

THE WEEK:

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The agony in Manitoba is over, for the present at least. Dr. Harrison's Administration has proved very short-lived. Built as it was upon a very narrow, and as unfriendly critics on both sides would say, perhaps with double meaning, treacherous foundation, it could not withstand the shock of defeat in two constituencies, at the outset of its career. The outlook in the Prairie Province is full of difficulties and dangers. Mr. Norquay takes his old place as leader of the Conservative party, if it can any longer be called Conservative. Should the appeal to the people, which is probably inevitable, result in his restoration to power, he will be at once confronted with all the old difficulties, aggravated by a doubtful record and an empty exchequer. Should the forces of his opponents triumph, the Province would have at its helm, in Mr. Greenway, a new and untried man, and one of whom it would not perhaps be too much to say that he has hitherto given little evidence of the possession, in any high degree, of the statesmanlike qualities which will be sadly needed in the embarrassing circumstances in which the Government, whatever its political colour, will find itself. Under a Liberal Government the railway difficulty would be likely to become at once acute, though as the retiring Administration has also in the Lieutenant-Governor's opening Address to the Legislature, committed itself unreservedly to the policy of pushing forward the Red River Valley Railway to prompt completion, all the conditions are present, in any event, for a renewal of the struggle with the Dominion Government. Unless, as seems not improbable, the Dominion Premier should be prepared, on the opening of Parliament, to submit some proposal looking to the quieting of the Canadian Pacific Company's monopoly claims, it is difficult to see what the end of the struggle will be. Such a proposal would at once transfer the seat of conflict to Ottawa. Meanwhile the splendid output of twelve millions bushels of wheat, announced in the opening speech, affords gratifying proof that the resources of the Province are in themselves ample, and good reason to hope that, with the free railway construction, which is pretty sure to come in some way, and with the honest and vigorous local administration which may be hoped for, the Province has before it, whether in the near or more remote future, a grand development. Either the occasion will find new men, or the present men will rise to the level of the occasion.

In both the United States and Canada the forces of monopoly are unwittingly but powerfully pushing forward the work of reform. In the former country the multiplying trusts, the latest and most obnoxious pro-

geny of high taxation, are doing their best to disgust all fair-minded citizens with the fiscal system which makes such abuses possible. In Canada the Sugar Refiners, in particular, are working blindly but energetically towards the same end. Anything more tyrannical in conception, or more high-handed in action, than the recent course of the refiners at Montreal, it would be hard to conceive. If their decision to charge higher prices for their commodities to wholesale grocers refusing to enter their combination, and even to dictate to such grocers the relative proportions in which they must purchase different grades of sugar, is not of the nature of a boycott, it is hard for plain understandings to perceive the difference. If the various trades-unions should combine and bind all their members to purchase no goods from certain merchants who refused to sell at rates named by the unions, it is to be presumed the law would step in and forbid the thing as a conspiracy. The sugar-lords seem, rightly or wrongly, to fear no such consequences. It is well, they are helping on the public education. The people of Canada put into their hands, by their own deliberate action, the lash which they are now applying so vigorously. Upon whose backs should it be used if not on those of the givers?

The proposal of the second Quebec Conference to transfer the power of absolute veto over Provincial legislation from the Federal to the Imperial authorities assumes the necessity of having this veto-power vested in some authority, by specific legislation. The non-legal mind is puzzled to understand why any such special provision is necessary. Is not the power of veto inherent in the Royal prerogative and inseparable from it under any circumstances? If it is it cannot be necessary to confer it by special statute. If it is not,—if, for instance, in clothing the Federal Executive with that power by means of the British North America Act, the Sovereign absolutely put it out of her own hands,—why may she not do the same thing by virtue of some other arrangement? In view of the narrow and strictly local limits within which the powers and functions of the Provincial Governments and Legislatures are confined under the Federal Constitution, there is hardly any conceivable place, within those limits, for such legislation by any one of the Provinces as would call for veto by the British Government. If then the question of the validity or constitutionality of Provincial legislation were transferred from the Federal Government to the proposed judicial tribunal, without appeal, why would not every purpose be served, and the present source of irritation removed? Any act of a Provincial Legislature, if declared valid by the constituted tribunal, would be placed entirely beyond Federal control. If pronounced unconstitutional it would, on the other hand, immediately fall to the ground, or be liable to be forbidden by the Dominion Government. The functions of the Constitutional court would still be purely judicial or interpretative; hence no valid objection could be taken to clothing it with the necessary powers. Such a method of adjusting the difficulty seems so simple and feasible to the non-legal mind that it must be assumed some insurmountable obstacle, legal or constitutional, lies in the background, else it would have been recommended by the Conference. The anticipated debate may throw light upon the matter, and demonstrate the necessity of going back to the old colonial status in this respect—an expedient to which many, even of those who object to the use which has been made of the prerogative by the Federal authorities, will strenuously object.

A USEFUL discussion, which the *Toronto World* claims the merit of having initiated, is going on in the newspapers, with regard to the necessity of vigorous action to locate and develop the mineral wealth of Ontario. The belief is common and no doubt well-founded that large sections of the Province are rich in mineral ores of various kinds, but notwithstanding the extensive geological surveys that have been carried on by the Dominion Government, there seems to be still a lack of definite information, such as can be readily turned to practical use. Should Sir Charles Tupper succeed in obtaining a measure of reciprocity in natural products, with the United States, the opening up of an extensive market would no doubt prove the best means of stimulating discovery and development of our mineral resources. But in any case it is doubtful if the Local Government could do better service than in devoting a considerable sum to careful exploration and to making the results known to the world. The field of geological and mineralogical research is one in which the Dominion and the

Province could well afford to work side by side. There is ample room for both, and whatever brings to light the vast stores of natural wealth, which now lie buried beneath our hills or crop out here and there in our ravines will redound to the prosperity of both.

THE *Forum* for January contains a vigorous and somewhat slashing article by Mr. Dickinson S. Miller, on "Mr. Gladstone's Claims to Greatness." It is not proposed here to discuss Mr. Miller's emphatic denial of the attribute of statesmanship to Mr. Gladstone, but only to note a question of great interest which is incidentally raised. "The infusion of democracy into the much-adored British Constitution has resulted," the essayist tells us, "in a curious compound. . . . The reigning idea of English [and of course Canadian] political practice has become this: that the enfranchised English people are able to regulate by ballot the details of government." This the writer calls "an utterly mischievous perversion of the principle of democracy." "The power of a Minister when he is defeated on any measure whatsoever, to dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the people," is, he thinks, "a fact of vastly different import from the periodical submission to the masses of broad and evident issues." Canadians have sometimes congratulated themselves that their system of government is really more democratic than that of the United States, inasmuch as their control of the Executive is much more direct. Mr. Miller's rejoinder is, in effect, that this is really the weak point in the British and Canadian system, since the masses are not competent to pronounce upon details of government, but only upon broad and evident issues. But is not the less involved in the greater, the part in the whole? Surely a broader political education and a sounder judgment are required to pronounce wisely upon the more comprehensive than upon the narrower issues. If the people cannot be trusted to decide a single question of detail—though, as a matter of fact, such a decision is never called for, save when the question is one of transcendent importance—how can they be competent to deal with large and complicated matters of State policy? Again, unless genuine democracy—that is, government of the people, by the people, for the people—be a delusion or a dream, the English and Canadian system must be nearer the true ideal than the American, and its educating power, a consideration of great importance, must be proportionately greater. The tendency of the periodic system is naturally to fix popular attention upon men rather than measures. Nor is it without its bearing upon the discussion that the greatest of all reforms in either nation, the abolition of slavery, was wrought under the British system by an Act of Parliament, under the American by a dreadful and fratricidal war.

TARIFF-REFORM ideas seem to be gaining a good foothold simultaneously in Canada and in the United States. In the latter country a bill has, it is said, been prepared with the concurrence of President Cleveland and his advisers, by which it is proposed to effect a reduction of taxation to the amount of over \$60,000,000 a year. If this should pass it is safe to predict that the American people, having had a taste of the sweetness of reduced taxes upon the necessaries of life, will be pretty sure to demand the extension of the blessing. Increased volume of trade will probably bring opportunity for this without diminishing the revenue below the level of necessary expenditures. On the other hand, should the bill fail of success, as is perhaps most likely, during the present Session, the debate that it is sure to elicit, preceded and succeeded by discussions in the press, in the clubs, and at every street corner, can hardly fail to tell most powerfully upon public opinion, and may very possibly pave the way to a more radical measure at no distant date. The great end is already in a manner gained. The ice is broken, the glamour of protection to native industry which has so long bewitched the national judgment will not long withstand the light of free discussion.

As much capital is being made on English platforms against Irish landlordism out of the unfeeling and tyrannical dealings of Lord Clanricarde with his tenantry and estate, it is but fair to point out that, according to the *Dublin Union*, Irish Loyalists repudiate most absolutely and indignantly the assertion that he is in any sense or in any way a fair sample of an Irish landlord. The *Union* declares that, "as a man and a landowner, Lord Clanricarde is an exception"; that "he is no more a type of an Irish nobleman than Mr. Bradlaugh is a type of an English Nonconformist." At a recent meeting of the Landowners' Convention, Mr. Montgomery, one of its ablest and most representative members, drew a graphic picture of an imaginary landlord, in which the selfishness, heartlessness, and greed which have characterized Lord Clanricarde's treatment

of his tenantry were tellingly depicted in sentence after sentence of suppositional description. The various points made were, the *Union* says, met with repeated exclamations of concurrence, and no voice was raised to defend the original of the example so cleverly drawn and so thoroughly understood by the Convention. More significant still was the closing sentence of Mr. Montgomery's clever characterization: "Such a man would be altogether an abnormal and exceptional landlord; but he could imagine such a landlord, and he thought in his case it might be for the good of the country, and still more for the good of the landlords, that some compulsory power should be taken to force him to sell." And the principle of compulsory appropriation thus distinctly announced in cases of "absentee Irish landlords who were discreditable and disgraceful exceptions to their class" was, we are told, "heartily endorsed" by the members of the Landowners' Convention. There would be, it must be confessed, very serious difficulty in drawing the line between the rule and the exceptions, under any law of compulsory expropriation.

"AN Indian Mahomedan," writing to the *London Mail*, of the 26th ult., describes the two Indian Congresses that have come and gone, and announces the third one which was to take place on December 27 at Madras. These Congresses claim to be meetings of representatives of the more advanced thinkers belonging to all sections of the Indian people. The moving spirits are the highly educated Bengalees and Parsees. The objects of the annual assembly, which claims the comprehensive title of "Indian National Congress," are to discuss the defects in the Constitution of the Supreme and Local Legislative Councils, and to demand, on behalf of the people of India, the right to control, in a large measure, the affairs of their own country. These annual meetings represent one of the factors of the tremendous problem which will have, at some early day, to be solved by the British nation in India. The vast aggregation of distinct territories and tribes which make up the immense Indian Empire, the present unfitness of many of its peoples for constitutional self-government, and the terrible danger of famine which still overhangs so densely populated a country, and which can only be guarded against by a strong, active, and energetic central government, are but some of the difficulties urged as standing in the way of any extensive concessions to the popular demand. On the other hand, the representatives of "young India" protest, in tones growing more emphatic and determined every year, against the despotism of Anglo-Indian officials. "They claim representative institutions, at least in an embryonic form, and they profess to speak in the name of all the inhabitants of the regions under British rule, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from Bhamo to Quetta." Such movements gather headway slowly, and may be held in check by firm action and partial concessions for a time. But they are pretty sure to increase in volume and momentum with each succeeding year, and the demand of all India for representative institutions and virtual self-government is one which will before many years have to be met and answered. It should be added that thus far the Mahomedans have taken little part in the agitation, and their societies have in several instances distinctly refused to do so.

THOUGH Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's career has not been conspicuous for sound judgment or discretion, he has not hitherto been supposed to be lacking in veracity. But the story with which he is now regaling the ears of the Parnellites and Gladstonites—assuming the reliability of the press reports—lies quite beyond the bounds of the credible. Mr. Balfour's administration has been marked by great strength and determination, and by unflinching courage. It is possible that with these qualities is mingled some lack of sentiment and sympathy and other softer attributes which in a nature differently constituted might have done something to tone down the asperities to a greater or less degree inseparable from a vigorous enforcement of criminal law, in a country which has brought itself under Parliamentary ban. But the charge that Mr. Balfour had deliberately planned the death of a number of the Irish leaders by the slow and cruel processes of prison discipline and privation is quite too horrible, we should suppose, for even Radical belief. And then, admitting the possibility of the Irish Secretary being such a monster of iniquity, he is certainly not lacking in common sense and shrewdness. Why should he have chosen Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, of all men, as his confidant in regard to so infamous a plot? And how can the latter quiet his conscience, or justify his course, in having contented himself with privately warning Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien that their lives were in danger, instead of denouncing the murderous intentions of Mr. Balfour from one end of the kingdom to the other? More light is evidently needed.

AN American exchange of recent date, commenting on an interesting article on Medical Examinations for life insurance, has a suggestion which seems practical and valuable. The general habit of medical men and the requirement of the companies is to reject all but the very best class of lives. This results very often, of course, in disappointment to those whose lives are thus branded as "tainted," and places them at a great disadvantage in providing for their families. Why should not the companies, our contemporary asks, make a classification of life risks, corresponding to that which obtains in fire risks? A good business might be done, and a service rendered to thousands at the same time, by insuring certain classes at least of "tainted" lives at such increased rates of premium as would guard the company against risk of loss. Here is an unoccupied field for enterprise and philanthropy.

It is said that fully half the employés in the great cities are now of the female sex. It is not, therefore, surprising to hear that the working-women of New York are organizing with a view to enforcing for themselves equal rights before the law of labour. The inequality in the remuneration given to men and to women for doing precisely the same work has long been a puzzle to political economists, and a still greater puzzle to the women-workers. Whether the latter can correct this injustice, real or apparent, by any trades-union arrangement may be doubted. Probably the cause is being wrought out more surely by the gradual substitution of female for male labour in most employments where the one is as efficient, or nearly as efficient, as the other. According to the *New York Star*, statements of fact, or of alleged fact, made at the meeting, in which it says the women taking part in the movement discussed the workers' condition with an intelligence and self-restraint that might with advantage be emulated by their brethren interested in the betterment of the condition of the toiler—go to show that inequality of wages is by no means the worst injustice of which women toilers of various classes have to complain. It is surely a dark stigma upon male employers and foremen that co-operating working-women should think it necessary to embody amongst the abuses, for which redress is sought by their organization, such outrages against honesty, honour, and truth as evasion of the law requiring seats for shop girls by fining those who use them; robbing girls of their wages by fines exacted upon all sorts of petty pretexts; their subjection to insulting and abusive language, and to debasing influences by the arrangement of shops and work-rooms, etc. If such things are at all common they cannot too soon be dragged into the light by public exposure, and the injured women owe it to themselves and the public to make the exposure.

WHAT is the reason for the interest of English and Americans in pugilism? What is its moral effect upon young men? What its value as a means of physical training? These are in substance the questions which the *Boston Sunday Globe* has been asking a number of prominent Americans. There is more variety than might have been expected in the character of the answers, though the majority agree in thinking the extent of the public interest in the thing exaggerated, and ascribing what exists to a surviving spark of the primitive savagery; in pronouncing the mis-named "sport" degrading and brutalizing in the extreme; and in admitting that boxing in itself, as an exercise with gloves, may be made an excellent physical training. The second question is evidently by far the most important, as neither the most ancient or honourable origin, nor the greatest gymnastic utility could for a moment be put in the balance against a degrading and brutalizing tendency. But is there really any ground whatever for the views held by many persons and expressed by some of the *Globe's* interlocutors, that pugilism tends to "burnish up the virile habit," or to develop courage or any other element of the truest manhood? If the newspaper descriptions of the Sullivans, the Mitchells, and their species can be relied on, they are surely far from admirable as types of physical development. James Barton, the historian, who seems disposed at least to apologize for the prize ring, himself says that the noted pugilists "are not good animals," and that there are plenty of men in Harvard University who would better stand any fair test of manhood than they. As to the notion that pugilism develops courage, Col. T. U. Higginson points out that the bloodiest prize fight has "the brutality of war without its seriousness, or its real danger," and declares that if he were recruiting a company or a regiment he would "rather enlist ten sober, steady young men from Mr Baldwin's Christian Union, or Father Scully's gymnasium than twenty professional pugilists," and that "any man of actual experience would say the same." The sum of the matter seems to be that while courage, like every other quality of true manliness, is largely made up of both intellectual and moral elements, pugilists and prize-fighters, as they are, seem not only utterly destitute of these higher elements of character, but even of the more generous characteristics of some of the nobler animals.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA.*

It is difficult, in many cases, to determine at what interval the history of any particular period may be written, and the solution of the question will depend upon many circumstances, such as the knowledge of the documents and other materials for the composition of a history, the disappearance or the persistence of the controversies which were involved in the history, and many other things. Only the other day Professor Gardiner, perhaps our chief authority on the history of England during the seventeenth century, gave it as his opinion that the history of this period did not furnish a good subject for examination in the Universities; but he did not mean, apparently, to imply that the history of that period could not as yet properly be written, since he has himself undertaken to write the history of England from the accession of King James I.; and so far has done it admirably well.

So far as the recent history of this country is concerned, it is clear that we can hope, for a long time to come, to have only collections of materials for future history. But this does not apply to the earlier period, especially to the time of French domination, since we probably know everything of importance respecting that period which is ever likely to be known, and are as far removed from the conflicts which then took place as we are ever likely to be. It is therefore not unfair to demand of one who writes the early "history of Canada" that he shall give us not mere annals of the earlier period, but a well-organized history, that shall take its place alongside the standard histories of other countries.

Mr. Kingsford has many of the qualifications for accurate and impartial historical writing, and, if he has not given us a book that is destined to be the standard history of this Dominion, he has at least furnished us with a work of considerable value, one which may well fill a gap for some time to come, and which future writers will not neglect.

Mr. Kingsford tells us that the first division of his work, which will bring the history down to the conquest of Quebec by Wolfe, and therefore to the conclusion of the period of French rule, is intended to consist of three volumes; the first, which is now before us, covering "the period previous to the descent of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, by De La Salle, on the 9th of April, 1682," the second extending "to the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, and the death of Vaudreuil (Oct. 10, 1725)"; whilst "the third volume will continue the narrative to the Conquest of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759."

Mr. Kingsford's introductory remarks at the beginning of the first chapter show that he is fully conscious of the difficulties of his task. "Most of us," he says, "inherit a tone of thought which colours our opinions, and which creates and confirms our prejudices. Moreover I cannot escape the unpleasant feeling of knowing that I must say much which will be antagonistic to that which to-day is believed by many." At the same time the author is quite conscious alike of his own intention to be fair and impartial, and also of his qualifications for the task which he has undertaken. "I will make every effort to be fair and honest," he says, "and those with whom I may have the misfortune to differ will, I hope, recognize that I have consulted original authorities, and that whatever opinions I express are not hastily or groundlessly formed; but that, on the contrary, I have warrant for the belief that they are fully sustained by evidence."

Every careful reader of this volume will readily concede the truth of these claims. On every page it is made clear that the author has the support of his authorities, that he makes no uncritical use of those authorities, but carefully and judiciously estimates the amount of value which is to be attributed to the various documents which he consults, and further, that he never falls back upon conjecture where his authorities fail him, always making it quite clear that where the information is not precise, there is a certain amount of probability in favour of a certain theory, or else that there is no means of forming a definite judgment.

To this commendation, we must further add that, in general, Mr. Kingsford's style is perfectly clear and intelligible. On this point, however, we must offer some further remarks. We think that the author has slightly marred the effect and interest of his work by the style of writing which he has adopted, namely, the constant use of short and independent sentences—a style which is almost ignorant of conjunctions and of every indirect form of statement. Curiously enough, those conjunctions seem to have avenged themselves by going wrong whenever the author gives them a chance, by allowing them to appear in his pages. For example, the word "that" has a trick of repeating itself in an unlawful manner, and this not once or twice, but many times. Thus, at page 57, we read: "Champlain was, on his side, restrained by the reflection that if ven-

* *The History of Canada.* By William Kingsford. Vol. I. [1608-1682.] Toronto: Rowell and Hutchison. London: Tribner and Company. 1887.

geance were taken on the Indians near Quebec, *that* there would be no safety for those who went on any journey of exploration." Again at page 153, "We learn that on the south shore *that* there were settlements, etc." A good many examples of this particular slip could be found, and there are others, *e.g.*, "Madame de la Peltrie with the two nuns were received"—(page 168). These defects are quite superficial, and may easily be removed from the second edition.

While we are suggesting improvements, we may mention one or two points on which some slight additions would have made the book more complete. For one thing, the geographical indications might well have been made more precise, and we think the author should have written so as to enable a reader entirely ignorant of Canada and its history, to understand its dimensions, climate, productions, at least so far as it was discovered at the time to which his narrative refers. Again, there ought certainly to have been some account of the aboriginal tribes, of their characteristic differences, of their geographical distribution and the like. Such knowledge is necessary for an intelligent study of such a history, and an author has no right to assume it, or to expect that a reader will have constant recourse to his encyclopædia—supposing him to possess such a work. One other thing we should like, and then we have done with our fault-finding. We think that when persons or classes are introduced, we should be told something about them and their previous history or circumstances. Thus, we find early in the book that difficulties arose between the Recollets and the Jesuit fathers; but we don't think that anywhere we are told that the Recollets were an Order of Reformed Franciscans, and very little indeed is said of the differing aims and methods of the two Orders.

We have no doubt that Mr. Kingsford's explanation of the failure of the Jesuit missions among the Hurons is entirely the right one. They did not quite understand the situation; and the martyrdom (in many cases totally unnecessary) of so many of the missionaries was the result of the failure to take the most reasonable and obvious precautions. Not here only but throughout the whole volume the author shows his accurate information, his good sense, and his calm judgment. If he dislikes a man, as he evidently dislikes, and with reason, Bishop Laval, he yet endeavours to do him full justice, and gives him credit for all the good that he has done. If he has a peculiar liking for a man, as he has, and also with abundant reason, for Champlain, he yet sets down the whole truth concerning him, as he has been able to learn it. A good example of the author's manner is given in his account of Champlain's death. With a few extracts from this passage we will close our notice. "On Christmas Day, 1635, Champlain died, in his sixty-ninth year. . . . Everything regarding his last hours must be speculation, for nothing has come down to us concerning him. We know, however, that he was universally mourned in the little settlement. Every one followed him to the grave. There was one common pang of sorrow felt throughout the community. Père le Jeune preached his funeral sermon, and as Champlain's corpse was placed in its last home, there arose the common feeling that a good, a great, a noble man had passed away, to live in memory as an eternal legacy. . . . It is seldom that we become acquainted with a life in which the pure, tranquil, constant advance of an individualism can be so fully traced. . . . To the last we recognize unchanged the chivalrous devotion to duty, the keen, unflinching observation, the broad theories of statesmanship, the wide comprehensiveness of view, the calm, self-reliant courage, blended with the high tone of personal honour and truth, without which every special gift in life is vain, false, and fallacious. His memory is entirely unstained by the slightest abuse of his trust. There is no character known to us in the British or French history of the American Continent to modern days which can advance higher claims to honourable fame." C.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

CONGRESSIONAL FEELING ABOUT COMMERCIAL UNION.

THE Congress of the United States consists of seventy-six Senators, equally distributed among the thirty-eight States, three hundred and twenty-five Representatives, each chosen from a compact and usually homogenous electoral district, and eight Delegates, representing organized territories in process of development into States. Availing myself of various opportunities offering since the beginning of the present legislative session, I have been ascertaining how far, and in what direction, the minds of the members of this body have been penetrated by the proposal for Commercial Union between Canada and the United States, paying attention more particularly to members of the House of Representatives, as representing the legislative branch having the chief part to play in any definite arrangement of the kind indicated, and as standing closest to the average of public sentiment concerning the question.

Nearly all the members approached had "heard something about the project from the newspapers"; very few had any other information than

such as they had casually read; fewer still had thought anything about the matter; not one was prepared to express, over his own name, an opinion upon the feasibility or desirability of the scheme. A small number asked for information as to how the project originated; what leading persons, organizations, and journals were behind it; what results were expected from it on both sides, and how it was proposed to reach the goal desired. The greater number expressed a willingness, as of course, to consider anything tangible that might be laid before them in convenient form, but most of these suggested that the movement was still far away from the legislative stage, and had better be left a while longer in the ordinary channels of public discussion, since the function of Congress was to give effect to popular sentiment rather than to attempt to lead it, and members of Congress, with some notable exceptions, were as little qualified as any class of the community could possibly be to take the initiative in such a matter.

Altogether, the feeling was decidedly languid, very few showing interest enough to express approval or dissent, even conditionally. The general tone of expression was that a Commercial Union with Canada was a matter of small consequence to this country; not to be thought of unless definite proposals should come, with explicit authority, from the Dominion, and then to be considered with a presumptive bias adverse to the project. The idea was pretty generally scouted that Congress would modify the general tariff laws, or the commercial policy of the Union, in the interest of Commercial Union with Canada, and the suggestion was made, over and over again, that the party moving for such a union would not only have to work out all the details, but point out how they could be fitted to the general laws and commercial treaties of the United States.

"Why," your correspondent was asked—"why do not those in Canada who wish for Commercial Union, go in at once for Annexation? They would get all the commercial benefits that they can possibly expect from their roundabout plan, with others added; they would have, in the two countries combined, a political and commercial field equal to their best ambition and enterprise; their provinces would retain all of self-government that they could profitably exercise; their representation, if not their influence, in Federal Administration would, in all probability, be excessive rather than equable during the first twenty or thirty years of political union, out of natural feelings of generosity or scrupulousness on this side, and they could not do England any greater service than to make their affection for her felt at Washington." I could only reply that, as I understood Canadians and Canadian feeling, our neighbours had a strong sentiment of devotion to the British Connection, beneath which was a belief that they had a territory large enough, and a future promising enough, to support a republic of their own, if they had to separate from England. "Then," said my interlocutor, "let them come to an arrangement with the English Government that will answer for the next fifty years, so as to give their preference a fair trial; let them make their own tariffs at Ottawa, and leave us to make ours, and let them offer us a Reciprocity Treaty that will benefit our people as much as theirs, and no doubt we shall all get along somehow; but if a general tariff for both countries is to be made, it will have to be made here, and we shall have to keep custom-house officers all over Canada to see that it is not evaded; and how long will it be before the Canadian delegates of one sort or another will be tired of cooling their heels in the lobbies of the Capitol, and clamour to get in on the floors of Congress?"

Granting that this report of an attempt to feel the political pulse of this country is stronger in negative than positive results, it adds weight to some considerations that have been forcing themselves through other channels; namely, that any practical movement for Commercial Union must proceed from the Canadian side; that its working details will have to be wrought out to the smallest particular by those who advance it, and that the keenest ingenuity of its advocates will have to be exercised to prevent its degeneracy into that *finale* of Annexation which it especially aims to avoid. It was the ardour of Brooklyn for better communications with its big neighbour across the stream that led to the building of the great East River Bridge, and Canadians may profit by the example, provided they long for analogous results. B.

NATIONALISM AND THE LITERARY SPIRIT.

THE influence of literature and the literary spirit on the national life of a people, as a rule, does not show itself on the surface. Art and art-taste are more clearly traceable as a moulding influence and an indication of culture. In susceptibility to intellectual influences nations differ, and not always from easily explainable causes. The French, perhaps more than any other people, may be said in an especial degree to manifest the influences both of literature and of art. They are essentially an artistic people; but in thought and speech they seem no less to exhibit literary taste and the refinements of literary culture. Their writers are seldom or never crude; and their literature is almost invariably characterized by regard for literary form and the niceties of literary expression. The French, moreover, are not only specially susceptible to literary influences: their national life, as we may see even in French Canada, is largely coloured by their literature and shaped by the formative forces of literary aspiration and racial ambition. The English mind, on the other hand, while it is little impressed by artistic and literary influences, possesses other and important qualifications. It seems more susceptible to the broadening influence of political and scientific thought, and is characterized rather by masculine breadth and grasp than by what not a few deem an effeminate regard for literary ideas, with a finical liking for literary beauty and finish. English thought has a robust and even rugged quality, and in the main has only of late learned to deck itself in fine prose diction and

the jewels of rhythmical expression. The last five and twenty years of the literature of the Victorian era exhibit this latter tendency in a remarkable degree. No better example may be cited than that of Science, which has been particularly fortunate in enlisting writers in its interest who have had the literary as well as the scientific faculty. History, criticism, religion, fiction, philosophy, and even politics and statistics, have all paid their tribute to literary art and enhanced their attractions by luminous exposition and by a devotion, more or less studied, to picturesque writing. Oratory and poetry are here, of course, excluded from mention, as rhetoric and literary art furnish the chief stock-in-trade of the orator and the poet. But both oratory and poetry, whatever they have been in the past, are not now the chief inspiring forces in national life. Modern oratory has in large measure given place to heated party declamation, and the themes of the poets are now seldom historical, or those connected with incidents in the career of the nation. That public life in England, however, is not out of sympathy with a cultivated literary taste is shown—to cite but a single instance—by the recent Rectorial address, at St. Andrew's, of Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary, while in Lord Tennyson's "Revenge" it is seen that English poetry still finds stirring subjects in the past history of the nation.

In the case of English-speaking Canada, there is, we think, little doubt that patriotism and national sentiment might be largely fostered by the literary spirit, particularly were it given that encouragement which the Canadian intellect should now extend to it. In this matter we might well take a lesson from the sister Province. French Canada, it is well known to those who look below the surface, makes large use of the literary spirit, not only in preserving national traditions, but in perpetuating racial ideas in religion, in politics, in her institutions, as well as in her language and literature. She not only honours her literary men, but maintains and nourishes her national life on what they bring forth. The contrast is a sharp one in the experience of Anglo-Canadian writers, and its impolicy, we trust, will soon be realized by our people. The excuse, we are aware, is that English-speaking Canada is said to be without literary men or anything of a literature. Until we get rid of this denationalizing idea, and learn to speak with sympathy of our historic and literary past, we shall have, and deserve to have, neither. How much we want both, if our view be right of the value of the literary spirit in inculcating nationality, there will be few, we imagine, to dispute. To what other influence, may we ask, can we point which will do more for Canada than literature and the enshrined story of the bustling and fateful past? What is more calculated to stir the pulse, if it does fire the brain, than the impassioned recital of the stirring deeds of an earlier time? In Canada we have a history full of adventure, replete with dramatic incident, thrilling in many passages in the career of the two great nations that contended for the prize of the continent, and heroic in its record of missionary enterprise and the relations of the priest and early pioneer with the dispossessed Indian. What material is here for her literary men beyond what has already been wrought into the page of history or limned on the canvas of poet or novelist. And in the latter-day development of our wide domain there is field for the statistician's pen that would outrun fancy, while the imagination might run riot in depicting the country's boundless future. In all this, were knowledge of it more general, and the literary spirit better encouraged to depict it with the glow of patriotic enthusiasm, what aid might be given to the nationward impulses, and how much would it tend to weld together the loose and disintegrating sections of the Canadian people.

So far we have referred to the past of Canada as if it were entirely virgin ground to the native *littérateur*. Yet not a little of it (would that that little were better known!) has been gone over by the native writer, and many of the more prominent of its stirring incidents have already found place in Canadian literature. Much that has been dealt with, however, has suffered from neglect; while on many books that deserved a better fate, Time has laid a heavy and obliterating hand. Not a little, moreover, has become uninteresting to the modern reader who either lacks historical sympathy, or whose knowledge is scant of the questions of the time with which the works deal. In such instances the attracting quality might be restored by editing the works afresh, and by gaining for them a sympathetic, cultured, and well-informed modern interpretation. In the case of books that deserve to be saved from oblivion, attempts of this kind could not fail to awaken public interest and, in some measure, to quicken patriotism and give encouragement to the literary art. Other countries are to-day suffering from a plethora of literary talent: Canada is to-day, in some measure, suffering from the want of it. How shall we obtain it but by enriching the country's intellectual soil, and by encouraging men of education and capacity to pursue, not to turn from, the literary calling. We may be counselled not to be in a hurry, that the country must make material headway before it will give heed to intellectual wants, and that when it is in the humour it will then suffer itself to be mildly interested in the work of the native author. Unfortunately, with those who talk in this manner, the humour never comes. The while the would-be wooers of Canadian literary fame are at the gate and few open to them. Within the past fortnight we have received no less than four new volumes of native verse, almost all of it of a high order of merit. With what reception these volumes will meet who can fail safely to predict? And yet to the voice of those who have sung on the Canadian Parnassus, we might well listen to catch the strain of patriotism and of a higher devotion to duty. From it we also may learn the lesson of faith in the star of Canada's destiny, and of hope, through the gloom, in her future. In the strife of politics and the babble of party organs we shall hear no voice so pure and elevating. Nor, if we listen and heed, shall we be disappointed or betrayed, or fail, in some measure, to be profited. G. MERCER ADAM.

MONTREAL LETTER.

QUITE a gay and festive week opened with the dance given by The Britannia Foot-ball Club at our Windsor last Monday evening. Spacious reception rooms and corridors and excellent floors make this hotel eminently suitable as a house of entertainment. Though he whom an unkind fate has singled out "to sit and wait" with superhuman patience amidst society's rollicking buffoonery may be accused of indulging in comments prompted by causes not dissimilar to those which elicited Renard's over-hasty opinion, yet, after all, some clear-sighted eyes undazed by the waltz or champagne are certainly needed to point out the specks on the pear. We can still import a great many valuable articles from our dear old fatherland, but sundry fashions have, I think, a decidedly fresher tone here. However, everything of course depends upon what we demand from the society damozel. If artists' models are in request, and it is desired to convert our drawing-rooms into sculptors' studios, such a consummation is slowly and surely approaching. Incongruities abound in society, but surely the most sadly ludicrous must be the modern Miss with her uncertain gown, jealously guarded by a chaperon,—chaperoning what? alas, alas! fair bundles of inconsistencies.

After the "Britannias" ball came a grand affair at the "Kennels," followed by the *conversazione* given in the William Molson Hall of our College by the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. From the artistic and elaborate invitation cards, to the still more elaborate decorations of a huge reception room, everything connected with this entertainment proved completely satisfactory.

In his interesting address Mr. T. C. Keefer, retiring president, gave a short account of the progress of engineering in Canada. Among other things very gratifying to hear, we learnt that our country can boast the finest samples of the various types of bridges, and that, furthermore, there is to be a new one supplanting the old ferry at Quebec, which, in length of span, will be second to none except the Forth. Other great engineering works proposed are a tunnel to connect Prince Edward Island with the mainland, and a ship railway between the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence. Montreal harbour, it appears, was the first in the world lighted by electricity. The old Roman method of road-making is reviving; such work, I suppose, we might with profit set our convicts and prisoners to perform, since the mighty "unemployed" prefer haranguing to stone-cutting.

It has been bruited that two new religious Orders, the Franciscans and Dominicans, will shortly take up their abode in Montreal. Notwithstanding the proverbial odiousness of comparison, which is only doubly so in the present case, I should like you to compare for an instant St. Peter's, Notre Dame, and the superb colleges, hospitals, and nunneries here, with any churches or charitable institutions Protestants can claim. The old game that was begun centuries ago between Catholic and heretic is still going on, with this difference: the former's wit and prudence are as active as ever; the latter, we might imagine, had staked nothing of greater value than beans. While one is proselytizing, building churches and making money, the other squabbles over the weighty question of "organ or precentor," or, more momentous still, whether men should say their prayers looking east or west. Surely, apart from any religious consideration, such "play" from intelligent beings is melancholy in the extreme.

There seems to be a very fair amount of rough material amongst us that with a little cultivation could become taste and well-directed enthusiasm. Before the arrival of the National Opera Company, Wagner himself would not have been more delighted than surprised at finding such devoted admirers in the outlandish country some old-world fossils still pronounce *une boule de Neige*. For once our green grocers and corner shod men may look with haughty glance upon their confrères in the "Capital of Art," whose sad lack of taste prompted so ungracious a reception of *Lohengrin*, that his beautiful swan took him off not till "next night," but perhaps till next century. It was at the same time pathetic, amusing, and encouraging to see the number of honest souls whom Wagner's opera had incited to extravagance. People one had never suspected of feeling any interest in aught save artificial flowers and broadcloth, suddenly came forth Wagnerites, and their faith and admiration took a much more practical turn than faith and admiration are apt to do, namely, that of paying \$3 and \$2 to hear what the Master had to say to them. Now in all this we find enthusiasm and a great desire to admire, only, only, left quite to themselves, they don't know exactly what to applaud, do you see? If any kindly musician had pointed out that the overture is extremely beautiful and well worthy their undivided attention, and made special mention of sundry other passages which were allowed to pass unnoticed, they would readily have *felt*, or at least have commenced to feel, all the marvellous charm of this work.

M. and Madame de l'Autbinière are at present exhibiting a May collection of very pretty and interesting paintings in oils and water-colour. The pictures, quite small as a rule, give us glimpses of delicious little bits of English, French, Italian, American, and Canadian scenery. The work is eminently suited for one's drawing-room, being quite clever enough, and not too difficult to appreciate.

LOUIS LLOYD.

EDMUND YATES writes, in reference to the knighting of Edwin Arnold, that "journalists should be pleased with the recognition of their order in the Knighthood and Commandership of India, bestowed by Her Majesty upon Mr. Edwin Arnold, who for many years has been the leading editorial writer on the *Daily Telegraph*, and who is a great Oriental scholar, a charming poet, and a lovable man."

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

THOU English song-bird in Italian groves,
Dost guess how far and true thy numbers ring?
That thousand-stringed lute—the human heart—
Thrills, raptured when you sing.

Atlantic surges cannot dull thy note;
The charmed sense doth listen thee anear:
Sweet Pippa with the song-bird in her throat
Pipes to us even here.

O! master-mind and tongue! Thou prophet, sage!
O! brave and strong, no faltering for thee,
Yet doth not Glory pall since thy lone age
Holds but *Her* memory?

EMILY McMANUS.

THE HOME OF DARWIN FOR FORTY YEARS.

At the time of Darwin's death the London *Times* had more than a column of remarks on "Darwin's Home," from which a few quotations may be made. "The announcement that Mr. Darwin is to be buried in Westminster Abbey will be received with universal approval. No other place could so fittingly receive the mortal remains of the greatest scientific discoverer of his age and country. But, though public honour will thus be done to his memory, the private dwelling-place of so eminent a man will always remain an object of interest to the educated world. It would not be easy to find within an equally short distance of London, so retired, not to say inaccessible a spot as the little Kentish village, which is thus destined to be for ever famous as the home of Charles Darwin. It stands out of reach of the railway whistle, far off the high roads," etc. "Strange faces are not often to be seen in this part. In the winter time, when snow lies heavily in the deep hollow lanes, it is no uncommon thing for Down to be practically limited to its own resources, and almost entirely cut off for days and even for weeks from communication with the outer world." The last sentence must be taken as somewhat overcharged. With that exception, it may be admitted as a fair account of the seclusion to which Darwin devoted himself for life, with independent means, and all the world before him where to choose. If the place was such as this in 1882, it may be interesting to learn what it was more than forty years earlier, previous, and up, to the time when Darwin took up his abode in the village. Down is sixteen miles from London; it might as well have been sixty, for all intercourse that it held with that city. As a measure of the facility of locomotion in those days, it may be stated that the Sir John Lubbock of the time, in passing between his banking-house in London and his place, "High Elms," near Down, had to put four horses to his carriage. The village was reached by a by-road of its own, which led no farther. Any attractions that it had to offer in the way of beauty or fertility were only moderate. Foliage was sparse, and water wholly wanting. The soil was poor, lapsing, at its worst, into little else than chalk and flint. It was an average example of such places; it had its one little street, its church, its public house with general shop attached, its very small Methodist chapel. The entrance between trees was rather pretty. The church-yard fence took a bold curve away from the line of the street, and left an open space, in the centre of which stood a fine, large, old walnut tree. It was a high, healthy situation, but rather bleak and bare. The church, with its perfunctory services, was what all country churches were at that period, without one spark of fervour, or one voice heard in responses or in singing except those of the parson and clerk and the grotesque choir, with its booming bassoon and its shrill, strident clarionette, music's mishap in the very last degree. There was no resident clergyman, but a schoolmaster at Bromley, in holy orders, supplied the parishes of Down and Cudham on Sundays, with morning and evening services alternately. Nor was there any resident doctor nearer than Bromley, six miles distant. In connection with this a pathetic story may be told. An infant child got a bean into its throat, which swelled, and suffocation was imminent. The poor mother—presumably missing the Bromley doctor—carried the child in her arms all the way to Guy's Hospital in the Borough, London, where she arrived at last with only a little corpse in her keeping. One would fain know the sequel, how the poor creature was cared for, and how she got back to Down with her little dead charge. The village felt the serious want of water in seasons of drought, having recourse, as a matter of favour, to the one extremely deep well which never failed. Having reached the end of the short street, you were within an arrow's flight of the house where Darwin lived and died. High, close, wooden gates shut in a small fore-court in front of a square, brick house, having no architectural pretensions or other special attractions, with grounds in keeping with it. It was, however, essentially what is known as a "gentleman's residence." It was called Down House. Here Darwin brought up his family; here his children were born; here some of them died, and here they lie buried in the churchyard. Here the illustrious man wrought out his experiments and his discoveries with conscientious patience and perseverance in the search of truth, and truth alone, humbly leaving it to posterity to determine how far that truth was established. He was a recluse.

Another extract from *The Times* will represent the man in his character and disposition, and in his habit, as he lived, "When he extended his walks into the country round about, it was observed that he was rarely seen in the village or met on the roads, preferring, as he did, to take his way generally southward by the footpaths through the woods and meadows.

Little children, who have a quick instinct for a kind and gentle nature, would run to open a gate when they saw Mr. Darwin coming, encouraged thereto by a smile and a kind word. Down folk, by whom he was much beloved, like now to dwell upon these trifles, and to speak of his considerate kindness to all about him. They point with a sort of pride to the fact that the domestics at Down House are mostly old servants; that his maid, Margaret Evans, who assisted in nursing him in his last illness, entered his service when a girl at Shrewsbury, nearly forty years ago." All this would seem to indicate a character modest, retiring, solitary, shy, living by choice for forty years in close seclusion.

For Charles Darwin's place in the history of the world, his name is coupled with that of Sir Isaac Newton; that is enough.

Time passes on, and all makes progress with it. Of that trite reflection the little village of Down, during Darwin's abode there, affords several proofs. The house, garden, and grounds of Down House underwent great enlargement and improvement under Mr. Darwin's auspices. There was a resident clergyman before Mr. Darwin's arrival. "The modern common plaster ceiling of the nave" [of the church] "having been removed in recent years, has revealed to sight a fine old timber roof, and greatly added to the picturesque, though plain, appearance of the interior." The Church of England has experienced a most marked revival; the clerk has no successor; the bassoon and the clarionette have most likely passed into oblivion—it is to be hoped so; trees planted in the childhood of the present writer, which he remembers in their early stage of growth, are now described as "tall elms shading the churchyard," and doubtless beautifying the village; and an ancient yew tree near the porch, a very good example of its class, is by so many more years more venerable. "One of Mr. Darwin's sons has long been settled as a doctor in the village." Nay, last, but not perhaps least, a village pump now bears this notice, "Erected by public subscription for the use of the poor of this parish, 1845." With necessary and praiseworthy economy, however, it "is locked to prevent extravagant consumption." Application for a supply of water "to any parishioner" is directed to be made "to Mr. John Palmer, who has charge of the pump." A comparison of dates indicates that this beneficent acquisition was in great measure due to Mr. Darwin.

The following was in danger of being overlooked: "Perhaps a more striking illustration of the isolation of Down could not be given than the fact that, although Mr. Darwin here breathed his last at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the news, which has since been received with profound sorrow in every part of the civilized world, was not known in London until noon of the following day." D. FOWLER.

PARIS LETTER.

THE French are commencing, not alone to have a wider acquaintance with, but to display an interest in, Shakespeare. A very fair amount of attention has been given to the secondary question: "Did Shakespeare write Shakespeare?" The Baconian theory is not at all accepted as gospel: a fact Mr. Donnelly may deplore and the Baconists lament. Both the Chancellor and Shakespeare passed their closing years in retirement. Bacon was there plunged in his philosophical writings, interrupted only by death. But his death, unlike Shakespeare's, was not obscure. Professor Stapfer (*Shakespeare et Les Tragiques Grecs*) administers a knock-down blow to the Baconists, from the fact of the Chancellor's pitting poesy against history, and concluding that it is impossible for history to exhibit true justice in its recitals of virtue and crime; that is to say, both according to their deserts. It is, said Bacon, the rôle of poetry to correct such inequalities, by fashioning the dénouements more in harmony with the law of justice. The ideal of Bacon is to reward the good and punish the bad. That comes up, however, confusedly to our common notions. Now if Bacon be taken as the representative of poetic justice of happy dénouements, his (presumed) Shakespeare tragedies are in flagrant contradiction with his ideal. The issues which pleased Shakespeare are not in conformity with Bacon's code of justice. In Shakespeare's tragedies persons die as in nature, because they are feeble, or simply because they are mortal—the latter reason being conclusive; and Bacon himself has said, "It was as natural to die as to be born." In what manner, for example, is morality interested in the tragic death of Ophelia? Juliet and Romeo we feel die happily, since they die together. They were born for love, and they expire—like butterflies—after a first kiss, in the freshness of their youth's ephemeral beauty. They may be envied. But how pitiful is the fate of the gentle Desdomona? What had she done to merit her sad end? To have married against the wish of her father; not an unpardonable fault, since the fault can be involuntary, while being tender and natural. An eccentric critic not only justified this dénouement, but backed it on the ground of violated order. The poor Venetian, he said, was culpably negligent in leaving her pocket handkerchief lying about! The world not the less believes in Desdemona's innocence. Well, and Cordelia? For what did she merit her terrible misfortune? M. Mézières considered her death so cruel that he attributed it to Shakespeare's innate passion for murder. But these illustrations only separate more widely Shakespeare and Bacon. Their philosophies, their ideals of justice, do not harmonize. Has any third person superior claims to the authorship of the plays than the Chancellor and the "divine William"?

THE current number of *Le Correspondent* supplies some interesting opinions of the "Silent Marshal" (Comte de Moltke) on, relatively, recent French life and characters. Mr. Kinglake has shown in his concluding volumes on *The Invasion of the Crimea*, that Napoleon III. was but a poor creature at best, and not at all the friend of England he professed to

be. De Moltke had accompanied the Crown Prince of Germany to assist at the funeral of the Prince Consort. This was in December, 1861, and when the Second Empire was in its hey-day. They returned to Berlin *via* Paris, and on landing at Calais were received by Prince Jérôme Napoleon, whose features impressed the Marshal as eminently imperial, and recalling those of Napoleon I. Quite different was Napoleon III., who only looked well on horseback. His Majesty had very short, spindle legs, and a long body. His eyes were lustreless, and his expression impassibility itself—the result, we now know, of profound dissimulation. This Buddha-like tranquillity was new to the French, because the opposite of their character, and so attracted them. Napoleon III. had a superior mind and a strong will, observed the Marshal; was not a king, and looked an emperor only on horseback. Madame de Staël satirized the First Napoleon as a Robespierre on horseback. The Third Napoleon had not the studied theatricalisms of his uncle, and if he assented to keep a gorgeous court, he did so to suit the national love for *éclat*. The Marshal admired the Empress Eugénie, just as did courtiers in her day Marie Antoinette. The Empress was then “thirty”—the Marshal thus proves his gallantry—and had a pair of shoulders of marvellous beauty; her toilette was perfect simplicity, and dispensed with all effects of ornamentation. She spoke rapidly and incessantly—not a crowned head trait—and by her free and easy manners rather shocked the then young (sixty-three) soldier—aged to-day ninety years—who was accustomed to the starch and stays of Prussian etiquette. Guest at the Tuileries, the Marshal could not sleep, his bedroom was so filled with luxurious upholstery, curtains, bibelots, and lights. Perhaps he too thought “what a place to sack!” as Blucher observed when looking on London from the summit of St. Paul’s. Accustomed to frugality, to even parsimony, De Moltke perceived in all this profusion of wealth and extravagance the indices of the beginning of the end. Wherever he went he was astonished at the splendours. But he had a keen eye for everything military. He found the façades of the barracks elegant, but the interiors were filthy. At a military review organized in his honour, the marshal noted the inferior training of the soldiers, their weakness in manœuvring and the handling of their arms. Since 1857 De Moltke has been at the head of the Prussian Grand Army staff; since 1870 France has changed her Minister of War no less than eighteen times.

Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet, by P. Thureau-Dangin (Plon), is a work that will repay perusal, for the light it throws on the history of Europe since 1814. The author is not afraid to state on which side are his sympathies, and where is concentrated his hate. He lays bare the errors of Louis-Philippe, whom Henri Heine—a pensioner on his Majesty’s Civil List, styled the “Modern Ulysses”—in dealing with Turkey and Egypt, and which led up to the Second Empire and the present phases of the Russian and Egyptian questions. France, remarks M. Dangin, by siding for Mahomet-Ali in 1840, and confounding her interests with his pretensions, received humiliation at the hands of Lord Palmerston. The latter would not consent to splitting up the Ottoman Empire into several Grecias, still less, allowing Egypt to become a French protectorate. That defeat of France in 1840 produced a deep and sullen agitation throughout the kingdom; the feeling took root that the pride and the prestige of the country had been let down. The event cost Louis-Philippe his crown, as between 1840 and 1848 there was no possibility open to France to speculate in a foreign adventure, and so turn aside the attention of the country from Guizot’s resistance to the national demand for reform. And not only did Louis-Philippe lose his throne, but he paved the way for Louis Napoleon’s return, and who represented “a principle, a cause, and a defeat,” as the Prince stated when on his trial, and which trial was eclipsed by that of Madame Lafarge’s, and the assertion of chemist Raspail, that arsenic, like good, was in everything, the judge’s armchair included. It was then to restore the prestige of France, that the Crimean war was undertaken; 1854 paid the debt of 1840. The African campaigns during the reign of Louis-Philippe prepared the men who executed the *Coup-d’Etat* of 1851; and the Treaty of Paris in 1856 was the glorification of that crime, and the reparation of the blunders of 1840.

December 31, 1887.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NORTH-WEST POLICY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I don’t care much about crying out: “There’s my thunder!” But I have, when the North-West had a battle to fight, fought for her interests. To-day fighting for her meets with nothing like the ignorant optimisms and official *vis inertiae* that I encountered.

In one of your notes on the North-West in the issue of January 5, you say: “It becomes the duty of Canadians to see to it that every legitimate inducement is held out to immigrants of the right class, and every removable obstacle speedily taken out of the way. One such obstacle, of a very formidable kind, is presented by the system of reservations which operates to withhold from settlement so large a portion of the most desirable lands in the North-West. The evils resulting from this system are patent to every observer who has lived in or passed over the prairies. The *Winnipeg Call* has recently rendered good service by calling attention to this matter in a series of effective articles. It points out that ‘a settler on an even section is surrounded by four odd-numbered ones which are practically withheld from settlement. If he happens to be in a fairly settled district these sections will most likely be included in a grant to a railway company, and will be held at a price which few people will care to give. If they remain in the hands of the Government they are probably

a considerable distance from railway communication and, therefore, in a locality where close settlement is all the more desirable. These lands, in the latter case, may be either reserved from disposition entirely, in order to enable railway companies to complete the selection of their grants, or they may be for sale at \$2.50 or \$2 per acre. In any case they are locked up, for, in the first event, no one could get them even if he would, and, in the second, no one would care to pay that price for them, as any immigrant having sufficient means to buy land would sooner pay a trifle higher rate, and obtain an improved farm in a well settled locality.’” You appear to be under the impression that this is a new policy propounded by the *Call*.

The writer of this letter at the close of 1883 advocated the settlement of the odd sections.

When Mr. White became Minister of the Interior the *Leader* of August the 6th, of which I was then the editor and proprietor, laid down a policy for the North-West, and conspicuous in the planks of that policy was the settlement of the odd sections. On this head the article said: “Reserving the odd sections works great hardship. There are four more than those reserved for the railway reserved—viz., two for the Hudson Bay Company, and two for schools. Thus in every township sixteen have to do the work of thirty-six—with only sixteen sections occupied the township is unsocial—lonesome—a peculiar hardship on a treeless prairie. . . . The odd sections taken back from the C.P.R. should all be thrown open for settlement. . . . Settlement is retarded, and two families would enrich Canada four times, aye, ten times as much as the money which the section is supposed to represent to the railway.”

On September 24, 1885, in another article in the *Leader*, you may read: “Half of every township practically a law-enforced desert. . . . The loneliness is awful, especially for the women.” Again and again is the subject dealt with, and Mr. White declared himself afterwards when he visited Regina as holding the same opinion respecting the policy of reserving the odd sections as the *Leader*, and if I remember he has expressed that opinion in Parliament. He has not expressed any opinion respecting the policy of taking them back from the C.P.R.

The writer of this letter, when inflated views of the value of land still continued, not only condemned the policy of reserving odd sections, but advocated taking them back. At the time it was thought Quixotic, and was a policy supposed to be unwelcome, alike to the Government and C.P.R., and I seemed to be pouring water on the sand. But it seems it was from a golden urn. I am, etc., NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Regina, January 10, 1888.

THE MISTAKE OF PROHIBITION.

In a speech at Sebago Lake, last summer, Mr. Blaine said that the principal prohibitory statute now in force in Maine has been amended from year to year, since its first enactment in 1857, “as leading Temperance men have requested” and that “the changes to make it more effective have averaged nearly one for every year since the original law was passed.” The same course has been pursued in Vermont for a longer period, except that prohibition there has not yet, as in Maine, been “put into the constitution.” And in other States, as the movement has increased in energy or desperation, its tendency has been to plunge deeper and deeper into legislation, or root itself in the fundamental law.

I shall undertake to show that, so long as public sentiment makes this constant strengthening of the law necessary, prohibition is a mistaken method of restricting the liquor traffic,—that it is in violation of some of the essential conditions of efficient government under our popular system. For while Americans are a law-abiding people, it is with the general understanding that they are their own lawmakers, with all that that implies. . . . The prevalence of this principle is doubtless responsible for the disregard of those laws which do not express the public will. Such laws in theory, almost as indeed in fact, are dead letters.

All the political conceptions upon which our government is administered run back to Fichte’s primary rule, that each man has the right to live in society with just that amount of liberty which will not intrench upon the liberty of other men. This alone implies the necessity, as it gives the right, to regulate and repress in every contingency when this heritage of liberty is invaded or overthrown. But experience has shown that in making and enforcing prohibitive regulations in a popular government the people must be substantially of one mind in regard to their necessity and utility. The will of a bare majority, or even a decided preponderance of sentiment, does not afford an adequate basis for the interference of the corporate power with the exercise of those rights which the minority may insist upon as personal or natural. Nothing short of that public will which Sismondi tells us “is the sum of all the wills, of all the intelligence, of all the virtue of the State,” is a sufficient support for prohibitive laws. A system of strict regulation, or repression, must embody substantially the entire will of the people and have the approval of all their intelligence and virtue. . . . A government that rests like ours upon popular convictions can easily gain heights of legislation which it “is not competent to hold.” What John Bright has called “legislation by hurricane” is the most difficult of all to sustain. When the public will falters or feeling subsides, the administrative function becomes weak and inoperative. The inevitable failure of continued energy, which Demosthenes complained of in the Athenians of his day, ensues; and while those who have a personal or pecuniary interest in the violation of particular laws will make great habitual efforts to defeat their operation, those who have nothing to gain from their enforcement beyond the general public welfare will follow their natural inclination to “mind their own business.”

A free people are naturally jealous of police control. It is not less natural that they should be indisposed to exercise it, except in its most obviously necessary forms. A sense of injury more than a sense of duty must be enlisted in its support in order to make it effective. This is always the case when a theft or murder is committed. These crimes are universally regarded as public injuries, and therefore the public gives the laws that prohibit them all the help it can to make them impossible. This is not the case when intoxicating liquor is sold in violation of law. Only in a modified sense is the traffic regarded as an injury. It is the abuse, not the use, of alcohol that is injurious; and opinion differs very widely as to what constitutes its abuse.

It is only those laws which are universally recognized as necessary to protect the public from injury that have a continuous momentum from their passage by the Legislature to their execution by the courts, that lose none of the awful energy of the public will in the course of their Administration. If, on the other hand, it is attempted, through legislation by the majority, to enforce a police control which public opinion does not overwhelmingly approve, that which is repugnant to the Administrative function is forced into the body politic, and "the gorge rises at it," or dyspepsia ensues. When this function manifests repugnance, or becomes atrophied, there is no resource for those who insist upon the exercise of the abhorrent control but a change of political system.

The mistake of prohibition is twofold. It subjects our popular system to a greater strain than it will bear without peril of a change, either in the direction of anarchy or despotism. It overcharges the functions of Administration, causing, on the one hand, a disrespect for law and indifference to its violation, and, on the other, the demand for a stronger government with agencies of Administration remote from popular control. The knowledge that the final expression of the public will is made in the administration of the law tends to bereave our legislatures of a sense of responsibility and honour, and make their Acts in this regard hypocritical.

It is, besides, a misapplication of the forces of morality and religion in the effort to reform society. There is a very important distinction between law and morals which the advocates of prohibition seem to overlook. Law is not intended to make men good, but to prevent their becoming bad. It is addressed not to the aspirations but to the prudence and fears of men. It has been said, with much truth, that it would be a fatal objection to any law that it implied a high ideal. When the law has finished its threats it has done its work. It can do no more. The formation of character must be accomplished by influences which are distinctively moral, by motives addressed to the aspirations as well as to fear.

The negative attitude of the law with regard to virtue may be illustrated by a reference to the position which the State takes in punishing bribery in elections. It does not allow what one man is willing to give, and another is anxious to take, to pass from giver to receiver—the poor man must not sell his vote and the rich man must not buy it. But the object of the law in this prohibition is not to teach a political virtue, but to prevent a political crime in which the bribe-giver and receiver make merchandise of the public interests and imperil the very existence of the State by corrupting the law and its source.

When men interfere with each other in that corporate form called law, they must be agreed upon those actions which it is desirable to prevent, but need not be agreed as to those which it is desirable to encourage. In order to make this interference effectual they must incorporate in their laws no moral aim or aspiration in which all sane and educated beings fail to unite. What is here said applies of course only to human laws. The Divine Law, on the other hand, is a standard of conduct which is addressed to the aspirations as well as to prudence and fear. It is a code of right as well as wrong. It approves the good while it condemns the evil,—a thing which a human code does not attempt and could not accomplish.

In a word, the proper function of legal enactments is to prevent what the State is united in regarding as wrong, as destructive to the public safety and comfort, and not to make men moral. The limits of the corporate action of the State in regard to the vast and varied differences of human conduct are necessarily narrow. At the most law is only an incomplete index of morality. The things we have a right to do are among the least of those things which find place in aspirations after perfect rectitude. For the moulding of character and the education of communities in virtue we must depend upon a higher than human laws, upon that Divine Law which is written in the heart—that "silent law in the kingdom of God whose very existence," as Bishop Butler said, "executes it."—*Andover Review*.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, while trying a case recently, experienced great difficulty in swallowing a lozenge, but a young member of the Bar experienced no trouble in composing off-hand the following epigram:

His lordship's a little unhappy
In what enters and comes from his jaw;
For he cannot swallow his lozenge,
And we cannot swallow his law.

THE present year of grace is a most unpleasant one to write. In Arabic numerals, it is monotonous to a degree; the hand protests against writing and the eye against reading, three 8's in succession; and the people who go on writing the old year at the top or bottom of their letters till the new year is well under way, have more excuse than usual for doing so in 1888. Written in Roman characters, the year is the longest of the century. The eye is appalled by the long series of capitals necessary to express the date. Sculptors and stone-cutters must rebel at heart, when called upon to date their works MDCCLXXXVIII. The legend contains half as many letters as the whole alphabet.

THE RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.*

I HAVE thought that a few explanatory remarks touching the names, characters, and respective abilities of these justly famous writers of fiction may be of interest and value to readers of THE WEEK to whom an opportunity may not immediately occur of making their acquaintance within the pages of M. de Vogüé's careful and graphic little volume. Such acquaintance should undoubtedly be made and at once, as through the American press at least, the names of Gogol, Turgenev, and Tolstoi, are continually reaching us, variously fraught with rabid panegyric, doubtful praise, or vague depreciation. That the eulogy outweighs the sentiments of literary distrust and aversion promptly born in narrow breasts when word is given that a new school arises, or a distinct departure occurs, is perfectly right, just and fair, and attests to the breadth of the American leaders in thought and criticism, some of whom are fain to be considered the discoverers of Russian literature. And regarded as Russian literature the efforts put forth by these four novelists, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoi, can simply not be disregarded. It is when I perceive in statements concerning the literature of Russia a tendency to exalt it to a position it never can adequately occupy, much less retain—it is then that the need of a more perfect knowledge of what the Russians have done becomes very pressing, and in this relation I feel confident that M. de Vogüé's book can furnish the information, or at least some of it, that is required by us here in Canada, as well as any other work on the subject. As a preliminary remark in this connection it may be noted that without an intimate acquaintance with French literature, particularly the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, and M^{me}. Dudevant, as well as a partial knowledge of the romantic school of modern Germany, the influence of both having been undeniably at work in the formation and growth of Russian fiction, it is simply impossible to adequately place the productions of these four eminent writers, the first of whom in point of date is Gogol. Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol was a native of Little Russia or Ukraine, and was therefore a Cossack, born near Poltava in 1809, and much indebted in after-life to the spirited and thrilling tales of the great wars with Poland as told him in early childhood by his grandfather, regimental scribe to the Zaporavian League or Commonwealth. In fact, the main portion of his most popular work, entitled *Evenings at a Farm*, consisted of these rustic tales and tragedies, fairy lore and legends, served up in new shapes and affording frequent and correct glimpses of the curious local peculiarities and customs of a corner of Russia till then almost unnoticed. These sketches were received with only comparative enthusiasm, the satirical powers of their author not having been as yet sufficiently drawn upon to arouse all Russia to recognition of the fact that here was a master-mind indeed, capable of immense foresight, and possessed of considerable practical acquaintance with executive and administrative affairs. The *Evenings at a Farm*, appearing in 1832, was followed by an epic poem, entitled *Taras Bulba*, which received at the hand of Guizot almost extravagant laudation, as he called it "the only modern epic poem worthy of the name." The most important work, however, which Gogol had yet attempted was *Le Manteau*, a novel which resulted from his period of service in St. Petersburg in the Government offices. A Provincial, and minus letters of introduction, he was at first snubbed and set aside, and the pride of the author and of the man revolted to that degree that is plainly revealed in the bitter and sarcastic pages of *Le Manteau*, which is the outgrowth of his one year's experience in the Government offices, and the fulfilment of a desire to avenge his life of a galley-slave while there. A late Russian politician and author once remarked to M. De Vogüé, "Nous sommes tous sortis du manteau du Gogol." Following this pathetic and graphic novel came the *Revizor*, a still more pungent and incisive satire on the venality and arbitrariness of the Russian Administration which, despite its attack on the Government and its general disregard of convention, was applauded by the Emperor Nicholas from the Royal box. Indeed no fact about this curious Russia is more curious than this, that the Emperor on being informed of the author's poverty, immediately placed 5,000 roubles at his disposition through the poet Zhukovski, thus aiding in the self-imposed expatriation of the melancholy and sensitive Gogol.

The positive helplessness of a despotic power against the inevitable consequences of its own existence has rarely been more clearly shown. After travelling extensively, Gogol settled in Rome, where he wrote his last and finest work, *Dead Souls*, in which he continued in the same train of thought, holding up as in the brightest of mirrors the innumerable types of Russian character all more or less corrupted by the sad social conditions under which they were formed. Upon the publication of this book the poor author found he had written too strongly. He returned to Russia, fell ill, became morbid, fanciful, half-mad, suffered as only such men can suffer, and died at the age of forty-three. His books are taken by the critics most conversant with Russian literature to be the first attempts at realism in that country, and the spirit in which he wrote was the spirit which generated the succeeding novels of Turgenev and Tolstoi, although much modified and characterized by less irony and more sentiment.

Gogol died in 1852, and Turgenev, having been born in 1817, was therefore thirty-five when the removal of one great writer left room for another. It is not perhaps generally known that upon Gogol's death Turgenev, in an article strongly in praise of the dead author, called him "a great man," for which treasonable phrase he (Turgenev) was imprisoned for a month, and banished to his own estates. His first book of this period was *Dimitri Rondine*, a tale of prosaic country life, and mostly successful as a moral

* *Russian Novelists*. By E. M. de Vogüé. Translated by Jane Loring Edwards. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

and philosophical study. *Liza*, or *A Nest of Nobles*, and *Fathers and Sons*, which appeared in 1860, came next in point of order, and during these years Turgenev applied himself to the analysis of the great intellectual and social movement of the day—the rise of Socialism, or Nihilism, and the spread of reactionary and revolutionary principles throughout the whole of Russia and part of Europe. His *Annals of a Sportsman*, *Smoke*, and *Virgin Soil* were his three best-sustained works, and are to-day the most widely-read, and it is only necessary to say that he has for some years been accepted as a representative Russian author, who has had the ability and good fortune to create for Western readers that strange and pathetic country—modern Russia. But his types are always and only local. They are not people we have ever met, either in our imaginations or in our daily life. They do not enter into our existence, become familiar to us, live forever in our brain. They are described for us, and we read about them, and while we read they perhaps live, but when the book is shut they vanish, though there lingers in their stead what is quite as important, a clear understanding of the social and domestic condition of Russia. There is perhaps in Turgenev's works more of literary style than can be found even after the most careful analysis in Gogol. Though M. de Vogüé declares that it is impossible to make any quotations from these wonderful novels, so full of detailed description and minute amplification, probably no more significant extracts can be made than these two. When he desires to satirize the national peculiarity, or mania for declaring everything perfect that springs from Russian soil, he speaks of "the literature that is bound in Russia leather," and again he says, "in my country two and two make four, but with more certainty than elsewhere."

In the spring of 1883, M. De Vogüé for the last time gazed upon Ivan Sergilvitch Turgenev, who was then suffering terribly from a terrible disease—cancer in the spinal marrow. His last tale was fitly named *Despair*, and a few days before his death he wrote a touching letter to Leo Tolstoy, to whom he commended the cause of Russian literature in confidential and affectionate terms.

Of the four leading realists treated of by the French critic, the most interesting is undoubtedly the one least known to us by name, Feodor Mikhailovitch Dostoevsky. A Moscow peasant, born in a charity hospital, exiled to Siberia, a philosopher, a lunatic, a mad journalist, attacked at intervals by fits of an epileptic character, a monster, a phenomenon, a psychologist, a dreamer, an idealist, an apostle, a veritable puzzle and contradiction to those who knew him best, Dostoevsky presents in a singular combination of all these different qualities the most unique exterior known among Russian writers. His experiences are his books, and his books are his experiences. Much of the nomadic spirit of Rousseau was in him, and much too of the mysticism of Poe. His *Recollections of a Dead-House* depicts the frightful grievances of that system of expatriation which is instantly suggested to the mind by the mere mention of the word Siberia; and his *Crime and Punishment* deals in similar manner with similar abuses. Reformer as he was, like Gogol and Turgenev, his reforms are seemingly unintentional, suggested rather than insisted upon. He writes of the most horrible and revolting crimes, and of the most hardened and perverted criminals in an easy, natural, innocent, flowing strain, which is ten times more effective than if he were posing throughout the work as an inspired prophet and seer, the Messiah or Mahomet of his era. The literary value of his works is clearly unequal and inferior to that of Turgenev, but their concentrative and persistent strength is more pronounced. One of Dostoevsky's favourite phrases, which he never tired of reiterating, was "Russia is a freak of nature." In after years he became quite comfortable in circumstances, and had the unspeakable satisfaction—at least to such a mind as his own—of conducting entirely by himself a paper in St. Petersburg, called *Carnet d'un Ecrivain* (Note Book of an Author), and which appeared whenever he chose—very happily and humorously compared by the critic to the Delphic oracle. He died on February 10, 1881, and two days after, his funeral was celebrated in a most significant and imposing manner, the corpse being followed by more than twenty thousand people, many of whom were Nihilists, the women conspicuous from their spectacles and short hair, the men from wearing a plaid over the shoulder.

When we come to Leo Tolstoy, the solitary and ascetic nobleman, who, having lived through a storm and stress period of unbelief and discontent, has retired to his estates, and spends his time in making shoes for the neighbouring peasants, the portrait is one comparatively familiar. Tolstoy is better known to us personally than the former writers, and his works, dealing as they do with certain aspects of cultivated and fashionable life, are more suited to the taste of the average reading public. First of all a Pantheist, then a Nihilist, a pessimist, and a mystic, Tolstoy has given in *Anna Karenina* one of the most complete analyses of a human soul yet attempted in literature. His books are widely read, and it seems a pity that his abnegation of self and his purely moral impulses should combine to render him self-deceived, in so far that he thinks it necessary to retire from the world, and continue his meditations apart.

With regard to these four men, it seems, that, being intellectual men, and living in Russia, they were bound to be Nihilists, yet they have also succeeded in being Christians. *Literary men*, in our sense, they were all very far from being; and although they did not actually write for love of fame nor of money, they did write because they were anxious to be heard. "What then is to be done?" is a title which has been used over and over again in Russia. It is a significant one. These men were but little indebted to the imagination. What they saw immediately about them, what they suffered, and thought, and felt, was put just as it was into their books, and therefore, while these books are free from mannerism or affectation, they are also characterized by what an English novelist would probably define as want of sufficient care. No types are re-created, no effort is made

to invest ordinary things and people with that fictitious literary interest which alone can create them for us—inheritors of the finest school of fiction in the world, that of modern England, which claims such artists of the pen as Blackmore, Hardy, William Black, and Meredith for second-class writers only. It is when we regard these suffering Russians as souls, partakers of a wide enthusiasm for suffering humanity with the most ardent reformers that ever lived, to waste away in prison or burn to ashes at the stake, that we do them the greatest justice and bear fullest testimony to the worth of their labours.

SERANUS.

THE MIRAGE.

THEY tell us that when weary travellers deem
They view through quivering heat across the sand
Great rocks for shadow in a weary land,
And clustering palms, and, fairer yet, the gleam
Where smiles in light to laugh in sound the stream,
This is no work of some enchanter's wand,
But that reflected here true visions stand
Of far off things that close beside them seem.

So worn with life's hot march, when near at hand
A happier world we see upon us beam,
Where death and parting need not be our theme,
None there by toil forefought, by grief unmanned,
Prophets of Science, hush your stern command,
Oh! bid us not to hold it all a dream.

—London Spectator.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the Italian. By Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Saint Francis, the founder of the Order of Friars Minor, Gray Friars, or Franciscan Monks, was born nearly seven hundred years ago. The *Little Flowers*, a series of legends about the Saint and his disciples, were preserved orally for about two hundred years after his death, when they were first collected and published. Long a favourite classic in Italy and France, these legends are now for the first time presented in English. The book is a beautiful one, printed in antique type, on strong, white paper, and well bound.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WYK SMITH. Toronto: Dudley and Burns.

Mr. Smith, who is not an unknown contributor to the poetical literature of Canada and the United States, has collected in this volume all his efforts in verse, we presume, that he thinks worthy of preserving in a permanent form. Possibly the volume would not have lost in value if it had been somewhat less in bulk. The poems are systematically arranged, only comparatively few of them being distinctively Canadian. While the poems do not possess, and we fancy the author would not claim for them, the higher characteristics of poetry, they nearly all display a strong sense of melody, a marked facility in clothing even prosaic thoughts in poetic forms. We admire a certain sturdy courage in the author. He ventures to treat subjects that have been successfully treated before, as if he did not in the least fear comparison. On the whole we are inclined to think that Mr. Smith has reached his highest plane in the Scottish poems. In them he appears to find a readier scope for his lyrical impulses; and almost everything in the book seems to have been written with the adaptability of it to some tune or other in view.

CRICKET ACROSS THE SEA: Or the Wanderings and Matches of the Gentlemen of Canada, 1887. By Two of the Vagrants.

The authors of this book do not claim consideration for it as a "literary production," but even as a literary production it is not without merit. It is just what it purports to be; and the story is told in an easy, natural style, that would be creditable to more experienced writers. Our "Vagrants" saw everything, and seemed to have enjoyed almost everything they saw; and while they kept an accurate record of the matches and scores, they did not fail to observe and note down pieces of landscape, street scenes, and incidents of travel. The feeling of thorough enjoyment of everything—of mists and rain and misadventure—which seems to have never parted company with the Eleven, is transmitted to the reader, although he may have never known, or has ceased to care for, the "stern delights" of the cricket field. We are quite sure the book fully accomplishes the object for which it was written. Those for whom it is chiefly intended—the friends of "the Gentlemen of Canada," and those who take an interest in the game of cricket, and desire to see it encouraged in Canada—ought to be well pleased with this record of the matches played and the lessons learned last year by Canada's Eleven. We should add that the volume has for frontispiece a photograph of the "Eleven" and that typographically and in other respects it is very creditably got up. We have not looked for errors or defects, but we notice an obvious omission or addition at the foot of page 209.

THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON AND OF THE SEIGNIORIES OF CHATEAUGUAY AND BEAUHARNOIS. By Robert Sellar. Huntingdon, Quebec: The *Canadian Gleaner* Office.

That the original sources from which the materials for the early history of the older portions of English-speaking Canada can be obtained are rapidly disappearing forever is obvious. Few of the pioneers kept any record in writing of what they did or heard or saw. Very few of those who took part in or witnessed the events that occurred in the first quarter of the present century are now alive, and the number is rapidly decreasing. What those who now survive can witness to should by all means be recorded, and it is the duty of every person who can, to endeavour to collect and preserve all the local history within his reach. Mr. Sellar has endeavoured to do this for the County of Huntingdon and the Seigniories of Chateaugay and Beauharnois. He has done it from a sense of duty, without any hope of pecuniary reward, and with an almost absolute certainty of incurring pecuniary loss. He has done it, too, under difficulties and discouragements that most people would shrink from encountering, and very few would persist in overcoming. The result is that he has produced what we think is a very full, accurate, and readable history of a very historical and picturesque portion of Canada. His account of that part of the war of 1812-14, which had the Townships for its theatre, and of the episodes of 1837-38, which occurred in the same localities, will, we think, be regarded as authoritative hereafter; for there is certainly no historian of Canada who has made such a thorough study, not only of the public records, but of private sources of information, relating to the American invasion of 1812, and the rebellion of 1837, so far as this district was affected. Mr. Sellar views, with what cannot be considered as unwarranted apprehension, the future of the English townships in Quebec. Since the Union, he thinks, the interests of the English minority in the French Province have been systematically and persistently sacrificed to suit the political exigencies of the politicians of the Upper Province. "In 1838," he says, "the English-speaking population of Quebec were full of vitality, expansive and self-assertive: in 1888 it is the reverse. What has caused the change? I submit that it is to be found in the extension to the Townships of French laws and customs. When, after the rebellion, the constitution of Canada was recast, the cause defeated in the field won victory after victory in the domain of politics." He asks, "Is not the legislation, since 1841, affecting the status of the Townships, *ultra vires*?" When a priest sues a Township farmer for tithes, when the churchwardens levy on his land a tax to build a church, when a bishop steps in and forms a parish with municipal powers out of Township lands, are the statutes by which they act conformable with the compact under which the Townships were settled? How can the land held under English tenure be liable to the servitudes imposed under the French law on seigniorial lands? When the Crown issued its patents vesting the settlers in the townships on their farms in free and common socage, is it constitutional for the Legislature afterwards to violate that concession by giving the priesthood a vested right which sleeps while it is held by a non-Catholic, but comes into force the moment he leaves? Surely it is contrary to common sense that upon land conveyed to a settler by Crown patent, the priesthood of Quebec should hold a conditional lien, yet that is what the extension of the parish system to the Townships means." There is much force in what Mr. Sellar urges; but these are matters that pertain rather to politics than to literature. The great value of Mr. Sellar's work is in the historical facts he has so painstakingly collected and so ably arranged.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Edward Everett Hale. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Perhaps no one native to the American side of the Atlantic has been so frequently and so voluminously written about as the successful General of the American Revolution, the first President of the United States; and one would be inclined to suppose that everything that could be said about him—his family, his person, his character, his services, and his achievements—had been said over and over again. Yet quite recently several new lives of "the Father of his Country" and new editions of some old ones, have recently issued from the press. The one before us is different in many respects from all the rest. It is an endeavour to present not Washington the General, nor Washington the Statesman, nor Washington the President, but Washington the Man. Mr. Hale has used the very best material obtainable for a good biography: Washington's diary, which he kept throughout almost his whole life, and his letter-books, which contain almost the whole of his correspondence "from the beginning of the French War to the day of his death," in addition to all that abundant public material which must necessarily have accumulated during the quarter of a century when he was "the most distinguished man in America." The result of Mr. Hale's judicious use of all this material is a biography in which, if there is less of political and military history, there is much more of that intimate personal history, which is the peculiar charm of biography. The author makes such abundant use of original manuscript that the story is almost told in Washington's own words, and the result is that we like Washington the Man—"a person of hot passions, strong impulses, and vigorous determination"—much better than the stereotyped Washington we have been accustomed to. His correspondence shows that he was as prudent in his private business as he was in public affairs. He was particular about his clothes, and when ordering them he tells his London correspondent, "We have often articles sent us that could only have been used by our forefathers in days of yore;" and, again, when sending an order he says, "I want neither lace nor embroidery; plain clothes with gold

or silver buttons, if worn with genteel dress, are all I desire. I enclose a measure, and for further direction, I think it not amiss to add, my stature is six feet, otherwise rather slender than corpulent." This was in 1761, when he was in his thirtieth year. He took special interest in agricultural pursuits, and endeavoured to have the products of his farm equal to any in the market. He exported his own flour and tobacco, and when a consignment of the latter failed to bring the best prevailing price, for he raised "none but sweet-scented tobacco," and endeavoured "to be careful in the management of it," he rated his agents in good set terms. But though he cultivated the best tobacco he never used it himself, and detested all the personal habits connected with it. Mrs. Washington for some reason or other destroyed almost every letter which she had ever written to her husband or which he had ever written to her, and therefore much more is known of his relations with other people than of what passed between him and her. Yet out of memorandum books and from other sources we learn that she was a no less careful manager than her husband. She tells what was paid for a piano and a harpsichord, and that she paid \$3 for tuning the one and \$5 for tuning the other, how much meat she had in store on such a day, when a pipe of wine was broached and when she began using a barrel of brown sugar; that on such a day "she cut out thirty-two pairs of men's breeches for men," and on another day "gave Mrs. Forbes five bottles of rum," etc., etc. Altogether it is by far the best biography of Washington that we have yet seen, and it is remarkably free from Anglophobia, which is happily becoming less noticeable in the literature of the United States.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Rogue is the title of a new novel by W. E. Norris.

EMERSON'S complete writings have been rendered into French by the widow of Jules Favre.

WILLIAM BLACK'S novel, *The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat*, is just beginning its course in the *Illustrated London News*.

It is said that more than 146,000 copies of the late J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* have been sold since it appeared in 1874.

A VOLUME of poems by the King of Sweden has just been published at Stockholm. King Oscar writes under the *nom de plume* of "Oscar Frederick."

A NEW edition of Lord Tennyson's works is announced by Macmillan and Company. It is called the *Library Edition*, and will contain everything the poet has published. The issue will be complete in eight monthly volumes at five shillings each.

THE author of *Pike County Ballads* and *Castilian Days*, and biographer of Lincoln is about forty-nine years of age. In person of average height; dark hair, moustache and beard, and brown eyes; well-built, well-dressed, well-bred, and well-read, he is pleasant to look at and to talk with. He is a good talker and polite listener, and altogether an agreeable and instructive companion.

KOHL, in his *Discovery of Maine*, thinks that the name *Larcadia* appeared first in Rucelli's map of 1561. The origin of the name *Acadie*, usually given, is a derivation from the Indian *Aquoddianke*, the place of the pollock, or a Gallicized rendering of the *quoddy* of our day, as preserved in Passamaquoddy and the like. The word *Acadie* is said to be first used in the name of a country in the letters-patent of the Sieur de Monts.

AMONG the letters in Mr. T. A. Trollope's new book, *What I Remember* is one from Walter Savage Landor, in which the following passage occurs: "Carlyle is a vigorous thinker, but a vile writer, worse than Bulwer. I breakfasted in company with him at Milman's. Macaulay was there, a clever clown, and Moore, too, whom I had not seen till then. Between these two Scotchmen he appeared like a glow-worm between two thistles."

MR. SWINBURNE'S *Dethroning Tennyson*, in *The Nineteenth Century*, is of course a parody of the Shakespeare-Bacon pretence. The writer has been entrusted, he pretends, with the papers of Celia Hobbes, a lady "languishing" (unjustly) in Hanwell Asylum, who has devoted many years and extraordinary cryptographic astuteness to proving the Darwinian authorship of the poems attributed to Lord Tennyson. Of Miss Hobbes' papers, Mr. Swinburne's article is, of course, only a summary; the book itself will be very voluminous.

"MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND," says the *N. Y. Sun*, "has been for some years engaged in a close study of the life and work of St. Augustine, with the purpose in view of writing a book upon him and his mother, Monica. The work is in hand, and when completed will be the most thoughtful of all her literary efforts. It is not unlikely that her poems will be gathered together and published in book form in the spring. An effort was made to induce her to do this last season, but she had not the leisure to give to the work of preparation and supervision.

Macmillan's Magazine for January opens with an address on Sir Stafford Northcote by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. W. Clark Russell, the novelist, contributes an interesting article on *Pictures at Sea*, and Birkbeck Hill, one on *Dr. Johnson's Style*. George Cadell writes very sensibly on *Forestry*, with special reference to the forests of Great Britain. In *Something like a Bag*, Mr. S. M. Burrows describes some experiences of an Elephant Kraal in Ceylon, and a review of Wilkinson's *Reminiscences of Eton*, gives some entertaining stories of this famous school. *My Uncle's Clock*, a short story; *Sacharissa's Letters*, by Miss Cartwright, and some chapters of W. E. Norris' story *Chris*, make up the number.

MUSIC.

THE VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

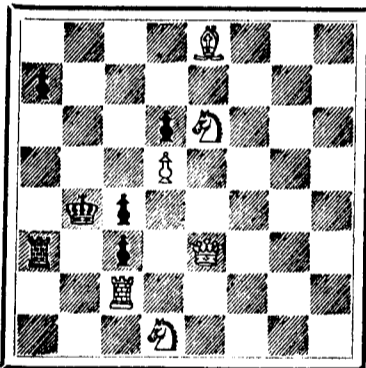
That the Pavilion was well filled by an enthusiastic audience on this occasion goes quite without saying, inasmuch as the Society is now apparently firmly established upon a sound basis, and numbers many friends among the musical people of Toronto. It follows also that the selections, consisting of unaccompanied part-songs, are more likely to please the unmusical portion of the public than the more ambitious or less popular programmes of the oratorio societies. Indeed the expression used in one of our dailies, music that is "unmarred" by instrumental accompaniment, states the case very plainly, as doubtless it appears to scores of our people. It used to be a frequent remark that *habitués* of the Philharmonic complained of headaches on the following morning. It is safe to say that no one attending Mr. Haslam's concert the other night need have expected retribution in this form on the morrow.

The part-songs, though remarkably well rendered, were somewhat alike in form and melody, and not perhaps sufficiently contrasted. Apart from this fault in selection, no disparagement could be hinted at unless it were a predominance of the female element, and a slight unevenness of intonation in Gaul's curious setting of *The Better Land*. It was much to be regretted that what would doubtless have proved the *pièce de résistance*—the excerpt from the *Golden Legend*—was unavoidably omitted, and the necessity for such omission, and the fact that the Society has clearly spent upon its practice what must be regarded as lost time, should make it very clear in future to both conductors and committee that too much care cannot be exercised in the matter of infringement of right.

The pianiste, Fraülein Aus der Ohe, surpassed all expectations. Her technique was many-sided and complete, her phrasing exact, and her interpretation wholly ideal and noble. A certain rawness of manner and a tendency to characterize too frequently are only the errors of extreme youth, and in her general air, and especially in her dash and *abandon*, she most nearly resembles Mdme. Carreno. The vocalists, Mrs. Thomson and Miss Robinson, gave genuine pleasure by their unaffected and charming singing. The Duet from Boito's opera might have gone more smoothly, but it is a very difficult number. Miss Robinson's voice is of a light, almost a drawing-room quality, but pleasing throughout, and her songs were given with much artistic finish and appreciation of their meaning. Mrs. Thomson is an old favourite with Toronto audiences, and, it is needless to say, held her own as on former occasions.

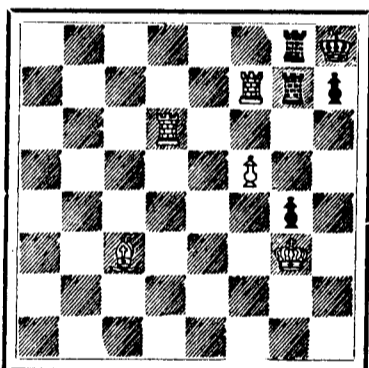
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 221.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 222.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution to Problem No. 217.—Key Q—K B 8, and S B S or Q mates.

No. 218.—Key S—Q 6 (B—B 8) B ch. and Q mates (R x S), Q—S 5 etc. (K—Q 5) Q—Q 2 and S x P or S—R 4 mate (K—S 5) Q—B 4 etc. (any other), Q—B 4 ch.

Bro. Foster says of the Chancellor (that Knight and Rook hybrid) "A wonderful piece it is, rendering the game, of course, somewhat more complicated but more enjoyable."

Four thousand dollars have already been subscribed towards the Sixth American Chess Congress.

Capt. Mackenzie was honoured by the consuls of seven countries at Havana, Cuba. The Birmingham Chess Club of Alabama are engaged in tourney for a fifty dollar prize, etc.

The Yorkshire club commence a tourney for about eighty dollars divided into ten prizes.

A game of chess with living pieces was played at the Armoury in Scranton, Pa. Question: Why are Pawns like Quakers? Ans.: Because they are *piece* makers.

Mons. Humbert drew "French Defence," with M. Herve, viz. :—

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 3	20. B—K 2	Q—K 5
2. P—Q 4	P—Q 4	21. B x P	Q—K 2
3. S—Q B 3	S—K B 3	22. B—K B 4	R (R 1) K 1
4. P x P	P x P	23. B—Q 3	S—K R 4
5. S—K B 3	B—Q 3	24. Q R—K S 1	P—K S 3
6. B—Q 3	S—Q B 3	25. B—K S 5	Q—Q B 2
7. Castles	Castles	26. B—K 2	S—B 3
8. B—K S 5	B—K S 5	27. B x S ch.	R x B
9. K—R 1	B—K 2	28. Q—K R 6	S—K 2
10. Q—Q 2 (bad)	B x S	29. Q—K S 5	K—S 2
11. P x B	K—R 1 (?)	30. P—K B 4	S—S 1
12. B—K 3	B—Q 3	31. P—K R 4	R—K 5
13. K R—K S 1	S—Q 2 (bad)	32. R (S 2) B 2	Q—Q 3 (bad)
14. S—K 2	P—K B 4 (?)	33. B—Q 3	R—K 6
15. B—K S 5	Q—K 1	34. B x K B P	S—R 3 (draws)
16. P—Q B 3 (bad)	Q—R 4	35. B—Q B 2	S—B 2 (")
17. S—K B 4	Q x B P ch.	36. Q—K S 4	S—R 3
18. R—K S 2	B x S (?)	37. Q—K S 5	S—B 2
19. B x P	S—B 3	38. Q—S 4	S—R 3

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with compositions and exchanges. Address the CHESS EDITOR. Solutions next week.

THE AWFUL VORTEX

INTO WHICH THE UNHEEDING ARE RAPIDLY DRIFTING.

Off the western coast of Norway lies the little rocky island of Moskenes. It is inhabited by a few hardy fishermen who engage in the cod and herring fisheries along the coast.

It happened one day in the spring of 1886 that an old man and his grandson, a lad of ten or a dozen years, put out from the island in a small boat, taking with them their fishing tackle and a lunch of dried fish and oaten cakes.

They row out some distance and secure a boat load of fish long before the returning tide will allow them to land, so they eat their frugal lunch and lay back on their oars to rest and wait. The old man, weary with pulling the heavy nets, is soon fast asleep, leaving the lad to look to the safety of the boat. For a time the sea is smooth, then a light wind blows from the west and the boat begins slowly but surely to drift. Little bubbles and patches of foam appear on the surface of the dark water. The breeze stiffens, and the boat, with steadily increasing speed, begins to move in an ever-narrowing circle. A sudden lurch alarms the boy, and at the same time awakens the grandfather, who seizes the oars and pulls with the strength of desperation against the now madly rushing waters; then the oars are wrenched from his hands, the doomed fishing boat is for a moment dashed about with terrible velocity, and then disappears forever in the awful vortex of the great Maelstrom.

It is the same with the blood. As it courses around through the veins, it reaches every part of the system in its healthy rush, seeking an opportunity to discharge the waste and poisonous matter from every part of the system, into the natural sewers. This sewage matter is carried by the blood to the kidneys, there to be thrown off, the same as in life the scavenger would throw his sewage into the stream to rid himself of the vile substance.

And the blood has no other place but the kidneys in which to throw off its waste matter. Sometimes it finds the kidneys unprepared to do this work. But the heart takes up the blood and again forces it through the system, where once more waste matter is gathered up the same as the sewers of our cities gather up such poisonous matter, to be discharged at one grand point, and then be carried off.

Fancy the danger of such poisoned blood coursing for years through the body!

This process continues, the blood passing through the kidneys and heart, removing the impurities from 65 gallons of blood per hour, or 48 barrels each day.

Yet the unthinking practitioner regards the kidneys as of little importance, until they are stricken down when he finds himself so far advanced in the vortex that there is but little chance for him. In such emergencies many have resorted to that great remedy, Warner's safe cure, to assist in putting these organs in a healthy condition. They have not rested on their oars, trusting their life idly in the hands of another when they can catch up the oars before it is too late, and a few strokes would put them safely beyond hopeless danger. A few bottles of Warner's safe cure at the proper time will restore the kidneys to health, thereby enabling them to rid the system of the poisonous uric acid, which is liable in its corruption to attack the weakest part of the system and thereby break it down just as the little stream at the mill dam wears away the dam, increasing the danger each hour, until at length it becomes overtaxed and gives way, causing destruction to those who a short time before looked upon it as of so little importance, but now contemplate the result of their neglect with horror.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—A dramatic event of exceptional interest to all lovers of the drama is promised in the early appearance here of Mr. E. H. Sothern, and a carefully selected company in "The Highest Bidder,"—the latest of the successes of the now famous Lyceum Theatre of New York. In view of the fact that this will be Mr. Sothern's first appearance here where his father, the late E. A. Sothern, was always greeted by brilliant and enthusiastic admirers, this occasion will possess for many a peculiar significance. The play was originally intended for a four weeks' run at the Lyceum Theatre. It was played there more than one hundred times. In the coming performances in this city Mr. Sothern will be assisted by the same well-known actors who shared with him the triumphs of the New York success. The play was written by two of England's most distinguished authors, and was intended originally for the elder Sothern, but was never produced by him. The character played by young Sothern shows that he possesses even a wider range of talents than his distinguished father had, whose excellent and memorable stage creations were limited entirely to what are known as "character parts." As Jack Hammerton in "The Highest Bidder," young Sothern plays a rôle which shows many contrasted, artistic traits, and the many who have been in the past entertained so pleasantly by the delightful exponent of Lord Dundreary and The Crushed Tragedian will find that the genius of the father has descended to the son, and that the latter, whose fame as an actor has commenced so soon, will undoubtedly attract equally as well the many who have in the past been so delighted by the distinguished father. The Toronto engagement is for three nights only, viz.: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, with special matinee Saturday, January 26, 27, and 28.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Bella Moore will be the attraction at the popular theatre next week in "A Mountain Pink." An exchange says: "Under the title of 'A Mountain Pink,' there was set forward in the Grand Opera House last night, a melodrama, which, although of modern build, contains all the elements of the good old plays which delighted the theatre-goer of a former generation. The plot is simple and direct. It concerns a young girl, brought up in a camp of moonshiners, who is at once as good as she is devoid of education, and as sharp as she is stupid in regard to the requirements of polite society. She is beloved by and loves a good young man, who is also adventurous and in search of a missing heiress. The Mountain Pink solves the mystery by saving the life of her lover, and turning out to be herself the long-sought inheritor of untold wealth. The piece is a good one, and is a creditable production which may be viewed with profit and entertainment. The chief interest of last night's representation consisted in the introduction to the public of a new candidate for public favour—Miss Bella Moore. It is competent to assert that Miss Moore achieved an unmistakable success. With a more musical voice than Annie Pixley; with all the verve and piquant sauciness of Lotta; with a keen sense of the ludicrous and the capacity to portray humour; with youth, grace and beauty this young woman combines a power of pathos far beyond that of any soubrette actress who has appeared upon the stage. Her acting is at once natural, pleasing, and wholly artistic. —Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.

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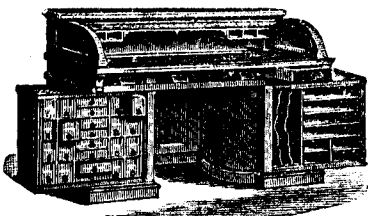
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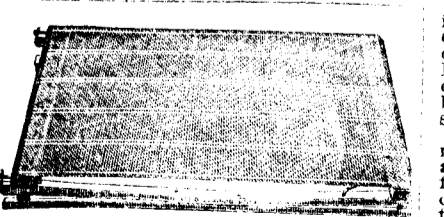
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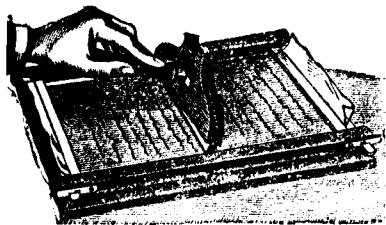
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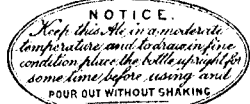
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