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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN Riel's counsel put forward the plea of insanity they practically admitted that there was no other defence. Other defence, in truth, there was none. But the plea of insanity was desperate. No man would commit a crime if he were wise or had a well-balanced mind; and it seems that Riel was a victim of that extravagant egotism which, apart from disease or lesion of the brain, is perhaps the most common source of madness. But to those who knew him best he was so far from appearing insane that they sent for him expressly, to lead them in a most difficult and dangerous enterprise, placed themselves under his guidance, and apparently trusted and obeyed him to the end. His plan of defence and his negotiations with the Indians for their aid prove, to say the least, that he was in full possession of his faculties. On what the recommendation to mercy was founded, the jury did not state. The judge intimated that no attention could be paid to it, and it is to be presumed that he spoke from his knowledge of the mind of the Government. Riel had before experienced the clemency of the nation, though it was extended to him in an irregular way; and as a resident in the States he could have no share in the wrongs of the Half-breeds, or in any excuse for rebellion which those wrongs might afford. Worst of all, he, who knows as well as any one can what the ways of Indians are, deliberately let loose those savages upon Canadian homes. It is true that rebellion does not excite the same abhorrence as mean or mercenary murder; yet there is nothing which society has so much interest in preventing, and prevention is the main object of punishment. The word treason ought surely to be blotted out of the Statute Book if Riel does not pay the penalty of his offence.

It is perhaps to Mr. Blake's social credit that he has a circle of friends who, as our own experience shows, resent the slightest criticism on his leadership with a violence somewhat surprising in philosophic minds. Yet even these devotees can hardly be blind to the fact that the Opposition is

not a success, or shut their ears entirely to the murmurs which are beginning to arise in the Liberal ranks. They must perceive, at all events, that no ground is gained in the elections. Provincial bye-elections are won, at least in Ontario; but these successes only lend emphasis to the discouraging verdict which on the whole is returned by the bye-elections for the Dominion. To all appearances we are doomed, at least for the residue of Sir John Macdonald's public life, to all the evils which wait on Party government without an effective Opposition. What is the cause? It cannot be said to be lack of eloquence on the part of Mr. Blake, who must be allowed, after all, to be the first of Canadian speakers, although the force of his appeals to the people is marred, as a hundred critics have said, by prolixity and by redundancy of detail. His reputation for integrity and devotion to the public interest also stands as high as possible, and his escutcheon is as stainless as that of any party politician can be. It is commonly alleged that he is wanting in "magnetism," a somewhat mysterious quality, and one which, if we rightly apprehend its nature, is perhaps less essential to political leadership than is commonly supposed. It is necessary that a leader should inspire confidence, that his associates and followers should feel that he will be true to them, that he should never send his soldiers where he is not willing to go at their head, that he should be free from ignoble selfishness and from that most fatal and incurable of all kinds of cowardice which is bred by excessive sensitiveness about a man's own position. But supposing magnetism to be anything in the liquoring-up and baby-kissing line we repeat that its value has been overrated. It may be necessary to a mere manager and wirepuller: it is not necessary to a leader. Neither Pitt nor Peel liquored-up or kissed babies, yet both were successful leaders. Pitt was personally high and unapproachable; Peel was to all, but a few bosom friends, reserved and shy. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone's relations with his colleagues and political associates have always been rather cold. The real cause of Mr. Blake's ill-success, we are persuaded, is that to which we have already pointed. He has no policy to propose. He cannot show the people that any substantial benefit would accrue to them from a change of Government. He has no motive power to do for him that which the National Policy did for Sir John Macdonald in 1878. The question of the Pacific Railway would have furnished him with a strong platform, if he could have managed to keep his hands free; but they were tied by his own act; and the country, feeling itself irrevocably committed to the enterprise, paid but a languid attention to his criticisms on details or to his protests against the forms of subsidies, to which in some form or other it was necessary to assent. When he visited the Lower Provinces the people were all struck, as they could not fail to be, by his ability as a speaker; but he left no other impression on their minds; he gave them no definite object for political effort; that they must bestir themselves he told them in eloquent language, but for what he did not say. In his anxiety to recruit his scanty forces he has tried, though with little persistency, some rather equivocal combinations, and had recourse to some sources of popularity from which he could scarcely draw without forfeiting support of a more trustworthy kind. Into the vacuum meanwhile are creeping individual or sectional crotchets, such as Coercive Morality, Prohibitionism, Semi-socialism, with which Liberals of the school that values liberty refuse to have anything to do; and Mr. Blake is in some danger of seeing Conservatism reinforced by a secession to its ranks as those of moral and social freedom. The Fisheries question raises the more general question of the Customs line. This is a great, practical and vital issue. It is the only great, practical and vital issue which now is, or is likely soon to come, before the country. If Mr. Blake can make up his mind to take a bold stand in relation to it he will have a policy indeed; he will be able to hold out to the people a large and certain increase of prosperity; he will be supported at once by the Maritime Provinces and the North-West, nor will Ontario remain long behind. His rival has cleared the way for him by definitively taking Canada out of the Commercial Union of the Empire, so that no commercial treaty with our own Continent would any longer involve any breach of amity with the Mother Country. A second time Fortune holds out her hand to him; if he will grasp it he may yet leave his mark on history.

WHEN a man leaves a Government on account of a difference of opinion he generally sulks and very often turns against his former colleagues. On the question which occasioned his secession, at all events, if he has a good opportunity, he can seldom refrain from vindicating himself at their expense. Mr. Bright has neither sulked nor turned against his colleagues; he has continued to give them a hearty support; and on the Egyptian Question, which occasioned his secession, though opportunities of vindicating himself at their expense have abounded, he has been magnanimously silent. He has now shown the chivalry of his nature in a more marked way. If there was a division in the late Cabinet on the subject of Coercion, it may be pretty safely assumed that Mr. Bright was in the minority. He proclaimed that "force was no remedy," forgetting that though force is no remedy for constitutional grievance, it is a remedy and the only possible remedy for murderous conspiracy and attempts to excite civil war. But he knows that Lord Spencer has honourably done his duty, and that the men who have been accusing him of judicial murder and every sort of infamy are slanderers and traitors. No doubt he sees with the scorn of a generous nature Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke slinking away under fire from the side of the colleague for whose acts they are just as responsible as that colleague himself. He comes forward from his retirement, places himself at Lord Spencer's side, and deals slander and treason a straightforward and manly blow. Called to account in the House of Commons, where the calumniators thought they could rely on the promised aid of Tory Rowdyism, he deals a second blow heavier than the first, under which the whole confederacy collapses, the Parnellites yelling with rage and upbraiding their Tory allies who have not the effrontery to fulfil their compact. A refreshing incident is this to all the friends of honour and of the country; yet it has its unpleasant side, because it shows that if anything like Mr. Bright's courage and firmness had been shown by Parliament at the outset, the mischief would never have reached its present height nor would the unity of the nation have been put in peril. Amidst his righteous wrath Mr. Bright we may be sure preserved his dignity. Lord Ebrington forgot his dignity when he used such a word as "blackguard" in a public speech. Yet it is difficult to say what room there is for that word in the vocabulary if it is not to be applied to those who like the Parnellites bring against such a man as Lord Spencer a charge of murdering the innocent by means of suborned testimony and for a political purpose, when they well know, every one of them, that the charge is a foul falsehood and that they would not dare to utter it if they could possibly be called to account.

It is not unlikely that the bold and generous stand made by Mr. Bright may have had its effect in bringing about the revolt of Conservative honour against the intrigue of Lord Randolph Churchill with the Parnellites. Liegemen of Mr. Parnell, both in Munster and at New York, have been exulting in the belief that their hero, having succeeded in playing the two sets of office-seekers against each other, had brought the whole nation to his feet. They now see that the office-seekers are not all England, and that Disunionism has still something to overcome. It would have a good deal to overcome if the sound and patriotic portion of the community could only find for itself a worthy leader. The *Standard*, which has denounced Lord Randolph Churchill unsparingly, is not only the principal organ of the party, but has hitherto rather belonged to the Tory Democratic wing; its editor is understood to have himself strong democratic leanings, and it supported with great ardour Mr. Disraeli's measure of household suffrage. Its estimate of Lord Randolph Churchill and his policy is the same as ours. It regards him as an imitator of Lord Beaconsfield without a fiftieth part of Lord Beaconsfield's ability. He has shown, it must be owned, a full measure of Lord Beaconsfield's political morality. In frankly proclaiming that the one thing to be regarded in politics is victory, no matter by what means it may be gained and let moralists say what they may, he blurts out the principle upon which his master acted through a long and brilliant career. Not Toryism or Jingoism but the corruption of public principle and public character in England was the unpardonable sin of Lord Beaconsfield in patriotic eyes. The outcome of Beaconsfield training is the profligacy of Lord Randolph Churchill. A crisis has now arrived in Lord Randolph's fortunes and in those of his party. It will presently appear whether the Rowdy element, of which he is the embodiment as well as the head, and which hopes to triumph under his leadership, is able to quell or absorb that section of the party which, true to its old traditions and professed principles, refuses for the gratification of a schoolboy ambition to be dragged into treason and infamy. In the cities the Rowdies have to a great extent the party organization in their hands; but in the rural districts it can hardly have passed out of the hands of the country gentlemen who as a body are independent of office and retain a sense of political honour. To Disraeli's schemes it was essential to have under his influence such a bellwether as the old Lord Derby, without whose countenance he could not possibly have

succeeded in the "education" of the party. Disraeli's imitator is evidently trying to make the same use of the Marquis of Salisbury, and so far as the Marquis's character is concerned, he might very likely succeed if he had a tenth part of Disraeli's address. But Disraeli had too much tact ever to bring matters to such a crisis as this. It seems impossible that high-minded men should fail to see that they have a common interest and a common duty far above this wretched strife of factions and intriguers.

UPON the accession of a Tory Government the Cobden Club, as a matter of course, stands to its arms. But it is in the last degree improbable that even if the Salisbury Ministry should be confirmed in power by the result of the elections there will be any great change in the tariff policy of the country. The English artizans would not suffer a protective tax to be laid on their food, the farmers would not suffer a protective tax to be laid on manufactured articles of their consumption. The immense expansion of trade and the marvellous growth of prosperity since the repeal of the Corn Laws have made their natural impression; the mind of the nation is made up, and nothing could be more decisive than the answer of the artizans when, some years ago it was proposed to them to revive Protection. In that vast hive of various industries local depression must occasionally prevail; but no person of sense imagines that the cause is commercial freedom. The cry of "Fair Trade" was a good deal louder ten years ago than it is now. It is very self-denying on the part of our Canadian Protectionists to be pressing their principle for adoption on the British, since the first consequence of a conversion of England to Protection would be the closing of her ports against Canadian grain. Reciprocity is a different question. Not being pursists of Free Trade, or worshippers of any economical principle irrespectively of its practical effects, we have never been able to see why England should not meet hostile tariffs with retaliatory duties; but the object of such a policy would not be the revival of Protection; it would be the enforcement of Free Trade. The commission of inquiry appointed by the Tory Government is, we are persuaded, little more than a sop; and the Canadian farmer may continue to sow and reap in the assurance that the advice of Canadian Protectionists who would close against him British markets is not likely to find favour in the land of Adam Smith and Peel.

OVER the crater of the Russian volcano a smoke-cloud of rumours still hangs though the volcanic fire is burning low. Daily news of the negotiations must be furnished to the papers, and furnished it is. Narratives of debates in the Council Chamber of St. Petersburg are given us in which the Czar is made to behave like the Great Mogul of story. Now we are told that the war is only put off till after the election in England, now that Bismarck has interposed and guaranteed the independence of Persia. In the first report there is just so much of rational significance that if the prospects of the Tory Party in the election should seem bad, Lord Salisbury will be greatly tempted to press the quarrel with Russia and to found upon it an appeal to the warlike spirit of the nation. The second report may be taken as a fantastic indication of the fact that Bismarck, who was personally jealous of Mr. Gladstone, is not jealous of Lord Salisbury, and is inclined for his part to act in a more amiable spirit towards England. But it is evident that the Gladstone settlement is being carried into effect. No renewal of preparations for war is visible on either side. On the side of Lord Salisbury there is faintly discernible a tendency to recede from the "Buffer State" plan for the defence of British India and to fall back on the "scientific frontier," which was the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. This would render Lord Salisbury, if anything, rather less tenacious respecting the question of the Zulficar Pass, or anything connected with the frontier of the Buffer State. We have reason to be thankful that war is not impending when we find Lord Harrowby for the Government and Lord Northbrook for the Opposition warning the commercial ports of England that they must not look for defence to the Royal Navy, which will have overwhelming duties of its own, but bestir themselves in providing for their own defence. What would be the fate of commercial ports in the dependencies?

It is one thing to hold that people would be better with less fermented liquor than they now drink, or in some cases without any fermented liquor at all, and to try to propagate that opinion by teaching and example; it is another thing to seek to impose total abstinence by compulsory legislation. The question as to the wholesomeness of alcohol generally or in any particular case medical science only can decide, and the verdict of the highest medical science at present seems to be that alcohol should be very sparingly taken, but that when sparingly taken it does no harm. Arguments on this point, however, are nothing to the purpose when the justice or expediency of Prohibition or of the Scott Act is under discussion.

John Bright began his public life as a Temperance Lecturer, and it is understood that he is now a total abstainer; we may safely say that a stauncher friend of temperance does not live. In the great cities of England he has seen intemperance on the largest scale and its evil consequences in their most heart-rending form. He has, moreover, been always struggling as a political reformer against the overweening power of the Licensed Victuallers, whose influence is constantly cast on the side of the Tories and in favour of a policy which points to war. Yet his sagacity preserves him from the error of Prohibitionism. When he is invited, as he has repeatedly been, to lend his sanction to movements in favour of compulsory legislation, his answer is "form opinion by moral influences and all will go well." "At present," he says in one of his letters, "a few persons clamour for legislation which the country is not prepared for and which it will not bear. The consequence of this is failure, there being much contention and no result. The friend of temperance should leave Parliament and form opinion, trusting that when opinion is formed whatsoever is judicious in legislation will naturally and easily follow." His strong sense of justice conspires with his practical wisdom in rejecting the violent measures which some enthusiasts propose. "I cannot consent," he says in another letter, "to the rough-and-ready way of dealing with the question which many friends of temperance in their zeal seem disposed to advocate. I think they would inflict a great injustice in many cases, and might create a strong reactionary feeling against their own principles." If the results of experience in the United States had been distinctly brought before him he would perhaps have couched his warning in still stronger terms.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette's* "Committee" has made its report, which the *Pall Mall* exultingly prints in an edition with a deep black border. No doubt there has been a tremendous sale and a glorious renewal of the feast of uncleanness. The report, as might have been foretold, is a mere nullity. The members of the Committee avow that they from the first decided to exclude any inquiry into the charges against particular men or classes of men, and against the police. Of course, as an amateur tribunal with no warrant for their proceedings but that of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, they could not have gone into anything personal without exposing themselves to a libel suit, which, if they had been caught tripping in any case, would probably have been brought. Yet without going into personal charges, or charges against classes or against the police, how could they possibly pronounce upon that part of the *Pall Mall's* alleged revelations to which alone a special importance attaches. That infamous places of resort must be supplied with victims by infamous means no Archbishops or Cardinals were needed to tell us; the dreadful fact, as we said before, has been repeatedly brought under public notice in connection with the activity of the police, and it was recognized by a Bill which had thrice passed the House of Lords—that supposed assembly of "minotaurs"—and was before the Commons when the *Pall Mall* pounced on the material for a sensation. Even as to this part of the matter we are left apparently to guess whether the evidence which convinced the Committee was that of witnesses who would be deemed trustworthy by an unimpassioned world, or that of the Salvation Army and of female crusaders against the Contagious Diseases Act. It is not stated whether the Committee called the editor of the *Pall Mall* before them and examined him as to the position of his journal and other things which might throw light upon his motives. The Committee have added nothing, so far as we can see, to our knowledge of the subject. Nor is it likely that they will have given any practical help to society in dealing with this most fearful of its maladies. But they have effectually served, by the part which they have been trepanned into playing, the objects of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; they have sanctioned the conduct of that journal, and of any journal which may choose to stimulate its flagging circulation by the same means, in polluting the thoughts and poisoning the moral atmosphere of the community; they have given currency to the truth of the vague charge of hideous guilt against persons and classes the truth of which they declare themselves not qualified to investigate; they have made themselves partly responsible for an attack on public peace and happiness, the consequences of which we begin to see, but are unable as yet to measure. Like a witch in a storm, Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army joyously rides the gale of scandal with high ecclesiastics at her side, and a Royal letter, which it was simple indeed to fancy that she would treat as confidential, in her hand. The editor of the *Louisville Courier*, meanwhile, having had the *Pall Mall* revelations cabled to him at great expense from London, declines, upon inspection, to use them, honourably preferring a heavy loss to the publication of such obscenities. In this affair, it must be owned, the Press has shown itself at least as good a guardian of practical morality as the ecclesiastics.

THE fortitude of President Cleveland as a reformer is being put to a severe test. Of the hundred thousand offices, great or small, about twenty thousand are now brought under the Civil Service Law. With regard to these the President has only to administer the law resolutely, and resolutely he administers it. But for the rest the fight is still going on between the Spoils system and that of tenure during good behaviour. Hendricks, the Vice-President, is a thoroughgoing party man of the pure breed and the old stamp, an upholder of the Spoils system and the patron of all the disaffection which the President's reform policy has created among the jobbers and corruptionists of the party. It seems that he would have been the party choice for President had it not been absolutely necessary to secure the Independent Vote. Indiana, in which he reigns supreme, is considered indispensable to the re-election which it is taken for granted that Cleveland, not being exempt from the ordinary human tendencies, must desire. But Jones, the Postmaster of Indiana, a political henchman of Hendricks, is setting at naught in the most flagrant manner the President's reform policy, turning out without cause assigned all Republican office holders in his department, whether they have taken an active part in politics or not, and putting thoroughgoing Democrats in their places. Some of his appointments appear to be not only partisan but discreditable. Will President Cleveland have the courage to interpose with effect, to defy Satan in the person of Hendricks, to remove Jones if he refuses to mend his ways, and to risk the loss of Indiana? This is the question which all Independents and Reformers are asking with the greatest anxiety. President Cleveland's character as a reformer, they seem to think, must stand or fall by the result. But they ought not to be too exacting. The President was elected mainly by the votes of his own party. The Independents turned the balance in his favour, but without the Democratic Party there would have been no balance to turn. He cannot be expected at once and completely to break with the main body of his supporters or entirely to throw off the allegiance to party which the Independents themselves still profess under all ordinary circumstances to maintain. The Spoils system has prevailed for half a century; the Republican Party, to which the Independents still consider themselves as belonging, has been reaping the benefit of it without restraint or compunction for twenty years. It is not wonderful that the other party, on its recovery of power after so long an exclusion, should expect to have its turn of patronage, or that the leader should have great difficulty in repressing the cupidity and rejecting the claims of his followers. That President Cleveland is a thoroughly sincere reformer nobody can doubt, nor can anybody doubt that he is a brave and resolute man; what he fails to do is probably beyond the power of any one in his situation, and to throw him over for not doing it would be folly and ingratitude. It is to be hoped, however, that the President will see his way to resolute action. The evil elements of his party must by this time be as completely estranged as possible; his hope lies in the growing attachment to him of the good men of both parties and of all who only want honest government. Let him dare to lose his life as nominee of a party and he will find it as the choice of the nation.

AMIDST the general shower of bombshells, theological, social and political, flying in every direction, one from the gun of Mr. James Beaty, M.P., has exploded in the camp of the clergy. In an elaborate treatise Mr. Beaty contends that paying the pastor is unscriptural and he threatens the whole clerical profession with the stoppage of its salaries. His wisdom, as well as his compassion for the pastor and the pastor's family, would probably restrain him from carrying into effect this resolution at once and by a single stroke, since the immediate result would certainly be the advent of chaos in the religious world. Mr. Beaty himself, we understand, belongs to a congregation organized on the primitive Christian model without any pastor at all; but he must see that such an organization cannot be set on foot in an hour and that the great mass of the Christian people is totally incapable of the effort. It is not difficult for him to prove that there was no paid clergy in primitive times, for in primitive times there was no clergy at all. Such at least is the verdict of historical research, though the contrary is believed by Catholics and High Churchmen on other than historical grounds. But it must be remembered that in its earliest stage Christianity was communistic, a primitive system to which Mr. Beaty would scarcely desire to return; and we may safely assume that the expense of ministrations, whatever it might be, as well as that of almsgiving, was defrayed out of the common fund. St. Paul distinctly asserts the claim of a preacher of the Gospel to maintenance, though he chooses to waive it in his own case, and the seventy were sent forth without scrip or provision of their own. The question which Mr. Beaty's essay opens, however, is likely to become critical in the not very distant future. As

everything is called in question by the critical spirit of the age, people will begin to ask, What is the special function of a clergy and for what services the clergyman is paid? Apostolic ordinance, as has already been said, cannot be asserted in face of a body of adverse evidence, both positive and negative, the negative being even stronger than the positive. On the other hand the absence of Apostolic ordinance is not conclusive against this or any other Church institution, if there can be shown to have been a universal or general tendency, the index of an inherent need. On this point the reasoning of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" has always commended itself as conclusive to fair-minded men. That which experience proves to be necessary or good for the Church in her progress through the ages, and in her contact with different sets of circumstances and different civilizations, must be deemed to have been implicitly ordained by her founder when he sent her forth on her course. By the same reasoning we are precluded from laying down abstract propositions either with regard to polity or to ritual: different forms of Church government and of worship may suit different times and the temperaments of different races or classes. The Catholic clergy and the High Church Anglicans of course stand on a footing which, if their doctrines and their version of Church history are to be accepted, puts them far above any question as to the usefulness of their calling or the value received by the Christian people who contribute for their support. They are not a ministry, but a priesthood, the lineal representatives of the apostles, and, collectively, the inspired oracles of truth: in their hands are the keys of heaven; by them and by them alone is performed the sacramental miracle without which there can be no salvation. But the Protestant clergy of all denominations is the offspring of the Reformation which, instead of totally abolishing the priest reduced him to a minister, and assigned to him the duties of leading in worship, of ruling the congregation, and above all that of preaching, which, when the Gospel required to be re-published, was almost as important as at the time of the first publication. Since that epoch the intellectual difference between the pastor and the flock has been greatly diminished, the spirit of equality has everywhere prevailed, the knowledge of doctrine and knowledge of all kinds have been generally diffused. Nor can it be said that mere leadership in worship is so special a function as to require a salaried order for its performance. A new Reformation may, in this respect as in others, go farther than the first. It may revert to Congregationalism in the full sense of the term, and enact that, instead of pastor and flock, there shall be a society in the offices and ministrations of which all, according to their gifts, dispositions and opportunities shall take part. The problem of clerical functions will no doubt have in time to be considered; and for this, among other reasons, that if the clergy find their usefulness in their proper sphere declining and their position becoming insecure they will be naturally led to seek other sources of authority and popularity in heading social and perhaps political movements. Symptoms of that tendency are in fact already beginning to appear, and to threaten society with ill-advised crusades and a dominion of pulpit rhetoric. In the meantime Mr. Beaty would probably admit that, if the clergy are to be paid at all, many of them at present are underpaid. Nor is there much hope of improvement in this respect unless the Protestant churches, between which no vital difference of doctrine really exists, can agree to an economical union and combine to support one pastor in each village instead of starving three.

FICTION was invaded by Agnosticism in the person of George Eliot; it is now being invaded by Pessimism. French critics are taking arms against the invader. They treat Pessimism as hypochondria and exhort those who are afflicted with it to get themselves happily married, to try the douche bath or improve their cellars. There is some reason in this view of the case. Mathematics and pure science are independent of temperament and circumstance; systems of philosophy are largely influenced by both. It is evident that the philosophy of Socrates and Plato was a reaction against the moral scepticism and the political cynicism of their day; that the philosophy of Hobbes was a product of the panic bred in timorous and selfish souls by the Great Rebellion; that the philosophy of Locke was that of a Liberal of 1688; that the philosophy of Hume was the offspring of a lymphatic temperament and of the circumstances of the eighteenth century. The character of Schopenhauer and the history of his life account to a great extent for his Pessimism. He was, according to his biographers, a lonely, self-engrossed and thoroughly cynical man. His tastes, it appears, were grossly sensual; he was not married and seems never to have known what pure affection was. He behaved ill to his widowed mother, who on her side complained that his grumbling at the inevitable, his sulky looks, his eccentric opinions oracularly delivered, his mania for disputation, his jeremiads over the folly of the world and the misery of mankind, disquieted her and gave her the nightmare. He

was an abject coward, would never trust himself under the razor of a barber, and fled with precipitation from the mere mention of an infectious disease. As a lecturer he had been a failure and of course he charged his disappointment upon the folly and wickedness of his kind. In politics he was an absolutist; he spoke of patriotism as the passion of fools, regarded the people as little better than swine, viewed with ignoble hatred the great Liberal uprising of 1848, and bequeathed his whole fortune to the janissaries whose bayonets had put down liberty. When such a man took to philosophy, Pessimism was the natural outcome of his speculations. Yet this alone, or even combined with the fascination of Buddhism, is not the whole account of the matter. Had Pessimism been a mere idiosyncrasy it would have been buried in its author's grave, whereas it has taken a strong hold upon a large class of minds and is even rapidly gaining ground. Schopenhauer's teaching indeed fell dead during his lifetime, and acquired a sudden vogue after his death, a clear proof that the seed thus darkly sown by him had a soil ready prepared for it. He was the natural exponent of a gloomy philosophy of man's estate and of the universe; but the materials for the gloomy philosophy were there, and had only waited for an exponent. He has raised a veil and forced us to see that there are evidences around us of something very different from beneficent design, and that if this world is the work of Benevolence it must be the work of a Benevolence the supreme object of which is to be attained through a process of moral probation and lies beyond the present scene. Optimism such as that of Paley is possible no more.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO?"

AN individual possessed of the supreme political power of the State and ambitious to retain it may possibly persuade himself that the safety of the country is incompatible with any guidance but his own. Authority is the most self-illusive of all human possessions, inducing men to forget the nature of their office, and to regard in the character of a right that which is merely a trust with responsibilities attached. The aim of contemporary ambition is to obtain for itself a fair title from the popular suffrage now acknowledged to be the source of power. But the force called popular will being uncertain and variable, it would be a difficult undertaking at almost any given time to pronounce with even approximate accuracy upon its precise character and direction. It would be safe to affirm that the popular tide hardly ever possesses a definite character and fixed direction. We endeavour to ascertain the nation's will—or the nearest practicable approach to it, the will of the majority—by its recorded suffrage; yet we must not forget that a nation is but an aggregation of human passions, impulses, sympathies and weaknesses, and as liable to be uncertain about its own choice as an individual might be under like circumstances. Representation, in its very nature, must always be imperfect, for the inadequately expressed and fluctuating will of a body or of a unit cannot possibly be reflected by the sympathies of a representative. Nations do not choose their rulers, not even nations enjoying the largest measure of political freedom and electoral control. Their rulers are chosen for them by a political law which they are quite powerless to alter or evade, and the function of the nation is merely to accept that which is so presented to it.

Of course there is the privilege of rejection; but the principle remains the same, for the rejection of one candidate implies the acceptance of another. The candidate is put forward, not called. Hence it is that few men in authority can always with accuracy affirm that they govern by the will of the majority. It would generally be nearer to the truth to say that they retain the reins of power by the acquiescence of the majority, who are often content to accept without criticism authority which performs the prime duty of preserving order and maintaining peace and prosperity.

When Walpole attained to the supreme power in the State under the First George, a power which enabled him to crush his enemies and rule with all the authority of a parliamentary autocrat, neither his royal master nor himself would, in all probability, have held their places for an hour by the suffrages of a plebiscite. Another minister and another king would have taken their places. Yet England was to all appearance content with Walpole's government although it was upheld by the most notorious and widespread corruption, and England prospered too. Sir Robert Walpole, although England enjoyed nominal representation in Parliament, was far indeed from being the people's choice; they accepted him, and submitted to his administration for the peace and prosperity which it brought to them and not for the sake of the man who brought the blessings referred to. So also, in every country having representative government, it frequently happens that the majority in the Legislature

really represents the minority in the nation; and this not through a defective franchise as was then the case in England, but through a change in popular feeling not reflected by the popular representatives. And so, likewise, in every free country it will at times be found that the leader is not in sympathy with the led, and holds his office not through their choice but by their acquiescence. Political enlightenment and the sense of popular power developed by modern progress were wanting in the time of George I.; but it is pretty certain that, even under these later conditions, Walpole would still be a man likely to be accepted by the nation as the arbiter of its affairs although known to be out of sympathy with his constituents.

Popular election is the most exalted exercise of man's rights as a political being. Every voter feels or is entitled to feel himself an efficient and potential factor in the shaping of his country's destinies. The neighbouring Republic affords to the student of such matters the best and largest field for the observation of the constitutional exertion of popular will. Were it possible or desirable for a commonwealth to exist without political parties, then we might find the business of election approaching to the highest state of development of which it is capable. Presidential elections in the United States have been characterized by excesses which have afforded the enemies of popular liberty, as represented in the great Republic, an opportunity not neglected of casting at the country their scorn and ridicule. Nevertheless, in a commonwealth where party feeling is as violent and party organization as elaborate as in any country in the world, we have just seen citizens disowning and deserting their idol when they discovered that his feet were of clay.

There is serious need for the people to be careful in the adoption of their leaders and rulers. The man who, with the sanction of the people's suffrages, guides and directs the destiny of the nation has also a powerful influence in the moulding of the nation's character. The principles by which he attains and holds and exercises his authority must be sanctioned and adopted by the constituencies which sanction and adopt himself. Until a nation is able to insist that the leader whom it is to trust possesses political honour as well as political sagacity, there is an ever-present moral peril which has the power of sapping the foundations of public safety.

There is as much political freedom in Canada as in the United States, but the latter country affords nothing like the same scope for individual ambition as this. The pinnacle possible of attainment across the border was perhaps higher, according to the point of view from which it is regarded, but its terms of existence is more limited than with us. When a man has passed his four years as President he sinks back into the crowd. His day and his glory are past, and his influence departs with him. His party can do no more for him. It is not so under our system. Canadian Ministers, when a reverse overtakes them and they are turned out of office, do not disappear from the political arena; a reverse will visit their opponents in time, and then it will be their turn again. For over twenty years the United States Government has been in the hands of men who, though constantly changing, never themselves changed in their adherence to a certain system. The system, or the party, made the men—not *vice versa*. Would America have submitted herself to the rule of one man, or of a system created by him for one-fourth of that time out of mere subjection to his personal influence? Be her President ever so much to her mind she does not care to grant him a second term of office.

The Premier of Canada exercises a sway which, measured territorially, bears no comparison with that of the President of the United States; but if the Premier's rule is terminated by one election it is liable to be renewed by another later on. The political life of a party leader is a rule only contemporaneous with his natural life. His influence has therefore time to take root and spread through the State, to permeate it so largely as to be a sensible power after he has himself left the stage. The minister who is a patriot commands support by the sheer force of his virtue; he who is only a politician has to depend upon his astuteness. The power of the former resides in his character; the influence of the latter arises from the arts which supply the place of one. He does not hold men to him by personal devotion, as the former does, but by baser interests; and when the goal of a politician's ambition is power for its own sake and not for the public good, there is grave cause to fear that, even if he do not misgovern, he will assuredly demoralize. Walpole governed England on the whole well, but he was a corrupt man, and he debauched any public virtue which existed in his day, and which came within his reach. His ruling passion was the love of power.

Sir John Macdonald deserves all the credit which can be given to him on account of his abilities; as a manager of men, and the leader of a heterogeneous party, he could hardly be surpassed. We will give him credit for all the patriotism which his friends claim on his behalf. But the radical

evil of his influence as a public man remains, and neither his patriotism nor his talents can countervail the results which have followed from this influence. His undoubted sway over men has been the consequence, not of superior virtue, or even of superior intellect, but merely of tact. He has been able to read men's character and make use of them. His ambition has been the ambition of a man consumed by the lust of power; and he has fought for power as a strategist and used it as a conqueror used his victory in other days. When the town was taken it was given up to pillage. Men were pressed and purchased into the service and rewarded by spoils. With the withdrawal of Sir John Macdonald's master hand, it is to be hoped that the army which he has led will break out in mutiny for the good of the country; but the political demoralization of Canada will outlive the author of it, and some of the evils wrought through that demoralization will survive still longer. Sir John Macdonald's party have good reason to glorify him by a celebration, and the nation at large will not withhold from the old chieftain a fraction of the consideration which is due to him; but it is possible that he may be chiefly remembered in this country as the author of that political turpitude which at the present time too extensively pervades its constituencies and its politicians. L. M.

ART ON A PRINCELY SCALE.

ART is a sealed book to the generality of people, indeed to almost all persons. They have it before their eyes every day in all their domestic appliances, though, unhappily, often in a very limited, and sometimes in a perverted, shape. There is scarcely anything that they handle or look upon but has ornamentation of some sort or other entering into its construction. And ornamentation means art, or ought to do so. When really good works of art come under their notice they receive no impression whatever from them. Study the faces of visitors to a picture-gallery: how many of them are lighted up with pleasure? How many exhibit any choice or discrimination? They are like people at a concert who have no ear for music. Here the ear, there the eye, is alike dull and dead. There is no help for it. Art is for the few. As the poet, so the painter, is born not made. It is the same with the select few who feel and enjoy art, though they have no knowledge of the means and the rules by which it is produced and governed. Of this class there have been and are remarkable instances. To bring the matter home at once to what touches all alike, this knowledge of art means money: that is, the opportunity of making money. It is lamentably true that art itself often does not mean money; that the artist languishes under disappointment and poverty. But for those who know his worth, and pick up his productions for a song, or at the best for a very inadequate price—for them it means a full pocket. In the *Fine Arts Quarterly* for October, 1863, there is a record of the sale by auction of the collection of the late Mr. Elhanan Bickwell. The pictures and drawings of which it was composed were bought by Mr. Bickwell, not himself an artist, almost exclusively from off the easels of then living painters, with only his own intuitive knowledge of art for his guide. The present writer has good authority (that of a member of Mr. Bickwell's family) for saying that their cost was about \$125,000. The sum realized was \$375,000, thus trebling the outlay. To give an instance or two—a drawing by David Roberts, R.A., fetched about twenty times what it had brought him, and one by Copley Fielding, president of the Water Colour Society, about thirty times. But all this sort of thing is dwarfed by what has recently taken place. The pictures at Blenheim, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough, have come into the market. According to the *Magazine of Art* for November, 1884, four of these pictures had then been sold: they are a Van Dyck, bought by the National Gallery for £17,500—say about \$85,000; two Rubens, purchased by one of the Rothschilds for £52,500—say about \$260,000; and—what must look like a fable, but is fully authenticated in various papers of the same date, as are the other sales—a Raphael, bought by the National Gallery for £70,000—say about \$350,000. Here then is what may truly be called an overwhelming proof that the knowledge of art means money. The knowledge of art possessed by the great Duke of Marlborough certainly means money for his descendant; the prices originally paid to the painters themselves may have been, probably, a hundredth part of what their work now produces.

What, then, is this wonderful art which can make a piece of strained and painted canvas, some three yards by two, worth \$350,000, a handsome fortune in itself? The picture is thus described by a correspondent of the *London Times*: "It is known as the 'Madonna Ansidei.' The Virgin is seated on a richly decorated throne of Renaissance design. She holds the infant Saviour on one knee, on the other lies an open book on which the regards of both mother and child are fixed. On either side stand John the Baptist and St. Nicholas of Bari; the former holds a crystal crown in one

hand, and with the other points to the Saviour; the latter, in jewelled mitre and sumptuous sacerdotal vestments, holds in his right hand an elaborately chased crozier, and in his left a book in which he is reading." It will be seen at once that the composition represents a group which never could have come together, and it is full of anachronisms. It tells no story; it exhibits no action; it points no moral. The same correspondent adds: "a feeling of profound peace, of pure devotion, reigns over the whole design." That there must be supreme artistic excellence to produce such an effect is certain, an art which knew how not to fall below such a subject. But, estimating it by other like pictures by Raphael—and they are numerous—we may be sure that the art entirely conceals the art. The composition is probably stiff, it cannot well be otherwise; but the drawing, the light and shadow, and the colour—in no degree sensuous but of a gravity befitting the subject—are super-excellent. The eye is not caught by any cleverness; it does not see the paint nor the handling of it; there is no square inch that is not conscientiously finished. From all this it follows that artists who cannot dissociate themselves from the executive part of their work are sometimes touched by disappointment on first looking on a picture by Raphael, even the grand and matchless Transfiguration, by common consent the finest picture in the world. Such works have to be studied, and time given to them to work their way into the mind and the heart whence they are never displaced.

No greater contrast could be offered than by the art of Rubens. His work is vigorous and dexterous in the extreme. His colour is florid, sensuous, beautiful. His canvasses and his style are alike large. He is essentially the painter. When you look at the magnificent colossal picture of the Descent from the Cross in the Cathedral at Antwerp, it is of the wonderful workmanship that you think. It is an amazing piece of design, colour, action. Everything about Sir Peter Paul Rubens was lordly. He was a favoured guest at courts, envoy between monarchs. He lived in great style. Of a fine presence, he had, in succession, two beautiful wives, buxom, sonsy, handsome Flemish women; he has himself made them familiar to us. And from this type of womanhood he could never free himself. Whether he paints the Marys at the foot of the Cross, or Sabine women struggling in the grasp of Roman soldiers, they are still Flemish; Flemish in face and figure, Flemish in dress. He had an exuberant fancy; it was like a perpetual pouring out from a cornucopia. And this was combined with a prodigious power of rapid execution, the greatest, Sir Joshua Reynolds considered, of any man who ever lived. Contrasted with the great works of the more severe schools of Italy his drawing is seen to be not learned, his forms are somewhat indeterminate, and his handling extremely loose. It is the profusion of his invention, the generosity—so to speak—with which he lavishes his power over his materials, the beauty of it all, which takes you captive. The style of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and present president of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, is founded upon that of Rubens, and at no discreditable distance. These two pictures for which such an immense price has been given are portraits—those of himself, his second wife and infant child in one, and of the same lady and her page in the other. They are full-length and life-size, and have backgrounds more than usually elaborate.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck may, in some sort, be held to take a middle place between the two foregoing artists, in style and manner, that is. He was a pupil of Rubens but, though a worthy follower of his master, his range was more limited. In his own peculiar, but by no means exclusive walk, that of portraiture, he was a consummate master. His heads may almost rank with the best of Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez, and more could not be said. He was essentially a gentleman-painter of gentlemen and ladies. His cavaliers, and their wives and children, are of the highest breeding. His painting of hands is equal to that of his faces; never were there more aristocratic hands. He had a brilliant career of uninterrupted success. The picture under review is an equestrian portrait of Charles the First, accompanied, on foot, by Sir Thomas Morton, his equerry. The king is fully armed, but Sir Thomas carries his helmet. We can fancy that Charles sits his horse as the prince of cavaliers should, and we can imagine his somewhat harsh and sombre features marked by the habitual melancholy which may well have been the shadow cast upon them before.

Let us artists of Canada, then, take heart of grace. Art here is in its infancy; it has scarcely cast off its leading-strings and go-cart. But it is a healthy and promising child. It needs to be, for it is left to struggle up as best it may. It receives but a modicum of attention and an insufficiency of wholesome nourishment. But we belong to a guild of the highest honour. On the lower steps of the ladder of fame yet, no doubt, and with a stiff climb before us. Still to a guild which has numbered in its ranks Sir Anthony Van Dyck, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, and, greatest

painter of all who ever lived, Raffaele D'Urbino. And, young as we are yet, the Canadian School has already received the great honour of international recognition at the great exhibition at Philadelphia, an honour which mature artists of old countries were far from disdaining; and those who have the courage to purchase our works now, at the very modest price that we put upon them, may find, by-and-bye, that they "mean money."

R.C.A.

SEA-SIDE BREEZES.

BOSTON, U.S.A.

FROM the time of its founding Boston was the centre of opposition to British rule; and yet much about it is strangely English. Its own name, and Chelsea, and Charlestown, and Cambridge, and Dorchester—its environs—all speak of the love of home of the English emigrant across the seas. Streets are here named after English Dukes, and even one commemorates the Royal House of Hanover which proved so stern to the revolting colonies. After all, American republicanism is very conservative. See how the French fanatics of the Revolution tore down every shred and symbol of monarchy. Even the visitor who saw Paris under the late Emperor Napoleon III. can scarcely now recognize some parts of the beautiful city of the Seine, where such appropriate names for streets as Josephine and Eugenie have been removed, and those of red republican "bourgeois" substituted for them. After the American revolution King Street, Boston, was changed to State, and Queen Street to Court; but virtually this was the extent of the alteration. In Boston a passion for the antique reigns; but the Bostonian antique is limited very much to the Old Colony days. An Egyptian scarabæus or a coin of Antoninus is not nearly so valuable as a parchment penny of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay or as grandmother Priscilla's teakettle. The love for the old here seems only found in the direction of its close connection with, and its being the germ of the present condition of things of which Americans are so marvellously proud. The "old south meeting house" has been purchased for \$400,000, is being kept in its original form, and its walls, which once resounded with ringing cheers to the appeals of Adams and the patriots, are now covered with objects valueless except in that they belong to the generation of those who came over in the *Mayflower*, or who were the first settlers in Massachusetts Bay. Quite lately the old State House has been restored to its exact appearance under the British, and the lion and the unicorn, carved in wood, appear as of yore, and make the Canadian feel at home. On the opposite side of the State House is a shield with figures in gold of an Indian holding a bow and arrows seemingly ready for the fray, with above it an arm in a military sleeve, the hand grasping a drawn sword—the whole speaking of the colonial spirit of self-protection—with the motto underneath: "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*" The New Englander has a wild enthusiasm for anything reaching from Martha Washington's fire-fender to Aunt Judith's reticule. When he goes abroad he rummages through the back streets of London for old delft, brass candlesticks, King George III. muskets, or anything that, being brought home, may be taken for a "successful" American relic. No doubt the slow-going Israelites of the Old World are quite as willing to cater to his tastes as that firm of Jewish merchants in Natal, who ordered from London ten thousand rusty and blood-stained assegais, made according to pattern, to sell in Natal as memorials of the bloody field of Isandula. Even the Italians appreciate the depth of this American taste when they expose for sale in the windows of their studios in Florence and Rome statuettes of "George Washington and his hatchet," as also of "Franklin and his flute."

One of the most remarkable things in the older parts of Boston is the maze of streets. The visitor to the French capital is struck by the admirable arrangement of the streets in newer Paris, running out like the spokes of a wheel from the Arc de Triomphe; and the same thing is true in Washington of the streets radiating from the Capitol; but in Boston there seem to be half-a-dozen local centres like these, and the impression made upon a stranger is, that these centres are revolving around one another. The writer asked a youth for Bowdoin Square. The reply was given that it was quite near, only a few hundred yards distant, but that to reach it almost a complete circle of streets of nearly half a mile must be made. Experience proved this to be true. The unsophisticated stranger is lost in bewilderment at the freaks of street cars, which run in every direction. A detour from a street is often made to avoid a hill and then a return made to the original street a block or two up. A story is told of a driver who was asked by a passenger whether his car passed the Fall River Office. The Jehu replied that it did. After going a short distance he pointed up a street to the stranger, and said: "There is the office; if you are in a hurry you can walk to it in a minute." "No," replied the passenger, "I am in no hurry." A short time after the car arrived at the back of the State House, when the driver said: "The office you are looking for is in front of that building." "Then," observed the traveller, "I had better leave you here." "Not unless you like," was the cool reply; "we'll have you there by-and-bye;" and after certain other devious windings the destination was reached. This may seem something of an exaggeration; but it is not.

The ladies of Boston are extremely handsome and well dressed. One wonders where all the pale-faced, thin, and desiccated specimens described by George Augustus Sala some years ago in his celebrated paper on "pie" can have gone. They do not seem to be in Boston, at least, any more than the gaunt brother Jonathan style of Yankee, who would be as great a guy on the streets of Boston as in London. It is no doubt to sea breezes of Boston the ladies are indebted for their good complexions. As to dress, the fashion is decidedly English, just as the tone of the refined in Boston

in ordinary conversation is quite British. You would recognize but little difference either in appearance or speech between the better dressed ladies of Toronto and those of Boston. The turnouts are quiet, and the coachmen have the English dress. Near Scollay Square are certain streets with shops entirely for the sale of the innumerable articles that enter into female attire; these are known as "the ladies' streets." *Meberle!* what a turnout of the weaker sex there is on a pleasant afternoon there! Your readers may remember a picture of the American young lady on the Continent that went the rounds of the magazines a few years ago, under the title, "The American Girl." It was regarded as a remarkably true portraiture of a certain class of Americans, and has almost become a classic sketch. There seems, however, little in the conduct or demeanour of the Boston young lady to justify such a picture. The Boston young lady prides herself on her art culture and acquaintance with the "ologies."

It is questionable whether Harvard is not a more noted name than Boston. Across the Charles River from Boston, leads a bridge to the City of Cambridge. Four miles from Boston are the splendid buildings of Harvard—some of them of gray stone, most of them of a dark red brick. They mark the oldest university in America, founded in 1638. Two hundred and fifty years of university life in America would be many "cycles in Cathay." It is with solemnity one stands in front of the flag-stone, resting on granite supports, in the old village churchyard in front of the university, on which is recorded the name of Henry Dunster, the first President of Harvard, who died in 1659—think of it—in the time of the English Commonwealth. In the same burial spot are the tombs of many leading men of Harvard, but of none more notable than that of John Bridge, who taught the first school in Cambridge in 1635, became one of the prominent men of his town and time and in honour of whom a beautiful bronze statue on a granite base was reared by a lineal descendant of the sixth generation, in 1882. The recital of the great man's deeds leads off with: "This Puritan," etc., and there seems to be an aroma of Oliver Cromwell about the man. A short distance away is the quaint old residence of the departed Longfellow—America's greatest poet. Fervent admirers of him constantly come to gaze upon the antiquated façade of his dwelling, as upon the shrine of the great dead, and chip a fragment of wood from the neighbouring tree to be borne away as a precious treasure. Another great tree of Cambridge is that under which General Washington took command of the American army on July 2nd, 1775. Cambridge has been great in arms as in letters. Here, as elsewhere, the college has been the nursery of patriotism. A splendid freestone monument on the green of the city commemorates the names of nine hundred and thirty-eight men of Cambridge who fell in the Civil War. In Harvard, whether in equipment with its one hundred and twenty-five of a teaching staff, and 210,000 volumes in its two libraries, or looked at from the achievements of its sons, may be seen the greatest American University.

AJAX.

HERE AND THERE.

ONE important lesson taught by the fire in Toronto on Monday is the necessity for regulating the class of buildings erected on the water-fronts of large cities. Had the gale which fanned the flames on that unfortunate occasion blown from the south, imagination fails at the thought of what might have been Toronto's fate. The light wooden structures dividing the railway-tracks from the bay, dried almost to tinder by the tropical sun of weeks past, and some of them occupied by steam machinery, offered themselves a ready prey to any conflagration, being a sort of "kindling" which under certain circumstances might have fired the whole city. The wonder is that material so inflammable has not long before been lighted by sparks from the constantly-passing locomotives or otherwise. Had the oil works, abutting upon the bay, been included in the general destruction, it is more than probable that the resultant damage would have been limited only by the length of the Esplanade, since the liberated oil would have enveloped the whole bay in a sheet of flames which would have spared neither shipping, wharves, nor adjacent property. Buildings so exposed to danger as those on the Toronto water-front, and in that danger jeopardizing such an extent of valuable property, should be fire-proof, or at any rate they should be built of brick or stone. And the Corporation ought to see to it.

THE *Huron Expositor* prophesies that "ere long" there will be another insurrection in the North-West. It is at least a curious coincidence that the prognostication is echoed by some of those who have been at the front, and who are not by any means alarmists. The reason assigned is, not that the Half-breeds or Indians are threatening, but that white malcontents, the government agents, commissariat contractors, and speculators made a tremendous haul out of the late *emeute*, and it is feared they are likely to foment another when opportunity serves.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Globe*, who signs himself "Prohibitionist," has come to the conclusion that the Scott Act cannot be enforced in Toronto, giving as a reason the fact that the grocers' license bye-law, which could be more easily enforced, is inoperative. "Prohibitionist" is quite right; but instead of anathematizing the authorities for not wholly separating the sale of groceries and alcoholic beverages, he might rather blame the precipitancy of his co-workers in forcing upon an unwilling community a law for which it was not prepared. For it is to be presumed that "Prohibitionist" does not imagine a majority of the voters are in favour of the restriction in question.

It is not long since we were told by a Toronto journal that Sir Charles Tupper was England's premier-elect. Now it is that, next to the Prince of Wales, Canada's High Commissioner has come to be one of the most prominent men in London! That Sir Charles is a man of ability most people will readily concede; for the rest—well, let us in charity hope that our contemporary is not read by the less favoured ones whose birth and abilities have not saved them from being compelled to give the *pas* to a colonial magnate.

THE *Chicago Current* comments upon the Dominion Government's railway policy as follows: "It would seem to the unprejudiced foreign friends of Canada that her Parliament, which adjourned a week ago last Monday, committed a serious error in advancing any more money to the Canadian Pacific Railway. It must be remembered that Canada had not the money, and was deeply in debt, owing to the generosity of previous sessions. To borrow \$35,000,000 more to put into a railway not owned by the Government was not prudent, and coming generations of Canadians will suffer for it, just as present and future generations of Americans are now carrying and will carry burdens that they had no part in accepting."

THERE were fifteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty-six in the preceding week, and twenty-seven, thirty-two and nine in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and eighty-four failures during the week as compared with two hundred and fifteen in the preceding week, and with one hundred and ninety-nine, one hundred and fifty-five and one hundred and five, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-six per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

BOTH the Toronto party organs are mistaken in speaking of Lord Randolph Churchill as the "accepted" or "selected" of the English Tories. That volatile apostle of tin and tinsel forced himself upon the party, to the dismay and disgust of the reputable portion of it; and the *Standard*, which is at once the ablest and most respected English Conservative daily, merely voices the protest of leading clubs when it scarifies the man who would sacrifice his party and his friends for a passing notoriety. But who ever knew good come out of a Marlborough?

REFERRING to her volume of essays the *Philadelphia Progress* criticizes Miss Cleveland with more freedom than might with delicacy be used by Canadian journals. That there should be many untrue rumours with regard to Miss Cleveland and her book our contemporary thinks is entirely natural. Miss Cleveland laid herself open to all sorts of exaggerations when she consented to the publication of the volume in question. It was not a thing which a lady in her position should have consented to. As Lady of the White House the very last proposition she should have agreed to was to go into print. Doing that, she was bound not only to be misunderstood, but there was sure to happen something which would embarrass her brother, the President. Miss Cleveland is too intelligent a woman not to be aware that her book will be read mainly because she occupies the position she does. No matter what she may write, as Lady of the White House it would be read. And this being so Miss Cleveland should have written nothing at all. And so on.

As was foreshadowed, the example of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been followed by the sensational press, and it is scarcely possible to take up a local paper without being offended by some nastiness or other. A more lame and impotent conclusion than that reached by the London Inquiry Committee could not well be imagined, though it would hardly be rash to suggest that Mr. Stead expected nothing else. Without having done any good, he has let loose upon the community a flood of filth which has shocked all decent men and some of which must have poisoned hitherto innocent minds. The dignity of the press has also received a severe blow; the *Pall Mall* in former times had ranked as a high authority; as the organ of spurious morality looking to Salvation Army methods for success it is now beneath contempt. No wonder it has been sent to Coventry.

WRITING upon this matter, Mr. Geo. R. Sims—who knows more of London life than most people, and whose philanthropy is infinitely higher than that of Mr. Stead—says: "There are bishops and philanthropists, and benevolent ladies falling upon their knees and thanking Heaven for the issue of a paper for which, in their greed for nastiness, men about town paid as much as five shillings a copy. On the other hand, there are English gentlemen who are thirsting for the blood of the man who suddenly thrust upon the unsuspecting women-folk of their families this mass of disgusting details, spiced and dished to tickle the most depraved appetite. The bishops and Mrs. Booth see only one side of the shield; the fathers of families see the other." And after all the disclosures are due to General Booth! A Salvation Army boom—\$50,000 wanted.

ENGLISH papers announce the appearance of a life of Colonel Fred. Burnaby. What qualification the biographers—J. R. Ware and B. R. Mann—had for their work does not appear, but one capable authority declares that the book they have produced is neither new as to facts nor well digested as to existing material. Burnaby was just the kind of man of whom a really good book might have been written. He lived a marvellously active life, mixed with men of all sorts and conditions, chatted easily with

everybody that came his way, learned all he could, had a lively humour, was a good story-teller, and left behind him an affectionate memory. He was not one of your faultless creatures, and consequently he made many mistakes. These often added to his personal fascination, for they were usually the mistakes of a warm, impulsive, generous nature. His biographers write in an amusingly patronizing way of letters, and even quote Burnaby's "condescension" to literary men as a proof of his *bonhomie*. From this it would almost appear that Messrs. Ware and Mann are soldiers. They evidently forgot, however, that Burnaby went twice to war as a newspaper correspondent, in which capacity, it is needless to say, he took care to get into the thick of the bullets. In fact, as Mr. Labouchere once pertinently said of him, Burnaby's chief object in living seemed to be to look about for his death. His restless energies, finding no legitimate outlet, led him into all sorts of mad escapades—including political warfare. Somehow fortune failed him at his best to place him face to face with his country's foes, and when the opportunity at length arrived disease and envy combined had marked him for their own, and he was forbidden to go. But he did go in spite of authority, and fell at last in the front of battle. He was, perhaps, as destitute of all sense of danger as any man that ever lived. He was undoubtedly a noble fellow. He claimed to be descended from Edward I., whom he resembled in strength and great stature. The reflection is a sad one that his magnificent physique was practically sapped and gone; that consumption itself had fixed its seat in those gigantic lungs. It is hard to think of the daring fellow dying inch by inch of an insidious disease. Consumption is not incurable, and he might have recovered if he had joined his wife at Davos Platz; but Burnaby could never have lived a slumberous life on a Swiss mountain. He was a born fighter, and it seems to be right that he died fighting.

ONE reads with amazement at times the serious trivialities with which Churchmen vex themselves. All the world is now engaged upon matters of real importance. Everywhere great issues are being decided. But a correspondent of the London *Guardian*, who must surely be a country parson, is disturbed by an awful speculation. "Is water a necessary part of baptism?" he asked with a voice of anxious doubt. Then he tells his story. A native Christian, travelling in the desert, became a father upon his journey at a place where not one drop of water was to be had. There were no liquids in the caravan save some red wine and some flasks of olive oil. The parents in despair signed the cross on the infant's forehead, and said the prayers without use of water. Has the child received baptism? Can there be any baptism without water? Of course, one sees at once that momentous consequences are supposed to flow from the answer. But what a notion of the Divinity must there be in the mind of anybody who regards such a question as serious—as though the Supreme would require, or judge because of, an impossibility.

THE uses of the Atlantic cable are manifold; but the use to which it has been put by a very well-known Englishman lately is novel. The gentleman in question visited America last year, and fell in with a very thoughtful lady, who hailed from one of the chief of the cities of the United States. For five days they discussed together science and philosophy, and the deepest needs of the human mind. They found presently, after they had parted—he to England, she to her home of brotherly love—that the deeper needs of their own minds required that the controversy should be continued by letter. Their correspondence revealed that deep answered unto deep. Philosophy became the handmaid of love; and the greatest achievement of science was called in to assist in bringing about an understanding. Athene was employed to direct the shafts of Eros. A telegram was sent under the Atlantic passionately entreating the philosophic maiden to be kind to the scientific swain; and presently the electric wire received again the avowal of a requited passion. So Puck's girdle was made the minister of love to feed his flame. Pity it is that no Spenser is now alive to write an epithalamium—that "all the waves (instead of 'woods') might answer, and the echo ring." But electricity will probably become the symbol henceforth of impatient love. At all events, the fact that an offer of marriage has been made by the Atlantic cable, and accepted by the same, is worthy to rank as a precedent.

THE New York *Town Topics* says: Instead of a craze for old china, there is now a craze for old silver. It is not uncommon, we are told, now to see a silver wine cooler made the base of a velvet or satin pin-cushion and used on toilet table or work table. All kinds of old silver ornaments are being raked out of oblivion—book clasps, waist buckles and the like; and these, joined together, are made to form mirror or photograph frames on a background of dark velvet. Every kind of old silver nick-nack is now laid out on tables in drawing-rooms. The mania is a very harmless one, and will bring many curious old relics into the light of day.

PALEY had one of the most orderly minds ever given to man. A vein of shrewd and humorous sarcasm, together with an under-current of quiet selfishness, made him a very pleasant companion. "I cannot afford to keep a conscience any more than a carriage," he said. "Our delight was," writes an old Johnian who knew him well, "to get old Paley on a cold winter night to put up his legs, stir the fire, and fill a long Dutch pipe. He would talk away, sir, like a being of a higher sphere. He formally declined any punch, but nevertheless drank it up as fast as we replenished his glass. He would smoke any given quantity of tobacco, and drink any given quantity of punch."

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROHIBITION AND LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The Inspector's Seventeenth Annual Report on the Asylums for the Insane in the Province of Ontario, recently issued, for the year ending 30th September, 1884, contains some interesting figures bearing on the much discussed Prohibition question. On page 8 of the Report is a table giving the predisposing and exciting causes of insanity in those admitted, the totals of which I give below, omitting the distinction of sexes, for the information of the general reader, as these Official Reports are seen by but comparatively few of the people:—

	Predisposing cause.	Exciting cause.
Domestic troubles.....	1	23
Religious excitement.....	..	31
Adverse circumstances, etc.....	4	24
Love affairs.....	..	7
Mental anxiety.....	1	31
Fright and nervous shocks.....	..	5
Intemperance in drink.....	7	19
Intemperance, sexual.....	2	1
Venereal disease.....	1	1
Self-abuse, sexual.....	5	23
Overwork.....	1	8
Sunstroke.....	..	7
Accident or injury.....	1	10
Pregnancy.....	..	3
Puerperal.....	..	13
Lactation.....	1	1
Puberty and change of life.....	..	7
Uterine disorders.....	1	11
Brain disease with paralysis.....	..	6
“ “ epilepsy.....	6	22
Other forms of brain disease.....	..	4
Other bodily diseases, etc.....	..	16
Fevers.....	..	6
Hereditary, with other causes.....	90	..
“ “ with causes not ascertained.....	57	..
Congenital causes.....	5	..
Unknown.....	258	237
	441	516

From the above table it will be seen that intemperance in drinking, instead of being the most prolific cause of insanity, instead of filling our asylums with insane, as Prohibition speakers and writers are constantly but untruthfully reiterating before the public, stands seventh on the list as an exciting cause, and reached only 7 out of 441 known and unknown predisposing causes. Religious excitement heads the list of exciting causes with 31; mental anxiety, 31; business troubles, 24; domestic troubles, 23; self abuse, 23; brain disease, 22; against 19 attributed to intemperance. It is plain from these figures that were a general prohibitory liquor law in force to-morrow, we would not require one asylum the less, and there would not be one asylum bed unoccupied, as the Report states (page 6) that there is a large number of patients in the county gaols waiting admission to the asylums. So far then as asylum expenses are concerned, the liquor traffic may be thrown out of the question as too insignificant a contributory cause to be considered of any account. Commenting on the causes of insanity, the Report says (page 8): "If a patient has been addicted to any particular vice or excess, or has recently suffered from any important accident or illness, one of these, *right or wrong*, is set down as the cause of the insanity; and as these histories are generally written by unskilled persons, it will be easily understood that they are, when so written, . . . of very little value." Owing, however, to the wide-spread morbid and hysterical excitement pervading certain classes of the people on intemperance, caused by the Scott Act agitation, a natural proneness would exist, and no doubt does exist, unconsciously it may be, to catch at any flimsy pretext in order to cast the blame on intemperance as the cause of the derangement; and the number of insane, small as it is, attributed to intemperance as the exciting cause, may be safely regarded as rather over than understated; while the converse will hold good in regard to religious excitement. Alcohol is made the scapegoat to bear the sins of all the people, and the wrong-doer tries to excuse himself and escape odium and punishment by repeating the hackneyed phrase, "whiskey did it," well knowing that the excuse will be eagerly grasped at by enthusiasts unaccustomed to study motives, and whose judgments are warped and biased by blind zeal for a hobby. This Report dispels another delusion that pretty generally prevails, that insanity is on the increase in the country. On page 9 it is stated that in "1870-71 the population of the Province of Ontario was 1,620,851, while the number of persons of unsound mind was 4,081, or about 1 in 400. In 1880-81, the population of the Province was 1,923,228, of whom 4,340, or about 1 in 442 were classed as of unsound mind. So far then as the evidence goes, the tendency seems to be in the direction of decrease rather than increase." Prohibitionists, however, are constantly reiterating that intemperance is vastly on the increase, and that the country is going all to the bad through drink; but whatever evils may result from the drinking usages of society, or wherever the people may be tending through intemperance, they are certainly not going to the lunatic asylums. Prohibition writers and lecturers, however, with characteristic disingenuousness, studiously avoid all reference to the figures in asylum and prison reports, and manufacture their criminal statistics on the decimal system, as witness the ten thousand deaths per annum worked out in this way by the Rev. Mr. Lucas. A few units more or less might give the assertion an air of credibility, but would materially mar the sensational beauty of the decimal system when doing duty in platform gush. To support the Scott Act theory, the asylums *should* be full of lunatics sent there through strong drink, and therefore they *must* be, the facts and figures in the Official Reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Perth, July, 1885.

C. RICE.

P.S.—The above has been refused publication in the daily press on both sides of politics, and probably for the same reason, dread of the clerical lash that deters so many members of the House of Commons from giving an honest vote on the Prohibition question.—C. R.

THE COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL RELATIONS OF THE DOMINION WITH NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The strained relations existing between the Governments of the Dominion and the Ocean Province are calculated to excite apprehension. Acts of hostile legislation are too common, the most recent initiative being taken by the Dominion in the statutory exclusion from Canadian markets of Newfoundland and Labrador herring, upon the plea

that the standard of inspection did not come up to the requirements of Canadian producers of the same article, and that the law which operated upon Canadian produce in the matter of inspection should be applied to that from Newfoundland as well.

This rule has been adopted in spite of the fact that, in accordance with an expressed desire of the Canadian Government, a system of inspection had been already enforced by the Government of Newfoundland calculated to avoid the necessity for re-inspection of Newfoundland produce in our markets. Had any defects been discovered in the character of the inspection, they were still quite as open to remedy in Newfoundland as here, and without subjection to the extra tax. The effect of this re-inspection is to destroy the commercial value of the article altogether by a compulsory repacking and repickling which no fish can bear, particularly so delicate a fish as a well-cured Labrador or Newfoundland herring, which, as an article of fat and luscious food, is as superior to our Canadian produce as a Yarmouth bloater is to a Digby herring.

We have no reason, then, to complain of the retaliatory, though equally unwise and unconstitutional, measure of the Newfoundland Government, which, by placing a duty of five shillings per barrel on our flour, has brought a very lucrative trade with the Dominion to a sudden and peremptory close. Hitherto the volume of trade between the two countries has amounted to between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 annually; under our present relations it has been reduced to *nil*.

If this hostile legislation is merely intended to punish Newfoundland for its abstinence from Confederation, it is at least satisfactory to know that our own Government, which has been largely to blame for checking all its tendencies in that direction, must take its share of the offence as well as of the punishment. Had happier counsels and more conciliatory dispositions prevailed, Newfoundland, whose delegates accepted the Quebec Resolutions on well-defined conditions, would to-day have been a member of the Confederacy, and the volume of our trade with her would have been represented by \$12,000,000 to \$14,000,000 instead of the bagatelle to which it has been reduced by the utterly childish and absurd policy which has destroyed the fair proportions which it had already attained.

Toronto.

Yours, etc.

TERRANOVA.

HOW NOT TO DROWN.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—The very pertinent question recently asked in *THE WEEK*—"Why do we Drown?"—is one which year by year calls more loudly for consideration. The ominous heading, "Death by Drowning," is becoming of so frequent occurrence in our newspapers as to rarely excite any emotion in the breast of the reader other than a transient feeling of commiseration. The main cause of this mortality appears to be two-fold: First, carelessness, as manifested by tyros when out in "cockle-shells," the management of which they do not understand, changing seats, tying sails, etc.; and, secondly, the neglecting to make use of our abundant facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the art of swimming. Nine of every ten ordinary cases of drowning would have been prevented had the unfortunates been able to keep themselves afloat during the short interval of time that elapsed ere the arrival of assistance.

The natural facilities for bathing, to say nothing of the swimming-baths, afforded by the innumerable waterways of our Dominion are not surpassed in any other country in the world; and in the face of this it seems inconceivable that so few, comparatively speaking, have any practical knowledge of the art of swimming. We do not mean by practical knowledge the knowing how to swim a few strokes, but the ability to swim a quarter, nay a mile or two if necessary. We once heard a mother say to her son: "—dear, don't you ever go near the water till you can swim." And so it generally is. Though acknowledging the desirability of their children knowing how to swim, mothers place every conceivable obstacle in the way of their acquiring a knowledge of that art. Let such mothers ask themselves is this over caution wise. It is all the more necessary that children should learn to swim while young, as the cases in which a man who did not learn to swim in his youth ever acquires that knowledge will be found few and far between.

The true secret of swimming may be told in one word—confidence. With confidence, and an ordinary amount of intelligence anybody could swim. Most of those drowned are drowned by their own fears. It is well known that the natural buoyancy of the body in water is so great that if it remain motionless it will float of itself. Possessed of perfect confidence in this buoyancy of his body in water, and a knowledge of the way in which to move his arms and legs, we see no reason why man of all animals should not be able to swim when first he enters the water.

Now, granted a man in deep water, unable to swim, and having nothing within reach to which he could cling for support—how could he keep his head above water? He could either float or tread water. To do the first he need only to keep himself perfectly still. The second is rather more difficult of accomplishment, but easy enough to one gifted with cool nerves. An expert can by this means keep his head and shoulders above water for some time; and it is easy enough for even a beginner to keep his nose and mouth out for a sufficient length of time to allow of inflating the lungs with air, even though every wave should wash over his head.

M. S. HERBERT.

Toronto.

SONNET.

VICTOR HUGO.

BESANÇON'S son is dead! Fair France's wail,
Sounding afar where'er his magic name
Kindles anew expiring freedom's flame,
Like moaning echoes through an Alpine vale
Is answered back on every passing gale,
Forming a mighty requiem, grander far
Than ever rose o'er Emperor's funeral car.
That shrouded corse shall yet make tyrants quail:
For millions yet unborn that master hand
Shall point the way to liberty's fair shrine;
Those ringing tones, that voiced inspiring song
When despot rule debased his own loved land,
To countless heroes massed in serried line
Shall sound the tocsin for the whole world's wrong.

CHAS. W. PHILLIPS.

THE TRAMP.

SCRON of Ishmael's outcast race, he traverses the land
From broad Atlantic's granite cliffs to blue Pacific's strand;
The frozen North has gazed on him, and Southern winds have played
Around his uncombed shaggy locks beneath the mango's shade.
Of conscience only innocent, he wends his tortuous way,
And rifled hen-roosts, plundered barns, yield tribute to his sway.
Seek ye a godless rascal, an unmitigated scamp?
Ho! self-sufficient vagabond—Hail! soap-despising Tramp.

His linen is not pure—in fact it harbours more than the
Hop-skip-and-jumping vagaries of the gently-nurtured flea;
His boots (one "Wellington," the other nondescript) are shorn
With tender care in little slits that ease the venom'd corn;
Button and brace are naught to him except as old wife's tales;
Stout bits of twine are all he asks, secured by honoured nails;
And a good thick stick, for legends such as "cave canem" cramp
The mis-directed genius of the philosophic Tramp.

His fighting pulse beats normally when manhood bars the way,
But if 'tis only petticoats then changed 's the time o' day;
No bully in Alsatian haunts when "vapouring the huff"
Equalled his frothy violence, or spake in tones more gruff.
But there are modern Joans of Arc who make a plucky stand
With Household Honour in their hearts and a "Shooter" in each hand;
And then 'tis laughable to watch that troubadour decamp
With the injured feelings of a circumtittivated Tramp.

Churches he views with some respect—from taxes they're exempt;
But for work or aught like cleanliness he's the loftiest contempt.
The civil courts are neath contempt, bun-bailiffs unknown ills;
He ne'er receives a morning call for unpaid tradesmen's bills.
His blinking eyes with tears for human kind are never dim;
His griefs are little unto men, far less are theirs to him.
If nonchalance for others' woes be true patrician stamp
There's none can "down" that nobleman, the free and easy Tramp.

Confused ideas of *mine* and *thine* lodge him in durance vile;
When freedom dawns, and spring's not here, what's he to do meanwhile?
He solves the problem in a trice—joins the Intemperate cause
As a "terrible example" of Dame Nature's outraged laws.
This keeps him like a fighting-cock, but the moment winter's gone
He skips from grace with all that he can lay his clutches on,
And anger reigns when it is known in Prohibition's camp;
"Evin 'elps the chap wot 'elps 'isself" 's the motto of a Tramp.

Yet sneer not lightly at him, friends, whilst we these torrid days
Burn life's short candle at each end he strolls by pleasant ways;
Whilst we with noses at the grindstone slave, his mid-day dream
Pulses beneath umbrageous shades hard by some babbling stream.
What though we rest on feathered couch when night dew's kiss the day—
'Tis just as clean, and cooler far, to snore on new-mown hay.
Oh could we have our morning tub, our night-cap free from damp,
We'd change with thee O, Scallawag!—we would, illustrious Tramp!

H. K. COCKIN.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

THE boat was approaching the Turkish bank of the Danube. The foaming waves of the noble river flashed and sparkled in the fresh light of the rising October sun, and away to the southward, towering above the Bulgarian plain, the rugged, mysterious outline of the distant summits of Babadagh, an offshoot of the Balkan range in the swampy region of the Lower Danube, met the eye; while upon the Roumanian side of the stream, which here widens out into a broad and sea-like estuary, the busy trading town of Galacz, with its white houses, and tin-roofed cupolas, and its hundreds of steamships and sailing vessels, lay as yet half slumbering and only half awake, under a light veil of mist. Shading his eyes from the bright sunlight with his left hand, while his right rested upon an old-fashioned, double-barrelled gun, polished with use, a weather-beaten form bent over the side of the boat. His searching glance roamed slowly over the clay-built huts and the stunted trees, which, twisted by the strong east wind out of all form and shapeliness, rose sparse and scattered along the river banks and the sedgy background.

"I can make out a horse already," said the hunter fluently in French, turning the while to his companions; "the cavasse cannot be far off, but there is no sign as yet of the waggon promised us by the pasha."

It was in truth a motley company which found itself united in this boat. After the close of the Crimean War, the Great Powers had appointed an international commission in order to settle certain important matters of detail which had been foreseen by the Treaty of Paris. This commission had its headquarters in the Moldavian trading town of Galacz, and the company which was now crossing the Danube in order to undertake a hunting expedition in the Babadagh, was composed of the members of the various secretariats and the staff of engineers attached to them. The majority of the party were young amateurs, ignorant of hunting on such a scale and in such a country,

but eager for adventures by flood and field. Fortunately for the success of the expedition and the prospect of well-filled game bags, there were a few old hands among the party, regular Nimrods, who regarded the real business of the hunt with other eyes than those of *dilettanti* sportsmen. To the latter class belonged the guide of the company, he who, standing in the bow of the boat, was reconnoitering the shore, Constant, a *ci-devant* French *Chasseur d'Afrique*, who, at the close of the war, found himself, no one knew how, adrift in the Danubian Principalities. A pleasant, jovial fellow was Constant, and one who had sufficiently conformed to the ways of Oriental life and possessed sufficient knowledge of the Oriental character to render him an invaluable acquisition to the present party on whose behalf he was prepared to discharge the multifarious and onerous duties of interpreter, cook, butler, and quarter-master, not omitting those of agent and general manager for the company in their dealings with the Turkish and Bulgarian local authorities. Constant was dressed and accoutred in a most remarkable manner. He had furnished himself with a broad-brimmed Garibaldi hat, an enormous pair of fishing-boots, reaching midway up the thigh, and trowsers of like voluminousness, a sheep-skin dolman, a game-bag, a powder-horn, a hunting-knife, and a pocket-flask; a little bag filled with small shot, another filled with bullets, while a third was stuffed full of all sorts of odds and ends, pinchers, files, knives, screws and screw-drivers—the exact picture of an old sergeant of Zouaves masquerading in fantastic civic costume! The knapsack with its cat upon top was alone wanting! In striking, almost whimsical contrast to this ex-military Don Quixote stood his two immediate neighbours—the young Doctor of Laws, Werner Von Bergen, called from the Rhine Province to act as secretary in the commission, a twenty-years-old idealist and optimist regarding everything and everybody through rose-coloured glasses; and the other a Prussian engineer, fashionably educated, accustomed to the dissipation of Berlin, worldly wise and listening to the enthusiastic rhapsodies of his friend with pitying and ironical smile betokening his superior wisdom. Both were inexperienced in the hunting field, and had merely hung the double-barrel and powder-horn upon their shoulders from a desire not to be thought out of keeping with the rest of the party, and also, in the case of one of them, from a certain fondness for external effect; and both had joined less from an ambition to shoot hares, foxes and deer than from a wish to see new lands and observe the manners of their inhabitants. It must likewise be confessed that Werner had come cherishing the hope that some interesting and agreeable adventure might be vouchsafed him, and also that during the past week his dreams had been peopled with visions of pretty Bulgarian maidens dressed in picturesque attire ministering modestly to the wants of the western strangers in the villages through which they passed.

Meanwhile the boat has reached the shore. Out of the low straw thatched huts, which served the Turkish soldiery as guard houses, a few miserably clad figures advanced carelessly, the everlasting red fez upon their heads, and their rusty bayonets in tattered leather scabbards by their sides. The Frenchman exchanged a few words with the subaltern in command. The latter bestowed a careless and indifferent glance upon the pass which Constant held out to him, and which had been granted the hunting party by the Turkish Pasha and the plenipotentiaries with the commission, pointed with languid gesture towards a horse, which, bound to a stunted tree with a halter, stretched out his delicate, finely-formed head towards the strangers, while near him a Turkish gendarme, half asleep, was nodding over his short pipe; and then, without adding a word further, faced right about and with the same careless step as he had advanced, walked slowly back to the guard houses, in which he disappeared with his comrades.

"Well, Constant?" asked the hunters who had gathered round their interpreter.

"Well!" answered the chasseur, laughing and throwing his double-barrel over his shoulder, as if getting ready for the march. "Under that tree you can see the mounted cavasse, whom the Pasha of Isakcha has placed at your disposal, in answer to the request of his colleague of Galacz. The honest fellow will be our guide over mountain and morass, as far and as long as we wish. As for the waggon, the officer says that we are likely to obtain one in Longavitza, the next village. So, gentlemen, Allah is great, and Mohammed is his prophet! Forward, march!"

And whistling a lively marching air he strode forward. The Turk swung himself upon his horse and trotted quietly after. The others gave vent to their feelings in anathemas over Turkish inhospitality and indulged in sundry cursory remarks in German, French, English, and Roumanian, but what availed either oaths or murmurs? The party were unwilling to recross the Danube and settle down to their unfinished work in Galacz, and so they resolved to put the best face upon matters and followed their two guides.

"There are waggons in Longavitza," the ex-chasseur called to them; "and yonder, at the back of the rush-covered plains, we can see already the clouds of smoke of the Bulgarian village!"

The clouds of smoke were plain enough, and the village itself might not be distant more than an hour's march, as the crow flies, but in the Dobrudcha, no more than elsewhere, can one hope for a road so direct and undeviating. The sun was standing high in the zenith when our party, after winding painfully and wearily along the rough bridle paths, for roads they could not be called, skirting the broad, sedge-grown lagoons, with which the plain was intersected, footsore and weary, scorched by the broiling sun, and choked with thirst, reached at last the cluster of miserable clay built huts which composed the Village of Longavitza.

The whole village, men, women and children, had assembled about the first houses, where the Turkish guard-house stood. The men, clad in sheep skin jackets and caps, indicating strangely, in their bent backs, their

stooping posture, and their arms hanging listlessly by their sides, their tame and slavish submission to a despotic rule; the women and girls in the rear, in filthy, unpicturesque garments, regarded the strangers curiously.

"Which of you will take us to the Monastery of Kokosh?" Constant called out to the Bulgarians. "The journey will last three or four days, and we will pay in gold."

A murmur and a slight movement passed through the crowd together. The Bulgarians turned with enquiring looks towards the Turkish soldiery, as if none of his own accord would venture upon a resolution. The Turks, however, continued silent, and smoked calmly oblivious of the presence of either strangers or villagers. After the lapse of a few minutes, one of the villagers had so far roused himself as to point towards a young man standing thoughtfully before the neighbouring hut, and say in a loud whisper and with that timidity which seems characteristic of this degraded race:

"Ilia Michalovich has horses and waggons!"

The young man roused himself as if from a dream. A deep melancholy lay upon his handsome, almost delicately-formed features, his eyes looked straight upon them with an air of conscious dignity. A faint smile of scorn played about his mouth, adorned but not hidden by a long fair moustache, as he answered:

"Ilia Michalovich has indeed horses and waggons," he replied, turning to the Europeans, "but he is going no more to the monastery to-day. If the gentlemen are willing to go to Isakcha, and will pay well, I am their man."

"But why this roundabout?" said Constant letting some gold ducats glitter in the sun the while.

"Do you know the way through the swamps? In the evening the mists rise from the sedge-grown bogs, and bring fever and frost with them. The day is too far advanced, and we cannot reach the mountains before nightfall. But I will take you to-day to Isakcha, and to-morrow to the Monastery. What will you pay me?"

These words were uttered in an almost defiant tone, and were in marked contrast to the manner of speech common among Bulgarians. The strangers noticed a smile pass over the faces of the villagers. The girls laid their heads tittering together; an old Bulgarian standing near Ilia clapped him familiarly upon the shoulder and said:

"Were I a young man, and had waggons and horses, I could easily reach the convent to-day, Ilia!—but little Eurikleia lives in Isakcha!"

"What is that to you?" replied the youth shortly, and a keen glance flashed from his eye. "I am going to take these people to the town, and it is nobody's concern who lives there."

During this conversation, to which the secretary Werner alone gave heed, the Europeans had taken counsel together. If they were unable to reach the monastery to-day, it was far better to turn aside to Isakcha than to spend the rest of the day in this wretched hole.

"Done, then," said the ex-chasseur, and stepping up to Ilia laid two gold pieces in his hand. "Yoke your team, my lad, we're going to Isakcha."

Half an hour later two waggons were ready—low, jolting cars upon wheels of unequal height. Thick bundles of rushes supplied the place of seats. The small, lean horses were harnessed with bits of rope and twine, and the whole turn-out made a most painful impression upon the foreigners; and yet Ilia Michalovich was by far the most well-to-do man in Longavitza. The finest and most fertile fields belonged to him; his meadows stretched away into the distance until they marched side by side with the lands of the convent, and each of the maidens of the neighbourhood gazed wistfully upon the youth, and cherished the hope that she might be the fortunate one whom Ilia would lead home as his bride and the sharer of his broad possessions. But Ilia Michalovich troubled himself little about the maidens of Longavitza!

As he swung himself on to the seat of the first waggon, and urged his cattle to a run, in a short, half-imploping tone, in which the weakness of character inherent in the Bulgarian race—conscious of its utter impotence, and struggling in vain after manliness—was so apparent, his eye lingered not for a second upon the crowd of maidens who called after the travellers their parting salutations; on the other hand, his eye was steadily turned towards the distant horizon, behind the boundless morasses of the Danube, and strove to find the spot in which Isakcha lay among the hills, the summits of which were crowned with windmills, and had the old Bulgarian now whispered to Ilia little Eurikleia's name, he would have shrunk back and blushed as one conscious that the most secret feeling of his heart had been divined. Ilia urged on his horses as if it behoved them to get out of sight of the Bulgarian village as soon as possible. The horses soon advanced from the sharp trot at which they had set out to a most inspiring gallop, and amid the loud laughter and louder hurrahs of the hunters, who were jolted from one bundle of rushes to another in the most enlivening manner, they bowled along over the endless, monotonous plain, perfectly innocent of road or path of any kind, following the track of previous waggons in the grass between wide swamps and stunted shrubs, now seemingly drawing near the mountains, again turning off abruptly to the right hand towards the bank of the river, which winding deviously among numberless woody islands rolled its deep and placid waters towards the distant Euxine. The cavasse, or gendarme mentioned above, trotted close beside the second waggon, in which Constant, Werner and his Berlin colleague had found room, observing all the while a truly Oriental silence, neither addressing a word to any of its occupants nor expecting one in turn.

"Just look at that Turk," said the engineer turning to his comrade; "how high he sits jammed up there in his wooden saddle! With what proud innate dignity he guides his miserable hack, with what grandeur he looks down upon us, Giaours, whom he despises and yet fears! And only look

at the fellow's soldierly rig-out—lovely inlaid pistols, but red with rust and innocent of oil; a gleaming yataghan, which from its fine temper would not have disgraced the hand of Saladin, but in a tattered leather sheath; a beautiful cashmere turban, but full of holes, so that one cannot tell whether the holes or the material are the chief thing! What an admirable picture is there of the land of the Caliphs. How far is it yet to Isakcha?" he added turning towards the cavasse.

The latter turned his head slowly to the speaker. A half-concealed smile was visible upon his mouth through his thick mustache.

"Before nightfall we shall have gone just as far towards Isakcha as we should have done towards the convent!"

"What is your name then, Janissary? We shall have to know it since we are condemned to live some days together."

"Demir Keran Hussein!" answered the cavasse.

"A splendid name, by Jove!" exclaimed the ex-chasseur. "Do you know, gentlemen, what it means? Hussein, who breaks iron. It is an old custom handed down from early times, when each janissary assumed some such name. I wonder if he dates from the time of the war? Tell me Hussein! Did you fight with us against the Russians during the late war?"

The Turk drew himself up proudly.

"By Allah!" said he. "I have served the Sultan as a faithful soldier should!" and, then, as if desirous of turning the conversation, he added, letting his glance fall carelessly upon the Bulgarian. "We should have reached the monastery just as soon if Ilia Michalovich had not been particularly anxious to get to Isakcha."

Ilia cracked his whip and chirruped with his lips to his panting steeds, while a self-satisfied smile beamed from his eyes as if he would have said "That is my affair, and I have indeed succeeded in my object!"

"Where are we to pass the night in the town?" asked the Secretary.

Ilia Michalovich turned round to the speaker.

"I know a house," said he, "where there is plenty of room; at Popovich's!"

"Ha! ha! It is there your little Eurikleia lives, then!" rejoined the Secretary laughing.

"And what if it were?" replied Ilia cracking his whip defiantly.

Whoever had been watching the Turk, at the moment when the name of Popovich was mentioned, would have noticed an angry gleam pass over his eyes; his nervous hand tightened upon the bridle with a sudden jerk, and he pressed his spurs against his horse's flank so that, with a rapid bound, he cleared the pathway.

"Ah! do not get angry with me!" said Werner turning good-naturally towards Ilia. "I am sincerely glad of it for your sake, and I will try to help you all I can."

"To what?" asked Ilia with a sudden vivacity which betrayed itself in a smart lash of the whip, as well as in an unwonted sharpness of tone.

Demir Hussein's emotion had not escaped the observation of the Secretary. Werner was young and his heart was younger even than his years; he was one of those knightly artless men to whom everything savours of romance, and who are capable of supposing one where others are unable to perceive even the shadow of the shade of one. The name of the little Eurikleia sounded sweet and musical in his ear; Ilia Michalovich was handsome; there was something at once strangely defiant and yet sadly beautiful in his nature. "They love one another," thought Werner. "Yonder Turk obtrudes himself like an ill-omened fate between them; I Werner Von Bergen, good Knight-errant, Tuetonic Don Quixote, will help these distressed ones!"

"To what?" he asked softly, leaning over towards Ilia; and he pointed with his finger towards the Turk, who was riding at a sharp trot in front of the wagon, while his sabre clashed against his spurs at every stride of his horse. "If you need a friend, Ilia! you will find me ready at your side!"

Ilia Michalovich was greatly surprised at the proposal; the unexpected readiness of this unknown man appeared as strange to him as an interference with the deepest and holiest feelings of his being; he looked the youth full in the face.

"I thank you!" he murmured after a short pause, "Thou also art no friend to the Turks! What I may have to fear from this man, I know not! But I will remind thee of thy promise, if ever I am in need of help!" and he added softly: "Eurikleia will thank thee!"

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE MONASTERY.

THE following extract is taken from the recently published volume of essays by Miss Cleveland, sister of the United States President:—
The mediæval monastery has passed away. It will not return. But monachism remains and will remain while human nature bides its time. Over and over again will a wretched phantasy of conscience bid the conscience-stricken turn his back on homely, present duty in unhallowed life, and make the same old experiment of self-salvation in unhallowed renunciation. The spirit of monachism has survived the mediæval monastery. Its profitless experiments, its unavailing renunciations, are not now confined to convent walls. Not among those luminous figures which emerge from the modern convent to carry the comfort of the cross to battle-field and prison-cell and hospital cot, do we find the painfulest examples of its sad misleading; but in the selfish segregations of fashionable cliques, the complacent hypocrisy of social ostracisms, of scientific unbelief, of sated, soulless culture, of morbid research, of wretched

introspection, of indolent abstraction from the practicabilities of life. The mediæval man fled into the monastery; the modern man flees into himself, and all unconsciously in manifold ways repeats the old, vain folly of selfish subjectivity.

Hundreds of years before Antony of Egypt laid the corner stone of the mediæval monastery a young man sat on an Eastern throne, ruler over countless myriads of servile subjects, owner of all the wealth of India. Yet, though swaying so potent a sceptre, seated on so towering a throne, wearing so glittering a crown, the soul within this youthful monarch tortured him to a strange sacrifice for its sake. He abandons all—throne, subjects, wealth, pleasure, power, and searching out the meanest and most abject slave in his realm, takes from him his tattered, filthy robe, and puts it on his own royal form, and thus disguised goes forth from all humanity to be alone. In trackless forest and in barren desert, in cave of beast, and rock of eagle, he serves out his self-appointed term of penance and probation; and when this is accomplished he returns, another being from another world, and lays before his subjects, among whom is none so poor as he, the true wealth he has found, the secret of existence, the *summum bonum* of human life, the knowledge how to lose existence, how to submerge human life, how to annihilate the individual.

Behold in Buddhism the genius of the monastery, behold in Gautama the prototype of Antony. But midway between Antony and Gautama, behold the Nazarene, the young carpenter, the Evangelist, the Son, the Brother, the Man of Bethlehem, behold him entering into all the joys and sorrows of the manhood which he dignified, wearing graciously to its last humiliation the garb of human flesh to which he has ever joined in honourable wedlock the unassailable human soul—behold him, from his manger-cradle to his death-bed cross, pre-eminently the Man of men, fullest of humanity, whose whole burden of mission to us lies epitomized in his own statement: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

THE VOICE OF THE RAIN.

AND who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,
Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated:
I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,
Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely formed, altogether changed, and yet the same,
I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,
And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn,
And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my own origin, and make pure and
beautify it;
(For song, issuing from its birth-place, after fulfilment, wandering,
Recked or unrecked, duly with love returns).

—Walt Whitman, in *Outing for August*.

WHIFFS.

AT Havana, when a distinguished stranger visits the tobacco factory of Senor Cabana or Partagas, the custom is to offer him an "obsequio," by fashioning a new brand of cigars in his honour. To this we owe the excellent cigars known as the "Serrano," and the "Henry Clay"; and had the great leaders of the Conservative and the Liberal Parties visited Havana, Senores Anselmo del Valle and Partagas would soon have consigned "Gladstones" or "Juventus Mundis," "Disraelis" or "Lothairs" to the European market. The London tobacco manufacturers elected to pay Charles Dickens the Cuban compliment. A neat little cigar, costing only a penny, was devised, and christened the "Pickwick"; which still retains its popularity. Such an ingenious stretch of courtesy has not been equalled, save by the patriotic coach-builder who constructed a four-wheeled cab of a novel shape, and dubbed it a "Brougham."

HONEST men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like, but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke; hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation, no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner. The cigar harmonizes the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American-Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected; in fact, dear Bob—I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home, I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which, I own, is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cement of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure.—Thackeray.—*From Tobacco Talk*.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of the well-known Boston firm, Oliver Ditson and Company, for an assorted parcel of pianoforte and vocal music. "Suite" is a stately polka, with pleasing melody, composed by Charles Wels; "See-Saw March," by A. G. Crowe, would have won popularity through its title, even had it not been pretty, which it is; an arrangement of the ever-popular "Ehren on the Rhine" for voice and guitar; "Whatever is, is Best," W. F. Sudd's, beautiful interpretation of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's sweet words; the favourite song, from "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen," known as "My Love, Farewell"; F. Paolo Tosti's charming melody, "It Came with the Merry May, Love," words by Whyte Melville; and "Haven," words by William Winter, music by A. J. Shaw. —Messrs. Suckling, of Toronto, also send a very pretty fantasia on "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," arranged by Thomas R. Watts, and called "The Bard of Erin," and a quaint caprice for the piano entitled "Recollections of the South," which when played *a la* banjo has a very catchy effect.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE midsummer holiday number of the *Century* is an invaluable out-door companion. The meet of the American Canoe Association on the St. Lawrence is the text upon which a delightful paper is hung. Next follows a second article on "Typical Dogs." "Panforte di Lena," nominally a travel paper, reads more like a novel; but "The Indian Country" is in a more serious strain. Mr. George Iles, so well known to patrons of the Montreal Windsor House, contributes an able and exhaustive description of "Hotel-Keeping," in which, after comparing the ancient inn with the modern palace hotel, he details what the latter ought to be. The war papers include "A Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War," "The Battle of Malvern Hill," "Recollections of a Private, V.," and "Memoranda of the Civil War." Mr. Howells' absorbing "Rise of Silas Lapham" is brought to a conclusion, though we are happily not yet to part company with Mr. James' "Bostonians." There is a complete "Story with a Hero," which is bound to have many admirers, and in the editorial department several important public questions are discussed with unwonted ability.

THE August number of the *Andover* is in all respects an excellent one. It gives us pleasure to say so as honesty compelled us to remark that last month's issue was not up to the uniform standard of excellence hitherto maintained. The opening paper is a just and general estimate of Cardinal Newman. It is followed by a capital criticism of "The Becket of Mr. Froude and of Lord Tennyson." Dr. E. A. Meredith, for several years Prison Inspector in Canada, contributes a thoughtful paper on "Compulsory Education in Crime." The editorial this month on Progressive Theology discusses eschatology in a brief though very satisfactory manner. President Woolsey, of New Haven, writes a scholarly paper on "The Disciple whom Jesus Loved." The Book Reviews and Notices embrace the most noteworthy works in theological and general literature recently issued.

THERE is a general impression of coolness about the August *English Illustrated Magazine* which is intensely refreshing this torrid weather. The water views and landscapes, especially those subscribed "Sinodun," "A Riverside Idyll," and "A Highland Washing," are charming in this respect. The solid paper of the number is on "The Crofters," and a perusal will do much to correct several erroneous impressions which have got abroad regarding those rugged people. Hugh Conway's "Family Affair" is advanced a stage, and there are two other serials and a complete novelette, as well as several poetical contributions.

IN the August issue of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* the editor dwells with pardonable pride upon the fact that the Methodist Church has increased by 20,000 souls, or ten per cent. of the entire membership, during the conference year just closed. There is the usual judicious assortment of miscellaneous papers and lighter material—chief amongst which may be mentioned articles on the "Grimsby Camp Ground," and "The Half-Breeds and the Indian Insurrection."

HALF the pleasure of family holiday-making is in watching the enjoyment of the young folk. Vivacious as they generally are, there are moments when either the weather or fatigue prohibits active pleasure. Then is the moment when *St. Nicholas* is appreciated, and no issue of that entertaining periodical has been better calculated for this purpose than the August number just to hand—replete with all that cheers the mind and gratifies the eye, without enervating the character.

MOST people had thought that almost every class of literature already had its periodicals; but it remained for the Dio-Lewis Publishing Company, of New York, to discover that there is a widespread desire on the part of the public to have monthly doses of what might be called Dio-Lewisism—brief sayings culled from the works of the well-known empiric. Such a collection of extracts, fortified by cullings from other sources, is now to hand, bearing date August, and named *Nuggets*. It is a neatly got-up pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, and contains some amusing reading.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST: its History and its Troubles, from the Early Days of the Fur Trade to the Era of the Railway and the Settler, with Incident of Travels in the Region, and the Narrative of Three Insurrections. By G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company.

As Mr. Adam says in the preface, the scope of his work—he has "told the story from the beginning"—enables the reader to "trace in the past history some of the remote causes of the present rebellion," and this alone, coupled with its timely appearance, materially enhances the value of a book otherwise most interesting both for its subject and for the mode in which the story is recited. Everybody, it may be presumed, will read "The Canadian North-West," wherefore there is no necessity for a lengthened notice or for extracts. Mr. Adam must be congratulated upon his success in investing even the heavier portions of his book with considerable interest, and his publishers are complimented upon its handsome appearance.

A NEMESIS; OR, TINTED VAPOURS. By Maclaren Colban. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A vigorously written novel, with a superabundance of tragical incident and an intelligent plot. The discovery of a murder is made to result from a series of dreams which come to a young woman who loved the murderer. The *mise en scene* is laid in Lancashire, England, the dialect of that county as spoken by several characters being well rendered by the author—an attempt which is rarely successful. "A Nemesis" is a good companion for a holiday.

GEORGE ELIOT'S POETRY AND OTHER STUDIES. By Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. Seventh edition. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

It is strictly in accordance with precedent that the manner of book published by the President's sister should be tenderly handled by the critics. The distinguished writer tells her readers that some of these essays were originally prepared for schools and colleges, and that the volume is her maiden effort. The indiscretion of ill-advised friends has, however, laid Miss Cleveland open to some sharp comment, which might have been avoided had they not overlaid the book with fulsome praise. This is the more to be regretted as the mistress of the White House is really possessed of a good literary style, and has the courage of her (in many cases original) opinions. As might be expected she occasionally gets out of her depth, and her self-possession in the analysis of great problems is astonishing if not amusing. In the first essay Miss Cleveland criticises George Eliot's poetry, and in no uncertain voice condemns it as lacking in every essential quality. "You come from one of George Eliot's poems as from a Turkish bath of latest science and refinement—appreciative of benefit, but so battered, beaten and disjointed as to need repose before you can be conscious of refreshment." There are eight other essays: "Reci-

procity," "Altruistic Faith," "History," "Old Rome and New France," "Charlemagne," "The Monastery," "Chivalry," and "Joan of Arc." The style is the same throughout, bright, concise, with abundant graceful metaphor, bearing evidences of much and varied reading, and betokening an earnestness of purpose which commands respect even where the conclusions arrived at do not win assent.

DISCOURSES IN AMERICA. By Matthew Arnold. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

MR. ARNOLD'S "Discourses" are too well known to require comment in acknowledging their reproduction in volume form. They have probably provoked more columns of criticism than any lectures of modern days. The first—that on "Numbers"—was naturally somewhat roughly handled in the United States, teaching, as it does, that majorities are not immaculate—in fact, that wisdom and virtue are aristocratic characteristics pertaining only to the few, who in turn realizing this ought to be sensible of serious responsibility. "Literature and Science" is a polemic in which Mr. Arnold, after tilting in his own finished style with Mr. Huxley on educational methods, concludes by showing that they are almost of one mind. But the lecture that was most severely canvassed by our neighbours was that on "Emerson." Had Mr. Arnold been better understood not so much indignation would have been poured upon his devoted head. It is not in the nature of men such as he to bestow unmeasured praise: such a course would be impossible to one who so thoroughly understands the value of language. Hence his oblique reply to malcontents in the preface: "I cannot think that what I have said of Emerson will finally be accounted scant praise, although praise universal and unmixed it certainly is not."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IN the form of a pamphlet supplement, the *Sanitary Journal* presents a number of rules for preventing the development and spread of Asiatic cholera, prepared by Edward Playter, M.D.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER AND WELFORD have published a catalogue of a large lot of English books in all departments of literature offered at a low price during the summer months. It will be sent to any one on application.

CUPPLES, UPHAM AND Co., Boston, announce "Thackeray's London: His Haunts, and the Scenes of His Novels," by Wm. H. Rideing. An original etched portrait of Thackeray and a facsimile of the original MS. of "The Newcomes" form the illustrations.

WORRY and overwork have produced their usual effects upon Mr. Buchanan, novelist and playwright. He is now seriously ill, having broken down in the haste to get rich, though it is hoped that a short rest will serve to recuperate his exhausted energies. He is only forty-four years old.

THE *Century* Company is said to possess the last autograph signature made by General Grant. It is an endorsement on the back of a \$1,000 cheque, not a cheque sent him in payment of any special article, by the way, but a graceful acknowledgment of the value of his articles after the stipulated price had been paid.

MR. E. C. STEDMAN is said to be making progress with his book on "The Poets of America." The volume is the outcome of many years' labour, and aspires to be a critical review of the rise and course of poetry in the United States. It will include chapters on Longfellow, Emerson, Poe, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Walt Whitman, and many others.

"LIGHT ON THE PATH: a treatise written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence," is now in press for Cupples, Upham and Co. This little volume gives new light on the famed religion of the East. It is a reprint of the celebrated London edition, the author being a member of the London Theosophical Society.

MR. SANBORN'S long-expected "Life and Letters of John Brown" is nearly ready for publication by Roberts Brothers. The same publishers announce an entirely new translation of Balzac's Novels; "Nature's Teachings," by J. G. Wood; a new novel, "Andromeda," by George Fleming, Author of "Kismet," etc.; the "Memoirs of Karoline Bauer," the celebrated Berlin Actress; and "A Short History of Philadelphia," by Susan Coolidge.

"NEW YORK'S Imperial Gift to Mankind," as the recent freeing of American Niagara is appropriately called, has furnished Messrs. Matthews, Northrup and Company, of Buffalo, an opportunity of publishing a very handsome octavo book of some two dozen pages, containing a sketch of the movement. They have named it "Free Niagara," have elucidated the text by some excellent maps, and adorned the whole by presenting it in first-class typographical style, freely interspersed with illustrations.

ON dit that *Scribner's Magazine* is to be resuscitated. When the publication bearing that name changed hands some years ago it also changed its style, and became the popular *Century*. The time having very nearly elapsed during which the proprietors of the old *Scribner's* bound themselves not to establish a new magazine, preparations are now said to be in progress for the production of another and an improved *Scribner's*, which will endeavour to excel, not so much by a profusion of illustrations as by high literary excellence.

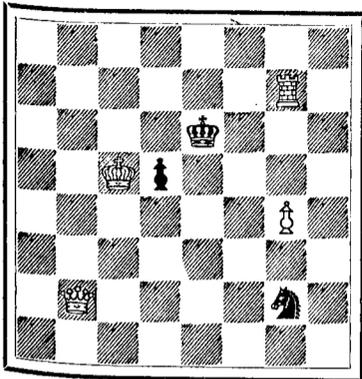
THE estimate put upon the late General Gordon by THE WEEK appears to have been endorsed by the reading public, one indication of which being the announcement made in the *Book Buyer* that "although the sale of General Gordon's Diaries has been very large, as any book so abundantly advertised was bound to sell, it is still quite evident that the journals were not what it was hoped they would be, and although ten thousand copies were immediately disposed of, the demand has suddenly ceased." The *Book Buyer* also announces that "the journals written during his great campaign in China are now promised, having been put into the hands of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., who will issue them after they are edited by Mr. Samuel Mossman. Messrs. Kegan, Paul and Co., the publishers of the Khartoum Diaries, are preparing a facsimile edition of one of the last journals, Book IV."

ONE cannot help thinking, says the London *Athenaeum*, what a force Mr. Arnold would be if he dropped his cloak of levity. He has given a clever sermon on Gray, text "He never spoke out." One feels that Mr. Arnold has never spoken out the faith that is in him. He began life as an Hellene of the Hellenes, and was one of those who were at ease in Zion. He has gradually become more Hebraic than the Hebrews, but yet retains the easy manner of the sons of light. What a motive force he might be if he adapted his style to his matter! Mr. Arnold has some admirable words on Carlyle here in the pages before us. Carlyle is weighed in the balance and found wanting; but if we may deplore the want of sweetness in Carlyle might we not regret its overabundance in Mr. Arnold's nature? His best friends might wish to see him—they would certainly be curious to see him—lose his temper for once in a way over some subject that deserves to rouse his ire.

CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

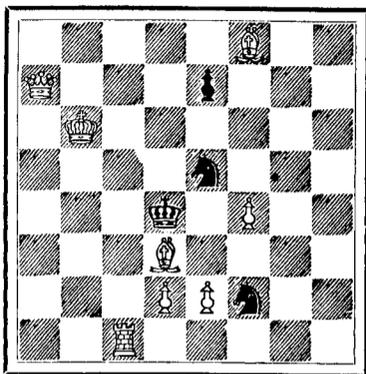
PROBLEM No. 119.
Composed for THE WEEK,
By Chas. W. Phillips, Toronto.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 120.
Composed for THE WEEK,
By E. W. Keeney, M.D., Newport, Ky.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

ERRATA.

In Problem No. 117 add a White Pawn on K 6.
Problem No. 118 was published as given in the *British Chess Monthly*, but it is manifestly wrong as there is a mate on the move.

SIMULTANEOUS PLAY.

One of the simultaneous games played by Mr. Gunsberg at Manchester, 10th March, 1885.

Evans Gambit. Compromised Defence.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Gunsberg.	Mr. R. Marriott.	Mr. Gunsberg.	Mr. R. Marriott.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	15. P takes P	Kt to B 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	16. B to Q 5 (e)	B to B 6 (f)
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	17. Q R to B sq (g)	Q to B 3
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes Kt P	18. B takes Kt	Kt to Q 5 (h)
5. P to B 3	B to R 4	19. R takes B (i)	Kt to K 7 ch
6. P to Q 4	P takes P	20. K to R sq	Kt takes R
7. Castles	P takes P (a)	21. B takes P ch	K to B sq (k)
8. Q to Kt 3	Q to B 3	22. Q to B 6 (l)	B takes B
9. P to K 5	Q to Kt 3	23. Q takes B	P to Kt 3
10. Kt takes P	K Kt to K 2	24. Q to B 7	K to Kt 2
11. B to R 3	P to Kt 4 (b)	25. B to B 5	K R to Q B sq
12. Kt takes P	R to Q Kt sq	26. Q takes Q R	R takes Q
13. Q to R 4 (c)	P to Q R 3	27. B to Q 4	
14. Kt to Q 6 ch (d)	P takes Kt		Drawn game. (m)

NOTES.

(From the *Nottingham Guardian*.)

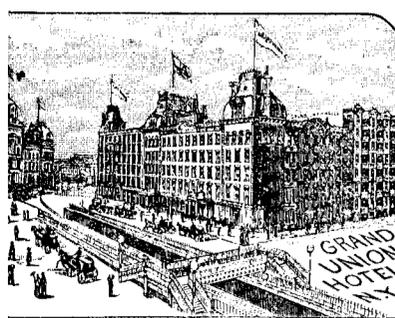
- (a) This is generally known as the "Compromised Defence," though we fail to see why. The latest analysis is in favour of the second player.
- (b) R Q Kt sq, as recommended in "Cook," is better. The continuation would then be 12 Kt Q Kt 5, P Q R 3, 13 Q Kt Q 4, P Kt 4, etc.
- (c) The strongest move is supposed to be B x Kt. This prevents Black from Castling, as he must retake with K, to avoid 14 Kt Q 6 ch, and 15 Q x R.
- (d) Mr. Gunsberg doubtless had the sacrifice in view when he played Q R 4. The attack fully compensates for the loss of a piece.
- (e) Threatening, of course, to win a piece by 17 B x Kt P x B, 18 Q x B.
- (f) He goes to the only square open to him on this diagonal, fearing a check with R if he retreats B to Kt 3 or Q sq.
- (g) A promising move, but scarcely so forcing as B x Kt, e.g., 17 B x Kt B x R, 18 R K sq ch, K B sq best, 19 B x P, B x B, 20 Q x B, B B 3, 21 Q B 8 ch, R x Q, 22 P Q 7 ch, B K 2, 23 P x R (Q) mate.
- (h) Ingenious play, though it still leaves Black with a lost game.
- (i) Inferior to Kt x Kt, followed by 20 R K sq ch.
- (k) If B x B at once, White wins with 22 R K sq ch, K B sq best, 23 Q x B, etc. The text move seems to gain time, by forcing White to make a waste move with his Queen.
- (l) He might play 22 R K sq all the same. Black could do nothing better than B x B, and White would thus regain a move by omitting Q B 6.
- (m) It was here agreed to draw the game, as Black must win the advance Pawn.

CHESS NOTES.

RECENTLY in an off-hand encounter between Messrs. J. G. Ascher, of Montreal, and Mr. Boulbee, of Toronto, the score stood Boulbee, 2; Ascher, 0; Drawn, 3. The question for the Montreal papers:—"Is Mr. Boulbee now champion of Canada?"

Mr. J. H. BLACKBURN arrived in London on the 4th ult. after a detention of several days in the Suez Canal. He is reported in excellent health and greatly improved by his Australian trip.

NOTHING is more annoying to a chess-player than to be interrupted by audible comments from lookers-on, and the most unpardonable nuisance in a club-room is the omnipresent spectator, who never hesitates to express, over one's shoulder, his disapproval of a move which has perhaps been the result of long deliberation and careful analysis. How singular it is that bystanders always manage to discover the correct move at a critical point so much sooner than the players themselves! A good looker-on at chess is ever more of a rarity than a good listener in society. Notwithstanding the unwritten law of common courtesy, which forbids all interruptions from 'outsiders,' it would seem almost necessary to incorporate some stringent regulation upon this point into the chess code, so prevalent has the obnoxious practice of indiscriminate talking around the board become. The man who disturbs players by offering gratuitous advice while they are engaged in thought over a position is only a shade less contemptible than he who takes advantage of a player's temporary absence to show his opponent how neatly he can use him up, by leaning over the table and handling the chessmen to illustrate his design. The watchword of every chess club, whether in the gilded hall of some large metropolis or quiet nook in the back corner of a country grocery, should be: Silence in Caissa's Court! and every lover of the game who cares to perpetuate its honoured associations and noble rank should see to it that this maxim is unceasingly and rigidly enforced.—*Mirror of American Sports*.



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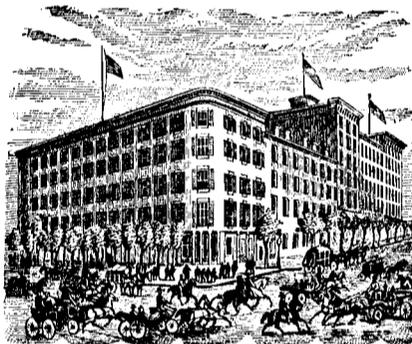
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Unique and pertinent historical illustrations add greatly to the value of the *War Studies* in this number. Some original drawings, by Mr. Theo. R. Davis, Harper & Brothers' celebrated war artist, never before published, grace its pages. One of the most striking of these pictures is a street scene in front of the Capitol in Montgomery, Alabama, the night after the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, which brings forcibly to mind the curious condition of affairs in this country at that crisis, with its two Republican Governments struggling for life one within the other. The portraits of Jefferson Davis and the six members of his first cabinet are grouped in the pages immediately following. The Secession Ordinance of Louisiana, some outline tracings of Fort Sumter and Moultrie, etc., prepare the way for Mr. Davis' admirable full-page picture of the Capitol and City of Washington at night (in 1861) from the Old Navy Yard. We have also a brilliantly-executed sketch of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, as seen from the balcony in Charleston where Governor Pickens watched the progress of the engagement, April 13, together with a glimpse of the Parapet of Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861.

General Thomas Jordan, C.S.A., contributes his second paper on the "Beginnings of the Civil War in America," touching significant events in a thoughtful and scholarly manner.

General Henry M. Cist writes of "Cincinnati with the War Fever, 1861," showing with a skilled hand the condition of that city and its sentiment prior to the outbreak of hostilities, together with a description of the great uprising for the Union of which he was an eye-witness, when the guns in Charleston harbour echoed across the Continent.

General John Cochrane writes of "The Charleston Convention," of which he was a member, that assembled in the month of May, 1860, for the purpose of nominating a Democratic Presidential ticket, and he shows in clear terse English the attitude of the opposing parties in that memorable assemblage.

The Prominent Men of the Civil War Period is the general title to a series of biographical sketches that will appear from time to time in the *Magazine* in connection with its war studies. The appropriate subject of the first paper in this series is "Major-General John A. Dix," whose fine portrait in steel is the frontispiece to the present number; the sketch of his busy, useful and interesting life is from the pen of the editor.

Hon. James W. Gerard contributes a scholarly paper on "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," which drove so many of the Huguenots to this country.

Professor E. W. Gilliam writes an able article teeming with suggestions unwritten as well as expressed, entitled "Presidential Elections Historically Considered."

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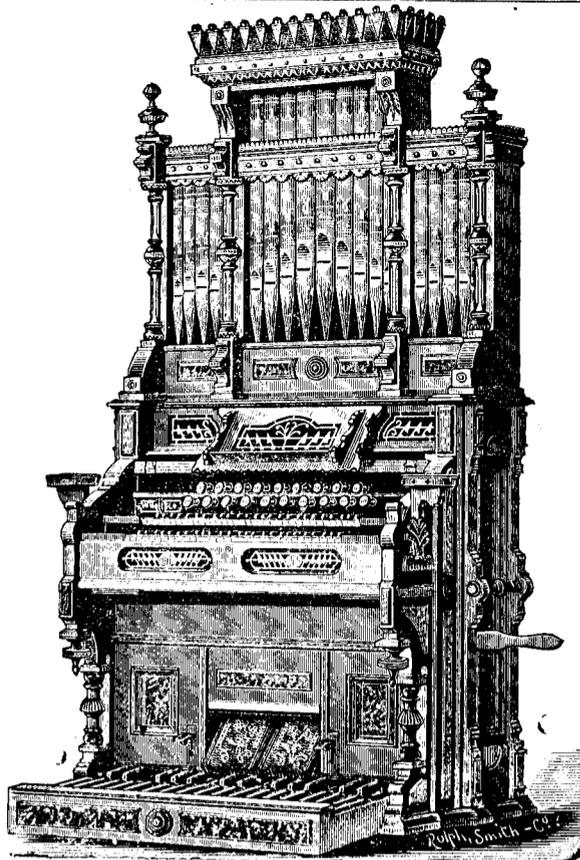
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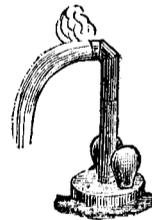
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