

THE WEEK:

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THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 49.

Toronto, Thursday, November 4th, 1886.

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FACTS AND MR. FROUDE.

An article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* by a New Zealander on Mr. Froude's "Oceana," raised our opinion of Mr. Froude's honesty as a historian. Before we read it, our charity had been sorely tasked in trying to believe that the misrepresentations, perversions, suppressions, and misquotations with which his history swarms were nothing worse than blunders. Especially was this the case when the sufferers by his peculiar habits were the objects of his antipathy, such as the Catholic martyrs, or Mary Queen of Scots. But to take the more lenient view of the case becomes much easier when we find that Mr. Froude is capable of the most extraordinary misstatements with regard to things which are actually before his eyes, and which he had no assignable motive for misrepresenting. "The broad Murray," says Mr. Froude in "Oceana," "falls into the sea at no great distance to the westward of Adelaide." "The Murray," replies the Australasian, "reaches the sea sixty miles to the eastward of Adelaide, and when Mr. Froude was there its mouth had been blocked by sand for two months." "Port Adelaide," says Mr. Froude, "was full of ships, great steamers, great liners, coasting schooners, ships of all sorts." "Port Adelaide," replies the Australasian, is not accessible by large vessels; the ocean steamers lie many miles off." In the port Mr. Froude saw "a frigate newly painted," which he avers was described to him with a growl by a port official as the harbour defence ship, for which the British Government made the colony pay £25,000 a year. But the Australasian declares that there is not, and never was, a frigate at Port Adelaide. The climax, however, is capped by this:

We rose slightly from the sea, and at the end of seven miles we saw below us in a basin, with a river winding through it, a city (Adelaide) of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, not one of whom has ever known, or will know, a moment's anxiety as to the recurring regularity of his three meals a day.

Now the Australasian declares (1) that Adelaide is not in a basin, but on the highest land in the neighbourhood; (2) that there is no river winding through it, the little river Torrens having been long since dammed up and converted into a lake in the park lands; (3) that the population, with all the suburbs, never exceeded 75,000; and (4) that at the time of Mr. Froude's visit great numbers were leaving daily, starved out by the failure of the harvest, the drought, and the commercial depression. After this, we feel little surprise on learning that Mr. Froude gives the most ludicrously false descriptions of Australian birds and their habits, or that he fancies that the Colonists are forbidden to fly the British flag when a Colonist sees it flying all round him every day. The worst of Mr. Froude is his utter callousness to exposure. When his statements are disproved, as they have over and over again been, he simply takes no notice, but trusts, as he too safely may, to the attractiveness of his style and the ignorance of the public. Some day, it is to be hoped, his huge romance

will be set aside by a true history of the Reformation period. In the meantime, let those who read his aspersions on the memory of More, Fisher, and Pole, or his worse than malignant version of the story of the hapless Queen of Scots, bear in mind how he has treated the River Murray and the Port and City of Adelaide. Perhaps the same measure of justice may be due to the shade of Carlyle.

MR. BLAINE'S "TWENTY YEARS OF CONGRESS."

THE second volume of Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress" is, like the first volume, an interesting and important book. There is no doubt about Mr. Blaine's ability, whatever may be thought as to his integrity. He has not much literary power, his narrative is not well constructed, nor is there any grace in his style; but he writes sufficiently well, and an account of important events by one who has taken part in them never fails to have great value. The volume extends from the close of the Civil War to the death of Garfield, and its principal subject is Reconstruction. In dealing with this, and with the struggle between President Andrew Johnson and Congress, he shows not only intimate knowledge of events and a sagacious judgment, but as much impartiality as could be expected from a party leader. On questions of party strategy he is of course a first-rate authority. The political aspirant may glean from him much wisdom. His remarks on character are also often very shrewd. No doubt he is right in attributing Andrew Johnson's conduct largely to the feeling of social deference which lurked in the Tennessean tailor's heart toward the slave-owning grandees of his native State. The portrait of Ben Butler is a good specimen of Mr. Blaine's power. It is, however, very apparent in certain portions of the volume that Mr. Blaine is a party politician and a candidate for the Presidency. He rails at England with the recklessness of truth and justice inspired by a very strong and very patent desire of the Irish vote. His pretended delineations of the characters of Karl Schurtz, the leader of the "Mugwumps," and of Mr. Bayard, are simply bitter and slanderous attacks on honourable opponents. The attempt to create prejudice against Karl Schurtz as a foreigner is utterly mean; and not less mean is the attempt to revive, in the case of Mr. Bayard, the prejudice created by a speech made twenty-five years ago against coercion of the South. Is hatred of civil war so criminal a feeling that a man whose patriotism is as unquestionable as his integrity should be hounded down through his whole life for having expressed it? When Mr. Blaine assails the character of Mr. Bayard he provokes a comparison by no means to his own advantage.

WE are not concerned to defend the acts of Lord Salisbury and the Southern Club, for which England paid dearly in the end. But it was perfectly natural that sentiment in England should be divided, as it was in the United States themselves, and that while the British democracy sympathised, as they did, with the democracy of the North, the British aristocracy should sympathise with the aristocracy of the South. It was natural also that the constant denunciation and bullying of England by the Americans, and especially their irritating obstruction of British efforts to put down slavery and the slave trade, should have left a bad impression on the minds of Englishmen generally, and that the English people should not be distinctly aware that the Government, of the conduct and language of which they had reason to complain, had been in the hands of Southern, not of Northern, statesmen. Of the assertion that the North had taken up arms against slavery and, for that reason, was entitled to the sympathy of the great emancipating nation, the refutation is to be found in Mr. Blaine's first volume, where it is clearly set forth that the Legislature was ready to grant increased securities to slavery if the South would have come back into the Union. So far was the House of Commons from being inclined to intervention that no motion in favour of it was ever carried to a division, while the Government steadfastly resisted the solicitations of the French Emperor. Mr. Blaine has undertaken the charitable work of collecting all the utterances of British statesmen or notables at the time of the war which he thinks calculated to revive ill-feeling. Among them he includes those of such men as Lord Campbell, Lord Donoughmore, Alderman Rose, and Mr. Bentinck, whose opinions were of no more significance than that of anybody on the street. The fact that the mass of the people, as soon as it understood the case, sided

with the enemies of slavery, and underwent great losses and privations for the sake of the cause, is slurred over by Mr. Blaine, and England is always spoken of as a unit in evil wishes and machinations against the North. Let us hope that Mr. Blaine will receive, as the reward of his kindly efforts, the solid Irish vote.

MR. E. L. GODKIN, of the New York *Evening Post and Nation*, has been all through this Irish business presenting himself to the British public as their guide, philosopher, and friend. A philosopher he may be, though he does not always reserve the serenity of the character; but he is certainly not a friend, as every one who has observed the part played by him on this side of the water, knows. The other day he was trying to persuade the confiding Britisher that the best consequences had followed the withdrawal of military protection from the Unionists and Negroes at the South, and that, by analogy, if the British Government would give up Ireland to the League it might be expected that outrage would cease, and halcyon days would ensue. Mr. Blaine, though a moderate in regard to Reconstruction, gives a somewhat different version of the matter. If outrages ceased, he says, when the protection of the National Government was withdrawn, it was because it was no longer required for the purposes of those who had committed it. "Coloured voters were not equal to the physical contest necessary to assert their civil rights, and thenceforward personal outrages in a large degree ceased. The peace which followed was the peace of forced submission, and not the peace of contentment. Even that form of peace was occasionally broken by startling assassinations for the purpose of monition and discipline to the coloured race." No doubt terrorism may after a certain fashion be cured or diminished by abandoning the country and the loyal part of the population to terrorists. The surrender of Mr. Gladstone's Government to the National League was, in fact, followed by a break in the commission of crime, but the peace was only a peace of shame.

FROM PARIS TO SWITZERLAND.

It is one thing to be constantly disgusted by an all-pervading frivolity—by eternal *plaisanterie*; it is another thing to move among individuals who seem already to have taken reserved seats for Paradise. Even the church bells here ring in an uncompromising manner. It is not a little amusing to contrast these people—calm, sedate, condescending,—with the assertive little Frenchman, in a chronic state of scolding, joking, or arguing. The former take their superiority for granted, the latter are always trying to persuade you of theirs; when they succeed, we are on the other side of the fortifications, rushing away from the sparkling boulevards, our theatres, our café, and then it begins to dawn upon us that after all there is but one Paris.

As might have been expected, the Institut de France accepted the magnificent gift of the Duc d'Aumale.

Prince Melissano committed suicide last week in one of the most fashionable of Parisian clubs. He belonged to a noble Italian family, and presented no insignificant figure in Parisian society. An inveterate gambler, he owed his rise and fall to the gaming-table. Millions are said to have passed through his hands, but when the time came for the Fates to take their stand against him, former good fortune was only too dearly paid. Deep in "debts of honour," and shuddering at the thought of inevitable disgrace, for it was on the eve of his being *affiché*, or in other words, "posted up" in the club, he shot himself. As a certain chronicler remarks, there is not much to say about Prince Melissano—veritable *roué* in every respect—not much to say, but that he was ever generous in hours of fortune, and neither a bore, nor a misanthrope, in the darkest days. Yet this is not all. There is something infinitely pathetic about that final blow for honour. While by no means arguing in favour of suicide, there is little reason for looking upon it with such holy horror. In our fanatical zeal that the law should be observed, we sometimes forget that we were not made for it, but that it exists for us. We need ask of aristocracy neither intellectual nor moral strength—merely a little pride, pride akin to honour; it may serve us when many faiths would fail. The personality of Prince Melissano is only interesting inasmuch as it is typical of the *mondain* of to-day—ultra in "play," in "passion," and in *mode*. What of it, if "the nice wicked world" finds only a bunch of roses to place upon his coffin; at least he has lived his life—*il n'est pas "mort sans avoir vécu."*

It is rather late in the day to write enthusiastic descriptions of Switzerland. In a country so thoroughly, and so often, pictured by travellers, poets, and artists, one may with reason despair of finding an unsketched nook. However, don't be afraid; we promise to notice the rising and setting sun, moonlit lakes, and snow-capped mountains, with all due discretion. Of course you have seen scores of views of this charming old town, if you have not seen the town itself. Rising with picturesque irregularity on the

left bank of lake and Rhone, and connected with the right by numerous bridges, it is surrounded by mountains. High above the tall houses, the cathedral of St. Pierre looks down with a sort of fatherly care upon his faithful children gathered closely around him. In the steep dismal streets leading to the church there are two points of interest—the homes of Calvin and Rousseau. Unless you are more or less of a hero-worshipper, you will not, naturally, care to climb, and to trudge over rough cobble-stones to reach them. For, after all, there is nothing to see, not a relic left. You may only gaze with sad interest, and longing, at so much stone and mortar. Could we but get one glimpse of that wild preacher, or of that melancholy sophist! "Alas! this is very material," you cry; alas! rather that our love is such. It is hard to separate admiration for a work from interest in its author. The thoughts must have been but half-heard, half-realised, if you care to take no further step, if you have no ardent desire to breathe, for a moment, the same air as he who has uttered them.

The Genevese are very proud of their cathedral, as, indeed, they are proud of everything Genevese. Geneva is a little Paris; nay, rather, Paris is a large Geneva. The church lacks what is so great an advantage to Notre Dame—an open space about it, from which a general view can be obtained. Of the eleventh century, it is in the Romanesque style. A strange effect is produced in the interior by the absence of all ornament. Where the altar once stood is a blank plain, dark benches filling the chancel. Without doubting the wisdom of the reform, one cannot help having an uncomfortable sensation at all this bareness. When you have seen a few tombs, all more or less uninteresting, and Calvin's chair, you have beheld the treasures of the cathedral.

It is not a *diligence* which takes you to Ferney, but a funny little 'bus. Ladies usually go inside; if, however, one has the courage to brave public opinion and climb, she is rewarded by the infinite pleasure of shocking these dear, ultra convenable Swiss. It is amusing with what wonderful facility people's mouths can make a great round "oh!" Many, I take it, experience a sort of sweet agony in being scandalised. An insignificant little village this Ferney, four and a half miles from Geneva, but holding treasures of no small value. In the centre of the tiny place, on a pedestal, stands the bust of Voltaire, whose chateau you find at the farther end of the principal street. An avenue leads to this seigneurial dwelling, which, though much altered, holds still a few rooms where very precious reminiscences are preserved. Here, in the largest apartment, from which a door opens on the garden, is a sort of sarcophagus, destined to hold Voltaire's heart, and with this inscription upon it:—"Son cœur est ici, mais son esprit partout." Then some chairs worked by the tiresome niece, Madame Denis. The adjoining room contains portraits of infinite interest. Frederick the Great with a surprisingly rubicund face, is evidently in holiday humour; Catherine of Russia, very grand, very imposing, very awful in a gorgeous painting, and very funny in an affair in silk she worked herself. This latter hangs over Voltaire's bed, of the curtains of which there remains but a melancholy fringe—thanks to enterprising travellers. Old engravings of Milton and Newton must date from the visit to England. That eternal tantalizing grin with which, to our disgust, we are always contemplated by the old philosopher, already lurked about the mouth of the youthful Voltaire. The young, sarcastic face before us is not a pleasant one; we fear it more than that of the skeleton-like gentleman of later years. The Marquise du Châtelet, compass in hand, has an air at once learned, feminine and self-sufficient; a model of her tomb stands on the mantelpiece. A few minor objects complete the selection in this small museum. Without, from the garden terrace there is a dream-like view of the lovely valley and dark, rugged Jura. In front of the chateau, and at a few steps from it, rises a small edifice. Over the door you read the words: "Erected by Voltaire to God." It was built about the time when the père Adam, invited to Ferney to escape the hatred of the Jansenists, there held the post of chaplain.

One may remain days in Geneva, and never get a glimpse of Mont Blanc. We were particularly fortunate on our return home to see it rise clearly against a sky of exquisite blue, and all bathed with the last rays of sunlight.

L. L.

Geneva, October 15, 1886.

GIVE up, then, this trying to know all, to embrace all. Learn to limit yourself, to content yourself with some definite thing, and some definite work; dare to be what you are, and learn to resign with a good grace all that you are not, and to believe in your own individuality. Self-distrust is destroying you; trust, surrender, abandon yourself; "believe and thou shalt be healed." Unbelief is death, and depression and self-satire are like unbelief.—*Amiel's Journal*.

SAUNTERINGS.

"EVEN in Shakespeare—the very part of him which is generally admitted to be his true body," Mr. George Parsons Lathrop has been saying in his introduction to Miss Jeannette Gilder's 'Representative Poems of Living Poets,' "may be found an occasional mixture of triviality, doggerel, or bombast, which would not be tolerated in a modern poet of high standing." Quoting this remark, and italicising the revolutionary sentiment with which it closes, Mr. W. D. Howells in last month's *Harper's* indulges in a little playful and excusable reminiscence as follows :

Does Mr. Lathrop perhaps remember how a few years ago the British Isles were shaken to their foundations and their literary dependency here quaked

From one to the other sea,

and all the dead conventionalities rose to a sitting posture in their graves with horror, because some one casually said that the mannerism of Dickens and the confidential attitude of Thackeray would not now be tolerated, "fiction having become a finer art than it was in their day?" Has Mr. Lathrop forgotten that awful moment? Are we to have that day of wrath all over again? Mr. Lathrop is a poet, and at times a very charming one; does he realise that he has placed himself in a position to be asked whether he thinks he writes greater poetry than Shakespeare? Is he aware that to many worthy persons he will actually seem to have said so?

Whether Mr. Lathrop wrote in a state of blissful forgetfulness, or rash defiance, or resigned expectation of being persecuted for righteousness' sake, cannot perhaps be determined without consulting him. But to most of us, whose ears still ring with the journalistic din that assailed the unfortunate novelist upon the publication of the heterodox opinion he quotes, the awful risk of such ignorance, the foolhardiness of such defiance, the unspeakable martyrdom of such resignation is all too apparent. It is not our purpose, however, either to cast the first stone at this self-immolating literary St. Stephen, or to pour balm into the prospective wounds of the missiles that are sure to come. If one agreed with Mr. Howells that the critic of to-day would necessarily find the faults of yesterday in Dickens and Thackeray, even as the critic of to-morrow will find the faults of to-day in Howells and James, and that contemporary fiction is a subtler, and therefore a finer, though not necessarily a stronger art than it ever was before, so one will fall in with Mr. Lathrop in his Shakespearian heresies, although they result from no comparison with the poetry of the present. The frame of mind that accepted the one will not cavil at the other. In considering the opinions of these gentlemen, however, it is the attitude from which they are dictated, rather than the statements themselves that is especially worthy of attention.

A CERTAIN, or rather an uncertain, disquietude in critical circles has been manifest so long that one hesitates to call it a sign of the times, even the times of the world of literature—a world so much smaller than it seems, and so much more important in the general solar system than it appears to be. The self-governing spirit of the age has invaded letters, autocracy's last stronghold, and from Walt Whitman in his unbound metres to Harrison Posnett in his careful propositions, the inhabitants of that little sphere that swings concentric with our own are beginning to question with vague discontent, why they, of all people, should be governed by crowned skeletons, and own such strict allegiance to the sceptred hands of Westminster Abbey. This disaffection is by no means general. There is a strong faction for authority, the leaders of which will easily be recognised in Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. James Russell Lowell, Mr. Ruskin, and others. As these gentlemen are very reasonably entitled to an expectation of post-mortem dominion, however, their motives are open to a broad suspicion in the eyes of the literary democracy, who insist that the divine right of classics is an exploded doctrine, and our submission to their decision in disputed matters a form of civilised fetichism. There is but one god in literature they say, and his name is Truth, who reveals himself in a different form to every generation; there is but one supreme authority, and that is Webster's Unabridged.

Naturally enough this tendency begets some disrespect for these ancient monarchs; and we find a strong disposition to point out the patches in their royal robes and the jewels of paste in their diadems, and even, in some extreme cases of democratic audacity, to pluck their white beards in a derisive ecstasy of anti-monarchical enthusiasm. The critics are growing bold. Perhaps this is not altogether an evil feature of the times; though those of us who cannot so much as dust the morocco backs of the dignitaries on our library shelves without an accession of reverence for them are more than inclined to cry "Anarchy!" aghast; to say that it is part of the puerile impatience of the age—of the feverish desire to pull down, without the ability to build again—which is so characteristic of this generation. Having made this charge, however, many things remain to be

said. If progress means anything, it means increased ability to discriminate. That the age is able and unafraid to winnow the false from the true, surely shows a new confidence arising from wider knowledge and more trustworthy ideals; surely means that our power to cast away the chaff is proof of a higher valuation of the wheat.

Accompanying this tendency to carp at the great people of a literary age that is past—which, after all, reminds one irresistibly of that futile canine exercise, baying the moon—we find another more entirely commendable: an inclination to judge a book by its independent merits, and not by comparison with another book in the same department of literature, written a century or two ago. We are beginning to adjust the work of to-day to the requirements and opportunities of to-day, and to cease insisting that it shall be adjusted to the requirements and opportunities of yesterday. We are beginning to understand that a book may be written bearing the least possible relation to any other, and yet be a very clever book indeed—a book that it may tax our ingenuity to find superlatives for. We are taking it upon ourselves to judge absolute, as well as relative, worth with great gain to our power of judgment.

Unalterable standards in criticism mean that criticism is weak and unwilling to be left to its own responsibility. In literature, as elsewhere, certain fundamental principles do not change. We must have truth of one sort or another—truth to certain values in the ideal, truth to certain actualities in the real. But, while its informing spirit must conform to these principles always, the body of literature is a growth—and growth itself means change—of growing conditions, and is thus doubly subject to alteration. Our literature is the product of ourselves, our physical environment, and the social forces that act upon us. As we change with our conditions and other influences, our literature must change with us. This, as to its matter; its manner is affected by a thousand superficial things. That those who exercise the functions of criticism in our time have become persuaded of this, and render judgment under the influence of such persuasion, is no small gain to contemporary literature, at least to contemporary *littérateurs*, who must be woefully tired of being measured by a standard which, in the very nature of things, no man can hope to stand shoulder to shoulder with. The specialisation of the age has done much to bring this amelioration to the lot of the bookmaker. An author is no longer the well rounded literary entity that he used to be. He is usually developed in one direction. If he is a philosopher, he is not a lyricist; if he writes histories, *vers de société* are not expected of him. It is impossible to compare a part with the whole. The rose our modern poet hands us so gracefully is none the less a perfect rose because one William Shakespeare has given us license of his flower garden.

ALTOGETHER, criticism is becoming, to borrow a Howellsism, "a finer art" than it used to be. The critic is learning to walk humbly and to deal justly, in so far as the qualities of humanity and justice can be assimilated by human nature in the shape of a reviewer. He is less egotistical, less arrogant, less aggressive than of yore. The knowledge that abuse is better relished by the public palate than praise, and that contumely is far easier phrased than adulation, does not seem to weigh with him as it once did. He resists, creditably often, the temptation of the clever sneer, and exerts himself instead to say the best he can without misleading. This temper is accented by a lively consciousness, the result of long and untiring instruction, that, after all, the limit of his knowledge is how not to do it. His conscience is being developed at the expense of his spleen. The myrtle tree is coming up instead of the brier.

And the dividing line between the conclusion of the legitimate critical faculty and the decision of mere illogical, irresponsible taste which lies behind it, is drawn more sharply than it used to be by those who exercise both for public guidance. Time was when these were very much confounded in the critical mind, and we were asked to accept, as absolute, an opinion which was entirely relative, and true for us only if our personal likings and dislikings were those of the critic—usually a remote contingency. Discussing this very point, "H. B.," the *Critic's* clever London letter-writer, affords us an amusing illustration that this confusion is not wholly past and gone:

To some of us, for instance (he says) the plays of Victor Hugo are not plays at all; they are lyrics in five acts, and pretty false at that; and if there is one of them that, in falsefulness and inhumanity, surpasses the others, that one is "Le Roi s'Amuse." Mr. Roden Noel thinks otherwise; and Mr. Theodore Watts, who has done so much admirable work for *The Athenæum*—without whom, indeed, *The Athenæum*, considered as an organ of literary criticism, would cease to exist—is happy to agree with him. As a rule, he thinks the right thing about his Hugo, and says it in a way there is no mistaking, for which, in these vain Hugolatrous times, it is impossible to be too grateful. But on those "gorgeous unveracities" which compose the "Théâtre" of the master, and particularly on "Le Roi s'Amuse," he is no more to be trusted than Swinburne himself.

For giving us "Hugolatrous," even in remote connexion with Mr. Swinburne, "H. B." will receive gratitude from a large area of the North American continent. Swinburne's "Victor Hugo" is a prose pæan, a psalm, one long, tumultuous note of passionate reverence. Shading his eyes lest the temerity of his upward glance should be visited by blindness, the apostle of rhythm abases himself in the very dust of humility, and implores the great Gallic luminary in his celestial course still to shine upon the earth, which was once made radiant by his presence. It is a piece of magnificent literary insanity to the lay reader; but to poets probably most reasonable. I question much whether Swinburne intended it to be "trustworthy," as at once a guide to and exponent of cultured opinion of Hugo. He meant it simply, I fancy, as the embodiment of a disciple's worship for his master—a tribute upon which he lavishly squandered all the gold of his treasury, all the jewels of his casket, to the memory of a god who condescended to wear earth's bays for a season.

But to return to "H. B." and his opinions. It is quite delicious to read his autocratic dictation, that "as a rule," Mr. Watts "says the right thing about his Hugo;" that is, in so far as he agrees with "H. B.," but says the wrong thing, the untrustworthy thing, the "Hugolatrous,"—thanks again!—the Swinburnish thing, the moment he presumes to differ from the gentleman who is anxious to show how little criticism can be trusted within the scope of his quotation. "*De gustibus non disputandum.*"

SORE puzzled as to those best fitted to discharge the critical office, we once said, with despairing cynicism in our hearts, and our drawing-rooms, and our newspapers, "Behold, it is he who knows nothing about it! The first requisite of the critic is absolute, dense, Cimmerian ignorance. Thus only can we secure a just dispensation of injustice. Witness Johnson upon Pope, Poe upon Wordsworth, Carlyle upon everybody!" It did really seem that the fact of equality—in a sense the standpoint of a level plane—did somehow affect the judgment of these great people to dizziness, and that the little critic—the little lay critic—whose mark seemed so far beyond his muscle and his quiver, managed, in spite of disqualifications of stature, if not because of them, to hit the mark more satisfactorily. But now we have literary men, with a catholic spirit, liberal in praise and wise in censure, to write critically of other men's books, nor fear the charge of lauding in self-interest or condemning in jealousy. Poets write of poets—and where could we find a more striking illustration of this than the book which Edmund Clarence Stedman has written about his lyric compatriots,—historians of historians, novelists of novelists, fairly, broadly, impartially. As the critical department of literature, owing to the multitude of books that drop from the English and American press every year, thick and fast as leaves in autumn, is growing more and more important and useful and profitable, the number of literary men of this type engaged in it constantly increases. One inwardly prays that it may continue to increase: for even now, if the immortal playwright will permit me, the evil that men do lives contemporaneously, and flourishes in the daily papers; the good, alas! is often buried in their books.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

ON "THE CHOICE OF BOOKS."

IN the chaotic condition of the book-market, with at least a hundred Barabbas publishers on the other side of the line, pouring the filched wares of their broadsheet Libraries and other cheap issues of the press in incredible profusion into the country, it is more than ever difficult to make one's selection of books for the winter's reading, unaided by the judgment of English or other competent critics, and of the general tasters of literary pabulum. Nor has the difficulty disappeared in making one's choice since certain amiable people have assumed the self-imposed task of instructing the masses as to the world's hundred best books of any age or country, or even as to the fifty best novels from contemporary writers. Such literary judgments are notable only as the preference of individual minds, and are no more to be taken as our guides than are the predilections of one's personal, though cultivated, friend. In this matter the old adage will bear to be repeated, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." It is the books to which we feel ourselves drawn—often those upon which we happen by chance—that prove the most fructifying to our minds, and afford us the greatest enjoyment. Seldom, indeed, do we profit by those that are gratuitously prescribed for us.

Carlyle has told us, with his usual impressiveness, that "books, like men's souls, are divided into sheep and goats;" and accepting the dictum it behoves those who would keep themselves unspotted from the world to know and choose their company. Within the allotted span of life, it is given to no man to know everything. Even the omnivorous reader, not compelled to be economical of time, would be hard put to it to separate a tithe of the literature of the day into the diverse folds of the sheep and the goats. The difficulty, however, might be otherwise and modestly met, and a timely service rendered, were a literary journal like THE WEEK, in addition to its review columns, to devote space occasionally to a gossip article about books, which, without being appallingly didactic, would give a

fairly intelligent idea of their contents, and an unbiassed estimate of their worth. Nor ought it to matter much were both the expression of individual, and by no means infallible, opinion. In this busy age, and to a large class of people who have little leisure, and perhaps less taste for reading, it would be a service to single out now and then even a few names among contemporary writers who are making a fair bid for fame, and whom not to know is to brand oneself a Philistine. But Philistines in this matter most of us must be, for how impossible is it for the occasional, nay, even for the sedulous reader, in such an age as this, to know all the acknowledged authors of the day, or, if known by name, to know more than a chance book or two which they have written? Nor can it be deemed a wonder that one should confess to ignorance! Was there ever a time when literature was more prolific, or when the demands were greater upon one's reading leisure and interest?

In some respects it would be gratifying were all the printing-presses of this high pressure age peremptorily stopped. We should then be able to take an undistracted survey of our literary inheritance, and have leisure to overtake the reading with which one desires to be familiar, including that which is enshrined in "the world's hundred best books." But of these "hundred best books," suppose all agreed as to the authors to be "put upon the list," how many would profit by systematically reading them through? At the dinner table every vagary of appetite has to be considered; each has to consult his own taste and his own powers of assimilation and digestion. Why should it be otherwise at the literary banqueting-house? At the former there are few dishes of which all eat with relish, and with no after-qualms at the stomach. In sitting down with our "best authors," are there none who give us mental dyspepsia? It would be absurd to deny it; hence, it is an affectation to say that all must be read, and folly to administer reproof if there is much of which one wishes to remain ignorant.

Setting aside, then, the jumble of authors whose books, whatever be our likings, our educational mentors would insist upon our reading, with what freedom may we browse upon the pastures we find most to our taste! But in casting off the fetters of conventional habit, it must not be understood that we are impatient with the entire literature of the past; nor is it our aim to incite the general reader to prefer modern to old-time authors. We are simply pleading for liberty in choosing our reading, and for moral stamina in withstanding those pedants who consider that one's education has been neglected if one is not familiar, say, with the whole of the minor Elizabethan poets, or who drop you out of their set if you have not read every line of Ruskin and Browning. The temptation, of course, is admittedly great to plume oneself on some special bit of recently-acquired knowledge, of which one's friend is presumably ignorant. To yield to the temptation, however, is to label oneself a cad. If, on the other hand, one's friend is strong on the early English dramatists, he may be weak on the Lake Poets, and a heathen in his knowledge of the most rudimentary fact in Colonial history. He may be deeply versed in ancient history and mythology, and able to make clear to one the difference between "the Phoenix and the Phœnicians," but, like the Canadian schoolboy, he may mistake the political incident of the "double-shuffle" for a reference to clog-dancing, and write of Lord Durham's Report as if it dealt with the statistics of navigation in the Durham boats on the St. Lawrence. In the intellectual, no less than in the industrial, world, there must be options and a subdivision of labour: only a mental colossus aspires to know everything.

In these days, however, it is not the fault of the publishers if the present generation is not omniscient. Good books were never more cheap or abundant. A modest sum nowadays would buy almost the whole realm of English literature. One may purchase Bunyan's immortal allegory for a penny, all of Shakespeare's plays for sixpence; while a set of Ruskin, which not long ago was in England held at five hundred dollars, may be bought in a popular library on this side for as many cents. The wave of cheap literature, which for many years past has flung its rich wreckage on the shores of this continent, and swept up its waterways with fertilising power, has now crossed the Atlantic, and is beating with marked impress on the white cliffs of Albion. There, to-day, thanks to the enterprise of the publishers and the limitations of copyright, a few pence will buy the most treasured of English classics. The sale of these popular editions on this side is, we learn, unhappily limited. This, we dare say, is owing partly to the fact that the "standard authors," till now, in the main, high-priced in England, have long been accessible to all classes of readers in this country. But is not the limited sale accounted for by the aggressions of contemporary authors—chiefly sensational novelists—whose productions have all but swamped those of the older writers, and the reading of which has in some measure perverted the taste necessary for their enjoyment? Nevertheless, the sale on this side of the Atlantic is not small of the works of what are termed "our best authors;" and though the newspaper and the illustrated periodical are the chief reading of the masses, a large and ever-increasing constituency seeks to be familiar with the masterpieces of the language which have long been our instruction and delight.

But whatever reading is in vogue, let us not be servile to fashion, but cultivate the habit of divining the true and the good. Much of the literature of the time, without detriment to our intellectual well-being, we may safely leave unread. It may come to us tricked out with amazing literary dexterity, and with all the glamour of fine writing. It may, moreover, be heralded by all the glib *claqueurs* of the Press. But if we wish to read for something else than amusement, let us beware of the devices of the modern bookmaker. With the increasing cultivation of the age, it is easy for him to ply his trade, and it is his failing that he dazzles us more by his rhetoric than inspires us by his thought. There is no greater pitfall, at any rate, than the one he digs for us; and, falling into it, the beguiled reader will find it the more difficult to make a wise "choice of books."

G. MERCER ADAM.

JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.

On Thursday, September 2, we left our camp at seven in the morning, and rode four miles to breakfast at the ranche of the same Mr. Armstrong who had been our host and captain of the *Duchess*. He has a fine property of several hundred acres on the Upper Columbia Lake, well fenced and in the best order, with a good log-house and large outbuildings. Unfortunately, the smoke on the day in question was as thick as a dense fog, and it was impossible either to see across the lake or to form any idea of the fine mountains that were in our immediate neighbourhood. The Indian boys followed so leisurely in our steps with the pack-horses that they did not appear upon the scene till after twelve o'clock; consequently we again made a late start, but rode on quickly and steadily to try to recover lost time.

The first part of the trail, after leaving Mr. Armstrong's ranche, was very steep and rocky; it led along the face of a high cliff above the lake, and we were not sorry to turn off it, and to find ourselves again in an open part of the country over which we could quicken our pace for some miles till we came to another elevation. A steep climb upwards brought us to the top of a still higher cliff. A strong wind which had begun to blow now kindly lifted the veil of smoke, and revealed to our eyes a vision of strange, wild beauty. The head lake and source of the far-famed Columbia River lay a thousand feet below us, shimmering in a silver haze; above our heads towered a wall of solid rock, forming the base of a mountain range; while on the opposite side of the lake, some two miles away, the outline of the Selkirk Mountains was dimly visible. The descent from the high cliff which the trail skirted to the flat below, was long and tedious, but once accomplished, there were some two miles of excellent riding over light sandy ground covered with an open forest of the *Pinus ponderosa*, known throughout the country as the yellow pine, but, I believe, improperly so called. This was my first introduction to these beautiful trees of which I had heard so much, nor was I the least disappointed in them; they attain an enormous size in some localities, and are perfectly straight and uniform in their growth. The bark is curiously marked in a series of irregular dark cracks running the whole length of the tree; these show spaces of a reddish yellow colour between, and give the trunk the appearance of a scaly covering. The effect recalled strangely the alligator leather now in fashionable use. The foliage is a long pine needle which spreads out in crownlike masses above the supporting boughs.

Our two-mile gallop brought us to the Kootenay River, a broad, clear stream of deep blue colour. The water was so low at this season that it only reached our horses' girths, and was quite fordable on a firm bottom of large round stones. In the spring and early summer, I was told, the river is so full and deep, and the current so strong, that its passage is often a dangerous affair, and many horses have been lost in the attempt. On the top of the high bank above the Kootenay, we stopped to enjoy the beautiful view of water, wood, and mountain spread out like a panorama below and above us, and also to snatch a hurried meal; then rode on again four miles further through a beautiful forest of yellow pine entirely free from undergrowth of any kind. The effect of the tall red trunks stretching away in a vista of endless columns, the sigh of the wind in the branches, and the spicy aroma of the pine needles amid the growing gloaming, was ideal in its weird beauty.

We regretted each moment that brought us nearer to that necessary camp item, water; indeed, we tarried so long that it was quite dark when we came upon a fine clear brook grossly libelled under the name of Mud Creek. We pitched our tents by faith, not by sight, close to those of a party of Englishmen who were on a hunting expedition and most kind in their offers of hospitality. Our retreat beneath the tall pines was extremely picturesque; but the high wind which had blown all day did not go down with the sun, but rather increased in violence and filled me with a sense of insecurity. Visions of falling trees and branches mingled in my dreams with the flapping of canvas and the rattle of thousands of pine needles upon the tent. I sighed for the stability of a house, and vowed vows never to camp again. These were strengthened and confirmed at midnight by the reverberations of thunder in the distant mountains; a few minutes later the storm broke over our devoted heads, lightning flashed, thunder pealed, trees groaned and rain descended in torrents. All these were truly disturbing to an outsider in more than one sense of the word. I trembled for the tent and prepared, philosophically, to be enveloped in folds of wet canvas, the result of a total collapse. Mind, however, triumphed over matter, and we weathered the storm, which passed away in half an hour, so far as thunder and lightning were concerned, but the rain continued in a steady downpour, which gradually lulled me to rest. The morning revealed a scene of appalling dreariness; a gentle drizzle thickened the atmosphere to a pea-soup consistency, and everything, both over head and under foot, was saturated with moisture; it was well-nigh impossible to kindle a fire, and the general tone of nature was most depressing. About eight o'clock, however, the sun struggled over the top of the mountains and made an effort to appear; the drizzle condensed itself and rolled away; the damp chill that had penetrated to the marrow of my bones was absorbed; the heavy masses of leaden clouds parted and floated off over the tree tops, and glimpses of blue sky took their place.

We were soon in the saddle, and made eighteen miles, riding all day through a beautiful, wooded, grass country, with occasional bits of broken, hilly ground. During the morning we passed three lovely little lakes, set like emeralds in the heart of the forest, and covered with flocks of wild ducks. Baptiste—who was, by the way, a capital shot, and had secured us three fine mallards the previous day—was unsuccessful on this occasion. After wasting much time and powder on their banks, we realized how impossible it would be to recover the birds without a dog to retrieve them,

and rode on till four o'clock, when we found ourselves on the top of a high plateau, from which we descended by a precipitous gravel trail to the valley of the Kootenay, and camped for the night at Sheep Creek, which is divided in this neighbourhood into six or seven channels, and empties itself by as many mouths into the river. A high, cold wind was blowing over the flat, and promised to make the temperature a good deal lower at night than would be agreeable under canvas. E. S.

"RED HERRIN' IN THE MIDDLE O' THE ROCKIES."

On the 23rd of June last some of us were becalmed at the summit of the Selkirk Range. We were travelling in the construction car from Donald to Farwell (Revelstoke). We were delayed, as the road was not then taken over, and some little finishing touches were being executed in front. We were not sorry to spend a couple of hours in such a scene. The great glacier was in front of us—a roaring torrent behind, spanned by the beautiful trestle-work of a wonderful bridge. On our right there rose up a snow-crowned summit, and away down beneath us on the left the brawling Beaver River, whilst the yellow light stole in among the huge pine trees around us. There stretched along the line the construction town, one of the best specimens we saw—"Canvasville," we called it. There was one of these canvas tents worthy of note. It was two yards high, two yards broad, and two yards and a half long. A stove pipe protruded from it behind, suggesting that the nights in that high latitude were a little cold; whilst in front, there was the sign in large letters, "Doctor's Shop." Near this was a log building, with a stretch of canvas at the side, rejoicing in the dignity of a suggestive name, "The Brunswick Hotel." Our group consisted of Mr. Fraser, the artist, looking out for subjects for his brush, a little perplexed by the grandeur and variety on every side; Mr. McAllister, the proprietor of Carbett Guthrie, in Scotland, who had come out to see the new lands along the new line; and the writer, who was returning, after sixteen years' absence, to have a look at his old home in British Columbia. We were taking a saunter among the groups of constructionists—Canadians, Yankees, Italians, Germans, and others who were engaged in the work. They had just been to dinner, and were returning from their several mess-places. One enterprising landlord of a hotel addressed us when passing, "Have dinner, gentlemen?" "No," said the most outspoken of our company, "we are to dine further on; but if you could give us 'a red herrin' we would be obliged to you." The man looked at us with an expression of amazement, mingled with contempt, which brought out the old Scotch in perfection, and said with genuine Doric accent, "A red herrin' in the middle of the Rockies—wha ever heard the like o' that; what next I wonder! Gentlemen, ye should gang tae the North Pole, and ask for plums." And he added again, still more contemptuously, "A red herrin' in the middle of the Rockies!" "Why not?" I said. "A red herring would be the best thing going here. There is a plethora of butcher's meat—butter meat fresh and fried, butcher meat salted, and butcher meat canned. A red herring would be the most agreeable change, and not such a difficult thing to get either." "And," added McAllister, "this new line will make red herring as common in the middle of the Rockies as in the heart of Nova Scotia. With the Atlantic at one end and the Pacific at the other, they will soon have herring and all kinds of fish in abundance." Such was the prophecy in passing. I returned by the same line, and two months after was at the same place. What a change! the groups of constructionists had passed away, and with them the numerous canvas tents. The doctor's shop was not to be seen. The Brunswick Hotel and that of the amazed Scotchman had gone. Near to its site rose the more modern "Glacier Hotel." Fraser and some of his brother artists were descried under their huge umbrella at work upon the Syndicate Peak. We sent up a hullo that speedily brought him down. We were now passing through at the rate of over three thousand miles in less than five days. No time had we now for sauntering and easy talk in the charming scene. A hurried meal we were permitted before the cry was given, "All aboard!" but sufficient to realize the change already wrought. We had to our dinner salmon fresh from the Columbia and Fraser Rivers, and fruit delicious from New Westminster. Our same train took along quantities of fish packed in ice, and fruit new gathered. The day of amazement at a red herring in the midst of the Rockies was gone. There were fish and fruit on the table, and there were fish and fruit being carried along for the cowboys at Calgary and the sheep farmers at Regina, and the farmers at Brandon and the merchants of Winnipeg. The new line had started new branches of industry, and connected those who had neither fruit nor fish with those who had abundance and to spare. Travellers can now have "a red herrin'" in the middle of the Rockies, and, to use an old Scotch expression, "a' the comforts o' the Saltmarket." Such are the beneficent results of enterprise, and thus are established the fraternities and equalities of commerce.—*Extracted from "Through the Rockies," by the Rev. Mr. Somerville, Blackfriars, Glasgow.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TORONTO "NATION" AND MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I am described in the Dominion Annual Register as the founder of the *Toronto Nation*. This honour, and I really think it an honour, I must disclaim. I had nothing whatever to do with the establishment of the *Nation*, nor was I in the country at the time of its first appearance, though I afterwards accepted an invitation to contribute.

Yours faithfully, GOLDWIN SMITH.

The Week.

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THE case of the Opposition in Ontario has hitherto been hopeless. At the last election they put forth their utmost force and gained some seats; but it was evident that their strength was exhausted in the effort, while the result left them still far from the possession of power. They have wanted men, though their leader himself has been all that his party could desire, except in respect of combativeness, with the lack of which it is not our business to reproach him. But their most fatal source of weakness has been the absence of any leverage in the shape of an issue, or a distinctive policy, by which a Ministry, not in itself unpopular or incompetent, could be overturned. The connection of the Government with the heads of the Roman Catholic Church had begun to give general umbrage to Protestants, and presented an obvious point for attack. But the hands of the Opposition leader were tied by the necessities of his party at Ottawa, where it rested on Roman Catholic support. It seems that this restraint has now in some way been withdrawn, and that the Opposition is about to move upon the one line on which it can hope for victory. Anxiously scanning the field of battle on the eve of an election, the Premier perceives the columns of the enemy forming for an advance against the weak point of his position, while the Opposition Press opens its preliminary cannonade. His alarm is betrayed by the appearance of an apologetic epistle of the first magnitude addressed to the Presbyterians, among whom dissatisfaction had assumed an acute form, and dealing elaborately with some of the charges of interference on the part of the hierarchy and subserviency on the part of the Government. The letter is eminently well framed; its tone is temperate, courteous, and persuasive. The particular charges selected for examination may have been unfounded or exaggerated. In every case of sinister influence, however real, public suspicion is apt to get upon false scents or overrun the facts. Yet the general suspicion may be well founded, and the influence may be constantly felt. We would delicately hint to Mr. Mowat, that though Prime Minister, he does not hold what we may call the Catholic portfolio, and that when under Pitt's Government Dundas managed Scotland, there were probably some little matters of detail which were better known to Dundas than to Pitt. He will find it difficult to dispel the belief that there exists between his Government and the heads of the Roman Catholic Church an alliance of which a Roman Catholic journal in this city is the special organ. He will find it still harder to convince the world that if the alliance exists, the Church of Rome fails to demand and extort her full share of the spoil. Between Liberalism and Roman Catholicism, not only is there no natural sympathy, but there is an antagonism which the Church of Rome proclaims in the most rampant terms. A political league between them must have some special object. Of the temporary league between Liberalism and Roman Catholicism in Great Britain, to which Mr. Mowat appeals, the special object was Catholic Emancipation, which was at once the cause of the Roman Catholics, and, as an application of the principle of religious liberty, a natural part of the Liberal platform. But the Roman Catholics in Ontario are struggling against no injustice which it is the business of Liberals to redress. The only conceivable objects of the league in this case are political support on one side and political spoils on the other. A Party Government, in the absence of any distinctive principle to hold its followers together, must purchase support where and as it can. That is Mr. Mowat's practical defence, and its validity is only too apparent. With regard to the special case of the Central Prison, it is fair to await the rejoinder which is no doubt coming from Messrs. Milligan, Macdonnell, and McLeod.

IN doing what is right for the future, it is not necessary to arraign the past. Those who conceded to the Roman Catholics Separate Schools may have acted wisely for that day. They may at all events have had sound reasons to show for what they did. At that time the Roman Catholics, though politically emancipated, had scarcely ceased to be the objects of intolerance. In Ireland indeed their religion was still, in a measure, proscribed while that of the Protestant minority was treated as the religion of the State. Under such circumstances they might not unreasonably shrink from sending their children to Public Schools in which Protestants predominated, and which were under Protestant administration. It was not

unlikely that the faith of the Roman Catholic child might be insulted, possible that it might be undermined. But all ground for such apprehensions, in this Province at all events, has now been entirely removed. Perfect tolerance, as well as perfect religious equality, reigns in Ontario. Many Catholic children, in districts where the numbers of the denomination are not sufficient for a Separate School, attend the ordinary schools, and it does not appear that their parents have, or pretend to have, any cause for complaint. If they had, a hundred politicians would be ready to spring to their feet and propitiate the Catholic vote by emulous demands for redress. Exception was taken some years ago by the heads of the Roman Catholic Church to the language of a history of England, which was used as a text-book; but the book was at once revised by the Council of Public Instruction, and the objectionable expressions were removed. The reason for which the priests now insist on Separate Schools is not that they really fear aggression of any kind, but that they wish their people to remain a distinct community under their own peculiar sway, trained in submission to ecclesiastical authority and owing allegiance to the Church rather than to the commonwealth. Their policy is aided by the clannish habits of the Irish people; and the result is a social and political separation which creates a community within the community, and which the State not only is not bound to foster, but is impelled by the highest considerations of policy to break down. To make all Canadians thoroughly members of a single community is an object of our Public School System, as well as to provide all citizens with the instruction necessary for the performance of political duty. There seems to be no doubt as to the general inferiority of the Separate Schools; so that their existence is an educational as well as a political evil. To safeguards against proselytism, if any are still necessary, the Roman Catholics are entitled. But the danger against which they demand securities, to form a ground for special legislation in their favour, must be real, not fanciful, or a mere pretence covering the desire for a powerful engine of ecclesiastical domination. The plea of conscience is always to be heard with respect; but it must be the plea of a sound and reasonable conscience. A man whose conscience forbids him to allow his children to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic on the same bench with children of a different religion cannot expect that public institutions should be accommodated to his fancy; he must be told to get himself a more enlightened mind. Modern society is organised on rational principles, and cannot for ever be paying tribute to the Middle Ages. Separate and exclusive education is not conceded to the Roman Catholics in the United States, and we do not see why it should be conceded here. A sudden and abrupt change would not be just; but it is time that the Province should prepare for a change.

As neutrals in the political war we may, with a good grace, express the hope that Hon. Alexander Mackenzie will be allowed to take his seat again for East York without opposition on the part of the Conservatives. There is a very strong feeling, not only among Liberals, but among the people generally, that their country has never had a public servant more upright, faithful, or devoted than Mr. Mackenzie, and that so long as he can remain in public life every consideration should be shown him. He gave a patriotic vote, without regard to party, on the Riel Question. Opposition to his return would call forth a strong display of sympathy on his side.

WE cannot applaud Mr. Blake when he courts Rielite and Fenian votes, or when appeals are made on his behalf to the spirits of class hatred and of social revolution. But he is on better ground when he contends for economy and purity of Government. His own integrity is unquestioned and his desire for reform, we doubt not, is sincere. As little do we doubt that the Government, as at present carried on, is to an unpleasant extent a Government of corruption, such as may excite genuine indignation in a Reformer's breast. The report that the Ministerialists are now meditating a dissolution from fear of the scandals which next session would disclose is probably baseless; the majority is too docile, and the people, unfortunately, are too callous for the fear of exposure to have much weight. But it is not the lack of scandals that makes the rumour difficult of belief. The plea of Sir John Macdonald before the bar of history will be that he had to hold together a number of Provinces and sections connected by no natural tie, and this could be done only by appeals to Provincial, sectional, and personal interests. He may truly add that he has kept his own hands clean in the midst of no ordinary temptations, and that he has probably made tact and address go as far as possible and done the job for the country as cheaply as it could be done. That he should learn at last to entirely identify his own continuance in power with the welfare, or even the life, of the Confederation, and that

this should sanction in his eyes the use of equivocal means and agents is no more than we should expect of human nature. Much use, both of equivocal means and agents, is forgiven, or half-forgiven to Walpole, because he had to contend with the difficulties of a disputed succession, which, perhaps, were not much greater than those of an ill-cemented confederation. The young Reformers who denounced and overthrew Walpole, found, when they had got into his place, that they had to do much as he had done, though it happened that one of them, having a surpassing genius for the administration of war, was able, in time, to substitute glory as the basis of his ascendancy for corruption; a change which was salutary, perhaps, to the character of the nation, but was by no means conducive to its material welfare. If Mr. Blake were to-morrow called upon to take the reins from Sir John Macdonald's hands and to drive the same ill-assorted and jibbing team without his rival's gifts of conciliation, life-long experience, and thorough mastery of all the wires, would his friends look with perfect confidence to the result? Still, corruption is corrupt. The system is deeply demoralising, not only to those immediately engaged, but to the people at large, and fatally subversive of the moral foundation on which free institutions are to be built. Mr. Blake does well in protesting against it, and the fact that he is there to protest is our practical safeguard against its unlimited extension.

THE "Evangelists" have departed, taking with them a cheque larger probably than was handed to St. Paul after his preaching at Athens, and leaving behind them plenty of discussion as to the spiritual fruits of their visit. What effect they have really produced can at present be known only to the Searcher of Hearts, though time will show whether any whose lives were bad before have been permanently converted to Christian virtue. We wish, once more, to recognise whatever is practically useful, and we admit that rhetoric from which the highly educated and refined turn with aversion may be not only palatable but profitable to minds of a different class. Still, few will deny that harm as well as good may be done by gross Yankee familiarity in speaking of God and things pertaining to religion. There is nothing, so far as we can see, in the matter of the reported sermons beyond the abilities of any preacher in this city who could succeed in divesting himself of reverence and taste. But manner may tell as much as matter, and even more. The mission has been specially countenanced by the Methodist Church, which sagaciously embraces every opportunity of extending its influence. In his closing address Sam Jones certainly went beyond his province as a foreigner, in meddling with our municipal affairs. He may praise the religious character of the Mayor as much as he pleases, but he has no right to recommend the citizens to turn out of the Council those who are opposed to the Mayor's policy. That "the devil has been running things in Toronto" means, we suppose, that persons of the same way of thinking as Mr. Sam Jones have not been in power. Revivalism necessarily assumes that the community is a Gehenna, though, perhaps, it may be tolerably honest, amiable, temperate, and well-governed. It is devoutly to be hoped that evangelising will not become a trade. If it does, we may look forward to seeing it rival opera bouffe.

CANADA may flatter herself that she is fairly recognised as a part of the civilised world when art treasures are sent over to her to be sold. Let us hope that the compliment paid to her discernment is as great as that paid to her love of art. No event is more familiar than a sale under extraordinary circumstances. A noble Irish family, reduced by loss of rents and compelled to sell its heirlooms, is precluded by self-respect from selling them in London and by patriotism from selling them at New York. This pathetic tale may be true once, but can hardly be true more than once. During the prevalence of the mania, the earth has been ransacked for antiques: many things have been discovered, not a few perhaps have been created; art treasures have thus accumulated in the hands of dealers, for which, now that the mania is subsiding, it may be expedient to find a market in some community pervaded by an ardent but uncritical love of beauty. A few really good things throw a glamour over a large collection. Why auction sales should have such attractions, especially for ladies, is one of the curious little problems of human nature. Perhaps there is something akin to the excitement of gambling in the hope of getting a great prize very cheap. Perhaps people as often win at a gambling table as they do at an auction.

WE receive bitter, and, we doubt not, well founded complaints of the dog nuisance, from which Toronto suffers more than any other city west of Constantinople. The repose of a city at night is as much a sanitary consideration in its way as water and drainage. People cannot work unless they sleep, and they cannot sleep if night is made hideous by the barking

and howling of large dogs. To the sick the annoyance is intolerable. Why should a man be allowed to murder the sleep of his neighbours and impair their health for the gratification of a selfish whim? Cow-byres are forbidden because, though useful, they are nuisances. Why should a practice which is a nuisance, and perfectly useless, be permitted? Let directions be given to the police to knock up the owner of any house where a dog is howling, and compel him to quiet the animal. The thing would not have to be done twice. Dogs wandering at night should be destroyed. An appeal to good feeling, however, ought to suffice.

POLITICAL affairs in Quebec are still in an unsettled state. The victors in the electoral contest were undoubtedly the Nationalists, whose purpose is declared to be to punish the local Government, not so much for defeating the Riel Resolution as for afterwards acting with regard to the Riel agitation so as clearly to show themselves to be the mere agents of the Dominion Government. Mainly against the Dominion Government itself is the National movement in Quebec directed; and the strength of the feeling having been proved by the result of the elections, it would seem to be a perilous step for that Government to precipitate a general election this autumn: a delay till the storm has spent some of its force in a session of the Quebec Legislature would be safer. With a united Conservative Party in power, and an Opposition which, though numerically equal to or even superior to it is divided into several radically antagonistic parties, much may be done in a session of the Quebec Legislature. The local Government shows no present intention of calling the Legislature together, which seems to be the constitutional course to take. Ministers have certainly not been sustained at the polls, and the Legislature, the constitutional organ for expressing the will of the electors, ought to have the opportunity to do so without delay. But it is not to the Liberals, but the Nationalists, that the victory belongs; and it is very questionable if the Nationalists are at all prepared to assume the responsibility of the situation they themselves have created.

THE reason suggested by Mr. Blake for an immediate dissolution of Parliament—that having passed an Act extending the franchise, Parliament is "condemned,"—seems to us, we confess, political prudery. Who thinks the legislation of Parliament since the passing of the Franchise Act a whit less valid, legally or morally, because at the next election more people will have votes? Not a soul will feel the slightest objection on that ground if Parliament takes another session. In another sense Parliament is indeed "condemned" by the Franchise Act, as it was before by the Gerrymandering Act, and amply deserves to be led without delay to the gallows.

THE Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Chicago seems to have called into play, in a remarkable manner, the conflicting tendencies which have their seat in the bosom of the Church. On one side there appears to have been an attempt formally to divest the Church of its Protestant character, on the other an attempt to bring it into avowed communion with other Protestant Churches. It was moved to strike out "Protestant" from the title, and upon this the clergy were about equally divided, while the laity, Protestant and conservative as usual, turned the balance against the change, which was rejected by 185 to 112. This was probably an escape from eventual disruption. There are in the Episcopal Church two extreme sections, differing from each other, it must be owned, as fundamentally as it is possible for Christians to differ, and only by historic accident comprehended in the same organisation. One, which is mainly clerical, believes in Church authority, Apostolical Succession, Eucharistic Real Presence, Baptismal Regeneration, and a priesthood with a power of absolution. The other believes in none of these things, and looks to a totally different source of spiritual life. One party calls itself Protestant, the other Catholic; and "I say anathema to all Protestantism" was the startling note of the first Tractarian trumpet. In every Synod and election the antagonism between the two parties is displayed. Were there nothing to mediate between them schism must soon ensue. But there is a large neutral element which, holding all the controverted doctrines in solution, cleaves to the liturgy, the historical organisation, and the Church of its baptism. By this the Church will be held together, so long as the fatal question is not forced to a decisive issue. But a formal rejection of Protestantism could not fail to be followed by a large Protestant secession. It is difficult to see how it could fail to be followed by an ultimate re-absorption of the "Catholic" element into the Church of Rome. The counter-movement was made in the form of a proposal, by Mr. Phillips Brooks, "That the Convention should send cordial greeting to the Assembly of the Congregational Church then in session in the same

city, and express to them its devout hope that the deliberations of the two might minister together to the glory of God and the advancement of their common Christianity." This would, of course, be offensive to a thorough-going High Churchman, in whose eyes Congregationalism is out of the pale. It seems, however, to point to the only sort of union at present practicable among the Protestant Churches. The doctrinal differences might not be insuperable; to those who know their real history, they may seem little more than fancies. But the organisations are deeply rooted, and they correspond, in a considerable degree, to real differences of religious temperament arising from education, class, or national character. The Anglican liturgy and system would never suit those who are attracted by Methodism, nor would it be possible to get those who find Anglicanism congenial to them to become Methodists. The spirit of Presbyterianism is largely national; and there is evidently something apart from the mere question as to the time of baptism which binds Baptists together, and separates them from other Protestants. The recognition of a common Christianity, partnership in good works, association on the charitable platform, and perhaps occasional interchange of pulpits, are probably the largest measure of union at present within reach. Protestantism must be content to regard itself as spiritually a single Church, with a variety of ecclesiastical organisations.

THE candidature of Mr. George is that of a theorist, perhaps we may call it that of theory itself; and it has stirred the spirit of economical speculation. Among other things, it seems the New Yorkers have suddenly been awakened to the startling fact that they are dependent for the shelter of a roof on a very small number of citizens; in other words, that land at New York is owned, to a large extent, by a few old families, whose lessees the other citizens are. It is not alleged, however, that the Astors, or any of the other large proprietors, have shown a tendency to deprive their fellow-citizens of shelter. On the contrary, they probably compete for the lucrative privilege of affording it to them. Overgrown fortunes are unquestionably social evils; they beget luxury, which not only corrupts Croesus himself, but produces envy and discontent in other classes, and they place too much influence in the hands of men who, having lacked the wholesome training of industry, will seldom use it well. Wise legislators will always promote the diffusion, not the aggregation, of wealth. But the purely economical evils of large ownership may be easily overrated. A large owner is likely to be satisfied with more moderate rents than a small one, and he can afford, and is generally disposed, to be more liberal to his tenants. No estate, we believe, is managed in a more liberal and improving spirit than the Grosvenor estate in London, though if that mass of wealth were to fall by inheritance into bad hands, the social consequences would be disastrous.

WITH regard to the supposed significance of the Bartholdi Statue as the pledge of a special connection between France and the United States, *Harper's Weekly* says:

There is, of course, and there has always been, a great deal of sentimentality in the talk about the friendship of France for the Colonies, and sentimentality is unreal. Nations, as such, have little actual friendship for each other, although in the United States the ties of direct descent from England produce a common feeling, based upon traditions of blood, of race, of language, and of civil and religious institutions, which binds the two nations as no other nations are bound together. France undoubtedly aided the Colonies not from friendship for colonial revolutionists, but from hatred of England. The actual feeling was plainly shown subsequently in negotiating the treaty of peace at Versailles, when France did her utmost to cripple the young nation. But it is no less true that the French aid was actual and most serviceable and opportune, that the French episode is one of the pleasantest chapters of the Revolution, and that France, personified in Lafayette, was very dear to the old Continentals, whom the British redcoats and the Indians of Burgoyne had thoroughly alienated from England.

This puts the case as fairly as it can be put. It is satisfactory also to see that the American idea of the quarrel with the Mother Country is coming out of its mythical and entering into its historical stage. It will some day be acknowledged on all hands that though separation could not have failed to come, the violent rupture was the greatest of calamities to all concerned. Whittier, in his verses on the Bartholdi Statue, talks of France having given herself freedom in making America free. What France gave herself by bringing on a violent crisis, when there might otherwise have been a quiet progress of reform, was first the tyranny of the Jacobins and then the tyranny of Bonaparte. As an attempt to revive American feeling in favour of France against England, if that was in any measure the motive, the gift of the Bartholdi Statue has decidedly fallen dead.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention with passionate earnestness to a subject always practical for humanity—the pains of death. He pleads, as many have pleaded before him, against the cruelty, when all hope of recovery has fled, of allowing the death-agony to be needlessly protracted. He has been deeply impressed by a case which he has seen in a poorhouse of a woman dying of cancer. Consumed by the horrible disease, and having one of her eyes eaten away, she lingered on in the direst torments, being kept alive by pouring liquid food down her throat, an operation in itself most painful to her. The stench, in spite of all that could be done to subdue it, filled the ward, and made the other women sick. Another case our correspondent mentions is that of a wounded soldier, whose frightful death-agony was prolonged for three days, the surgeon knowing that the man must die, but not daring to abridge the suffering. He extends his protest to cases of hopeless madness and loathsome imbecility, showing the misery of which they are the cause to others besides the madman or the idiot. The question is one which has been often debated, yet, perhaps, is not yet ripe for a solution. Mere animal existence, apart from moral life, can hardly be more sacred in the human frame than in the frame of any other animal. To put an end to needless and useless suffering appears an obvious duty of humanity. If God, as people say, sends the suffering, He sends also the means of relief. No physician, surely, so long as he keeps within the law, need feel any misgiving in shortening the agony of death.

THE British Conservatives, it seems, at their Bradford meeting, adopted Imperial Federation as a plank in their platform. So far as this is an expression of kindly feeling towards the Colonies, and of desire to strengthen the bond with them, we heartily applaud and respond. As to the practical part of the matter, enough has been already said. People in England are misled as to Canadian opinion by visitors from Canada, who naturally enough wish to make themselves pleasant to their hosts, and chime in with what they take to be the prevailing sentiment. But Sir Charles Tupper will surely feel it his duty to tell the British Government the truth. He must know that Imperial Federation has taken no hold on the Canadian people.

THE vials of execration are being poured out on the Marquis of Ailesbury. The Marquis richly deserves all that he gets. His example, like that of other titled and notorious profligates and blackguards, is helping to drag the House of Lords to its inevitable doom. But there is some difference between the measure which democratic righteousness metes to the sinful peer and that which it metes to Sir Charles Dilke, who, after the most hideous revelations which have shocked purity in this generation, not only is not execrated by his Radical constituents, but is fondly implored by them to continue their adored representative. There has seldom been a stronger illustration of the relations between Party and morality.

SIR WILLIAM ANSON, the eminent jurist, has been examining Mr. Gladstone's Irish Government Bill from a strictly legal point of view. He is led to the conclusion that "it might be possible to produce a more unworkable measure, but it would be hard to produce a less straightforward one." The great question is whether the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament is or is not impaired by the Bill. Sir William Anson, after tracking the import of the Act through the sinuous folds of ambiguous language in which it is involved, proves beyond question that the affirmative is true, and that Parliament is made to divest itself of the sovereign power, so far, at least, as alteration of the Constitution granted to Ireland is concerned. It will be remembered that the Bill, before it was brought in, received the sinister approbation of Mr. Parnell. Professor Bryce was put up to assure the House, on the part of the Government, that the sovereignty of Parliament was inherent and inalienable, so that it must remain intact and entire, let Parliament impose upon itself by legislation what restrictions it would. But Sir William Anson justly discards the idea of a power which cannot abdicate. Would Professor Bryce contend that Parliament cannot ever cede territorial jurisdiction, or make a colony independent? The British Parliament, after the withdrawal of the Irish representation, is still styled in the Bill, Imperial. Sir William Anson pertinently asks whether, supposing Home Rule to be conceded to Scotland and Wales also, the English Parliament would still be Imperial and retain its supremacy unimpaired. Even assuming, however, that Professor Bryce's theory was sound, what would be the result? The result would be the retention by the British Parliament of legal powers over Ireland which could not be practically exercised; and this was precisely the fatal relation which, subsisting between the Imperial country and the American colonies, led to the American Revolution. The practical absurdities of

the Bill are brought into light in the course of the legal discussion. The Queen might, and not only might, but to a dead certainty would, be advised in opposite ways by her British and her Irish Ministers; and she would be constitutionally bound to follow the advice of both. The truth is that the Act is an ill-starred and abortive attempt to produce a cross between National Union and Federation. There being no practicable course except on one of these lines or the other, the result is a tissue of absurdities and nonsense.

By way of assisting Liberal reconciliation, Lord Monck has put forth a somewhat shadowy proposal for an Irish Parliament which is to deal only with municipal questions, and to have only delegated powers. In this he fondly imagines that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Government might unite. He goes into no details, and we are left to conjecture how he would draw the line between Irish questions and those affecting the United Kingdom, or how Irishmen could sit in the Parliament of the United Kingdom when they had a Parliament of their own. Set up an Irish Parliament, with what nominal restrictions of its legislative powers you may, it will at once become the organ of a renewed agitation, the object of which will be the removal of the restrictions and the assertion of independence. An Irish Parliament, in short, means separation by a lingering and angry process. In the agrarian direction, the aspect of matters is rather more hopeful, and there are some signs of gradual settlement in spite of the malignant efforts of the League to prevent it. Let the Land Question be settled, and political agitation will subside. For the present the best thing that political projectors can do is to hold their peace.

A STRENUOUS effort is evidently being made to bring about a reunion of the Liberal Party in England, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone himself, and his devoted friend and coadjutor, Lord Rosebery, simultaneously, and probably in concert, hold out the olive branch to the Liberal Unionists. Mr. Gladstone tells them that the Conservatives are putting off the settlement of the Irish question for the purpose of keeping the Liberals disunited. The Conservatives will, no doubt, put an equally charitable construction on Mr. Gladstone's motives for that insinuation. Lord Rosebery is, probably, anxious to get back to the Foreign Office, where he highly distinguished himself, while on the subject of Home Rule he has always observed a silence which was deemed significant of indifference at least. He now addresses himself to the rank and file of the Liberal Unionists, in whom he professes unlimited faith, while he expects nothing from the leaders, whom he deems, it may be assumed, to have been personally outraged by Mr. Gladstone in his fury past any hope of reconciliation. This attempt to create a mutiny in the camps of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain is a little on the surface, and is not very likely to be successful. It is, if we are not greatly misinformed, the fixed determination of a number of men sufficient to carry their resolution into effect that Mr. Gladstone shall not for the rest of his life return to power. Among other things, he has planted ineradically in the breasts of men the conviction that his language, to use the phrase of the *Times*, is "liable to incalculable development;" that secret "ideas" may always be germinating in his cryptogamic mind, and that no apparent pledge which he can give his associates is secure against casuistical interpretation. His prediction that the rejection or postponement of his Irish policy would immediately be followed by convulsions in Ireland has, at the same time, been totally belied by the event, so that appeals from him for instant action on the Irish question have lost their force. Under him there will be no reunion, nor will he ever again be Prime Minister of England. On the other side, the moderate Conservatives, seeing into what hands they have fallen, are evidently most anxious to bring Lord Hartington into the Government. A junction of Lord Hartington with moderate Conservatives, for the purpose of giving the country a strong and respectable Government to carry it through the peril, always seemed to us the logical sequel of the election. But the tie of Party, even in the hour of extreme national danger, appears hard to break. It must be strong indeed if it can still bind Lord Hartington to Messrs. Labouchere, Bradlaugh, John Morley, Illingworth, and Shaw-Lefevre. The proposal that Mr. Gladstone shall take the leadership or the question of Home Rule alone is preposterous. How can a leader confine his authority to a single question? Besides, no one who knows anything of Mr. Gladstone's character, can imagine that he would be able to keep his hands off any question whatever.

As to the Eastern Question, we can only repeat that the chief, if not the only, source of danger is the personal disposition of the Czar, who seems to be a Tartar maddened by threats of assassination, and strongly

inclined to relieve himself of peril by diverting the national spirit to aggrandisement and war. This despot has his finger on the button, by pressing which the signal could be given for setting the world on fire, and there is no saying at any moment that he will not press it.

THE Nonconformists in England are solving the University question for themselves exactly in the way in which the Methodists are solving it here. They are establishing in the national University of Oxford a religious college for Nonconformists.

MR. WILLIAM HOUSTON invites us to a renewed discussion of Mr. George's doctrines, but we must beg leave to decline the invitation. To us, as to many others, Mr. George's proposal to deprive owners of land of their property appears a policy of plunder. To Mr. Houston, as he has subscribed to Mr. George's election fund, the proposal no doubt presents itself in a different light.

THE Queen Regent of Spain has done a wise and beneficent act at the commencement of her son's reign, in signing a decree emancipating the last of the slaves in Cuba. The law of 1869 provided for the conditional liberation of certain classes of slaves; and that of 1879 freed at once all slaves fifty-five years old and over, and provided that all between the ages of thirty-five and forty were to be freed the present year, and the rest in 1890. It is the last class that are set free now, four years in anticipation of the time set in the original law; and it is very honourable to Spain, that the liberal recompense of \$350 for each slave is paid the owners by the Spanish Treasury.

A STORY told by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* bears witness to the diplomatic genius of the Czar—at all events, in difficult domestic problems. A few days ago the Czarina appeared in a new maize-coloured toilette, the fashion of which called forth the universal admiration of the Court ladies. A few minutes later, the young Feodoroffna Ghika was announced. As she came forward to kiss the hand of the Empress it was seen that her dress was the exact counterpart of that of the imperial lady. The Czarina reddened indignantly; the young lady turned pale with fear as she saw the awkward mistake made by the Parisian house from which she had received the new costume. The Czar got rid of the painful situation with a happy jest. "I and my lieutenants," said he, "always wear exactly similar uniforms."

THE poet who, hymning "The Statue of the Republics" in the *New York Critic* calls upon us to pledge France in "sky-wine that the wild winds press from clouds electric," or in other words—rain water, and ends with a couplet that bears a strong appearance of having been constructed to meet the requirements of rhyme rather than sense:

To France the Fair! Helvetia's peaks of snow!
And Erin fettered by a sordid foe!

—is evidently unaware that, according to veracious report, it was the original intention of the designer of this statue, and others, to have "Liberty Enlighten the World" at the opening of the Suez Canal. She was started with that object in view, and was half completed when the downfall of the French Empire quite upset the schemes of some French capitalists who had thereby hoped to glorify themselves. But a bright thought struck them, and after France had become a republic they originated the scheme to start a colossal subscription and present the statue to America.

Our bride from France, warm pulse of Europe's heart.

THE special correspondent who is describing Canada in the *London Times* falls into the error of calling Quebec one of the two largest cities in the Dominion; an error into which he has probably been misled by the figures of the Dominion census in 1881, when the population of Toronto was only 86,415. But it is now probably half as much again, and at the next census will, if the same rate of growth is maintained, be nearly double. Double in ten years! And how will Quebec stand? Most likely it will have decreased in the same ratio; at any rate it has already fallen far behind Toronto, which, indeed, appears to be fast overtaking Montreal. Montreal has a better geographical position than Toronto; as the terminus of the C. P. R. and the G. T. R., and as the summer port, it has an immense advantage; but, in spite of this, and of the further advantage of possessing cheap labour, it might as well stand in a wilderness as in French-Canada, so far as local trade is concerned. It is the country at the back of Toronto that makes its prosperity; and this element is wholly wanting to Montreal.

FROM THE STUDY TO THE WOODS.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER CAROL.

All day the dreamy sunshine sleeps
In gold the yellowing beeches ;
In softest blue, the river sleeps
Among the island reaches.

Against the far-off purple hills
Soft autumn tints are glowing ;
With blood-red wine the sumach fills,
Its carmine masses showing.

Upon the glassy stream the boat
Glides softly, like a vision,
And, with its shadow, seems to float
Among the isles Elysian.

About the plummy golden-rod
The tireless bee is humming,
Where bright-hued blossoms star the sod,
And wait the rover's coming :

While birch and maple glow with dyes
Of scarlet, rose, and amber,
And, like a flame from sunset skies
The tangled creepers clamber.

The oaks a royal purple wear,—
Gold-crowned,—where sunlight presses ;
The birch stands like a Dryad fair
Amidst her golden tresses.

So still the air,—so like a dream,
We hear the acorn falling,
And o'er the faintly rippled stream
The loon's long plaintive calling.

The robin, softly, o'er the lea
A farewell song is trilling ;
The squirrel flits from tree to tree,
His winter storehouse filling.

Like him, we too may gather store
From all this glorious Nature ;
Then leave—my friend—dry bookish lore,
And dreary nomenclature.

Leave the old thinkers and their dreams,
The treasures of the ages :
Leave dusty scientific reams,
To study Nature's pages !

For she, herself, has better lore
Than all man's cold dissections ;
Her hieroglyphs may teach us more
Than volumes of reflections.

Her poetry is sweeter far
Than all men write about her ;
Old Homer's song of love and war
Had scarce been sung without her !

Haste to the woods, put books away,
They'll wait the tardy comer ;
For *them* there's many a winter day,
But brief's our Indian summer !

FIDELIS.

AFTERNOON TEA.

How softly and silently November has stolen upon us! No gusty dreariness has marked his approach, no sodden depression has followed his footsteps. Only a few mornings of mist and rain and tender melancholy, through which the russet chestnuts lift their branches in pleasantly mournful sentiment, and the demoralised brown weeds by the sidewalk attempt a tearful philosophy, and far down the street the trees of the boulevard cast vague unrecognisable impressions of themselves into the mist—the kind of weather which disposes the least sentimental of us to a tender consideration of Longfellow's

Feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain,

without being able in the least to give a reason for the gentle lugubriousness that possesses us. And then the crisp sunlight again upon the brave yellow trappings of the maples, scantier but flaunting still, and the glistening gold of the chestnuts, and the scattered contribution to nature's treasury

from the store of the birches and poplars. Sovereign October, trailing magnificently away, has left a fragment of his royal robe upon the briers in the woods and the hedgerows in the towns, and this vagrant month is pleased to bedeck himself in it. It is a bad disguise for his true character, however ; we see it in his every mood and motion. The ruined golden-rod in the fence corner has a braggart air, the ragged barberry bushes flirt with characterless breezes with the most bare-faced impudence, and the dishevelled corn-stalks in the back garden lean and listen and gossip in the sun like battered village centenarians. Even the prim asters have lost their maidenly self-respect, and exchange the time o'day with any disreputable tramp of fallen leaf that happens to come that way. The chrysanthemums alone, pure and white and unsoiled, preserve their sweet and simple dignity amid the melancholy tendencies of all vegetation, and redeem November from the imputation of total depravity.

WE are at last credibly informed that that eccentric originator of "symphonies" in black and white, Mr. Whistler, is coming to America. There was a rumour to that effect last winter, over which æsthetic New York was vastly and properly excited, but which resulted in nothing but Mr. Whistler's card and a wider dissemination throughout the United States, by the valuable agency of the press, of knowledge regarding Mr. Whistler's genius. This time, however, he is really coming ; D'Oyly Carte is to bring him, about the end of November. He will deliver his famous lecture, "Ten o'Clock," first in New York and then in the other large cities of the Union. "Ten o'Clock," by the way, has no relation to the lecture, except as to the hour at which it is delivered. It is a discourse on principles of art generally, and those of the etcher's art particularly it is to be supposed, with special reference to the transmutability of meaning in artistic terms : and it is given punctually at ten o'clock p.m. Fortunately, perhaps, for those who attend out of a sense of duty to their æsthetic development—and these people form a majority in all art-lecture audiences—the discourse is not very long, and the most somnolently disposed art-worshipper can keep awake without difficulty to its close. I have never seen Whistler, but I have seen a photograph of him in the reverent possession of one of his friends and disciples. As one would expect of this spoiled darling of the impressionists—the apostles of simplicity, and the preachers of the veriest elaboration—it was monstrously affected. A tall young man, with a highly-refined and intellectual face, leaning languidly against something or other in the way of a pillar behind him, with a single eye-glass illuminating the left side of his face. The pose made one think, somehow, of this arrogant nineteenth century in high relief. But, in justice to Mr. Whistler, it must be observed that the photograph was only a photograph, after all, and might have been, probably was, taken in the infancy of his fame and the youthful, cynical period of his existence. He is much more of a favourite in Paris than in London, his work being exceedingly French in idea and execution. The English regard his erratic genius with that well-defined doubt which arises from inability to perfectly comprehend ; but the French delight in it, and its possessor is the idol of every Parisian *salon* that pretends to sympathise with art.

I SEE that Julie K. Wetherill has been contributing a very charming and sympathetic sketch of Cable to the New York *Critic's* "Authors at Home" series. Hers is a name well-known to the lighter departments of magazine literature in the United States, and she has recently changed it for one equally familiar to the American journalistic world—Mr. Marion A. Baker's, whose editorial contributions to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, the leading paper of the South, have gone far to make it what it is. Mrs. Baker, while she was Miss Wetherill, lived in Mississippi—not in the "Palmetto State"—and I have been wondering, since absorbing her enthusiastic admiration of the great Southern novelist, whether she would have felt and written so if she had been born a Louisianian. Cable has done more for the South in literature than all her other writers combined, and the centre of his accomplishment has been New Orleans. Her Creole people have owed their very existence in Northern eyes to him. The Southerner in him—his father was a Louisianian—knows these people by innate sympathy ; the New England half of him weighs and analyses them. Every gesture, every inflection, every turn of the head is talismanic in his hands ; and the result is the appearance of a new race in fiction. He has played the magician with the old Spanish memories of the Crescent City, and has made the "Rue Royale" echo again with the light laughter of the gay Gallic pedestrians that pressed its narrow *banquettes* so many years ago. All the romance of a trebly romantic past has blossomed under his touch, and he has sent it north to us with a whiff of sweet olive and a Christmas rose. For one person, outside the commercial class, who went

to New Orleans to see the great Cotton Exposition, then set their faces thitherward with the hope and expectation of seeing the many galleried home of the Grandissimes, of peeping through the iron-barred gate into the shadowy seclusion of Madame Delphine's garden of pomegranates and magnolias, of catching a glimpse, though never so fleeting, of Dr. Sevier and Mary, and John Richling. Certain houses are regularly pointed out to strangers as those described in Cable's novels; and enthusiastic strangers go to visit them in a steady pilgrimage all winter long. And by way of reward for all that he has done in opening up the historic treasures of the South to the interest of the North, Mr. Cable has received insolence, contumely, and spiteful intreatment. The Southern mind with all its virtues is arrogant and intolerant. Mr. Cable touched some sore places in the body social of Southern life, and though his touch was gentle as a woman's, resentment was prompt and deep. He alluded to the interfusion of negro blood, which is privately known and acknowledged—it was an insult double-dyed! As one who bore arms against it, he acknowledged that the Northern cause was "just"—he was a traitor and no Southerner! The anger, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness that raged at one time, and smoulders still, in New Orleans about Cable is past belief. Not its least amusing feature is the ignorance in which the people foster it. They have not read his calumniating novels; a thousand times No!—and never will! Or their indignant eyes have rested upon some sketch or paragraph barbed with special offence to proud Southern sensitiveness, and they have closed the book upon all the tenderness, and humanity, and truth that its covers contained. The seeds of rancour preserve their power of germination always longest in the gentler sex, and it is the women of Cable's city who hate him most heartily. Knowing this, Julie K. Wetherill's tribute to him in the *Critic* struck me as rather an audacious challenge to public opinion in the city of her adoption. It is probably the first favourably critical paper upon Cable that has ever been written, for wide dissemination at least, from the city he knows and loves so well—knowledge and love which he has shared with all of us.

I too have seen Mr. Cable's house, and sat at his board, though my host was not the author of "The Grandissimes," but that over-rated and under-rated, and altogether eccentric, poet, Joaquin Miller, who occupied it during the winter of the Exposition, and dispensed its hospitalities in his unconventional Californian fashion, to the great delight of many. The house is a frame one, painted in olive and red, and surrounded by the wide "gallery" that gives its individuality to the Southern home. It is away up in the "garden district" of New Orleans, where the roses blow all the year round, and the tall glossy-leaved magnolias stand graceful sentinels before every door, and the great brown river rolls sleepily past to the blue Gulf farther south, and over all the sun broods, near and lovingly, every long, fragrant, delicious day. There are orange trees in the garden before the house; by standing tip-toe on the gallery steps one could just reach the fruit CEnone longed so vainly for. And the garden is everywhere bordered with sweet violets that send their incense up to his memory who planted them; for, as most people know, Mr. Cable's unpopularity in his native city has driven him from it, and he now lives near Northampton, in Massachusetts.

Just over the way was the cottage of the novelist's mother, all embowered in wisteria and sweet olive. Mrs. Cable is a tiny woman of the demure, domestic New England type, and her son looks very like her. She was much distressed, the day I met her, about Gyarre's attack upon her son in the Southern newspapers, but hoped that the unmixed adulation he was receiving from the Northern press at that time would "keep him correct." She did not fit in with the dreamy, sensuous life of New Orleans, this prim little lady with her careful New England pronunciation, her activity, and her very well-exercised conscience. She belonged, it seemed to us, to a sterner life. But we rejoiced to have found her there, because she was George Cable's mother.

MARIE PRESCOTT was not a disappointment at the Toronto Opera House last week, whatever may be said of her company. She has intensity of passion, sympathy, and dramatic insight. Evidently we had not seen her at her best in Toronto, for the qualities of her acting, which have already distinguished her, and must continue to do so, are most fittingly shown in a Shakespearian setting. Her support, moreover, was out of all relation with herself, being exceedingly amateurish. As *Pygmalion*, Mr. R. D. McLean displayed a magnificent physique, but histrionic abilities that were rather ox-like. He was not in the least in love with *Galatea*, which spoiled the poetry of the play, and he roared at the unfortunate work of his hands in a manner that must have dismayed her. *Leucippe* dropped his h's, which they never did in Greece; and *Chrysos* and *Daphne*, though old comedians, and good ones, gave their classic sentiments disagreeably

through their noses. The eternal fitness of things was not preserved in the stage setting to any great extent, the dressing being Roman rather than Grecian, and the accessories of *Pygmalion's* studio savouring strongly of the modern Gotham. Upon the same ground, the rendition by the orchestra, between acts, of "The Sweet By and By," might very reasonably be objected to.

I HAVE already had the pleasure of meeting Mdlle. Rhea, through some old and valued friends of hers, who are delighted to welcome her back to Toronto and the Grand. We found her in her pleasantly old-fashioned parlour in that pleasantly old-fashioned and traditionally aristocratic hostelry known to all Canadians as "The Queen's," studying her part—*The Widow*—by the light of the flashing candel in the grate. It is difficult to convey Rhea's personality in words. She is dark and pale, with a rare beauty of expression. In repose her features bespeak a high intellectuality; in conversation they are radiant with the reflection of her quick-changing moods. She has the French impetuosity of manner, but she is not effusive. There is something very Spanish in her mobile face, though one guesses it to be a substratum of her nature. What one sees and knows of her casually is French—devotedly, enthusiastically French. No words can describe the charm of her inimitable accent, or the inborn grace of her every gesture. She talked to us of comedy, American and French.

"All this week," she said, "I play comedy. But it is the French comedy. *The Widow* is a burlesque, but a burlesque in white kid gloves."

Whereupon she gave us a rapid, graphic description of the plot of *The Widow*, which I simply despair of reproducing.

"But the Americans," she went on, gaily, "will not have the French comedy as it is with us, and we alter it for American taste. My manager, you see," and she showed us her part-book, "he cuts out, and cuts out! The English have no patience. They will not have conversation unlimited. They want action—action—action! In 'The Romance,' you see—you know 'The Romance'—there is a drawing-room of people, and they all talk—and talk—half an hour! But that is not to American taste. They like the—the fun of motion and speech, and not of idea, if it is not very apparent. It is what they call 'stilty.' Now, in 'The Romance,' we at home make speeches as long as a yard, and the audience is delighted. But not here."

"And this difference," she continued, "must have been for a long time—for look at your Shakespeare and our Molière and Racine. Molière could not have written as Shakespeare, and Shakespeare would have known better than to write as Molière; for nobody," with a gay little infectious French laugh, "nobody would listen!"

We talked of Gilbert's semi-comedy, and Mdlle. Rhea waxed enthusiastic over her *Chrysos*.

"Ah!" she said, "I have such a *Chrysos* as one sees in the buffoon figures of Grecian frescoes. He was made to play *Chrysos*! And my *Cynisca*—ah!"

Speaking afterward of distinguished actors she had known and played with, Mdlle. mentioned Coquelin.

"And what," said somebody, "is Coquelin like?"

"Coquelin!" she exclaimed in astonishment that the famous comedian's image was not imprinted upon every mind, "Coquelin! Why, he is a *genius*! Ah, he is magnificent! He has no peer, no equal, in the comedy of France, which might be called," she added seriously, "*legitimate* comedy. He is the great actor of the Comédie Française. Ah! he is wonderful! and he is coming to America!" Mdlle. evidently was of the opinion that if ever America had cause for profound gratitude to France, she has it now.

Play-goers in Toronto may be interested in the fact that "Fairy Fingers," which Mdlle. Rhea gives on Saturday, is the play in which she made her *début* upon the stage.

GARTH GRAFTON.

MUSIC.

TORONTO CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATION.

THE first concert of the Toronto Chamber Music Association, given in Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening, was a genuine success. A large and appreciative audience assembled in the spacious and suitable hall, which wore a more festive appearance than usual, from the fact that a rich display of tapestry and brilliant hangings at the back of the platform constituted an excellent background for the performers. To speak of the Toronto Quartette Club first, it is happily only necessary to give unstinted praise to the four gentlemen who compose it: Messrs. Jacobsen, Bayley, Fisher, and Corell. The individual playing of Mr. Jacobsen must always win the admiration of those who hear it, from his correct bowing and technique, and the polish and ease with which he executes the most difficult passages; while as a leader in string quartette music, he is thoroughly

reliable and conscientious. Mr. Bayley plays an excellent second violin, though in Monday night's performance it was occasionally rather too prominent. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Corell are both excellent executants, the latter displaying much skill in his rendering of some difficult work in the ensemble playing. His *obligato* was not so successful. The rendering of the Beethoven quartette gave unmixed satisfaction, the *Andante* being played in a masterly manner. The Barnett selections came next in order of interest as novelties; but, while well written and well played, they did not reveal the English composer at his best.

The Haydn quartette, with its graceful phrases, so suggestive of the "Creation," and its fascinating *Puosto*, closed the work of the club, and was played with much force and animation.

The vocalist of the evening was Miss Howden, who gave three songs and encores in that charming style now familiar to our concert-goers. This young lady establishes the most frank and friendly relations with the audience the moment she appears, being possessed of a very pleasing stage presence and keen dramatic sense. Her enunciation is pure, and her voice fresh and sweet, though the high notes seem to demand, even already, more than natural effort, and display a tendency toward unnecessary tremolo.

The vocal quartette, composed of Messrs. Taylor, Lye, Warrington, and Schuch, sustained their high reputation, and proved their ability to render unaccompanied part-singing in faultless style. Of the selections, the part song by Dudley Buck appeared to find extraordinary favour with the audience, considering that beyond a labyrinth of chords and modulations, and an effort to conscientiously "set" hexameters, it had little to offer. Mrs. Blight played her accompaniments with her usual skill, though the fact of the powerful upright piano used having the top open, made them sound too loud. The analytical programme, though containing a serious misprint, was calculated to afford additional interest to the audience who, no doubt, will look forward with great pleasure to the second concert, to be given on December 6. X.

THE entertainment given by the Mexican Orchestra, who appear at the Toronto Opera House on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, is described as most brilliant and unique. The Orchestra is composed of sixteen highly accomplished players, with violins, 'cello, flute, guitars, bandolons and salterios (zither-like instruments). The players appear in neat native uniform, wearing their light sombreros. This performance will be followed on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Mme. Janish, whose acting in *Charakter Bild* is spoken of very highly by Berlin and Vienna authorities.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By William H. Prescott. Vol. II. New York: John B. Alden.

The second volume of Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is simply a duplicate of the first, in so far as its character is affected by its form. It is as well bound, as well printed, as well illustrated, and as cheap. Prescott's "Mexico" is one of the most entertaining histories in the English language. So strong indeed is the fascination of the old historian's graphic pages, that one closes the book half inclined to extol his imagination at the expense of his regard for facts. However that may be, for him who can winnow romance from reality in Mexican history, these volumes are an almost indispensable assistance to its study. And for him who is unable or unwilling to separate fact and fancy they hold the spell of a magician who has swayed many.

MUSIC.

Toronto: Published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

"YELLOW ROSES." (Song.) Words and music by Michael Watson. A very charming contralto song.

"TIP-TOE." (A Fairy Dance.) By Henri Logé. A pretty little *morceau*. Good for staccato playing.

"ERMINIE." (Gavotte.) By Edward Jakobowski. Tuneful and simple. Prettier, too, than the name of its composer.

WE have also received the following publications:

THE FORUM. November. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.
 ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. November. New York: E. R. Pelton.
 MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. November. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
 CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. November. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
 NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. November. New York: 3 East Fourteenth Street.
 WIDE AWAKE. November. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
 OUTING. November. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
 CENTURY. November. New York: Century Company.
 BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. November. New York: 7 Murray Street.

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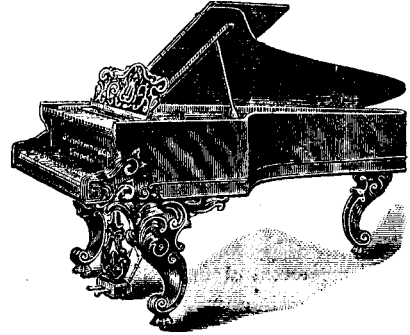
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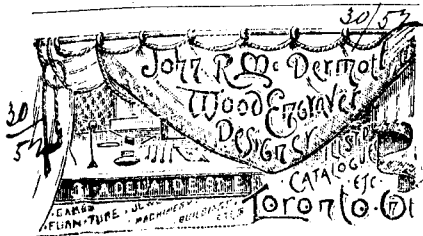
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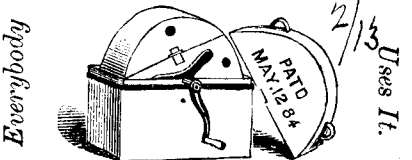
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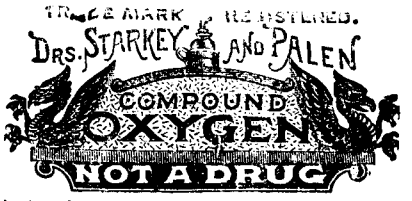
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