

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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Toronto, Thursday, June 16th, 1887.

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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th of June to the 30th of June, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Banking House, in Toronto, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of July next. The chair will be taken at twelve o'clock noon.

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ABSTRACT OF REVENUE ACCOUNT AND BALANCE SHEET.

Income for the year 1886	\$194,249 39
Expenditure (including payment to policy-holders of \$37,007.06)	107,748 91
Assets (including uncalled Guarantee Fund)	667,151 98
Liabilities to policy-holders	313,685 00
Surplus for security of policy-holders	353,406 93

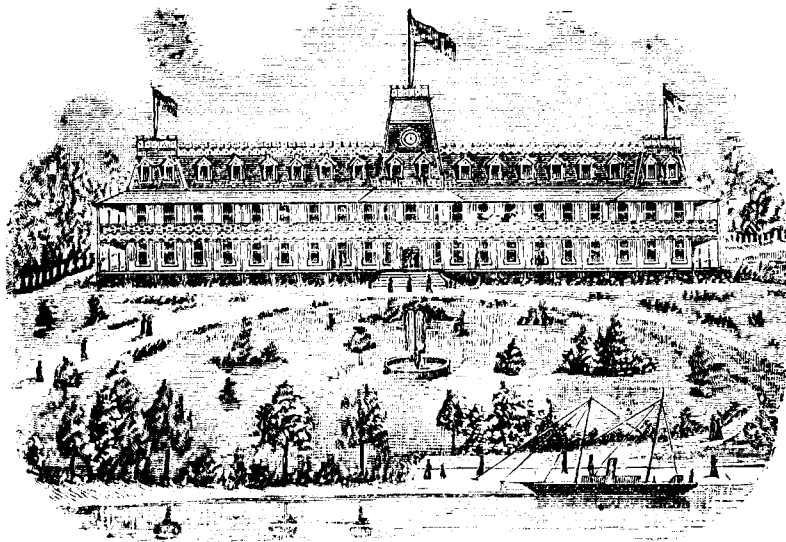
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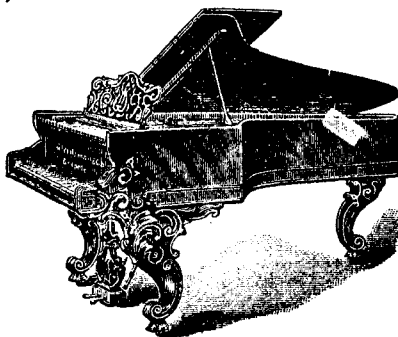
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THE WEEK.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No. 29.

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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE POEM.

"*In Hoc Signo Vinces.*"

FROM west to east,—from east to west,—

The glad bells ring, across the sea,
They echo o'er the ocean's breast,
With sound of song and minstrelsy ;
Wide as our world-wide empire, swells
The mellow music of the bells
That ring Victoria's jubilee !

Back through the mists of fifty years,
They bid the lingering fancy stray,
Through all their changing hopes and fears,
Through summers green and winters gray ;
And, looking both ways o'er the stream
Of Time, we see, as in a dream,
The vision of a gala day !

A chapel royal, through whose vaulted height
Deep organ tones majestic music pour,
While, through emblazoned panes, the rainbow light
Falls, in soft colours, on the marble floor,
On Britain's chivalry, on ladies bright—
And effigies of kings and knights of yore,
And a young princess, on whose sunny hair
A crown imperial rests—too stern a weight of care !

In the dim splendour of that ancient shrine,
Again the maiden stands,—but not alone ;—
Love's snowy blossoms with her jewels twine ;—
A dearer kingdom,—a more fitting throne,
The crown of womanhood the most divine,
This fairer pageant gives her for her own ;
And onward now, in love's sweet strength, serene,
Shall walk with firmer tread,—the woman and the queen.

So ran its course, through many a peaceful year,
The happy idyl of a royal love,
Rich with all blessings human hearts hold dear ;
Nor set, in lonely majesty, above
All lowly lives,—but, with its radiance clear
Brooding o'er all the nation, like a dove,
Till fate came sudden,—deaf to prayers and tears,
And cut in twain the current of the tranquil years !

The woman's heart clung, mourning, to the grave,
The queen must brace herself alone to bear
The burden of her station,—and how brave
The heart that bore so well its load of care
And bitter grief—He knows alone, who gave
The balm to sorrow, and the strength to prayer ;
—Whose unseen guidance, through the light and dark,
Guides men and nations to th' appointed mark !

So must the stream of human progress flow
Through light and shadow, to the brighter day,
Now seeming backward on its course to go,
While lingering evil smites us with dismay,
—Wrong and oppression,—dumb beasts' helpless woe,
The burdens men upon their fellows lay,—
While yet, through all the turnings, all the strife,
Still, through our Empire flows a tide of fresh'ning life !

The dusky Hindoo, 'neath his sheltering palm,
Ceases to muse on those dim, shadowy days
Of mystic contemplation, dreamlike calm
That brooded o'er the cradle of our race,—
Loses, in music of the Christian psalm,
The jarring tones of conquest and disgrace,
Till he, too, catch the nobler impulse nigh,
And hope and progress kindle in his pensive eye.

In the far islands 'neath the Austral skies,
Where the dark, low-browed savage chased his prey,
But fifty years ago,—great cities rise,
And a new empire, at the gates of day,
Owns, as the moulder of its destinies
The sea-queen isle, of northern waters grey ;
While,—where the sun burns hot on Afric's sands,
New peoples wake to life, and stretch to it their hands.

Our fair Dominion spreads, from sea to sea,
Her pine-clad mountains, prairies, streams, and lakes ;
Where late the hardy Indian wandered free,
The throbbing life of a young nation wakes,—
A greater Britain of the West, to be,—
While yet no link of happy concord breaks
With the dear land from whence our fathers brought
Heir-looms of high tradition, poesy, and thought !

And when another fifty years have sped,
May the old red-cross flag still float on high,—
The sacred sign of evil phantoms fled,—
Of broken power, of wrong and tyranny,—
Where'er its free-born standard-bearers tread,
Ne'er may the weak for rescue vainly cry,
No voice of brother's blood for vengeance rise,
Nor smoke of ruined homes defile the clear blue skies !

First in the files of Progress may it be,
First in the march of Science, Freedom, Peace,
Bearing the truth that shall make all men free,—
The brotherhood of man, whose blest increase
Shall merge in it, as rivers in the sea
All hearts in love, till every discord cease,
And every warring symbol shall be furled
Before the ensign of a Federated World !

So let the bells ring o'er the sea,
From west to east, from east to west,
Bearing the anthem of the free
Across the ocean's azure breast,—
A world-wide song of love and liberty,—
VICTORIA !—in this symbol bless the brighter age to be !

Kingston.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR (*FIDELIS*).

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE ORATION.

How many have been touched by the oft-told story of the royal maiden, who, when the heralds proclaimed her a Queen, hid her face on her mother's shoulder and wept ! The reign of Queen Victoria, begun in tears on that June day fifty years ago, has proved the brightest and best in her country's history. Politically her rule has been that of her Parliaments, where free discussion has favoured the claims of truth and justice. Religious, moral, educational, sanitary, and social progress have illumined its course. Literature, Art, and Science never before enriched any reign with so many products of the highest merit ; wonderful adaptations to practical uses of purely scientific discoveries ; and amazing engineering feats have impressed mankind with the sense of unbounded power over nature. We have the evidences of material improvement everywhere around us, bewildering in their profusion. Our mode of life and habits of thought even have been gradually altered by these material changes. They have brought increased powers for good and evil ; increased means of happiness, and the promise of still further advances. They have brought with them also new dangers and problems.

We are called upon to pause for a moment whilst we join our kin in distant lands in celebrating an event unique in history—the jubilee of a Queen regnant.

Her Majesty's domestic life is so well known that we need not dwell upon it. The Prince who won her love proved worthy of it ; and she has said of him, that he was "the best, wisest, and kindest of husbands."

Whilst he lived she was happy in a domestic life ideally perfect ; his premature death has been the great sorrow of her life. She has had the joy of seeing all her children grow to maturity and marry ; and the sorrow of the untimely loss of two of them.

It may be that we shall honour our august Sovereign more in making the celebration of this joyous event an occasion in which to cherish our national glory, than by limiting it to mere personal pæans. If penitential psalms to our own shortcomings be omitted, our unconsciousness of the largeness of this subject need not be assumed.

Called to the throne by right of birth, our Queen is the link that binds the past to the future ; the reminder ever present in all our public acts that we are knit to and carry them with us. Descended from Egbert and from each House that has occupied the throne since his, she inherits the glories of the past, its mistakes, and some of its difficulties. Like the House of York she represents legitimacy, but she is also of Lancaster the Duchess, and has a Parliamentary title to the Crown. That title has not been challenged, nor is the question of the succession likely to arise. The State, as such, has been at peace with itself, and none of its servants have faltered in allegiance to its Sovereign. The last word is hers, but her infallibility is official, and, as the term loyalty implies, it is as the embodiment of law and order, of the forces that gather by continuous duration, and as the representative of her people's best selves, that we kneel to her. She has chosen the better part of being the first servant of the State, not its master. All other functions curtsy to that of the chief magistracy. Her virtues as a woman are of lesser moment. To have worn the Crown through all these years without adorning it, to have kept the oath made at her Coronation, and to have conformed to the usages of those who went before her, were surely all that could have been asked. She found the hazy question of the Royal prerogative legally what it had been for almost a century and a half ; and it is Her Majesty's highest honour, by acting in the spirit of the Constitution, to be our first strictly Constitutional Sovereign. The records of this reign contain no such incident as the summary dismissal of Lord Melbourne's ministry by her uncle ; and certainly no such thing as the political party of "King's Friends," that resulted so disastrously to the fortunes of the Empire upon this continent during her grandfather's reign. The "Bedchamber" question that arose the year after the Coronation might, were the true facts known, be a case in which a party preference was shown ; though it is certain that no political motive prompted the course. At no other time have the powers vested in the Crown been personally used by the Sovereign whilst with Parliament and the Constituencies there has been no interference. Remembering also the passionate devotion of the Jacobite party to the Stuarts for generations after their misconduct had forfeited their title to the Crown, no thanks to Her Majesty for her wise course can be excessive. All the great States in the world have been convulsed during this reign. We have seen war waged by each of the other Great Powers of Europe, and their boundaries altered as the result thereof. We have seen a sixth Great Power arise there upon the ashes of armed revolution and conquest. At our own doors, in that great nation without a name, of our race and language, with a form of government differing little from our own save in the matter of headship, we have seen a question of succession lead to a woe-ful civil strife of vast proportions—their own fair soil their battlefields—their brothers their foes ! But no storms have come nigh a throne broad-based upon a people's love.

Her Majesty's sex lost her the Crown of Hanover, a kingdom well lost from every point of view. Ireland, however, she inherited, and with it the problems that for centuries have proved insoluble. It was there that our colonising began, and a considerable part of the population of that island consists of the descendants of our early colonists. Yet upon the Queen's accession little more than half her subjects there spoke the language of the Empire. Now the number of those who do not is trifling. Parliament has given an inordinate share of attention to the affairs of that Kingdom ; it has even tried to remedy evils beyond the reach of politics ; and though these efforts have necessarily failed in their intended objects, the causes of unhappiness are laid bare and understood. Education is doing its work, and that country, bound to us by the closest ties, never had so bright a future.

The reign has witnessed changes in internal government, peacefully made, that amount to a revolution. Fifty years ago the effects of the first Reform Bill were hardly realised ; since then two further bills have become law, and it may now be said that the whole nation shares in its government. In Canada responsible government is not yet fifty years old ; it rests upon the same broad foundations. Confederation is being tried, and the care of wide north-western territories undertaken by it. The extreme east and west are tied together with steel. Wherever it has been practicable, the principle of local self-government has been extended, even to townships.

Education has been recognised as the duty of the State. Through such changes as these the affection of the people for their Queen has been the sure bulwark of her throne.

At the heart of her empire that freedom which has long been the boast of our race has taken a step forward. Free Trade has been ventured upon, and persevered in, too, for forty years, though none have dared to reciprocate it. Free service has been adhered to in the Army and Navy, whilst compulsory service is the rule of other nations. The Army has had active work of some sort to do almost continuously throughout the reign ; but as the revenues of the Empire have never been strained, the whole period may be termed peaceable. The revenues of that amply endowed British Temple of Janus—Greenwich Hospital—have, for the first time, been diverted to happier uses. The supremacy at sea, won finally at Trafalgar more than eighty years ago, has remained unquestioned. The Navy has not been idle. Its ships have been controlled by scientific men, bent on wresting from Nature her secrets, and the titular captains of such ships have performed the humbler duties of sailing-masters. For commerce it has rid the ocean of piracy, and the smallest vessel is now as safe on the remotest sea as it would be on Lake Ontario. If its humane crusade against slavery has not entirely abolished that trade, the transport of slaves by sea is too hazardous to be profitable. The world has shared in the benefits of these unheroic but not inglorious services ; they are not, however, the only results of Her Majesty's naval supremacy. The rapid growth of a Southern Empire has become possible. That growth is as marvellous as a fairy tale. There was no colonist in New Zealand upon Her Majesty's accession ; and the most populous colony in Australia happily bears her name ; its capital—the finest city in the Southern Hemisphere—that of her first Prime Minister. Freedom thrives in the happy homes of the millions there engaged in the good work of turning wildernesses into gardens ; and the throne has a new buttress in their loyal devotion.

The dark cloud that burst on India thirty years ago proved to be a passing one, and we have since seen its silver lining. The Mutiny led to the extinction of the East India Company, and to the transfer of its powers to the Crown. The responsibility of the Government of one-sixth of the human race by a people thousands of miles distant is stupendous and unparalleled. We can look with pride upon the beneficent spirit of Her Majesty's rule there. No spoil from conquered provinces fills her general coffers. The revenue collected by each Government is limited to its own needs. The control of these vast dependencies is a triumph of statesmanship, and an evidence on a large scale of what trained intelligence, animated by a love of justice, can do. That it may never be decided whether those possessions are a source of weakness or a vast reservoir of strength, is the prayer of all who love our country or our race.

Ships, Colonies, and Commerce have retained their old, almost paramount, importance during this reign, and it is not surprising that the demands of ever-widening interests should have led to some extensions of territory. The surprise is that successive Ministries should have succeeded so well in resisting the ceaseless pressure from so many quarters. Excepting the one European War, every other may be called a commercial one. The romantic expedition to Abyssinia, although undertaken in pursuance of the *Civis Romanus sum* doctrine, is hardly an exception. Glory has not been sought in war. Territory has not been acquired by it, except where other and larger interests rendered it necessary. In the Russian War our interests were not directly involved. We drifted into it, ostensibly to enforce treaty obligations. The glory of it belongs to the troops alone. This was a soldier's war, and never did British troops show greater intrepidity. In every battle, even when opposed by much greater numbers, sheer courage and firmness rendered them magnificently triumphant. Unaided by marked tactical skill, devotion and faithfulness to duty were found in every tent and every hospital.

Thoroughness of service has characterised all walks of life during this busy reign. That no one, in any calling, however great his merit, should have overshadowed his fellow-workers, clearly points to a very high average of excellence. It was not always so. In the glorious reign of Elizabeth, though the one man who had no equal did not take his place, the fame of Sir Philip Sidney was bright enough to throw a halo round his Queen ; and it has shone with undimmed lustre through three centuries. As he did little, it may be said to rest upon the promise of usefulness rounded by a death entirely noble. The man placed in command of our Army in the Crimea served his country for fifty years, and left us the example of a life devoted to truth. No mediæval knight of strictest vows ever served honour more faithfully or with more success. Nor was his death less noble or less pathetic than that of Elizabeth's hero. Ill served by a Government weak and dispirited by reason of divided counsels, attacked

by a violent and changeable Press for shortcomings not his own, and joined to allies whose co-operation he could not command, he refrained from defending himself, and even from explanations, lest the cause should suffer. There is little doubt that Lord Raglan broke his heart because he could not perform the impossibilities that were expected of him. Such a man as this, so pure, so noble, cannot be said to occupy a conspicuous place among the men of this reign. If the words of the old ballad, put into King Henry's mouth upon hearing that Percy had fallen,

I trust I have within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee,

had been used by our Queen upon hearing of his death, no one would have deemed her boastful. It seems almost invidious to single out a man great in ability as well as in character—John Lawrence. Striking as was the opportunity that enabled him to preserve the Empire he was afterwards called upon to rule, and, well as he did all things, his figure does not stand out in bold relief; he seems only one of many in the annals of the reign. Doubtless the path of duty is still the way to glory, and it is an exceeding joy to find it so well trodden. We walk in the footsteps of giants—Blake and Nelson—Marlborough and Wolfe—Shakespeare and Milton—Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton: imperfect, perhaps, the best of them at their best; but more than they have done, what can heroism or human genius hope to do? Achievements that would once have filled the world with sounds of praise have to bear comparison with theirs, and any standard almost as high is accepted as a matter of course, until now a Sir Galahad would not be remarkable by reason of his purity, nor an Admirable Crichton for his talents.

A highly trained, enterprising Press, has made itself an essential part of our civilisation. By its light we read present history and "survey mankind from China to Peru" at least once a day. Our thirst is for news as well as for intelligence, and the supply almost equals the demand. The never-tiring journalist to oblige us too often turns his lantern upon strictly private concerns, and too seldom with the avowed object of the cynic of old. As a result of this activity, we find the record crowded with petty wrongs and trifles, and it is not always easy to catch the true perspective of men or events. Material improvements are solid and obvious, and these are in no danger of being forgotten or underrated. There may be danger in our valuing them too much on their own account. In that suffering is prevented or lessened, and comfort and liberty increased, their good is unalloyed. For much else our joy is quite as great: that temperance has asserted itself as the rule of reputable life; that patriotism has been strong enough to induce the youth of the nation in large numbers voluntarily to submit to military discipline, with so modest a motto as "Defence, not Defiance;" that the two greatest Powers in the world, after winning their high place among the imperial races of history largely by the sword, should submit grave international disputes to the arbitration of jurists,—triumphs, such as these, gild the era with abiding glory.

The name of the Queen of the great mother of free nations has been heard in all lands, and is respected wherever known. It would be flattery to say that the epithet of "Great" should follow it; but we believe that in the long list of her predecessors there is no worthier one. We believe that a better title could be riveted to it, and that she would be fittingly described as Victoria the Good. The source of our honour and the fountain of justice, she has honoured herself by scrupulously obeying the laws she has enforced. Socially, where her monarchy is absolute, she has chosen only what was good, and has steadily frowned upon all that was not. In this department she has been personally a factor in our upward course. She has ever pointed to better things, and led the way; and above the strife of contending factions and the sound of much that is evil, a still small voice can be sometimes heard whispering to all who care to listen, that the good time, when righteousness and peace shall meet together and rule the world, is a little nearer. The glad music that heralds its coming is heard less faintly than of yore. The term "Utopia," given by hopeful men for ages to the happy golden time that is to be, is almost obsolete. The vision and the fact are about to be united; the new era is even now beginning.

Out of the dark the circling sphere,
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
We do see the paling night.

Look backward, how much has been won;
Look round, how much is yet to win,
The watches of the night are done,
The watches of the day begin.

One little isle is still the polar star of civilisation, but upon all who live beneath the same flag there is imposed the grave and glorious task of

maintaining its honour. Devotion to the Crown as the symbol of the unity of the race, and its magnificent and awful cause, is the best foundation we can stand upon. Strong in that devotion, we can meet with confidence, not only the storms in front—these have long been robbed of their terrors—but the more dangerous breezes from behind. Imperial Federation, Commercial Union, Provincial Rights, and all other questions take their lesser place, to be dealt with or let alone, without fear of friction. Sordid thoughts are brushed aside, and we rise to the consciousness that we are one, not only in origin, but in destiny; that the Empire won by the genius and consecrated by the blood of those who went before us is a common heritage. The cardinal principle of our religion—the brotherhood of man—rules our lives; and whosoever says that justice shall continue blind and that truth must prevail, speaks for all of us.

As the Queen is ours, so we and ours are hers. We wish her health and strength long to reign; and as the boon is beyond even an united empire's power to grant, we say:

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Toronto.

W. H. Cross.

LETTERS IN CANADA.

It is not my intention to write a review of Mr. Charles F. Richardson's suggestive work on American Literature, though the book is so well done that an appreciative notice in *THE WEEK* might induce admirers of robust writing to take up the History and read it. Mr. Richardson discusses the growth and development of American thought from earliest times to the present day in a bold and impartial manner, and though he shatters some of our idols, almost beyond the point of recognition, still one feels that he is just on the whole, and his estimates of the spirit and performance of American Authorship are made with candour and good judgment. After Duyckinck, who does not criticise at all, and Tyler's somewhat dry exposition of the letters of the Colonial period, which wearies without interesting the reader, unless he be an antiquary, it is refreshing to get a volume of honest criticism respecting a literature about which so much in the way of unqualified praise has been said on the other side of the line. There is one point in Mr. Richardson's first volume, however, which may be noted in passing. He emphasises the fact that, in a measure, American literature is an offshoot of English literature, and he further advances the idea that no language and literature except the English has ever put forth an offshoot in another country—that is, a new literary development, having the form and characteristics which belong to the parent stem, yet growing under essentially different and peculiar conditions. This is an extremely interesting statement, but it is open to modification. In the Province of Quebec, we have precisely the same condition of things, only the language is French and not English. French-Canada had no literature at all up to half a century ago. The people read books, but they were the works of French priests and travellers, poets, and romancers. French letters in Canada were developed altogether under the reign of Victoria, but the literary spirit has been derived from France. Here we have British subjects, living together, and speaking a foreign language in a British Colony, growing up side by side with Englishmen, and yet inheriting their literary taste from an ancestry which crossed the ocean two hundred years ago. Few French-Canadians can read Shakespeare with any delight, and their appreciation of modern British authors is but slight. Men like Frechette and Routhier and Faucher de St. Maurice cultivate purity of style, and their work is often good enough to find acceptance in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—the model which is for ever before their eyes. None of the French-Canadian writers are as original as they might be, though a French Academician thought that in Frechette he detected signs of something in his manner with which he was quite unfamiliar. He described it as something French, and yet not wholly French. Frechette partially relieved him of his doubt by suggesting that the unknown quantity in his work might be Canadian. But we have very few French-Canadian writers who are so distinctively French-Canadian as Frechette. He has gone to France to live, I hear. If he carries out his present intention, he may soon lose the very charm which enriches his work to-day. But time must determine whether change of residence and of sky in his case will prove a gain or a loss to his strength as a poet.

In fifty years' time, the men and women of French-Canada have accomplished a great deal for their nationality and language. They have really succeeded in creating and fostering a literature among themselves which is by no means despicable. Every department of letters has been cultivated, though in the field of romance the product has been small and

unsatisfactory. Poetry and history have flourished best, and the lighter essay (called by the French *Chronique*) comes third. In this last form of composition Arthur Buies ranks easily first, though since Hector Fabre left Quebec, we have had nothing so good as he used to give us. The *Chroniques* always afforded Fabre the opportunity of saying those graceful and witty things which dropped from the point of his pen apparently without effort. Long residence in Paris has changed Fabre into the Frenchiest of Frenchmen, and he has lost completely those traces of Canadianism which gave him his fame. To-day he writes like a thousand other brilliant Frenchmen, free from the conventional burrs of the new world. He is more polished perhaps, in some respects, but the Canadian stamp has disappeared. This may be a merit in a literary sense, but individuality is a strong point in authorship, and when a man loses that he loses a quality that cannot be made up by mere elegance of diction. The refining process may be carried too far, just as the realists in fiction these days are riding their hobbies to the verge of vapidness.

Mr. Richardson's self-imposed task is to discover wherein American literature really differs from English literature, and wherein it is but a branch bearing the same fruit in a different corner of the enclosure. It is not necessary to accompany him in his enquiry. His point is suggestive, and may be pursued in any examination of French literature in Canada that may be made with much the same result. English literature may be said to have two branches on this continent, the contribution from the United States, and the contribution from Canada: the latter, it must be confessed, is not extensive, though time may remedy our shortcomings in that respect. But England's French-Canadians are also adding to a parent stem; the stem, however, is French. The French-Canadians are loyal to Britain, and if a plebiscite were taken to-morrow, it would in all probability result in an almost unanimous vote for the maintenance of British connection. But for all that, the poets love to sing the praises of the patriots of 1837, and Papineau is still their hero, though fifty years have passed away since he raised the flag of revolt, and the old wrongs have long ago been redressed. This, perhaps, is only natural, but with all their admiration of British institutions, it is surprising how little in the way of praise the Quebec poets and essayists find to say about them. Many of them are ready to admit at once that on no account would they change their allegiance to that of France, but for all that British valour and the British Throne find little if any expression in the heroic verse of the Province. And yet no one would think of questioning the loyalty of the French-Canadians. Their loyalty is particularly effusive, and at all banquets and places of public amusement, the health of the Queen is drunk with enthusiasm, and the National Anthem closes the entertainment, the people standing with uncovered heads. But notwithstanding all this, the only heroes who are immortalised in French-Canadian poems are men of the blood who fought Englishmen, and the only battlefields which find places in their songs are those in which the common enemy appeared. One exception there is, the great De Salaberry, who fought under the British flag against the Americans. Pæans in his honour are sung, but they are to his personal renown alone, and not always to the general cause.

In a measure then, Mr. Richardson is wrong in his premises. The French language and literature as well as the English have put forth an offshoot in another country. The product in French-Canada, in a way, is inconsiderable, it may be said, and perhaps Mr. Richardson would not be disposed to take it at all into consideration. But it must be observed that letters in British America, French and English, are still in their infancy. They have hardly passed the first stage. But the Colonial period of American authorship was paltry enough also, and its beginnings were trifling and almost entirely valueless. But American authorship to-day is strong, vigorous, and intense in colour, and since the War it has increased with wonderful strides. Its future development no man can determine. Within the last dozen years or so a very large number of able writers has sprung up, and they have done much to stimulate American thought, and to encourage a national feeling. But the splendid group composed of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell leaves no successors. In minor singers the Republic is rich, and there never was a time in its history when it had so many men and women able to write well on almost every conceivable topic, so many novelists of merit, and so many essayists of marked ability and culture. The famous New England coterie gave dignity and solidity to American authorship. Perhaps the needs of the coming generations may not be so exacting. In that case there will be less necessity for future Hawthornes and Emersons.

There are some who assure us that until Canada is independent it can have no real live literary aspiration. National feeling, they say, cannot come to us until we abandon the merely Colonial connection with the Mother Country, and become a nation in the true sense. Complete sever-

ance from the Empire will bring about its responsibilities, and these would be grave enough. I hardly think independence would help us much, and I do not see that it would stimulate the literary faculty to any very great extent. The growth of a large leisure class in the Dominion would do more to encourage Canadian authorship than anything else that I can think of at present. In the meantime our writers are only feeling their way.

GEORGE STEWART, JUN.

SUNDAY CARS.

CANON DUMOULIN has shown his usual intelligence and courage in taking up the subject of Sunday cars in a sermon. It really is a great thing to have one clergyman who is not the mere mouthpiece of the prejudices of his congregation. We do not mean that there are no more. But, at least, there is one. And the truth must be told, that there are a good many belonging to a very different class, who are simply tyrannised over by their people, and, instead of being the leaders, are the led.

Now, why should we not have street cars on the Sunday? Or, again, why should we? Those who object to the running of cars on Sunday are bound to answer the first question; those who recommend it are bound to answer the second. But, perhaps, it is necessary to go a little further back.

What do we mean by Sunday, the Sabbath, or, to give it neither its secular name nor its Jewish name, but its Christian name, the Lord's Day? What is its meaning? What obligation does it impose upon Christian people? Certainly it is not the Jewish Sabbath. Archdeacon Hesse's Bampton Lectures on that subject have never been answered. Those who want a more concise statement of the argument may find it in Archbishop Whately's Essays. But for Christians, S. Paul has really settled this question once for all. "One man," he says (Rom. xiv. 5., R. V.), "esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let each man be fully assured in his own mind." And again (Coloss. ii. 16), "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day or a new moon or a Sabbath day." In short, the law of the Sabbath is part of the Jewish ceremonial law, which has been abolished by the gospel. And this was the judgment of the Ancient Church, of the Mediæval Church, of the Reformers (certainly of Calvin and Knox), and, in fact, of nearly all Christian communions except the English Puritans, and those who were influenced by them.

Nevertheless, the Lord's Day has a sacred meaning and sacred uses, and these have been recognised through all the Church's history. Early councils recommended that there should be no unnecessary work done on that day, and that it should be a special day for Christian worship. Christian common sense has, therefore, ruled that on the Lord's Day all work should be stopped which could be stopped without considerable inconvenience to the public, and that the general atmosphere of the day should be calm and religious, and that Christian worship should have peculiar prominence on this day.

Indeed, there is almost Scripture authority for the meeting of the Church for worship on the Lord's Day, although not, perhaps, for abstention from work. But, upon the whole, we may say that Christians of all Churches are agreed that the day should be a sacred day, and that people should, as much as possible, be released from work, although there is a wide difference of opinion as to the nature and amount of recreation which should be sanctioned on that day.

Without dealing with the subject generally—which is, perhaps, necessary, if we would have our foundations laid broadly—we will here restrict our remarks to the question of running street-cars on Sunday. That the case cannot be quite so clear as some seem to imagine may be inferred from the fact of the diverse usages which prevail in different cities. In New York, we believe, there is no restriction, nor in Detroit, nor in Buffalo. Crossing the border to our own side, in Hamilton we find street-cars running at Church time, but then only. Coming to Toronto we find none on Sunday.

Now, most people would like to approve of the Toronto fashion, if there were nothing serious to be said against it. But, at starting, one must admit that the whole wisdom of the world is not necessarily to be found in Toronto while all other places are involved in outer darkness. And the real question is, Which plan is the most calculated to promote the best interests of the community, and how far is it expedient that freedom of travelling should be interfered with on the Lord's Day?

Of course, the great argument against all kinds of Sunday traffic, involving as it does the employment of labour, is that men and women are thus deprived of their much-needed day of rest, and partially or entirely prevented from joining in public worship, and this is a good argument; but it is not absolute. A certain amount of work is done of necessity

every Sunday; and a good deal of quite unnecessary work is carried on which no kind of legislation can interfere with. For example, there is probably a good deal of cooking done in rich men's houses which persons more considerate of the best interests of their servants would not require.

Again, there are a good many private carriages used to carry people to their places of worship; and we think there is force in the argument which says that those who put down the poor man's Sunday car should also, in strict logic, put down the rich man's private carriage. Yet we doubt whether any are prepared to go this length.

Two things then seem to be tolerably clear: first, that there may be, and ought to be, a considerable amount of legislative interference with Sunday traffic; secondly, that, after all, a great deal must be left to the common sense, good feeling, and religious sentiment of the employers of labour.

We are not quite sure that the argument for church-going cars is unassailable. Is there any necessity for persons going such a great distance to church? Toronto is so well supplied with these sacred buildings that most persons can find more than one belonging to their own denomination within reasonable distance from their residence. On the other hand, there does seem to be a very strong argument for Sunday cars driving out to the suburbs during some part of the day. There are a great many persons living in the very heart of the city, engaged in labour from morning to night every day of the week, to whom it would be of the greatest benefit to be allowed a stroll in High Park or on Scarborough Heights on a Sunday afternoon. But how are they to get there? Women and children, walking from the centre of the city to either extremity, would be in no condition to stroll about in High Park after having gone all that distance on foot.

Why, then, should not cars be allowed to run during a part of the day for the purpose of conveying these poor people to scenes in which they might draw in health and strength for the work of the coming week? Let the period of time within which the car-traffic is permitted be strictly limited. Suppose they were allowed to run between the hours of two and seven, this might be found sufficient. With regard to the objection that the men and the horses need the day of rest, it is easy to add to the number of men and horses in proportion to the increased work, so that no man need work longer than a certain fixed time on the Sunday, and he might be allowed the same time on some other day.

Here is something for our Mayor to take up. Mr. Howland has for many years shown himself a sincere and devoted friend of the labouring classes; and, if he will espouse their cause in this matter, the thing will be as good as done. As far as we can at present see, the arguments are all one way. At any rate the matter should be well considered, and it should be considered at once before the summer has passed away.

We have said nothing of the argument about Sabbath desecration. No work which is really promotive of man's physical, mental, and moral well-being can be desecrating, whenever or wherever it is performed. Even under Judaism, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

EXTRACTS FROM THE "WOMAN'S JOURNAL," MAY 2, 2001.

OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

DURING the session of this beautiful May morning, immediately after the reading for the second time of Mrs. Curio's Bill for the Extirpation of the Masonic Body, while the little birds chirped at their nest-building, and the sun through the chestnuts made exquisite arabesques upon the lawn, and the white clouds sailed overhead like messengers of love and peace to a troubled universe, the familiar whiskered face of the Male Re-enfranchisement measure presented itself again. The yawn with which it was greeted was cavernous. The accomplished lady who represents East York crossed her feet—very pretty feet they are, too, in their dainty French kid number threes—took out her tatting, and lapsed into meditation. Caramels were freely distributed, unfailing sign of prospective boredom; the Speaker adjusted her bonnet, and resigned herself to gentle somnolency; and the various members of the committee appointed to investigate the pension claims of widowers and orphans still surviving the struggle for the ballot in 1950, slipped quietly off to confer. A few members, however, awake to the growing feeling throughout the country in favour of re-enfranchisement, brought the usual arguments to bear against it with such energy that the bill was more ignominiously routed than ever before. In a stirring speech, the leader of the Radical wing of the Dress Reform Party compared the length of time disenfranchisement has been visited upon men with the period during which women were deprived of the glorious privilege of the ballot, according to which, she said, justice, working with compound interest, should withhold its votes from the subject sex for aëons yet to come. Looking at it from the standpoint of mere expediency, their probation, she said, was comparatively short, and it was extremely improbable that its lessons could as yet have been thoroughly learned. The political depravity of man was not a thing to be

eradicated in a century or two. Re-enfranchisement might mean, even in this advanced and enlightened age, a return to the intolerable tyranny of the days of that arch-fiend, Sir John Macdonald, who had once, as everybody knew, gratuitously insulted the whole sex by offering it the voting privilege in return for a kiss! With a few general observations on the mischief the male vote would probably effect in the progress of certain highly-desirable domestic reforms then being dealt with by the Provincial Legislatures, and a feeling reference to the discord that would undoubtedly ensue from it about the sacred fireside, which caused pocket-handkerchiefs to be sought for in every hand-bag in the room, the speaker assumed her *fautorial*, having augmented the defeat of the measure at the previous session by seven votes.

An interesting feature of the afternoon session was the debate upon Mrs. Dotheboys' resolution affecting the encroachment of men upon the professions. Mrs. Dotheboys argued that since by their own Amazonian efforts, and the valuable co-operation of Mr. Henry George, our great-grandmothers effectually reduced man to his original occupation in Genesis, with the domestic pursuits undoubtedly attached to it, no foolish leniency on the part of those who enter into their labours should permit the undoing of this excellent system. It was impossible, Mrs. Dotheboys thought, that any man could discharge the duties of husband and father with professional ambition rankling in his mind and poisoning the cup of his domestic bliss; a fact quite apart from her main argument, which was the protection of the legal sisterhood. Several members of the Bar supported Mrs. Dotheboys' argument, whose motives were not unnaturally impugned by hon. ladies opposed to the resolution. In the scene that ensued, the dignity of the House was, for the moment, in abeyance, the epithets, "manomaniac" and "homophobic," being freely used by the hon. ladies in describing one another. The motion was referred to the Committee on the Spoliation of the Egyptians.

The bill empowering husbands to enter into other than matrimonial legal contracts with their wives, entitling them to alimony in the event of judicial separation, and giving them control over all moneys earned by them independently of their wives, after marriage, passed its second reading, after a stormy discussion. In the opinion of many members, the law as it is, is capable of being too broadly interpreted to decide satisfactorily the many perplexing cases that constantly arise.

Notices of motion were given as follows:

Miss Condemmit (West Middlesex), a bill prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and use of tobacco in any form, as offensive to the greater part of humanity, and detrimental to the progress of the race.

Mrs. Gwallior Gwamingee (East Indian convert, elected on her merits to represent the cause), a bill to dispose of the present providential surplus, by the institution of schools that will bring the priceless boon of Kensington stitch to benighted maidenhood in Bengal.

NEWS NOTES.

THE report that Mrs. Unimpeachable has bartered the confidence of her constituents for a mess of pottage, and gone over to the Government, is verified by her vote yesterday on the Home Rule question. The Secretaryship of the National Association for the Protection of Canary Birds seems to have been the bribe. It is presumed that the estimable Secretary will be obliged to look after her own feathers at election time.

VASSAR has taken her place in the van of progress by opening her doors to the long-debarred male student. The reason urged is the discrimination which is very naturally made against the graduates of such seminaries as Harvard and Yale, where diplomas are taken under the conditions commonly attached to the limited education of masculinity. Vassar has decided that equality of opportunity for the sexes shall be recognised as an indispensable factor in the true progress of the race. This will probably strengthen the interest felt in a similar movement in Toronto, Hamilton, and Brantford.

POUR LES HOMMES.

THE extraordinary dimensions of the hats worn by the gentler sex at the theatre ought to be lessened by Act of Parliament. Either the young gentleman of the period should withstand the wiles of his milliner more successfully, or he should be compelled—barbarous as it may seem—to remove his headgear altogether upon taking his seat, and hold it in his lap while the performance is going on. His forefathers did this from preference in theatres not half so well ensured against draughts as ours, and it is not impossible that their descendants may do it from necessity. *Verbum sap.*

OWING to the foolish tendency on the part of young men to imitate feminine fashions, it has become almost impossible to distinguish from the rear a youth of the day from his escort. Draw the line at hoop-skirts, gallant gentlemen!

THE tint, "Rameses II.," is to be the prevailing one in neckties this season. It should be worn, however, only with moustaches *that exactly match.*

FATHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE house-cleaning season, with all its attendant miseries, is upon us. The air is thick with carpet dust, the whitewasher's harvest is at hand, the silver teaspoon, missing since January, has turned up in the *débris* of the back yard. The weary wife returns from her labours at the office or the counter to find her evening meal promiscuously laid out on the top of an empty barrel, her much-tried husband crying in a corner of the coal shed, his highly-wrought nervous organisation having given way before the fiendish conduct of the paper-hangers in reversing the order of the patterns on the drawingroom wall. It is a pessimistic season, but it will not last away. The attention of husbands and fathers is requested to our adver-

tisement of the new Patent Muscle-Saving Fluting Iron, in another column.

EDITORIAL.

THE wise and timely action of the present Government in buying from the United States the Island of Santa Catalina, on the Pacific coast, for the transportation of all those unfortunate creatures of the opposite sex who still persistently and defiantly violate the law prohibiting the manufacture, importation, sale, purchase, or use of spirituous liquors, including pink lemonade and cider, has already commended itself to the general public. The idea was obtained by the ladies empowered to deal with the matter from the purpose to which the Americans themselves once devoted the island, the extermination of the Apaches. Too humane to put these poor untutored, unfranchised savages to death upon their capture by the skilful lassoes of the Hon. Wm. Cody and a party of fellow-philanthropists, the American Government placed them upon this inaccessible island, ran a supply steamer to them once a month, and left them to meet the traditional fate of the Kilkenny cats, which the lately uninhabited state of the island, and the absence of all interesting remains, leads us to believe that they did. Whether, in the pursuance of the same merciful policy by the present Government, the wretched victims of the brewer's vat and the whiskey still will dispose of each other similarly or not, remains to be seen. We have in the meantime the cheerful assurance that they take kindly to their altered circumstances; the difficulty indeed seems to be to keep convicts away until properly sentenced.

GARTH GRAFTON.

SOME STRIKING TERMS.

IF we Britons and Americans have set other people the good example of settling international disputes by arbitration, we deserve especial credit for it. That Anglo-Saxons should have been first to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to arms is a supreme triumph of Christianity and education over instinct. By nature we are sons of Thor, far too apt to be "spoiling for a fight," and cherishing "noble longings for the strife." And our language displays this trait of ours no less remarkably than our history.

Archbishop Trench has observed somewhere that the present meaning of the word "quarrel," coming as it does from a Latin term that meant merely a complaint, is deeply significant of the tendency of our race to make a grievance end in a fight. The same characteristic is illustrated by other derivatives also. But it is still more clearly shown in the fact that the English language, besides numberless other fierce and warlike terms, has more than a hundred expressions nearly or quite synonymous with "to beat" or "a beating," "a hit" or "to hit." And the number would be very much greater if one counted separately verbs and nouns which are identical in form or clearly derived the one from the other.

Turning our attention first to terms which, in some cases "colloquial and vulgar," are neither local nor obsolete, we find to *thrash*, *trounce*, *belabour*, *whale*, *wallop*, *smash*, *lack*, *beat*, *drub*; a *blow*, *box*, *slap*, *rap*, *clip*, *crack*, *hit*, *cuff*, *buffet*; to *thump*, *bat*, or *batter*, *strike*, *smack*, *slog*, *punch*, *whack*, *bang*, *smite*, *clout*. When he is at *fisticuffs*, an Anglo-Saxon is wont to *floor* or *knock down* his adversary, besides doing many other unpleasant things the names of which are more slangy and will be noticed by and by.

Many such terms of aggression are highly and quaintly figurative. In fact the Anglo-American imagination seems to riot and revel in finding tropes, playful or grim, for assault and *battery*. A Briton sometimes volunteers to give his neighbour a *laciny*, a *jacketing*, or a *dusting*. With still greater apparent civility he offers to *polish off* a fellow-citizen, to give him a *wipe* across the mouth, a *warming*, a *dressing*, or even (according to the Slang Dictionary) a *fanning* or *anointing*. Sometimes he threatens in a less benevolent but equally tropical guise, a *basting*, *leathering*, or *tanning*; sometimes a *hammering*, *pommeling*, or *bamboozing* (which in London street slang does not, I believe, necessarily involve the use of a bamboo cane). Other figures are much more bold and terrific, as to *make one see stars*, to *knock spots out of one*, or to *knock one into a cocked hat*, or *into the middle of next week*.

Besides those that belong exclusively to the prize-ring, there are many purely slang equivalents for striking or thrashing. "Sock it into him!" is a call to hit vigorously, known in the streets of both British and American cities. A *hiding* and a *whopping* are probably understood wherever English is spoken. The Slang Dictionary is responsible for the following words and their meanings: *buckhorse*, a smart blow on the ear; a *gooser*, a blow that "cooks one's goose"; a *nobbler*, a hit on the nob, or a settler; a *bellowser*, a hit in the wind; a *click*, a knock or blow; a *ferri-cadouser*, a knock down (possibly derived from the Italian *far(e) cader(e)*), through the Lingua Franca—that fruitful source of thieves' and sailors' slang).

Americans have contributed largely to the common store of striking expressions. It is they who first threatened to *put a head on* (*alias*, "to erect a mansard roof" upon) a body. It is they who gave the verbs to *whip* and to *flog* the general sense of "to thrash." It is their roughs who menace you with a *lambasting*, a *lamming* and a *chawing up*—the latter operation in their parlance not of necessity involving cannibalism. The New York rowdy will undertake to *punk* an obnoxious citizen, to *fix* him (or his flint) to *bust him in the eye* or to *mask him in the snoot*. Sam Slick would sometimes threaten a self-complacent Blue Nose or a swaggering Britisher with a good *quiltin'*; but I have not seen or heard the term used in this hostile sense elsewhere. Angry Canadian youths (and possibly some youths elsewhere, for I do not profess to fix exact geographical limits to the localisms quoted) are wont to declare their determination to *pound*, *pug*, or *dig* a

teasing school or college mate. The last of the italicised terms is pretty widely used in the phrase, "a dig in the ribs," and "pug" appears as *puck* in parts of Ireland.

Paddy, who is notoriously fond of a shindy, is not only familiar with most of the general pugnacious terms quoted in this paper, but adds to them a number of his own invention, as for instance, a *flaking*, a *flailing*, and a *kicking*. For an Irish "kicking" may be given with the fists, or anything that comes handy. (He will also threaten you with a "riser," i.e., a kick that will lift you up and send you flying.)

Many additions could doubtless be made to this brawling vocabulary by collecting all the synonymous provincialisms. Among these are *cant* (Kentish for a toss or blow); *towel* (Warwickshire), to beat; *larruping*, a thrashing; *quelch*, a blow (whence "squelch"); *siserara*, a hard blow, so called from the fate of Sisera. (This word appears as *siserary* in Sir Walter Scott.) It is said that there are professional bullies in London who, for a fee, will give a man a *bashing* (beating)—a term much affected by these gentry—and that their services are occasionally engaged by quasi-respectable citizens. A few years ago some London journals, by disputing over the truth of this allegation, made the term pretty well known, and it has won admission into the Imperial Dictionary. The word appears in the West of England version of a familiar proverb:

A woman, a whelp and a walnut tree,
The more you *bash* 'em the better they be.

From time to time somebody adds another to the number of these synonyms—whether fearing that the existing dozens will soon grow threadbare from over-use, or already finding them too few for the duties they have to perform, and growing monotonous from constant repetition. Every generation we coin new equivalents for hitting and thumping, recoin old ones, borrow others from our neighbours. It seems likely, therefore, that comparatively few such words go permanently out of use. *Verberate* (used by Arbuthnot), however, is perhaps quite obsolete; so is *capulation*; and so is *pulsation* (in its old sense of a mild species of battery). "Pulsation," says Blackstone, "as well as verberation is prohibited." *Bobbing*, which occurs in "Troilus and Cressida," as a synonym for beating, is never so used now. *Fustigate*, too, is obsolete, though *fustigation* has been used by Motley.

It is further significant that so many naturally peaceful expressions are capriciously assigned a hostile sense. To *go for*, to *slip into* (or "let slip at"), to *walk into* or *sail into* a person, are all sprightly equivalents for attacking him. To *pay on*, according to Webster, may mean to beat with vigour. If we heard the exclamation, "Give it to him!" or "Let him have it!" uttered by an unseen speaker, we might feel pretty confident that the neutral "it" implied, in such a connection, a hit of some kind or another.

Of the various names and paraphrases for a blow that belong by birth or adoption, to the P. R. and the "fistiana" of sporting papers, a few have been already mentioned in other connections. Others are quite generally understood by the outside public, as for instance a *right* (or *left*) *hander* or a *backhand*, a *counter*, a *rib-roaster*. To "close his right peeper," to "rap his snuff-box," to "tap his claret," to pay marked attentions to his "potato-trap" or "bread-basket" or "snapper" or "snorter," to "send him to grass," or "on a visit to his mother" are mystic phrases to few readers of the newspapers who do not skip the sporting news. But I shall not attempt to enumerate all the ingenious metaphors of this kind, which are used to enliven the reports of "rattling mills."

[This catalogue, it will be noticed, does not aim at being complete, and it naturally excludes such mild and playful words as "nudge" and "fillip," which do not illustrate the hard-hitting character of our race. I have further omitted (except when a word also means to beat or a beating in a general sense) all terms signifying to hit with any specified weapon, as to *pistol*, *poniard*, *cowhide*, *cudgel*, etc.; also terms indicating other special modes of striking, as *stab*, *thrust*, *cut*, *pelt*, *hack*, etc.; etc.; also words implying beating for correctional ends only, as *caning*, *trimming*, *spanking*, *pandyng* (Ireland), *shingling* (U. S.), *swishing* (England), etc., etc. The limited scope of this article is to show the large number of words and phrases in our language that imply striking in a hostile spirit, and with no specified instrument beyond a Briton's natural weapons, the fists. Lists of other aggressive and combative terms might be compiled which would further illustrate our quarrelsome instincts. The English names of all kinds of fights, frays, and forays (from a woman's "clapper-clawing" to a pitched battle) would alone aggregate a hundred or more: A "shindy," a "struggle," "strife," a "scrimmage" or "skirmish," a "shine," a "set to," a "snarl" (Provincial) a "spat" (U. S.), a "squabble," a "spar," all beginning with the same letter, occur to me without the aid of a dictionary.]

With such a luxuriance of formidable and menacing terms, it is little wonder that the Britons are quite determined that they "never, never, never shall be slaves." For Britons have not been wont (and may they never become wont!) to bluster or threaten without acting. The growls of the British bulldog are commonly only the preludes to his bites.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

WITH all his sincere religious conviction, Justice Lush was not socially austere, still less fanatic. He did not neglect his wine, and he continued almost to the end of his days the old-fashioned habit of finishing his bottle of port after dinner. Perhaps it was a recollection of this indulgence which, in Westminster Hall, on November, 2, 1865, suggested a joke on his name and that of a colleague in the Queen's Bench appointed about the same time, Mr. Justice Shee. As the new judges walked up the hall there were loud cheers, and cries of "Lush and Shee." "Lush and Shee!" said a bystander; "that is the old toast of 'Wine and woman.'"

ITALY.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, continuing his study of the political map of Europe, gives us Italy in the *Fortnightly* for May. He opens his subject by stating that there are no real parties in Italy as regards foreign policy, just as there are no true parties in the Italian Chamber, but only a number of personal groups. Until a great change therefore shall publicly take place in the counsels of the Roman Curia, almost the whole of the Italian electorate will remain united in support of a pro-German policy. So far as they can be said to exist at all, the parties going by the name of the Right and Left may, roughly speaking, be called the successors of the Cavourian and Garibaldian sections of Italian Liberals. The advocates of Italian unity having been divided into two parties, whose adherents were respectively in sympathy with Constitutional Monarchy under the house of Savoy, and with Republican institutions, the old names adopted in former days have been retained, while the distinctions between Right and Left have disappeared, and are now applied to agglomerations of groups which have personal rather than political significance. Signor Minghetti is the leader of the Right; and the present Prime Minister of Italy, Signor Depretis, the leader of the Left, has proved himself a Parliamentary chief possessed of the high degree of tactical art necessary to conduct the affairs of so dissimilar an Assembly.

It cannot be too strongly stated that in Italy nominal adherence to Right or Left does not necessarily imply the holding of any definite set of views. The Right is in general supposed to contain the more Conservative politicians, yet its leaders describe themselves as Liberals, and on a few questions are in fact more Liberal than are many members of the Left. The only section which contains a complete body of adherents to any set of views is the extreme Left, but it is a very small section, and naturally the groups contained in it are smaller still.

Much confusion is caused in foreign countries in the minds of those who attempt to follow Italian politics, by the use of the phrase, the Left, for a body of politicians who form the vast majority of the Chamber, and who are in part supporters and in part opponents of the present and of all recent Ministries, and who contain representatives of every class. Composed as it is of heterogeneous elements, the Left is broken up into personal factions, and it is high time a new division of the Italian Chamber should be attempted. We may conclude at any rate that whatever may be the party names in Italy, the great majority of Italians, or at all events the great majority of their representatives in the Chamber, are really united upon the larger questions that are likely to come up. The personal nature of Italian politics is apparent from the way in which the Prime Minister sheds off his colleagues instead of making cause with them; and the country will never find Ministerial stability until the English and Belgian system of standing and falling together is rigorously enforced.

While the great majority of politicians support the Austro-German alliance, they have to face a minority which, though as small among the electors relatively as it is in Parliament, makes nevertheless a great deal of noise. It is difficult to explain how this alliance, besides working good, may have prevented mischief in the past, and may bring tangible benefit in the future; but besides the Austro-German alliance, there is a feeling in favour of close friendship with England which is also popular with the electorate. No doubt Italian statesmen as a rule are abler men than Italian diplomatists, but some of the latter are clever, and Count Corti, though hardly the equal of Prince Bismarck, is a man of remarkable ability.

The colonial policy of the Government, as well as its foreign policy, is likely to maintain its continuity notwithstanding any changes in the Cabinet. A military disaster of course always involves upon the Ministry in power more or less popular indignation. The disaster in Abyssinia will, however, probably not seriously check colonial enterprise. The Italians have hitherto emigrated to the colonies of other nations rather than colonised for themselves. There are said to be at present two millions of Italian subjects abroad, many of them of course only temporary emigrants who left the country for France or Egypt in the hope of making a fortune with which to live at home. Irish, British, Scandinavian, and German settlers thrive only in temperate latitudes in which there are no new countries to annex; but the Italian can endure hot climates, and it is not therefore impossible that, late as it is in the day, an Italian policy of colonisation may succeed. This is the reason which induces them to persevere in their Red Sea policy. The main motive they have in attempting to open up a portion of the African coast is commerce. But Italian designs on Africa are not confined to the Abyssinian coast. The French protectorate of Tripoli still rankles in Italian breasts, and the desire to obtain Tripoli is only checked by the fear of extending the common frontier of Italy and France in a district where it would be more difficult to defend than it is in the passes of the Alps.

A movement which indicates the same desire for the expansion of the Italian kingdom is called the "Irredentist agitation," and advocates the assimilation of those outlying territories which are Italian by inheritance and association, such as Nice, Corsica, Malta, the Italian Cantons of Switzerland, the Trentino, Trieste, the Dalmatian coast and others of the former possessions of the Republic of Venice; the majority of these, however, do not desire to be Italian, but will give their allegiance to the country to which they are attached by ties of blood. The Italian Cantons, for instance, desire to remain Swiss; Nice never was Italian in its sympathies, but entirely French; Corsica is Corsican rather than either Italian or French. Looking more generally to Italian foreign policy and the

maintenance of her sway in the Mediterranean, she not only hopes to protect herself against any desire to reconstitute the temporal power, but also hopes to hold Russia's ambition in check. Italian public opinion, supported as it believes by that of England, strongly resists the expansion of Russia in South-eastern Europe.

The only section of the nation who are warm in their friendship for France are a remnant of old Garibaldians deeply attached to Republican institutions. That there is bad blood between the two is seen in the disturbances which occur in all great centres of population where French and Italian workmen are brought into contact. The old feeling of irritation towards Austria has almost subsided, or, to speak more accurately, the present electorate of Italy seems very willing to enter into an alliance with its former foe. As to Germany, moderate politicians in Italy decline to be irritated at expressions of gratitude addressed to the Pope by the Imperial Government for his aid in the recent election. The successors of Cavour and of Minghetti declare the Pope's action is a triumph for the Italian Government, and that it is a realisation of what that party always affirmed, that the power of the Papacy would become far more effective if delivered from the trammels of a temporal kingdom.

Italy might, of course, by avoiding an Austro-German alliance, and by keeping her hands free for eventualities, abstain also from maintaining so large an army as she has, at all events nominally, to support at present. The Italian army is very numerous on paper; it is not very large in fact; and the fleet is a cheap one, considering its power. Italy thinks, moreover, that a great European war is inevitable sooner or later, and that, owing to her geographical position, she will be forced to take part in it as the permanent ally of one side, or else to sell herself to the highest bidder. She has in her King a cavalry officer with a strong desire to distinguish himself in the field, but is nervously anxious about her generals, as there is an impression abroad, too, that Italian generalship may have some difficulty in regaining the reputation lost in 1866. King Humbert is an enthusiastic soldier, and may be trusted to see to the efficiency of his troops so far as lies in his power. The Italians are quick in learning their drill, they can subsist on very little, and their Alpine regiments are unequalled for mountain warfare. If Italy has only actually the fifth army, it has the third navy of all the Powers.

Russia indeed spends more upon her navy than does Italy, but Russia does not get her money's worth. Italy, at the present time, in addition to the two splendid ships which she has at sea, is building or equipping eight first-class iron-clads, as against seven being constructed by France and eleven by England.

The recent fall of the War Minister will be productive of as little change in the military policy of Italy as the fall of the late Foreign Minister will produce change in the foreign policy of that country. Power at present is vested in the hands of the Prime Minister, "the old Parliamentary hand" of Italian politics—"the fox," as he is usually called both by his opponents and his friends—the man without a policy, but supreme in Parliamentary management, able to work either with the Right or the Left. Although the fact that Italian politicians of all groups pursue practically the same foreign policy may in one sense tend to the preservation of the peace of Europe, yet the lack of stability in successive Italian Governments must prove a certain weakness to the country itself.

The most interesting and the most difficult of all the problems which Italy presents is that of the future relations of the Italian Government and the Vatican. The Italians now look upon churches and the priesthood as they do upon their blue sky and sunshine—as part of Italian life, but moderate men are throwing out warnings that unless the Vatican will step forward to a solution which will put an end to the political antagonism existing between the Papacy and the Catholic masses of the country, the anti-Papal feeling will develop into an anti-Catholic movement. It is certain that the King has no intention of ever admitting the sovereignty of the Pope over even a particular quarter of the city of Rome. Under no circumstances would any portion of the population consent to the possible withdrawal of absolute liberty of the press, of religion, and of education. The political influence of the Vatican has risen higher lately than the highest point at which it stood since the Reformation, and it will rise yet higher as the temporal power recedes into the mists of the past.

It is not easy to state the view which the Vatican itself takes of the situation, because the cardinals are divided in opinion; and yet on some matters not entirely ecclesiastical the Roman cardinals are no mean authorities. The society of cardinals, however, are not the men who are admitted to the intimate councils of the Pope. They represent His Holiness admirably well in ceremonies of the Church, in which they make an imposing figure, but they have no part in suggesting the policy of the Holy See. The Pope never sets foot beyond the Vatican, his so-called prison, yet the present Roman Pontiff is not only a statesman, well informed as to all that is going on in the capitals of Europe, but also an administrator of the greatest industry. Should peace be made between the Quirinal and the Vatican, it is possible that Italy may become the protecting power of the Church, and may aid the Pope in guarding Catholic interests throughout the world.

There are, of course, causes for anxiety in Italy, as there are in all States at the present day. I think, on the whole, however, that she has fewer dangers to face than any other of the Great Powers. I am convinced that she is making more rapid progress than any of them, with the exception of Russia. A vast advance has been made lately in education and manufactures, and the suppression of brigandage, and while a great deal remains to be accomplished, more has been done in Italy in the last sixteen years than is generally acknowledged or believed.

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IN this number we print the Queen's Jubilee Oration and Poem to which have been awarded the two prizes of one hundred dollars each offered by THE WEEK. While regretting that so many meritorious contributions have necessarily failed in the competition, we feel assured that the compositions chosen as best fulfilling its conditions, by the most eminent literary critic in Canada, to whom was committed the difficult and laborious task of deciding among nearly one hundred and fifty contestants, will be read by all with interest and approval.

THE proof of the wisdom and justice of the Government policy in the North-west must be sought in the rapidity with which the country becomes settled, and the contentment of the settlers. These, it is true, may have selfish aims with which justice may conflict; but, on the whole, if the community be fairly treated, they will be content. And as to settlement, success here may reasonably be taken as the proper measure of ability in Administration. If, owing to an unfavourable climate, the North-west is unfit for settlement, of course there is an end of the matter, and the Government cannot be blamed for the slowness of settlement. But is the Government prepared seriously to admit what some of its supporters advanced in argument in Saturday's debate? If not—and we hope not, for the thing is not true—then the exceeding slow increase of population in the North-west must be due to some other causes—removable, most likely, by more competent administration; and while there is time, before too much damage has been done, the Government ought to profit by the advice of the Opposition, and amend the land laws in any manner that may turn the tide from the States and induce a quicker immigration here.

CRITICS of the conduct of the Mounted Police, in relation to the recent murders of settlers in the North-west, should remember some of the difficulties of the situation. Canadian settlers differ from their neighbours in the Western American Territories. They have not been educated by circumstances, even by recent circumstances, to the point of constant vigilance in the protection of their homes. They are not expert in the use of arms; lynch law is practically unknown among them; inborn British respect for constituted authority still operates, even in the treatment of a horse-thief. American desperadoes of this character are well aware of this, and cross the lines to ply their trade where there is little danger of being summarily dealt with in the event of capture. Between fifteen years' imprisonment and a halter there is a wide and comfortable margin, of which they are not slow to avail themselves. The horse-thief, however, is usually a cool and conscienceless criminal, with whom murder is always a contingency not to be shirked. Whether he shoots or surrenders is merely a matter of whether he or the man with the warrant has "the drop." The arrest of such men by the Mounted Police presents peculiar difficulties. The vast area for their escape is one. It may be known to a certainty that a party of "wanted" half-breeds are in a particular "coolie," and a dozen or so of Mounted Policemen may be despatched to bring them in. The "coolie" may be twenty miles long. It would require a small army to surround it, so as to make escape impossible. Face to face with his man, moreover, warrant in hand, the Mounted Policeman is at peculiar disadvantage, in case of his almost certain resistance. The Policeman is not, nor could he be, empowered to give his prisoner the alternative of submission or being shot; and, carrying only a carbine and a revolver, he is without any weapon, such as the ordinary policeman is provided with, to discourage resistance. Indian and Half-breed law-breakers all over the North-west apprehend this difficulty perfectly, and it is no small factor in the open contempt for authority which they constantly show. Recent events seem to show that the disaffected element in the North-west is adopting a "plan of campaign" far more likely to further its ends than open rebellion would be, that of isolated murders, occurring without premonition of any kind, and followed by no train of circumstances that might reasonably be predicted. If this is the definite policy of Gabriel Dumont and his friends, strong measures must be taken at once, or the North-west will be depopulated more effectually than it would be by half a dozen rebellions. We cannot afford to support a standing army for the protection of the Territories, but we

can greatly increase the efficiency of the present force. Meanwhile, to expect a thousand Mounted Policemen to enforce the law over an extent of two million square miles, if they must do it in the face of determined, constant, and vindictive opposition, is absurd.

THE most prejudiced against that time-honoured institution, the Senate, can hardly contend that it has outlived its usefulness after last week's exhibition of its capacity as a nursery for philanthropists, in relation to that precious piece of legislation, the Chinese Immigration Act Amendment Bill. The sentiments expressed last Friday, in discussing the Bill, by the honourable members composing that body, would have done credit to any Sunday School convention. The Mongolian, notwithstanding his yellow skin and his queue, and his more unpleasant characteristics, is our brother, said, in effect, the elders in council last week. In the exercise of the truly fraternal relation, his coming must be facilitated, and his wife's, that he may multiply and replenish the earth, as saith the Scripture. The felicitous idea of encouraging the idolatrous Celestials to come to Canada to absorb Gospel truths, with other civilising influences, instead of exporting missionaries to dispense them, was dwelt upon at fervid length. It seemed a wise and prudent and economical, as well as a beautiful course of action. The example of France and Germany, in establishing schools to teach the Chinese language, was commended to the consideration of educational authorities throughout the Dominion. And the present law, looking, as it does, toward the discouragement of the desire to go East latent in every Mongolian bosom, was denounced by every term that could convey the impression of man's inhumanity to man. This is a noble and instructive pose for the benevolent *senectutes* of the Upper House, and as, in all human probability, it will not have more than a purely artistic effect upon the existent state of things, comment may seem uncalled for, if not actually profane. Nevertheless, we may be allowed to point out that, apart from the economic wisdom of their exclusion, it is precisely from a humane point of view that the Chinese should be kept out of the country. It is quite impossible for the benevolent gentlemen who would exercise the hospitality of the Dominion toward our benighted brother, to protect him after he arrives from the disagreeable effects of local antipathy, or to foresee the exact amount we may be compelled to pay in "Chinese indemnity" bills to counterbalance these effects, and preserve the trade relations with our Celestial friends, which the C. P. R. has made so advisable. We may legislate in favour of the Chinese, but we cannot undertake to persuade the British Columbians that they are desirable fellow-labourers. We must not ignore the experience of the United States in this matter, where, in the face of direct treaty obligations, these people have been, from time to time, shamefully maltreated, Congress powerless to do anything but pay the bill. We do not desire, even the most ardently philanthropic of us, to see a repetition of the Wyoming affair in Canada. By all means let us protect, civilise, Christianise, if possible, the large number of superfluous Chinese already within our borders, but let existing measures excluding them be amended rather in the direction of greater stringency.

MR. GUILLET'S proposal to relegate the power of Prohibition to the Provinces is a step in the right direction, if it be meant at the same time to abandon the hopeless attempt to carry the Dominion as a whole. To be sure, the Legislature of a Province is quite as incompetent as the Parliament of the Dominion to reform men's habits by a Bill; and the attempt of a majority to force better men than themselves to submit to a degrading tutelage, quite inconsistent with the development of the Christian life, would be as arbitrary in the Province as the Dominion. Yet this proposal is a step—though but a step—toward a true position on this question; which will be attained only when the present intermediate position, of Prohibition by districts and towns, has been overpassed, and Prohibition has been narrowed to the sphere of the family, every man being his own Prohibitionist only. This is the only kind of Prohibition an intelligent Christian can embrace, and it cannot be effected by Act of Parliament.

IT is convenient to have at hand the chief arguments in favour of Commercial Union, and all interested in that question are under obligations to Mr. Wiman for taking the trouble to make them accessible for ready reference. In a small pamphlet issued by that gentleman, we find gathered together some dozen letters, papers, and speeches, which, while not professing to be complete, presents the case for Commercial Union, in its main outlines at any rate, as fully as can be expected at this stage of the discussion.

IF we are to judge of the American attitude towards the question by a letter from the Hon. Robert R. Hitt, Representative in Congress from Illinois, the complaint of the United States against the old Reciprocity

Treaty was that it proved one-sided. They were "outwitted" in its negotiation, so that under it 94 per cent. of all that Canada sold the States was admitted duty free, while only 42 per cent. was free of what the States sold Canada. But as opposed to this, Mr. S. J. Ritchie, a resident of Akron, Ohio, "having large interests in railroad and mineral properties in Canada, a man of comprehensive views, whose ideas and information are of great value," told the delegates to the Convention assembled at Washington last winter to promote the Permanent Exhibition of the Three Americas, that "the operation of this Treaty greatly stimulated the trade of both countries, whose present volume is largely due to the impetus given at that time or during that period." And he assigned as the real cause of the termination of the Treaty by the United States Government, at the first day it was possible to do so, "the bitterness felt by many of the people of the United States against all countries not in sympathy with us during our struggle" [the Civil War], during which, it is alleged, "Canada, to some extent afforded a place of refuge for certain parties in arms against the United States." The denouncement of the Treaty was, in fact, "little more or less than a retaliatory measure on our part, and no fault of the favourable operations of this Treaty towards the United States." Which of these views is correct? or are they both partly so? And is the object of the American Commercial Unionists correctly and fully stated by Mr. Hitt, who expects that in five years Commercial Union would probably double the sales to Canada, already about \$50,000,000 annually? "Every one," he says, "would see the benefits of a wider market for our manufactures, and an ampler supply of raw material." No doubt; but, on the other hand, if the States are to sell us manufactures nearly to the amount of \$50,000,000, more than at present, what becomes of the contention that Commercial Union will benefit our manufacturers? Does anybody with a dollar invested in manufacturing in Canada imagine that, apart from the case of a few specialties, Canada can find a market for manufactures in the States when supplanted at home? Is it not meant rather that we are all to abandon commerce to our neighbours, and turn agriculturists, miners, fishermen, and lumbermen?

THE Philadelphia *American* in answer to the question, Would the new manufacturing industries of the Dominion be in more danger of American competition than the newer manufactories of the South and West? says, with much truth, that "in a growing continent like ours, with fresh population pouring in from the Old World, markets are expanding whenever industries are in a normal condition. There always is room for the newer establishments in such a country, if they be not exposed to the crushing competition of the overdone industries of the old. And the Canadian industries have some important advantages in the possession of the great water-power of the St. Lawrence, and the present cheapness of labour, which will enable them at least to hold their own against any competition they would have to encounter from the States." But if Americans really believe Canada can hold its own against American competition in manufactures, how are they to double their sales here? Do they insist on manufactures being included in any new Reciprocity Treaty chiefly for the benefit of Canadians? This enlargement of the scope of the old Reciprocity Treaty is not asked for by Canada; it is insisted on as a *sine qua non* by the States, who, solicitous for our advantage, will not consent to admit our raw materials duty free unless we also add the Canadian manufactures they seemingly are pining for!

BUT as to the position of Canadian manufactures as "new industries," relative to those of the South and West, we have to observe that the success of the new Southern and Western industries depends, as do all infant industries, on the home market—on finding markets for their products in the South and West. Do Americans propose to leave Canada such a home market? Why then are they so solicitous to get free access to Canada for their manufactures? That Canada may go abroad and compete with the new industries of the South and West? It may, it is true, be fairly asked why with Commercial Union Canadian manufactures should not flourish as well as those of the South and West; to which it must be replied that that is precisely one of the questions in the case that ought to be solved most clearly in the affirmative sense before Commercial Union is ventured upon by Canada. The industries of the South and West have evidently proved too strong at home for the older-established competing manufactories of the Eastern States, or they would not now be flourishing; and so it may be with Canadian industries. But is it reasonable to ask Canadian manufacturers to place at hazard the hundreds of millions they have invested, in order to try a doubtful experiment for which they perceive no pressing need? The gentlemen who are engaged in forwarding this project of Commercial Union will not deny that under it some dis-

placement of capital is inevitable: how much no one can say—it may be little, it may be very much; but, little or much, the displacement must involve loss, and probably ruinous loss; and who is to make that good? What sane man with anything to lose is going to run the risk of losing it even if convinced that the theory of Commercial Union is sound? Mr. Wiman told the New York Board of Trade that the Canadian manufacturers "would, no doubt, be willing to take their chances." Is that probable? Will the most speculative man put at hazard a business in which he is doing well in order to acquire another in which he cannot do much better and may do much worse? And bear in mind that no injury can be done to one branch of trade, without injury following to all. So sensitive is credit, so dependent are all business interests, that even if the loss affect but a small class, it may prove a staggering blow to all the rest.

MR. WIMAN'S address to the New York Board of Trade professedly deals with Commercial Union from a United States' point of view; therefore, perhaps, we need not wonder that it is not in all points in strict agreement with his letter to the Canadian Farmers' Institute. The bright side of the shield was, in fact, not shown to the latter. He tells the Board of Trade that "this development of the North-west within the Canadian lines had gone forward with a rapidity quite equal to that of the United States. The growth in all material respects of Canada, in her splendid cities, in the extension of her railways, the improvement of her public works, and in the steady progress of all that goes to make up a great nation, made her to-day a very attractive field for the extension of business." But very different is the glowing picture he then goes on to draw of the extent of the Canadian wheat fields, coal fields, mines, and forests, from that held up before the Canadian farmer. "It may be doubted," he tells these, "if there is any class of the community in Canada whose hard labours are so poorly requited; whose economies accomplish so little in the shape of accumulations, or whose prospects are so uncertain. Thinking men who love their country, and who look below the surface, will see, in this condition, results most disastrous; for, if the farmer cannot prosper in Canada, there is no hope for Canada. The whole superstructure of her commerce and her manufactures rests upon his ability to consume and pay." If the farming interest, on whose prosperity the whole commercial superstructure rests, is in this alarming state, to what causes are we to attribute "the growth in all natural respects of Canada," "her splendid cities, railways, public works, and all that goes to make up a nation," upon which Mr. Wiman had dilated so eloquently before the New York Board of Trade? Mr. Wiman says, too, that the probable effect of the arrangement of Commercial Union would be to lower the United States' tariff, while calling for a slight advance in that of Canada. (According to Mr. Hitt, the difference between the two tariffs is now, on an average, about ten per cent. in favour of the Canadians; the rate of revenue collected by the United States Government from customs and internal revenue is \$6.07 per inhabitant; the rate collected in Canada is about \$5.90.) Yet he tells the farmers that their present unhappy condition "illustrates the futility of attempting to get rich by taxation," the weight of which, nevertheless, it is proposed to increase!

WE had something to say last week on the impoverished condition of the farmers of New York State, whose lands, according to the Report of the State Agent of the United States Department of Agriculture, have depreciated thirty-three per cent. in value in ten years, whereas in Ontario, according to the report of the Bureau of Statistics, an increase of twelve per cent. in the value of farm stock has been made in four years. Mr. Valancey E. Fuller, however, tells the Farmers' Institute that "those who are at all familiar with the condition of the farmers of the United States, and contrast it with those of Ontario, cannot but be struck with the fact that the position of the American farmer is vastly superior to that of the Canadian. The farmers of Ontario are burdened with debt; whereas the farmers of the older States of the United States are rapidly paying off their debt. The ordinary Ontario farmer's life is one of extreme hardship, and scant return for his labour; whereas the American farmer lives in comparative comfort, and receives a fair return for his capital and labour." This is a conflict of evidence whose relative values we must leave to the appreciation of the judgment and experience of the farmers themselves. "The farmers of New York State," the State Agent explicitly says, "are, on the whole, more in debt than they were ten years ago." Mr. Wiman tries to incline the farmers of Ontario towards Commercial Union by the statement that "the consumer in the Eastern manufacturing districts, and in the densely populated centres on the Atlantic coast, would benefit by the cheapened cost of living which, from their contiguity to the Canadian fisheries, Canadian collieries, and Canadian farms, would contribute to them if

their products were worked to their fullest extent, and admitted free." But how, as respects farm produce, is this to happen unless Canadian farmers undersell the men on the spot, who, with all their advantages, are losing money at the business? And then, what becomes of the better prices Canadian farmers are to get under Commercial Union? It seems to us that Canada will not be much better off for the custom of the "wealthy and extravagant people at her very borders who badly need her products, and are willing and ready to pay liberally for them." Some of this liberality might seemingly be advantageously bestowed upon the farmers of New York State; but probably, as in the case of the manufacturers, our neighbours would much rather the Canadian farmers should get any profit that is going.

WHAT has become of the "proofs" that were to show the "Parnell Letter" to be a forgery, which Mr. Parnell hastened to Dublin to obtain when the charge was made by *The Times*? Of course, we could not expect an Irish gentleman to know whether he was guilty or not till he had heard all the evidence; but some six weeks have now elapsed, and the only apparent result of Mr. Parnell's investigations is a series of illnesses that have since afflicted him, seemingly growing graver in character as his investigations have continued. It is not surprising that a bad cold suddenly seized him the morning he read the letter in *The Times*; that his whole system has since been the prey of various ailments likely to be developed when the mind is ill at ease; and that the unpalatable truths he has been compelled to hear, and the dreadful logical weight of the situation, should have given him acute dyspepsia. But surely he must know by this time whether or no he approved the murder of Mr. Burke in writing. If he did not, it is a duty he owes, if not to himself (we admit there cannot be much due to Mr. Parnell by anybody) at any rate to his chief, Mr. Gladstone, to go into Court by some door or other and say so. Even Mr. Gladstone will at present—whatever he may do later in the career he is running—admit that the fountain of English justice is pure, that an English jury would do justice. There is no reason to assume that the jury trying the case would be a Unionist jury; the Gladstonians have not forfeited their civil rights. But supposing the worst, supposing Mr. Parnell has reason not to feel confident of getting justice,—if he knew himself innocent, he could look beyond the English jury to the great English public, who, possessed of the facts, would assuredly do him the justice he deserves. But this perhaps is not what he wants; it is to be feared he shuns the publicity of a Court thus persistently, because he feels that, however innocent he may be of a particular charge, in no circumstances must he expose his character, antecedents, and designs to the fierce light that justice would throw on them. If he were acquitted of the particular charge made, it might not profit him; for he knows he could be shown to be guilty of worse: therefore, all charges alike must be treated with silent disdain.

MR. GLADSTONE has been harping in Wales on the old theme—the character of England "is disgraced in the universal opinion of everybody outside of England by her treatment of Ireland." This has reference, not to the opinion of Mr. Gladstone's friend, the Divine Figure of the North, Ruler of Poland, but to American opinion, which, as everybody knows, is about as enlightened on the Irish Question as on the internal politics of Poland—a country which, by the way, the officious States Legislatures and our own, have omitted to instruct the Czar how to govern, while undertaking that task as respects another foreign Government. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from San Francisco, explains to the English people what we in Canada—for it applies as well to us—have good reason to know all about, the method by which American opinion about the Irish Question is formed, and sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's policy aroused. We have not space to give an outline of his theme; but here are a few extracts that may serve the useful purpose of warning unwary readers to adopt a good rule—never to believe a word about Ireland in the cable news of the day, unless it is confirmed by other evidence or internal probability. "The people" [of the States], says the correspondent, "are great newspaper readers, but they read little else, and are dependent on the local daily papers for their knowledge of what goes on in the world. . . . For the most part these papers are not conspicuous for editorial or literary ability, and, indeed, their merit in the eyes of the people seems to be that they are racy, spicy, slangy, sensational, and intensely personal. . . . The English news is almost exclusively devoted to the Irish Question, and consists either of direct cable messages from London, or of duplicates of the messages sent by London correspondents to the New York papers. Now, these messages constitute the only information the people here have, or can have, with regard to the Irish Question, and no one can wonder at the state of feeling with regard to it. To them it appears that

it has, and can have, only one side, and their marvel is that in England, where (as one gentleman said to me) 'there must be some honest and right-minded people,' such a state of oppression should be able to continue a single day without producing revolt and civil war. . . . Well, who are these correspondents? The answer to that question is the explanation of the matter. They are, I believe without a single exception prominent Home Rulers and leaders in the Irish fight. T. P. O'Connor and T. P. Gill are the London correspondents of the two leading papers here, while others of them are indebted to William O'Brien, and other equally well-known and extreme members of the Irish Party, though it is fair to say that one of the leading papers does occasionally give prominence in its bulletins to its having among its contents 'Cables from Henry Labouchere.'

WE have heard no particularly loud demand from Wales for Home Rule; it is hardly one of those burning questions that a great statesman, in office, would feel bound to mention in the Speech from the Throne; yet Mr. Gladstone has been to Wales to raise the country on it: not Ireland only, but Wales, must have Home Rule—whether Wales wants it or not. If she does want it—and that she does is gratuitously assumed by the Great Agitator—that is reason enough why she should have it; Welsh wishes ought not to be neglected or over-ridden by an alien majority of English. This latest aberration of Mr. Gladstone's is, we fear, a direct result of Mr. O'Brien's fool's errand to Canada: the G. O. M. has probably been consulting the *Freeman's Journal* as to the success the Irish Agitator had. He reads there—"These evidences [the United States and Canadian press accounts of O'Brien's visit] offer a curious commentary upon the suggestions of some of the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic that the visit is a failure, and that Mr. O'Brien is regarded with indifference, if not with actual contempt." And the generous old gentleman, emulating the great O'Brien, has gone into Wales to reap a like success. Probably he may. Meanwhile

WE commend to the sympathies of our Anti Coercion friends the case of the rack-renting landlord, a tenant on Lord Lansdowne's estate, mentioned by M. de Mandat-Grancey in his book "Chez Paddy," noticed elsewhere in this number. It is to enable such wretches as he to escape paying over to the landlord the money they grind out of their miserable sub-tenants that the Plan of Campaign was devised; it was in the cause of such as he that Mr. O'Brien lately crossed the Atlantic to execrate and chase Lord Lansdowne out of Canada; it is over the "wrongs" of such men as this that Michael Davitt is going mad; and it is to bring such rogues up short, and compel them to be at least honest, that the Crimes Bill will be pushed through the British Parliament in spite of the desperate efforts of their worthy representatives, the Parnellites.

BISMARCK appears to have succeeded in the object he had in view in publishing the Russo-Austrian Balkan-Partition Treaty of 1877. In doing so he told the Russians plainly that Germany would not stand in their road to Constantinople; and this overture, coupled with the temporary retirement of Boulanger, which was a good deal Bismarck's work, has produced a *rapprochement* towards Germany on the part of Russia, and a corresponding coolness towards France. For Germany is evidently not impregnably hostile to Russian designs on the Balkans, while France with her unstable Government as evidently cannot be relied upon as an ally. Whether Russia is prepared to take the hint thrown out by Prince Bismarck, and, if so, how soon she will march, is now the question. The astute Chancellor has once more managed to shift the danger of war from his borders to Asia, and it may be significant of Russia's unreadiness for an European conflict that she finds it necessary to prepare by raising the usual war-mirage in Afghanistan. A mirage it always will be in that quarter; the seat of the next great war will be in Eastern Europe, and the sooner it comes, the sooner will India be relieved from these perpetual alarms, which are raised solely to bring England to terms as to the partition of Turkey.

THE sanguine view of Count Von Moltke regarding Volapük is responsible for quite a movement in favour of the new language in Germany and Austria. Whatever the final destiny of Professor Schleier's method of universal communication, taught in ten lessons, there is no doubt that a very large number of persons on the continent have already mastered it, and an increasing number are taking it up with that serious intent. It is claimed that during the past winter more than two thousand pupils received instructions in Vienna alone, and examinations have already been held in it in the public schools with favourable results. A paper published in Vienna, the *Volapükagased*, is said to have a large circulation among the initiate.

WAGNER THE DRAMATIST.

WHENEVER a truly original genius has appeared in any department of art, his advent has been accompanied by two diverse streams of criticism. On the one hand are the reactionaries, complaining of tasteless innovation and barbaric extravagance, and by their very opposition exciting the party of admirers to more open and aggressive worship of their idol. The latter on the other hand are not content with any qualifications of their master less comprehensive than "founder of a new school," or "high-priest of art," and usually make discoveries in his works of deep motives and far-seeing design, which in reality exist only in their own imaginations. In the present generation we have seen Victor Hugo despised by Mr. Matthew Arnold and idolised by Mr. Swinburne; Walt Whitman condemned by Alfred Austin as a "screaming gull," and revered as a "divine poet" by Mr. Robert Buchanan. Equally with these poets, Wagner has had his worshippers and his assailants, although the latter have in recent years been compelled to change their strain of abuse to one of pathetic lamentation over the errors of his genius. Thanks to the efforts of friends and enemies alike, his name at least is well known throughout the world that interests itself in art; and in Canada, where his music has been seldom heard, a curiosity exists as to the theories and thoughts that his operas are supposed to embody.

Before attempting to assign to Wagner his proper place in musical art, we must close our ears to partisans and detractors, and listen solely to what he has to tell us of himself, whether in his theoretical writings or by his music. In the essay, "Artwork of the Future," he enunciates his conception of the ideal musical drama in the following terms: "Starting from the vantage of symphonic music, we may hope to rise to the level of Greek tragedy; our theatre can be made to embody our ideal of life. From the opera at its best a drama can be evolved that shall express the vast issues and complex relations of modern life and thought, as the Greek stage expressed the life and thought of Greece." From this passage, then, as well as from many others in his literary works, we learn that Wagner's ideal was the Greek tragedy, or rather such a revival of the essential character of Greek tragedy as should be adapted to the requirements of the modern stage. The choice of this form of art as a model necessarily imposes limitations upon the dramatist, and, greater disadvantage yet, puts him out of touch with the age. For at the outset he is confronted with a fundamental difference between the ancient and the modern drama, best expressed in Aristotle's words. "Of all the parts of tragedy," he says, "which together constitute its peculiar character (plot, manners, diction, sentiments, decoration, and music), the most important is the combination of incidents, or the plot; because tragedy is an imitation not of men but of actions." This description is not applicable to the tragedy of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, nor to that of Goethe, nor to that of De Musset, to say nothing of the realistic prose drama of the modern French stage. In fact the focus of interest in these matters has shifted since the days of Æschylus; we speak less frequently of a tragic plot than of a tragic character, meaning thereby a character so twisted and worked upon by circumstances, external or internal, as to give rise to those emotions of pity and horror that it is the province of tragedy to excite. Wagner, however, in strict consistency with his views above quoted, has adopted the principle of the Greek drama in his practice. Each opera is constructed as an account, and, for the sake of one tragic episode or situation, it is the artistic expression of one emotional idea; and for the better attainment of his object, Wagner was led, as he tells us himself, very early in his career to select mythical and legendary matter for his subjects, "because the emotional elements of a mythical story are always of a simple nature and can readily be detached from any side issue." The desire for simplicity and unity may be satisfied by the proportions of a myth, but such a deliberate limitation of subject cannot but cause his achievement to fall short of the splendid and comprehensive proposal previously quoted, to wit, to evolve a drama expressing the vast issues and complex relations of modern life and thought. It must be confessed that in this respect Wagner does not represent the modern tendency, nor does he appear to appreciate the complexity of which he speaks. Rather is his face turned resolutely to the distant past and to a singleness of culture from which we are too far removed ever to be restored, if indeed it were a restoration at all or worth the sacrifice of modern breadth.

The essence of a dramatic work in modern times is development of character. For technical reasons, the Greek drama did not admit of a similar treatment. Each individual was stamped with a definite emotional character at the beginning of the play, and remained unchanged to the end. As Aristotle puts it, "the requisite of character is uniformity." Wagner's adherence to this dictum is sufficiently obvious from the libretto of any of his operas; and in the music, by reducing the rôles of individuals to declamation, he has deprived himself even of the power possessed by the Greek drama of differentiating the *dramatis personæ*. Character is expressed no more by the purely vocal portion of Wagner's recitative than by an actor's elocution, considered apart from the words he utters. How greatly words may be assisted by music in individualising a part can be best appreciated after listening to an opera by Mozart. Leporello, by the music alone, is as distinct a person from Don Giovanni as he is by his sentiments expressed in words. It may be claimed on behalf of Wagner that the instrumental portion of the music provides the necessary personal colouring, giving form to the mental attitude of the various characters as they appear. It is true that the orchestra is intended to interpret and express the emotional contents of the scene, but it is also true that this expression of the dominant sentiment is wholly abstracted from personal considerations. The expedient of *leit motiven*, or typical musical phrases, though supposed to give individuality to the characters, was never adopted by Wagner with this object, as may be easily

shown. One example will suffice. In the Ring tetralogy a special and peculiar *motiv* is assigned to Freia, the Goddess of Love. And yet, not only does this *motiv* occur at the time of the actual appearance of Freia on the stage, but it also is heard wherever, in any scene, the emotion of love is alluded to or suspected; from this the impersonal quality that it conveyed to the composer's mind is manifest. The old form of opera, on the other hand, undoubtedly possessed abundant capacity for a personal treatment by means of peculiarities of melody and rhythm, for which declamation is inadequate.

As the most finished example of Wagner's method, we may take "Tristan and Isolde," a work of which the composer was especially proud. He says of it: "I constructed it after no system—for I entirely forgot all theory; here I moved with entire freedom, independent of theoretical misgivings." It may be regarded, then, as the completest expression of Wagner's natural instinct for drama, and it may be expected to yield fuller information on the characteristic merits and demerits of his system than any of the other operas. We find it made up of one emotion, two important characters, and three tableaux. Both characters appear at first in a quiescent or neutral state, soon succeeded by the passionate love-emotion which dominates them from the time of taking the magic potion to their death. The first act is occupied with laying the foundations of the story, and preparing for the tragic results of the love potion. This is effected mainly by the conversation of Isolde and her attendant, the orchestra meanwhile playing the part of chorus in Greek tragedy, suggesting what is to follow and commenting on that conversation by means of *leit motiven*, most variously inwoven. At the close of the act King Mark arrives to receive his bride, just as Tristan and Isolde have taken the potion and become inspired with their immortal attachment. The entire second act is an interview between the lovers, in which all the resources of language and orchestration are employed to express the wildest and most passionate love; and at the conclusion King Mark again surprises them, and Tristan is wounded by Melot. Act iii. expresses the longing of the dying knight to see his lady once more and the fruition of that desire, for she at length arrives. Then the sentiment of Act ii. is repeated, but painted in more sombre colours, saddened as it were by the anticipation of the death with which the drama concludes. A cardinal mistake in "Tristan and Isolde," one that strikes at the root of Wagner's own conception of a musical drama, is its want of action; the author seems to forget the presence of the audience in the congenial task of turning an emotion inside out. Simplicity of motive, unity of plot, it undoubtedly possesses. But the simplicity becomes monotony, and the unity is that of monomania, not the superior unity resulting from the harmonious welding together of elements apparently incongruous. On this side Wagner is especially vulnerable. His aim is to make each drama a complete exposition of one emotional situation, on which all the action should hinge. The key to "Lohengrin," he tells us, is the fatal question which Elsa has in her breast to ask of her deliverer, and which, when asked, entails their separation. In "Lohengrin," however, there is such a wealth of episode that the development of this theme never becomes monotonous, but in the later dramas Wagner makes no concession to his hearers, and pursues his task of laying bare the heart of the emotional idea, while the play proper remains at a standstill. A remarkable parallel to Wagner's operas is presented by the dramas of Victor Hugo. Each writer has in his mind the representation of an idea, and each alike is master of the most magnificent declamatory power, which is taxed to the utmost to give fullness and breadth to an emotional theme in itself of somewhat meagre proportions.

We are now in a better position to appreciate Wagner's standpoint. By drama he understands action alone; his characters are the reflections of an idea, diversely tinted it may be, but after all mere ghosts of real individuals; and his orchestra is the expounder of the emotional subject matter. Is not this an art rather narrative than dramatic in substance? Mr. Dannreuther contemptuously alludes to the phrase "too epic," as applied to "Tannhäuser" by a German critic. It certainly seems as if the epithet were well chosen.

In this discussion of Wagner's work one opera, "The Meistersinger," has not been considered at all. It is, in a measure, the most important of his dramatic works, because in it he temporarily abandoned some of his artistic principles, departing from the sphere of legend and the lines of Greek tragedy, and grappling with real every-day life and character and the exigencies of romantic comedy. The greatness of his genius is shown by his success in this domain; he has not forsaken his principles of realism in the treatment of the vocal part, the characters sing no set pieces, but converse in broken melodic phrases, and yet the music allotted to each he has impressed with the individuality of the part. In short, he has written a musical play which is dramatic in a sense applicable to no other of his dramas, important though they be from a purely musical point of view. It is scarcely too much to say that Wagner would be only half as great a man as he is if he had never composed "The Meistersinger."

In conclusion, to return to that side of Wagner's genius represented by such an opera as "Lohengrin," it must be gladly admitted that within the narrow limits of legendary and epic opera he has created immortal works. He possesses a rare power of leading up to a climax by a long series of successive steps, at each of which the interest is heightened and expectation more fully aroused. The magnetic influence, too, which men who knew him personally have attested, proves as entrhralling in his compositions.

It is late in the day to praise Wagner for technical musical gifts or acquirements. He has them all in a supreme degree, melody, instrumentation, counterpoint, and all these resources he devotes to his attempted revival of the Greek Drama. It is a melancholy spectacle, a genius such as Wagner's lavished upon what can only prove a *cul-de-sac* in art. His work is without any logical outcome, and it is for this reason perhaps that

he has founded no school of operatic composition. Mr. Mackenzie is a clever musician and a follower of Wagner's theories; but Colomba cannot be said to do more than repeat the lesson of Wagner's heroic drama in accents less decided. It is from "The Meistersinger" and its abandonment of the ideal of Greek Tragedy, that a new school of operatic composition must be expected to take its rise.

H. H. L.

A FRENCH TOURIST ON THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.*

BARON DE MANDAT-GRANCEY'S travels in the United States are favourably known to the French public, and have gained for their author the recognition of the Academy and the "Prix Montyon." Last summer M. de Mandat-Grancey ventured into regions less familiar to French and even to English travellers than "les montagnes Rocheuses" themselves. He took a journey into the wilder parts of Munster, and this lively and instructive little volume is the result. M. de Mandat-Grancey has some of the best qualities of a traveller. His powers of observation are quick, sympathetic, and close; his reasoning is terse and lucid; his judgment sagacious and impartial; and, like all good observers, he has a keen sense of humour. He argues on the broad facts of the situation as he saw them with his own eyes, and he applies to them first principles accepted as incontestable by "the whole civilised world."

The French tourist in Ireland has one inestimable advantage over his Saxon fellow-traveller. His nationality is a passport to the confidence of the people. M. de Mandat-Grancey was hospitably entertained in companies where English gentlemen, if received at all, would be viewed with coldness and suspicion. His introductions to the chiefs of the League were duly honoured, and among the peasantry of Munster the mere mention of his country insured him a hearty welcome. There was only one favour they refused him, and that, he admits, it was probably beyond their power to bestow. They would not tell him the truth. "An Irish peasant," he says, "unlike our own, is always very well inclined to talk of his affairs; only, if you chat twice with him at a day's interval, you discover often enough that what he said the second day is only very distantly related to what he said the first."

Before proceeding with the narrative of his journey south, he gives a temperate and accurate account of the rise and progress of the League and the present condition of the country. On the burning question of the day he is quite clear. The League is largely responsible for agrarian crime. He adopts, as was to be expected from a representative of cultivated foreign opinion, the reasoning of Mr. Gladstone—of Mr. Gladstone, that is, in 1882. Mr. Parnell, he argues, invented and advised boycotting, and effective boycotting is impossible without a discipline of iron, "et comme il n'y a pas de discipline sans sanction, il aboutit à l'intimidation. Or de l'intimidation au meurtre il n'y a qu'un pas. Les faits sont là, pour le prouver. . . M. Parnell ne peut pas nier que son système ne pourrait pas fonctionner deux jours si des assassinats n'avaient pas été commis. Il blâme les assassins, mais profite des assassinats." M. de Mandat-Grancey absolves the League of direct instigation to murder, but he observes that the Leaguers have never silenced their accusers by bringing the murderers to justice, as they could readily do. He records his bewilderment at the spectacle of a scarcely veiled conspiracy against the law, carried on publicly in the capital with all the pomp and circumstance of a Government department. The first duty of the Government, he thinks, is to enforce the law and to protect quiet citizens, and he very acutely observes that the spasmodic coercion of past Governments has been disastrous, not because it was severe, but because it was spasmodic. He even goes so far as to assert that the abolition of trial by jury is indispensable to the restoration of law and order. "So long," he argues, "as the jury system is in force in Ireland nobody will dare to rally round the Government, and all its enemies will be certain of impunity. The English Government displays an utter incapacity to protect the properties, and even to assure the bodily safety, of its supporters. It would be very strange if it had many." Three-quarters of the jurors, he alleges, side with the League through sympathy, and the other quarter through fear, and the statement is true enough of the common jurors outside Ulster.

He refrains from positively charging the League with communism, but he observes that the Leaguers' methods of agitation must command the hearty approval of the most advanced Communists in Europe. He quotes, too, from the speech of a former Irish member, and hints that to teach two or three thousand peasants, as this legislator did, that they were poor because others had too long held the lands that ought to be given to them, is to teach a doctrine that savours at least of communism.

A country house near Castle-Connell was M. de Mandat-Grancey's first halting place after leaving Dublin. His host belonged to the west bank of the Shannon. Unhappily he had fallen out with his tenants, and after being twice fired upon—once when going out to dinner, and once when entertaining some friends in his own house—he migrated to the Limerick side of the river, where M. de Mandat-Grancey found him. The man who made both those attempts upon Colonel —'s life died in America. On his death-bed he sent to beg the Colonel's pardon, and to give him the gratifying information that he had been paid a hundred guineas for the job, "the result of a subscription among all the tenants of the property."

M. de Mandat-Grancey visited two of the Morroe huts, and in his quality of Frenchman he was frankly welcomed. He asked one "victim of landlordism" whether Lord Cloncurry had not distrained his stock. "Oh, no," said the man, "I took care to remove them the day before. A

neighbour cares them for me." Thereupon host and guest agreed that "landlords were a very bad lot all over the world," and the tenant continued his confidences. He told his visitor that he had got some farms cheaply some miles away, and that he had sublet them at a pretty high rate to three under-tenants. "I asked him," says our tourist, "if he had no trouble with his tenants." "'Ah,' a-t-il répondu, 'je voudrais bien voir qu'ils ne me payassent pas!' Réponse qui a achevé de chavirer complètement mes notions de juste et de l'injuste, déjà bien ébranlées par tout ce que je vois et j'entends dans ce singulier pays."

From Castle-Connell M. de Mandat-Grancey paid a flying visit to Mr. Townshend Trench, at Lansdowne Lodge, Kenmare. He describes with wonder the start from Killarney with loaded revolvers on the car, the smoking room at the lodge bristling with arms, and the caution given him not to sit in line with the window after nightfall in the lighted room. On the road the tourist came across a shocking instance of rack-renting. High up upon the mountain side he found a wretched hovel built of loose stones, roofed with sods of grass and bundles of rushes, without chimney, window, or floor. Seven human beings inhabited this den—a man, his wife, his four children, and his mother-in-law. They were in rags that scarcely covered their nakedness, and the ashen tint, the hollow cheeks, and the drawn features of all told a terrible story of actual famine. All had to live on the man's labour, when he could get any, and on a "farm" of less than an acre of wretched land, with the right of pasture for two Kerry cows. The rent of this half-starved wretch has to pay is three pounds a year. M. de Mandat-Grancey was shocked at extortion so cruel, and asked Mr. Trench for an explanation. At the next turn of the road there lives a farmer with a hut almost as miserable as the one described. But here the misery is simulated, for the farmer's wife is a beggar by trade, preying on the tourists who mount the pass. The farmer has £500 in Kenmare Bank, some seventy acres of land, and a right of pasture on the mountain. He is the landlord and oppressor of the starved wretch among the crags. He holds, perhaps, three or four four others in like torment. He is sure of his rent, for he takes it in labour and in advance. Subletting is rigidly forbidden, and is a breach of the statutory conditions of the Land Act. But to expel this petty tyrant would require a company of infantry, grave risk to human life, and the certain denunciation of the evictor as an "exterminator" and an enemy of the people.

The serious lesson of this excellent book is—that the Irish problem is merely a phase of the greater problem that all Europe has to face—the problem of agricultural depression, caused by transoceanic competition. To try and solve this problem by violence, or by fresh agrarian laws, is simply irrational. The Irish law of landlord and tenant is already the most favourable to the tenant of any known to the civilised world. Again and again this French gentleman expresses his amazement at the way in which the consolidation of farms and other every-day acts of estate management on the Continent are looked on as atrocious moral offences, and even as legal wrongs, in Ireland. Irish leases contain clauses that no French owner would listen to and no French tenant would propose. Irish landlords are vilified and denounced by members of Parliament for inserting provisions that are "common forms" in every continental lease. Rents are at present possibly too high, but this accident is solely due to the action of unforeseen economic causes. The country gentlemen, as opposed to the land jobbers, did not as a class exact the competition rents from their tenants in the good years. That fact is demonstrated by the enormous prices paid for tenant-right in the past, and even now, when the tenant farmers of the richest departments of France are throwing up their farms, the Irish tenant can always find a purchaser. The true evils of Ireland are want of capital and excess of population. But capital will never be applied lavishly to the soil until Irish credit is restored, and Irish credit will never be restored until the reign of law is re-established. This, in M. de Mandat-Grancey's judgment, is the first and instant duty of the Government, a duty to be discharged even were there any real risk of insurrection, for it is the indispensable condition precedent of all improvement in the material lot of the Irish people. For the rest, he holds that Ireland can no longer maintain in comfort more than two or three millions of inhabitants. Extensive emigration, he reluctantly concludes, can alone give her permanent relief from the curse of chronic poverty.—*From The Times.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

PROBABLY the busiest and most successful of the New York publishing houses at present is that of the Scribners. While other houses are either resting on their oars after a prosperous season, or maturing plans for the fall and winter, this house continues amidst one of the busiest whirls of successful businesses in its history. That the new magazine of the Scribners has done much for their present business activity is an undoubted fact, since it has proved a most excellent advertising medium for the books of the house, as well as a substantial piece of literary property, so that in more respects than one can the new periodical be classed as a success. New literary connections have also been formed through the new magazines, and the house has been brought into closer relations with many of our most popular writers.

As Bar Harbor becomes more and more the Mecca for the "summer fashionables," it seems destined to afford endless material for the romancer and story-teller. Mr. A. A. Hayes' "Romance of Mount Desert" is a decided success, and this has doubtless stimulated Mrs. Burton N. Harrison to prepare her summer story, "Bar Harbor Days," for publication. The Harpers will issue Mrs. Harrison's story in about a week, and have secured the assistance of Harry Fenn and Mr. Hyde, the

* "Chez Paddy." Par Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey. Paris, E. Plon Nourrit et Cie. 1887.

artists, in the direction of illustrations. Mrs. Harrison, together with her brother, Mr. Clarence Cary, and the members of the wealthy Potter family of New York, to whom she is related by marriage, has spent the larger part of her summers at Bar Harbor, and her story will at least have the one distinct advantage of being written by one who is thoroughly conversant with the scenes she has introduced into her book.

FOR some weeks past the report has been current of a new literary religious weekly to be started by the *Century* Company. This weekly was to have its special claim for public support upon its illustrations, which were to be of the highest character and in every respect on a par with those printed in the *Century Magazine*. Careful inquiry into the report, however, discloses but little foundation for the story, and if the *Century* people have such a project in view, it is not one that will reach early culmination. Although their resources are large, one should judge that the proprietors of the *Century* had about all that they can comfortably take care of in a business way. With a magazine of over 200,000 circulation, another magazine for boys and girls following not far behind, several hymnals, their coming war book, and a dictionary on which over \$200,000 has been spent before the first letter in the alphabet is through with, one should judge that the *Century* people do not find time hanging heavily on their hands, or allow of much room for a weekly periodical enterprise.

IF authorship to some means only a bare livelihood, and even that secured only after a struggle, to others it certainly has a brighter and more lucrative significance. I was authoritatively informed a few days since that the manuscript of the new story by Miss Marietta Holley ("Josiah Allen's Wife"), entitled "Samantha at Saratoga," brought that author the very comfortable sum of \$11,000—this sum representing only the remuneration for right of exclusive publication. In addition to this, the author is yet to receive a generous royalty on all copies of the book sold beyond a stated number. For the manuscript of another story of similar character, only one-third of which is yet written, Miss Holley has two offers of \$5,000 each. The author of this remunerative work is a lady of middle age, with almost her whole career before her. At present she is occupying the most comfortable quarters in one of New York's fashionable hotels. In a few days she will go to her summer home in Jefferson County, N. Y., and next year will make her permanent home either in New York City or in Washington. In appearance she is not striking yet pleasing. Her height is medium, her features regular, her hair of a dark-brown shade, her large gray eyes being perhaps the most striking part of her appearance. All her work is done by her own hand, and she employs neither copyist nor stenographer. Her stories come freely, and are written rapidly and easily. Miss Holley is a farmer's daughter, and from her early associations she gathered much of the quaint material that is found in her books. Her stories all enjoy a remarkable popularity, and thousands of copies are printed for a first edition.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows of "The Sand Banks," the Prince Edward County summer resort to which reference was made in an article published in THE WEEK during the winter: "Already the Lake Shore House is filling up with its usual quota of summer visitors, as the regular tide of curious investigators sets in the direction of these locally famous Banks. I think THE WEEK will agree with me that the phenomenon they present should be more widely known to Canadians generally than it is. They have attracted scientific visitors from various parts of the United States, and have been widely talked of and written about there, yet hundreds of our own countrymen may be found who have never even heard of them. Notwithstanding the interest which they have excited, all attempts to solve satisfactorily the curious movement of the banks have thus far failed. They are crescent-shaped, concavely toward the lake, two miles long and from 600 to 3,000 or 4,000 feet wide, with an elevation in some places of nearly 150 feet. Vegetation is luxuriant up to the very base of the moving pile that steadily encroaches on it. Pastures stretch away from its foot, and wild flowers and ferns grow among the cedars, condemned to be strangled next year. The sand is of the finest quality, and a delicate saffron colour. It will no more adhere to anything than will quicksilver; and the favourite pastime of extreme youth is rolling down the slopes. Youth slightly more advanced climbs up them on moonlight nights, and views the prospect o'er with the usual enchantment of a highly romantic situation. Snow and ice is to be found upon blazing summer days by digging a few feet into the sand, and all sorts of pathetic traces of the dead-and-gone forest are constantly turning up. Apart from the interest of the Banks, the place has many advantages which should commend it to the thousands who every year seek change and recreation farther from home. The scenery is varied and lovely, the bathing unsurpassed, the air cool and invigorating, the hotel accommodations of the most comfortable kind, and vastly improved within the last year. Moreover, one can live here very cheaply, and the place is so pleasantly removed from town, that everybody is comfortable in his or her own way, without extreme regard to the requirements of conventionality."

THE twentieth year of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, which has just drawn to a close, has been the most successful in the history of that phenomenally successful institution. Nearly 2,300 pupils have received instruction in its several schools of music, art, oratory, languages, literature, piano and organ tuning, physical culture, etc. Every State and Territory, and many other countries, have been represented in its halls. The ablest artists and teachers are in its faculty, and yearly additions are made from American and European sources.

CANADA AT THE COLONIAL.

THE following extract from Sir Charles Tupper's official report will doubtless prove of interest to many readers of THE WEEK :

To the Honourable John Carling, Minister of Agriculture :

SIR,—I have the honour to submit to you my report upon the part taken by the Dominion of Canada in the Exhibition of the Colonies and India of 1886.

* * * * *
Among the many exhibits which distinguish Canada among the colonies, none did so in a more marked degree than those of musical instruments, in which she might be said to stand quite alone, the exhibits from other colonies being limited to a very few.

* * * * *
The exhibit of pianos was most important. That of Messrs. Mason & Risch, of Toronto, comprised nine instruments of different styles, including the "Princess Model," with its case of Canadian cherry, finished in olive-green and gold. This beautiful instrument was selected for Her Majesty the Queen, and now fills a place of honour in Windsor Castle. All these instruments received the highest praise from competent critics. Dr. W. C. Selee, Organist in Ordinary to Her Majesty at Hampton Court Palace, admired them in every respect, but chiefly for their perfect damping power, which he had met with in no other instruments. Mr. C. S. Jekyll, Organist of Her Majesty's Chapels-Royal, also paid a high tribute to the Pianos of this exhibit, classing them among the finest instruments in the world. But, far above the testimony of even these authorities, we must place that of a Master lately passed away, with whose name anything once associated will not be forgotten. The handsome canopy of Messrs. Mason & Risch, contained an attraction which stood quite alone in the whole exhibition, and drew to the spot all those whom Music could touch and whom Art could delight. This was a life-size portrait of the late Abbé Franz Liszt, painted by Baron Joukovsky at the Master's request, especially for presentation to Messrs. Mason & Risch, in acknowledgment of the excellence of a piano-forte sent to him at Weimar by those gentlemen. The portrait was accompanied by a most flattering autograph letter, which I have seen, and which I introduce here :

(Translation.)

VERY HONOURED GENTLEMEN,—The Mason & Risch Grand Piano you forwarded to me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled (*ist vortrafflich, praechtig, musterhaft*). Artists, judges and the public will certainly be of the same opinion.

With my sincerest regards I desire to send you my portrait. It has been painted for you by Baron Joukovsky, son of the renowned Russian author, and personal friend and instructor of the Emperor Alexander II.

But now this Liszt portrait has turned out to be so remarkably successful, that people here wished to have a second similar one from Joukovsky for the Museum. The painter kindly complied with the request, by which a delay of two or three months is necessitated in my forwarding the first portrait to Toronto.

Baron Joukovsky made the original sketches for the "Parsifal" scenes at Bayreuth, which were so successfully carried out.

Excuse, very honoured gentlemen, the delay, and accept the assurance of my highest regard.

10th November, 1882, Weimar.

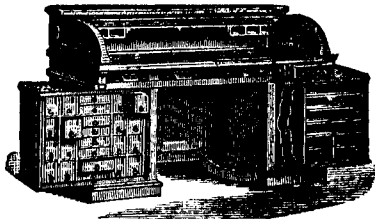
F. LISZT.

Messrs. Mason & Risch did not exhibit with a view to doing business in Europe, but several gentlemen who did so succeeded in introducing their instrument at good prices, and established agencies in London.

* * * * *
I regard our fine display of musical instruments as being of very great value. As I have already said, Canada is the only colony exhibiting them to any extent worthy of notice, and they therefore afford very conspicuous evidence of our advanced position. Their high qualities are a valuable proof that Canada can already afford to devote much thought and ingenuity to matters concerned with æsthetic culture and social refinement. The extent of the business already done in them proves that they afford a field for the employment of skilled labour of a very high class. I would therefore remark especially upon the value of these exhibits, in distinction from those of staples in which Canada's standing is so well known, and in which her pre-eminence might naturally be looked for. That Canadian manufacturers of musical instruments should compel such high praise from the highest authorities, and should introduce their instruments into countries which have for ages been the sources of music to the rest of the world, is a triumph of which she may well be proud.

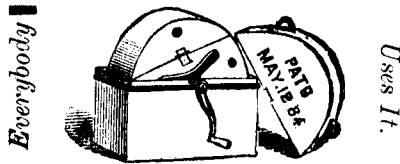
* * * * *
I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES TUPPER,
Executive Commissioner of Canada.

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1837.



1887.

HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE.

The Publisher, at an immense expense, has succeeded in producing a
**Fac-Simile Copy of the Coronation
 Number of "The Sun" Newspaper**

as printed fifty years ago, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. It contains a beautifully executed medallion portrait of Queen Victoria, a graphic narration of incidents connected with the Coronation Ceremony and the State Procession from the Queen's Palace to Westminster Abbey; a description of the Royal Robes, Regalia and Jewels; together with interesting anecdotes connected with the Coronation of the English Kings and Queens from the time of William the Conqueror to King William the Fourth.

It is printed on paper specially manufactured to imitate the old-time appearance of the original; engravers standing on the highest pinnacle of their art have been employed on the medallion portrait and other engravings; and special type has been imported to present as far as money and mechanical ingenuity will accomplish an exact reproduction of the original.

The original edition, published in London on the 28th of June, 1838, exceeded a quarter of a million. The first issue of the Canadian edition will be twenty-five thousand, of which the greatest portion will be consumed by telegraphic orders from England and the U.S.

Thousands will buy it to mail to their friends. For an original copy \$50 has been refused. In order that it may be within the reach of every one, the retail price has been placed at the low figure of 10 cents.

C. Blackett Robinson, - *Publisher.*
 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents, or 12 copies for \$1.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Is generally looked upon as a winter beverage, when in reality its strengthening properties are perhaps more requisite during the hot months of summer when our appetites fail us, we don't feel inclined to eat anything, and yet we require something to keep up our strength. By taking two or three cups of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF during the day it will be found to strengthen, refresh and nourish the system, and supply in every respect the place of meat diet.

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This Beautiful Summer Resort is a branch of THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, Toronto, and is situated in a private park, on shore of Lake Ontario, fourteen miles from the Falls of Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Lawn Tennis and Croquet Lawns. Good Fishing, Boating and Boating. As a family hotel the Queen's Royal can be safely recommended as a desirable residence for the summer months. As excursionists of all kinds are not allowed on the grounds, families can rely on finding the Queen's Royal a refined home, and worthy the patronage of the best people. Send for Circular. McGAW & WINNETT, The Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Canada.

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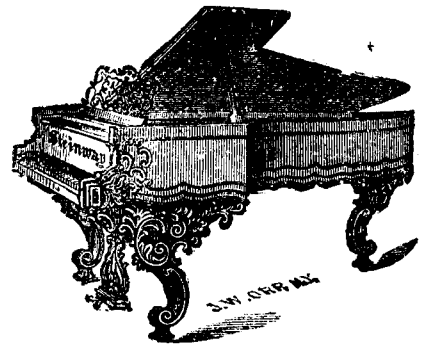
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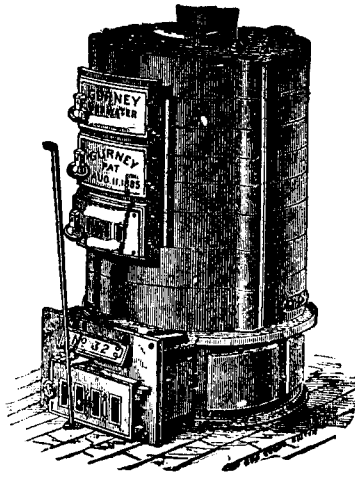
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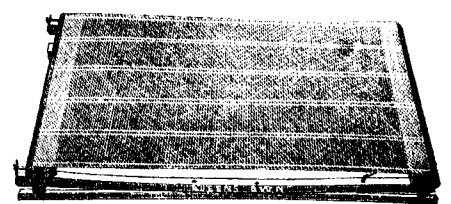
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