

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

Edited by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Parliamentary proceedings of both the Ottawa and Toronto houses during the past week are comparatively barren of interest. In the Dominion Assembly, business was chiefly confined to the slow process of extracting information from the Government, out of which the Opposition intend to make political capital, and the performance of routine preliminaries. In the Ontario House, the interminable debate on the address drags its weary length without eliciting anything new to relieve the monotony. With an exemplary patience deserving better reward, the occupants of the front benches sit and listen to the endless lucubrations of members who, like Gratiano, speak "an infinite deal of nothing." The adjournment of the House on Friday afternoon enabled a number of members to return to their respective homes for a couple of days.

IN some remarks on the promotion of emigration to Ontario, the *Canadian Gazette*, published in England, points out that in the disseminating of information respecting the advantages presented by Canada to intending emigrants, those possessed by Ontario are not given sufficient prominence. Scarcely a week elapses without some fresh effort being made by the great corporations interested in the settlement of the North-West to make known the special resources of that territory. "Why," one contemporary pertinently asks, "is not something of the same kind being done on behalf of Ontario?" That Province is in especial need of good emigrants. She has suffered through numbers of her farmers going to the North-West in the hope of obtaining there a speedier return for their labour, and that exodus has not been compensated for by any proportionate influx from the Old World. To emigrants with capital, who do not care to encounter the rougher life of the far west, Ontario holds out special advantages. Hundreds of "improved" farms are constantly thrown in the market. British agriculturists could settle and obtain a comfortable living on these without excessive toil or hardship, and if this fact were made known in England, a most desirable class of settlers would probably be induced to come out.

BRADSTREET'S returns show thirty-seven failures in Canada during the past week, a decrease of one from the preceding week, a decrease of nine as compared with the corresponding week of 1883, and an increase of twenty-six as compared with the corresponding week of 1882. The same

authority also reports 365 failures last week in the United States against 276 for the corresponding period of 1883.

CANADIAN farmers will note with interest that the agricultural returns for 1883 show a further and significant decline in the area of land under wheat cultivation in Great Britain. Atmospheric conditions were not favourable to a good crop during the past year, but it is recognized that other influences contributed more largely to this result. Even phlegmatic and conservative Hodge is forced to the conclusion that the large imports of foreign-grown grain are mainly responsible for the fact that the surface now under wheat cultivation in England is less by 390,000 acres than it was a year ago, and 192,000 less than in 1881, when the aggregate was the smallest that had been up to the time recorded. All the probabilities point to a vastly increased production of wheat in North-West Canada and India, in view of which the cultivation of this cereal in Great Britain must inevitably be further curtailed.

THE one thing remaining to make the Montreal Carnival an unequivocal success is seasonable weather, and the only ground for trepidation on this head is that the prophet Vennor says Jack Frost will reign supreme during this long-looked-to festival. Certain it is that the picturesque "city of churches" has bestirred itself with a whole-souled intent to make the 1884 carnival worthy of the crowds of sight-seers which the various railway companies have made preparations to convey there.

THE death of Wendell Phillips has silenced perhaps the most eloquent voice on this Continent. It may be doubted whether any other man ever talked such nonsense in language so excellent and with a delivery so perfect. To hear him lecture was a great intellectual treat. Though he was the most intense of fanatics, there was nothing of the fanatic either in his diction or in his manner. The diction was pure, in perfect taste and free from extravagance; the manner was quiet and as like that of a well-bred gentleman as it is possible for that of a platform lecturer to be, while nobody out of Bedlam would have done the things which he recommended for the reasons for which he recommended them. It was insanity calm and self-possessed. His written utterances either were more violent or seemed so, because the language was not tempered by the delivery. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of his philanthropy, since he devoted his life to the advocacy of the causes which he thought good. But there was in it a truculent, not to say a sanguinary vein. Against the Southerners he absolutely breathed fire and slaughter; it was fortunate for the country that his spirit did not preside over Reconstruction. The atrocities of Fenianism also were far too congenial to his temper. He loved his kind no doubt as truly as did Robespierre, and he would very likely have manifested his love with the same energy had destiny placed the same instrument in his hands. His political ideal, so far as its nature could be gathered from his spasmodic utterances, was a moderate anarchy with inconvertible paper currency.

OXFORD is deprived of a familiar figure by the death of Mr. Henry Parker, C.B., one of the most eminent of British antiquaries. Perhaps in practical knowledge of medieval architecture, ecclesiastical and general, he held the first place. He thus had fully merited his C. B. His later years were devoted to classical researches in Rome, where he carried on extensive excavations and made some discoveries of importance, especially with regard to the ancient walls, though his interpretation of the discoveries was vitiated by the fancy, which he had espoused, that the fables in the first book of Livy were genuine Roman history. His simplicity of character and complete devotion to antiquities lent piquancy to an incident which occurred in the course of his Roman explorations. It was in the days of Pio Nono, when political conspiracy was rife and the police was in a state of nervous vigilance. Mr. Parker formed a little society of antiquaries for the purpose of carrying on some special investigations. The name "society" was enough for the police, who taking it for granted that the object was political, placed the innocent antiquary under surveillance and opened his letters at the Post Office. He thus shared the fate of the literary traveller who was arrested in Russia for having Plato's "Republic" in his trunk.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE "Bystander Papers" are not editorial, but the opinions, expressed without reserve, of an individual writer. Those who hold the opposite opinions are equally at liberty to advocate their views in the columns of this journal. It was the special object of the founders of THE WEEK to provide a perfectly free court for Canadian discussion.—EDITOR.

THE Pacific Railway was to have been built without any addition to taxation: such is the recorded promise of Parliament to the country. Irrespective of land grants and sops to British Columbia, the appropriations already approach sixty millions, and the Government now asks Parliament for help, by way of loan, to the extent of twenty-two millions and a-half more. Those (not many it must be owned, if more than one) who from the beginning frankly opposed the enterprise, having satisfied themselves as to its character and prospects, receive the announcement of its progressive exigencies without surprise or exasperation. They are prepared not only for the present loan of twenty-two millions and a-half, but for subsidies, when the road shall have been completed, to pay for the working, which, as regards the sections east and west of the Prairie territory, cannot be remunerative, unless the hope of diverting the Pacific traffic from San Francisco to British Columbia should be realized, and the main outlet of the Prairie should prove to be not to the south, but to the east. The expense of working the railway, however, if it fall on any government, may, perhaps, not fall on that of Canada; for it was manifest from the beginning that should the attempt to incorporate the far western territories fail, instead of consolidating the Canadian Dominion, it would assuredly precipitate annexation. The position of the "Bystander" on this question, however heterodox, has at least been definite, and consistent, as he hopes, with that patriotism which takes a broad view of the public interests, as well as with justice to the opposite side. He has always regarded the Pacific Railway as a political and military rather than a commercial undertaking, and predicted that its real character would appear. He has never denied that commercial sacrifices, even very great commercial sacrifices, may be rightly made for political and military objects, provided the objects be attainable and good. But he has always denied, and must continue to deny, that the formation of an anti-continental empire out of the provinces scattered along the northern belt of this continent is an attainable object, or, if attainable, would, so far as the interest of the mass of the people is concerned, be good. The country, however, has been committed to the enterprise, nor can either of the two political parties escape its share of the responsibility. What the Conservatives initiated, the Liberals accepted and ratified; indeed no one advocated the policy more decidedly than did the proprietor of their leading journal, who was also the virtual head of their party. If Mr. Mackenzie and the members of his government had their misgivings, this does not mend their case. To stay the construction of the unremunerative sections of the road and leave the twenty-two millions and a-half in the pockets of the people, would, of course, now be the policy for which the "Bystander" would vote. But it is equally a matter of course that those who have staked their reputation on the success of a great imperial enterprise, should be resolved to push the enterprise to completion; and the enterprise can be pushed to completion only by this additional effort on the part of the nation. The leader of the Opposition is fatally trammelled by his own antecedents as a member of the Mackenzie government, though he made it apparent enough at the time that he was an unwilling passenger in that train. That he should frankly own an error and make his way back at last to firm ground is more than can be expected of him, or perhaps of any party leader. So he swerves from the enemy in his front, and falls upon the company, which can be attacked without apparent inconsistency or apparent disloyalty to the grand national undertaking. He never has gained much, nor is he likely to gain much, by that strategy. If Canadian statesmen fail in the vast work to which they have committed the nation, the failure will be their own; their contractors have served them well. The company has had to contend with desperate opposition in the money markets both of England and of the United States; in those of England it was encountered by the hostility of the Grand Trunk, on the side of which, as a company mainly British and the supposed victim of Canadian spoliation, English sympathy is largely arrayed; in those of the United States it had to meet not only the jealous rivalry of the other transcontinental lines, but the political feeling aroused against an enterprise which has been always blazoned as one of antagonism to the United States. In fighting the Grand Trunk for eastern communications, money has probably been lost; at all events the resources of the Pacific Railway Company have been for the time absorbed; but this could not have been helped, unless the nation had been prepared to step in and control the hostility of the Grand Trunk. There can be little doubt that after an elaborate, volumi-

ous and remarkably able indictment of the Company by Mr. Blake, unwillingness to stop short in the middle of the vaunted enterprise will prevail, and the twenty-two millions and a-half will follow the millions already expended or pledged, as tributes to an Imperial policy, which, like all other policies, will be approved or condemned by the result.

THE drama now opens on a grander scene. That country which is the mother of our institutions as well as of our race, and the central hearth of our civilization, is approaching a political crisis of no common gravity. It seems certain that the Radical section of the government has prevailed and that Extension of the Franchise is to precede Local Government. The full importance of a measure of this kind is not clearly seen by most of us, because we are still deluded by the lingering forms and phrases of the monarchy, and, fancying that government is still vested in the crown, we fail to see that the electorate is now in reality the sovereign power and that upon its character and intelligence everything depends. If in the electorate ignorance and passion prevail, there is nothing to save the country from misgovernment or from political ruin. The Reform Act of 1832 swept away the oligarchy of borough-mongers, with all its attendant train of abuses, and restored the rights of the nation. The classes on which it bestowed political power were fully on a level in every qualification with those who were already enfranchised, and their exercise of the suffrage was followed by reform and improvement in every department of the State. Though carried by agitation necessarily violent in proportion to the tenacity of the corrupt interest, and attended by some of the evils of revolution, the measure was not demagogic; the paramount motive of its authors was patriotic and its effects on government could hardly have failed to be good. Of the Reform Bill brought forward by Lord John Russell and the Whigs a quarter of a century later the same thing could scarcely be said. The chief motive probably on this occasion was the desire of raising a wind which might fill once more the flagging sail of Whiggery, though there were public reasons for extending the franchise to a large body of intelligent artisans and bringing them within the pale of the constitution. The majority of the nation at the time desired no change; the Bill was the work of the politicians and in this respect again presented a strong contrast to the Reform Bill of 1832. The Tory Bill of 1867 was wholly a party move. The avowed object of its framers was to "dish the Whigs," and Lord Derby himself did not want the effrontery to proclaim that a measure fraught with the most momentous consequences to the country was on his part a leap in the dark. Of the Tories, by whose votes the Bill was carried, almost all had placed on record their disapproval of any further extension of the franchise, and they had loudly applauded Disraeli when he called the author of a far more moderate measure "a Jack Cade." The cynical aim of these reactionary strategists was to swamp intelligence, which was assumed to be on the side of progress, and this was compassed by enfranchising the populace of the cities, the worst political element in the nation. The masses to which political power was thus imparted, being ignorant and inert, or easily led by personal influence and the beer-cup, the natural effects of the measure were not at first visible, but as the populace becomes conscious of its power, they are now beginning to appear. A County Franchise Bill, such as is now expected, extending household suffrage from the cities to the counties, and thus enfranchising the peasantry, may be regarded, perhaps, as the necessary countermove of Liberalism to the Tory enfranchisement of the populace in the cities; and as the Tories speculated on an electoral insurrection of the small householders against the higher artisans and the middle class, so the Liberals now speculate on an electoral insurrection of the peasantry against the landlords. The peasant, if not a more intelligent, is unquestionably a worthier man than the inhabitant of the low suburb. County suffrage will therefore be no degradation of the franchise. But it comes at a moment of social and agrarian agitation, when, as terrible experience shows, political change is most hazardous, and that member of the government who is the most prominent advocate of the measure, and evidently hopes by means of it to mount to power, is sounding, in every speech that he makes, the tocsin of class war. With regard to the extension of the franchise in Ireland especially, there exists a danger which no amount of sentimental or hypocritical declamation can conceal. In ordinary times, though the Irish Roman Catholic is politically a very different being from the Protestant, policy on the whole manifestly requires that the treatment of Ulster and Connaught, with respect to the franchise, should be the same. But this is not an ordinary time. The Roman Catholic provinces are in a state of moral rebellion which, avowedly, would become actual rebellion if it had the force. The only sound reason for calling any man to the exercise of political power is a reasonable expectation that he will use it for the benefit of the State. In this case there is not only a reasonable expectation, but a moral certainty that the power, instead of being used for the benefit of the State, will be at once used for its destruc-

tion. To make Ireland an exception would be odious, but there would be nothing odious in suspending political change altogether till the agrarian agitation had subsided and the union had been placed out of peril. To throw the ballot into the hands of people who tell you frankly beforehand that they will employ it for the purpose of wrecking the Legislature and dismembering the nation is the act of the highest political wisdom or of something very much the reverse.

THAT the extension of the franchise, as well as the Irish Land Act, is the work of political infallibility is the comfortable belief of the devoted followers of Mr. Gladstone. In obedience to his decision, in reliance on his wisdom, inside the Cabinet and outside, this dispensation is accepted. No one can doubt that more than half of the members of the Government are in their own minds opposed to the aims of Mr. Chamberlain. If, as social science proclaims, general laws rule history, it must be owned that they still operate largely through individual men. The power of political chiefs such as Bismarck, Cavour, Gambetta and Gladstone, though it rests on intellectual influence, not on the sword, is almost as personal as was that of Julius Cæsar or Charlemagne. Is Mr. Gladstone's fiat a guarantee for the practical wisdom of a measure? For the morality of a measure it is. His victorious struggle with Jingoism and his restoration of righteousness as the rule of foreign and imperial policy form his best title to public gratitude, in the estimation of everyone who knows what the true honour of the country is. But in such a question as that of the extension of the franchise practical forecast is the quality required, and few even of his most ardent would say that practical forecast was the distinguishing gift of Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps it is seldom the distinguishing gift of great orators, who are apt to think more of the present triumph than of future results, and whose magical powers of persuasion conceal defects and dangers from themselves. To his present position of, it may almost be said, Radicalism Mr. Gladstone has been borne forward partly by the glowing philanthropy which inspired what angry Tories styled "the flesh and blood argument" in favour of an extension of the suffrage, partly by the increasing antagonism into which he has been thrown with the territorial aristocracy, which has pursued him with personal and most bitter hatred. That his views, intellectually, have hardly yet been settled appears from his retention, in curious combination with his new Liberalism, of his old High Churchism and his old reverence for title. Whether he clearly sees or has tried clearly to see what sort of polity will practically result from his measure, and how universal or even household suffrage will work with the House of Lords, we shall be able to say with more confidence when he has introduced his measure and his exposition of it is before us. What neither he nor anybody else as yet sees is that the country has now no government but organized party, so that if the enfranchised masses ever cease to own the control of a powerful party leader like himself, sectionalism, confusion and administrative anarchy must almost inevitably ensue. Instead of calling uninstructed masses suddenly and without any preparation to the exercise of political power, at a moment when they are particularly likely to make a suicidal use of it, the policy of a statesman who had studied democracy and wished to place it on a safe basis would rather be first to form a strong groundwork of local institutions, upon this to found his central government, and at all events before the flood-gates of extension were opened, to secure to the country a regular and stable executive for the maintenance of law and the administration of public business irrespective of the fluctuations of opinion. But Mr. Gladstone has not studied democracy; he has been converted to it, and in his neophyte zeal at seventy-four, he is not unlikely to lose Ireland and leave the other two kingdoms in a perilous condition.

THE Governor of Rhode Island in his message to the Legislature, says, that the increase in proportion of divorces to marriages, in the State, is absolutely startling, and recommends, as a check to the growing evil, that testimony in divorce trials be heard in open court. The New England Divorce Reform League states in its circular that in the three eminently moral and highly educated States of Maine, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, there has been of late one divorce to every ten marriages. The two most populous counties in Minnesota increased their divorces, in ten years, fifty per cent. faster than their marriages. In Chicago, Louisville, and Connecticut, the ratio is somewhat lower, but in San Francisco and in counties in a number of States it is as high as 1 to 6. Besides the divorces which appear in these statistics, every one familiar with American society knows that there is a number of separations formal or informal. There are men who live in New York while their wives live in Paris. It is assumed both by the Governor and the League, that the laxity of the divorce law is the root of the mischief, and that the reform of the divorce

law would be an effectual remedy. This may be doubted. To loosen the marriage bond, to diminish the sanctity of wedlock, to separate the interests of man and wife, to subvert the authority of the head of the family and thus to break up the family itself, has been the tendency not of divorce law legislation alone, but of legislation on matrimonial questions generally, and of the whole revolutionary movement with regard to the relations between the sexes. The period has been marked by the growing insubordination of children, and their loss of reverence for their parents, as well as by the increase of divorce. When we hear of a husband prosecuting his wife, of a wife suing her husband for the rent of the house which is their home, of a wife opposing her husband's candidature and the two encountering each other on the stump, it is clear that a change has taken place of which a lax divorce law is little more than the formal expression. Tighten the divorce law, without restoring the tone of sentiment, and the probability is that the number of separations will increase. When the belief in the marriage which blends two lives into one is gone, and has been succeeded by the notion of a quasi-commercial compact—a "married copartnership" as Miss Susan Anthony calls it, the partners will separate as often as they disagree or get tired of each other, let the divorce law on your statute book be as stringent as you will. Even the Churches bend to the prevailing wind. It was announced the other day that one of them had struck the wife's promise of obedience out of the marriage service. If the word "obey" imports anything in the least arbitrary on one side or servile on the other, it is quite right that it should be discarded. But if it imports simply a recognition of the headship of the family, how is the family to be held together without such a headship? To whom is the obedience of the children to be due? Mr. Mill, conscious of the difficulty, proposes that in each case the supremacy over the household shall be divided between the man and the wife, and that the cases in which each is to be supreme shall be specified in the marriage settlement—in the marriage settlement, for example, of Sally of Our Alley. No mother of a family wants domestic anarchy. Obedience to usurped authority degrades, but obedience to legitimate and necessary authority is no more degrading than command: it is the lot of all men who act under official superiors, masters or employés of any kind; in a very important sense it is the lot of all human beings, inasmuch as they are obliged to conform to the general ordinances of society and of nature. Of all kinds of power, that is the least likely to be abused which is intrusted to the hands of affection. Why should we assume that a husband will tyrannize over his wife more than that a mother will tyrannize over her children? Why should we assume that a man will maltreat the woman of his choice any more than that he will kick his invited guest out of doors, as it is strictly in his power to do? Christian marriage, as instituted in the Gospel, combines a distinct recognition of the headship indispensable to unity with the assertion of moral equality and of the principle that marital authority shall be exercised, not like that of a Roman master of a family, but entirely under the guidance and for the objects of affection. We live in a period of such profound and sweeping change that it would hardly surprise us if what has hitherto appeared one of the pillars of moral civilization should prove, after all, to be not adamant and should pass away. But if there is anything of which it can be truly said that it has hitherto been a pillar of moral civilization, so far at least as Christendom is concerned, it is Christian marriage. What would come in its room nobody has yet pretended to divine, except perhaps Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, from whose social millennium morality at present recoils. Churches uphold as vital to the faith dogmas which impartial inquiry shows to be Hebraisms misinterpreted, metaphors hardened into facts, peculiarities of Alexandrian theosophy, remnants of Roman legalism, or the offspring of that violent recoil from Indulgences, and the notions of good works, sin and forgiveness embodied in them, which generated so much of the doctrinal system of the Reformation. Christian marriage and the Christian family are a great deal nearer the life of Christianity than any of these. To abandon the "sound form of words" in deference to the fashionable sentiment of the hour would be deemed apostasy. Is it less apostasy to abandon a great Christian institution?

UNIVERSITY Confederation is showing symptoms of life in more than one quarter. When a movement is fairly on foot and minds are predisposed in its favour, little things, even names and terms of expression, sometimes tell. The introduction of the term confederation seems to have a good effect on this discussion. "Consolidation," though the plan had been explained, seemed to imply that the life of the individual college would be merged in that of the larger body. Confederation expresses the fact that the life of the individual college will remain distinct and unimpaired, as does that of a State in a federal union. All the colleges will combine

their resources for the purpose of professional instruction, and of examinations for degrees. There will be a university government to regulate these and other objects of the federation. But each college while it is a member of the academical union will be, as in England, a corporation in itself, holding its own estates, and with its own board of regents, whose jurisdiction will be supreme within its own walls. No charter will be cancelled; no association, no memory, no bond of affection will be disturbed. The attachment of the Englishman to his old college is fully as strong as his attachment to the university of which the college is a member, and it bears constant fruit in the benefactions by which the wealthier alumni strive to perpetuate their names in connection with the place of their education, and to win a place for their portraits in the well-remembered halls. More is heard of college friendships than of university friendships, and the college, rather than the university, is the real *Alma Mater*. Each college, as was explained before, will have its own staff of tutors or college professors, who will be in personal relation with the students, though there will be nothing to prevent the head or tutor of a college from being also a university professor. Within the college religious training will be carried on according to the principles of any church to which the college may belong. The security against any aggression upon religion in the lecture rooms of the university will be a share in the university government, though the fear of such aggression is exaggerated, since few lecturers, whatever their own opinions may be, are so lost to good sense and taste as to insult the convictions of their hearers. In an age of great diversity of opinion, with regard to religion, the system recommends itself by its flexibility.

THE Provincial Legislature, meanwhile, is moved to coerce University College into the adoption of co-education. As a general system, co-education may safely be pronounced a failure. Even at Cornell, where benevolent enthusiasm has applied hydraulic power, and a very large sum of money has been spent on the experiment, the fruit at the end of fifteen years is less than fifty female students, while of late there has been a slight decrease in the number. For reasons of prudence and delicacy, which nobody not bewitched by a theory can fail at least to understand, parents in general have decisively declined to let their daughters mingle in a university with male students. President Eliot of Harvard, a most liberal and open-minded man, being pressed to introduce the system, made a tour of investigation and returned perfectly satisfied that wherever the means existed separate education was preferred. Far from being a general improvement of female education, then, this change has rather the effect of diverting attention from that subject. Admission to male universities will be sought by women who desire to enter male professions; and that women should enter male professions or what have hitherto been regarded as such, appears to some philanthropists an innovation much to be desired, though, to say nothing of the delicacies of sex, the male professions are already overstocked, and every spinster who finds a footing in them must deprive some married woman and her children of their bread. The movement is manifestly a part of the sexual revolution. It is championed, here as elsewhere, by the same persons who champion the revolution generally, and the perpetual recurrence of their names shakes our belief in the extent and spontaneity of the movement. This fact was amusingly illustrated in the case of Cornell, which was visited by a female orator in the Woman's Right interest who after drawing a picture of the future relations between the sexes, and especially of the matrimony of the future, not a little startling even to a very liberal audience, concluded by assuring the excellent founder of the University that if he would open it to women his anniversary would be regarded by posterity as equal in historical importance to the Fourth of July or the Coming of Christ. It might have seemed unnecessary and improvident to compel all universities to try a hazardous experiment at once; but if this is to be done, at least let reasonable precautions be taken. Philanthropic eloquence will not cancel sex or make hearts incombustible at twenty-one. The female students in the colleges of the United States belong generally to a class peculiarly safe, yet it is a mistake to suppose that practical reasons for vigilance have not appeared. Cornell has a woman's college. This is costly, but cottages, or lodgings of some kind under university control, are not; and unless all our social traditions are unfounded, female superintendence is essential. A single scandal would inflict the most serious injury on the institution. It seems possible that confederation, if it takes place, may help us to a liberal and at the same time quiet solution of this among other questions, since each of the colleges will be at liberty to take the course which it thinks fit.

IN THE *Canadian Baptist* is a letter by Dr. Hale on the bitter question of Ministerial support. It tells the often repeated tale of salaries ridicu-

lously small in nominal amount, yet irregularly, meanly, and sometimes dishonestly paid, when the poor pastor has had to mortgage them beforehand for the necessities of life; of the lifelong struggle with penury; of educated men working for hire less than that of a policeman; of a high social standard exacted while the means of maintaining it are withheld; of pastors, when they have grown grey with hard service, ruthlessly turned out to make way for younger men. Flanking this letter is a dismal account from the Niagara district of the dying out of churches, with a case of a congregation which, having called a young preacher of promise, refused to give him more than \$300 a year. Perhaps the seat of the disease may be deeper than these good men think. It may be not covetousness, but growing indifference to the ministrations; for scepticism, sometimes positive and definite, more often negative and vague, is spreading beneath the crust of a church-going, church-building and mission-supporting society. In that case a remedy is needed not less powerful than the disease. But the most obvious cause of clerical destitution is the multiplication of churches. In a village which might afford one pastor a competent maintenance, we find three or four of different denominations. How many lay members really know or care anything about the doctrinal points of division between the churches? How many lay Baptists would be scandalized or disturbed by finding Presbyterians or Methodists worshipping at their side? Even to give an intelligible account of the dogmas which separate Protestants from each other is almost impossible without a knowledge of Reformation history and controversy such as none but the learned can possess. To the most of the people they are dead formularies, which have no influence on the Christian life. The Roman Catholics of course must stand apart, so must the Ritualists, as they believe in the Apostolic Succession and in the reality of the Eucharistic miracle. The existence of the Ritualist is a perpetual fight with the Evangelical under his own roof. But there is nothing to separate a rational Protestant of one denomination from a rational Protestant of another. That the organizations will at once or speedily fuse is not to be expected, but they may avoid planting rival churches on the same ground, and thus starving each other. Economy, in short, as well as the Gospel, counsels, and with a loud voice, the reunion of Protestant Christendom.

AMIDST the din of politics undying interest is still excited by the great controversies which underlie all others and compared with which the political and social disturbances, deep and dangerous as they are, may be regarded as almost superficial. What is the power that rules the universe, what is the estate, what is the destiny of man? Those who think that such questions as these will be laid aside by a being whose speculative faculties have once been raised to activity, and that man will rest content with a knowledge of physical phenomena and of the material laws which regulate his brief existence here, have not at present the evidence of the bookstores on their side. That there is still an intense appetite for information on the great subject there can be no doubt, though the forms in which it is manifested are sometimes curious and even comical. Among the highest of the books of this season in circulation ranks Miss Phelps' "Beyond the Gates." Having found the gates ajar, it was a moral certainty that Miss Phelps would in time step in; of that the publishers would be sure to take care. By the scientific analysts of religious beliefs, theories about a future state of existence are divided into two classes, continuation theories and retribution theories. Under the head of continuation theories come the Indian's belief in the happy hunting ground, and all others which depict the future life as a mere renewal of the present on the same or an improved footing. The tribes which killed a chief's wives, favourite servants and horses at his grave, that he might find his harem and his accustomed train in the next world were continuationists of a pronounced type; probably the Yorkshire fox-hunter who directed by his will that his stud and pack should be slaughtered, would be claimed by science as a gratifying specimen of a theological survival. The retribution theory needs no explanation. The two theories do not entirely exclude each other, as appears in the work of Miss Phelps, who is a decided continuationist and owes to this her hold on the popular imagination, but at the same time is a retributionist in a very mild way. The heroine dies (at least in the spirit) and of course goes to heaven, which, seeing that she introduces herself as an unmarried lady of forty, at once disposes of an unphilosophical and offensive tradition. Shelley described hell as a city very much like London. Miss Phelps' "Heavenly City" is a celestial counterpart of Boston. It is approached through a sweep of surpassingly beautiful suburbs, and "the width and shining cleanliness of the streets, the beauty and glittering material of the houses, the frequent presence of libraries, museums, public gardens, signs of attention to the wants of animals, and places of shelter to travellers," show that the municipality has

been thoroughly reformed. Everywhere is continuation with improvement. The flora and fauna of heaven resemble those of earth, only that the trefoil has four leaves and the birds sing *Te Deums*. You have a body, but with a difference of sensation, which Miss Phelps finds it extremely difficult, with all the resources of metaphor to express; perhaps the imagination may be helped by taking into account the liberation from stays. You have a house, but no cleaning day or plumbers; you have a dress, and you still stop a moment to freshen it and add a flower to it before going into company. You still hear compliments, and like them. Your faculties remain natural, with a slight addition of the miraculous. You can walk upon the water, but it requires a little practice, like snow-shoeing, so that at first you have to avail yourself of a boat. Amusements seem to be much the same as here: Beethoven gives a concert which you hear through improved telephones, so that there cannot be a "corner" in seats. St. John preaches, better even than Mr. Ward Beecher or Mr. Brooks. There is even a sort of glorified place-hunting: a desirable embassy of a scientific description falls vacant and is given to a lady not two days dead, which naturally creates surprise till the government explains that the new comer had been bed-ridden on earth for forty years, a reason the celestial character of which will at once be apparent to politicians. Dante's Paradise, where a soul appears glowing like a ruby with Divine Love, remains perhaps superior to "Beyond the Gates," as an effort of the imagination to picture the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and which have not entered into the heart of man. On the other hand, while the wicked in Dante are shut up in red hot sarcophagi or plunged in seas of ice, in "Beyond the Gates" they only stick, though the grossness of their nature to the side-walks of earth, while it is the amiable amusement of the blessed to inject into them, as it were, the spiritual gas which will overcome their carnal heaviness and enable them to mount the skies.

If Miss Phelps is a continuationist Mr. Kirk is a continuationist and something more; for his work on "The Possibility of Not Dying" is an attempt to show that for anything that appears to the contrary we may all live for ever on earth. This is a curious recurrence of one of the intellectual phenomena of the scientific enthusiasm which marked the eve of the French Revolution, when, as Carlyle says, hope whispered that "victorious analysis" might triumph even over death. If we only understood aright the laws of health, Mr. Kirk thinks, we might by conforming to them prolong life without limit. We have a better chance at all events since Mr. Holloway of the Pills has quitted the earth. But what does Mr. Kirk say to the scientific demonstrations which show that the earth itself will come to an end? Does he expect to survive the final catastrophe of the planet and to float for ever in space? He assumes the universality of the desire to live eternally, yet surely, unless our natures could be otherwise changed, the present life after a few billions of years would become monotonous, not to say a bore. It is a serious and in every way a momentous fact, however, that by temperance in diet and attention to the rules of health human life, and what is more to the purpose, human efficiency is being sensibly prolonged; one consequence of which must be that the influence of thoroughly matured and experienced minds on society will proportionately increase.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

IN the course of some editorial comments on the *personnel* of the Provincial House of Legislature, the newspaper which represents the party led by Mr. Meredith spoke of that gentleman as the handsomest man in the assembly, adding, apparently as a convincing argument, that his friends think he bears a strong resemblance to the Prince of Wales. Without discussing the question of His Royal Highness' good looks, Mr. Meredith cannot base any claim to physical beauty on such resemblance, for the simple reason that it does not exist. Neither in a single feature, in expression, nor in general physique does the leader of the Opposition recall the future king of Britain. Nor is it in evidence that he feels flattered by his friends' fancy, though it reminds one of a well-worn story that is somewhat *apropos*. The legend goes that a wag wagered he would smack a certain gentleman whom he did not know upon the back without giving offence. The bet was taken, and the parties to it met the gentleman upon the street. The wag walked up to him, gave him a tremendous thump upon the back, adding: "Oh! I beg your pardon! I took you for the Duke of — from the strong resemblance you bear to him behind." Whereupon the assaulted one's face was wreathed in smiles, and the apology sweetly accepted.

THE writers who do the funny business on the American press, when one of them is so fortunate as to invent a new phrase or nickname which

tickles the public ear, show their delight in their own cleverness by treating the new-comer as a child treats a new toy. They trot it out on every possible occasion, in season and out of season, until the thing threatens to become a nuisance. The latest illustration of this craze is the word "dude." Nowadays one can hardly pick up an American or Canadian paper without having inflicted upon him an item of some kind, intended to be witty, but usually only silly, in which that unfortunate creature is subjected to verbal maltreatment of some sort. Please to remember, gentlemen, that it is quite possible to run even a good thing to death; and do, for pity's sake, let the poor dude have a rest.

THE Marquis of Queensbury—whose name suggests visions of fistiana—has at least the courage of his opinions. He is reported to have written a pamphlet on marriage law reform, advocating a service to meet the views of Secularists. A copy of this *brochure* has been sent to each member of the two Houses of Parliament. Nothing is left to the imagination in the projected reform. In order to facilitate divorce, the Marquis proposes to leave out in the marriage ceremony the words, "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," substituting therefor, "Whom Government or nature may put asunder, let no man attempt to keep together."

LORD SALISBURY warns Englishmen that the new Franchise Bill, introduced by the English Government, will be very strenuously opposed—first, because it was only intended to secure to Liberals the preponderance which the "accidental" election of 1880 had given them; secondly, because without careful redistribution the urban voters dwelling outside towns would swamp the rural voters; and thirdly, because of the danger the Bill might produce in Ireland. He admitted that it would be most difficult to exclude Ireland, but believed that if Ireland were included, ninety per cent. of its representatives would be for separation, and that there was not resisting force enough in modern Cabinets to reject the demand.

"LET justice be done though the heavens fall," said a Latin writer, and the bad blood stirred up by the so-called Nationalist demonstrations in Ireland has fortunately not succeeded in stamping out the sense of justice among intelligent Irishmen. It is reassuring to read that amongst the bushels of letters sympathizing with Lord Rossmore in his removal by the Government, and favouring a declaration approving of his conduct, there was one from a Roman Catholic gentleman of position, residing in County Cork, a veritable stronghold of Nationalists, in which the following remarks appear:—"I do not forget that when anyone working for me was threatened with death, and all my co-religionists stood aloof, the Orangemen came here to save my crops. Only for their brave and loyal conduct during the late and present agitations, the country would have been completely handed over to Communists, and no honest man, whether landlord or tenant, could live in it." Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, however, is not inclined to extend much sympathy to the action of Orangemen in reply to the Parnell "invasion." Speaking at Newcastle-on-Tyne he is reported to have said:—"But, gentlemen, if I am bound to deprecate the intemperance of language which appears in a portion of the Irish Press, and which is used by some of the Irish leaders, what shall I say of those self-styled Loyalists who, with fulsome professions of their devotion to the Crown, insult and defy the representatives of the Crown in Ireland, and who break the law themselves while they pretend to defend it? I believe at this moment if there is any danger to the peace in Ireland, it lies in the proceedings of a certain section of the population in Ulster, led by men of rank and by men of education, who know enough to know better, and who seem to have been stimulated into a burst of unreasoning ferocity by the mild eloquence of the leader of the Opposition."

THE epigrammatic utterances of great men possess an indescribable charm. How often have the "*Jacta alea est*," of Cæsar, the "*Eureka*," of Archimedes, the "*L'Etat c'est Moi*," of Louis Quatorze, the "*J'y suis, j'y reste*," of Marshal MacMahon, the "*L'Empire c'est la Paix*," of Napoleon III., been quoted! From across the "imaginary line," also, we have some notable if not classical interjections, including the "Me and Drexel," of George W. Childs. But it has remained for Millionaire Vanderbilt to give to the world a phrase of infinitely more comfort to his compatriots of that ilk than even the "Mesopotamia" of pious memory. A party which was graced by that gentleman was assured by him that it "Should lay over the levees of ancient and modern kings, and prove a snorter!" What an infinitude of expressiveness is contained in the word "snorter!" and what a testimony is it to the inexhaustible resources of English pure and undiluted, according to the gospel of William Vanderbilt!

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN contributes an article to the *National Review* on "The Divorce between Literature and the Stage." That an Englishman should commit himself to the belief in such divorce in a London review is, "not to put too fine a point upon it," curious. A quantity of rubbishy libretto is unquestionably shot on the stage every year, but the merest dramatic tyro knows that amongst all this chaff there is not a small proportion of wheat. Mr. Tennyson has had "The Falcon," "The Cup," "Queen May," and "The Promise of May," produced in first-class style at first-class theatres. Mr. Wills, who is a literary man, has quite a long list of dramas to his credit; Mr. G. R. Sims, of "outcast London" fame, is a prolific contributor to both press and stage; Mr. Herman Merivale and Mr. W. S. Gilbert are men of some literary eminence, and are always in possession of the stage; Mr. Robt. Buchanan, poet and novelist, had three plays produced last year; Mr. Charles Reade is never absent from London boards; Mr. F. C. Burnand, of *Punch* and other notoriety reels plays off by the yard; Mr. Wilkie Collins is another author of a long list of successes, not to mention lesser lights. Plays of excellent literary merit are refused daily, it is true; but it is because something besides style is required to interest the miscellaneous audiences who attend theatrical performances. It is nonsense to blame the public because it will not sit and listen to the undramatic language and follow the actionless story of an author simply on the ground that his work is "literature." A poet does not necessarily make a novelist or a journalist. The stage was never so open to high-class work as now, but it must be *dramatic* work to succeed. If at the present moment Mr. Alfred Austin has a play suitable for stage representation, it will be eagerly accepted by a London management.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, the prolific and successful London journalist and *bon vivant*, says Paris—*la belle cité*, he knows and loves so well—is "no longer gay." Malicious critics might retort that the change is probably in Mr. Sala rather than in the French Capital, and that, like Solomon, it was not until years had dulled his capacity for enjoyment that he discovered all was vanity. Though the cost of living in Paris has advanced considerably; though the "Mabille" is a thing of the past; though Cockney 'Arry and inquisitive Jonathan are encountered in *cafés*, theatres and at show places, disillusionizing by loud talk and still more objectionable acts of vandalism; despite all this, Paris is still the city of pleasure and gaiety, *par excellence*, for those who have plenty of money to spend in it. Brussels, which is in reality a miniature Paris, and which for many possesses an even greater charm, is also a city of pleasure, attractive and inexpensive; but, for the man who is on pleasure bent, and needs not count the cost, Paris offers inducements perhaps unrivalled by any other continental city. It is somewhat amusing to note, however, that the proximate cause of Mr. Sala's lament was that he was charged two francs for a her-ring, and had his boots stolen at an hotel!

St. Petersburg, too, we are told, is at its wits' end to escape the *ennui* fiend. Politics have re-acted on social life; every movement is watched with suspicion; the spy is present at every ball, until dancing and gaiety have gone out of fashion. In this social stagnation, begotten partially by the political suspicion which dogs every step, one would suppose that, *faute de mieux*, the happiness of domestic life would be cultivated. Just the reverse; social scandals are more common, more notorious, and more lightly condoned than in any other European capital. The higher Russian nobility have no patriotism, no loyalty. They live for themselves alone, and life for them has but one aim—self-indulgence.

APROPOS of the important question of the preservation of our forests, Canadians and Americans might profit by the experience of continental forestry schools and from the experiments carried out on the tree farms of Central Italy. Whole districts which had been stripped of timber on the Alps have been re-forested, and in the Ardennes woods are systems of forest-farming which not only preserve the trees but make an excellent investment on the operation. A Belgian writer residing near Ardennes says the proprietors found that the land cultivated in trees and cut once in a hundred years—*i.e.*, the trees being selected according to their condition, and cut at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum—paid just as well as raising wheat on the same extent of land. What is wanted, then, in our forest management is the application of a vigorous system of intelligent official superintendence to the cutting of the trees, none but those marked for cutting to be allowed to be cut. This would pay even now as management, and in the course of the not long time which will see all our unregulated forests exhausted, the forests so controlled and policed would furnish an excellent investment for the capital employed in keeping them from present destruction. The lumberers now cut all the desirable trees as they go, littering the ground with an enormous mass of small branches and dead wood, which becomes as inflammable as powder. These never burn, but only

scorch and kill the standing trees, and subsist and spread by this litter of the lumbermen, who are utterly indifferent to what happens to the country when they have got their logs out.

THE Marquis Tseng, who has formed so prominent a factor in the negotiations between France and China, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the latter Empire, is a descendant of one of the oldest families in China, and traces his pedigree to Tseng-tzii, one of the old disciples of Confucius. The family, from a remote period, has resided in the inland province of Hoonan, the natives of which are exceedingly proud of the Chinese proverb, "Brave and brusque as a man of Hoonan." The present Marquis, whose Christian name of Chitse it is indecorous according to Chinese etiquette to so much as mention, was born in 1839, and has seen considerable military service. He was appointed to his present office in 1879, succeeding his relative, the well-remembered Kwo. Sung Tao. The Franco-Annam-Chinese difficulty will tax his diplomatic powers to the utmost, the more that he possesses no means of binding the French Government even to strict adherence to its own protestations. In this connection the Marquis has never wavered on the one point that Tonquin, either independent or Chinese, is necessary to the security of the Chinese frontier. Were the question of Tonquin to be decided by the relative skill of the disputants and by the logical deductions to be drawn from French admissions and contradictions as recorded in the Yellow-book, no court of appeal would long hesitate as to which side its decision should incline to, and the reputation of the Marquis Tseng would be permanently insured as a Chinese Talleyrand. No person has so great a reputation as he for a complete mastery of the Chinese tongue. He is further famed for his calligraphy—an important point in a language the characters of which are composed of innumerable signs and their combinations. The Marquis is also an author and a poet, whilst his private virtues entitle him to rank on a par with the most admired examples of the European code of morals. He is a monogamist, and in this respect, as in many others, he is a sincere friend to progress in China. We are justified in hoping that when the Marquis Tseng returns to his native country, and assumes that prominent position in the administration of affairs at Peking which will be his right, important reforms in the Government and social life of China suggested by his residence in Europe will be inaugurated, though compatriots who have not had his experience may not be prepared to advance with equally rapid strides.

THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—V.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BOW RIVER.

"AND what did your Stonies say when told that they were forbidden to cut timber on their own reserve?" "Naturally, they were very angry, and the sub-agent thought it judicious to pacify them by buying some of their lumber, in all about a thousand dollars' worth. This he rafted away, where to or for what purpose I know not. But though he went into the business as if to show

'That what in the captain's but a choleric word
Is in the corporal rank blasphemy,'

he could not give the Indians what they needed in exchange for their planks and boards, and so he was obliged to pay them in the shape of orders on the stores that we had started. From a mere money point of view, I liked the new arrangement better than the one in which I had all the responsibility. As I told his agent, 'you have now the trouble and I the profit.'

On thinking over the unvarnished tale that I have tried to repeat, it is perhaps difficult to point out on whom rests the responsibility of putting a stop to so hopeful an effort for bettering the condition of an Indian tribe that deserves well of the Government. Naturally enough the Rancho Company wished to get as many advantages as it possibly could; and, barring the discourtesy of its officer, who should have gone at first to Mr. McDougal, nothing can be said against its action, except to suggest that if the time spent in interfering with the modest gains and well-being of the old sons of the soil had been given to their own cattle, not quite so many thousands of the poor brutes would have frozen stark and stiff on the road-sides and in the neighbourhood of their offices. As to the Government, it either did or did not give the timber limits to the Rancho Company. If it did, such an act was a violation of the authoritatively declared rights of the Syndicate and of the rights of Mr. McDougal. If it did not, the officer of the Mounted Police exceeded his authority in the interest of oppression, and should be held responsible for the consequences. In either case, I submit that Mr. McDougal is entitled in equity to be compensated for his losses by the Government. I shall gladly send him whatever the

publishers pay me for these two articles, and any other sums that I may be entrusted with for his mission, were it only to acknowledge the common-sense, and therefore Christian, way in which he conducts his work, and to show our sympathy with him in the troubles to which he has been subjected by those from whom he ought to have received help. He is a missionary after his father's type; considered, I believe, as rather given over to secularity, by those who proudly count themselves rigidly righteous, because he aims at building up a self-respecting character in the Indians, seeks to form industrious habits in them, and preaches the gospel of work. The sooner it is understood that the idea of converting Indians, or for that matter anyone else, by mere doctrinal, devotional or sacramental methods is a delusion, the better. To teach a lazy, ration-drawing Indian the use of whipsaw, axe, plough, or saw-mill is to put him under the operation of a more effectual means of grace than if you secured his attendance at any number of prayer-meetings. The system of gathering the tribes on reserves may enable the Government to handle them easily, but the great objections to it are that it is frightfully expensive, and worse—that it tends to perpetuate the tribal system. Now the tribal system is our great enemy. It is the very thing that a wise statesman should aim at quietly and slowly dissolving. The reserve system discourages individual effort, and encourages polygamy, idleness, pauperism and all the barbarisms and superstitions of the tribe, whereas our aim must surely be to elevate the Indians to full citizenship. Why should not every Indian head of a family have a portion of the reserve as his own homestead and hold it in severalty, with the condition that he should not be allowed to alienate it, except, perhaps, for a limited time as under the old Jewish law? When a band has been for years under the care of a missionary who knows them better than any one else, and where the tribe has made progress that can be measured even by visible standards, would it not be wise and economical to utilize such a man? What folly can be greater than attempts on the part of officialism to baffle such a man, or to bring red tape down upon him and his labour of love?

After leaving Morely we had a glorious day in the mountains. The smoke that had overhung the valley from forest fires was blown away by a breeze and the fires were pretty well extinguished by opportune rain. The mountains rose before us, apparently just at hand, although we knew that Padmore's, where the first range rises abruptly from an elevated valley and closes in on the river so that it is no longer in an open valley but is seen issuing from a gap in the wall of mountains, was more than twenty miles distant. On our way to this "Gap," an opening in the mountains to the left is disclosed. There the Kananaskis runs into the Bow, and up its valley is the Kananaskis Pass. Near Padmore's we are within touch of the Rockies; to our right a huge battlement of rock, then a tower, then a truncated pillar, and then—nearer the road—a huge sloping mass of the most magnificent rock exposures I had ever seen. The stratification is as distinct as the leaves of a book, the dip of the strata being from the west, as if tilted up from the Pacific side. This great mass extends for more than a mile along the roadside, so near that the temptation is very strong to halt and climb up along the steep slope to the summit of the naked limestone. Passing through the gap, just beyond Padmore's—which spot bears the name of a gentleman who settled here, apparently actuated by love of solitude and love of the beautiful combined—the scenery becomes still grander. The gap opens out into parks, through which the river runs calmly, broadening out into almost lake-like expanses. The mountains on each side are streaked with lines of snow. The railway is at an elevation of about 4,500 feet, or as high as the summit of Ben Nevis, and on the south the mountains rise sheer up 7,000 feet more, the last thousand being naked masses of rock. These mountain forms are superb; so varied and clearly defined, and on so gigantic a scale. Here is a great sphinx face, a thousand feet long. There a Brobdignagian baby sleeping peacefully, its face upturned to the open heavens. A gigantic leopard couchant is succeeded by a lion rampant. Single peaks, then a Parnassus, then a group of sisters, and then a serrated range; every possible form, all alike beautiful and on the grandest scale. There are still a few fires in the woods along the base of the mountains, and the air is slightly hazy in consequence; but this helps rather than hinders the effect on the mind of the onlooker. When the weather is perfectly clear, all the mountains within the range of vision seem close at hand, so great is the mass of each. A little haze gives the requisite perspective. When clouds are wreathed round the base or roll midway up, the peaks come out with nothing between them and you, and they seem so near that one fancies he could almost put his hand on them. It seems to me that next summer, when the journey can be made from Winnipeg to the summit of the Rockies in two days, all Canada that can afford the trip will flock up to this valley. Calgary, Morley, Padmore's, or farther on, Hillsdale in Aylmer Park, or

the summit itself would be good centres for sight-seeing, prospecting, geologizing, hunting or fishing. I have not seen the Yo-semitic, but to judge from photographs merely, the valley of the Bow should have the preference. As we proceed up the valley the mountains become grander. One, Cascade Mountain, so called from a jet of water that bursts out from its naked stone side half way up and trickles down to its feet, is fully 5,000 feet above the 4,600 that is the elevation of the park at its base. Three-fourths of the 5,000 feet is bare limestone, at one point twisted, elsewhere regularly stratified, and the whole presenting at a distance the appearance of an enormous solid mass of stone. From the Devil's Head, a still higher peak behind, a turbulent stream flows, which we came to know pretty well, for we had to cross it seven times in the course of as many miles. If it be true that a vein of good anthracite coal has been discovered at Cascade Mountain, the realistic settlers will probably change the name to Mount Anthracite. Such a find would be of more value to the country than the recent alleged discovery of gold-bearing quartz, declared to be worth from \$70,000 to \$150,000 a ton at Castle Mountain, still farther up the valley.

A party that wished to hunt would require to engage, at Morley, Indians who know the mountains, for between the Stonies and the work connected with tracklaying and the prospecting of miners, every kind of game must have been driven out of the valley of the Bow; but to the north and south good sport can still be had. The Kicking Horse valley to the west is also good, and the Selkirks are virgin ground for the hunter. Various kinds of deer, the white-tailed—like the ordinary Canadian deer—the black-tailed, and the cariboo, all three different from the antelopes of the plains; the elk, or the regular red deer; the moose; mountain sheep and goats; and bears, brown, black, grizzly and cinnamon, all offer sport of a noble kind. The rivers, brooks and lakes are said to be well supplied with fine mountain trout, weighing from half a pound to twenty pounds. But as we went in for neither shooting nor fishing, we cannot speak with authority on the great subject of sport.

At Hillsdale, twenty-eight miles on this side of the summit, we exchanged our waggons for saddles and pack-horses. At this camp there was a supply store belonging to the railway, and we were furnished with everything that would probably be required to take us as far as the second crossing of the Columbia on the other side of the Selkirks. We grudged sorely having to carry provisions down the Kicking Horse that we would not need till we began to cross the Selkirks, but it was impossible to know in what condition Major Rogers' stores might be, and our commissariat had to be secured. The Hillsdale camp, at the west end of Aylmer park, was the most beautifully situated of any that we had yet seen. It was pitched at the foot of some low aspen and spruce covered hills, looking out to the east on a grassy park of five or six acres on which our teams and the teams of half a dozen other parties, and cattle intended for speedy conversion into beef, were quietly grazing. This park opened out between opposing lines of mountains that rose 4,000 feet above it; double ranges, the lower wooded at the base and then ribbed with long lines of spruce that struggle with the rocks and frost and snow for a bare living, the higher springing from and immediately behind them, great masses of naked limestone contorted by primeval convulsions, polished and worn down by glacial action and atmospheric influences into every conceivable form. Every one of these multitudinous peaks is worthy of a separate description, and would be honoured with it over and over again could it only be transported to the plains—say near Winnipeg. Before long they will probably be photographed to death, and nothing but the art of the photographer can do justice to their infinite richness in detail.

In the forenoon at Hillsdale we held divine service on a convenient knoll shaded by aspens near the camp. Though brief notice was given, between twenty and thirty assembled, consisting of engineers, doctor, storemen, contractors, prospectors, and one lady—wife of a contractor whose tent was two or three miles distant, and who had come on an errand to the store, and remained to grace the congregation with her presence. In the afternoon we made a Sabbath day's journey on horseback. After the horrible jolting we had had for three days in our dilapidated waggons over roots, ruts and boulders, through mudholes where we were like to stick and mountain torrents where we were like to be upset, it was delightful to be on a pony's back for an hour or two. At the next camp the engineer was one of "the first eighteen" of the Royal Military College, and we spent the evening with him and his chief, who had accompanied us from Hillsdale. After high tea and a pleasant evening, they made us a first rate bed of fragrant spruce and pine boughs, judiciously placed thatch-wise. A buffalo robe over these, and then three blankets over us enabled us to sleep comfortably, though the water in a pan at the door of the tent was found frozen in the morning. The sharp air had simply the effect of making us ready at six o'clock for a breakfast of por-

ridge and condensed milk, bacon and beans and corn, bread and excellently cooked dried apples, and good coffee. From this part of the valley, Castle Mountain, a magnificent looking turreted rock crowning a great mountain range, rises so boldly that we can study every detail into which the limestone is carved. Those mighty masses look as if they had been piled up by masons, and chiselled and sculptured by artists. In their singular multiplicity and finish of detail the mountains of the Bow River certainly excel the Alps. It is in this part of the valley that the stratified and igneous rocks meet, and of course parties of prospectors and miners are searching for silver and gold. Good specimens have been found, and one or two miners whom we met declared that the district was certain to be another Colorado. But it is so difficult to know whether or not the specimens were carried to the spot in the pockets of speculators, and people have been bitten so often, that average credulity is not so great on the nugget and bonanza business as it once was. "I wouldn't believe it was genuine," remarked one gentleman who had been bitten hard by a salted mine, "if I saw a vein of solid silver jutting out from the rock." However, the Castle Mountain Mining Company and the miners of Silver City are not sceptical. May their "Queen of the Hill" beat Colorado! And so say we all.

GRANT AND JULIUS CÆSAR

In the House of Representatives at Washington a few days since, Mr. Belford, of Colorado, used the following language: "General Grant was the greatest soldier who has ever been upon the face of the earth since the days of Julius Cæsar. Pompey was conquered, Hannibal was conquered, Napoleon was conquered, but General Grant, in all his splendid military career, never lost a battle."

Throughout the Northern States, Grant is very much over-rated as a general. If Mr. Belford had stated that Grant had the highest reputation in proportion to his merit that any man in any walk of life ever had, he would be nearer the mark. If success alone is the test of great generalship, irrespective of the odds on either side, of course Grant is a great general. With some, success is genius, heroism, patriotism, everything, and in a utilitarian age, and among a utilitarian people perhaps it is the only test they know how to apply. When, however, comparisons are made with Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon, Grant's claims to high rank among generals seem paltry and ridiculous. The great general is he who, with the odds against him, in the face of obstacles and difficulties, never falters, inspires his men with confidence, and by stratagem and skill wrests victory from despair. Frederick the Great, who with a population of 5,000,000 fought a coalition of nearly 100,000,000, and by his military skill and ability emerged triumphantly from the uneven contest, can fairly claim to be ranked as a great general.

Napoleon's greatest campaigns were those of 1796 and 1814. In one he was victorious, in the other defeated; yet his generalship was as great in the one case as in the other; in fact, many scientific soldiers think his unsuccessful campaign of 1814 the most brilliant. The American people need not go back to Julius Cæsar to find an abler soldier than Grant. Their own country has produced in General Robert E. Lee one fit to rank with the greatest generals of all ages. A reference to the circumstances of the civil war will show the striking contrast between the resources of the rival chiefs. Grant led the armies of the North, supported by a population and wealth many times greater than that of the South. Men could be obtained from every quarter, while the South, surrounded by hostile armies and fleets, had barely their own people to recruit from. The Northern generals had lines of retreat to every point of the compass, a fact which explains the want of decisive result in some of the Southern victories. In ships, in money, in stores, the North overwhelmingly had the advantage. In the face of all this, Lee, against enormous odds, with ever lessening ranks, won victory after victory, and for three long years, by marvellous strategical and tactical skill, held the whole power of the North at bay.

Grant, who, at the head of a large army had won some successes in the west, and done some good service around Vicksburg, had acquired a considerable reputation, and in 1864 was placed in command of the army of the Potomac, and pitted against Lee. He at once invented a new system of war, original in itself, and particularly suited to the circumstances of the case. This system is described by Grant himself in his final report on the war, and the history of the campaigns of 1864 and 1865 in Virginia, prove that he followed closely and fully the principles he had laid down. His position was peculiar. He had unlimited supplies of men, arms and money. The world was open to him to recruit from, while the South was exhausted, with every available man in the field. His army was composed partly of volunteers obtained by the highest bounties (in paper currency) ever of-

ferred by conscription, and by the substitutes hired by conscripts to fight for them. There is a good story illustrating this: Some veterans of the war were talking over their experiences, and telling of their wounds and escapes, when one said: "Yes, gentlemen, but you all returned to your homes, while the bones of my substitute now whiten the sands of the James river." Grant knew that in generalship he was not equal to Lee, and his system as he explained it, was to "hammer continually" with superior numbers, until the enemy would be worn away by the "mere attrition." He was willing to lose 10,000 conscripts and substitutes, if he only succeeded in killing 1,000 of Lee's men, knowing that he could keep on sacrificing life in this way until the Southern army was gone.

In 1864, with 140,000 men to Lee's 50,000, he began the campaign by the battle of the Wilderness, where, after hard fighting, he was defeated. A few days later came the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, where he was again defeated with heavy loss. Here he waited for large reinforcements from Washington, and then moving to Hanover Junction he again attacked Lee with the same result. A few days after, occurred the terrible fighting at Cold Harbour, where, after a severe repulse and fearful losses, Grant's men refused to move again to the attack. He was therefore obliged to move around Richmond, cross the James river and establish himself in a position which he could have reached by water without losing a man. He had been defeated in every battle, and his march had cost him 100,000 men; but it had cost Lee, who could not replace them, 18,000.

Grant's cold-blooded recklessness as to his soldiers' lives is proved by this march. The proof is strengthened by the fact, which is undoubted, that he refused to exchange his men, who, as prisoners, were dying by the thousands in the camp at Andersonville. He knew that the Southern men he would have had to return in their stead were better soldiers, and worth more to the South, three times over, than his men were to him, whose supply of reinforcements seemed inexhaustible. The treatment of these prisoners by the Northern Government, in refusing to supply medicines for them, in refusing to sell medicines to the South for their use, in refusing to see deputations from their own numbers to plead for the exchange of their comrades, was the most heartless feature of the war, and it was all a part of General Grant's method of carrying on war. We have outlined his system. It was original. It was suited to the times. It was successful. There is one weak point in it, however, and it should not be forgotten—and that is, it can only be used by a general who has overwhelming odds at his disposal, and resources without limit. With equal, or nearly equal numbers, the system cannot be adopted, and, with the odds in his favour, a real general will win more decisive successes without resorting to butchery and heartless cruelty in the treatment of his soldiers.

Grant's army was formed and trained by McClellan in the early part of the war, when the South was strong and defiant. McClellan's skill and generalship alone saved it after the seven days' battle in front of Richmond. It is safe to say, that had Grant been in command then, the army would have been lost. Grant was true to his colleagues, and true to the cause. He behaved well and deserves credit for it, in manfully insisting upon the terms of the capitulation being carried out in good faith with Lee. He was unostentatious in his manners, and not fond of military display. He had plenty of that bull-dog courage which led him to sacrifice anything and everything to the general result; but he was not a great general—not even a second-rate general. History will remember him only as the man who happened to be in command when Lee was defeated; as Scipio Africanus, who was really an able soldier, is mainly remembered as the conqueror of Hannibal.

G. T. DENISON.

FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

UNDER the caption "A Plea for Pure Newspapers" a prominent journal sympathizes with the lament of an American writer who bewails the fact that thirty per cent. of the space of five leading dailies in New York is devoted to the prurient and pernicious details of murders, suicides, seductions, abortions, *et cetera*. It then goes on to rejoice that every respectable journalist in Canada aims at making the organ with which he may be connected such that any young lady may peruse it. So far so good. As regards Toronto journals, with perhaps one notable exception, no serious attempt is made to cater to the vitiated appetites of a sewer constituency. But might not so good a principle with advantage be carried further? Would it not be for the public advantage if leading party organs were to eliminate from their columns the Billingsgate and uncharitableness that so often characterize them? Would it not be a great and desirable step in the purification of journalism if fair reports and broad comment were substituted for the garbled and one-sided pabulum now daily dished? "Fair play is a jewel." The writer who fears to give the same publicity

to an opponent's *dicta* as he secures for his own, pays but a poor compliment to the cause he espouses. The good old maxim, *audi alteram partem*, is a manly one, and the journalist who is convinced of the justice of his principles will readily acquaint readers with both sides of all public questions. But it has now become the case that in order to get a true report of a political address one must read the organs of both parties, since each reproduces just what will tell for the particular section it represents, omitting all reference to points scored by its adversaries. This is all wrong. Such a *suppressio veri* very nearly approaches a positive *suggestio falsi*, and does infinite discredit, more especially when—as is only too common—phrases are twisted, Iago-like, “to thicken other proofs that do demonstrate thinly.” It would be amusing if it were not sad to observant minds to note how almost invariably this principle of one-sided reporting regulates not alone the shorthand writer's notes, but even colours editorial comments on the proceedings of the Provincial Parliament. A few excerpts showing how inconvenient points are “burked” and telling ones are dilated upon to suit the purpose of respective writers may be of interest.

Mr. Metcalfe was, as usual, humorous, with some very pertinent points for Grit consideration.—*Mail*.

Mr. Metcalfe's rattling, rambling speech afforded great amusement to both sides of the house. When he promised near the end of his speech to “condense as soon as he had let his steam off,” the hilarity was uproarious.—*Globe*.

Mr. Badgerow was a little boastful and a little partizan.—*Mail*.

Mr. Badgerow made an excellent speech. He cornered Mr. Morris on the validity of the boundary award.—*Globe*.

When Hon. Mr. Fraser rose in the House this afternoon to present a petition, he was greeted with loud applause from both Opposition and Ministerial benches, in token of the respect entertained for him and satisfaction at his being sufficiently restored from his recent indisposition to appear in his accustomed seat.—*Globe*.

The *Mail* makes no reference to this incident.

Mr. Lauder's silver tones fell wearisomely on both sides of the House for a full hour. There were the usual wild statements, inaccuracies, and misrepresentations characteristic of this speaker's harangues. He made a ridiculous exhibition of his methods of logic in his attack on the Government's conduct of the boundary award dispute. He drew out a scrap-book, in which he said he had preserved all the speeches of the Ministers. Then he read lengthy extracts, which urged the ratification of the award, but none of which contained any refusal to consider the advisability of referring the question to the Privy Council. The Opposition felt annoyed; the Ministerial side breaking into laughter with each fresh extract, called, “Go on, give us more”; and Mr. Lauder was forced to collapse.—*Globe*.

Mr. Lauder put a good deal of life into the debate. He very properly went straight at Mr. Ross in regard to the authorization of school books. He went at Mr. Hardy also as guilty, when acting Minister, of a good deal of mischief. On the question of the boundary award Mr. Lauder put a familiar idea in a new way. He made it very clear that during the campaign of February last the Attorney-General and his colleagues appealed to the people to support them in “sticking to the award,” and in refusing everything short of all that had been given by the award. Mr. Awrey had a bad five minutes at the hands of Mr. Lauder. He had been offensive, in some interjected remarks, to Mr. Lauder. Mr. Lauder said the event reminded him of the German story of the claim of knighthood made by the man who had been kicked by the ass who had brayed at the king. A donkey from the South Wentworth farm had once made a similar attack on Sir John Macdonald, who is the Conservative king. But Mr. Lauder explained that he was not in a position to claim knighthood, because, after all, the ass who had kicked at him was not the one that had brayed at the Premier, but only a smaller and less well-bred relative from the same farm.—*Mail*.

Mr. Phelps stated amid rapturous applause that he had an idea in his head, which he then proceeded to unearth. The hon. members were disappointed, however, on finding that the object of the hon. gentleman's discovery was merely a cerebral disturbance.—*Mail*.

Mr. Phelps made an excellent point against the outcry raised by Mr. Lauder and some of his friends.—*Globe*.

Mr. Rayside's speech was one of the best of the week. His style is fluent but concise, and his delivery pleasing to the hearer. He possesses in a remarkable degree the power of retaining the attention of the House.—*Globe*.

Mr. Rayside let the cat out of the bag as to the extraordinary prolongation of this debate by the Government. He stated that he had not expected to speak, having had only two or three hours' notice. Mr. Badgerow, too, on Thursday said he only spoke to fill up a hiatus. The Government are evidently playing a waiting game.—*Mail*.

LE GUETTEUR.

OTTAWA NOTES.

VERY little has been done in Parliament so far. Up to date the politicians have managed to keep themselves amused with the preparation of motions for documents relating to almost every subject that the Government could be supposed to know anything about, and with discussions more or less unimportant. But it is no longer necessary to make any particular effort to pass the time, for the great measure of the session—the “better terms” to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—is before the House, a *casus belli* between the parties has been found, and the battle will soon rage with all its accustomed fury. The terms of the new bargain, the feeling with which it will be regarded by different classes, the effect it will have in weakening or strengthening the Government—these and a dozen other questions are eagerly discussed. One important matter, which seems, notwithstanding its importance, to receive small consideration in the lobbies, is what length of time the new measure will occupy in passing through Parliament. The probability is that almost, if not quite, a month will elapse before the active discussion of the question will be over. This does not

mean that the country will have to stand thirty days of talk on this subject alone. At present Government measures have precedence on only two days of the week, private members having the right to press their resolutions for consideration for the rest of the time. The debate on this formidable proposition, therefore, will be a case of “linked sweetness, long drawn out.”

Of course there is no doubt that the Government will carry its point. It would be madness for the majority to quarrel with the Canadian Pacific magnates. The country has nothing to gain by a quarrel with these men now that the road is only half completed. Besides which the Government has so large a majority that a bolt on the part of disaffected members would mean only the political suicide of the bolters.

The proposal has small chance of being fairly estimated here because it is one of the class of questions on which the partisans have to vote with their leaders, and on which the leaders feel bound to take as widely divergent views as possible. The Canadian Pacific Company was given such privileges as have never before been given by a free self-governing people, to enable it to construct a railway from the Pacific Ocean eastward to Callendar. From that point independent and competing roads were to carry the traffic to the seaboard, the Canadian Pacific being run on terms perfectly fair to all. Since that time the company, instead of confining its attention to its work, has been playing a grab game for the trade through to the Atlantic, not only that by its own line, but that which comes via Chicago as well. It has spent money with a prodigal hand in buying up eastern lines, apparently determined to secure by this means as perfect a monopoly in the east as that secured to it by law in the west. This brought the new magnates into collision with the Grand Trunk, and it was not till after the crash that they realized they had run against a stronger corporation than their own. Now they come back to the Government to have their broken credit repaired. The Government can not for very shame refuse, for nothing could so discredit this administration as to have the Canadian Pacific fail. But more than this, Canada herself dare not refuse these demands, however great or however impudently put forward. Even were a Liberal party in power to-day, the demands of the company would be granted, perhaps with a worse grace than will be shown now, still they would be granted. There is one point in this bargain which, though a comparatively small matter in itself, indicates how fully the company is master of the situation. This is that the million dollars left with the Government as a pitiful pretence of security for the fulfilment of the contract is to be given up.

The debate was to have come on to-day, but it did not, owing to the fact that the customary notice across the floor had not been given. It is safe to predict, however, that the discussion will show the balance of debating power to be with the Opposition, and nearly all the tact and good judgment with the Government. The Liberals will carefully forget to say what should be done with the case as it stands. And the Government will quietly ignore the fact that the present mischief is due to their policy. They will dwell upon the necessity of completing the road at once. In short, the Opposition will have the satisfaction of showing that they were right, and the Government will win sympathy and carry its point.

But even though the Canadian Pacific new bargain is down, the City is not given over to politics. Far from it. Winter sports flourish here. Tobogganing grows in favour every year, and will soon become an institution like lacrosse. A book will one day be written on the development of tobogganing, and a very interesting book it will be. It used to be necessary to have a hill and to slide down it until the snow was packed hard enough to make the exercise a pleasure. After a time rich men who did not happen to have hills at hand built slides for their children. The idea was taken up, and big slides were built for the amusement of grown people. This was expensive, however, and gave the rich people a monopoly of the sport. Tobogganing clubs were then formed among the young men to put the fun on a more democratic basis. This year sees the best development of that idea hitherto achieved. An enterprising and public-spirited young civil servant has formed a club to maintain a slide on the bank of the Rideau river. Two splendid tracks, each a quarter of a mile long, have been made side by side down the steep bank and across the river. Special toboggans have been made, a club-room built, and men employed to look after the club's property. The slide was opened by Hon. A. P. Caron, minister of militia, the occasion being marked by a torch-light procession, a bonfire, Chinese lanterns, and all the *et ceteras*, winding up with a champagne supper. No special description of the sport is necessary, but it may be worth while to note that both ladies and gentlemen taking part in it usually wear a blanket suit with tuque and moccasins, and a more picturesque scene than a group of these gay young people in the light of bonfire and torches it would be difficult to imagine. The sport is some-

thing more than merely exhilarating. A quarter of a mile in fourteen seconds, the first part of the journey down a hill the descent of which is like falling off the roof of a four-story house, is calculated to quicken the pulse to a point which "exhilaration" is not sufficiently strong to do justice to. Yes, tobogganing is becoming an institution, and a hair-raising, breath-catching, glorious institution it is.

The date of the Governor-General's ball is not yet announced. The social season so far has not been so gay as it usually is during the Session.
Ottawa, Feb. 3rd.

ED. RUTHVEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH HOME RULE.

To the Editor of "The Week."

SIR,—In the article on current events, in the last number of THE WEEK, your distinguished correspondent, "A Bystander," seems to have allowed his judgment to be obscured by the depth of his feelings on the Irish question. It is not unreasonable, I admit, that an Englishman by birth, education and social ties, should feel his blood stirred at the wanton and cowardly butcheries that have been perpetrated ostensibly in the interest of an agitation for Irish rights; yet it might have been hoped that a writer so liberal and broad in his general views, and so cosmopolitan in his sympathies, could have dissociated himself from the exceeding bitterness too many Englishmen evince to-day against the unfortunate people of Ireland. In addressing the intelligence of this country, as he does through your columns, he would carry conviction to many more minds, if he were to deal with this question rather more from the standpoint suggested by his *nom de plume*.

As a native Canadian of British descent, it seems to me both natural and highly proper that my fellow-countrymen should feel and express a desire to see the experiment of Home Rule tried in Ireland. Whether our Parliament should again offer formal advice to the British Government, who apparently resent such action, is quite another question. Although we have had our soil invaded, and our sons murdered, by Fenians, the most ultra-protestant loyalist amongst us has not seen in that a ground for agitating to deprive an Irishman in Canada of a single political privilege. We cannot, therefore, be expected to understand why the action of the same American Fenians, who invade and murder in Dublin or London, should be held to justify a refusal to grant local self-government to the Irish at home. Those who best know the temper of the people of Canada, cannot believe that we would submit for a day to be without our Home Rule. Some may think that we might concede to an Imperial Federal Legislature with safety a few of the rights of self-government we possess; but none dream that we would ever assent to having our local control over local affairs transferred to a Parliament across the sea, to which we might send a few representatives. Is it, then, a matter for either surprise or indignation, that nine out of ten Canadians should feel, as they do, a sympathy with the Irish struggle for Home Rule? This sympathy, however, is said to be an evidence of a desire for the dismemberment of the Empire. Truly, our Canadian experience teaches a different lesson. The far-sighted statesmanship of England has, for over forty years, yielded to each demand that we have made for an extension of our self-governing powers, so soon as it was shown to be the settled wish of the people. No one will argue that Canada could have been still retained as a part of the Empire, if these demands had been refused. But, we are told there is an important minority of the Irish people who are opposed to Home Rule, and their wishes must be respected. I wonder what would have happened in Canada if the English Government had regarded the wishes of the highly respectable minority here who were bitterly opposed to our having responsible government? The Empire has certainly been saved from dismemberment, in this part of the globe, by the enlightened concessions of Home Rule that have been made to Canada; and the refusal of similar concessions to Ireland seems to be followed by most disturbing and discouraging results.

It is lamented by some that our system of self-government involves too many popular elections; and it is feared that the well known vivacity of Irishmen would have altogether too much scope on similar occasions. I think that our various elections, ranging from those for school trustees up to those for the Commons, are productive of much loss of time and personal discomfort to the citizens. Yet, they create among these same grumbling citizens a certain feeling of self-satisfied contentment, an impression that affairs about which they are so often consulted cannot go very far wrong; and these contests are the means of working off the surplus energy and ambition of thousands in our midst. They are perennial safety valves for our body politic. Who can tell what restless and dangerous spirits are quieted by running for small elective positions? How many noisy aldermen are potential Nihilists who would have burnt, killed and destroyed, and revolted against Society itself, had they not been permitted to run for a ward, and to plunder their fellow citizens in a more respectful way? If the Irish wish for more elections, I say they should have them. There is nothing else that could possibly have so soothing an effect upon the relations between England and Ireland. Engaged in the task of enlightened self-government, the Irish would of all races in the world, be the most likely to have continual and important differences of opinion. This would produce a wholesome state of excitement at home, which would tend greatly to interest and satisfy the people. Their own concerns and squabbles would engross their active attention. Obstructionists would soon migrate from Westminster to College Green, where they would find ample scope for their talents. It must be that some panic has seized the

great Liberal Party of England, which prevents them from acknowledging the moral right of the Irish, as well as the Canadians, to local self-government. Apart from the inherent right of separate civilized communities to manage their own local affairs, there is no other practical way to have them so well managed, or to have them managed at all in conformity with the wishes of those interested. Yours etc.,
J. D. EDGAR.

MR. BLAKE AND THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

To the Editor of "The Week."

SIR,—You say in the last number of THE WEEK, echoing a previous statement by "Bystander," that Sir John Macdonald can view with serenity the difficulties which surround the additional grant to the Pacific Railway Syndicate, well knowing that he commands an obedient following, and that Mr. Blake's record on the question will not permit of his attacking the most vulnerable point—the original construction of the road. I hope the followers of Sir John will do their duty by the country. As regards Mr. Blake, you assume, I suppose, either that he favoured or did not oppose the construction of the road in the first instance. If this is your meaning, I don't so understand his record. My recollection is, that Mr. Blake very strongly opposed the terms of the union with British Columbia on account of the provision they contained for the construction of the railway, and that his opposition to the railway was emphatically expressed by speech and vote. But granting that Mr. Blake either had favoured or did not oppose the building of the road when the British Columbia terms were under consideration, how is he precluded from commenting on or condemning the Government's bargain with the Syndicate? How is any member of the House, whether a supporter or an opponent of the Government, precluded from taking any course he sees fit on the original bargain with the Syndicate, or on the modification of it now before Parliament? Does the mere fact of a member having at one time favoured the construction of the road bind him to support any bargain which the Government may make for completing the work, no matter how infamous its terms may be? Consistency is a good thing, and I think Mr. Blake can readily maintain the consistency of his course on the Pacific Railway question; but conceding that his record has been what the Editor and the "Bystander" indicate, is he bound by it as a man of honour and a representative of the people to acquiesce in the terms of a bargain not necessary to the carrying out of the original agreement? Is he bound to acquiesce in any bargain for the construction of the road, no matter how outrageous its terms may be? I confess that I have not so learned the morals of politics or the duties of statesmen.

ONTARIO.

Toronto, February 4th.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

VI.—Continued.

Just at this point, and somewhat to Pauline's secret annoyance, Kindelon returned with a lady at his side. Pauline was soon told the lady's name, and as she heard it her annoyance was swiftly dissipated by a new curiosity. She at once concluded that Miss Cora Dares bore very slight resemblance to her mother. She was taller, and her figure was of full, if not generous, moulding. Her rippled chestnut hair grew low over the forehead; almost too low for beauty, though her calm, straight-featured face, lit by a pair of singularly luminous blue eyes, and ending in a deep-dimpled chin of exquisite symmetry, needed but a glance to make good its attractive claim. Miss Cora Dares was quite profuse in her smiles; she gave Pauline, while taking the latter's hand, a very bright and charming one, which made her look still less like her mother.

"We saw you and Mamma talking very earnestly together, Mrs. Varick," she said, with a brief side-glance toward Kindelon, "and so we concluded that it would be safe to leave you undisturbed for at least a little while. But mamma is curiously unsafe as an entertainer." This was said with an extremely sweet and amiable look in Mrs. Dares's direction. "She sometimes loses herself in gentle rhapsodies. My sister Martha and I have too keep watch upon her by turns out of pity for the unliberated victims."

"I need not tell you how I scorn the injustice of that charge, my dear Mrs. Dares?" here cried Kindelon. "It would be late in the day to tell you of my devoted admiration!"

"I fear it is early in the day for me to speak of mine," said Pauline; but the laugh that went with her words (or was it the words themselves?) rang sincerely, and took from what she said the levity of mere idle compliment.

"But you will surely care to meet some of our friends, Mrs. Varick," now said Cora Dares.

"Oh, by all means, yes!" exclaimed Pauline. The girl's limpid, steadfast eyes fascinated her, and she gazed into their lucent depths longer than she was perhaps aware. It was almost like an abrupt awakening to find that she and Mrs. Dares' youngest daughter were standing alone together,

Kindelon and the elder lady having gone. "I want very much to meet many of your friends," Pauline proceeded. She put her head a little on one side, while her lips broke into a smile that her companion appeared to understand perfectly and to answer with mute gay intelligence. "I suppose you have heard all about me and my grand project, just as your charming mother has heard, Miss Dares?"

"Oh, yes," returned Cora.

"And you think it practicable?"

"I think it praiseworthy."

"Which means that I shall fail."

Cora looked humourously troubled. "If you do, it will not be your fault. I am not doubtful on that point."

"Your mother has by no means encouraged me. She says that I must be careful in my selections, but she gives me very little hope of finding many worthy subjects to select. She seems to think that when the wheat has been taken from the tares, as it were, there will be very little wheat left."

"Yes, I know mamma's opinions. I don't quite share them. My sister Martha does, however, thoroughly. . . Ah, here is Martha, now. Let me make you acquainted."

Martha Dares proved to be still more unlike her mother than Cora, save as regarded her stature, which was very short. She had a plump person, and a face which was prepossessing solely from its expression of honest good-nature. It was a face whose fat cheeks, merry little black eyes and shapeless nose were all a stout defiance of the classic type. Pauline at once decided that Martha was shrewd, energetic and cheerful, and that she might reveal, under due provocation, a temper of hot flash and acute sting.

"And now you know the whole family, Mrs. Varick," said Cora, when her sister had been presented.

"Yes, I complete the group," said Miss Dares, with a jocund trip of the tongue about her speech that suggested a person who did all her thinking in the same fleet and impetuous way. "I hope you find it an interesting group, Mrs. Varick?"

"Very," said Pauline. "Its members have so much individuality. They are all three so different."

"True enough," hurried Martha. "We react upon each other, for this reason, in a very salutary way. You've no idea what a corrective agent my practical turn is for this poetic sister of mine, who would be up in the clouds nearly all her time, trying to paint the unpaintable, but for an occasional downward jerk from me, you know, such as a boy will give to a refractory kite. But I'll grant you that Cora has more than partially convinced me that life isn't entirely made up of spelling, arithmetic, geography and the use of the globes—for I'm a school-teacher, please understand, though in a rather humble way. And there's poor dear mamma. Goodness knows what would become of *her* if it were not for both of us. She hasn't an idea how to economize her wonderful powers of work. Cora and I have established a kind of military despotism; we have to say 'halt' and 'shoulder your pen,' just as if she were a sort of soldier. But it will never do for me to rattle on like this. I'm as bad, after my own fashion, as our mutual friend, Mr. Kindelon, when I once really get started. By the way, you know Mr. Kindelon very well indeed, don't you?"

"Very well, though I have not known him very long," answered Pauline.

She somehow felt that Martha's question concealed more interest than its framer wished to betray. The little black eyes had taken a new keenness, but the genial face had sobered as well. And for some reason just at this point, both Martha and Pauline turned their look upon Cora.

She had slightly flushed; the change, however, was scarcely noticeable. She at once spoke, as though being thus observed had made her speak.

"He always has something pleasant to say of you," softly declared Cora. Here she turned to her sister. "Will you bring up some people to Mrs. Varick," she asked, "or shall I?"

"Oh, just as you choose," answered Martha. She had fixed her eyes on Pauline again. The next moment Cora had glided off.

"What my sister says is quite true," affirmed Martha.

"You mean . . . ?" Pauline questioned, with a faint start which she could scarcely have explained.

"That Mr. Kindelon admires you very much."

"I am glad to hear it," returned Pauline, thinking how commonplace the sentence sounded, and at the same time feeling her color rise and deepen under the persistent scrutiny of those sharp dark eyes.

"Don't you think him intensely able?" said Martha, much more slowly than usual. "We do."

Pauline bowed assent. "Brilliantly able," she answered. "Tell me, Miss Dares; with which of you is he the more intimate, your sister or yourself?"

Martha gave a laugh that was crisp and curt. She looked away from Pauline as she answered. Oh, he's more intimate with me than with Cora," she said. "We're stanch friends. He tells me nearly everything, I think he would tell me if he were to fall in love."

"Really?" laughed Pauline. Her face was wreathed in smiles of apparent amusement. She looked, just then, as she had often looked in the fashionable world, when everything round her seemed so artificial that she took the tints of her environment and became as artificial herself.

But it pleased her swiftly to change the subject. "I am quite excited this evening," she went on. "I am beginning a new career, you understand, of course. Tell me, Miss Dares, how do *you* think I shall succeed in it?"

Martha was watching her fixedly. Her reply had a short, odd sound. "I think you are almost clever enough not to fail," she said.

(To be Continued.)

TRIOLETS.

TO HER PALETTE.

Palette, milky white,
How I envy you!
Hold her hand aright,
Palette, milky white.
Do her fingers light
And dainty thrill you through?
Palette, milky white,
How I envy you!

Palette, milky white,
How I envy you!
Have you any right,
Palette, milky white?
You cannot requite
Love, as lovers do.
Palette, milky white,
How I envy you!

GIVEN WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

Scissors keen and bright,
Did you ever cut it?
For they say you might,
Scissors keen and bright.
Is their blaming right,
Will you now rebut it?
Scissors keen and bright,
Will you ever cut it?

Scissors bright and keen,
Can I trust your edges?
Cruel you have been,
Scissors bright and keen.
Will you come between
Us and cut our pledges?
Scissors bright and keen,
Can I trust your edges?

W. Bliss Carman.

A FANTASY.

As in a city given over to death,
One flying hour before the grave may be,
All frenzied mortals that have life and breath
Clasp hands, join lips, and take their fill of glee,—
The grave fulfils, and faster whirls the throng,
Redder the wine runs through the desperate days,
The dance grows louder, madder grows the song,
The kisses wilder as the blue plague slays:
So the leaves fall and death is wide to smite;
Haste, wind, make revel for a day and night!

A. Lampman.

IN Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep-pasture; but when the animal came to the sheep-drain he would not go over. So the man rode back a short distance, turned and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking his beast straight in the face, said: "Verra weel pitched; but then, hoo are ye going to 'get ower yersel'?"—
Independent.

INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN POLITICS DURING THE
GREAT STRUGGLE.

BENTON AND FOOTE.

I HAPPENED to be in the Senate on April 17th, just before the memorable *fracas* between Foote, of Mississippi, and Col. Benton. They had had an unfriendly encounter not long before, and it was well understood that Benton had made up his mind that Foote should not henceforth name him or allude to him in debate. Foote had said: "I do not denounce him as a coward—such language is unfitted for this audience—but if he wishes to patch up his reputation for courage, now greatly on the wane, he will certainly have an opportunity of doing so whenever he makes known his desire in the premises." Benton replied: "Is a Senator to be blackguarded in the discharge of his duty, and the culprit go unpunished? Is language to be used here which would not be permitted to be used in the lowest pot-house, tavern or oyster cellar, and for the use of which he would be turned out of any tavern by a decent landlord?" Benton's wrath had not in the least cooled since this altercation. Foote was on the floor, and in speaking of the late "Southern Address," referred to Benton in terms which everybody understood. In an indirect way he became more and more personal as he proceeded. Col. Benton finally arose from his seat with every appearance of intense passion; and with a quick pace moved toward Foote, who was addressing the Senate from his desk near the main aisle. The Vice-President demanded "order," and several Senators tried to hold Benton back, but he broke loose from his keepers, and was moving rapidly upon his foe. When he saw Benton nearing him, Foote sprang into the main aisle and retreated toward the Vice-President, presenting a pistol as he fled, or, as he afterwards expressed it, "advanced backward." In the meantime Benton had been so obstructed by the Sergeant-at-Arms and others that Foote, if disposed to shoot, could not have done so without firing through the crowd. But Benton, with several Senators hanging to him, now proceeded round the lobby so as to meet Foote at the opposite side of the chamber. Tearing himself away from those who sought to hold him, and, throwing open his bosom, he said, "Let him shoot me; let him shoot me if he dares; I never carry arms, and he knows it; let the assassin fire." He was an embodied fury, and raged and raved, the helpless victim of his passions. I had never seen such an uproar in a legislative body, but the Sergeant-at-Arms at last restored order, when Mr. Clay suggested that both parties should voluntarily enter into bonds to keep the peace, upon which Benton instantly rose and said, "I'll rot in jail, sir, before I will do it. No, sir; I'll rot in jail first. I'll rot, sir," and he poured forth a fresh torrent of bitter words upon the man who was then so well known throughout the Northern States as "Hangman Foote." Benton was not only a man of tremendous passions, but unrivalled as a hater. Nor did his hatred spend itself entirely upon injustice and meanness. It was largely personal and unreasoning. He was pre-eminently unforgiving. He hated Calhoun with a real vengeance, styling him "John Cataline Calhoun," and branded him as a "coward cur that sneaked to his kennel when the master of the hermitage blew his bugle horn." He seemed to relent a little, however, when he saw the life of the great Carolinian rapidly ebbing away, and on one occasion declared that, "When God lays his hand on a man, I take mine off." His wit was sometimes as pungent as his invective. In his famous speech on the Compromise measures, he gave Mr. Clay a telling hit by comparing the boasted panacea of his "Omnibus Bill," or "five old Bills tacked together," to "old Dr. Jacob Townsend's sarsaparilla," and contrasting it with the alleged worthlessness of the same measures when separately proposed, which he likened to "young Dr. Samuel Townsend's extract from the same vegetable." "Sarsaparilla" was thus more widely advertised than ever before, but it aided the triumph of the "young Dr." and the defeat of Mr. Clay's pet scheme.

WEBSTER AS A SPEAKER.

I HEARD the famous "Seventh of March Speech" of Mr. Webster. To me his oratory was a perfect surprise and curiosity. He not only spoke with very unusual deliberation, but with pauses having no relation whatever to the sense. His sentences were broken into fragments, and the hearer was perplexed in the endeavour to gather his meaning. In declaring, for example, that he "would put in no Wilmot proviso for the purpose of a taunt," etc., he made a long pause at "Wilmot," perhaps a half minute, and finally, having apparently recovered his breath, added the word "proviso;" and then, after another considerable pause went on with his sentence. His speaking seemed painfully laborious. Great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead and face, notwithstanding the slowness of his utterance, suggesting, as a possible explanation, a very recent and heavy dinner, or a greatly troubled conscience over his final act of apostacy from his early New England faith. The latter was probably the truth, since he is known to have long and seriously pondered the question of his ultimate decision; and, with his naturally great and noble traits of character, he could not have announced it without manifest tokens of uneasiness. I was greatly interested in the brief dialogue between him and Mr. Calhoun, which followed this speech. Reference was made to their famous passage-at-arms twenty years before: and Mr. Calhoun, while taking exception to some of Mr. Webster's positions, congratulated him on his strong deliverance in the interest of slavery. The great Carolinian was then wrestling with the disease which soon afterward terminated his life, and was thin, pale, and feeble of step; but his singularly intellectual face, and the peculiar light which flashed from his eye while speaking, made him the most striking, picturesque figure in the Senate. No man can compute the evils wrought by his political theories; but in private life he was thoroughly upright and pure, and no suspicion of political jobbery was ever whispered

in connection with his name. In his social relations he was most genial and kindly, while he always welcomed the society of young men who sought the aid of his friendly counsel. Politically, he has been singularly misunderstood. He was not, as has been so generally thought, a disunionist. He was the champion of State sovereignty, but he believed that this was the sure basis and bond of union. He thought the right of State nullification, if recognized, would hold the central power in check, and thus cement the union; while his devotion to African slavery as a defensible form of society, and a solution of the conflict between capital and labour, was doubtless as sincere as it was fanatical.

BULL RUN.

BUT the war spirit was fully aroused, and active preparations were on foot for an advance upon the enemy. The confidence in General Scott seemed to be unbounded, and I found everybody taking it for granted that when the fight began our forces would prove triumphantly victorious. On the day before the battle of Bull Run I obtained a pass from General Scott, intending to witness the engagement, believing I could do so, of course, with perfect safety, as our army would undoubtedly triumph. I had a very strong curiosity to see a great battle, and was now gratified with the prospect of doing so; but a lucky accident detained me. The battle was on Sunday, and about eleven o'clock at night I was roused from my slumber by Col. Forney, who resided on Capitol Hill near my lodgings, and who told me our army had been routed, and that the rebels were marching upon the Capitol and would in all probability capture it before morning. No unmiraculous event could have been more startling. I was perfectly stunned and dumbfounded by the news; but I hastened down to the Avenue as rapidly as possible, and found the space between the Capitol and the Treasury Building a moving mass of humanity. Every man seemed to be asking every man he met for the latest news, while all sorts of rumours filled the air. A feeling of mingled horror and despair seemed to possess everybody. The event was so totally unlooked for, and the disappointment so terrible, that people grew suddenly sick at heart, and felt as if life itself, with all its interests and charms, had been snatched from their grasp. The excitement, turmoil and consternation continued during the night and through the following day; but no one could adequately picture or describe it. Our soldiers came straggling into the city, covered with dirt and many of them wounded, while the panic which led to the disaster spread like a contagion through all classes.

LINCOLN.

On meeting him I found him far better looking than the campaign pictures had represented. His face, when lighted up in conversation, was not unhandsome, and the kindly and winning tones of his voice pleaded for him like the smile which played about his rugged features. He was full of anecdote and humour, and readily found his way to the hearts of those who enjoyed a welcome to his fireside. His face, however, was sometimes marked by that touching expression of sadness which became so generally noticeable in the following years. On the subject of slavery I was gratified to find him less reserved and more emphatic than I expected. The Cabinet rumour referred to was true. He felt bound by the pledges which his leading friends had made in his name pending the National Convention; and the policy on which he acted in these and many other appointments was forcibly illustrated on a subsequent occasion, when I earnestly protested against the appointment of an incompetent and unworthy man as Commissioner of Patents. "There is much force in what you say," said he, "but, in the balancing of matters, I guess I shall have to appoint him." This "balancing of matters" was a source of infinite vexation during his administration, as it has been to every one of his successors; and its most deplorable results have been witnessed in the assassination of a President. Upon the whole, however, I was much pleased with our first Republican Executive, and I returned home more fully inspired than ever with the purpose to sustain him to the utmost in facing the duties of his great office.—"Political Recollections," George W. Julian.

GEIST'S GRAVE.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD's delivery is very quiet and professional. To Americans, accustomed to the sensationalism of platform lecturers, it appears tame; nevertheless he drew tears from the eyes of some of his audience at Boston by reading the following poem, written by himself, on the grave of a dog:

Four years!—and did'st thou stay above
The ground which hides thee now but four;
And all that life and all that love
Were crowded, Geist, into no more.

Only four years—those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend, at every turn;

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man;

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things:

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould—
What! was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four; and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore,

Stern law of every mortal lot,
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life, I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love did'st throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—
Would fix our favourite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been;

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse,
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou;

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way to go;
Crossing the frozen lake appears
Thy small black figure on the snow;

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we,
And after that—thou dost not care;
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travellers on the Portsmouth road;
There choose we thee, O guardian dear,
Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode;

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say;

People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dacks-hound, Geist, their little friend.

BOOK NOTICES.

NOUVELLES SOIRÉES CANADIENNES. Published under the direction of
Louis H. Taché. Quebec: L. J. Demers & Frère.

The appropriate motto to this work is M. Nodier's "Hâtons-nous de raconter les délicieuses histoires du peuple avant qu'il les ait oubliées." It is a gathering of the best things that have been added to our national literature, chiefly during the past year, by French Canadian writers. The first volume of this new series was that issued for 1882, and was a revival of the old "Soirées Canadiennes," which had been discontinued twenty years before, after having been the means preserving to our literature a great quantity of valuable matter. The original series was the receptacle for those delightful "Légendes" which will keep ever fresh the name of the Abbé Casgrain. The revived work claims to be the only review devoted exclusively to original and Canadian matter. English-writing Canadians would do well to emulate their patriotic Quebec *confrères* in such an undertaking. Among the names, a long and distinguished list, which are represented in or connected with this volume may be mentioned particularly as being most familiar to English readers those of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, the Hon. Hector Fabre, and Judge Routhier; Messieurs L. H. Fréchette, Arthur Buies, Faucher de St. Maurice, Oscar Dunn, B. Sulte, Alfred Garneau, P. Lemay, E. Gagnon, and T. Chapais. Of special value are the "Chronicles" for the different months, written for the most part by M. Chapais. M. Fréchette contributes a poem on the year 1870, and

also his fine memorial poem on Garneau, entitled "Notre Histoire." Judge Routhier writes vividly and warmly of his travels in Italy and the south of France, under the titles, "Au Pays du Soleil," and "Souvenirs de Rome." A sympathetic critical study of that lamented lyricist of such wonderful gifts, Octave Crémazie, is given by M. Chapais. The volume is printed on delicately toned paper, unbound. It is sure of a large and remunerative sale, notwithstanding the fact that its circulation will be almost confined to one Province. Small as is the French Canadian population, it is one which knows how to appreciate the works of its writers. It is owing to this, probably, that French Canadians have been more prompt than their fellow-countrymen of English race to achieve a characteristic national literature.

POEMS AND SONGS. By Evan MacColl. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

This volume, in which is gathered all the verse which Mr. MacColl has written in the English tongue, nevertheless does not represent his whole poetical achievement. His more distinctive fame has come to him as a writer of fervent Gaelic song. His work in this forceful and fiery speech is collected in a volume entitled "Clarsach Nam Beann." Among the first things to be noticed in Mr. MacColl's verse are his naturalness and his wholesome purity of tone, which are nevertheless united with a form of expression and turn of sentiment which belong distinctly to the school of Moore and Byron. The absence of careful elaboration and of marked technical finish is compensated for in part by the spontaneity of every utterance, by the direct and ardent singing impulse which is at almost all times perceptible. Mr. MacColl is an earnestly patriotic Scotchman, and in one stirring lyric he calls upon his countrymen to assert themselves and be no longer overshadowed by their English brethren. He questions if "Stands Scotland where it did;" and, in view of what he deprecates as Scotch degeneracy, he seems almost to expect an answer in the negative.

"Land of the Bruce! I marvel how
With scarce a murmur comest thou
To let it seem
As if thy name
Were of the list of nations now.

* * * * *

"Up! Or evermore disown
Thy once well-won fair renown!
If, of two,
One must do,
Let the Saxon name go down."

Mr. MacColl is at his strongest when using short swift metres, in the handling of which he brings out the vim and stirring effect of which they are so capable. As an instance, take the lines on "The Findhorn." It may be fairly inferred that Mr. MacColl speaks advisedly when he thus defines a poet:—

"A player strange on life's rough stage,
Now saint, now sinner, and now sage;
A dreamer oft of creed unsound,
And yet a prophet frequent found;
A wayward wight of passions wild,
Yet tender-hearted as a child;
A spirit like the lark endowed
To sing its sweetest in a cloud;
A soul to whom, by Beauty given,
A frown is hell, a smile is heaven!
The friend of Truth, past contradiction,
And yet the very slave of Fiction;
The mortal foe of vanity,
Yet no one half so vain as he;—"

Several of Mr. MacColl's poems, such as that "On a Lady Playing the Harp," have an old-time quaintness and sweetness that are refreshing in these days of over-wrought song. In the more facile measures Mr. MacColl too often falls into commonplace; lured on by the easy movement he seems to lose his inspiration and to remain awhile unconscious of the loss. In matters of technique there are many defects, and a large number of careless rhymes are admitted. A few printer's errors have been suffered to creep in, which make hopeless confusion of two or three stanzas; but their character is obvious, and they will not be charged to the poet's account.

DEVOTEES of the fashionable art of pottery decoration owe a new debt to Miss M. Louise McLaughlin for the little volume entitled "Suggestions to China Painters," (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.) Miss McLaughlin is the chief authority on this subject in America, as Cincinnati, owing to the rare and fine clays to be found in its vicinity, is the chosen home of the art. The little volume is before all things practical in its directions, clear, accurate, and definite. It is intended to supplement, from the author's fuller experience and more extended study, her elementary works on "China Painting" and "Pottery Decoration," which are standard textbooks in this branch of art.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL is suffering from the effects of the severe season, and has been obliged to temporarily postpone his lecturing tour.

The *Mail* prophecies that because February has "come in like lamb" it will "go out like a lion." Our contemporary has got its monthly saws mixed; and it will permit us to point out that the folk-lore in question was written of windy March. If this little slip is not attended to, the meteorological editor may be just one month ahead all the year in his notes.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE CENTURY for February opens with a very remarkable reproduction of a head by Rembrandt, from the museum of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. The engraver is Mr. T. Johnson, whose work displays the vast capabilities which have been developed in the art of engraving on wood. The initial article is on "Gustave Courbet, Artist and Communist," by Mr. T. M. Coan, and the illustrations thereto are cut by Mr. Cole, who is in Europe for the *Century* Company, working on the block with the masterpiece which he aims to reproduce before him. Of the two serials, "Dr. Sevier" and "An Average Man," the former is making by far the most satisfactory progress. Mr. Rowland E. Robinson contributes a paper on "Merinos in America," and Mrs. Alice Meynell writes of "How Edwin Drood was Illustrated." The short story of the number is "A First Love-letter," by J. S., of Dale. An article of great interest to Canadians is Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's "The Cruise of the Alice May," which treats of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and its shores. Salvini gives his "Impressions of 'Lear,'" and Miss Rossetti writes of Dante illustrated from his work. Mr. E. C. Stedman has a short note on Keats; a long and valuable paper on "The Convict Lease System in the Southern States" is given by Mr. Geo. W. Cable; and a timely article on Lt.-General Sheridan is contributed by Mr. Adam Badeau. There is a strange little lyric from the late Sidney Lanier entitled "A Song of Love." Mr. Edmund W. Gosse contributes "The Butcher's Row;" and Mrs. Celia Thaxter writes perhaps the finest poem of the number, "A Song of Hope." The poetry of this issue is much better than usual. The departments of Topics of the Time, Open Letters, and Bric-à-brac, are rich, full, and well varied.

THE February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* opens with a paper on that picturesque and ancient suburb of Philadelphia, "Old Germantown." The illustrations are exceedingly refined, especially that on page 121, Wakefield Mills, which is poetically treated in characteristic modern style. Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, well known as a writer of short stories, continues her novel of "Sebia's Tangled Web." A most racy and amusing story is "A Mental Masquerade," by Esther Warren; and good also are "The Great Jigtown Failure," by C. F. Johnson, and "Explained," by Alice Brown. This magazine is very strong in short stories. Mr. Felix L. Oswald contributes Part II. of his thoughtful and sensible paper on "Healthy Homes." We cannot too strongly commend to our readers all Mr. Oswald's writings on health topics, wherever they may be found. H. S. White, in "A Pilgrimage to Sessenheim," talks of the youth of Goethe. The best verse of this number is a brief lyric of much beauty, by John Moran, which we quote:—

UNRESPONSIVE.

Through vast aerial quietudes of night
Star speaks to star with softly answering light;
Sea calls to sea where sundering distance parts
With waves that beat like multitudinous hearts.

But I have made love's infinite murmur sweep
Through all thy hollow soul's unanswering deep,—
That desolate cave where icy dews are shed
On Echo, the pale oread, lying dead!

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for Jan. 26th has its usual judicious selections from the great contemporary magazines and journals. The "Last Reminiscences of Anthony Trollope," is the *piece de resistance* of this number, and will well repay perusal.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are issuing a new edition of Tennyson's Poems, with the poet's complete revision.

IN the March number of *Harpers'*, will appear a poem by Walt Whitman, entitled, "With Husky, Haughty Lips, O Sea!"

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, Prof. G. P. Young read a paper upon "Real correspondents of imaginary points."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S illness is an attack of gastric fever. It has delayed the publication of his new poem, "The Great Problem, or Six Days and a Sabbath."

TO the January number of the *Canadian Law Times* Mr. C. C. McCaul contributes an important paper on the "Constitutional Status of the North-West Territories of Canada."

JULES VERNE, the startling and prolific novelist is about to start on a trip to the Southern ocean, and the world may soon expect another volume of his daring stories.

IF union is strength, much is to be expected from the union of two such strong periodicals as *Good Literature* and *The Critic*, which have joined forces. "The Gossip" wishes them a happy union and all success.

THE eminent English sculptor, Thomas Woolner, author of "My Beautiful Lady," and other chastely executed verse, will shortly publish through MacMillan's, a new poem under the name of "Silenus."

JOHN WILEY & Sons will publish immediately a "people's edition" of Ruskin's works, beginning with the 'Modern Painters,' which, for example—five volumes, bound in two, with all the wood engravings—will be sold at two dollars.

MATTHEW ARNOLD will lecture in Shaftesbury Hall, on Tuesday next, February 12th. The afternoon subject will be "Literature and Science," the time of meeting being six o'clock. In the evening at eight he will speak on "Numbers."

MME. MODJESKA'S new play, by Maurice Barrymore, is called "Nad-yezda" (hope). She plays the mother in the prologue, and daughter in the following three acts. It is profoundly tragic, and she expects it to equal her performance of *Camille*.

THE Queen's book containing references to John Brown is announced for publication on the 17th instant. Not all the respect felt by Her Majesty's children for their royal mother has sufficed to conceal their chagrin at the approaching issue of this volume.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT and Mr. Lawrence Barrett will conclude their American seasons in April and March respectively, after which the former will start for Australia, and the latter will take the place of Miss Mary Anderson at the Lyceum, London, the boards of which he will occupy until Henry Irving returns to them.

A book containing some bitter articles upon Berlin society, which recently appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris, has been seized in Berlin by the authorities. The articles are grossly libellous of the Emperor William, the imperial family, and the German Ministry. The work has created great irritation at the German Court.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY for February is a strong number. It contains sermons by Bishop Simpson and Dr. Sprecher. A valuable series of papers is that of Dr. Dio Lewis on "How Clergymen may secure Health." Particularly interesting is the "Symposium on Evolution." Drs. McCosh and Duryea have taken part. Professors Winchell, Patton, Gulliver, and Dr. Buckley are to follow.

A new magazine, to be entitled *The Lords*, edited by a peer, and containing only the contributions of members of the British Upper House, is to be immediately issued in London. If the aristocratic literary exclusive is not of better quality than the performances given by noble amateur actors in the great Queen-street Theatre, Labouchere *et hoc genus omne* will have additional butts for critical shafts.

ONLY on rare occasions does Cardinal Newman appear in print, but he has departed from his usual habit to answer M. Rénan in the *Nineteenth Century*. The latter gentleman had stated the Roman Catholic Church could make no compromise with science nor accept the results of philological inquiry impairing the inspiration of Scripture. The Cardinal fights M. Rénan with his own weapons, and meets him with his usual dialectics, more ingenious than conclusive.

A NUMBER of letters written by Prince Bismarck during Prussia's revolutionary era have just been published in Berlin. The book also includes some noteworthy private utterances of Marshal Manteuffel with respect to his doings in Alsace-Lorraine. The collection is chiefly interesting as revealing to an extent the inwardness of the statesmen. In 1850 Bismarck, corresponding with his friend, Herr Wagener, editor of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, wrote:—

. . . . I am leading an incredibly lazy life here, smoking, reading, strolling about, and playing the Paterfamilias. Of politics I only read in the *Kreuz Zeitung*, so that I am not at all in danger of heterodox contagion, and this idyllic solitude suits me very well. I loiter about on the grass, read poems, listen to music, and wait till the cherries are ripe. . . . A State which cannot by a good wholesome thunderstorm tear itself away from a bureaucracy like ours is, and remains, doomed to destruction, since it lacks the instruments requisite for the performance of all the functions incumbent on a State, and not merely for the supervision of the Press.

I cannot deny, like Khalif Omar, I have a certain longing, not only to annihilate all books, except the Christian Koran, but also to destroy the means of restoring them. The art of printing is the choice weapon of anti-Christ; more so, indeed, than gunpowder, which though originally the chief, or at least the most visible engine for overturning natural political order and establishing the Sovereign *rocher de bronze* is now more and more assuming the character of a salutary medicine against the evils created by itself—albeit, perhaps, in some measure it belongs to the physis stock of that doctor who cured a case of cancer in the face by amputating the head. To apply this remedy to the Press were like a fancy production in the manner of Callot. . . . But our bureaucracy is eaten up with cancer in head and limbs; its belly only is sound, and the excrements it parts with in the shape of laws are the most natural dirt in the world. With this bureaucracy, including Judges, we might have a Press constitution like that of the angels, but for all that it would not help us out of the rack. With bad laws and good officials (Judges) we could always get along, but with bad officials the best laws would avail us naught.

Four months later, writing to the same correspondent, Bismarck says:—

On reading your Monday's budget of news the evening before last, I was so delighted that I rode round the table on my chair, and many a bottle of champagne has been drunk to the health of Herr von Radowitz on this side of the Gollenberg. Now let there be war, where and with whom you like; and all our Prussian sword-blades will glitter high and blithely in the sun.

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THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY CONTENTS.

- FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of George W. Lane, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. From a photograph. OUR TWENTY-ONE PRESIDENTS. George Cary Eggleston. I. The First Ten—Washington to Tyler. Illustrations: Portrait (rare) of Washington—Portrait of John Adams (executed in London in 1783)—Portrait of Jefferson—Portrait of Madison—Portrait of Monroe—Portrait of John Quincy Adams—Portrait of Jackson—Portrait of Van Buren—Portrait of Harrison—Portrait of John Tyler.

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WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15. Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urbercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-mena, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh. Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83. Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son: DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

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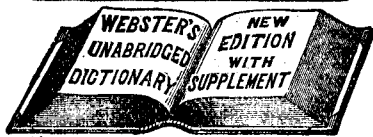
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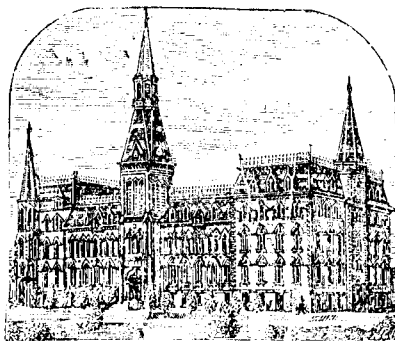
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