

ZARA.

ROSE LATULIPPE.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN LEGEND.

The story or ballad of Ma'amselle Rose, Surnamed Latulippe, as the story goes.

Seventeen hundred and forty, I'm told,
The winter was long and dark and cold.

The frosts were hard, and the snows were deep,
Lake and river were wrapped in sleep.

The days so short, and the food so dear,
At Christmas-time made sorry cheer.

The drifts piled high, and the roads left bare,
Made New Year's Day a slow affair.

Yet Noël and New Year's as Paradise were
To Lent with its vision of fasting and prayer,

And lively girls like Ma'amselle Rose,
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose,

All over the country felt the same,
With their restless feet and their eyes of flame,

Striving to make the most of their fun
Ere Mardi-Gras should behold it done.

The day before has Ma'amselle Rose,
Standing on tip of her little toes,

Petitioned her father with modest glance
To let her give—a little dance.

And here we know just what came about,
For Rose, too cunning to beg or pout,

At once is accorded—so frank, so sweet,
Who could refuse her?—the wished-for treat.

Great were the preparations then,
The asking of girls, the finding of men;

For partners are rare in this wild new land,
Where girls grow as ripe and ready to hand

As in any tropical island or town,
(Lying becalmed 'neath a starry crown,

Rich with clustering fruit and flower,
With gaudy creeper and glowing bower.)

Though few are as fair as Ma'amselle Rose,
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose.

As for Mardi-Gras—ciel! What a day!
The wind it blew this way, that way,

All ways at once, you would have said,
Till the snow was whirled far over the head,

And towards the evening a storm uprose
Which frightened all save Ma'amselle Rose.

The windows rattled—what did she care?
She was upstairs plaiting her long brown hair.

The watch-dog howled, but she did not hear,
She was hanging an ear-ring in either ear;

And thinking of onyx and filigree,
And musing, of these, which shall it be,

She hardly observes old Mère Marmette,
Who has come in a tremble to look for her pet.

Old Mère Marmette, with her withered face,
Under the cap with its starched white lace,

Just as one sees in a cold March wood
An old brown leaf, with its snowy hood

Pushed back a little, that one may know
Will melt full soon the frost and the snow.

"O Rose, chérie, did you not hear me call?
I fear for you, child, and I fear for us all!

'Tis the wildest night the Curé has known,
And to hear that good dog howl and moan

Is enough to drive one on to one's knees,
Though there, to be sure, we all might freeze

Such a night as this!"—"Why, how you
talk!"

Says Ma'amselle Rose, as she stops in her
walk

To drape her flowered Indian shawl,
Thinking it makes her look quite tall.

"Mon Dieu, you talk," says Ma'amselle
Rose,
With her laughing eye and her petulant
pose,

"As if we had not seen nights as dark,
Or had never heard old Pierrot bark!"

Then to the window quick she flies—
"Look, Mère Marmette, look, look, what
eyes!

What a figure! what grace! what a noble
steed!

Now, who can it be?" Now Who, indeed?
"Ciel, I know not! Some stranger bold—
The town is full of such, I'm told;

And Rose Latulippe, look you do not forget
The last advice of your old Marmette,

Dance, dance, little Rose, dance all you like
Till the midnight hour from the clock shall
strike;

But to dance after twelve to-night is a sin,
Whether with stranger or kith or kin.

And the Curé says—"I know, I know,
Good mother Marmette, you tease one so!"

And with in the mirror a flying peep,
Away to the dance flies Rose Latulippe.

Already the guests are gathering all
In the long low room and the narrow hall,

Where hang the rude sticks and the stout
raquettes,
And the great fur coats in patches wet

With the falling snow that still outside
Is whirled aloft in an eddying tide!

There are the tenants from west and east,
From north and south, all bidden to feast

On pâtés, and fowls, and ragoûts immense,
All at their generous Seigneur's expense.

And here is old Jacques the blind habitant,
Who can sing you the whole of *Le Juif
Errant*,

And play on his fiddle such tunes so gay,
As *Le vent frivoltant* and *J'ai tant dansé*.

And now all the Seigneury forms in a line,
Then the *Grande Promenade* with an air so
fine,

One can hardly believe it is Homespun Grey
And *Bottes Sauvages* who are leading the
way.

And next they engage in a merry round
dance,
Imported, of course, direct from France,

Which must surely gladden our gay little
Rose,
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose.

But where is Rose? In the window seat
She seems to have found a cosy retreat,

And with her the stranger, tall and bold,
From her window she saw alight in the cold.

His eyes flash fire, and his brow is stern,
Yet his words with a thrilling music burn.

He knows her name, he has called her Rose,
Till her cheek with a brighter crimson
glows;

He takes her hand, he holds it fast,
And into the circle they slip at last.

Then who so happy as little Rose,
While her red cheek redder and redder
grows!

Again and again they dance like this,
And once has the stranger stolen a kiss,

That has almost frightened our brave little
Rose—
Like a shudder of fire through her frame it
goes—

Till the girls all stand in a whispering ring,
And deem it the very strangest thing,

That Rose should have known this cavalier,
And finish by deeming it *very queer*—

As girls in all ages somehow do
When they have not been courted too.

But Mère Marmette is troubled still,
She follows her pet about until

The stranger has thrown her a wicked
glance,
That might have sent her into a trance

Had she not quickly crossed herself,
And gone on washing and drying the delf;

For now, the feasting and supper all done,
Is the very height of Mardi-Gras fun.

Soon it will be the midnight hour
When to dance or play will be out of the
power

Of all good Catholics, young and old,
Who may wish to remain in the Church's
fold.

But so proud and happy is Ma'amselle Rose,
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose,

With the stranger's arm around her waist,
And her hand on his shoulder lightly placed,

That when he beseeches for one turn more,
She slips on his arm out through the door

Into the dim and narrow hall,
Where creep the long shadows up the wall.

And lo, in a minute or less, that same Rose,
Surnamed Latulippe, as the story goes,

In the stranger's arms is spinning around
To a strange and diabolical sound,

Which cometh from no known instrument,
As old blind Jacques, in his corner intent

On a big pork pâté, very well knows:
Alas for poor little Ma'amselle Rose!

For presently, louder than Rose quite likes,
The tall old clock on the staircase strikes.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cries, "you must let me
go;

'Tis twelve and after!"—"Nay, nay, not
so!

I have you and hold you, and fold you tight,
You are mine," says the stranger, "from
to-night.

Dance, dance little Rose, a word in your
ear,
You are dancing with Lucifer, what dost
thou fear?"

But Rose is praying—she breaks the spell,
A gasp, a scream—now that was well.

Old Mère Marmette is on the scene,
She sees it all, and with terrible mien

She rushes about, she gives the alarm,
Now who will save her child from harm?

This no one can do. The dancers spin—
(God save us all from such mortal sin.)

The room is full of horrible fumes,
The stranger a horrible shape assumes;

He is nearing the door, he will bear her
away,
His steed is in waiting, they hear him neigh,

(And of all vile sounds of things accurst,
The neigh of the Devil's own steed is the
worst!)

When from the outside the handle is turned
And in walks the Curé, smiling and learned.

The Curé! the Curé! He takes it all in,
From Rose, in her peril of horrible sin,

To Mother Marmette and the aged Seig-
neur,
The whispering girls and the dazed voya-
geurs.

And breathing a hurried and silent prayer,
And making the sign of the cross in the air,

And saying aloud, "The Church hath
power
To save her children in such an hour."

He taketh the maiden by both her hands,
Whilst Lucifer dark and discomfited stands;

Snorting and stamping in fiendish ire,
He gains his steed with the eyes of fire,

Who gives one loud and terrible neigh,
And then in the darkness thunders away.

Such is the story of Ma'amselle Rose,
Rose Latulippe, and the sequel shows

That the stranger *really* was Lucifer, since,
When lights were brought, and the horse's
dints

In the snow were looked for, strange to say,
The snow was actually burned away.

The fiery steed with the fiery hoofs
Had melted it all. Beside such proofs

No more is needed, that is clear,
And the girls who had grudged her her
cavalier,

Though they looked askance for a week or
two,
Made friends again, as good girls should do.

As for the moral, I only can say,
That Rose never danced again from that
day.

If this be not sufficient, I think we can
find
Another reflection good for our mind,

In the fact that there is not on earth a land,
Whether worlds away or close at hand,

Barren or populous, rich or poor,
That dare practise deeming itself secure

From the wiles of the Evil One, Father of
Lies,
Lucifer, fallen from heavenly skies.

And maidens in Canada, just as in France,
Should ever remember the terrible dance,

Which once with the devil danced Ma'am-
selle Rose,
Surnamed Latulippe, as the story goes.

SERANUS.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE Tricolour, with national variations, has gone far, and where it has gone it has carried with it, in large measure, the opinions of the French Revolution. But it has not yet "gone round the world." On the banner of England is still displayed the emblem of Christian civilisation. Another thing to be noted at this season is the hold which the Christmas festival has retained upon the general heart. Thanksgiving Day has struggled in vain to supplant it. Nobody out of New England cares very much for Thanksgiving Day, while all the world still welcomes Christmas. Nor has historical criticism, however destructive, yet been able to displace the central fact of history.

THOSE who are engaged in the elections continue to report a marked increase of Localism. They say it is hardly possible to find a place for a non-resident, however essential to the party his election may be. Mr. Meredith's difficulty in improving his staff is ascribed largely to this cause. It is obvious what effect Localism when carried to an extreme must produce on the calibre of representative assemblies. A large proportion of the intelligence of the country, and especially of its political intelligence, is sure to be congregated in the cities, and it will be ostracised if rural districts refuse ever to receive candidates from those centres. Of all the political assemblies in the world, while the American Senate is about the best, the American House of Representatives is about the worst, and the difference between them there can be little doubt is largely due to the fact that in the elections to the House of Representatives the strictest localism prevails, while the Senators are elected from the State at large. The decline of the British House of Commons, which is now so marked that on the Conservative side especially presentable men can hardly be found to fill the offices of government, is partly due to the same cause. In former days every man of distinction could find a seat; but now the benches are becoming more and more filled with men whose local influence is their only passport to public life, and nobody can tell by whom, when the veterans have gone off the scene, the country is to be governed. Local respectability and popularity, though very valuable, will not make a legislator, much less will they make an administrator; and without administrators what is to be done? The mania for "Home Rule," which has suddenly taken possession of the British race, and in its excess almost threatens us with disintegration, seems to be showing itself on the small as well as on the large scale. To preach against a dominant sentiment is idle, and for the present we must resign ourselves to Localism, so far as popular elections are concerned. Occasionally a conflict between local ambitions of equal distinction or obscurity may make an opening for the election of some man who is wanted by the country at large. But the best antidote would be a reform of the Senate on the elective principle, if not on the American model. Why does not somebody in the Senate itself move in this direction? For the same reason we presume that the House of Lords sets its face obstinately against self-reform, and instead of letting itself down by a gentle incline prefers to be thrown headlong over the precipice.

THE warning against betting on the election is timely, but, so far as we are concerned, superfluous, for we should not know on which side to bet. The Conservatives evidently feel very confident. Sir John Macdonald has been received on the Stump with great enthusiasm; of that there is no doubt, and it is one of the many striking instances of the tendency of popular suffrage to practical autocracy. But in the first place this is largely personal, and we are not sure that a Grit, whom curiosity has led to stare at the Chieftain, and the contagion of feeling has moved to join in the cheering, will leave his party lines on the polling day. In the second place, while the elector of Quebec, having a ring in his political nose, is always led the same way by the same guiding hand, the elector of Ontario is very apt to vote one way in Dominion and another in Provincial elections. That Mr. Mowat will lose some Protestant votes in consequence of his connection with the Roman Catholics is certain; and, as almost all the Roman Catholic votes are already his, the loss will not be balanced by much gain. On the other hand, it seems probable that some elections, perhaps as many as five, will be turned in his favour by the results of his Gerry-

mander. He must win a seat in Toronto, if his friends plump for his candidate. But his great point of vantage is the dearth, or apparent dearth, of men on the other side to fill the offices of government. Our farmers, as we have said before, regard Provincial concerns as their own, while those of the Dominion are comparatively out of their ken; and they will be apt to ask themselves, if they take the Provincial administration out of the hands in which it is now, in whose hands they are going to put it. Mr. Meredith has done nothing to cover his weak point, or remove the adverse impression which prevails even among his friends. If we were to bet at all, we should bet that Mr. Mowat would have a narrow escape of defeat. Adding the results of his Gerrymander to his majority of last session, he has probably a margin of seventeen or eighteen, which, in a house of only ninety, is a large majority to pull down. But the unforeseen

WITH whatever backslidings in his political relations with the Catholics Presbyterians may have to reproach Mr. Mowat, he is, at all events, True Blue in his disregard of the superstitious and prelatinal ordinance of Christmas. He has "waked with war-cry our wassail hour," and mingled the gall of a faction fight, and a faction fight of no ordinary bitterness, with our plum puddings and mince pies. Christmas Day sermons on "peace and good will towards men" will have a strangely ironical sound in the ears of congregations politically armed to the teeth, and preparing to fall upon each other three days after. It happens, too, that on this occasion the Bible itself is being used as wadding for political muskets. For "him who has no friend, no brother, there" the fight would be amusing if he could forget that it will leave moral and social traces of its fury behind it. The men who read two papers may laugh at the mutual vituperation, but the men who read only one paper, that is nine men out of every ten, take it all seriously, and are none the better for it. Politics, says Sir Richard Cartwright, are war. They are war, waged with mud-balls. But war has its laws, and we cannot help deprecating, even in this paroxysm of fury, the publication of private letters or confidential documents. Such letters or documents can come into the hands of an enemy only by betrayal or theft, and to countenance either is surely carrying political differences rather too far. If the letter or document is criminal, take it to the police-office; but do not, for the sake of a paltry advantage in a slanging match, disgrace yourself, and at the same time ruin the security of social life.

THE one thing which Democracy in its crude state demands of public men is "gab." We must not complain, therefore, if the chief of the State and his colleagues are seen leaving the seat of Government, and going about the country in a van, like strolling players, to tickle the ears of the people. But those ever-increasing demands of the Stump are the bane of the Statesmanship. Statesmen are taken away from their proper business, their energies are over-taxed, they are allowed no time either for rest or for reflection. What is perhaps worst of all, they are constantly betrayed by the excitement of the platform and the necessity of high seasoning into extreme expressions of opinion. Often they commit themselves prematurely, or become fatally entangled. Besides, an entirely fallacious standard of public merit is set up. Promotion now goes by "gab;" and a man may have the gift of the gab in the highest perfection without sense, industry, integrity, or courage.

If we had a candidate to "heckle" on the Education question, we would pledge him to simplification of the programme, avoidance of all show subjects, and strict adherence to the plain, elementary, and practical. That the man who has no children should be required to pay for the schooling of the family of his neighbour, who has six, seems hardly the obvious dictate of justice; but at all events he cannot be fairly required to give them any but a plain education. Nor can show subjects be of any use to the community; they only puff up pupils with the false conceit of knowledge, and make them prefer the city to the farm.

MR. MIKE OREGAN appears to have been doing in New York politics exactly what Irish politicians do in Ireland. But New York journals which gush with sympathy for the "boys" in Ireland do not like their amiable irregularities in New York. When the oppressed Irish rose against the draft in New York, the Americans summarily shot down more than a thousand of them. But as no Coercion Act was passed, there was nothing in this at all resembling British tyranny.

INCREASED facilities of communication are a great gain, but there is some evil with the good. The filth of the Colin Campbell case is now diffused by the wires over the whole world. There are two mistakes

DECEMBER 23rd, 1886.]

against which, in reference to this hideous affair, we ought to be on our guard. One is, injustice to the class in which these scandals occur. Rank and wealth undoubtedly are snares, and industry is the best security for and virtue. But the vices of the palace are dragged to light, while obscurity hides those of the cottage. Ask any one who knows the manufacturing cities of England, and you will be told that the moral maladies of civilisations are not confined to the higher grades of society. The other error to be avoided is exaggerated alarm as to the moral condition of the world. People give the reins to their fancy, and imagine that for one Colin Campbell case which becomes public there must be scores lurking beneath the surface. But there is no ground for any such belief, and a glance over the circle of our own acquaintance will be enough to dispel the hateful suspicion. The worst consequence of these loathsome disclosures is the desecration of marriage, than which no greater injury can possibly be done to humanity. Might not the Duke of Argyll and others, whose family honour is concerned, have done something more to save their own names and the morals of the community from the publication of this scandal? The verdict was no doubt right, and it covers the husband with special shame, though to believe in the purity of either party seems to us impossible.

It is a relief to hear that the Coleridge-Adams scandal is dead at last, the libel suit which the Lord Chief Justice's daughter had been induced to bring against her father having been quietly settled. We repeat that the very fact of such a suit having been brought, necessarily with the cognisance and approval, if not at the instigation, of Mr. Adams, is a sufficient proof that Lord Coleridge must have had sufficient reason as a father for opposing the marriage. He appears to have been unguarded and perhaps unmeasured in his expressions to persons on whose secrecy he had reason to rely; that is the sum of his offending. All the stories about his niggardly treatment of his daughter while she was under his roof are pronounced totally false by those who knew his household well, while the conduct of the daughter herself after her flight from home shows that there must be something in her character more than strange.

THE author of "The Democracy of Reason, or the Organisation of the Press," is before his age, but the world may some day come up to him. Upon his mind has dawned the great truth that deliberative assemblies are growing obsolete. No real deliberation any longer takes place in them. They are the invention of an era in which there was no Press, and national opinion could be formed and ascertained only by bringing the representatives of the people together to deliver themselves orally in a legislative hall. The name of a Parliament denotes its original object. The real deliberation and the decisive debate now take place outside the hall of the Legislature. It is by means of books and journals that opinion is now formed. The speeches delivered in Parliament are little more than editorials in a diluted form, discharged against the party opposite. Nobody is convinced by them, nobody is expected to be convinced by them: nobody listens to them unless they are seasoned with rhetorical appeals to passion, with telling personalities, or something alien to the object of deliberation. To talk of the different parties in the assembly as taking counsel together would be a mockery. It is quite true, too, as the author of this pamphlet says, that many of those who, by their knowledge and intellectual powers, are qualified to give the best counsel to the State, are no orators, while many who possess the gift of oratory are otherwise totally unqualified for giving counsel to the State. Recognising these facts, the author of the pamphlet proposes to organise the Press, by methodising its discussions, and providing an apparatus for registering their result. Their result, when duly registered, he seems to think, will prevail by force of demonstration, like the correct solution of a mathematical problem. Evidently he takes a kind view of human nature. His apparatus is a central committee, which is to arrange and classify the various arguments transmitted to it by the editors, who will have manifested by insertion their belief that the argument, or proposal, is worthy of consideration. Each legislative project, or Bill, is to go through this alembic of discussion three times, so as to keep up an equivalent for the time-honoured form of three readings. This done, and if the weight of reason on the side of the proposal is sufficient, the Committee will take the Bill, put it in a legal form, and present it to the Houses of Parliament, calling on them to show cause why it should not be passed into law. Should it be thrown out, the public will reconsider it, to see if they can meet the views of Parliament; if not, "it must again be presented, when Parliament must either pass it into a law or take upon itself the responsibility of rejecting the demands of justice, common sense, and reason, as demonstrated by the intellect of the nation." That responsibility, it is to be feared, as Parliaments are at present, would be lightly borne. The difficulty will be in appointing the Committee. With this the author of the

pamphlet at present does not grapple. The fact from which he starts, we repeat, is unquestionable, and is likely some day to force itself practically on the attention of the world. Parliamentary debate, as a mode of making up the mind of the nation, is becoming obsolete. It will probably give place in the end to something more rational, though it is likely to last for our time, and perhaps for some generations beyond.

EVOLUTION has still some hard nuts to crack, at least unless a space of time absolutely unlimited is allowed for the process of natural selection, or of natural selection and hereditism combined; hereditism being, let us observe, a supplementary addition to the original theory, and an account of the matter hardly less mysterious than creation itself. One of these nuts a writer on the Origin of Instinct in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* essays to crack. It may be objected, he observes, to the theory of hereditism that among animals the acts which are assumed to have given birth to an hereditary tendency were purely accidental, and such as could leave no trace on the organism. Such, for example, is the act of a European cuckoo laying its egg in the nest of another bird. The thing may have happened once, and possibly, as Darwin suggests, the young cuckoo in that particular case may have derived some advantage from it, and have thus survived in the struggle for existence. But how did it become common to the whole species, and hereditary? The writer in the *Deux Mondes* says that there is a tendency in young children, which is strong also in all inferior intelligences, such as those of animals and idiots, to the mechanical repetition of an action until it becomes a confirmed trick. Of this he cites several instances such as that of a caterpillar which will starve rather than eat the leaves of any plant but the one to which it happens to have become accustomed. The hen cuckoo, according to this theory, having once laid her egg in another bird's nest, repeated herself mechanically till the habit became ingrained and was transmitted, with the organism, to her progeny. This might account, though we cannot help thinking in a supersubtle manner, for the hereditary character of the habit, but would hardly account for its universality. Are we to suppose that in the struggle for existence all the European cuckoos perished except the progeny of the one which had by accident laid its egg in the nest of another bird? But the whole subject seems replete with difficulties for the Evolutionist. An ordinary bird builds a nest in anticipation of laying its eggs. By what process of natural selection or of natural selection and hereditism combined can this forecast have been evolved? We may go further back and ask how, in the beginning of things, there can have been a bird without an egg or an egg without a bird? Any conceivable process of evolution which could afford a solution of this problem seems to postulate infinite time; and infinite time, the astronomers tell us, must not be postulated. Evolution is still a hypothesis, and it is not the only hypothesis which covers the facts. They are equally covered by that of a single creative force, infinitely various in its productions but showing its identity by homologies.

WE thought we were saying rather a strong thing when, in speaking of Paul Bert, the atheist and vivisectionist, we suggested that if there were no law but that of Evolution to enforce respect for humanity, he might take it into his head to vivisect an Annamite. But it seems we were not saying a strong thing at all. Paul Bert himself, if the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* is to be believed, distinctly contemplated human vivisection as a possibility of the scientific future. He said, truly enough no doubt, that animals were not entirely satisfactory. He proposed to vivisect criminals. He hoped to find a Chinaman who would sell himself for the purpose, as they are said sometimes to sell themselves as substitutes for other men on the scaffold. His light and callous language on this hideous subject makes one's blood run cold. He showed a vestige of humanity only by rendering the tortured animal voiceless, so that it could not cry out, thereby enhancing the torture, while he relieved his own ears. Even Paul Bert, however, condemned vivisection when practised as an amusement. He declared (if the correspondent of the *Tribune* may be trusted) that there was to his knowledge a group of fashionable ladies who profited by the throwing open of all the lecture rooms at the College of France to learn there how to vivisect, and exercised their art for amusement in their boudoirs. Morphine intoxication, he said, gave a passion for this sort of thing. Cruelty became a delightful stimulant to the deadened nerves. If this be true, the admission of women to the anatomy school is likely to produce curious results in more ways than one. Victor Hugo, it seems, who was present at this discourse on the scientific necessity of vivisection, was staggered by the mystery of iniquity which it seemed to disclose in nature. It would indeed be difficult to believe that the world was under the government of justice and beneficence if the horrible torture of innocent and helpless creatures, which are never to be requited for their suffering, were a necessary part of the dispensation.

It is commonly supposed that the pheasant was introduced into England in comparatively recent times. This turns out to be an error. Professor Stubbs tells us that the canons of Waltham, the abbey founded by Harold, had pheasants in the eleventh century, by their founder's ordinance, on every festival day from Michaelmas to Lent. That there were pheasants in England in the time of Edward III. we all well knew. The pheasant in those days was the bird of love, and its name was coupled with that of the lady-love in the strange vows of the factitious and extravagant chivalry of the Knights of the Garter. It is likely enough that the bird was imported from Italy to Britain, as it had been imported from the East into Italy, by Roman epicures, one of whom, who had a villa at Stonesfield, near Oxford, seems to have imported for gastronomic purposes a very large species of snail, which is still found in that neighbourhood.

JUST as we are reminded of the existence of the "Arcadia" by a literary fracas, and, while people are betraying their ignorance whether the once renowned romance is in prose or verse, Mr. J. A. Symonds' "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" appears in Macmillan's "Men of Letters" Series, and we see how great a space the man filled in the eyes of his contemporaries. To most people now he is merely the heroic soldier who, when mortally wounded on the field of Zutphen, took the untasted water from his own fevered lips and sent it to the soldier who was carried past him, and who, he saw, had more need of it. But at the time the nation was literally plunged into mourning by his death. He does not seem to have been a great man, but he was a typical man, and the type to which he belonged was very high. He presented in the highest degree that union of culture with action, which is characteristic of the men of the Elizabethan era and of the generation which followed, but in our days, strange to say, has become so rare that even a moderate amount of culture is now supposed to make a man unpractical and unfit him for public life. Mrs. Hutchinson's portrait of her husband, which, though idealised, is no doubt fundamentally true, could have fitted Sir Philip Sidney, with the substitution of Courtier for Parliamentarian; a change less vital than our common notions of the antagonism between Roundhead and Cavalier would lead us to suppose. Sidney was also a type of the Protestant chivalry in England, which rose out of the grave of the chivalry of the Roman Catholic Middle Ages, of which Spenser was the poet, and among the heirs of which was the victor of Naseby; for Fairfax, like Sidney, combined the soldier and the politician with the man of letters and the poet. As a literary man, Sidney played a great part in the development of the language. But the "Arcadia," which in its day rushed through seventeen editions, and had so high a reputation that a prayer taken from it was used by Charles I. in his last hours, is now unread and unreadable.

AMONG those who paid homage to Sidney, as the star of cultivated chivalry, was the unfortunate Giordano Bruno, whose story Mr. Symonds himself has told once more in his intensely interesting volumes on the Catholic Reaction in Italy. Bruno, in the course of his wandering life, visited England, and found the people insular and rude in manner, but free in thought and speech. It would have been well for him had he remained in that asylum of liberty instead of returning to the land of Spanish ascendancy and the Inquisition. All doubts as to Bruno's fate have been dispelled. After an imprisonment of seven years in the dungeons of the Holy Office at Rome, he was led forth from them to be burned alive in the Campo di Fiora. He turned away his face from the crucifix in stern disdain, and died a real martyr to truth. "Peradventure ye pronounce this sentence on me with a greater fear than I receive it," were the last words pronounced by him in public. He had dashed himself recklessly against the dominant belief and the powers which upheld it. No other excuse for her crime had the Church which murdered him. That he would escape the Inquisitor, by professing to be passively orthodox in theology while he was actively heterodox in philosophy, was a vain hope in the period of the Catholic Reaction, though it might not have been vain in the days of the Renaissance and of Lorenzo de' Medici. In spite of his aberrations on ethical questions, which were wild enough, and his general flightiness, Bruno must rank as a memorable precursor of modern thought. He saw and proclaimed the fundamental change which the Copernican theory had made not only in astronomy but in theology, not only in our conception of the planetary system, but in our conception of the universe and of Deity. His religion was truth revealed by science, and it sustained him at the stake.

It was a good idea on the part of the publishers of the "Morley Library" [London and New York: George Routledge and Sons], to give us "Famous Pamphlets," in a cheap and accessible form. But selection was difficult. We should have hardly included Milton's "Areopagitica," which on one hand belongs to a higher class of literature than pamphlets, and on

the other produced little effect at the time. "Killing No Murder," well deserves a place by its literary ability as well as by its historical importance. Its literary ability is indeed very remarkable. The ironical dedication to the Protector is at least as good as anything in Junius, and very much in his manner. It is marred only by one departure from sustained irony. We cannot help suspecting some higher authorship than Colonel Titus. How did Colonel Titus come, not only by the style, but by the learning with which the pamphlet is rather too plentifully larded? It is easy to understand that the writer, if he was a person of consequence, would not wish, after the Restoration, to assert his claim to the authorship of a pamphlet preaching the doctrine of political assassination, which might be applied to encroaching kings as well as to usurping Protectors. Defoe's "Shortest Way with Dissenters" is also most properly included, and is, in its way, a most remarkable instance of pamphleteering skill. There is not in it a line with which the fanatical High Church clergy of that day did not thoroughly agree, or which, if it had been written by Sacheverell, they would not have us read with entire and unsuspecting approbation; yet the whole is a deadly satire on their bigotry, and drove them mad with rage. Steele's "Crisis" made a great noise, and brought upon its author expulsion from the House of Commons; but its literary claims are as small as possible. It is merely a collection of Revolution documents with a brief narrative of the great Whig administration appended. Whateley's "Historic Doubts Respecting Napoleon Bonaparte," and Copleston's "Hints to a Young Reviewer," though we are glad to have them, are literary squibs rather than pamphlets. "Historic Doubts," albeit ingenious, and at the time of its appearance highly effective, has now, by the progress of historical criticism, been deprived of all controversial force, and could be answered by a Rationalist with the greatest ease. If historical interest was to be kept in view, there should have been in the collection a pamphlet of the time of the French Revolution, and one of the time of the Reform Bill. But the great pamphlet of the Revolution period, Burke's "Thoughts," is, like the *Areopagitica*, a classic, and in everybody's hands. Of the pamphlets of the Reform Bill period, Rich's "What Will the Lords Do?" was perhaps the most successful; it brought its writer a golden reward; but we would not answer for its literary eligibility. Pamphlets belong to the past. Their place is now taken by political articles in magazines. Mr. Morley's introduction, giving the history of each of the pamphlets, will be found very helpful by the reader.

ENGLISH wheat is now 2s. 8d. per quarter dearer than at this date last year. American shippers are taking advantage of this improvement on the other side; during the month of November the shipments of wheat, barley, oats, etc., amounted to nearly thirteen million dollars' worth—five and a half millions' worth more than in November, 1885. The prospect of steady prices looks promising for a few months, after which new supplies from India, Australia, and South America, coming in competition, and the prospects of winter wheat in America, will determine values.

BUT while wheat is rising in England, meat is falling. Cattle of every class—dairy, store, and fat—are cheaper now than they have been for twenty years. The agricultural returns show an inconsiderable increase in the number of cattle in the country; but, besides this, it would seem that the country has practically reached the limits of consumption, and so only a moderate surplus or deficiency makes a material alteration in the price. At present there is a small surplus of home-grown cattle, and prices are much depressed; while, on the other hand, a marked rise in the price of mutton has followed a decrease in the number of sheep consequent on the severity of last winter. This low price of cattle reacts on Canada and America, whose dealers have lost heavily of late from the fall in prices; while the ranchmen have lost from the unusual death rate of the last winter and a deficient crop of calves.

THE bull movement in Wall Street has received a temporary check this week: there was a stampede among weak holders on Wednesday, and the bear clique had control of the market; but yet the set of prices is decidedly upward, and the opening of the New Year will probably witness a great advance. Forty-five millions in gold have been imported this year to pay for stocks absorbed by European investors, who mean to hold what they have picked up at a bargain; and this, despite relapses, must give permanent strength to any bull movement. To check the outflow of gold, the Bank of England rate has been raised to 5; and it would appear that the supply of available fund outside is getting short, for $4\frac{1}{2}$ is the rate in the open market in London. Tight money is one of the probabilities of the immediate future, and this has had its effect on our local markets, which are stagnant in consequence of that and of the uncertainties in Wall Street.

LADY MAUD.

WAKE, Lady Maud! the stars grow dim, the moon in heaven is high,
And I beneath thy lattice wait, sweetheart, to bid good-bye;
My carbine's slung my baldric fro', at side my sword is pressed,
Thy scarf doth deck my saddle bow, thy glove swings on my crest.
Wake, maiden, wake! the day-god's shafts lie slant the upland sod,
While I beneath thy lattice wait, my blithesome Lady Maud.

Wake, mistress mine! the time grows short, I must with speed away,
For Rupert's reckless cavaliers will brook no long delay;
The clarion call rings shrilly out, the silken flag floats free,
I hear the tramp and muster shout, the brandished swords I see;
My champing charger paws the ground, he scents the war abroad,
Yet I beneath thy lattice wait, my fair-haired Lady Maud.

Wake, lady, wake! this well may be thy gallant's last farewell,
For o'er the stiff-necked Commons' arms doth Victory clang her bell;
From point to hilt my burnished blade deep red shall soon be dyed,
For Rupert oath this day has made to humble Cromwell's pride.
He vows the crop-eared canting rout shall kiss this day the rod,
Rise! rise! and look thy lattice forth, my bright-faced Lady Maud.

Up! up! my fair one, 'tis no time to dream of song and dance,
Thy lover now must stride a horse, and handle sword and lance;
Not now in sport thy sandal fan thy doting gallant strikes,
He seeks the sword-play in the van, he braves the rush of pikes,
Ope, dear one! ope those eyes of blue that all the world doth laud,
And shine two victories on me down, my peerless Lady Maud!

Our standard floats on Naseby heath wide o'er the king's array,
And I and every loyal blade must meet him there this day,
And by Saint George! will they and I now ride the victor's course,
Or piled a rampart round him lie o'erthrown by Cromwell's horse.
One kiss—the last! and then farewell, and put thy trust in God,
If ne'er on earth, we'll meet in heaven, sweetheart, my Lady Maud!

C. L. BETTS.

AFTERNOON TEA.

THE Exhibition made most people familiar with Calvert's picture of the sunlit sea and the weedy strand, and the girl-child standing simply touching the common flowering thing that lifts its head to her hand in the happy, mellow summer afternoon—a picture, if ever there was a picture, of the *dolce far niente* of Nature's occasional mood; but there may be some few yet unacquainted with another by the same artist more recently brought to Toronto, and still on exhibition at Mr. Roberts's art rooms. The subject has all the simplicity and directness of suggestion of the school of which Mr. Calvert is so enthusiastic a disciple, and rather more than the average amount of care in detail and conscientiousness in general technique than is usually to be observed in those who study French art in the glowing fields and beneath the gleaming skies of Barbizon. A girl of ten or twelve leaning, with slight, graceful ease, against a tree trunk, watching a lamb which has mounted a mossy boulder, and is nibbling at the low-hung blossom-laden apple-boughs, a goat lying placidly nearer the foreground, a hedge behind, more trees, few, straggling, incidental, a grassy, weedy foreground—that is all. But that includes a great flood of sunlight that plays all manner of tender half-lights in the hedge beyond, and falls in chequered pattern over the lichen-grown stone with its woolly marauder, and flushes the lovely cheek of the child, the simple, half-averted contour of which is so eloquent of her delight, lies broadly on the straightly-hung white dress that suggests the childish figure with such beautiful art, and lights up all the weeds and grasses at her feet. The treatment of the child's dress is especially skilful, the whole graceful effect being expressed in two or three tones of light and shadow. The pose is perfect in its childish unconsciousness, and a very sweet and winsome feeling plays about the whole picture, both in conception and execution. "The Flower of the Strand" is now the property of Mrs. Cawthra; the other picture is still unappreciated to the point of sale.

THE Christmas cards of this season, while abounding in all the adventitious attractions of the milliner's art, must be said to show in their intrinsic merits a decided falling away from the standard fixed for us a year or two ago. The ambition of the manufacturers now appears to be the highest elaboration of their material possible within the limits of satin or plush, and the real beauty of drawing or colouring seems to be at least temporarily lost sight of. Messrs. Prang and Company have offered no prizes this year, which doubtless accounts for the marked decrease in the artistic value of the cards they issue. This is, of course, speaking relatively with former years. Judged apart from the former excellence attained by the firm, the output this year is extremely creditable to American taste. Mrs. Whitney's pretty combinations of flowers and landscape again appear

in popular and quite inexpensive form. Mr. Hamilton Gibson contributes a similar idea; and child life is quaintly and beautifully illustrated by Walter Satterlee, Harry Beard, Virginia Gerson, and others equally well known to juvenile picture book readers. The best things are done by Leon and Percy Moran, figure-subjects of "Christmas in Ye Olden Tyme." Among the English cards issued by Hildesheimer and Faulkner [both sets come through the Toronto News Company], the prettiest is "A Forest Stream," by Fred. Hines, in which the tinting is very pure and clear, with a decided water-colour effect. Ernest Wilson has a soft and pleasing monochrome landscape, set in primroses that seem to grow out of the neutral green tint of the card; and some charming river scenes are done by J. Nelson Drummond.

GARTH GRAFTON.

RECENT MISCELLANY.

THERE are few names in the scientific category that command more universal honour and esteem among Canadians than that of Professor Alexander Melville Bell. A native, and long a resident, of Dublin, he spent, nevertheless, many of his best years, and performed much of his most important work in Canada; and while, owing to his recent removal to Washington, in the future squabble between Great Britain and the United States for the copyright of his fame, Canadian claims will doubtless be lost sight of, we hasten to improve the present opportunity of asserting them.

Professor Bell's new book, "Essays and Postscripts on Elocution" (New York: Edgar S. Werner) is, as its title suggests, a series of papers upon the subjects directly connected with those into which its author's lifetime of research has made him so distinguished an authority. They follow out lines of thought laid down in his previous works, "Visible Speech," "Sounds and their Relations," etc., or branch discursively out into by-ways which the undeviating progress of former theory left open. While the chapters are full of valuable facts and suggestions for those directly or technically interested in their matter, they are so pleasantly, familiarly, and simply written, that the veriest tyro in church-social oratory could find untold benefit, and the wholly unoratorical and unscientific person much delight, in reading them. Here is one of the many passages which might be assimilated with benefit by a great many people whose elocutionary candles never shine beyond their own drawing-rooms:

Reading aloud is properly reading for the benefit of a hearer. The reader knows—for he sees—what he is going to say before he utters it, and his duty is, first, to take the thoughts into his own mind, and then to deliver them as if they were spontaneously conceived. But the majority of readers do not give themselves the trouble to think, and hence their reading is merely mechanical. Subjects and predicates, things new and things repeated, principal topics and parenthetical explanations, are all jumbled together; and the labour of sifting and assorting is left to be performed by the hearer, while the mass is heedlessly accumulated at a rate which renders the operation impossible. Public readers of this class are intolerable. They treat their hearers' ears as if they were quarry holes to be filled up, and they treat their subject as if it were rubbish to be dumped out in cart-loads.

While the book will find a very general and hearty welcome in Canada for its author's sake, its value will be especially apparent to the educational body, every individual member of which should possess a copy. Parents also will find in it conviction of many sins of omission and commission in the vocal training of their children, and not only conviction, but, what is more important, aid to reformation.

ENCOURAGED by the success of his first Ruskin Anthology, which contained Ruskinian convictions on art subjects solely, Mr. Wm. Sloane Kennedy has made a record of the famous critic's peculiar theories in Social Philosophy, which is also issued by John B. Alden, of New York. We had the most unstinted praise for the first, for Mr. Ruskin's ART THOUGHTS are adapted to selection in a very special manner, each being of perfect sort and beauty of itself, and depending little for either significance or any other value upon its context. But the statements of anybody's social philosophy are essentially interdependent, and of nobody's more so than John Ruskin's. To detach many of these remarks of his from the chain of their logical sequence, or to deprive it of the modifying benefit of the thought that went before or came after, is to place it before the world in almost unmeaning and altogether wrong-meaning shape. One cannot help a certain sympathy with an author, however eccentric in his statements, who finds himself saying to a foreign people, without any mollifying sentiment whatever, that "the Americans, in their war of 1860-65, sent all their best and honestest youths, Harvard University men and the like, to that accursed war; got them nearly all shot; wrote pretty biographies (to the ages of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen) and epitaphs for them; and so, having washed all the salt out of the nation in blood,

left themselves to putrefaction and the morality of New York." We get no hint of the theory that this remarkable statement was intended to illustrate or embellish, no reason for its being whatever; it simply stands there alone, to be an offence to every just and decent person. Mr. Kennedy's collection is, of course, of intense interest, but manifest injustice, and more than once through its pages we see so flagrant an exhibition of the latter as to make us willing to sacrifice the former in a wish that such a thing as an anthology had never been thought of.

"TEN Dollars Enough," by Catherine Owen, published by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, of Boston, and for sale in Toronto at Williamson's, is a cook-book to all intents and purposes, but a cook-book in such delusive form that the masculine mind might go half through it without making the discovery, and of such attractive contents that young housekeepers may, without exaggeration, be expected to cry for it. It is the story of a young man, the scion of a rich and noble house of New York, who inadvertently falls in love with and marries, greatly to his parent's displeasure, the daughter of a person much beneath the rank of a stockbroker. In high dudgeon the youth's papa and mamma declare that since he has made his bed he must lie on it, in the popular phrase; in other words, he must support his gentle "Mollie," unaided, upon a meagre salary of \$1,200 a year, and work like any bank-clerk. They audaciously go to house-keeping, and the rest of the book consists of the annals of their daily meals as Mollie cooked them, and other people may, upon ten dollars a week. The little volume is very satisfactory as a sort of compendium of nice French recipes, but does not achieve a distinguished success as a work of fiction.

"A GIRL'S Room," by "Some Friends of the Girls" [Boston, D. Lothrop and Company] seems to indicate joint authorship with excellent practical results. The book is filled with directions for the manufacture of all sorts of useful trifles, its best characteristic being that nothing is suggested that has not a positive purpose beyond the pseudo-ornamental object of much foolish handiwork of many foolish virgins. Its contents are well and modestly indicated in the little prefatory note, which says that the volume "has been prepared not alone to show girls how they may make their rooms cosy and attractive, with only a small outlay of money and time and work, but also as a friendly sort of book which they will keep near on a shelf or table, to consult when they would like something new to do and to be shown the way to do it, or when they would like a fresh diversion for a guest, or a bright game for a social evening, or a pleasant employment during a summer outing, or an occupation for a rainy day, or to make a gift for a friend."

EVERYBODY belonging to the large class who found keen and intense satisfaction in the kind of wit and wisdom displayed in "How to be Happy Though Married," will doubtless discover their pleasure repeated in "Manners Makyth Man," by the same author and published by [Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, and the Standard Publishing Co., Toronto.] Its matter is not quite so strictly domestic as that of the previous volume, but its other characteristics are unchanged. Its advice is quite as time-honoured, its humour quite as vapid, and its style marked by the same painful effort at tripping, where the gait prescribed by nature is evidently an amble, as is manifest in "How to be Happy Though Married." On the other hand there is much common sense and kindly spirit in the book, and after all perhaps it is as well to have the old aphorisms gathered up and presented to us occasionally, lest in the rapid advance of this progressive age we somehow leave them irretrievably behind.

A SPLENDID addition has been made to juvenile literature for the holiday season in the shape of Mr. E. G. Brooks' "Chivalric Days." The title is a little misleading, for no especial epoch is treated of in the ten stories which form the book, although a certain chronological arrangement is observable in its contents. The boys and girls who figure in the stories are all surrounded by the picturesqueness of incident and detail that is inseparable from chivalry in history, beginning with the young Pharaoh Nebi and ending with a British youth on American soil. So that, by extracting the romance of chivalry from episodes of child-life at almost any date of the world's history, Mr. Brooks has taught the very useful lesson that all days may be chivalric. That some of the stories appeared in *St. Nicholas*, may guarantee the bright readableness of all of them; and if any other proof of their worth were required, it might be found in the fact that their author wrote "Historic Boys," a widely and deservedly popular volume. "Chivalric Days" is published in New York, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and is to be had in Toronto at Williamson's.

THERE are few things more remarkable in circles of literary activity than the rapid improvement within very recent years in work done for the

benefit of the very little ones. All that is bright and dainty in thought and expression, by pen or brush or pencil, seems to contribute to make the picture-book of to-day no less a source of extreme pleasure to the children than a valuable agency in the education of their eyes and ears to the appreciation of the really true and beautiful in both art and letters. The only original Mother Goose still survives it is true; but Mother Goose is perpetuated for very love of her antiquated petticoats, and would certainly fail to recognise herself as completely as the little old woman of her own history who suffered such direful abbreviation at the hands of the "pedlar whose name was Stout," could she awaken to the fact of her modern apparel as supplied by the fashionable publisher of New York or Boston. Could the infant of to-day but realise his unspeakable advantage over his parents, in the matter of the art and literature that formed the intellectual staples of their youth, he would felicitate himself upon his probable artistic and literary development. As it is, his parents do the felicitation, and the world waits. Two very charming holiday books that have come under our notice will brighten anticipation and cheer hope deferred in the matter of producing artists by lithograph applied in extreme youth. One, "Bye-o'-Baby Ballads," the words by Charles Stuart Pratt, the pictures by F. Childe Hassam, published by D. Lothrop and Company, Boston; the other, Clement Moore's famous "Visit from Santa Claus," illustrated by Virginia Gerson, published by White, Stokes, and Allan, New York; Hart and Co., Toronto. The excellence of Mr. Hassam's work is variable, but there is none of it that does not mark a decided advance from the stereotyped picture-making in vogue not so very long ago. And the piquancy of all Miss Gerson's work is so well known as to make comment unnecessary. In this case it adds a double zest to a zestful old story, the spirit of which Miss Gerson has inimitably caught and interpreted.

MUSIC.

AMONG all the designs that come to us on Christmas cards each year, there is never anything prettier than the one which presents, in the starlit glow of an English winter's night, the chubby upturned faces of the red-cheeked carol-singers. Manor, grange, hall, and cottage, each in turn listen to their clear-voiced chant, at one time reciting the legend of "Good King Wenceslas," at another lustily shouting the fine old tune, "God rest you merry gentlemen," thereby recalling the "Caput apri defero," of his undergraduate days to the middle-aged gentleman behind the blind, or in some haunting refrain of "Nôel" brought over from Gallic shores, touching the lonely heart, and arousing the faded enthusiasms, of the poor little French governess, in her small room upstairs. Verily around the "Christmas Carol" cluster some of the divinest emotions of the Englishman, the German, and the Frenchman. The French indeed were the great producers of carols in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while the famous "Prose de l'âne," sung in the twelfth century to the tune commonly fitted in our Anglican churches to the hymn, "Soldiers who are Christ's below," has the following quaint words in French, as well as Latin.

Hez, sire Asnes, car chantez
Belle bouche rechiquez
Vous aurez du foin assez
Et de l'avoine à plantez
Hez, sire Asnes, hez.

The Italian carols were more ambitious in construction, being mostly treated in polyphonic style. There are also German and Flemish carols extant belonging to the thirteenth and prior centuries. The first carols were accompanied by dancing, and one old English specimen has for a title the words.

"To-morrow shall be my dancing day,"

supposed to have been spoken by Christ. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries carols were both serious and humorous, and a collection printed in 1630 has the following title page, "Certaine of David's Psalmes intended for Christmas carols, fitted to the most sollempne tunes everywhere familiarlie used." During the Commonwealth carol-singing was dropped, along with other doubtful customs, while upon the Restoration it increased steadily in favour, till at the present time it is one of the distinctive marks of the Christmas season. If England's Colonies have borrowed her mince pye and her plum pudding, her roast beef whether with or without "mustard and minstrelsy," as in good Queen Bess's days, and her decorative holly and mistletoe, with other national appendages too numerous to mention, they may also with greater and increased advantages, borrow the innocent and quasi-devotional custom of carol singing, which would bring delight and happy tears to thousands of rough hearts in the sheep-walks of Australia and the wintry wilds of Canada. For the use of choirs, choral societies, etc., the best collection extant is the one edited by the Rev. H. R. Bramley and Sir John Stainer, containing seventy of these interesting compositions, out of which seventeen are traditional, and the others Old French, Old English and Modern, the latter being gems of musical writing from such masters of Church form as the lamented Dr. Dykes, Sir J. Goss, Gadsby, Monk, Bridge and Barnby. Every year of course in this imitative and easily creative age, new carols are written, published, and sung; but it may be safely conceded that nothing can ever be written in the future to equal the solemn beauty of "What Child is This!" or the simple directness of "We three Kings of Orient are," and "The Seven Joys of Mary."

Of Christmas music—that is music distinctly suited to Christmas purposes—there is not very much, though what there is of the most inspired description. The incomparable grandeur of the Christmas portions of Handel's "Messiah" cannot be over rated. There has never been anything to compare with the tremulous symphony of the recitative, "And Suddenly," and the manner in which the full chord of "Glory to God in the Highest" burst upon the ear of the listener as the angelic vision itself may have burst upon the eyes of the awe-struck shepherds. Year after year our choirmasters, looking in vain for any novelty that shall commend itself worthily to the tastes and emotions of Christmas congregations, "turn on" the familiar excerpts from the "Messiah"—that most religiously conceived of all the Oratorios. Nor can the most advanced choirmaster find, after the most untiring and thorough research, any Christmas Hymn Tunes as gloriously appropriate as "Hark, the Herald Angels sing," composed, as few people know, by Mendelssohn, and the fine broad harmonies of "Adeste Fideles," a direct bequest from the Roman Catholic Church. Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," a portion of Mendelssohn's "Christus, and "Nöel" by Camille Saint Saëns, almost close the list of representative works belonging more particularly to this season.

THE new Savoy Opera is, according to latest particulars gleaned about it, somewhat in the melo-dramatic vein, with a revival of supernatural business. No one seems to know yet for a certainty whether the scene of the piece is laid in Egypt or no; but from the fact that the first act passes in a seaport village, we imagine the American reporter to be out for once. The costumes of the chorus alone will cost £1,800, and the date of the piece is 1810. The public may at least depend upon another charming work, the result of that unique collaboration which it is a privilege to witness and enjoy. Sir Arthur's "Golden Legend" scored the greatest success of all the new native works at the recent Leeds Festival, and contains some of the composer's best work. We understand this beautiful work is to be performed in due season before a Toronto audience, through the untiring energy of Mr. Torrington.

ON the 10th January in the Pavilion Music Hall will be given a Grand Miscellaneous Concert, at which the ever-admirable and fascinating Mdme. Carreno and Miss Agnes Huntington, the charming contralto, who created so favourable an impression at last year's Musical Festival, will appear. Other features of this attractive programme will appear shortly.

SPECIAL Christmas services will be held this week in the Cathedral, the Metropolitan, and other important churches.

THE event of the week has been the first concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, under the able conductorship of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, which was given, Monday, the 20th inst., before the brilliant audience that usually attends these charming concerts. Mr. Haslam's excellent training has borne excellent fruit; the part-singing of his well-balanced choir being really admirable, light and shade being distinctly marked, and a purity of enunciation testifying to his abilities as a voice trainer. This, as we understand, is Mr. Haslam's specialty, and he deserves the very greatest credit for having persevered in this end so far as to present to a highly critical audience such refined effects as those observable in the concert of Monday night. The "Chimes of Oberwesel" proved a light and popular number; "Scots wha hae," the "Phantom Chorus," and Henry Smart's "Stars of the Summer Night" were also deservedly favourite items. Of Miss Beebe's singing much was expected, and it is a pleasure to be able to record that no one was disappointed. Her selections were mainly Old English, and were given in a winning and simple style that may possibly have recalled to the minds of many concert-goers the charms of Parepa, that popular English singer. Mons. François Boucher, of Ottawa, who filled the post of solo virtuoso on the occasion, surprised even the most critical by the clearness of his tone and perfect technique. In the "Romance" and "Andante Religioso" he displayed those sympathetic qualities which, beyond all other instrumentalists, should belong to the violin virtuoso, while in two lighter, though more difficult, selections his rapid execution of bravura passages elicited much applause. Mons. Boucher, it will be remembered, is a Canadian, having pursued almost entirely in this country the study of that art which he so adequately interprets. The President of the Society, Mr. Jas. Kerr, made in the course of the evening a few felicitous remarks referring to the performance of what must be considered the gem of the evening—Mendelssohn's setting of the 48th Psalm, which will be repeated at an early date. This number made a great impression upon the audience, and gave the Society opportunity of displaying their best work. The programmes were well designed, and the appearance of the Society most attractive, the ladies being costumed in white, with sashes of orthodox blue and crimson.

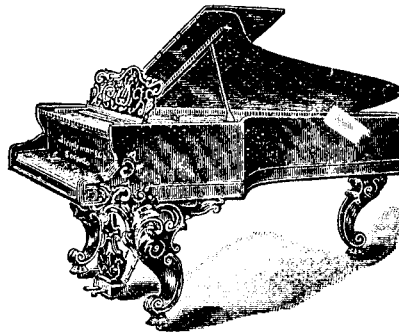
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OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- We have received the following publications:—
- ANDOVER REVIEW. December. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
 - OVERLAND MONTHLY. December. San Francisco: 415 Montgomery Street.
 - COSMOPOLITAN. December. Rochester: Schlicht and Field Company.
 - WIDE AWAKE. December. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
 - QUERIES. December. Buffalo: C. L. Sherrill and Company.
 - FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. January. New York: 53-7 Park Place.
 - POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY. December. Boston: Ginn and Company.
 - LAND SYSTEM OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES. By Melville Egleston. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Baltimore: N. Murray.
 - MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. December. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
 - FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. December. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publishing Company.
 - ATLANTIC MONTHLY. January. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
 - LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. January. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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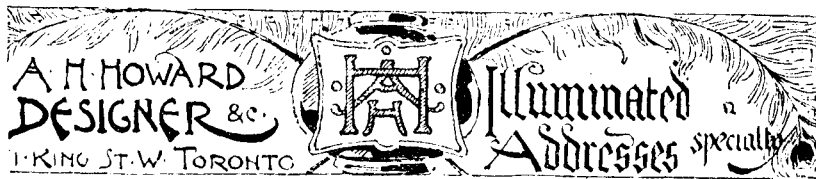
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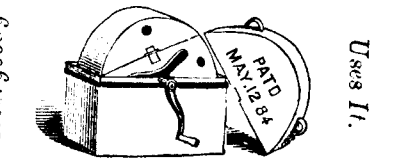


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