

THE WEEK:

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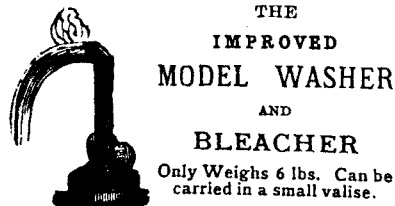
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Among the distinguished writers who have promised articles apposite to the purposes of the CITIZEN are those named below:

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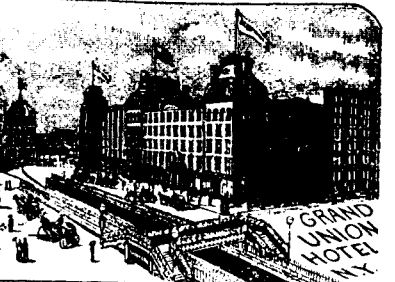
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THE WEEK.

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THE COMING STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND.

As the day of fate draws near, the prospects of the Union improve. The mind of the nation seems to be at length awakened to the danger of dismemberment which, till it became imminent, was hardly realized. Public men seem to be at length stung into a patriotic suspension of the factious rivalries which have prostrated them and the country at the feet of the most despicable conspiracy which ever threatened the life of a great nation. Lord Randolph Churchill may continue to protest, in his graceful and sensible way, against an alliance with Whigs as "eminently unwholesome and scrofulous," but the promptings of the Tory Democrat will probably be overruled by the wiser and better men of his party. Mr. Gladstone's colleagues having taken office on the faith of "a scheme, thereafter to be revealed," apparently recoil from the revelation. Much must depend upon the following which Mr. Chamberlain is able to carry with him. The Master of the Caucuses ought to be well informed, and we may be sure that he studies opinion. It may be true that he has been piqued by the relegation to a minor office which punished his temerity in treading too near the Throne; but he has too much sense to be betrayed by pique into the destruction of his prospects which a breach with the whole of his party would entail. If the report is correct that the Scotch members are renouncing allegiance to Mr. Gladstone, he is doomed, and the Caledonians are not likely to be reduced to obedience by Irish threats. He is said to be "riding for a fall." Such conduct would be criminal. How can a Prime Minister be justified in bringing in a Bill affecting the integrity and the very life of the Empire when he knows that he cannot carry it, and at the same time that its introduction with his authority must cause irreparable mischief by inflaming the minds of the disaffected, and may even sow the seeds of civil war? It is more likely that Mr. Gladstone looks forward, in the event of his immediate defeat, to a dissolution and an appeal to the Radicals and Irish which would give him a majority in a new Parliament, and enable him eventually to pass his Bill. A singular exit from the scene of public life for one who entered it as the nominee of the almost insanely reactionary Duke of Newcastle, and as the hope of the High Church Tories! Whether a dissolution shall be granted, however, rests in the Queen's personal discretion, to an exceptionally free exercise of which she is assuredly entitled when the question at issue is the integrity of the nation, of which she is at once the embodiment and the guardian, and when the Head of the Cabinet is himself breaking away from all ordinary rules and approaching her without the concurrence of his colleagues. Mr. Gladstone begins to think that he is the nation.

It is not unlikely that the fervent appeal of Ulster against her severance from the nationality of which she is no mean part, and the transfer of her allegiance from the British Queen and Parliament to a revolutionary assembly under Mr. Parnell, and controlled by his American confederates, may have deeply stirred men's hearts and awakened them to a sense of shame. Mr. John Morley, with obsequious eagerness, promises Mr.

Parnell vigorous measures against Irish Loyalism if it interferes with the propagation of treason; and after the establishment of an Irish Parliament he would no doubt exult in the employment of British troops, if necessary, to enforce the submission of the Loyalists to the decrees of his country's enemies at New York. He may style himself, as he styles his chief, a "human" not a national politician. But there are some for whom national ignominy has a sting. England under evil leadership deserted the Catalans, but she did not stoop to the baseness of lending her arms to reduce them under the yoke which as her allies and in reliance on her protection they had cast off. Louis XIV., when brought low by misfortune in war, was ready to submit to very hard and galling terms; but he refused, and his people, crushed and suffering as they were, supported him in the refusal to dishonour his crown and the nation by sending his armies to assist those of his enemies in coercing his own friends in Spain. It is impossible to imagine infamy fouler than that which Great Britain would incur by shooting down the Irish Loyalists for having clung too faithfully to her side, and for withholding their obedience from those who openly seek her ruin.

It is strange that Mr. Chamberlain, or any other man of sense, should persist in speaking of Canada as a precedent for Ireland. Not in a single point is there any resemblance between the two cases, nor can either of them throw the slightest light on the other, even assuming, what no one but a blind optimist would assume, that Canadian Confederation is an assured and unequivocal success. In her relation to Great Britain, Canada is not an integral part of the United Kingdom, but a distant colony, already enjoying legislative independence, and at the same time perfectly friendly, so that there is no fear of her making any hostile use of her powers or creating difficulty of any kind. Even if she became perfectly independent she would never become, as Ireland would, a thorn in the side of Great Britain. In her internal structure she is a group of Provinces all placed under a Federal Government elected by them in common; and she presents no analogy to a couple of nations in a dog-collar union, such as Great Britain and Ireland after their legislative divorce would be. To settle questions between the Federal Government and the Provinces, moreover, Canada has the Privy Council, an external and impartial tribunal to which entire deference is paid; whereas, in the case of Great Britain and Ireland, all differences would have to be fought out between the parties. There is no precedent for British dismemberment any more than there is a precedent in British history for the weakness which has brought the nation to the verge of such humiliation.

It was a fatal mistake ever to be drawn into treating the case of Ireland, in regard to the extension of Self-government, separately from those of the other two Kingdoms. Self-government to any extent may be safely granted so long as the measure is general, and the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament in all things is preserved. At the very time when Mr. Parnell took to Obstruction at Westminster, and to Terrorism in Ireland, the Government and Parliament were well known to be on the point of framing a much-needed measure of decentralization for all three Kingdoms alike. Why did they not sweep away Obstruction, put Terrorism down, and persevere in the wise and liberal policy which they had embraced? The answer to that question is the record of their shame. They will now, if Mr. Gladstone's scheme is rejected, have to struggle back to the sound position from which they have allowed themselves to be drawn. The return, after what has happened, and when Irish disaffection has been brought to so angry a head, will no doubt be difficult enough. The moral rebellion which patriotic union would at once have repressed has now assumed very formidable proportions. But return to a firm and rational policy on any subject is no longer easy since Mr. Gladstone's blind extension of the suffrage, without safeguards of any kind or any general revision of the Constitution, to masses of ignorance, passion, and disaffection. The House of Commons shows almost daily by legislative escapades, as well as by its growing lack of organization, its unfitness for the exercise of the supreme power which at the same time it is more than ever disposed to engross. It is too probable that the country will have to undergo a convulsion of some kind in order to evolve a force capable of giving birth to a strong and stable Government.

Meanwhile Famine, mocking the devices and rivalries of politicians, stalks along the Western Coast of Ireland, and not a cent is subscribed for the relief of the famishing by the patriots who have subscribed a million

for political agitation. Once more we are reminded that the root of the evil in Ireland is not political but economical. A peasantry in character like that of Celtic Brittany, amiable but thriftless, multiplies recklessly on potatoes in a climate unfavourable to the raising of grain, and is at the same time depressed by a religious system the effects of which on the industrial energy and material condition of the people have been in all countries the same. The case has been made worse by the absenteeism of the landlords, their frequent neglect of duty, and the bad relations existing between them and their tenants; while, to crown the whole, agricultural depression, the consequence of foreign competition, has probably rendered much of the land of Ireland incapable of paying a rent. This malady, or complication of maladies, no political gimcrackery can cure. Nothing can cure it that does not equalize population with subsistence, and produce a change in the industrial habits of the people. The people themselves are at heart conscious of the fact, and have never shown much interest in any merely political agitation. O'Connell's Repeal Movement became a standing farce, and Smith O'Brien's rebellion ended in a cabbage garden. Other plots for the establishment of a Hibernian Republic have met a similar fate. The present political movement derives its whole force from its conjunction with agrarian discontent. If the people want the repeal of the Union, it is because they have been led to believe that it would be the repeal of Rent. Of this the political revolutionists are perfectly aware, as they are now showing by their jealous protests against the introduction of any Land measure unaccompanied by a measure of Home Rule. Let Parliament impose silence on political revolution till the economical question has been settled: when the economical question shall have been settled, and the hungry begin to be fed, the flame of political disaffection will expire like that of a lamp from which the oil has been withdrawn. GOLDWIN SMITH.

WINTER IN THE SELKIRKS.

PERHAPS a description of life in the Selkirk Mountains during winter may not be without interest, especially to those who at this time are enjoying all the comforts of modern civilization in towns and cities. The Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the range, and it is on the line of that railway, near to the summit, on the eastern slope of the Selkirks, that the camp is situated where this is written.

Our camp consists of a log house, built in a convenient and sheltering clump of bush. Within a stone's throw flows the Bear Creek, in winter a bright and babbling stream, that sometimes plays fantastic tricks with the miniature icebergs it piles up; and in summer often a roaring torrent, foul with the soil washed down from the mountain sides by the melting snow, and impatient of any obstruction to its progress. To the south of us rises Mount Carroll, his ragged head and jagged shoulders towering up 5,000 feet above our modest dwelling, completely shutting out all sunlight from us for more than four months. His sides are so steep, and we are so close to his base—not more than four hundred feet from it—that one has to look up almost perpendicularly to see his top. To the north lies Mount Hermit, even more ragged and jagged than Mount Carroll. These two steep mountains, with the narrow intervening valley, form as it were a V, in the apex of which our little hut stands. When on a bright winter's day the sun climbs up behind Mount Carroll, and throws his brilliant rays on Hermit's snow-clad summit, the intense glare is reflected down upon us, and the welcome sunshine streams in at our windows. Mount Hermit is our moon, and gives us the sunlight that Carroll would keep from us.

Those who have never spent a winter in a mountainous country in snowy latitudes can hardly imagine the wonderful beauty of the snow-clad peaks lit up by the glare of a brilliant sun. The fantastic outlines of these magnificent Selkirks seem too unreal, even while one is gazing at them, to be actual, solid, enduring rock. But when the strange forms are clothed with a garment of intense white, when they stand against a background of strong, deep blue, when they shine and sparkle in the bright light of a clear winter's sun, the effect is only comparable to the imaginings of fairyland. There is nothing in nature so pure and so white as the summit of a snow-clad mountain in the depth of winter. It is impossible to compare it to anything, for it is itself whiter than anything, and its whiteness is intensified by contrast with the deep blue of the sky. Never have I seen anywhere such sky as we occasionally see at the summit of these mountains. The blue is so deep as to have almost a shade of black in it. Doubtless this is owing to our altitude (we are over 4,000 feet above the sea) combined with the sharp frosty atmosphere which usually prevails. But whatever the reason may be, its effect as a factor in the production of winter scenery is marvellous; and I imagine it would be difficult to find in any country any sight grander than the great congregation of peaks that cluster around the head of the Illi-cilli-waet Pass.

Snow, however, as every one in Canada knows, has its drawbacks. No objection can be urged against it so long as it stays on mountain-tops and looks pretty; but when it lies deep in the valleys, and our communications with the outer world can only be kept open by "breaking trail" on snowshoes, each additional snowfall is deprived of much of its æsthetic interest by the hard and laborious work which it entails. Our mails come to us once a month by dog train from Canmore, on the eastern slope of the Rockies, 150 miles distant; and the Indian dogs, strong and willing though they be, would be unable to haul the toboggans with their precious load if the trail were not kept open for them. It may be understood that under these circumstances trail-breaking is a duty that is attended to in all weathers. But we have our reward for all our trouble, and I think the sweetest sounds to our ears in the whole month are the whimperings of the dogs and the shouts of the drivers, that announce to the camp the arrival of the long-looked-for letters. The mail is carried by dog-train fifty miles beyond our camp to Farewell, a little mining town that, in less than a year, has grown up on the banks of the Columbia River. There are many hard experiences for both dogs and men on a journey of 200 miles over such mountains in the dead of winter. The "trip" takes ten days: sometimes they are over sixteen hours at a stretch between stopping-places, and sometimes have to "hang up" for the night in a deserted log hut, where there are no comforts beyond those that can be extracted from a fire in the middle of the floor. But dog-drivers, as a rule, are not men of luxurious habits, and in spite of snow and storm, cold and exposure, our mails come to us with wonderful regularity.

We have not many amusements—that goes without saying. In spring, when the bears awake from their long sleep, there may be some excitement in making a collection of skins: but a "silver tip"—which is a bear frequently met with here—is an awkward individual with whom to have very intimate relations, and the gathering in, and proper harvesting, of one such hide sometimes affords enough excitement to last a man a whole summer; besides using up a great deal of ammunition. The cinnamon bear is also occasionally found here. He, too, is a large and very fierce beast, and requires much careful and judicious treatment. The black bear is the most common; there is not much difficulty in killing him, and the skin makes a handsome robe. Of "grizzlies" there seem to be very few; indeed, I have not heard an authentic instance of the real "grizzly" having been seen in these mountains. I imagine that their habitat is farther south. Caribou will be plentiful when the herbage begins to appear through the snow in the flats of the valley and bare places, and their magnificent antlers and soft thick hides are prizes worth going after. During the winter they desert such altitudes as we are living at, and remain in the lower and open valleys, where food is more easily obtained. Where the mountain goats go to in winter no one appears definitely to know. It seems impossible that they should remain up in the mountain-tops, above the tree line, at this inclement time of year, for there even a goat would find it impossible to get anything to eat, one would imagine; but certainly they are never seen in the valleys. The dead body of one having apparently fallen over a high cliff immediately above; and this would go to show that they actually live—or try to live—in the mountain-tops all the year round. They are pretty little beasts, these mountain goats, with soft coats of thick white fleece, and sharp pointed horns, much like those of their civilized brethren. On the shoulder there is a thick gathering of skin and flesh that forms a diminutive "hump," somewhat like that of buffalo; and probably this contains the store of fat upon which the system draws in winter when provender fails. Mountain sheep may also be numbered among our neighbours. They are chiefly remarkable for their large curled horns, twisting round over the front of their heads and forming a protection to the forehead. It is said that when they descend from rock to rock they so make their spring as to light upon their heads, and certainly I have seen horns battered and chipped as though they had been used in this way. At present we catch martens and little ermines in traps, and shoot with rice—for lack of small shot—the beautiful little snow-white, black-eyed ptarmigan that feeds upon the buds of the alder bushes.

Our weather has been surprisingly mild. While we hear of places in the far east suffering from blizzards and unprecedentedly low temperature, we complain that frequently it has not been cold enough to prevent the snow from melting on the roof and dripping into our abode. There was one cold "snap" early in January, but by the middle of February we are luxuriating in soft balmy air, the blue-jays are chattering, and the little tits whistling about our camp, and everything betokens that spring is close at hand. One would hardly seek the summit of the Selkirks desiring early spring; and yet—Nature is so capricious—it is here to be found.

G. C. C.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE Kirghis are a very singular people, and inhabit the Russian province between Kashgar and Kouldja. Kirghis means "forty girls," according to Dr. Seeland, chief physician of the province. A plateau in the latter is called "the roof of the world," and it was from this the Aryans have descended. Some of the valley-steppes are so rich as to be called "paradises"; the leanest horse on the pasturage becomes fat in a fortnight. The deer is a profitable game, as the Kirghis sell the horns to the Chinese for medical purposes. "Hartshorn" has ever been a medicament. Scorpions and spiders are very common. The spider attacks horses, camels, and bullocks, but it flies from sheep, that eat them with impunity; a sheepskin hung before a tent will drive them away as efficaciously as did Ziska's his enemies.

With the Kirghis the chief food during summer is koumyss, made from fermented mare's milk, which is drunk out of wooden cups; it is a capital nutriment and tonic. Roast horse is the most coveted dish; mutton is common fare, and four pounds of meat are the average zulation at a meal. In winter, cereals form the chief food. The host, in order to display his courtesy, takes a handful of small roasted tidbits, and plunges them into the guest's mouth. Poor relations are given the bones to pick, with the right to extract their marrow.

A small cheese is prepared from cooked curd allowed to sour. A little is dissolved in water and drunk. It is efficacious against scurvy. The women rather than the men patronize tobacco; it is neither smoked nor chewed; a little is put between the jaw and the gums and then expectorated. Dress consists of a long chemise of wool or cotton, and felt stockings; then cotton or leather pantaloons, a blouse and leather boots. The head is shaven, and over a skull-cap is a sheepskin hat. When travelling in summer, a Kirghis is accompanied with his winter wardrobe. Like all Mussulmans, he wears galoshes over his boots, which are left outside on entering the mosque.

The toilette of women resembles nearly that of men, save the white caps; they wear their hair in curls, and at the end of each curl is fixed a piece of money or jewellery. Houses are simply cages, where the bars are covered with felt. The smoke of the open fire keeps the house warm—but the fire once out, water freezes. The children, during summer, play round the tents, naked, or half-naked, amidst the camels, horses, and dogs. Only the rich have tables and chairs; the others have, for furniture, stuffed sacks, pitchers, and saucepans.

The live stock in winter rely on the herbs to be obtained beneath the snow; horses, oxen, etc., scrape the latter away, like reindeer. The horses are never shod, and can climb mountains like goats. The cows are small, and will only yield their milk in presence of their calves. The Kirghis are great anglers; their hook consists of a curved nail, and a hempen string. Girls wed at fourteen, and men at eighteen. If a man be not rich he remains a bachelor—but he has till 80 years to decide upon matrimony. The marriage ceremony consists in the priest blowing on a cup of water, and handing it round to all to drink.

The new-born baby is placed in a chair-cradle, and tied down; it is rarely removed, and the mother gives it the breast in that position. The fifth day after birth the child is baptized. It is weaned at three years old; children are never beaten.

Women eat only after their husbands or brothers have finished. Divorce is rarely sought; even a Crawford confession of misconduct the husband would regard merely as an accident—of an accident. Racings on horseback are also *à la mode*; and where the girls participate, if they are caught by a gentleman, he is rewarded by a kiss. The rich are bound to support the poor; and on the occasion of fêtes the indigent are allowed to eat as much meat as they can. A man's wealth is estimated by the number of his live stock—and the beggars he feeds.

Capital punishment is unknown. Stealing a horse involves repayment in double its value. Outraged honour can be healed by a fine—as in England, or by a duel—as in France. The Kirghis are not particular about any *syllabus*. They fear evil spirits, but by rubbing a little mutton suet on a holy rock danger is avoided. The dead are sacred, and are buried in a sitting posture. The Kirghis can support hunger, cold, and thirst as bravely as their horses. A man has been known to live twenty days on his own leather boots.

In the case of fevers and small-pox, the patient has a bit of felt put in his mouth, which he spits out; this is burned, and a milk-and-water diet completes the cure. For a black-eye, a cold lemon is the remedy. If the disease be in the lungs or liver, portions of the corresponding organs of an animal are given. Sore eyes, for example, are cured by the roasted eyes of an ox. *Similia similibus curantur.*

They are as fond of news as the ancient Greeks, and as vain of costume or a new friend as a European of the nineteenth century. Suicides are as unknown to the Kirghis as photographers, or as rare as among modern Greeks on account of being refused the Epirus. ZERO.

THE PICTURES AT THE GARRICK CLUB.

MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

WE can see in this canvas, which represents her in dark blue velvet, trimmed with dark brown fur, just removing a mask, the beauties that Ashton has recorded, the "dark brown hair and eyebrows, black sparkling eyes, and a fresh bluish complexion." We can understand as we gaze on these pure pearly flesh tints, the tendency she exhibited to flush "in her breast, neck, and face," whenever she exerted herself. "Never," says Cibber, "was any woman in such general favour with the spectators." All who looked upon her loved her. She inspired the best authors to write for her, Rowe and Congreve amongst the number. All the gay sparks of the period sighed for her, yet her private character was unimpeachable.

QUIN.

HE was dull, heavy, monotonous, emphasizing the worst faults of his great predecessor. Yet Quin was long without rivals; he made his own terms with managers; his word was law upon the stage; in private life he was feared, tolerated, caressed. The best houses were open to him in London, Bath, or the counties, and he is no doubt best remembered from his eccentric ways, his epicurean tastes, and his hectoring, quarrelsome tongue. He was a noted duellist, and twice killed his man; while his repartees were often cruel, but generally humorous. Quin was honourably proud of his profession, and every one will admire the sturdy independence of his reply to the nobleman who regretted that Quin was a player. "What would your lordship have me?—a lord?" was a fitting retort to the insolent speech. Quin's elocution must have been highly esteemed, for he was selected by Frederick, Prince of Wales, to instruct the royal children; and when George III. delivered his first speech from the throne, it was with pardonable exultation that Quin exclaimed, "I taught the boy to speak."

MRS. CLIVE.

THE Garrick portrait endorses the contemporary opinion that Mrs. Clive, the Kitty Clive of her day, was not beautiful; but she had a fine person, and her face is lively and expressive. We see before us the "jovial, ugly, witty, sensible actress," who was the universal favourite of the day, particularly in *Nell* in "The Devil to Pay," and similar characters. Her comic talents were deservedly styled exquisite. She was essentially natural, and created a school of realism, so that the best acting in her line has been modelled after her. Her walk in comedy was extensive—chambermaids, hoydens, romps, country girls, viragoes, and superannuated dowds. "No one," says one who had often seen her, "could be grave when Clive was disposed to be gay." Although separated from her husband, a brother of the Mr. Baron Clive, her fair fame was never spotted by the slightest suspicion of calumny. Frank, blunt, eccentric in manner and disposition, she was respected to the last, and left the stage after a long and brilliant career, to survive for many years in a modest villa on the banks of the Thames. She was bitten by the prevailing vice of gambling, and did not always keep her temper at play. No better story is told than that of her at quadrille, when her opponent, a hoary-headed dowager, demanded payment for two black aces. "Two black aces!" cried Kitty Clive, "I'd like to give you two black eyes, you old white cat!"

GARRICK.

AN amusing story is told of the way he practised upon the patience and temper of Gainsborough. He paid sixteen visits to his studio, it is said, and on each occasion had imperceptibly wrought a change in his features; at last the painter, declaring he could not paint a man with such a "Protean phiz," threw down his brush in despair. The extraordinary facial power of Garrick is still further shown in the fact that he sat to Hogarth as Fielding, after the novelist's death. Hogarth wished to paint a posthumous likeness of Fielding, but there was no work extant to which he could refer. Garrick, therefore, dressed in a suit of Fielding's clothes, and cleverly assumed his features, look, and attitude. It was not strange that Johnson, when he learnt that Garrick's face was growing wrinkled, should exclaim, "And so it ought, for whose face has experienced so much wear and tear as his?"

PEG WOFFINGTON.

IN looking at this charming portrait of Woffington, with its lovely face, its dark expressive eyes, and engaging aspect, we can understand the empire she exercised over men's hearts. It has been said she was the handsomest woman that ever appeared on the stage; unfortunately she had a bad voice, "the only impediment to her becoming superlatively excellent." She was an actress of all work, playing all parts, from *Sir Harry Wildair* to *Lady Macbeth*. "She was famous for performing in male attire," says Leigh Hunt, "and her *Sir Harry Wildair*, the character in which she first appeared in London, was so excellent, she represented the gay, dissipated, good-humoured rake with so much ease, elegance, and propriety of deportment, that no male actors could compete with her." A true *artiste*, she could on occasion sacrifice personal feelings to the general interest of the theatre, and "she ever remained," says a contemporary,

"the same gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Peggy to all around her," except to one person, her rival and pet aversion, George Ann Bellamy. These two were deadly foes. The rivalry between them reached its climax when they played in "The Rival Queens." Peg was dressed, we are told, in a cast-off robe of the Princess-Dowager of Wales, while Bellamy had sent to Paris for two magnificent costumes. Peg, in the great scene as *Roxana*, maddened by jealousy, rolled her rival in the dust, and pummeling her with the handle of her dagger, gave peculiar effect to the words, "Die, sorceress, die!" which were in her part.

EDMUND KEAN.

This is a small portrait of the eminent tragedian in the incongruous attire of a Red Indian. Kean, towards the end of his career, visited the States and Canada. While at Quebec his audience once included a number of Huron chiefs, who later expressed a wish to elect him as one of their tribe, and he was formally initiated as a chief under the name of Altenaida—an honour which, it is said, aroused the highest enthusiasm in him; so much so, that he at one time contemplated retiring to the backwoods in search of perfect peace instead of returning to Drury Lane.—ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

CARLYLE'S STYLE.

CARLYLE'S prose has its defects most assuredly. His periods are often like those swelled brick that have got too much of the fire—crabbed and perverse. His earnestness, his fury of conviction, made it too hot for them; his style becomes distorted. In the best prose there is always a certain smoothness and homogeneity. "In the very torrent, tempest (and as I may say), whirlwind of your passion," says *Hamlet* in his address to the players, "you must acquire and beget a temperance that will give it smoothness." If not external smoothness, then certainly internal—a fusion or blending that is like good digestion. Carlyle does not always have this; Emerson does not always have it; Whitman does not always have it, probably does not always strive for it; Browning rarely or never has it. There is a good deal in Carlyle that is difficult, not in thought, but in expression. To the reader it is a kind of mechanical difficulty, like walking over boulders. In his best work, like the life of Sterling, his essays on Johnson and Voltaire, and the battle pieces in Frederick, there is the least of this.

"There is a point of perfection in art," says La Bruyère, "and there is a goodness and ripeness in nature. He who feels and loves it has perfect taste; he who feels it not, who loves something beneath or beyond it, has faulty taste." In the life of Sterling, more completely than in any other one of his books, Carlyle attains to this goodness and ripeness of nature. He is calm and mellow; there is nothing to inflame him, but everything to soften and quiet him, and his work is of unrivalled richness in all the noblest literary qualities. But at other times he was after something beneath or beyond the point of perfection in art. He was not primarily a critical or literary force like Arnold himself, but a moral force working through literature. He was the conscience of his country and times, wrought up to an almost prophetic fervour and abandonment, and to cut deep was more a point with him than to cut smooth.

Again, his defects as a writer probably arose out of his wonderful merits as a talker. He was in the first instance a talker, and he came finally to write as he talked, so that the page, to retain all its charm and effectiveness, needs the Carlyle voice and manner, and the Carlyle laugh super-added. These would give it smoothness and completion. One rather likes a certain roughness in a man's style, but it must be a smooth roughness; the roughness of a muscular arm, and not of a malformed or an ill-shapen one. There is a widespread difference between the roughness of Shakespeare and the crabbiness and jerkiness of Browning. There is nothing abrupt in Shakespeare; the transitions, as a rule, are natural and easy, but Browning is a poet who, in his search after the intense and the dramatic, is very often forced to take up with the crabbed and the elliptical. One welcomes the vitality and activity of his mind at the same time that he is wearied by his want of ease and simplicity. I, for my part, do not care for acrobatic or gymnastic feats in literature: the man who walks along by simply putting one foot in front of the other pleases me better.—JOHN BURROUGHS, in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

THE LESSON TAUGHT BY A DISENDOWED CHURCH.

I HAVE spoken all through of Disestablishment, but I fear that, after our unhappy precedent, that is certain to include Disendowment. The State had a perfect right to disestablish us, but I never could feel that taking our property was anything but robbery.* Deny, if you will, all that our Church claims of historical descent, and say that she only dates from the Reformation. Maintain, if you will, that wrong was then done in allowing the Church of the minority to gain what was intended for the whole nation. But it is now too late to re-open arrangements made in the reign of Henry VIII. Something must be allowed to prescriptive rights. If property might be taken from us which we had possessed for three hundred years, why not as well demand back from individuals Church lands bestowed on their ancestors by the favour of the Sovereign three

* Of course, I am aware that it is only in an improper sense that the words murder or robbery can be applied to any act of the Legislature, which, if the public good demand it, has a right to take the life or property of any subject. But it is now recognized that the shock which such acts give to the sanctity of life and to the security of property is ordinarily not compensated by any advantage gained in the particular case; consequently bills of attainder have become obsolete.

hundred years ago? I know it has been maintained that the State is bound to respect prescriptive rights in the case of individuals, but is at liberty to treat the property of the Church as liable to be diverted without impropriety to other uses. All I can say is, that the Irish people have never been able to recognize this distinction. They have felt that property dedicated to the service of God was held by the more sacred title of the two, and that those who could deal with that might equally confiscate any other. Consequently, as I expected at the time, the Disendowment of our Church struck a blow at the whole institution of property which has thrown back the civilization of the country for at least half a century. Since then the feeling has sprung up that the way for the nation to get rich is not by thrift and industry, but by getting Parliament to give men some of their neighbours' property. The sudden conversion of the English Parliament to do by a large majority what for a generation they had by equally large majorities refused to do has produced a feeling that there is nothing which the English Parliament would refuse to do if sufficiently pressed.* And long before a confession injudiciously made some little time ago, it was perfectly well understood here that outrages constituted a kind of pressure to which English statesmen were peculiarly sensitive. There has resulted a weakening of the Executive Government which gives rise to a general feeling of insecurity. No kind of tenure makes property safe. I am told that not merely as regards the land, but in mercantile matters also, the honest fulfilment of engagements cannot now be relied on as formerly. And as the law of the land has been weakened, there has grown up an unwritten law the vagueness of which makes it a real tyranny. A free country is one in which a man who refrains from doing what is forbidden by known laws may do anything else he pleases. A despotic country is one in which a subject does not know what commands the tyrant next day may issue or what penalty he may impose for transgression. The latter is the state of things in which we now live. No prudent man can now set up a manufacture in Ireland. As soon as he has sunk his money in it, some command may be issued his non-compliance with which may be punished by the destruction of his whole business. The paralysis of industry is evident to every one, but the cure of all evils is now looked for from something Parliament is to do; and, as an English Parliament will not apply a remedy, it is hoped that an Irish Parliament by protection, by bounties, and by direct aid will do something to develop industry which private enterprise looks on as unremunerative. Being an old-fashioned believer in political economy, I fear the remedy would be worse than the disease, and would only add a crushing burden of taxation to our other troubles. Holding, as I do, the Irish Church Act of 1869 to be the *fons et origo* of all the evils that have been let loose upon us, I believe that Englishmen do the part, not only of good Churchmen, but of good citizens, in maintaining the right of their Church to the retention of her property, and thus guarding the nation from entering on the path of revolution on which ours has been recklessly sent.—PROFESSOR GEORGE SALMON, in the *Contemporary Review*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—When and why was the English Court called the Court of St. James? Please reply in your next issue, and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

[St. James's Palace was erected by Henry VIII. on the site of the Hospital of St. James, founded for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leprous." It was for long afterwards a royal residence, and the English Court has ever since been called the Court of St. James's.]

THE RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—Given the correctness of Mr. Herbert Spencer's aphorism, that, "unlike the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense," the natural deduction would be that because the senses compose the only medium by which outside intelligence can be conveyed to consciousness, therefore that which is beyond the sphere of sense is unknowable. Consciousness is supposed to be enshrined somewhere in the brain, and surrounded by a network of nervous wires which conduct outside intelligence to it, similarly as the electric wires conduct intelligence to a given point; and what these wires are not constituted so as to convey, cannot of course reach consciousness. But the question arises, How can Mr. Spencer know the limits of the powers of sense as a medium? He can only know absolutely, I submit, how far his own senses have been tried as a medium, or in other words he can only know what his own senses have conveyed to his own consciousness: the extent and variety of which composes the groundwork of his own individual knowledge. He cannot know whether other influences differing from any he has ever personally experienced have not used the physics of other men's brains as a medium to convey religious intelligence to other men's consciousnesses.

And, singular as it may appear to agnostics, religion,—that is, the Christian religion,—places itself exactly in accord with their own science, when they state that that which they cannot at present comprehend is beyond, not the "sphere" of sense, but "sense" itself. Sense is one thing; the sphere of sense is quite another. The Christian religion teaches that unless the wires of communication are touched at the far end by Truth itself, truth cannot enter into consciousness any more than what one never saw

* In a political cartoon lately published by a Nationalist newspaper, the Queen and Lord Salisbury sternly present an Act bearing the inscription, "Fundamental Law of the Empire; Union of Great Britain and Ireland," while Mr. Gladstone confronts them holding in his hand another "Fundamental Law of the Empire," torn to pieces, inscribed "United Church of England and Ireland."

can enter by the sense of sight. And that what cannot enter by the sense of sight may enter by the sense of sound, even as the still small voice of the telephone enters unheard by any save the recipient, only stiller and smaller and by finer perceptions, and spoken either apparently as if from a great distance, or as if from a voice the cadences of which are so fine and the meaning conveyed so "new," that the consciousness spoken to realizes at once that the voice which caused such gentle and unique vibrations in the wires of sense with corresponding emotions in consciousness could never have emanated from tangible creation—a voice causing a new creation.

Y.

IRISH POVERTY EXPLAINED.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of Feb. 20 there is a letter, evidently from a well-educated Irishman, which throws great light upon the condition of Irish small farmers, also upon that curious condition of mind, so often to be met with among the Catholic Irish, that for their own mistakes and wrongdoing the British Government is to be blamed instead of themselves.

He states that he has an uncle renting six acres near Lisburn (population in 1871, 9,300), holding under an indulgent landlord, who allows him two or three years to pay his rent—a landlord hard to find on this continent.

He further states that his uncle's farm is not cultivated as it ought to be, because there is no money to drain or manure it (this is one of the great objections to small holdings); that last year he grew on his six acres enough potatoes for his family; he also had one acre under oats, producing about seven hundredweight (784 lbs.), say twenty bushels. (The crop in Ireland last year was above the average.) The official average for England on a series of years is thirty-nine bushels; so that, deducting for seed, his uncle would only market one-half of the English average. He also had a cow. With a number of other competing small farmers, their only market a town with a population of 9,300, he would have to depend upon the butter and the calf. As the dwelling "is barely covered with thatch, with the usual earthen, uneven floor," good dairying is out of the question. We can thus see the truth of the complaints of so much of Irish butter being greatly inferior to what it should be, and consequently fetching a lower price in the English markets than Dutch, French, or Danish butter. Hence the money returned from the cow must be far below what it should be. These facts will help to explain why, as shown in my letter in *THE WEEK* for March 4, the average net saleable return per acre in Ireland is only £2 5s. 3d., against £4 2s. 5d. per acre in England.

His uncle, "with the occasional assistance of hand-loom weaving, manages to keep his young family in bread." Considering that forty years ago hand-loom weaving in England was driven out of the field by improved machinery—the hand-loom weavers earning at last about a shilling per day—your readers can form a correct idea of how little assistance he derives from that "occasional" source. Probably, averaging the whole year, about fifty cents per week would be the outside.

His uncle is afraid to buy his farm, even if he could borrow the whole amount from the Government. He sees, according to his nephew, that then he (and not the landlord as at present) would have to pay the taxes—that the payment to the Government, plus the taxes, would equal what he now pays (or owes) for the land; and, finally, that instead of having an easy landlord, waiting two or three years, he would have an official to deal with, who would require the money punctually.

This explains why he and so many others are averse to go into debt to buy, and it is a common-sense view.

As a matter of fact, the greatest dis-service one could do to that man would be to lend him the money to buy the land with, and thus chain him to the soil, like a serf of six hundred years ago. The greatest service that could be done to him would be, first, to repeal Mr. Gladstone's Acts, thus returning to free contract, one of the foundations of civilized life; and then in lieu of an easy-going Irish landlord, to give him an American landlord, who would turn him out and compel him to go to the States, and earn as a day-labourer from three to six times as much as he does now—in plain English, an American landlord would fivefold his income against his tenant's will.

If an exact calculation were gone into, it would be found that that farmer, including the wholesale value of the potatoes consumed by his family, does not net on an average of years, after all outgoings are allowed for, more than a dollar and a half per week from his six acres. Your readers can roughly test it in this way. Does the average Ontario farmer, where he has to pay rent, say \$250 for labour, besides miscellaneous expenses, net on an average from his hundred-acre farm \$998 (nine hundred and ninety-eight) per annum? If yes, he would soon make a competence.

It must be borne in mind that there are over 70,000 farmers in Ireland with smaller holdings than the one before referred to, and that nine out of every ten have no hand-loom weaving to earn an occasional shilling by.

But whose fault is it that he is thus poverty-stricken?

A Canadian would not have married until, at least, he had saved enough money to have had a wooden floor put down, also a few pounds required as capital, to make the most of the holding.

The uncle, while single, should have emigrated, and when he had saved enough have sent for his sweetheart—in political-economy phrase, he should have taken his labour to the dearest market, instead of as now to the cheapest. In lieu of thus acting he recklessly plunged into matrimonial poverty, is too lazy to improve his floor up to the civilized level, or to properly cultivate his patch, and then the British Government is blamed for his faults, including his recklessly bringing a family of paupers into

the world. Gladstone's Land Bill (by perpetuating small farms) and Home Rule will increase these evils. If economic laws had not been interfered with by Mr. Gladstone, one-half, at least, of the 231,000 small farms would, during the last fifteen years, have been consolidated into fair-sized farms.

In *Harper's Magazine* for 1879-80, vols. 59 and 60, there are some letters from the West of Ireland by Miss Cloud, an American artist-author. She mixed with and lived among the poor, and writes in a kindly manner, giving instructive details of their daily life. At page 540, vol. 60, she gives a graphic account of how in her presence at a wake (the best description of an Irish wake ever written) an Irish farmer gave the particulars of having wedded his daughter to a blind pensioner possessing nothing but a pension of thirty-two cents per day; the father considering it "a very proper marriage." Also, how the priest had married them at his (the father's) expense, for half the usual fee, jocularly observing that he was ready to marry fifty more at the same price. Not a word from the priest as to the certain poverty and wretchedness that must result from such a union. The British Government and the landlords are vilified and blamed for the evil results of reckless marriages, instead of blaming the right persons.

At page 97, vol. 60 (1880), she states how she was present at a shebeen, where a marriage was arranged by the fathers of a young couple—one engaging, in addition to other small gifts, to put up a cabin for his daughter and to give her a quarter of an acre of land. Of course, if the landlord or his agent tried to prevent this subdivision, their lives would have been endangered.

So long as such things take place there must be poverty in Ireland. With Home Rule of course these and many other evils will be intensified. Moral and economic laws, if persistently broken, must entail punishment.

In future ages, professors of political economy will always adduce Irish Home Rule (if unhappily for Ireland it should be granted) as the greatest and best instance ever known, from a statesmanlike point of view, of "How not to do it."

Yours, LIBERAL.

Toronto, March 20.

SONATA.

FAST or slow,
Rising loud or sinking low,
Sweetly go
The liquid tones of an underflow,
Mingling with note of a joyous bird,
Scarcely heard,
Mounting in air a solemn thrill,
Sweet and still,
As morning sunbeams kiss the hill;
Or blending in tone the valley's rill,
Dancing the eddies about until
The dimpled stream with joy they fill,
And make it show
The stones below
In all the tints of heaven's bow.
Then up away
Swells Nature's lay
Among the trees, along the hay,
Across the sheen of the azure bay;
And ever again,
Life summer's rain,
Gladly sparkling,
Strangely darkling,
Ever open flower startling,
It floats above,
A song of love,
Clear as the nightingale, soft as the dove.
But hush! O hush!
The deadening crush
Of all things beautiful, glad, and flush.
Ah! gone the flowers,
Gone the showers,
Gone the velvet, mossy bowers.
Yet harken, hear,
Low and clear,
Driving Fear
And Doubt and Sorrow far away.
The frozen bay,
The falling ray
Lights up again in glories gay.
With what delight—
A graceful fight—
The dancing flakes their tiny might
Exert against a world bedight
In colours slow,
To music low,
Till every obstacle is white.
The silvered tree,
The spotless lea,
Are all in beauty clothed free;
No stint, nor spare,
But everywhere
In purest colours, purest air,
The song of chastity is there.

J. F. A. W.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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MR. HOWLAND'S qualification having been made good by the recent Act of the Local Legislature, passed for that purpose, he has very properly been re-elected Mayor of Toronto by acclamation. But we cannot help thinking that his friends have pitched their case too high, and that far too violent things have been said against those who took legal measures to test the sufficiency of his qualification. They have been denounced and vilified as though they were literally the vile adherents of "Barabbas," and engaged in a malignant persecution of "Christ." Nobody, we presume, questions the wisdom of the law by which a qualification is required. But the requirement can be enforced only by objecting to those who are not duly qualified, and the objection is sure to come from opponents, and not from friends; at least, we never happened to hear of an objection of any kind being taken by friends. We see no more malignity in raising a question as to a candidate's qualification than in voting against him at the polls. When there is a doubt, the interest of the community requires that it should be set at rest, since the acts of an officer not duly elected may be invalid. If a candidate wants to avoid the annoyance of litigation, let him be sure that he has a qualification before he runs: he owes this precaution to the community as well as to himself. The "Christ or Barabbas" view of the question is altogether too high-flown to be sound. The thousands of decent citizens who voted in the minority might be voting wrong, but they believed that they were voting right; and a good many of them, when they read a certain document which appeared about a month ago, were strongly confirmed in that impression.

THERE is one subject at least with regard to which Mr. Howland as Mayor is well qualified to do good service. He is thoroughly acquainted with all that concerns the relief of destitution in Toronto, as well as honourably distinguished for his own benevolent exertions among the poor. The question is fully ripe for his consideration. In the past year no less than 268 men have been committed to the City Gaol as vagrants. A third of these were proper subjects not for a gaol but for an infirmary. The House of Industry has made an effort to apply the labour test, but its resources, as we understand, have proved unequal to the need. We are still liable to inundation by destitute emigrants, for, although Mr. Carling is right in saying that he does not ship all the emigrants to Toronto, all or most of them fall back upon Toronto when, from the closing of the working season or any other cause, they find themselves in distress. It is time that the question of the Relief of the Poor should be taken up in earnest and settled upon some definite plan. The reluctance to admit the necessity of a public provision for indigence is respectable; and we should be very sorry to think that the Workhouse system would ever be imported from England into this country. May the name Pauper never be heard on this side of the Atlantic! But it is vain to say that no public provision can be necessary because this is a young country. A young country in years it is, but it is old in progress, and we are already brought face to face with the problems, as well as endowed with the fruits, of an advanced civilization. Nor is the prejudice against public relief in the case of vagrants, or such people as would be received in a Labour Yard or a House of Industry, well founded. Public relief administered by rule and with discrimination demoralizes and degrades less than private charity administered, as it is apt to be, without rule or discrimination, and with more regard to importunity than to need. For private charity, accompanied by words of comfort, misfortune, sickness, and bereavement will still afford an ample field.

MR. CHARLTON again brings in his Seduction Bill, and the reason for demurring to it is the same as before. It is founded on a false assumption, and it proclaims a pernicious doctrine. The false assumption on which it is founded is that in the irregular intercourse of the sexes the fault is always and wholly on one side: the pernicious doctrine which it proclaims is that a woman is not the guardian of her own honour. It is hardly possible to take up a social paper without seeing some account of the intrigues of an adventuress which proves that in cases of seduction the seducer is not invariably the man. Nor can there be much doubt that the

tendency of such legislation as Mr. Charlton proposes will be, by giving a designing woman a tremendous hold upon the victim of her allurements, to multiply cases of that kind. Against violence, of course, the State undertakes effectually to guard; it ought also effectually to guard, if it has not already done so, against trepanning into bad houses, and conspiracy of every sort. But if a girl chooses freely to go wrong under the influence of her passions, or of a love of finery, she has herself to blame; and the consciousness of this and of the reprobation which will await her are the indispensable securities for her virtue. A false promise of marriage makes no difference; every young woman in a country like this knows perfectly well that she ought to wait till the promise is performed. That the purity of the affections is the most essential condition of our happiness as well as of our virtue is most true, and he who fences it with new safeguards would be a social benefactor indeed. But it will hardly be fenced with new safeguards, it will rather be stripped of the best defence which it has, by legislation which, in effect, tells all women that however voluntarily they may yield to the sway of passion, their fall shall be accounted involuntary, and themselves held innocent and blameless before the law. To force marriage, by making it the alternative to the Penitentiary, seems also a most questionable policy. It desecrates and degrades the marriage tie, nor can it well fail to be productive of scandal as well as of unhappiness. In punishing illicit intercourse it lays the train for adultery. We speak of law, not of sentiment; and philanthropy, if it does not wish to throw society into confusion, must learn to recognize the boundaries between the two. Nothing that we have said, therefore, prevents us from affirming as heartily as Mr. Charlton himself could affirm that a man who destroys a woman's character, if he does it in the madness of passion, falls miserably; if deliberately, is vile; and that the only thing which can bring him again within the pale of honour, or, if he has a heart, restore him to peace of mind, is voluntary marriage.

WE are reminded of the necessity of being loyal to right sentiment on these subjects by a fresh outburst in more than one quarter of the fancy for whitewashing the character of Burns. Social democracy regards Burns as its poet, though he was himself rather an equivocal democrat, for no man ever troubled himself more about the manner in which he was treated by the great. It is as much owing to this social sentiment in his favour as to admiration for the prince of British song-writers that a defence of him against a censorious and hypocritical world, even if it goes the length of half-glorifying his freedom from moral conventionalities, never fails to bring down the house. If people would plainly say that a man of genius, like Burns or Byron, who delights and amuses the world, is a privileged being, and is not to be held responsible for any breaches of the moral law in which he may choose to indulge, they would do comparatively little harm; because a young man must be inordinately conceited if he can take to himself the privilege of genius. But they do great harm by tampering with the laws of morality in the interests of their favourite. Burns's intemperance, though miserable and fatal, was the fashion of his time. His incurable love of low company, notwithstanding his training in a remarkably pure and affectionate home, his disregard of social law in keeping and showing about a satirical diary, his gross literary attack on a lady who had been most kind to him and whom he had insulted, may be allowed to pass, except when society is arraigned for its treatment of him. But his conduct to women was utterly vile. To defend, much more to show sympathy for it, is high treason to affection. Nor, we submit, can any man write, circulate, and print obscenities without being, for the time at least, a blackguard. We extend the remark to Byron, Pope, Dryden, and any one else whom it may concern, as well as to Burns, and we apply it, with due qualification, to the reader as well as the writer. Some Burns-worshippers seem almost to have persuaded themselves that lust and intemperance are essential to a genius for song-writing: yet it may be questioned whether Burns ever wrote anything so good as "Auld Robin Gray."

SOME very optimistic Reform journals seem to be flattering themselves that after all Mr. Blake has done the trick. He has himself, they think, captured Quebec by voting that the execution of Riel was unjust, while his followers have kept all safe in Ontario by voting that it was just. This view, we suspect, will prove to be rather Machiavelian than profound. The leader of a party cannot cast off his tail and go out vote-hunting on his own account in this way. His conduct commits the party, notwithstanding any disclaimers, and even though the whole of the party may not follow him. There is not the slightest doubt that the line taken by Mr. Blake has produced its natural effect everywhere: it may have done him and his party good in Quebec, but it has done the party as well as him not a little harm in Ontario and in the North-West. But supposing the strategy

had been as masterly and as successful as its panegyrists suppose, what is to be said about the morality? What is to be said about the morality of not only voting, for a political purpose, that the execution was unjust, but supporting the vote with a speech in which the principles of jurisprudence in relation to responsibility for crime were twisted into conformity with the strategical exigencies of the hour. We are not saying what Mr. Blake did, but what some of his friends appear to think that he did and applaud him for having done. Suppose such a thing had been done by Sir John Macdonald, should we not have been all holding up our hands and turning up our eyes at his unscrupulousness. Whatever Sir John may be, Mr. Blake is nothing if not respectable, and a sinister service is done him by crediting him with even a skilful intrigue. It may be very reactionary and illiberal on our part, but we cannot help saying that the chances of the Opposition at the coming election seems to us to have somewhat declined. This we sincerely lament, from an independent point of view, because if we are to have a party system it is absolutely essential that parties should be tolerably balanced and that there should be an effective Opposition. We know it is said, and perhaps with a good deal of truth, that the great Reform journal is still the Bible of Reformers, and of Scotch Reformers above all. But it will surely be a delicate operation to slip into the hands of Reformers, and of Scotch Reformers above all, in place of their Bible, a Missal, a Socialist Tract, and a Fenian Manifesto bound together.

MR. McLELAN'S first Budget will not be looked back to as the starting point of a new and brilliant fiscal policy that shall set the wheels of commerce rolling and heap up surplus after surplus in the treasury. On the contrary, it is a particularly dull affair, and one must conclude from it either that the new Finance Minister has no wonderful genius for finance, or, as we prefer to think, that the wings of genius have been clipped to prevent it from soaring into dangerous altitudes on the eve of a General Election. The whole Budget is, in fact, a continuous attempt to soften down the hard lines drawn by a stern fate on the financial canvas, and to put off—till after the elections—the evil day when the situation shall be faced, and acknowledged to the country through the unpopular medium of additional taxation. The Budget, and the Micawber-like attitude of its expounder, are, we think, a clear indication that Sir John expects to have received a fresh lease of power by the time the next statement has to be made: after the encouraging result of the vote on the Landry Motion a dissolution was to be expected; and the colourless, temporizing character of the Budget now seems to show that this has been determined on.

STILL, as far as it goes, the Budget statement is a satisfactory one. The total cost of the Rebellion ought certainly to have been brought to account in some way, and provision made for the deficit it has already caused and will continue to cause; but, on the other hand, it is legitimate matter for congratulation, and an evidence of good care, that, apart from this extraordinary expense, the expenditure is so nearly balanced by the receipts. Unless, however, a pause is made in the construction of public works, this cannot continue, especially if Mr. McLelan's expectation of a decline in imports into Manitoba and British Columbia be realized. As to the few changes made in the tariff, the adoption of the polariscope test for sugar appears to be a very desirable one: sugar is now, like tea, very much cheaper than it used to be, and can well bear a full duty; and this test, like the substitution of specific for *ad valorem* duties, is the most scientific mode of collecting import duties. Where *ad valorem* duties are in use, the burden of taxation may, perhaps, be distributed more equally; but, on the other hand, specific duties, besides affording protection to honest merchants by ensuring the collection of just dues from every one, tend also to encourage the consumption of a better quality of goods, and are therefore desirable on this account alone.

It is to be regretted that the Minister of Finance did not impose a duty on tea and coffee, and increase that on tobacco and liquor. Whatever result his bookkeeping may show, there can be no doubt that the deficit in the current revenue is growing; and a tax or increased taxes on the articles we have mentioned, while falling lightly on consumers, would have been one of the readiest means of supplying the deficiency. It is true Government has just received a large sum as duty and excise paid on liquor and tobacco in expectation of an increase in the tariff rate, thus forestalling any immediate advantage to the revenue that might have been expected from increased taxation; but this, though it has made a good showing in the receipts, is only a partial payment in advance, and in the long run in no way increases the amount of revenue. It is true too that

a great quantity of tea has been lately imported to escape the expected duty; but this again is only a partial loss, and would not have prevented a handsome increment of revenue from this source during the coming year. Tea we believe to be an article peculiarly able to bear a heavy import duty, apart from the ten per cent. charged on importations from the States. It has of late fallen in price to a greater extent than any other article of general use, and sells now at little more than one-half the price of a few years ago; and a small duty of five cents a pound, which would bring in three-quarters of a million of revenue, would not have been appreciably felt by consumers. Tea taken in excess—as it is generally taken—is by no means wholesome; and the Finance Minister would have shown more regard for the poor man's true good if he had subjected it to even a much higher tax than that suggested, and relieved from taxation instead such articles as raisins and currants. These latter especially are a most wholesome article of diet to such meat-eaters as Canadians are; they are peculiarly in use among English-speaking people, who everywhere take to them as a natural corrective to a meat diet; and if they, with other dried fruits, had been substituted in the free list for tea and coffee, no injury would be done to any industry likely to be established here, a very large addition to the revenue would be obtained, and the consumption of a far wholesomer article of diet than tea would be promoted.

THE partial lifting of the veil in the Railway Committee at Ottawa last week, through a quarrel between two members over the North-West Central Railway Bill, has revealed our Parliamentary system in an extremely unfavourable light: it is evident that many Members of Parliament, including the Member for West Toronto—the most deeply implicated—have been engaged in a transaction whose character would have ensured its being rigidly shunned by men with a proper sense of the nature of their trust as representatives of the people. With the organization of the North-West Central Railway Company the public has no concern; and if the Company were composed of private persons seeking to get privileges from Government, the public would have no concern either with the quarrel between the promoters over their expected profits. But the case is quite different where these promoters are Members of Parliament, who have seemingly used their official position to obtain extraordinary concessions for themselves from the Government. The interest of the public is then affected, and attention is strongly drawn towards promoters and Government alike. For here a quarrel between two of the promoters, accidentally divulged, has revealed unmistakably that gross corruption and jobbery exists where purity ought to prevail—a knowledge that may well cause great uneasiness and alarm, when it is remembered that, under the circumstances, searching inquiry is almost impracticable. The suspicion forces itself upon us, indeed, that if the Parliamentary scene could be lit up more generally, many other scandals of the same character might be exposed. However, to consider for the moment what has already appeared, one would like to know what knowledge (if any) Mr. McLelan, the Finance Minister, had of the bargaining between Messrs. Beatty and Woodworth, apart from the five letters Mr. Woodworth says he holds and which show the nature of the bargain; also what knowledge Mr. Norquay, the Manitoba Premier, and a member of the Board, had of it; and further, it would be interesting to be informed of the exact reasons for the election of Mr. Tupper, another M.P., to the Board, without his knowledge—whether, in fact, this had any reference to possible aid that his father, the High Commissioner, might render the financial schemes of the Company in England. The country is fortunate in having a statesman of Mr. Blake's character to watch over its interests, and make such inquiries; and it may be expected he will not neglect to do so; but that he will get any full and satisfactory reply we hardly expect. Yet, as he most justly said, it behooves us to know who profited by this transaction, and what he was to do in return; and, if he is a Member of the House, to ask how such dealings comport with the independence of Parliament. It is unfortunately true that Parliament has proceeded upon a wholly vicious principle in reference to these enterprises, in recognizing it as proper that Members of Parliament should have to do with them in any capacity in which the acts of Government are likely to affect their personal interests; for in this way has the public sense of the wrongfulness of such transactions become blunted. The obtaining of pecuniary favours from Government is really an offence which, instead of being "recognized," ought to be followed by expulsion from Parliament; to receive such advantages from Government is nothing else than taking a personal bribe to vote in a certain way; and of the two methods of bribery we cannot see that Sir Robert Walpole's direct method was one whit more flagrant than this indirect one. At any rate, being plainer to see, it would be easier to cure.

THE national faith must be kept to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, but the prosperity of the North-West, to which free railway development is absolutely vital, must no longer be strangled by railway monopoly. There must be an end of Disallowance. An impression prevails that the Government sees the necessity, and is about to treat with the Company for the abrogation of the monopoly clauses. It is to be hoped that the rumour is true, and that no time will be lost in commencing the negotiations. A settler in Manitoba, well qualified to judge, tells us that lands in Manitoba would double in price if the railway monopoly were removed. "I have lived," he says, "in Scotland, Ontario, California, and British Columbia. I prefer this climate to any of them, and want no better country if we had railway competition and the N. P. were blotted out of existence." There is no reason to believe that the Company will be deaf to the appeal, or refuse to treat on reasonable terms. The monopoly clauses were its compensation for having been compelled for a political object to deviate from the commercial line, and whatever we have to pay for their abrogation will be an addition to the sacrifice made for a political object. Something, no doubt, we shall have to pay. But the Company, as the great landowner, has an immense stake in the prosperity of the country, and may expect to recoup by development as much as it will lose in monopoly.

AMONG the principal causes of the political Socialism which is now disquieting the world and disturbing industry may certainly be reckoned the decay of religious belief. Looking forward no longer to compensation in a future state of existence for privations endured here, the working-classes pant at once to realize their material ideal; and they are no longer restrained by the conviction, which was perhaps even stronger than the belief in a future life, that the structure of society with its gradations of wealth and poverty are a divine ordinance in which all must acquiesce. Social science, if it is destined hereafter to replace the authority of Providence by that of natural law, is not yet sufficiently developed, nor has it obtained sufficient hold on the minds of the masses, with whom the general influence of Science at present is that of a force antagonistic to religion. When it was predicted that upon the decline of the religious faith which has hitherto sustained morality a moral interregnum would ensue, philosophic evolutionists scoffed at the vain alarm, and pointed to their own unshaken virtue; but they forgot that philosophy is not the heritage of the million. Another cause of the movement is the aggregation in the centres of production of vast masses of artisans, and the relation of sharp antagonism in which they are placed to the capitalists by whom they are employed, and with whom they are continually carrying on disputes about the rate of wages. These vast aggregations, though indispensable at present to production and the increase of wealth, are a baneful and dangerous feature in our present stage of civilization, and it is wonderful that any country which is naturally free from them should seek by protective systems, or other legislative devices, artificially to call them into existence. If electricity should, as some suppose, be destined to furnish the industrial world with a motor capable of distribution into an indefinite number of private workshops like those of the hand-loom weavers of former days, it will be no less a social than a mechanical boon. Collected in masses, workmen foment each other's discontent and stimulate each other's desire for change. It has been noted that tailors sitting and chatting over their work are apt to become communists, and another instance is furnished by the shoemakers of Northampton who elect Messrs. Labouchere and Bradlaugh. The artisans are flushed with the recent acquisition of political power, and have been intoxicated by the flattery of demagogues seeking their votes who make them believe that they alone are useful members of society, and that if the commonwealth were rightly ordered, not only would they be its masters but they alone would be permitted to eat bread. They just now are in that stage of half-education in which the mind is most exposed to illusions, especially when the door is opened by interest or passion. It must be added that in Europe especially many of them are improvident or intemperate; this is said to be particularly the case with the communistic artisans of Germany; the artisans of Paris are not less dissipated or indebted; and an improvement of condition, the path to which, in these cases, is self-reform, is sought by industrial conspiracy and class war. The habits of modern life have unfortunately separated the employers and the rich as a class from the employed and the poor by a very strong line of division, so that the field is prepared for a conflict of classes. The agitation assumes its most angry and violent form in Russia, and other countries in a state of political ferment, where with the fury of social and industrial agitation is blended that of political revolution. In these circumstances it is that the most frantic and satanic programmes of Socialism are put forth and the tocsin not only of revolution but of universal destruction is heard. Thus are generated the manifestoes of the Social Democratic

Alliance, which declares that the aim of its members is "a universal revolution at once social, philosophical, economical, and political, in order that there may not remain one stone upon another of the existing order of things, and that to the cry of 'Peace to the Labourers, and Death to the Tyrant Employers of Labour,' it means to destroy all States and all Churches, with all their institutions and laws, religious, political, judicial, financial, academical, economical, and social." To which the Russian Nihilist and the Invincible add that the only instrument by which the great end can be attained is terrorism produced by systematic assassination. Against such murderous extravagances as these happily the good sense and good temper of the mass of our workingmen are sufficient safeguards. But highly dynamic elements are gathering in some of the American cities, and society even on this Continent may some day be called upon to consider whether the preaching of murder and arson, or the formation of brotherhoods for such purposes, comes within a reasonable definition of freedom. No justification for conspiracy can exist in a community in which every man has a vote.

It is the existence of great masses of artisans, set in array as it were against the capitalists who employ them, and with whom they often negotiate as adverse parties, that cherishes, if it did not give birth to, the preposterous and most pernicious belief in the antagonism between capital and labour. Few delusions have been the parents of more mischief. There is really no such thing as a capitalist class, in distinction to the labouring class, though there are people who have more capital than the rest of us. Capital is inextricably blended with labour from the top to the bottom of the industrial scale. Every navvy who has anything more than his bare muscles is to that extent a capitalist. The mechanic who has money in the savings bank is in his way just as much an example of the "tyranny of capital" as his boss. His money is loaned out at interest which he receives to people who need it for the purposes of production, and he acts towards the borrower through the managers of the savings bank on exactly the same principles as the owner and lender of millions. Nor is there a distinct class of employers. Every mechanic as a consumer is an employer of labour, and when he buys the cheapest goods which he can get he is practically keeping down as much as he can the rate of wages. In refusing to give more than he can help for his loaf, he is in effect saying that the baker and all the other workers who have had anything to do with the production of the loaf shall receive no more for their labour than the market rate. Mechanics who as members of coöperative societies or in other capacities require the help of clerks or other employes, pay them no more than they can help, and put in force what Socialism calls the "iron law" just as much as do those by whom they are themselves employed.

SOCIALISM, it is said, has made good its title to serious and respectful consideration. To serious consideration it has made good its title with a vengeance, seeing that it has filled Paris twice with carnage and once with flames, kindled a desperate civil war in Spain, in Russia has assassinated an Emperor and is still carrying on a reign of terror, is now throwing Belgium into convulsions, has filled other European countries with disturbance or disquietude, and threatens to invade this Continent, where commercial liberty, freedom of contract, and the right of property have hitherto reigned in peace. But respectful consideration is the due only of theorists who work out their theories practically and present them in an intelligible form. Socialism undertakes, in place of the existing motives to productive industry, in place of the natural influences which regulate the acquisition, accumulation, and distribution of wealth, in place of free contract, of free competition, of free investment of capital, of the free play of individual tastes and aptitudes in determining an industrial career, in place, in short, of all the forces which at present organize, animate, and regulate the commercial world, to give us a Socialistic government invested with absolute power, and endowed with wisdom and beneficence no less unlimited, which by its fiat shall set all workers their parts, determine their remuneration, furnish them with the needful capital, and supply them with motives to industry higher than are afforded by the present institution of property, and at the same time fully as efficacious; upon which, we are assured, will follow a reign of perfect righteousness, universal brotherhood, and happiness hitherto unknown. But no Socialist has yet attempted to show us how this government is itself to be created. All existing governments, even the most democratic, are condemned and devoted to destruction. Mr. George and his disciples would make short work with that of the United States. Where then are the materials of the Socialistic bureaucracy to be found, and by what method are its members to be elected or appointed? Are the Presidents and Secretaries of Trade Unions

to be our economical dictators, the arbiters of our industrial, and, as they must also to a great extent be, of our moral and social lives? It has been noted as a curious fact that the workingmen are always showing mistrust of their own leaders; not without reason if many of them are like the Labour representative in the British Parliament, who the other day was morally pronounced guilty of peculation by a jury. No intelligible plan for a Socialistic government, we repeat, has yet been propounded; nor has an attempt been made to show that such an economical despotism as it is proposed to establish could be made compatible either with personal liberty or with industrial progress. To make the case complete, the Socialists are split into two sections, the Democratic Socialists who want a government armed with absolute power to carry their principles into effect by force, and the Anarchists who want to get rid of government, and not only of government but of social and domestic authority, altogether. The world may reasonably ask that the slight difference between despotism and anarchy shall be settled before it consents to being turned upside down in the interest of either.

By the death of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, England loses one who, though neither a brilliant orator nor a figure such as fills the popular imagination, was a strong, upright, and faithful servant of the State. He departs at the moment when he could least be spared; for while a steady Liberal he was a staunch upholder of the Union. As Irish Secretary, struggling to maintain the authority of the national Government and the law against the terrorist domination of the League, he was ill-supported by the Government, two or three members of which were always caballing against him, and assailed with intense and persistent bitterness by Mr. John Morley, the present Irish Secretary. But loyal men thanked him for bravely doing his duty under an adverse star. At the time of the great Irish famine he went to Ireland as the distributor of a relief fund and distinguished himself by his untiring zeal in his mission. His rewards at a later day were torrents of savage calumny and repeated attempts to murder him. Perhaps he has been withdrawn from that which he would have been unable to prevent, and which it would have been agony to a patriotic heart to see.

THE Committee of the Loyal and Patriotic Union have a first instalment of one thousand dollars ready for transmission to Ireland.

BRITISH investors are said to be eager to invest in gold mines anywhere. England, as the creditor country of the world, has profited so greatly by possessing the gold standard—which, in the presence of a universal fall in prices of commodities, has added thirty or forty per cent. to her vast wealth—that she may be supposed to be wedded to that standard, for the present at any rate; and the knowledge of this has filled British capitalists with a desire to get as much gold as they can, in the certainty that its purchasing power will not be diminished in the near future.

THE *St. James's Gazette* pokes a little fun at Mr. Labouchere. King Charles II., it says, happily for his own peace of mind, lived before the days of Mr. Labouchere; otherwise there would, no doubt, have been a frightful row over the expenditure incurred by order of that gay and thoughtless monarch in making and maintaining the decoy for ducks in St. James's Park. Some of the items in the original account of "workes and services" relating to the decoy, done by royal direction, dated 30th of May, 1671, and signed by the King himself, would make a modern Radical's blood boil. For instance, no less a sum than £128 2s. 11½d. was paid "to Edward Maybanke and Thomas Greene for digging the decoy, and carrying out the earth, and levelling the ground about the said decoy." To Oliver Honey was paid £1 10s. "for paving the feeding-place for the ducks and breaking the ground." There is also in the account a charge of £246 18s. "for oatmeal, tares, hemp-seed and other corn for the birdes and fowles from September, 1660, to 24th June, 1670. This charge for "hemp-seed" is well worth attention, as it led to a frightful abuse, alluded to and exposed in the following note in Nikols's *Tatler*, published in 1780:—"I have heard that when Berenger was writing his 'History of Horsemanship' he made the proper inquiries everywhere, and particularly at the King's mews. There he found a regular charge made every year for 'hemp-seed.' It was allowed that none was used; but the charge had been regularly made since the reign of Charles II.; and it was recollected that this good-natured monarch was as fond of his ducks as his dogs, and took pleasure in feeding these fowls in the canal. It was therefore concluded that this new article of expense began in his time, and continued to be charged regularly long after any such seed was used or provided." It is to be hoped that Mr. Labouchere will ascertain by inquiry at the royal mews or elsewhere whether this charge for "hemp-seed" for Charles II.'s ducks is still going on.

"DESULTORY READING."

O FINEST essence of delicious rest!
To bid for some short space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever-grinding thought be still;
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast
Be by another's cooling hand caressed.
This volume in my hand, I hold a charm
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong or harm.
I sail away from trouble; and, most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget:
Can rise above the instance low and poor
Into the mighty law that governs yet.
This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day,
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away.

—The Spectator.

A LOVE MARRIAGE.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of L. Halévy.]

HE was in the habit of writing in an abridged style, and without punctuation, in his diary a summary of the occurrences of the day. He began at twenty years of age, the 3rd of October, 1869, and this is the little note written on that date:

"I have been appointed sub-lieutenant in the 21st Chasseurs."

The 31st of December he would lay aside his diary of the past year and go on to that of the next.

She, with more care and attention to detail, in a little blue morocco volume which she kept under lock and key held minutely the account of what took place each day of her life when she was a young girl. She commenced at sixteen years of age, and her first sentence began the 17th of May, 1876; and here it is:

"I wear for the first time a long dress."

She was married on the 17th of August, 1879, when her diary was brought to a close; but she kept hidden away in a secret drawer the diaries between the months of May, 1876, and August, 1879, that is to say, between the wearing of her first long dress and her marriage.

He also was married on the 17th of August, 1879, but his daily notes were not interrupted; in fact, so well were they kept up, that in one of the drawers of his desk might be found thirteen small notebooks where each incident of his life was jotted down, and of much interest, notwithstanding the dryness of their form. From time to time he would take out at random one of these notebooks, open it, and read fifteen or twenty pages, thus recalling the past.

On the 19th of June, 1881, this sub-lieutenant of 1869 was appointed captain of his battalion. He was alone in his room one evening about ten o'clock, seated before his desk, wondering whether it was in the spring of 1878 or '79 he had published in the *Bulletin de la réunion des officiers* an article on the new order of equipment in Austria-Hungary. It occurred to him that he would probably find in one of his memorandum books the exact date of the publication of this article.

He opened the drawer containing these books, and the first one he put his hand upon was dated 1879. He began to turn over the leaves of this volume, when suddenly he stopped and read with much earnestness a passage which caused him to smile. He got up, went away from his desk, sat down in a large armchair, and continued reading. He thought no more of the organization of the Austrian order of equipment. Old associations evidently stirred his heart, for a slight smile played upon his lips, and a soft expression was apparent in his eyes; but as he continued to read an emotion was visible, and he made a gesture as if to brush away a tear.

He was deeply engrossed in his reading when one of the portières was lifted softly—so softly: a lovely blonde head appeared as if set in a frame of old tapestry.

What is he doing there in that armchair? Is he asleep? He had cruelly sent her away half an hour before, as she was teasing him and putting ideas into his head not altogether those of work.

She in her white muslin wrapper, whose folds did not conceal her slender, graceful form, glided into the room, then taking two or three steps on tip-toe inclined a little to one side. . . . He is not asleep. . . . He is reading very attentively, for he has heard nothing, and does not move. . . . "He was quite right: reading is work, I suppose."

Holding her breath, she walked slowly, very slowly, towards his armchair . . . and all the while asking herself this question—she was still quite a child. . . . Twenty-one years of age, and very loving. Let that be the excuse for the question she was putting to herself:

"Where shall I kiss him? Upon the brow, the cheek . . . on this side, or on that?"

She approaches him. . . . She nearly touches his hair with the tips of her fingers, and she is going to decide whether on this side or on that, when suddenly a deathly pallor spreads over her face. . . .

Upon the two open pages of his diary she begins to read:

"16th of June,
I love her!
17th of June,
I love her!!"

Only one point of exclamation after the first "I love her!" two

after the second. . . . His love had increased wonderfully between the 16th and 17th!

Trembling with agitation she cried: "What is this? Oh! what is this?"

She sinks down quite overcome. . . . He gets up, raises her in his arms; she, weeping bitterly, utters these words interrupted with sobs:

"16th of June: I love her! 17th of June: I love her!! and to-day is the 19th of June! You love another! Ah! this is unbearable!"

He, soothing her with caresses, said: "Look, little goose; look there." He opened the notebook at the first page, which bore in large printed figures: "1879."

"Ah!" cried she, joyously, in the midst of her sobs. . . . "It was I! It was I!"

Then she added with imprudent ingenuousness, "You keep a journal, you too?"

"What! I too? . . . Then it seems that you? . . ."

She was then obliged to confess that if he had written some "I loves!" in his little notebook of black morocco, she also had done the same thing in her little blue book. . . . Then she said to her husband: "Show me the notebook, till I see if there are three points of exclamation after the 18th and four after the 19th."

"Very well, very well," he replied. "Go, bring your little notebooks, and we will compare them together. We shall see which of us has the most points of exclamation."

The temptation was too great. She went to find hers of the year 1879, and returned with three very good-sized notebooks.

"Three volumes!" he exclaimed. "Yes; three first quarters only, and you, for all the year, have but one miserable little notebook about nothing at all!"

"One can say a great deal in a very few words. . . . You will see. . . . Come here beside me. . . . There is plenty of room for two in this armchair."

"Yes, I suppose so, on your lap. . . . But that is quite out of the question, I assure you."

"Why?"

"Because there may be things in my book I do not care for you to see." She showed her dainty volumes, and he, his memorandum book.

"I dare say you are quite right. Let us sit down opposite one another. We will read only what we wish."

"One can make abridgments, you know." "That is understood," said he, "begin."

"No, you begin, so as to give me courage." "Well, where am I to begin?"

"Where I do, of course." "No, I must commence a little before you, where Jupiter first makes his appearance."

"That is quite fair. . . . Look then where we first hear of Jupiter." "Wait. . . . That must be in the first two weeks of May. . . . Yes, here it is. . . ."

"Thursday, 15th of May, went to see Jupiter at Chère's, a bay horse, seventeen hands high. Indications of the catalogue: Excellent horse, high action, jumps well, and has been ridden by a lady. For sale the 21st of May. Very well recommended by d'Estilly. And two pages further on: 'Saturday, the 17th of May, saw Jupiter. The horse seemed very good. He is worth 2,500 francs.' Then again, farther on: 'Wednesday, the 21st of May. . . .'"

"The day we met in the train. I recall the date." "Yes, you are quite right. . . . 'Wednesday, the 21st of May. Went to see the Minister of War.—To my sister's.—Bought Jupiter, for 1,900 francs. . . . Coming back, saw a beautiful girl opposite to me in the train.'"

"There now . . . you are changing. I know it." "No, I am not changing anything."

"Let me see." "Well, look for yourself." "Yes. Yes, I really see the word 'beautiful.' . . ."

"Now it is your turn. Let me see what you have written on the 21st of May. There must be something on that date."

"Indeed, I hope not! What would you have me write? 'Opposite to me in the train a beautiful young man?' No, indeed; I have not written any such thing; but you may look all the same. It is just as well to be honest about it. Let us see, 'Wednesday, 21st of May, went to the Louvre.—Saw my Aunt.—Went to the Salon.' There is nothing, I tell you. Oh! just wait a moment, I see something."

"I was quite sure you had been looking at me in the train." "Now see what it is. . . . 'Coming home, on the cars from Paris, a young man sat opposite to me. He kept staring at me all the way. . . . Every time I looked up his ardent gaze met mine, and I was obliged to lower my eyes till we got off at Chaton; I dared not raise them again. . . . I had an English novel in my satchel; but in the evening I found I was obliged to read again that part which I thought I had finished on the train.'"

"That is not all. . . . I think there must be something else. . . ."

"Yes. . . . but of not the least importance to you." "Oh! very well, go on."

"I tell you again I have read everything. It is your turn to go on. I know very well you have nothing but short notes, while I have gone into particulars, and I will tell you the reason why, too. . . . When my governess was leaving, she said, 'My dear, you do not write at all badly, but you must still practise to obtain a good style; as one must practise scales to obtain execution on the piano. Every evening you should write

three or four pages on any subject at all . . . on the occupations of the day, the visits received or paid, etc.' Now, you see, I have done what she said."

"Very good, very good." "I wish to explain very clearly, as I said before, I know what is going to happen . . . I suppose you expect to find a great deal of sentiment and bursts of enthusiasm, while, really, they are only exercises in order to obtain a good style; so do not be disappointed . . . but what comes after: 'He stared at me the whole way?'"

"Nothing at all about you. . . . Stop, listen: 'Is it quite true what grandmamma said about me the other day: 'It is most surprising, . . . our little Marguerite has become quite a beauty.''"

"Then followed quite a conversation between mamma and grandmamma; mamma reproached grandmamma for saying such things before me, she said it would make me very vain, etc., etc. Quite uninteresting, as I said to you before. . . . Now you."

"I wrote nothing on the 22nd of May." "Neither did I."

"23rd of May. Jupiter arrived. I tried him on the road and in the forest. I found him excellent."

"And about me, have you nothing about me?" "Nothing."

"Ah! that is very humiliating, as I have written something about you on the 23rd. 'The young man who stared at me on the train is a military man. He has just passed on horseback in his uniform. He had three rows of silver braid on his sleeves. I have said that he passed; he did more than that. . . . It is quite ridiculous what I am going to write, but it is only for myself, so I write it. . . . I wonder if it is really true he noticed me in the train? I wonder if he knows I live here? Was he trying to show off before me? He stayed at least a quarter of an hour on the road, between the Pavilion and Henry IV.'s Gate, pacing his horse, putting him through his facings, etc., etc., hoping to attract my attention by such means. He must be extremely vulgar.'"

"What injustice! You see there in my notebook: 'Tried Jupiter. I tried him and found he had been very well trained.' . . . But go on."

"Very well. 'In the evening, after dinner, I said to George, who, although he is twelve years of age, still plays with lead soldiers, and is pretty well up in military affairs: 'George, how does an officer rank who has three rows of silver braid on his sleeves?'—'He is a captain.'—'Is it a great thing to be a captain?'—'That depends; it is a great thing to be a captain at twenty-five, but it is nothing much at fifty.'"

Twenty-five years old, perhaps he is that, but not much more. Grandmamma, who hears everything, heard my remarks to George, and said: 'You do not know what has happened? Marguerite has just been asking information about the officers.'"

"I got as red as a peony. Then began a long discussion. Grandmamma declared she loved military men; but mamma exclaimed she would never give me up to a man who would drag me about from garrison to garrison. I ask myself now, why I ever wrote such nonsense. It was to carry out my governess's instructions. Now you know all. . . . It is your turn now; I have finished."

"The 24th of May, two lines only! . . . 'Met on horseback in the forest the young girl I saw last Wednesday. She certainly is very pretty, and does not ride badly.'"

"That is all. . . . It is concise! It would require a little commentary."

"Here it is, my love, the little commentary. You are right; . . . my notes are really very dry; . . . but I was afraid of appearing poetical. . . . Don't be afraid, though. All that is not written in my book is here . . . in my heart. That May morning, that meeting in the forest, . . . is as fresh in my memory to-day as if two years had not already elapsed. We drilled for five or six hours, on the camp ground, in a terrible dust. I brought back my company to the barracks; . . . changed my horse for Jupiter."

"Dear Jupiter!" "A quarter of an hour later I was galloping up a long slope, quite near Val. I saw coming towards me a little cavalcade: you were on Jenny, your black mare; George, on his roan pony; and old Lewis, behind on his gray nag. . . . You see . . . I remember quite well the colour of the horses. I was quite surprised to recognize you at such a distance. . . . I made poor Jupiter go as fast as he could, and the little cavalcade passed by me. . . . I see you now with your gray habit, black hat and golden curls which shone through your veil. . . . As you were passing, I said: 'Surely there is nothing in the world so lovely as that young girl!' And you—what did you say?"

"What I said? . . . I do not remember, more than what is written here."

She commenced with rather a shaky voice, for she was much moved by the little commentary, and read the following:

"I met him this morning near Val. He came up at full gallop, and on seeing me he stopped his horse. . . . I saw it all very plainly. I know what it is to stop a horse at full gallop. . . . I have done it myself. . . . He checked his horse with a jerk, that brought it almost on its haunches. . . . He passed quite close to us. I did not dare to look at him, as he stared so. He was only a few paces off when that stupid George said to me: 'Oh! Marguerite, did you see? How funny he looked with all that dust on him! He looked like a clown! He is captain of the 21st Chasseurs. He had '21' on the collar of his uniform.'"

. . . I was furious at George, . . . although he could not have heard."

"But I did hear. . . . I remember it quite well."

[To be continued.]

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ROUSSEAU. By John Morley. Two volumes. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is the second biography in the series of books written by Mr. Morley to exhibit the movement of thought in France previous to the French Revolution. In "Voltaire," "Rousseau," "Diderot and the Encyclopædists," is contained a wide survey of the causes which produced the Revolution, written from the point of view of an English man of letters of to-day. In his work, Mr. Morley, while he does not conceal his own prepossessions, spares no effort to reach the truth. His books are distinguished for masterly generalization and skilful condensation, and in literary value are of a very high order. Of the two biographies—Voltaire and Rousseau—the latter is in many respects the most interesting. Rousseau's writings have a far greater, because deeper, influence in France than Voltaire's, and personally he was altogether a man of wider sympathies. His life as exhibited in these volumes gives a very clear idea of the state of France in the eighteenth century, and shows the root of ideas which are still active in the world. The present edition of Mr. Morley's work is very convenient in size and attractive in appearance. We append a short extract from "Rousseau," which may be interesting just now as the opinion of a literary statesman towards whom all eyes are turned:—

The important fact about a Government lies quite as much in the qualifying epithet which is to be affixed to any one of the names, as in the name itself. We know nothing about a monarchy, until we have been told whether it is absolute or constitutional; if absolute, whether it is administered in the interests of the realm, like that of Prussia under Frederick the Great, or in the interests of the ruler, like that of an Indian principality under a native prince; if constitutional, whether the real power is aristocratic, as in Great Britain a hundred years ago, or plutocratic as in Great Britain to-day, or popular, as it may be here fifty years hence. And so with reference to each of the other forms; no name gives us any instruction, except of a merely negative kind, until it has been made precise by one or more explanatory epithets.

What is the common quality of the old Norman Republic, the Republics of the Swiss Confederation, the Republic of Venice, the American Republic, the Republic of Mexico? Plainly the word Republic has no further effect beyond that of excluding the idea of a recognized dynasty.

THE STORY OF MARGARET KENT. By Henry Hayes. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Mrs. Margaret Kent is a literary woman, getting her living by her pen, and a bit of a Bohemian. She is surrounded by a circle of appreciative men, one or two good women, and one or two of another kind. Her husband is vagabondizing in South America, and her struggles with her circumstances, with poverty, and with the natural feeling of a healthy young woman tied to a man she never loved and never sees, is the main story of the book. He returns unexpectedly, and she does her duty, in spite of her husband's utter unworthiness; but he dies, and that leaving her free to follow her inclination, she marries a Doctor Walton, who has long loved her. The character of Margaret Kent is quite a novel creation: a perfect womanly character, acting as becomes such in very trying and unusual circumstances. We reproduce her portrait from the first chapter of the book:—

The original could now be compared with the portrait above the lace-trimmed mantelpiece. It became apparent that the artist had seized his subject at a moment when she was mutinous and gay, and filled with life to her finger-tips. The real woman showed a little languor, and the langour added just the touch which gave a force to her beauty and a staying power which the airy, graceful, ideal face did not possess. Margaret Kent was at this time just twenty-six, and the portrait had been painted three years before, but she had apparently not grown in the least degree older, and had not lost an iota of the delicacy of the most youthful beauty. She was above the ordinary height of women, and there was not a point in her exquisite figure, from head to foot, which did not show high perfection of organization. She was, besides, one of those fortunately moulded women who can do nothing ungracefully; and whatever was her attitude or occupation at the moment, it was something to be watched and studied.

When in repose her face grew dreamy; and roused, her first expression was slightly imperious. Her imperiousness was, however, tempered by a tenderness so feminine, and by a spirit so arch, that no one had ever been afraid of her. Had she possessed no other fascination, her voice would have charmed any one. It was a Southern voice, rich and sweet, just touched with the accent acquired from mamies and maids in early life, which is almost never lost,—for Mrs. Kent was an Alabamian.

THE BOSTONIANS. By Henry James. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a handy reprint of Mr. James's latest novel. The volume is somewhat bulky and contains a good deal that is wearisome reading, but on the other hand it contains some of Mr. James's very best work. The open-

ing chapters are extremely good, and introduce us to some new and original characters in fiction, whom we are delighted to meet; but whether it be that Mr. James desired to give us a concrete picture of Bostonian diffusion of thought, or no, certain it is that the interior parts of the story are needlessly prolix. The story is one of the "woman's rights" agitation, and this again may have something to do with the watery character of part of the book; but however, as a whole, the novel is a decidedly clever one—clever in execution and original in conception. It contains some very effective studies and portraits: Olive Chancellor, a central figure of the agitation, proud, shy, refined; Verena Tarrant, charming, sparkling, easy-going; and Dr. France, a fair Bostonian of the rigidly scientific type. But here is her portrait:—

Basil Ransom had already noticed Dr. France; he had not been at all bored, and had observed every one in the room, arriving at all sorts of ingenious inductions. The little medical lady struck him as a perfect example of the "Yankee female,"—the figure which, in the unregenerate imagination of the children of the cotton States, was produced by the New England school system, the Puritan code, the ungenial climate, the absence of chivalry. Spare, dry, hard, without a curve, an inflection, or a grace, she seemed to ask no odds in the battle of life and to be prepared to give none. But Ransom could see that she was not an enthusiast, and after his contact with his cousin's enthusiasm this was rather a relief to him. She looked like a boy, and not even like a good boy. It was evident that if she had been a boy she would have "cut" school, to try private experiments in mechanics or to make researches in natural history. It was true that if she had been a boy she would have borne some relation to a girl, whereas Doctor France appeared to bear none whatever. Except her intelligent eye, she had no features to speak of.

THE STORY OF CHALDEA. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. (Story of the Nations' Series.) New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This "Story" is one of a valuable series of books containing the stories of the nations of antiquity, of which "Greece," "Rome," and "The Jews" have been already published. The present volume fully maintains the high character of the previous ones. The four introductory chapters on Mesopotamia, Layard and his Work, the Ruins, and the Book of the Past form a general and very comprehensive introduction to ancient history. The Story of Chaldea is told in such chapters as Nomads and Settlers, the Great Races and the Book of Genesis, the Beginnings of Religion, the Cushites and Semites, the Chinese, etc. The closing chapter on the Chaldean legends is most interesting. The author has been wonderfully successful in combining learned treatise with popular narrative, and though there is nothing here above the comprehension or interest of a lad, yet it is worth a place in any student's library. It is illustrated by maps and seventy-nine views of objects and scenery.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY. By Lizzie Rowe. Regina: The Leader Printing Company.

This infant novel, published unbound, as was fitting, is, we learn, the first literary production of the North-West Territories. The old lady's experiences (of certain Christmases in her life) are as full of incident as half a dozen novels—just as the Territories contain the germ of half a dozen Provinces—and let us hope the future literature of the North-West will all be equally pure and free from long-drawn-out wordiness.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BLUEBIRD. By Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price \$1.

This dainty little volume is a timely reminder of the approach of Easter. The story of the Resurrection, with appropriate lessons, is the theme of the poem, told besides in a series of delightful cuts of birds, foliage, and bits of landscape. It is all charmingly done—writing, drawing, and engraving—and the book is beautifully printed.

WE have received also the following publications:—

BOOK BUYER. April. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ELECTRA. March. Louisville, Ky.

LIBRARY MAGAZINE. April. New York: John B. Alden.

CATALOGUE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS. (James R. Osgood's Collection.) New York: W. E. Benjamin.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. April. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company.

MAN. February. Ottawa.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT MONTREAL BOTANIC GARDEN. 1885. Montreal: Gazette Printing Company.

CENTURY. April. New York: Century Company.

OUTING. April. New York: 140 Nassau Street.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. April 3.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. April. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

THE PANSY. April. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

OVERLAND MONTHLY. April. San Francisco: 120 Shuter Street.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND COMPANY will publish next month Mr. Ernest Chesneau's work on "The Education of the Artist" and "A Manual of Greek Archaeology," by Maxime Collington, translated by Dr. J. H. Wright, of Dartmouth College.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, the poet, has just completed his autobiography. He has made a book of nearly 500 octavo pages, reviewing every detail of his life. It will contain a portrait of the author, and will be issued in London on May 1, bearing the title "My Life as an Author."

MESSRS. SCRIBNER have been obliged to postpone the publication of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new novel, "The Late Mrs. Null," until late in the present month. The orders from the booksellers have been so large that a second edition was put to press as soon as the first was completed. The book will be issued simultaneously in England by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON's articles on "American Book Plates," which have been appearing in the *Book Buyer*, have opened up a new subject for study and research among bibliomaniacs. In the April number a new instalment of engravings are printed, reproducing the book plates of Daniel Webster, William H. Prescott, Charlotte Cushman, Winfield Scott, and others.

PROFESSOR H. S. FRIEZE, who occupies the chair of literature in the University of Michigan, has for several years been collecting the material for a biography of Giovanni Dupre. The work is now finished, and the illustrations which are to accompany it are in the engraver's hands. It is expected that the volume will be issued during the spring, and its probable title will be "The Art Life of Giovanni Dupre."

PROFESSOR SLOANE'S enterprise in securing Mr. Lowell's essay on Gray in the March *New Princeton Review* is to be supplemented by the publication of a noteworthy and interesting prose article by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman in the forthcoming May issue. If Professor Sloane's good fortune continues in this auspicious manner, it cannot be long before he will place his magazine in the front ranks of American periodical literature.

ANOTHER Gordon biography has been prepared, which will be published at once by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Company, London. This time the author is General Gordon's own brother, Sir Henry Gordon. He has written only of those events in the soldier's life which have not been fully discussed by Mr. Hake, Mr. Forbes, or other writers of lives of Gordon. A very large part of the volume is devoted to his visit to Pekin in 1880, and his relations with the Cape authorities.

THE April number of Scribner's *Book Buyer* announces that the house will publish during the next month two new novels by New York writers. One is Mr. H. C. Bunner's new book, "The End of the Story," which is the correct title, and not "The Doctor and the Midge," as it has been stated in several newspapers, and the other is by Lieutenant J. D. J. Kelly, of the U. S. Navy, who makes his first appearance as a novelist in this book, although he is well known as a writer on nautical matters. The title is "A Desperate Chance," and it is a stirring sea story.

MR. J. S. WOOD, a close friend of the late Frederick J. Fergus, gives the first authoritative word in regard to the origin of the story, "Called Back." He says: "Hugh Conway wrote the first two chapters without having the slightest idea how he should continue, much less finish, the tale. He fancied that he had a strong original situation in a blind man hearing a murder committed. Strange to say, the one episode which was criticised as being improbable was the only part having any foundation in fact, the author having known of two instances of persons who had entered wrong houses by the aid of their own latchkeys."

AFTER some persuasion Mr. William J. Florence, the comedian, has consented to write the biographical notice of E. A. Sothorn for the series of volumes of "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States." Mr. Florence's sketch will probably be given place in the third volume. The list of special subjects and those to write concerning them for this dramatic work as it now stands are: Edmund Kean, by Mr. Henry Irving; Junius Brutus Booth, by Mr. Edwin Booth; Edwin Forrest, by Mr. Lawrence Barrett; and Joseph Jefferson, by Mr. H. C. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*. The second volume will probably be issued about April 1. There will be four volumes in all.

IN a few days Mr. E. A. Abbey, the artist, will return from Europe. For some years he has lived in England, working continuously for the Harpers, who, it is said, pay him a salary of \$10,000 annually. Mr. C. S. Reinhart is employed in the same way, though he lives in Paris. He was recently recalled to this country to make the drawings for Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's serial, "Their Pilgrimage," now appearing in *Harper's Monthly*, but having completed them, he is settled again in Paris. Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson has just started on a trip through the South for the Harper's, and the results of the journey will probably be found in *Harper's Monthly* during the summer or fall.

THE financial condition of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, grows more and more sorrowful, while the health of the aged author is also breaking down under the privations to which his circumstances subject him. In the recent contribution started for him in England, and concerning which circulars and printed appeals were liberally distributed among the literary people of America, but four American names were represented, chief among which was that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The poet feels what he calls "the neglect of his American friends and admirers," from whom he believes he had reason to expect larger generosity. It is now proposed by Tupper's English friends, with the assistance of a charitable publisher, to issue a new and complete edition of all his poems, the proceeds of which from the first copy sold will be given over to the poet.

THE *Brooklyn Magazine* in its April issue, just to hand, prints the following touching letter, addressed to its editor by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, concerning the present condition of her father, Professor A. Bronson Alcott, the venerable philosopher, who resides with her in Boston:

My father, I am happy to report, is very well for one in his condition and at his age. He has never recovered the use of his right arm, and only partially the use of his right leg. He can walk a little with help, and goes to drive occasionally; but the exertion will soon be too great, I fear.

His loss of speech is the saddest part of his infirmity, and it is pathetic to see one who was so unusually gifted in conversation unable to express even his wants in words. His mind is still bright, and he enjoys the visits of friends, understanding all they say, though smiles and gestures and a few phrases are all he has to offer in return. He sleeps well, dozing much by day, and eats with his usual appetite the simple food he has lived on for fifty years—no meat, tea, or coffee,—and he still attributes his great vigour to his temperate life. He will never write or talk again, and his books are all he can offer now. He no longer cares to read, but enjoys pictures, and sits thinking for hours as he placidly waits for the great change. He often says he is tired and wants to go, but, like a true philosopher, bears the inevitable as bravely and sweetly as he has borne all the trials and joys of his long and beautiful life. He desires me to convey his thanks to the many friends who so kindly remember him, in which I very gratefully join. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

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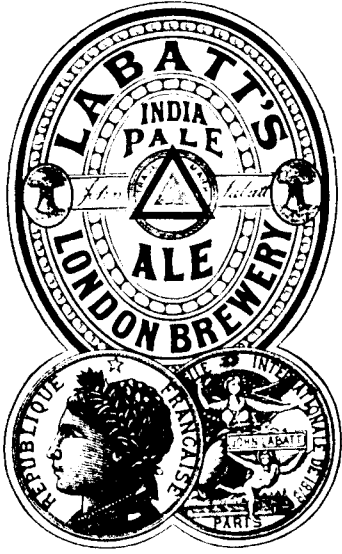
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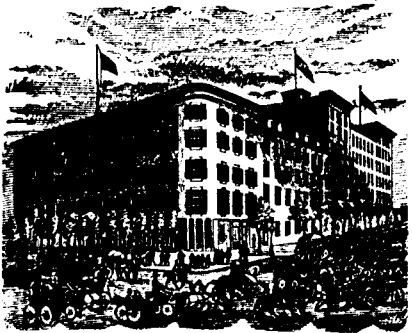
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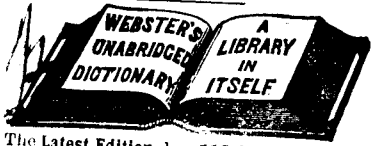
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Capital, - \$50,000,
IN 2,500 SHARES OF \$20 EACH.

No Subscription for Stock will be considered binding, and no call will be made until \$20,000 is subscribed, when 20 per cent. will be payable.

OBJECT.

This Company is to be formed for the purpose of acquiring the property known as Lorne Park, and making it a first-class summer resort. The property consists of 75 acres of elevated woodland, and commands a splendid view of Lake Ontario. It is 14 miles from Toronto and 26 from Hamilton; it is equally accessible by rail or water, and is one of the healthiest places in Ontario. The G.T.R. track runs within 300 yards of the Park gate, and there is a substantial wharf on the lake front of the grounds. There is also a hotel on the premises, with 12 good bedrooms, large dining, ice cream and lunch rooms, kitchen and servant's apartments, bowling alley, ice-house, etc.; two open-air pavilions for the accommodation of picnic and other gatherings.

It is proposed to fit up the Hotel for the accommodation of summer boarders, and run it on the European plan, so that persons occupying cottages or tents on the grounds need not have the trouble of cooking their own meals, but pay for what they get.

NO INTOXICATING LIQUOR of any kind will be allowed to be sold on the Property, or on the Steamboats plying between the Park and the City. Power will be asked for in the charter to own, or charter, and run one or more first-class steamboats, which will run to and from Toronto at regular hours daily through the season (Sundays excepted). A morning and evening train service will also be arranged.

SHAREHOLDERS WILL BE ENTITLED TO TICKETS for themselves on the Steamer plying to the Park, at a reduction of thirty per cent. on the regular fares.

It is proposed to lay out 150 building lots of say 50x100 ft., which will be leased for a term of 99 years, with proper regulations as to style of building and occupancy. These lots to be put up at \$100 each; shareholders to have choice in order of their subscription. Subscribers to the extent of \$500 of stock will be entitled to a building lot free.

Arrangements have been made for a supply of tents of all sizes, which will be supplied at cost, or rented at low rates to parties requiring them.

A proper system of water supply, drainage and lighting will be arranged for, and everything done in order to make this charming spot the most attractive of any picnic ground or summer resort in the vicinity of Toronto. The stock book is now open, and plans of the grounds can be seen at my office.

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