

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.  
Vol. III., No. 26.

Toronto, Thursday, May 27th, 1886.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
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# THE WEEK.

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Vol. III., No. 26.

Toronto, Thursday, May 27th, 1886.

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## TEUTONS AND CELTS.—II.

WE concluded our first article with an instance of race prejudice, pure and simple, and Englishmen who fancy that by granting Home Rule to Ireland they can throw oil on the troubled waters might take a lesson from it. The French-Canadian has no grievance to complain of, whereas the Irishman can really make out a fair case on his own behalf. A large proportion of the Irish population is still purely Celtic. They have never received the blessings of modern civilization with enthusiasm, and if they prefer to live as their ancestors lived before them, it may be argued that they have a perfect right to do so. But will anybody venture to assert that it is the pure Celt who is the cause of all the trouble? The Norman-French *habitant* is quite as easily worked up on the Riel question and is really far more dangerous than the purer Celt who (following the Celtic instinct) has migrated to the towns, and, similarly, it is the mixed race in Ireland, the descendants of the Norman and Saxon-Irish who are by far the most troublesome. It is this mixed race, combining much of the stubbornness of the Teuton, with all the mental characteristics of the Celt, which now occupies the greater portion of the Continent of Europe; and England and Scotland are now almost the only countries into which the Teuton carried his conquering arms where the mental characteristics of the Teuton are still, to some extent, preserved. A glance at the map of Europe during the sixth century shows us the Gothic conquest so complete that the Celt might almost be supposed to have vanished from the scene. But the practical result has been far different. Where is the Goth now? "No race," says Mr. Green, speaking of the Celts, "has shown a greater power of absorbing all the nobler characteristics of the people with whom they came into contact." But they have done more than this. They have absorbed the Goth as a sponge absorbs water, and all the "nobler characteristics" of the Goth have gone to strengthen a race which always has been and always must be his most bitter enemy. This is precisely what has happened in the Ireland of to-day, and the practical results of this process may be observed in much that is now passing on the American Continent. It is of course a well-known historical fact that there are only two courses open to a conquering race if it wishes to preserve its conquests. It must either drive the conquered race before it and occupy the land as the Saxons did in Britain, and as the English did in Australia and America, or it must occupy the country as a military power, as the Romans occupied Britain, or as the English occupy India to-day. Any middle course has always resulted in the absorption of the conquering by the conquered, as is proved by the result of the Teutonic and Scandinavian conquests, and as is quite evident from the present state of affairs in Ireland. This perhaps is not very remarkable, but it does seem strange that although the Celtic man has always gone down before the Gothic man when the question was decided by force of arms, the mental characteristics of the Teuton have almost always disappeared before the more attractive or more powerful mental characteristics of the Celt, when the two races have settled down side by side. The sober-minded Teuton who reads the strange rhapsodies of Victor Hugo is very apt to look upon them as the outpourings of a disor-

dered brain, but he would make a terrible mistake if he overlooked the fact that they fairly represent what may be called the Celtic "idea" as opposed to the Teutonic "idea," and that the former is vastly more powerful over the mind of the average man than the former. Assisted by the spread of popular government,\* which has, beyond doubt, largely increased the political influence of the Celt, he has practically reconquered Europe, and the conquest has been far more complete than that of the Goth in the sixth century. Even England and Scotland have succumbed, and the Englishman (preserving, in this respect at any rate, one of the mental characteristics of his German ancestry), sits stolidly down with his arms folded, while the Celt plays his old game of "shaking all States and founding none."

When we find a magnificent Empire like that of Great Britain (an empire whose history must stand out in the future as that of Greece and Rome does now) threatened with destruction by what is really a Celtic revolution, and when we find the Dominion threatened by a very similar although feebler agitation, it is surely about time that this question of nationality receive careful attention, and that men who value political stability should decide as to whether they are to be classed with Celt or Teuton. But, as has been pointed out before, Teuton and Celt have now become so mixed up that it is not very easy to separate them. Ethnology will not help us much and few men, even with the aid of the physiologist, could decide as to whether they were *dolichocephalous* or *brachycephalous*. There is one point however which stands out boldly and distinctly, and that is the marvellous difference between the mental characteristics of the two races, and on this point almost all writers are agreed. It is not merely that Celt and Teuton, *differ* in this respect—they are *absolutely antagonistic*; and it would appear as if Providence had deliberately sent two races on to the Continent of Europe (the one with a constructive, the other with a destructive intellect) for the express purpose of keeping up a sort of perpetual political motion and preventing Europe from settling down into a torpor like that of China and Japan. These mental characteristics have been frequently described by able writers, but there can be no harm in going over them again, as the subject should be interesting to anybody who considers that good government and political stability are desirable things. Roughly stated they are about as follows:

The Teuton loves freedom and personal independence, caring little for equality,—the Celt worships equality and will at any time sacrifice his personal independence for the sake of it. The Teutonic idea of liberty may be described as "you let me alone, and I will let you alone;" the Celtic idea is "I am as good as you, if not better." The Teuton is attracted by political stability and wherever he has carried his conquering arms he has almost invariably founded a stable government. The Celt dislikes political stability, and as Mommsen puts it, he has "shaken all States and founded none." The Teuton tends toward aristocracy, and is loyal to his leaders when once they have won his affections; the Celt's love of equality makes him dislike leadership of any sort, and he takes more pleasure in throwing his leaders over than in setting them up. He treats them as Louis XI did the little images in his hat; he first prays to them and then throws them aside.

The "light heart" of the Celt is well-known, but the Teuton is "dour," like the Scot, and cautious. The Teuton loves his home; the Celt loves the café, the boulevard. The Celt is gregarious, and when he submits to leadership of any sort he is easily led in masses. The Teuton, on the contrary, loves nothing so much as his own personal independence, and submits with reluctance to forming one of a crowd. The Teuton entertains a sincere and honest respect for women, but treats them with scant courtesy. The Teuton when he emigrates easily forgets his nationality and falls naturally into the position of a citizen of a new State. The Celt cherishes his nationality as if it were his most precious gift, and declines to be absorbed. †

\* It must be remembered that modern popular government is something entirely new. The Roman Republic was always an aristocracy and the government of Athens, even under Cleon, was not a pure democracy. Neither Greeks nor Romans ever went the length of enfranchising their slaves, nor did they give political power to a conquered race before it was thoroughly subdued and amalgamated. It has been reserved for modern popular government to commit these follies.

† This point is perhaps open to question. The English have preserved their position in India by declining inter-marriage with the native races. The French lost themselves in this way, and the Portuguese of Bombay at the present day, can be distinguished from the natives only by their dress. It would appear almost as if the Celt would permit himself to be absorbed by any race so long as he was certain that it was not Teutonic.

The Teuton is a wretched orator and is never so unhappy as when on the stump; the Celt is a born orator and the stump is his castle. The Celt is bright, witty, quick, intelligent, sparkling, fascinating, but without thoughtless; the Teuton is dull, heavy, stolid, but thoughtful. The Celt is impetuous, but unreliable; the Teuton is slow to act, but his opinions once formed he adheres to them.

This list of differences might be still further extended, but there is quite enough here to prove the complete mental antagonism of Celt and Teuton, and it is easy to see that the Teuton has by no means the best of it. In so far as modern popular government is concerned it must be quite clear that the advantage is all on the side of the Celt. His quick intelligence, his sparkling wit, his fluent oratory, and above all, his capacity for seizing the present advantage without dreaming over possible future consequences, give him an advantage over the Teuton which can hardly be overestimated. Europe would have done badly without him, and had the Teuton been left in undisputed possession it seems possible that the Continent might have settled down ultimately to a quiet but most uninteresting existence. But a love of political stability is certainly not one of the Celt's "mental characteristics," and it is surely open to question as to whether his influence to-day is not greater than is really desirable, with a view to the common welfare. Might it not be well for us, if we could, for a while at any rate, substitute a little Teutonic common sense and stolidity, for the Celtic dash which at present would seem to dominate the world of politics? Most quiet citizens would answer in the affirmative, but then how is it to be done? What really complicates the question is, as has been pointed out before, the fact that owing to the mixture of races, race, like religion, has become a matter of faith rather than of reason, and it is here that the Celt gains his great advantage, for while it is almost as impossible to Teutonize a Celt as it is to convert a Jew, the Celtic-Teuton is to be found all over the world. The influence of the Celtic imagination over the duller apprehension of the Teuton is one of those strange phenomena which must be accepted as fact, but which are incapable of explanation, and it is the influence which has transformed so many descendants of the ancient Teuton into the modern Celt. The Celt of older times accepted conquest and a strong Government, not only with resignation, but with something like contentment. The British submitted to four-hundred years of Roman domination and Roman civilization almost without a murmur. The Franks gave their name to France and ruled their new country with success; and Rollo occupied Neustria almost without a blow, and the title of his descendants was hardly questioned. But the modern Celt is more restless and more unmanageable than his forefathers. He is really to a great extent Teutonic, but dominated by the Celtic "idea." He accepts his nationality as a matter of faith, and throws the whole weight of his influence into the Celtic side of the scales. The conquests of the Goth have not only disappeared, but his descendant has become more Celtic than the Celt himself. The Goth only half did his work, and the result has been that his own descendants decline to recognize him.

But if this question of race is really to be treated, like religion, as a mere question of faith, is it not reasonable to suggest that this faith might be based upon more solid arguments than are at present accepted as all-sufficing? Max Müller, who certainly possesses the courage of his opinions, asserts that "a man like Bishop Crowther, though a negro in blood, is, in thought and speech, an Aryan. He speaks English, he thinks English, he acts English, and he is English." This is to a certain extent true, no doubt, but ought we not to draw a line as between the man who merely speaks English and the man who thinks and acts English? The mere question of language will not settle the matter. If it did, Ireland should be English to-day. Such, however, as we all know, is far from being the case, and the Irish agitator denounces Saxon oppression in flowing periods of pure Anglo-Saxon. Similarly, there are plenty of Riel sympathizers to be found in Canada to-day, who have spoken both French and English from their birth, and whose mastery over both languages is so complete that they would be puzzled to decide their nationality if based on mere language. The rough-and-ready way of deciding to what race a man belongs by inquiring where he was born is too absurd to need discussion. But it can hardly be denied that the man who thinks English and acts English is English. The man who thinks Teutonic and acts Teutonic is Teutonic. The man who thinks Celtic and acts Celtic is Celtic. Here we fall back on the more solid ground of mental characteristics, and a race creed founded on this basis would have reason to support it. That it would bring back many wandering sheep to the Teutonic fold is beyond question, for the Teuton who fancies himself a Celt on the mere grounds of language, religion, or nationality is quite common, whereas the Celt who images himself a Teuton is a rarity.

A Teutonic League formed of men who accepted mental characteristics

as their guide might do good work. There was never a period in the history of Europe when it was more wanted. Not in Great Britain alone, but all over the Continents of Europe and America, we find the Celtic man and the Celtic "idea," completely in the ascendant. That the Celt possesses many excellent and admirable qualities is beyond a doubt, but all history proves that political intelligence is not one of them. His incapacity for self-government is notorious, and although "he shakes all States, he founds none." Surely it is time for the Teuton to bestir himself, and make some effort to restore the balance of power as between the two races. If he sleeps on, it seems more than probable that he will soon find himself submerged beneath the Celtic wave, and his conquests moral and material, will serve merely "to point the moral and adorn the tale" of the future historian.

AN ANGLO-CANADIAN.

### THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

COMBINED with the influences of faction, weakness, and personal ambition, which have laid Great Britain at the feet of an Irish-American conspiracy, there is one influence of a higher kind. The masses of the English people are, no doubt, largely swayed by the belief that some great wrong has been done to Ireland and that some great reparation is due. That Ireland has suffered much in the past no one knows better or has said oftener than I have and, if the popular sentiment were practically harmless, to reason against it might be ungracious as well as unnecessary. But it requires to be tempered and corrected when the reparation proposed is one which would tear Ireland away from the progressive civilization with which she has begun, though tardily, to move, and hand her over to the reign of anarchical savagery, of reactionary superstition, and of the political adventurers of Dublin and New York.

English history has been written in too insular a form and too little as a part of the general history of Europe. Macaulay is a notable instance of this defect. The consequence is that the offences of England against Ireland are taken as her individual crimes, when, in fact, they belong to the general history of Europe.

Europe passed through a period of conquest and re-settlement. In that period both England and Ireland were conquered by the Normans. The conquest of England was rapid and complete. The conquest of Ireland, owing to the character of the country, the half-nomad habits of the people, and its distance from the centre of Anglo-Norman power, was cruelly slow, and its horrors and sufferings were protracted over many generations, nor closed till the time of the last Tudor. There is no more to be said. The English of the present day might as well be reproached with the untoward events of the glacial era.

Europe passed through a period of religious war. Where the Protestants were weak or were vanquished, they were burnt alive, or exterminated with the sword. Where the Catholics were vanquished, as they were in Ireland, they in their turn suffered, though by no means in equal measure. The Irish Catholics were not passive victims. They leagued themselves with Spain, they massacred the Protestants under Charles I., they attainted them under James II., they sent their contingent to the camp at Hounslow. In our own day they have furnished to the Pope and the Catholic reaction troops wherewith to combat Italian independence. The penal laws were mainly political chains imposed on those who in Tyrconnell's Parliament (a precedent much more germane to the present occasion than Grattan's) had proscribed every Protestant holder of property in Ireland. I believe the worst of those laws had practically lost much of their force before the *autos da fé* had ceased. At all events, religious equality now reigns in Ireland, while it does not yet reign in the sister kingdoms.

Europe passed through a period of commercial protection, in which each nation believed that the gain of its neighbour was its own loss, and acted on that belief to the extent of making commercial wars. If England iniquitously and stupidly fettered Irish industries she fettered her own also and those of her most favoured Colonies. Chatham, the friend and tribune of the Colonists, avowed that he would not let them manufacture a nail, and they acquiesced in that restriction, provided a monopoly equally irrational could be secured to their produce. For the last three generations there have been no fetters on Irish industry or commerce, and England has made them ample amends by opening to them the greatest and best market in the world. She has also in her factories given employment to hundreds of thousands of Irishmen; and the Irish, if they exclude British goods, will be excluding the work of Irish hands.

These are commonplace and obvious facts, yet they receive no recognition at the hands of Mr. Gladstone and other separatist orators and writers, who are traducing the British Government before the masses of our own

people, before the people of the Colonies and of the United States, and before the world.

For three generations, at all events, Ireland has had tolerably fair play, while Italy has had fair play only for one. The Irish people are the amiable but thriftless, uncommercial, saint-worshipping, priest-ridden race of Renan's Brittany. His sad history has also left the Celtic clansman lawless; nor can he be raised at once to the level of the Anglo-Saxon citizen's love of law. Hence the Coercion Acts so called, though nothing can be more absurd than to apply the name to measures intended merely to restrain people from savage atrocities, and make them live like civilized men.

The frequency with which the Acts have been renewed indicates in reality rather the leniency than the severity of a Government which has always been trying to do without repression, and to return to the ordinary law. Any other European power would at once have proclaimed martial law, and have prolonged it till resistance had been crushed. The Americans, when the Irish grow lawless, have recourse neither to coercion acts nor to martial law; they shoot down a thousand Irishmen in a day. British connection has given Ireland Parliamentary institutions and national education, neither of which, so far as we can see, would the Celt, either in Brittany or Ireland, ever have given himself. If the Irish members of Parliament have preferred filibustering, intrigue, or Galway contracts to constitutional efforts, that is not the fault of their English and Scotch colleagues. British statesmen for three generations have now been earnestly labouring to improve the state of Ireland, and not in vain, for in spite of the character of the people, and of their Church, there was a decided upward tendency when this rebellion broke out. But all their efforts and their beneficent intentions are null and void in Mr. Gladstone's eyes. There was nothing but the blackness of darkness before the sun of political brightness arose. Continental statesmen and writers have been more just to Mr. Gladstone's predecessors in the struggle with Irish maladies than is Mr. Gladstone. I shall never forget the emphasis of voice and gesture with which Guizot pronounced that the conduct of England toward Ireland for thirty years—that is, since England herself had obtained self-government by the Reform Act of 1832—had been admirable. He admitted, on his attention being called to the point, that the Church of the minority would have to be disestablished; but, subject to that qualification, he with the same emphasis repeated his remark.

The Act of Union was carried through Grattan's Parliament by shameful corruption; but, being carried, it had nothing in it as a measure of union unfair to Ireland, or nothing which subsequent legislation has not removed. There are flaws in the title-deeds of all nations. Mr. Gladstone shrinks from proposing the repeal of the Act of Union, though he, a Prime Minister, does not shrink from creating disaffection by a demagogic attack on the very foundations of the realm.

The Viceroyalty, which is now compared to an Austrian satrapy in Venetia, was marked for abolition by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, thirty years ago, and was spared, as the Lord-Lieutenant of that day expressly announced, in deference to the wishes of the Irish people.

Absenteeism has been a very great evil, though perhaps socially more than economically, since the rents, albeit spent in England, circulate through the commerce of the three kingdoms. By the abolition of primogeniture and entail, Irish estates of great families might have been separated from the English estates, and absenteeism might have been diminished. The change was advocated long ago, and specially with this view. But Mr. Gladstone has neglected this simple and mild reform, while he has rushed into agrarian legislation of an almost Socialistic kind. We are told that he has devoted his life to the Irish problem. He never showed his devotion till disestablishment presented itself as an engine for overthrowing the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. I believe he has barely set foot in Ireland, and when he speaks of Irish history it is not in the style of one who has much studied it. Some of his own friends whispered in private that his great agrarian speeches betrayed want of knowledge, though his impressive language and manner had their usual effect.

Let Ireland receive in unstinted measure pity for her misfortunes in the past and equitable allowance for their evil influence on the present character and condition of her people. But we must draw back, as has been said, when politicians go on from sympathy or equitable allowance to propose that Ireland shall, on the demand of a set of political adventurers, who represent all that is worst in Irish character, be cast adrift and either thrown back into the confusion of barbarous anarchy or delivered to the tyranny of superstition. Sicily is in a measure to Italy what Ireland is to Great Britain, yet nobody bids Italy cast Sicily adrift

and hand her over to the Camorra. Italy puts forth a sufficient force to restore order, law, and civilisation, and we all say that she does well.

Not only has Ireland no political grievance, or none that cannot be removed without a breach of the Legislative Union, but I am persuaded that the mass of her people really care very little for political change. Since Catholic Emancipation no political movement has had any force. The present movement derives its force from its connection with agrarian agitation. What the people want is not an Irish Parliament, but the land. If they want an Irish Parliament it is because they are told that it will give them the land. The Parnellites show their consciousness of this fact by vehemently protesting against a settlement of the land question by itself. They know that it would withdraw the fuel from the furnace of Home Rule. These men are for the most part, in language, in manners, and everything else, the counterparts, as they are confederates, of those Irish gentlemen on the other side of the water who prefer politics to other industries, and who, in order to keep their pot boiling, have twice got up Fenian invasions of Canada. One hour of a united and patriotic Parliament would make the political conspiracy slink back into its den. Whatever danger of a political kind exists is of Mr. Gladstone's own making. He it was that in face of a moral rebellion gave, by his Franchise Bill, a vast accession of votes and power, not to the Irish people, but to the terrorist league. Was he unconscious of what he was doing, or was he preparing a grand occasion for the display of his own wonderful powers in settling a great question?

I am persuaded, also, that the venomous hatred of England and the English now shown by the Irish people is largely factitious and the work of the vitriol press. It did not exist in the same intensity twenty years ago, when I knew Ireland. Few would maintain that the voice of sound policy any more than that voice of the people which has been identified with the voice of God is to be heard in the vitriol press.

Politicians think only of politics, and fancy that the cure for everything is political change. The main Irish difficulty is, and always has been, economical. It lies in the soil and climate, the character and habits of the people, and the influence of their Church on their industrial energies and their material condition. To these elements of a complex problem is now added the depreciation of agricultural produce by foreign competition, which has, no doubt, rendered much of the land of Ireland incapable of bearing rent, and, though little recognized, forms the chief factor in the present crisis. Such a question no Act of Parliament can "settle." Much less can it be settled or even touched by political change. Political revolution, by producing insecurity of property, can only make matters worse.

Canadian Unionists have not presumed to say a word against the concession of any measure of decentralization or local self-government to Ireland in common with the rest of the United Kingdom, and without prejudice to the Legislative Union. For Ireland, as well as for ourselves, we heartily desire the largest possible measure of freedom. We have nothing to say even against federation, though, for my own part, I believe, first, that such a group as England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales is unfit for the federal union, which, to prevent it from being a cauldron of jealousy and strife, requires a tolerable equality of States, or at least the absence of any such overwhelming power as England in the present case would be; and, secondly, that you cannot afford at present to break up your administrative unity, in face of the great centralized Powers of Europe; while the idea of extending federation to the whole Empire and thus compensating the lost unity of these kingdoms by the comprehension of a larger unity, is, believe me, so far as Canada is concerned, a dream. The only thing against which Canadian Loyalists protest is the dissolution of the Legislative Union. Against this they protest, because it would be the certain ruin of a greatness which is their heritage as well as yours. On the nominal tie of political dependence, which binds Colonies, really independent, to the Mother Country, I for one set no value; and I feel sure that, in the case of Canada, it must some day cease to exist, and be replaced by the merely filial bond. But the branch still draws its life from the tree. Our Mother Country is still the heart and the fountain of our civilization. We can have no other history than yours; generations must pass before we can have on a large scale any literature to take the place of yours as a source to us of higher sentiments, ideas, and aspirations. From England must long continue to flow our intellectual life-blood, and it will come to us rich and generous, or poor and niggard, according as you keep or renounce your greatness.

GOLDWIN SMITH: Letter in the *London Telegraph*.

SWIFT said the reason a certain university was a learned place was that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

## ONE VICE OF THE POETS.

A VICE into which the poet is in danger of falling at every point of his career is dullness. If it be objected that dullness is not a vice, the reply may be that certainly it is not generally recognized as such. An old lady sitting out the remainder of her days, with endless knitting work, in a window adorned by a cat and a plant, and commanding a view of the graveyard, may present a spectacle inconceivably dull, though scarcely vicious. But neither is it poetic. With regret be it said that tiresomeness, rhythmically expressed, is not yet considered "a monster of a frightful mien." On the contrary, it is eminently correct and proper. It is an embodiment of all the virtues, and not to respect it, argues oneself unworthy of respect. It is well exemplified in one of Jane Taylor's "Original Poems for Infant Minds:"

One honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,  
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;  
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented  
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Behold with what neatness and skill the deft poetess takes the trailing robes of the Muse, and shapes them into serviceable blouse and overalls for this model British workman. It would seem as if even an infant mind might recoil before such profanation, and, indeed, children are much more susceptible to such things than they are given credit for. The parent who too rigidly draws the line between the books of poetry read by himself and those of his children is in danger of resembling the farmer who is said to have provided a large door in his barn for the cow and a small one for the calf. It is the infant minds in mature bodies that take pleasure in the productions of the poetical hedgers and ditchers. The name of these is Legion. In the poet's corner of every paper we read their initials, their published volumes crowd our bookshelves, and their contributions are sometimes found in the leading magazines. No part of the flowery field of literature is safe. The trail of Tompkins is over it all. Some people do not resent this. To their minds everything that rhymes is poetry, and everything with wings is a bird. If there is any difference between the barnyard hen and that "blithe spirit,"

That from heaven, or near it,  
Poureth its full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,

it is considered greatly to the advantage of the domestic fowl. A good Dorking or Leghorn is valued all the more for not being elusive, remote, and *spirituelle*.

If only we might put John Tompkins and his innumerable followers in one class, and the blithe spirits who live in heaven, or near it, in another, how it would simplify matters; but the followers of the divine Homer will nod sometimes, and their sympathetic readers cannot choose but drowse with them. In the first edition of Wordsworth's "Blind Highland Boy," the poet makes his hero set sail in

A household tub, like one of those  
Which women use to wash their clothes (!)

Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, characterized another poem of Wordsworth's as "a rapturous, mystical ode to the cuckoo, in which the author, striving after force and originality, produces nothing but absurdity." One wonders what Jeffrey thought of the household tub. Unutterable things, no doubt; but he could scarcely accuse it of being rapturous and mystical. Even the ordinary reader is relieved by the knowledge that this prosaic craft is changed in a later edition to

A shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly ear of Amphitrite.

Other passages might be quoted from Wordsworth, tempting one to think that for him a primrose could never be anything more than a primrose; but so long as, looking through his eyes,

Our souls catch sight of the immortal sea  
That brought us hither,

we can afford to forget some of the commonplace obstacles with which he occasionally obscures our view.

But we do not need to look to the poets of a bygone generation for examples of unmitigated prose placed in a setting of verse. Browning has been accorded the supremacy in this direction, though the dullness of which he is accused may often exist only in the mind of his reader. His indifference to form, wilful obscurity, and abstruseness, make him the least perspicuous of poets. "What is not clear," says Voltaire, "is not French." Apparently, Browning thinks it is English, and his readers can only regret that he thinks so. In his verse we discover no lack of depth and originality, but a frequent lack of prepositions and relative pronouns. And yet, it remains impossible for any poet to escape some felicities of phrase. There is a luminous clearness in the following excerpts from him, who has been called "the poet of the opaque":

Her face looked down on me,  
With a look that placed a crown on me.  
She was the smallest lady alive,  
Made in a piece of Nature's madness;  
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness  
That overfilled her.

Occasional lapses into dullness, frigidity, and commonplace may be forgiven; but what can be said of Tennyson, who persists in singing after his voice is gone, of Whittier and Lowell, whose muse for years suffered under the heavy yoke of the anti-slavery cause, of Dr. Holland, on whose poetic pages the thinly-disguised form of "Timothy Titcomb" is painfully visible, of Coventry Patmore, who burdens his "Angel in the House" with a wedding sermon that might make an angel weep, of George Eliot, who philosophizes in rhyme, of Tupper, who does that and worse, of Emerson, whose essays are alive with inspiration and whose verse falls dead, of every one who writes "occasional poetry"—Dr. Holmes alone excepted—of all the preachers and teachers who persist in turning the swords of poetic speech into the ploughshares of prosaic works?

The aim of the poet is to please, not by appealing to the senses, but to the sensibilities and imagination. How beautiful are the poetic feet of those passages, of which even the spiritually deaf and blind can in some sort dimly feel the charm. Nor do they need to dwell upon remote, unusual, or transcendental topics. The poet glorifies the common things of life. The golden rod is "only a weed," and yet, of late years, no flower has received so many poetic tributes. Night and day, sun and stars, heart and mind, life and love—what words are more common in the language? what things more common upon earth? Yet these are the elements of the eight lines by means of which F. W. Bourdillon leaped into fame. Sunrise is literally an everyday affair, but its glory is never fully revealed to us until we read how

Jocund day stands tiptoe on the mountain top.

The poets are the true seers. They alone look round them,

But, for all the rest,  
The world, unfathomably fair,  
Is duller than a witling's jest.

And it is to them that the world looks to redeem it from the burden of sordid cares that daily oppresses it. Great is Dullness, and she shall prevail. She rules the court, the legislative hall, and the social assembly. Sermons, market reports, and after-dinner speeches, are hers by natural right; her solid and highly respectable bulk occupies most of the space in our school-rooms, and her breath vitiates the air of our dwellings. But, when her little fingers rest upon the poet's eyelids, his spirit has taken its flight just as surely as though they were weighted by the copper coins of the undertaker.

AGNES E. WETHERALD.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE mediocre predominates in this Salon of 1886. If few works rise far above, at least few fall far below, a fair level. There is the usual number of Arcadian maidens and surprised bathers, jolly nymphs, and tempted saints, and there is an unusual number of horrors. We have mad girls, and famished girls, and asphyxiated girls; we have "Judiths" and torturing scenes, and ghastly battle fields, without end. If this morbid taste continue, the morgue and the abattoirs will be far more cheerful exhibitions to visit. The French artist stops at nothing. Instead of calm and beauty, purity and strength, emanating from these works before us, we find ourselves peering into a mirror held up to a humanity cruel, sensual, or horrible. That the colouring and drawing here are exceedingly good it must be confessed, indeed the flesh tints are very often delicious; but Art has yet spoken only half her message: the final words must not be for the boulevard idler and the butcher boy. All the more welcome—we have had to pass so many atrocities to reach them—are the delightful "Spring" and "Love Disarmed" of Bouguereau: such softness and warmth—a group of very Rubens-children in the one, a most ideal Cupid in the other! Then we have a wonderful portrait of Monsieur Pasteur by Bonnat, and two other portraits by Cabanel. Bourgeois's "Martyrdom of St. Andrew" is destined for the convent of the Grey Nuns at Montreal. Of Puvis de Chavannes there is a huge triptych: 1. Antique Vision; 2. Christian Inspiration; 3. Rhône and the Saône, symbolizing Force and Grace. But the palm must go to Benjamin Constant's "Justinian," which, for richness and power, is unsurpassed in the present Salon. It is a huge picture. The emperor, seated on a marble throne, between two columns, is surrounded by his councillors. A dash of sunlight here and there falls upon the exquisitely painted robes and stonework. The various expressions on the faces of the "clarissimes" are wonderfully depicted. But especially is Justinian's figure a study. We have in this work a mediæval wealth of colour, tempered by modern taste, and all a modern's skill in drawing.

Encouraged by some brilliant examples of undiscovered genius—that is, undiscovered by the jury of the Palais de l'Industrie—the authors of some 5,500 unsuccessful works, destined for the present Salon, have opened in the Rue Lafitte a rival exposition. But even to this some have been refused admittance. We shall have, in fine, a Salon of the Refused by the Refused.

MONSIEUR DRUMONT'S *La France Juive* has been creating no small excitement. According to this gentleman, the people of Israel have been at the root of almost every disaster that has befallen France during the last century. At present they hold the great wealth of the country. To get this out of their hands is M. Drumont's dream. From the violence of his language a general massacre or a revival of the Inquisition would not appear so bad an idea. A Frenchman's enthusiasm may be very grand, but is more often amusingly childish. He sometimes knows where to begin, he never knows where to stop—especially when another nation is in question.

THE census is to be taken next month. A melancholy wail goes up from a thousand hearts. It will be the concierge's fête. That individual—in whose solemn person all the tortures of the Inquisition are united, whose tongue and small brain have been so hard at work in laudable quest for knowledge of the world in general, and in particular of that small portion of it of which he is the sovereign lord—will simply revel in the compendium of gossip furnished by the papers which each unfortunate *locataire* is forced to “stand and deliver.” However, there is some talk of enveloping these slips. It is time, for there is decided revolt against thus rending in twain the veil of the home temple. The “forms” which are left your concierge, you must fill and afterwards give to him, and there they lie in his lodge till the commissioner returns. But, alas! in the meantime upon how many tongues has your reputation, or lack of it, been tossed; your age, your profession, and a hundred etceteras, which it has been your life-struggle to maintain secret. Under the circumstances, naturally every *ruse* is resorted to. Time was when the fact of your existence sufficed the Government, that is to say all minor points of interest it found out, or strove to, at second hand. But things have changed and the result is “that they succeed only in boring the people of the country, without ever ascertaining their number.”

L. L.

Paris, May 2, 1886.

### SYSTEMATIC COLONIZATION.

ALTHOUGH the crucial subject now before the country for decision is that of Home Rule for Ireland, there is coincident with it one of scarcely less importance to that country, to this, or to the Empire. Colonization on a scale hitherto unknown to us, the creation and carrying out of a carefully devised system, with the entire and thorough co-operation of colonial Governments, of State-directed transport to and settlement in our colonies is, beyond all question, a pressing exigency of the time, and a subject which can no longer be relegated to the efforts of philanthropic societies or individuals. The disease of the fearful struggle for life, whether in Ireland or in most of the large towns of this country, has, as Lord Brabazon well said, assumed proportions too gigantic to be dealt with by any power short of a Government, and further delay in relieving the deplorable congestion of population must end in national catastrophe. It has lately been forcibly pointed out by an Irish landlord belonging to the Society of Friends that the real question for Ireland is how to reduce its population so as to leave in that country only those for whom its available acreage can provide subsistence, and that if we are to heal the cancer preying on Ireland's vitals, and give every man ground on which to make a living, we must make a clean sweep of the small holdings, and remove to happier climes and more hopeful prospects one-fifth, at least, of her people. That is, that men there, as here and in Scotland, too proud to beg and too honest to rob or steal, must have opportunity provided for them to earn their living.

The cause of Ireland's discontent lies not, however some may wish to make it seem so, in the absence of a Parliament in College-Green, nor in any possible change in her mode of government, but in the absence of proper food, and so of any hope for a greater portion of her people; and emigration to our colonies, timely and generously provided under clearly-defined conditions, will prove the practical cure of that discontent. It is believed the State could, by loans and without tax or ultimate loss, undertake this great work, and that a small fraction of our vast colonial empire—Tasmania, for instance, with its splendid climate—could very soon absorb the million or two to be planted out on what would be to them comparatively an earthly paradise. Would not such a course, blessing alike those who go and those who stay, as well as those who take, be likely to benefit all concerned more than the costly and very tentative measure of buying out landlords and buying in peasant proprietors, and which would yet leave to the horrible poverty surrounding them here those whom, from no fault of theirs or ours, we cannot feed? And every month we defer grappling with this work swells the ranks of the discontented and disaffected in these islands. Some hesitancy to go must at first be expected, and probably considerable opposition for a time be offered by those who have a liking for irritation and agitation; but the entire absence of compulsion, the free bridge across the seas, the welcome from prospering kindred, and

the homestead and holding which must be provided on the other side will assuredly ere long prevail. The door, however, must be as open, the bridge as free, and the provision in the colony as helpful to the Scottish Crofter and the unemployed and unemployable in England as to the fellow-sufferers in overcrowding in Ireland, for it is the blending of the three peoples in the lands they have unitedly won and developed which makes the best type of settler and colonist. A certain number of selected families from each country as pioneers would feel the way and report progress and prospects. Is not the subject, here so imperfectly indicated, worthy of the serious and early consideration and action of the Government of this country, and scarcely less so of those of the colonies themselves? To open wide and generously the gate leading to fresh and fertile fields in all parts of our possessions will go far to solve a great difficulty, to undo as well the wrongs of the past as the sufferings of the present, to expedite communications and open up trade, to draw the colonies closer to this country, and to extend and build up in truest confederation a great, united empire.

Let us have, and have promptly, a State department qualified to undertake and carry out, in concert with the colonial Governments, so large, so beneficent, and so continuous a work.

R. W. LOWRY, *Lieutenant-General*: Letter in the *London Times*.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK  
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE “NEZCAPI”: A REMINISCENCE.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I give you a cursory glance of an incident that occurred on that famous salmon river, the “Moisie,” in 1859.

We had had a good morning's fishing above “Frog Creek,” which I had caused to be marked off as the boundary between the fluviate and the estuary divisions of the river.

I think we had secured some seventeen fish, averaging about sixteen pounds, the heaviest was fifty pounds. This fish, in its last struggle, had managed to escape, and went floundering down stream.

It was found the next day, dead, brought to camp, and turned the scale at fifty pounds, and was the heaviest fish of the season caught with the fly.

We had gone on shore to lunch, of which we were partaking, when our men informed us that there were several canoes with Indians coming down the river.

On their arrival at the camp, they proved to be five canoes, each containing some seven men, women, and children, of the “Nezcapi” tribe. They were the most wretched creatures one could possibly see—half naked, and apparently wholly starved from their long journey. They had come from the “Heights of Land,” around Hudson Bay, and in their wanderings had met with many privations. Our Indians (we had several of the Huron tribe, from Lorette, near Quebec) could hardly understand their jargon. They found, however, that they had some valuable furs; black and silver-gray fox, marten, etc.

After giving them some provisions, which they were badly in need of, they got under weigh, and proceeded to the mouth of the river, some twenty-seven miles below, where they encamped, and, as it proved, it was their last camping ground upon earth.

The “Nezcapi,” as a rule, were, and even now are, pagan. It appeared, however, that these had been taught better things by one of the most sincere, self-denying, and devoted of the whole band of missionaries who are labouring for the spiritual welfare of the Indian tribes. Péro Arnaud, whom to know was to respect and love, had, year after year, early and late, devoted himself to this “labour of love,” and among the “Montagnis,” from the Tadousac to Blanc Sablon—the Labrador and northward—the name of Péro Arnaud will ever be held in love and reverence.

After remaining a few days at the “Moisie,” arranging matters between the lessees of the netting and fly-fishing divisions, I visited the several fisheries along the shores. It was rumoured that some of the “Nezcapi” children were suffering from malignant sore-throat, induced, we may suppose, from change of diet. They had never been on the coast before, and were unaccustomed to the manners and mode of living of the white people, among whom they were now thrown. Whatever may have been the cause, the disease proved very contagious, and before I left the coast, two of the children had fallen victims to it.

On leaving “Seven Islands,” I asked Mr. Comeau, who was in charge of the Hudson Bay Post, to write me a full account of the “Nezcapi,” for I felt much interested in them, and I much feared that few would escape the ravages of the disease.

After visiting various parts of the coast I returned to Quebec, and, some time after, a letter reached me from Mr. Comeau, stating that out of the whole band of the “Nezcapi” only the chief and a little girl had escaped, for all the rest had died from the disease. Such was the terrible fate of this little band of Indians, who had unfortunately sought the shores of the St. Lawrence, only to find a last resting-place on the shores of this mighty river.

I have had some experience with the Indian tribes, and it has led me to the conclusion that our civilized habits—even in their best phase—are not conducive to the well-being of the children of the forest.

R. NETTLE.  
Ottawa, May 17th, 1886.

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE Knights of Labour and the several Labour Unions are meeting with disastrous defeat all along the line. In the South-west, the Brotherhood of Capitalists have proved too strong, and the great railway strike is at an end; in other places the threatening eight-hour movement has virtually collapsed; and at home, here in Toronto, the strike of the car operatives has proved unsuccessful. This last we regret, for the men were fighting for a legitimate object—the freedom of Labour to organise, equally with Capital, for its protection; but it has not proved so strong as Capital. The Street Car Company has been able to do without the strikers; and, worst of all, the strikers now see that their want of success probably comes from the adoption of a different course from that pursued in March last, when an obstructive policy effectually prevented the Company from running its cars, and brought it to terms, at least for a time. It would have been a great pity if this had been resorted to again; and the men should not be allowed to suffer for the good order they have maintained and the respect for the law they have shown on this last occasion. Something ought to be done to compose the differences existing between the victorious Company and its late employes. The Company can have no wish to remain at feud with a large number of operatives; the good-will of all is necessary to the successful operation of its business; and if the men be now met in a conciliatory spirit, and treated fairly and justly, with due consideration for their natural rights, the Company will gain a more substantial and enduring victory than the present, and an example will be set that may obviate a difficulty in the future.

IN discussing the Fishery Question, a portion of the American Press adopt an irritating tone not at all likely to conduce to concessions on the part of Canada. It is of course true that the question of the interpretation of the 1818 Treaty lies between the British and American Governments; but to assume, as the *Boston Globe* does, that Canada has no voice in the disposition of her fisheries is to assume too much. Canada has rights in the premises which she will stand by, notwithstanding that she is dealing with a nation "seven times as large and at least ten times as powerful" as herself. To adduce this as a reason why Canada should tamely submit is hardly worthy of so powerful a nation. It may suit the American argument to assume that there is plenty of room for contention as to whether the Treaty of 1818 has been superseded or not; but Canada denies this; the treaty is in force, and for this mightier nation to try to avoid its obligations is simply dishonest. Canada maintains that under that treaty American fishermen have no right to buy bait in Canadian ports and harbours; and, if her Government does its duty, it will resent any attempt from Downing Street to throw open the Canadian fishing grounds to American fishermen, without a proper equivalent. If this should be done through an Imperial order, the best course for Canada to adopt would be to impose a prohibitive export duty on bait sold to foreigners. That would be a perfectly legitimate return in kind for the exclusion of Canadian fish from the American markets. If Americans have, in the opinion of the Imperial Government, a right under any treaty to buy bait as a matter of ordinary trading, Canada has an indisputable right on the other hand to protect her fishing industry by imposing a duty on the export of bait; and that duty ought to be prohibitive, until the United States Government again opens its markets to Canadians or gives some other fair equivalent for the privileges Americans are now trying to get for nothing.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone's method of putting out an incipient conflagration by knocking down the premises, has been finally disposed of either by Parliament or the country, it will behoove statesmen at once to address themselves to the means of effectually removing the prevalent dissatisfaction in Ireland. The fire, even if it do not blaze up, will smoulder for a while yet; and because the method proposed by Mr. Gladstone to extinguish it will have been found highly dangerous, that is no reason why another method should not be employed. The question—What are we to do with Ireland?—put by Mr. Gladstone to the country will henceforth undoubtedly, when his futile answer has been rejected, form the prominent feature of politics until the correct answer be found. All parties will

have to reckon it in their programme; and no party will be able to reach or to hold power without actively dealing with it in some way. The bringing forward of Mr. Gladstone's proposals has made the Irish Question a living question as it never was before; and if English parties were disposed to evade it, it is certain they will not and right that they should not be allowed to do so: the agitators who have been trading on the Irish hatred of the Saxon will soon be at their work, fomenting the bad blood Mr. Gladstone's fiasco will have added to the previously existing feud, persuading their ignorant dupes that nothing is left to fight for freedom with but the knife and shot-gun; and for the peace and security of the Empire, the dissatisfaction of a component element in its constitution must be allayed by the grant of what is just in their demands. If this do not satisfy them then the injustice on their side must be met by sterner treatment. It will be hard for the genuine friends of Ireland to convince Irishmen that those who have ranged themselves against the crude and impracticable Gladstonian scheme are the truest friends of Ireland; but it may be done if they show that in thrusting aside that scheme they are making a way form easures that will really solve the problem and be a bond of union instead of a point of cleavage between the two nations.

THE supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and the union of the three kingdoms must be maintained at all costs and hazards. That is a fixed immovable point that must rear high and clear above all possible legislative or administrative arrangements. A Parliament at Dublin, such as that proposed, is incompatible with the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, because it divides, and subtracts from, its sovereign power. Whatever legislative body, therefore, may be established at Dublin cannot be invested with any greater than municipal powers. To such a body, as one of a number of such to be established elsewhere, having control of purely local affairs, such as may be advantageously dealt with by each locality without injury to the interests of the whole—a category that does not include education—we can see no objection whatever. But before even this can be established the Imperial authority must be restored throughout Ireland. There is no real union of the three kingdoms while the Queen's writ does not run in Ireland. Coercion—as far as it means the repression of crime and disorder (and this is all it means)—should be sternly applied with one hand, while with the other, no less firm, the machinery of the future municipal government should be carefully and wisely ordered and established, no outrage or temporary disorder being allowed to interfere with its continuous development. As to Ulster, that ought absolutely to be detached from Celtic Ireland. If it be not, it will be drained and impoverished by the Celtic majority: a tenfold intensified case of Quebec and its Protestant minority. The Liberal leaders, in whose hands the framing of a constructive policy will be thrown by the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Disruption Bill, have approved of the determination of Ulster under no circumstances to submit to a Parnellite Parliament, and having practically conceded the right to resist by force any attempt to compel submission to a legislature hostile to her religion and material interests, they will consistently refuse to expose those interests even to a lesser authority.

THE Home Rule Press of this country in discussing Mr. Gladstone's Bill rarely venture beyond one argument: when they have adduced the example of Canadian self-government as an analogue to the proposed Irish Home Rule, they have said all that is to be said with safety. Thus the *Ottawa Free Press* the other day referring to Mr. Goldwin Smith's protest in the London newspapers against the proposed dismemberment of the empire—(referring to them, not discussing the objections to the Gladstonian scheme, for that these papers never venture on)—attributes his action to hatred of the Irish race, rather than to any sentimental views upon Imperial unity; and, rather presumptuously assuming to speak in the name of the people of this country, asks what they can think of the "well-known" views of Mr. Smith on the annexation of Canada to the United States as its ultimate political destiny, while the unity of the empire is so dear to him when it is proposed to establish a separate Parliament in Ireland "under the same sovereign who rules our Great Britain" and "subject to the supremacy of the Parliament at Westminster in all matters of imperial concern." Now, it is certainly unnecessary to waste time in the vain endeavour to convince our contemporary of what everyone not subservient to Irish influence will acknowledge as readily as they see it, that self-government subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is what the Irish agitators do not want and what they will never accept as a finality; nor do we think fit to assume with the *Free Press* that the Canadian public are so ignorant or stupid that they cannot appreciate the influence of geographical situation in political considerations—that they can-



not discriminate between the respective political situations toward Great Britain of an island separated from it by only a narrow strip of sea, and of half a continent in another hemisphere, three thousand miles distant. Ireland is the smaller two disparate islands, cut off from the continent of Europe and evidently destined together to form one State, when in the progress of civilisation a nation grew out of the several races inhabiting the two islands; while Canada as the undivided half of a continent is as manifestly destined, when the era of colonisation is ended, to have much closer relations with her contiguous neighbour than with the Mother Country, belonging to a distant and totally independent political system. There is no reason why friendly Canada, even if independent, should not be always in alliance with Great Britain; but contrariwise it may be expected that hostile Ireland, if granted self-government—or rather, what self-government means in this case, if surrendered to the control of the enemies not only of England but of civilization itself—will be always hostile, because such a government would isolate her, and substitute the narrowing influences of local ignorance for the educative influences afforded by her present connexion with a civilised State.

BUT to return to this Parliament, that is to be “under the same sovereign who rules over Great Britain,” and “subject to the supremacy of the Parliament at Westminster.” This is certainly not the sort of legislature Mr Gladstone’s scheme proposes for Ireland; nor is it what Ireland wants, save in the imagination of Canadian journalists. For the fundamental principle of that scheme is the withdrawal of Ireland from the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and this is done in surrender to Mr. Parnell, who has declared in set terms: “We will never accept anything but the full and complete right to manage our own affairs and to make our own laws and to secure for Ireland, free from outside control, the right to direct her own course among the peoples of the earth,” and in reference to this supremacy we cannot do better than reproduce an observation added as a postscript to Mr. Goldwin Smith’s letter printed elsewhere in this issue:—

Am I mistaken, writes Mr. Smith, in thinking that the framer of the Home Rule Bill has inadvertently extinguished the sovereign power? The sovereign power before the Union was in the British and Irish Parliaments, severally, with the Crown. Since the Union it has been in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. But when the bill becomes law the Parliament of the United Kingdom is no more. Its existence is morally, if not technically, determined by the withdrawal of Ireland. The Parliament of Ireland, even with the Crown, is not sovereign; its existence is merely derivative and restricted. The question is of practical importance with reference to any future dealings with the Irish Constitution, or with the arrangements generally between the two countries. The Irish Constitution can hardly be supposed by its constructors to be written on adamant; it has obvious reference to the exigencies of a special situation and the necessity of curbing the propensities of what it is, frankly assumed, will be a Parliament of thieves. It seems incredible that a statesman of vast experience should not have carried his political studies far enough to know that in framing or reorganising constitutions we have always to consider the seat of the sovereign power.

The seat of the sovereign power unquestionably lies in the Imperial Parliament. Universally, it is still vested in the Crown, and no doubt the Crown still possesses some share of real power; but the larger share has passed over into the hands of Parliament and for all practical purposes not the Queen, but Parliament rules the Empire. But if we have two Parliaments will not the reverse process take place? Is it not certain that as one branch of Government is weakened the other will be strengthened? This, in fact, is one of the things Mr. Gladstone is doing. In extinguishing the authority of the Imperial Parliament over Ireland he transfers to the Crown, not merely that specific portion of the authority abstracted, but all the authority a Sovereign Power loses when reduced from the first and paramount place to one of two second subordinate places in the State.

THE opinion of an observant tourist, who is also an eminent economist, is peculiarly worthy of consideration in dealing with political questions; and as such the observations of M. E. de Laveleye in his new work, *La Péninsule des Balkans*, on a country to which the eyes of all Western nations are just now anxiously though intermittently turned are extremely valuable. As a result of a recent tour in the Balkans, undertaken from a desire to see for himself how far the old order of things existent in 1867, when he first visited the Peninsula, had given way to a new state, and as a result of his studies in many districts rarely visited by tourists, he has come to attach great importance to the question of nationalities, in which he recognises “the factor which will decide the future of the populations of the Danube and the Balkan Peninsula;” and he believes that in order to avoid future complications in that quarter, Europe must take into consideration the wishes of its various peoples, due to ethnological sympathies

as well as to economical and geographical circumstances or historical recollections. Treating of Bosnia, he speaks in terms of high praise of the manliness and honesty of the Mussulman descendants of the old Slav landowners who gave up their faith and retained their estates when the Cross gave way to the Crescent; but who, “formerly the masters and at present still the proprietors of the land, will slowly but inevitably descend in the social scale, and will end by being eliminated.” In another passage, M. de Laveleye says, what is of special interest for us just now, “The agrarian condition of Bosnia had a great resemblance to that of Ireland. They who cultivated the soil had to deliver all the net produce to proprietors, of a different religion; but while the English landlord was restrained in his exactions by a certain sentiment of Christian charity, by the honour of a gentleman, and by public opinion, the Mussulman landlord was inspired by his religion to see in the tenant a dog, an enemy who might be killed and of course despoiled without mercy. The more conscientious and religious the English proprietor the more he spares his tenants; the more the Mussulman is inspired by the Koran the more un pitying does he become.”

THE aspirations of the populations speaking the Croato-Servian tongue point to the re-uniting some day of Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Serbia into a powerful State, which would then constitute a fair balance to Hungary in the Austrian Empire. But to this the Hungarians cannot reconcile themselves. They fear the growth of a strong State to the eastward of Austria-Hungary, which may easily fall under the dominion of the House of Austria, through natural causes, through the partition of the Balkan Peninsula between Russia and Austria, or as compensation for the probable loss of its German provinces. The growth of the dominions of the House of Austria eastward in this way might be fatal to the influence of Hungary in the Empire, and therefore the Hungarians try by every means to hamper the development of the Croatian national spirit; and forgetful of their own struggles for national freedom, they are led into vexatious acts which produce irritation without any compensating advantage. The dream of a Servo-Croatian commonwealth, uniting all the populations speaking one tongue, is likely to be an idea only until Austria be dismembered, or unless the new State come under Austrian supremacy. And this latter cannot happen till also Russia’s claims in the Peninsula are satisfied. This can only be, as it would seem now, by the conquest or military occupation of Bulgaria; for, as regards Russian diplomacy there, M. de Laveleye, in a chapter written since the outbreak of hostilities with Serbia, utterly condemns the policy of Russia. In his opinion, “what is certain is that the attitude of the Tsar has been supremely unintelligent, and that the Russian agents at Sofia play a part equally sinister and awkward. They want everything to move exactly as they wish, and when they are opposed by the feeling of national dignity, they strive to throw everything into confusion, to turn out the Ministry, to checkmate the Prince, and to prove that they are indispensable. The sole result at which they will arrive will be that they will make the Bulgarians forget all the services which Russia has rendered to them, and obliterate all feeling of gratitude.”

THE emergence of Bulgaria from among the peoples of the Balkan peninsula is a new and most important factor in the Eastern Question. Previous to last winter, Greece was generally looked upon as the only likely heir to the European dominions of the Sultan. So astute and masterful minded are the Greeks that it has been said that if you should shut up nineteen members of the other nationalities with one Greek, that Greek would be soon found to be leading them all and directing their actions whithersoever he pleased. But now in consequence of the recent splendid conduct of the Bulgarians in the field and the Cabinet, these have to a large extent taken the places of the Greeks in the regard of those European Powers who desire to see the Eastern Question settled, not by the absorption, but by the development of the nationalities of the Balkans; and Greece is accordingly, and very naturally, angered at this change in her prospects. When Serbia took up arms in resentment against the absorption of Roumelia by Bulgaria, Greece, fully expecting that Bulgaria would be crushed, took up arms also, calculating that in alliance with Serbia, the two could impose any terms they pleased on Turkey. But when the reverse event took place, and victorious Bulgaria struck Serbia back to its own territory, Greece was left with the sword drawn—at a ruinous expense—afraid to strike at the reversionary heir to Constantinople which to her rage had suddenly become revealed in Bulgaria; and, though perhaps secretly encouraged by Russia, prevented by the other powers from plunging all Europe into war by attacking Turkey. Hence the difficulty of quieting Greece now. Her people are roused to fury by

the success of Prince Alexander ; if they had rushed into the fray when Servia did, they might have gained something ; but they never fight when *finesse* will serve their turn ; they waited till Servia should snatch the chestnuts out of the fire ; but Servia having only burnt her fingers, they have the mortification of knowing that *finesse* this time has failed them miserably, while fighting is forbidden.

### NEGATIVES.

THERE is no heart  
So overwhelmed in shades of utter night ;  
But in some part,  
A ray of living light  
May kindle hope, and guide the faltering step aright.

No mind exists  
So full of weeds, so overgrown with vice ;  
But through its mists,  
A breath from Paradise  
May penetrate and bid the sleeping flowers arise !

No ocean rolls  
So deep, the plummet may not strike its base ;  
There are no souls  
So quite devoid of grace,  
Love may not sound their depths, and find a resting-place.

No hill so vast,  
But that some heavenward wing has spurned its crest ;  
So, at the last,  
Our labours will be blest  
If we aspire to rise, and dare to do our best.

No blossom dies,  
But, rising from its sojourn in the clay  
To summer skies,  
It flaunts its colours gay,  
Maintaining in the fields eternal holiday.

Though likewise fall,  
Like storm-beat blossoms, all the sons of men ;  
Immortal all,  
They shall, beyond our ken,  
Out of the deep profound, come forth again.

And nevermore  
Need man despair, for down the ringing years,  
Glad tidings pour,  
That scatter all our fears ;  
And change to tears of joy the multitudes of tears :

While from afar  
A voice is calling to the people, Come !  
O Avatar !  
Thy voice is never dumb,  
But always calling, calling to the people, Come !

Hamilton, 1886.

ROBERT C. STEWART.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

"WHEN I was in London, in the fifties," writes a Brooklyn friend, "I used to have a great fancy for running around the by-lanes and corners, and of hunting up places of historical or literary interest that the guide-books barely mention and that few travellers go to see. Among my haunts was an old, low-ceiled tavern, with a sanded floor two feet below the level of the sidewalk. I used to go there and drink 'alf and 'alf,' and try to bring up images of the wits of the last century, who used to sit in that same room and drink 'alf and 'alf' too. One day an image materialized ; for while I was sitting beside a table, with my pewter pot half-emptied, I observed that a large man in a cloak had entered. His face was round, pale, and heavy ; but the eyes were bright, and his bushy eyebrows slid up and down with quick changes of expression. He sat down at the table next to mine, and directly a waiter came in with a big plate of bread and cheese, and a glass of ale, and set it before him. He ate and drank heartily, and after finishing his lurch sat upright and rested his hands on a heavy cane. I could see only his back ; but from occasional movements of his head, such as a man makes when he is arguing in earnest, I surmised that he was doing some pretty hard thinking. Suddenly he reached for his empty glass and hurled it on the floor with all his strength, smashing it into shivers. He sat for a minute longer, then got up slowly, 'tipped' the waiter, paid his reckoning at the bar, and passed out. He had not uttered a word. The waiter got a broom, swept up the pieces of glass and cleared the table. I asked him if the gentleman's intellect was a little in need of repair. 'Oh, no, sir,' said he. 'That's nothing unusual with 'im, sir. W'y, he's broke maybe a 'undred glahasses since he's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't know it

when 'e does it. 'E's a-thinkin', and it seems like as he got mad at some-thin' 'e was thinkin' about.'—'Who is he?'—'Lord Macaulay, sir.'"  
—*The Critic*.

#### THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ARMIES.

THE following striking passage describing the temper of the French armies at the moment when they were passing out of the revolutionary stage, and preparing themselves to become the instrument of Napoleon, is extracted from a French letter written to Lord Elgin in 1794, and now published by the University Press in a volume, *The Despatches of Earl Gower*, edited by Oscar Browning :—

The army is no longer, as formerly, given to reasoning and talking politics, roused to disorder in clubs or excited against its chiefs and its officers. The revolutions of Paris, the struggle of parties, the constitutions made or to be made—all this has become strange and uninteresting to it. As much as possible they are kept in a profound ignorance of the difficulties under which the republic labours, the losses it suffers, the disputes that arise at Paris. No longer influenced by these changes, the enthusiasm of the army has taken a new complexion ; its passions are concentrated in a frenzy of fanatical hatred against the enemies of the Republic, of ardent desire to beat them, of enthusiastic certainty of success. Such is now its spirit universally—a mixture of pride and rage, of frantic patriotism and love of glory ; this gives it gallantry, contempt of death, obedience, patience to endure privations, labours, and cold ; the army is in some sort neither royalist nor republican—it is a wild nation, hating other nations and persecuting them, sword in hand.

#### DUMAS THE ELDER.

AFTER some delay, our host appeared again at the door in a velvet jacket, and beckoning us into the dining-room, caused the Spanish literary gentleman to sit opposite to him, his daughter on his left, and myself on his right. All passed well, and we discussed *hors-d'œuvres* and *pot au feu* with delightful appreciation of their excellence, heightened by the extraordinary powers of conversation of our host, who did all the talking. Presently he gave a start, and with a cry, "Ma matelote !" he got up, darted into the kitchen, and with equal suddenness returned, with a long dish containing eels swimming in brandy, to which fire had been set. I never saw a face, and especially a fat face beam with so much joy as that of Alexandre Dumas, on depositing this dish on the table, and declaring to me that in England we might set fire to plum-puddings—the fire would not melt such mixtures ; but in France, in his house, there was a man, a novelist, a writer, who could set eels on fire, and the eels were liquefied. "Croyez moi," he added, "j'ai beaucoup écrit ; j'ai même écrit de belles choses, mais ce que je fais de mieux c'est une matelote d'anguille."—H. E. H. JERNINGHAM : *Reminiscences of an Attaché*.

#### AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

IN a review of Sir Richard Temple's *Cosmopolitan Essays* the *Athenæum* says :—Conservative as he is in home politics, Sir Richard is far more inclined to bless our American cousins than to curse them, and his tone is in remarkable contrast with the scornful remarks of Sir Lepel Griffin. A more cheerful forecast of social and political prospects in the Great Republic could hardly have been delivered by an English Radical. He finds in the United States abundance of that individuality the decay of which in modern democracies Stuart Mill was wont to deplore. He gives the people full credit for generosity, tolerance, frank fearlessness, inventiveness, self-control, political practicality, and "a higher sense of personal responsibility for order, in the extreme resort, than that which is felt in any other nation." Their zeal for education strikes him not less forcibly than their religious activity. He does not despair even of the spread of culture in a land where "the style of the society among the best classes conduces distinctly" thereto. The almighty dollar is, after all, "comparatively powerless respecting social eminence, or even respecting admission to what are the inner circles of the best classes."

#### THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE approach to the Rocky Mountains from the prairie is, perhaps, the most remarkable in the world. I do not wish to give exaggerated ideas. They are scarcely more than a third as high as the Himalaya. Nevertheless, the approach to them from the prairie is truly wonderful ; for they rise as masses of rock right out of the prairie. During the greater part of the year they are covered with snow. As we approached the mountains, we actually saw about 150 miles of continuous snow-clad hills, which, rising straight out of the prairie, constitute a sight that is almost, if not quite unique. There is only one parallel to it, namely, the approach to the Caucasus from the steppes of Russia ; and even this is not so fine, as there is first a range of low hills, then another a little higher, and again above all the summits of the snow-clad peaks of Caucasus.—SIR R. TEMPLE : *Cosmopolitan Essays*.

"TALLEYRAND asked," says Greville, "if Fox had not been très occupé de Madame Siddons." "Oh no," said Brougham, "that's impossible ; one might as well be interested in the sea as in Mrs. Siddons. She was too great in her way to inspire love. The East India Company might aspire to her, nothing less." This reminds us of some story of Sydney Smith's, who was told that a very stout lady was about to be married. "Impossible," said Sydney Smith, "a man might marry a section of her."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE IMPERIAL ISLAND. England's Chronicle in Stone. By J. F. Hunnewell. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

In this handsome volume, the author of "The Historical Monuments of France," "The Land of Scott," and other similar works, has given us the results of his personal observation made in a dozen tours through England in as many years; that is, the descriptions of scenery, views, etc., which form the foundation of the book, are from notes taken on the spot. But the book is something more than this. It is a grand historical structure reared on this foundation, wherein is followed and interpreted the history of England during twenty centuries, as told in her chronicles of stone. Mr. Hunnewell is an American, but he rightly regards the history of England as the earlier history of America also.

The history of America, he says, does not really begin with the colonization along the Atlantic coast. One of the Eastern families settling in the far West in one sense begins a history then; but no small part of what led to it and shapes the new life grew up in the place left behind; and there are ties still kept unbroken. So we in the New World—Norse, German, or English,—all one in kindred back in the past, look to an old home over the sea where a part of the race tarried for a long while, where another part has lived longer, and read its stone chronicle.

And, with respect to his point of view as an American, he adds:—

The stone chronicle of England cannot be read well by eyes other than those which look with sympathy on the men of the past and the work of their hands. To such eyes, the gray text will show the great story it holds, garlanded with the bright daisies, green hawthorn or ivy, and red-berried holly, which the old painters loved and drew on the leaves of their books, but which in the monumental record of England spread around the stone letters a beauty given by no mortal hand.

The field covered by the book is a wide one. After a survey of the physical features of the island, the author begins its history with Stonehenge and the other Celtic or pre-Celtic remains of ancient Britain, Roman Britain, follows whose extant ruins are chiefly the Roman Wall and such military stations as Regnum, Pevensey, Dover, Richborough, Reculver. A map of Roman Britain, showing the wall, is most interesting in this connexion. The paucity of records in stone from Saxon, Angle and Danish times necessitated but brief mention of the period of the "Making of England;" but the succeeding Norman period is treated much more fully. The Normans, says Mr. Hunnewell, surpassed the Romans in the grandeur of their mighty towers; and in illustration of their military architecture he gives detailed descriptions of Pevensey Castle, Portchester, Dover, Colchester, Norwich, the Tower, and Windsor, most of which are Roman or Anglican works adopted and transformed by the Normans. Christian Art is illustrated by several fine views of the remains of monasteries and abbeys, minsters and parish churches; and Alnwick, Warkworth, Durham, Kenilworth, Warwick, and other strongholds bring before us the civil history of the Dane period; and, finally the new era of modern life and history which opened in the reign of Henry VIII. is illustrated by several views of the great residences. All the illustrative plates, of which there are fifty-two, have been obtained from works of recognised authority; but in every instance possible, the author has verified them by personal examination. The work has an index which with appendix and notes are very useful. Altogether, the publishers are to be congratulated on the production of a work that is typographically worthy of the subject; and the author, on adding to our historical records a work that should find a place beside the histories of England in every library.

LABOUR, LAND, AND LAW. A SEARCH FOR THE MISSING WEALTH OF THE WORKING POOR. By William A. Phillips. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The alternative title of this book sufficiently explains its purpose. In it is discussed the relations of law to labour and land; land monopoly and slavery being denounced as twin robbers of labour. Mr. Phillips has been a member of the Congressional Committees on Public Lands and on Banking and Commerce, and carries the authority of experience in his historical and logical treatment of the subject. The author has undertaken to present a view of the rights of workingmen: he traces the effect of the different forms of land-owning, and the gradual change from master-workmen to capitalist-employer, and considers fully the organisation of capital, the formation of trades and guilds, of trades-unions and labour-societies. The history of the land question is traced from the earliest times down to the present, with the effect of land monopoly and the consequent aristocracy of land. The political and social system of ancient Israel is considered, and the fact prominently brought out that it reached its highest development when the lands over which it exercised its sway were held in common for the use of the whole people, and that its decadence came with

the growth of land monopoly and agrarian aristocracy. History is followed through the empires of Egypt, Chaldea, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, and through the middle ages; and full consideration is given to the Christian system as its principles affect society and organized government; to the Mahometan system, and the governments and forms of society founded on it; to land and labour in Russia and Asiatic countries; to the land system of modern Europe; and to the British Empire. The condition of Ireland under absentee landlordism is candidly and convincingly treated. The author then considers in a most thorough manner the history of the land polity in America, showing the tendency to an aristocracy of wealth there, which is leading to a system of land tenure that, with a great population, will be terrible for the working poor. He regards it as certain that such a form of land-holding and a free government cannot exist together. The chapters on Corporations, Shadow of a Coming Aristocracy, and Remedies, are three very valuable chapters, which should be studied closely by every student of political economy; while the whole book exhibits such research that all concerned in the present contest between Labour and Capital may profit much from its careful perusal.

POETS AND PROBLEMS. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

The author has written this volume for no other reason, as he says, than that he enjoyed the task; and the admirers of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning, the three writers he has treated of, will be grateful to him for the pleasure he has also afforded them. The book contains four essays, the first of which—the Poet as Teacher—points out the true nature of the poet's art, and we then turn for illustration to the three greatest living writers. The three essays dealing with them respectively are accounts and full studies of the life and work of each. One hundred and sixty-nine pages are devoted to Tennyson, ninety-three to Ruskin, and one hundred and twenty-one to Browning. Incidentally, also, the merits and demerits of many other poets and writers are dwelt upon and critically examined, such as Wordsworth, Keats, Swinburne, Rousseau, Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, Mrs. Browning, and others. Mr. Cooke does not quote much from his three principal writers; but rather seeks to guide his readers to their works themselves. Of Tennyson he says: "He has the gift of pathos and sympathy, but not the gift of humour," and that "he is the incarnate voice of cultured and refined England in his time." Of Ruskin, "In the history of the art revival in England, the name of one man will appear as among the greatest of the causes leading to it. The greatest of art critics, John Ruskin, has taught the English the serious meaning of art, and in what manner it may contribute to the elevation and advancement of the noblest human interests." "To the revolutionary period Ruskin does not belong, either with his head or with his heart. . . . Even less is he to be ranked with the men of the present time of scientific enthusiasm, for at all points is he the critic and opponent of science in its evolutionary and agnostic tendencies." And further, "No other religious teacher of this century has taught more that is wholesomely inspiring and intrinsically religious." Mr. Cooke is an ardent admirer of Browning. His chief characteristic, he declares, is "light." "We accept him as a master." "He is an original force in literature, never an imitator, but one to arouse and stimulate all who come after him. He stands apart by himself as a poet. He had no forerunner, and he is likely to have no successor." "No English poet, unless it is Shakespeare, will yield so much of thought for the attentive reader as Browning."

GERMAN SIMPLIFIED. By Prof. A. Knoflach. New York: P.O. Box 1550. Toronto: David Boyle, 353 Yonge Street.

We commend this German course to anyone wishing to learn a language that is fast becoming as necessary to the man of business as it for long has been to the man of culture. Several improved methods of acquiring German have superceded the old one of working on the grammar; but the objection to most of them is that they are nearly useless for all practical purposes. They are constructed too much on the "Have you the white hat of the uncle of the baker" principle. In this system of Mr. Knoflach, however, we have nothing of these useless constructions. It is divided into forty-four lessons, containing each a plain statement of a rule, illustrated by copious exercises in living, practical German and English, with keys to both, vocabularies, and simply-constructed tables of declensions and moods. At a slight expense of time daily one could soon acquire from a study of this system a very serviceable knowledge of the language, and the groundwork of a thorough knowledge of German literature. The system is conveniently arranged in twelve separate numbers, any one of which may be bought separately.

**BEYOND THE VEIL.** By Alice Williams Brotherton. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company.

In this short poem of about two hundred lines the authoress has given us a singularly beautiful study of a great subject. With a few brilliant touches is depicted a pathetic episode which will imbue the ordinary reader with a truer knowledge of the future state than volumes of learned treatises on eschatology. We regret the poem did not reach us at Easter, for we can conceive of no more suitable memorial of that season, although it has no special reference to Easter. It is beautifully printed, by the way. In the story it tells, one dreams that

A poor soul wandering in the outer gloom,  
Which lies beyond the portals of the tomb,  
Felt a wild longing in its inmost breast  
To look upon the City of the Blest.

It creeps up to the gate—

To bend a single glance  
Upon the glory of the place

And finding the gate open and unguarded it strays in

Till, of a sudden pausing, it was 'ware  
Of a bright Presence swiftly drawing near,  
And fain it would have fled but that its fear  
Forbade, nor was there any place to hide.  
Then the swift Presence halting at its side  
Looked it with piercing glances through and through  
And queried:—Soul, whence art thou? And it knew  
The Crucified; and dared not meet His frown,  
But crying: "Pity, Lord! Forgive," fell down  
Weeping and quaking at His feet.  
Then He: "What have I to forgive?"

We have received also the following publications:—

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. June. New York: Harper and Bros.  
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. May 22. Boston: Littell and Company.  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. June. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.  
WIDE AWAKE. June. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.  
ST. NICHOLAS. June. New York: Century Company.  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. June. New York: E. P. Felton's.

## MUSIC.

HAMILTON.

THE choir of Centenary Methodist Church, with the assistance of outside talent sufficient to make a well-balanced chorus of forty voices, gave a concert on Tuesday evening last which was listened to by a very large audience. Here is the programme:

Cantata—"Transient and Eternal" (Romberg), choir; Trio—"Opus No. 6," piano, violin and 'cello (Haydn); Miss Tillie Robinson, Messrs. MacDuff and Parker; Song—"The Little Minstrel," (Cowen) Mr. E. Alexander; Ode—Hymn to Music, (D. Buck) choir; Piano solo—"Concerto Op. 25," Andante and Presto, (Mendelssohn); Miss Angus—(Violin and 'cello accompaniment, Messrs. MacDuff and Parker); Part song (male voices)—"Land Sighting," Greig Arion Club (Miss Cummings, pianist); Part song—"Spring is Coming," (Goldbeck) choir; Trio—"Allegro Brillante," (Reissiger) Miss Cummings, and Messrs. MacDuff and Parker; Cantata (male voices)—"Nun of Nidaros," D. Buck; Arion Club—(Piano Obligato, Miss Cummings); March (from Naaman)—"With Sheathed Swords," (Costa) choir.

As will be noticed, chorus work was the chief feature of the concert, and it is no exaggeration to say that on the whole it was satisfactory. The unaccompanied performance of Goldbeck's charming, part-song, developed the really excellent quality of voices, and this, with the attention paid to the nuances under Mr. Wodell's careful and intelligent conducting, combined to render the number most enjoyable. The Romberg cantata, musically the most important number, can scarcely be judged from one hearing. It is short and much diversified, with some brilliant work for the soprano (Mrs. Harrison) which was fairly well done, and the very pretty phrases for trio and quartette in which Miss Armstrong (alto) and Messrs. Clark (tenor) and Wodell (bass) participated. The chorus work was very uneven, and there was evidently a feeling of indecision, and a lack of sympathy between the parts. The work will bear repetition under more favourable conditions. The poem was read, previous to performance, by Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter—an innovation which did not prove sufficiently successful to make up for the absence of the words from the programme. The hymn to music, a very musicianly composition, was not well sung, but the concluding chorus from Naaman went with a dash and brilliancy in which the voices were admirably supplemented by the accompaniment of the organist and choir director, Mr. L. H. Parker. The Arion Club sang perhaps better than their wont, an effect nearly always observable in the work of vocal bodies toward the close of a season. The piano-playing and solo by Mr. Alexander, helped to make up one of the best programmes presented here for some time, and the choir and its director are to be congratulated upon the result of their efforts.

A very pleasant and well-attended concert was given in Gore Street Church recently, for the benefit of Mrs. Wigmore, organist of the church, who is about to visit England. Most of the prominent local artists gave their services, and the financial result must have afforded gratification to the promoters of the affair.—*C. Major.*

WE beg to remind our readers that Mr. George Belford gives another Recital in Shaftesbury Hall on Monday next, the 31st inst. An entirely new programme will be presented; and as this is the last opportunity of hearing Mr. Belford before his return to England, it may be expected from his previous success that a very large audience will greet him.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

MRS. DINAH MARIA CRAIK (Miss Mulock) concludes her novel, entitled "King Arthur. Not a Love Story," in the June *Harper's*.

AN interesting historical paper on "The Death of Pope Alexander VI.," by Professor T. F. Crane, is to be published in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT, now south on account of bad health, contributes an illustrated Ballad to the June *Wide Awake*, entitled "York Garrison, 1640."

MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS furnishes the June *Wide Awake* with a delightful page of Folk-lore, interesting to all antiquarians, entitled "The True Bo-Peep."

E. P. Roe contributes some more practical advice on the agricultural enjoyment of "The Home Acre," in the June *Harper's*, especially in regard to grapes, peaches, and plums.

MRS. MARY E. BLAKE, who as "M. E. B.," is a well-known literary woman of Boston, is the author of the graceful stanza on the title-page of *May*, which D. Lothrop & Co. publish.

THE elopement episode in Act V. of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," gives E. A. Abbey an opportunity to show his charming treatment of outdoor night scenes, in the June *Harper's*.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, whose kindness to young literary people is a well-known trait, sails for England on June 2. "Through the Year with the Poets" includes many charming poems from her pen.

MR. WILLIS BOYD ALLEN, editor of *The Cottage Hearth*, contributes an original poem to *May* which D. Lothrop & Co. publish. Mr. Allen is a young Boston lawyer and graduated from Harvard University in 1878.

RICHARD M. JOHNSTON, author of "The Dukesborough Tales," will have a characteristic story in the June *Century*, entitled "The Hotel Experience of Mr. Pink Fluker," accompanied by three of Frost's humorous illustrations.

D. LOTHROP & Co. issue this week an interesting group of home-books: *A New Departure for Girls*, by Margaret Sidney, *How They Learned Housework*, by Christina Goodwin, and *Hold up Your Heads, Girls!* by Annie H. Ryder.

THE success attendant upon the serial publication of Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's novel, "Lights and Shadows of a Life," in the *Brooklyn Magazine*, has led Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, to accept it for publication in book form, and they will issue it during the early fall.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE and Mr. George Parsons Lathrop will shortly enter the newspaper world, the former as the literary editor of the *New York World*, while Mr. Lathrop will give the greater part of his time to the literary department of the *New York Star*.

AN article by Austin Dobson, illustrated by Henry Sandham and Alfred Dawson, will be the opening paper in the June *Century*. It is entitled "A Literary Ramble along the Thames from Fulham to Chiswick;" and the paper contains a "timely" map of the University course.

MR. WILL H. HAYNE, the son of Paul Hayne, inherits much of his father's genius. *May*, which D. Lothrop & Co. publish, contains a musical poem from his pen. Mr. Hayne is about thirty years old and lives with his parents in their home at Copse Hill, a few miles from Augusta, Ga.

A POWERFUL story of Washington society, by Miss Annie Porter, appears in the June *Harper's*. The heroine is arrested in a mad career, about to culminate in an elopement, by a trance which seems to be death, and narrowly escapes a premature burial. It is called "The Ministration of Death."

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES, so many of whose poems have been included in *Through the Year with the Poets*, is the son of one of the bishops of the Irish Episcopal Church, and was born in Dublin in 1846. He is at present a resident of Taunton, England, and is one of Her Majesty's School Inspectors.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER takes his readers to Newport in the June instalment of "Their Pilgrimage" (*Harper's Magazine*), and the attractions of that resort are delightfully mingled with social and sentimental scenes in his attractive style. C. S. Reinhart's clever illustrations accompany the chapter.

JUSTICE THOMAS M. COOLEY, of the Supreme Court of Michigan, is giving his attention to the labour troubles, and is preparing an article on Arbitration for the July number of *The Forum*. A writer combining so much legal knowledge with so wide an experience in practical affairs ought to be able to make some useful suggestions.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, the author of "Marse Chan," one of the most popular stories printed of late years, will publish the longest story he has yet written, in the June *Century*. It is entitled "Meh Lady: A Story of the War." The romantic and affecting narrative is put in the mouth of old Billy, an ex-slave, and it is illustrated with designs by W. T. Smedley.

ONE of the most interesting, but one of the most unfamiliar, portraits of Benjamin Franklin is the fine bust by the celebrated French sculptor, Houdon, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Kenyon Cox has made a drawing from this bust, and Whitney's engraving from the drawing will appear as the frontispiece of the June *Century*.

THE new story, "Springhaven," now running in *Harper's Magazine*, increases in interest with the third part in the June number. The quaint seafaring life of the town on the English Channel during the exciting times of the French Revolution is well portrayed. Alfred Parsons and Frederick Barnard illustrate the novel, and one of the latter artist's drawing is the frontispiece.

A FORECAST of early death seems to have been lingering about the young poet, James Berry Bense, who has just died. In relation to his volume of poems, "In the King's Garden," which D. Lothrop & Co. recently published, he said in a letter to a friend: "I doubt often that I shall live to see my poems safely between covers, but I still wish that I may. I should then have some sense of work completed, finished."

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE has been elected to the Oxford Chair of Poetry. His taste and critical discrimination have long influenced literature. His selection of standard poetry, "The Golden Treasury," published in America by D. Lothrop & Co., occupies the place of a classic among collections.

MR. G. HAVEN PUTNAM, the publisher, sails for Europe on the Arizona on June 1. Mr. Putnam's visit is exclusively on business connected with the house of which he is senior member, his arrangements including the closing of several important literary undertakings into which the firm will enter shortly after his return on August 10.

LAWRENCE SEVERN, an English writer, has brought out a novel entitled "Heaven's Gate": A Story of the Forest of Dean, of which the scenes are laid in and about Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey. The critics who have been permitted to read this in manuscript are enthusiastic in pronouncing it a story of great strength and exquisite style.

THE Villon Society of London have completed arrangements by which they will soon have translated and published a limited edition of "The Decameron" more literal and exact than any rendering that has hitherto been printed. The translation, as usual, will be under the charge of Mr. Payne, who before now has distinguished himself in this branch of literature.

IN answer to a question asked of Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. concerning the progress of the Pope's book which they are to publish, their representative, Mr. Hall, said that the work was making satisfactory progress, and that Mr. Webster would sail for Europe on July 1, going directly to Rome. It is hoped that he may receive some of the manuscript, and as soon as possible arrangements will be made for translating it into English.

TOLSTOI literature promises to have several other additions in the shape of translations of the Russian's "Sketches of Sebastopol," upon which Mr. Franklin Pierce Abbott, a Boston literary gentleman, is now engaged. Count Tolstoi was an officer of artillery at the time of the Crimean war, and took part in the defence of Sebastopol. The sketches, three in number, were written by him afterward from memory, and described in a graphic manner the battle and scenes on the field.

IF the number of copies sold of a book may be taken as an indication of its popularity, Mr. F. Marion Crawford's latest novel promises to outstrip any of the author's previous works, over 21,000 copies of "The Tale of a Lonely Parish" having already been disposed of up to the present time. Of "Doctor Claudius" 20,000 copies were sold in all. "Mr. Isaacs" sold steadily up to 30,000 copies, and the cheap paper edition of the novel which the Macmillans are about to publish will, it is expected, add at least 10,000 to that number. Notwithstanding "Mr. Isaacs" selling qualities, the publishers are confident that "The Tale of a Lonely Parish" will exceed them all.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for May 8th and 15th contain Lloyd's, *Artist Life in Rome, Past and Present, and Society in Paris*, *Fortnightly*; *The Cuckoo, National Review*; *Principal Tulloch, and Moss from a Rolling Stone, Blackwood*; *An Old Schoolbook, and General Readers, by One of Them, Macmillan*; *Soldiering in Jamaica, Army and Navy Magazine*; *Frederick the Great, Temple Bar*; *Aggressive Irreligion in France, and The German Peasantry, Spectator*; *The Close of the Culturkampf, Saturday Review*; *The Lesson of 1886, Paddy and his Landlord, and Fashion in Flowers, St. James's Gazette*; with instalments of "By the Post Tonga," "This Man's Wife," and "A Diplomatic Victory," and poetry.

THE accuracy employed by book reviewers is not always infallible. This was illustrated in the recent criticism of the translation of Octave Feuillet's "Alicette" by a Boston critic, who, believing himself to be unsurpassed in a knowledge of the French, criticised a translated sentence which stated (pages 106, 107) that "three great mail coaches descended a brilliant company," which, to the mind of the critic represented a gross slaughter of the English language. Unfortunately for the reviewer, however, and fortunately for the translator, no such translated words appear, the paragraph in question setting forth as plainly as type can render it that "three great mail coaches drew up . . . and thence descended a brilliant company."

THE *Nation* seems to be looming up as a school of authorship. Scarcely is Mr. Homer Martin's novel published, when one is announced by her successor in the literary reviewing of that paper, Miss A. R. Macfarlane. The title of the new work is "Children of the Earth," being suggested by Rosencrantz's answering "As the indifferent children of the Earth," to Hamlet's asking him and Guildenstern "How do ye both?" The attempt has been to make a story of ordinary people, swayed by ordinary motives with which all "children of the earth" can sympathize. Whatever "questions" may be touched upon, are presented in the characters and action, and not by any attempt at "subtle analysis" on the author's part. The scenes are laid on the rocky shore of the Nova Scotia, and in social New York.

IN a few days Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will issue a new work dealing with the present labour troubles by Professor Ely of Johns Hopkins University. Professor Ely has devoted much time to the book, and is especially familiar with the subject in all its phases, having written and spoken already at length concerning the problem. Another volume upon the same subject, also in the Crowell press, is entitled "A Vital Question, or What is to be Done," by Nickolai Garrilovitch Tchermeishevsky, translated from the Russian by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dale. Of course, the problem is looked upon from the Russian point of view. The author is a noted liberalist, who was banished to Siberia for his liberal ideas, and the sale of his book was forbidden. Notwithstanding, however, the volume has been secretly circulated, and it has now just appeared in a German edition.

By arrangements now perfected, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have become the authorized publishers of the papers of the American Geographical Society, which has ex-Chief Justice Daly for its president. The publication will consist of all the bulletins issued by the society as well as the more prominent and interesting lectures delivered before its members from time to time. The first of these lectures which the Putnams will bring out is ex-Minister S. G. W. Benjamin's recently delivered address on "Persia and the Persians." And in this latter connection the pleasing fact is given out that Mr. Benjamin has consented to write "The Story of Persia" for the Putnams' series of "The Stories of the Nations." This history of the country with which Mr. Benjamin is so thoroughly conversant will be a careful history of Persia from its beginning to the present day.

THE *Overland Monthly* for May is a springlike number, containing several excellent stories—"In Favilla," a comet story, "Biscaché Bill," a story of the Andes, and a California camp-meeting love story, besides the serial "For Money," which reaches its crisis in this number. The sketches are all local, being of a trouting vacation in the Sierras, of the experiences of the California volunteers of '61, and of the lonely vigil of an Indian woman in Trinity county, who waited for a year alone, almost without food, fire or shelter, at the rendezvous where her slain husband was to have joined her. There are also brief studies of the prison-labour question and liquor license question in California, a ringing

poem of Spanish California, "The Rivals," besides other poems, and the usual excellent reviews, editorials, etc. Among the briefer contributions is one in memory of Doctor Taylor, a remarkable early Californian, by Hon. Horace Davis.

MESSRS. ESTET AND LAURIAT announce an *édition de luxe*, of George Eliot's works, the first fine library edition ever issued. It will contain all the author's novels, essays, and poems, and a biography by the Rev. Geo. Willis Cooke. It will be embellished with a series of proof impressions of entirely original Painter-Etchings and Photo-Etchings. Among the artists who will contribute to the work may be mentioned Frederick Dielman, F. S. Church, Wm. Unger, Will H. Low, J. Wells Champney, George Fuller, H. Sandham, W. St. John Harper, Walter Saterlee, W. L. Taylor, E. H. Garrett, F. T. Merrill, S. A. Schoff, S. G. McCutcheon, J. Henry Hill, and others. The text will be printed from new electrotype plates made and printed at the celebrated University Press of Cambridge. The paper will be of the finest quality of Parchment Linen Drawing Paper, uniform in size and quality with that of the *édition de luxe* of Carlyle issued by the same firm.

HON. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER hopes to deliver the manuscript of his work on Martin Van Buren for the *American Statesman* series to his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by Aug. 1. The book will be published in the autumn. Governor Dorsheimer finds in Mr. Van Buren an interesting subject in the political history of America, and in his study of the statesman's character special attention will be directed by him to a point in Mr. Van Buren's career frequently overlooked by modern students, namely, that to his influence, more than that of any other single man, the change from congressional caucuses to national conventions was due. The fact that Van Buren may also be said to have been practically the first national nominee of the Democratic party—since Jackson's nomination for the Presidency evoked no contest or opposition—will also be brought forth prominently, as will the author's attribution to Van Buren of much of the modern party methods.

THE *Overland Monthly* announces "Chata and Chinita," a novel of Mexican life, by Mrs. Louise Palmer, to begin in the June number. Mrs. Heaven has been a favorite contributor both to the first series of the *Overland* and to the present magazine. Her contributions have been chiefly stories and sketches of Mexico, a country with which she is familiar from long residence. She does not describe American life in Mexico, but the life of the Mexicans themselves, entering into their point of view. As a story of the inner life of a rich *hacienda*, and the real character of Mexican *senoras* and *senoritas*, it should be more valuable than "Ramona," on account of the much more intimate acquaintance of the writer with the subject. The scene is to be laid in a great, solitary *hacienda*, occupied by the widowed mistress of a proud family, the two *senoritas*, her daughters, and their array of feudal dependants. Chata and Chinita are two children of this community, at opposite extremes of the social scale, yet whose fortunes prove to be curiously crossed by each other's.

DR. STUCKENBERG, of Berlin, opens the May *Andover Review* with a very valuable paper upon "Liberal Education in Germany." Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of New York, writes suggestively of "A Sturdy Christian," thus designating the religious character of Dr. Samuel Johnston. Dr. Langdon closes his interesting series on "The Possibilities of Religious Reform in Italy" with an article replete with fresh information gained by the author while residing in Italy and in personal relation to some of the leaders of the movement. In the Department of "Biblical and Historical Criticism," Dr. Paul Haupt, the distinguished Assyriologist, presents a new and remarkably spirited translation of a portion of a famous cuneiform inscription now in the British Museum. It recounts a great victory gained by Sennacherib which was immediately followed by the destruction of Babylon. Dr. Haupt prefaces his translation with an historical introduction. This paper is of exceptional critical value, and will interest not only professional scholars, but all students of the Old Testament.

ILLUSTRATING Prof. Edward Morse's piquant article, "Japanese Boys and Girls," F. H. Langren opens the June *Wide Awake* with a charming frontispiece, "Preparing for the Feast of Dolls;" Prof. Morse's article itself is full of naive facts about Japanese children, representing Japan as a paradise for little folks, and the little folks themselves as nearly angelic. Mary Hartwell Catherwood writes the opening story, an exciting tale of the Red Pump Tavern in 1856. Mrs. Brush furnishes a good historical story, of the burning of Corlaer, and Prof. C. B. G. Roberts of King's College, Nova Scotia, has a finely written story of adventure "Bear vs. Birch-bark." E. S. Brooks contributes an historical story, also finely illustrated by Pyle. Mrs. Sherwood in her series, "Royal Girls and Royal Courts," writes about the three Danish Princesses, Alexandra, Dagmar and Thyra, and the Danish Royal household; and, quite curiously, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont writes in this same number about the royal Danish festivities many years ago, which she attended, in honour of the marriage of the Crown Prince, describing many unique court customs.

THE June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* opens with the second instalment of Mr. William Henry Bishop's striking new serial, "The Golden Justice"; and the number also contains portions of Henry James's very remarkable socialistic novel, "The Princess Casanassina," and Charles Egbert Craddock's brilliant romance, "In the Clouds." Under the title of "A Roman Gentleman under the Empire," Miss Harriet W. Preston gives a charming life-like account of the younger Pliny, and of his times. The short story of this issue, "Valentine's Chance," by Lillie Chace Wyman, is excellent. Mr. Edward Stanwood contributes a paper on American history, entitled "A Glimpse of 1786," and an important critical article on Honoré de Balzac—the man and his books—is written by Mr. George Frederic Parsons of the New York *Tribune*. "James, Crawford, and Howells" form the subject of an able piece of critical writing, and there is a brief criticism of Miss Anne Whitney's statue of Lief Erikson, by the architect Henry Van Brunt. This excellent number is concluded with some good poetry and the usual Contributors' Club and Books of the Month.

THE *North American Review* for June will open with an article by Professor Ely of the Johns Hopkins University on "Socialism in America." It is a lucid, brief explanation of the creed of the German Socialists, and the distinction between them and the Anarchists who have recently caused so much trouble. Gail Hamilton makes a second attack on Professor Sumner in an article entitled "Free Trade in Discussion." General Beauregard continues his account of the "Defense of Charleston," and Donn Piatt gives a very interesting account of the latter days of Secretary Stanton's life. Dorman Eaton has an essay on the collision between the Senate and the President, in which he vigorously assails the Senate and zealously defends the President. Senator Ingalls explains his "New Constitutional Amendment," and a new writer, Jesse Cooledge, assails Howells and his school in an article entitled "Bric-a-brac in Literature." But the most notable article in the number is a symposium, in which Henry Clews, Uncle Rufus Hatch, and Stephen B. Elkins give their views on the "Labour Problem." Mr. Clews maintains the thesis that capital should absolutely rule, while Mr. Elkins, on the other hand, advocates co-operation and profit sharing in an article which, considering his position as a political manager, is exceedingly radical.

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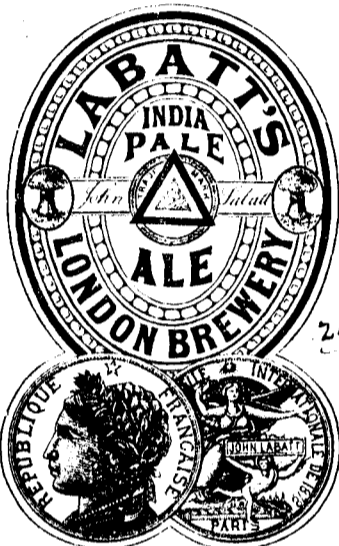
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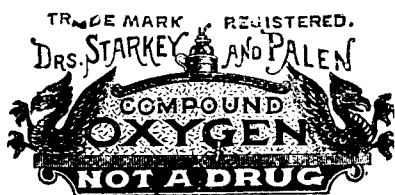
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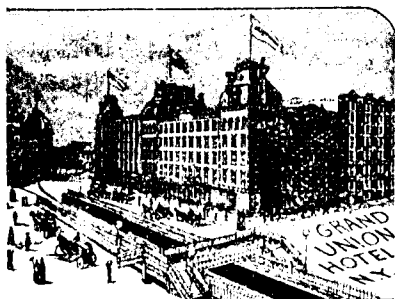
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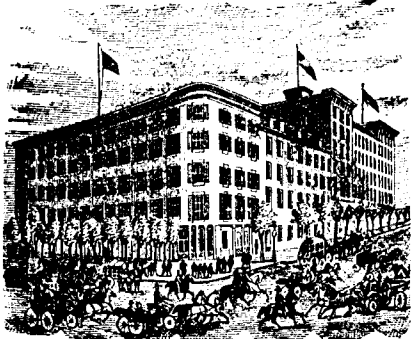
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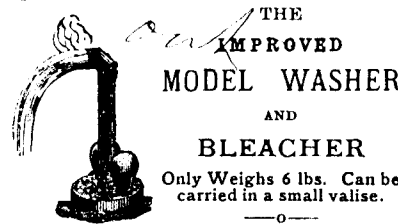
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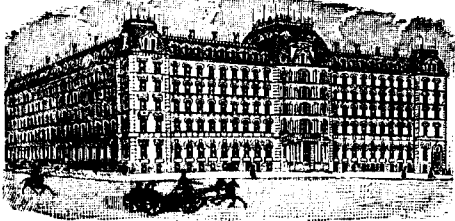
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