

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Sixth Year.
Vol. VI., No. 7.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1889.

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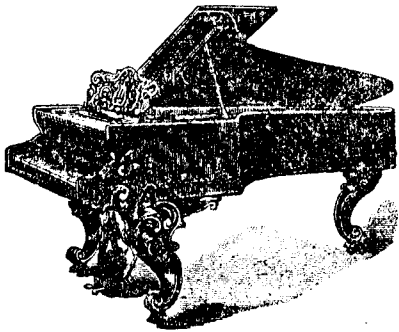
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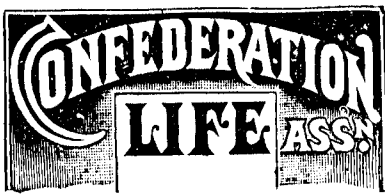
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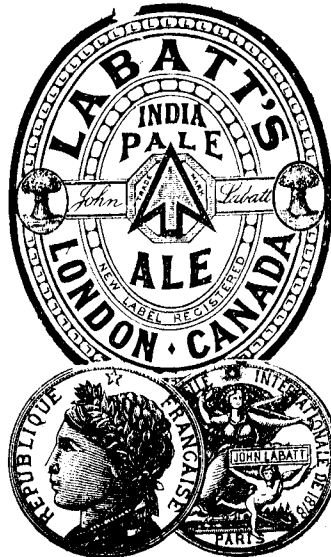
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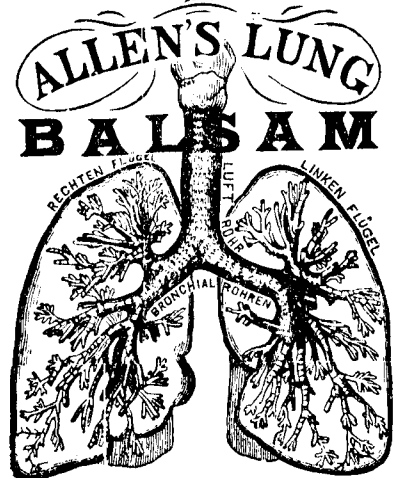
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

IT is scarcely necessary, we hope, to explain to the reader of THE WEEK that the aim of these editorial paragraphs is to summarize current events, and state broadly certain general conclusions, rather than to discuss special topics exhaustively. When, therefore, *The Canadian Manufacturer*, of Jan. 4th, represents us as having settled the question of Convict Labour in a few sentences, its sarcasm exaggerates not only our effort but our ambition. The gist of our remarks which the *Manufacturer* quotes and criticises, was that no one is more benefited than the workingman by whatever helps to prevent crime, to lessen taxation, to increase productive industry and to promote the moral well-being of the community; that a judicious system of prison-labour unquestionably does all these things; and that, therefore, the workingmen, by their attitude of hostility to productive prison-labour, are standing in their own light, as well as opposing the true interests of society and the State. It is no refutation of these propositions to point out, as the *Manufacturer* does, that the question is a very difficult one; that the humanitarians of the day are far from being agreed upon a satisfactory solution, and that "the workingmen are not alone in their opposition to having the labour of convicts brought into competition with theirs." THE WEEK certainly did not allege that the benefit of a proper system of convict-labour "accrues especially or in larger proportion to workingmen than any other class." Still less did we, as our contemporary surprisingly asserts, ask the workingman to submit "to all the weight of the burden himself." What we did and do deprecate on the part of workingmen is that, instead of helping, as they might effectually do, other classes of the community to solve the difficult problem on a basis of justice and humanity, they seem to put themselves into an attitude of uncompromising hostility to prison-labour itself, thereby antagonizing the well-being of the whole community, themselves included, and, of course, "standing in their own light" by so doing.

THE *Canadian Manufacturer* enters into statistics at some length to show that the merchantable products of the penal institutions of the United States, according to the figures of the last census, amounted to fifty-four one hundredths of one per cent. of the total products of the industries of the country, instead of one fifth of one per cent., given as the maximum by Mr. Brockway in the *Forum*, as quoted by us. We have not the means at hand, nor have we space to enter into a full investigation of this aspect of the question, though we admit it is a very important aspect. But even accepting the *Manufacturer's* figures, we should not hesitate still to say that in comparison with the great material, social and moral interests at stake, the injury done to the workingmen by the competition of one additional man in two hundred is a bagatelle, so far as its weight as an argument against productive labour and in favour of enforced idleness for convicts is concerned. This is the more apparent when a fact that is too often lost sight of or quietly ignored in the discussion is fairly taken into the account, namely, that the workingman, on the one hand, has to bear his share in the expense of supporting the idle convicts and detecting and punishing their multiplying crimes, and, on the other hand, is equally with others a sufferer from all the resultant social and moral contamination. The larger part of the *Manufacturer's* article is directed against the admitted evils of destructive competition with honest labour in special lines of industry, evils which reach their maximum under the contract-labour system. On both these points THE WEEK heartily agrees with its critic. How to minimize or do away with such competition is one of the hard problems which both workingmen and manufacturers should help to solve. The contract-labour system is an iniquity which should not be tolerated in any Christian State. The very existence of such a system is a reproach to our civilization. We should be sorry indeed to be suspected of favouring it.

THIS question of convict-labour is so vitally related to the best interests of society and of the State that we may be excused for drawing attention still more closely to the danger that must inevitably result should the thousands of criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the Dominion be doomed to enforced and perpetual idleness. A recent number of *Harper's Weekly* calls attention to the situation which is now threatened in the State prisons of New York:—"There are about thirty-five hundred convicts, in the full vigour of manhood, supported in complete idleness, at an annual expense of about four hundred thousand dollars to the people of the State. The necessary work for the care of a prison itself can be done by a very few men. Thirty out of the sixteen hundred at Sing Sing would do the work of the prison. What is the result of this situation? It is an enormous cost for the State, and an immense increase of suffering, insanity, crime and wretchedness." And this state of things is due to "the labour vote," that is to say, as the *Weekly* puts it, it is brought about because "the Legislature believes that the great mass of those who live by daily wages in this State prefer that the prisons shall become festering masses of disease, idiocy, and every form of physical and moral decay, rather than that the thirty five hundred prisoners shall be put at honest labour." It seems impossible that the intelligent workingmen of the State can really mean this, but this is the outcome of their views as interpreted by the party politicians. Surely there are fundamental considerations which no party exigency can alter and no people can afford to disregard. The first of these is, we should say, that the prisoner is still a human being. Though he has forfeited the privileges of citizenship, he has not forfeited the inalienable rights of humanity. One of the most precious of these rights is that no human being shall be condemned by his fellow beings to a position that must result in the destruction of whatever of good, or of possibility of good, may be left in his character. Other of such considerations are thus given by the writer before quoted: "One is that convicts must be employed, unless the State is to suffer in every way by making the prisons, at an enormous expense, nurseries of imbecility and crime. Another is that they cannot be properly employed without competing in some degree with labour out of prison. The present New York scheme is a desperate endeavour to disregard both of these facts. It is unworthy of a civilized community."

WHETHER Mr. Wiman has done a service or an injury to Canada by his telling article in the *North American Review* may be matter for question. It seems, at first thought, as if we really ought to be grateful to him for his terse yet graphic and comprehensive paper. The extraordinary picture he has drawn of the extent of our territory, the excellence of its climate, and the richness and variety of its resources, will be to many Canadians almost as much a revelation as to the people of the United States themselves. His description prompts one to parody the words of the old Roman poet, and cry out, "Happy beyond measure the Canadians, did they but know their own blessings!" To Canadians, indeed, the article should bring not only gratification, but inspiration, ambition and high resolution. The old Saxon and Celtic stock must have degenerated sadly in them, if with such a climate and such a country they can fail to build up a nation worthy of the Empire from which it springs, and fit to stand erect beside the Great Republic on its borders. But what will be the effect upon the people for whom Mr. Wiman writes and by whom his article will be chiefly read? If, before, the Jingoos of the Blair variety were casting envious eyes upon the land which they deemed a strip of frost-bound soil bordering on an illimitable waste of snow and ice, how will they feel now that they are told by one of themselves, and one who knows, that it is a bigger country than their own, with vaster sources of wealth in soil and forest and mine, and with climate and conditions better adapted "for the development of the combined physical and mental energies of men"? Is it really kindness which prompts Mr. Wiman to dangle such a prize before the eyes of his avaricious and aggressive fellow countrymen, or has he some dark and sinister design?

THE most optimistic Canadian can scarcely deny that a net debt of two hundred and thirty and a half millions of dollars, involving an annual unproductive expenditure of over ten millions, is a pretty serious burden for a population of less than five millions. There is force, it is true, in the consideration urged by Hon. Charles Tupper, that the greater part of this debt has been incurred in the execution of public works which are beneficial to the whole country, and many of which were absolutely necessary to its well-being and progress. It is certainly consoling to reflect that the proportion of the sum expended in gunpowder is comparatively small; that by far the greater part is represented to-day by a system of railroads, canals, lighthouses, docks, harbours, etc., which, even though they fail to pay interest upon the capital expended, are main arteries and accessories by means of which the life-blood of commerce is carried from end to end of the Dominion. Giving due weight to this consideration, it is still evident that the public debt has attained such proportions that nothing but rashness, unworthy of a clear-sighted and cool-headed people, could make us shut our eyes to the danger attending further increase. It is certainly time to halt. Neither population nor commerce is increasing with sufficient rapidity to warrant us in dismissing anxiety. The limit of revenue-producing taxation has, evidently, been pretty nearly reached. Any considerable reduction in the tariff rate of our neighbours, or a succession of bad seasons, both possible contingencies, would threaten financial straits of a severe kind. In view of these facts it is clearly the duty of the Government to retrench as far as possible without reducing efficiency of administration, and no less the duty of Parliament to insist on rigid economy, and to veto any new enterprises involving heavy expenditures unless upon the clearest demonstration of their necessity or general utility. Young nations, like individuals, need occasional periods of rest after great exertion, to recover strength and collect their energies for fresh efforts.

IS the war of tariffs between Canada and the United States entering upon an acute stage? The increase of the export duty on saw-logs by the Canadian Government has been followed by the resolution of the Ways and Means Committee of the United States' Senate to impose a duty of half a cent per pound upon fresh fish, which have hitherto been admitted free. We do not suppose there is any immediate connection between the two things, but as indications of a feeling or

tendency they belong to the same category, and are somewhat ominous. Meanwhile, those interested in the lumber business in Michigan are petitioning Congress for the imposition of various retaliatory duties upon Canadian lumber, and it is not unlikely, seeing that the Republicans will soon have control of both Houses, that their suggestions may be to some extent adopted. The advocates of the proposed tax upon fresh fish urge that it is rendered necessary by the bounty given by the Dominion Government to Canadian fishermen. The Canadian will, it is alleged, still have the advantage over the American fishermen in the home market of the latter. But, apart from the injury to both countries from the interference with profitable trade and the increase in the cost of necessities, there is more or less of danger as well as of damage in policies which thus harass special industries. It is not pleasant to see neighbouring peoples drifting in the direction of non-intercourse. These straws seem to indicate that the wind is just now blowing that way. Each party can inflict considerable annoyance and damage upon the other, but the bigger and richer has a tremendous advantage.

PROMINENT amongst the measures promised in the Speech at the opening of the Quebec Legislature is the District Magistrates' Act of last session which was disallowed by the Dominion Government. This Act is to be reintroduced "with certain modifications rendered necessary by circumstances." Whether these modifications will be of such a nature as to save the Act from a second Federal veto remains to be seen. As one of the objects for which it is to be re-enacted is "to assert the rights of this Legislature," it seems probable that issue is to be again joined with the Ottawa authorities. The Government "still expect to carry out" the conversion of the consolidated debt of the Province. It may be hoped that under the pressure of almost universal condemnation, and in view of the threatened injury to the financial credit of the Province, if for no better reason, Premier Mercier will modify or eliminate the compulsory clause, though no intimation is given of any such intention. Another question of more than local interest is that concerning the Jesuits' Estates Act of last session. The Speech announces that the carrying out of the provisions of that Act has remained and will remain suspended until the expiration of the period within which disallowance may take place. Strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the Dominion Government by Protestants of the Province to have the Act disallowed, but in view of the political embarrassments which would be sure to follow, seeing that the Act has the sanction of the Vatican, there is little probability that the Premier will venture to veto it. Nor is it by any means clear that its disallowance would be constitutionally justifiable, for however objectionable the Act may be in itself, it would be difficult to show that it is not fairly within the scope of the legislative powers of the Province.

THE remarkable decision given the other day by Judge Barrett, of New York, in the matter of the Sugar Trust Monopoly, may well encourage Mr. Clark Wallace, and those who sympathize with him, in bringing his bill again before Parliament. The grounds of public policy, on which Judge Barrett rests his decision, are necessarily similar to those which underlie Mr. Wallace's Bill, and the penalty, forfeiture of corporate rights, is, so far, substantially the same. "Fortunately," says the New York Judge, "the law is able to protect itself against abuses of the privileges which it grants, and while further legislation, both preventive and disciplinary, may be suitable to check and punish exceptional wrongs, yet there is existing, to use the phrase of a distinguished English judge in a noted case, 'plain law and plain sense' enough to deal with corporate abuses like the present—abuses which, if allowed to thrive and become general, must inevitably lead to the oppression of the people, and ultimately to the subversion of their political rights." It might, indeed, be argued that on the extremely broad principle laid down by Judge Barrett, special legislation is scarcely needed. "Plain law and plain sense" might be considered sufficient for the purpose of correcting all abuses. But few judges, perhaps, would be disposed to act on so liberal an interpretation of their powers. Nor can it be regarded as by any means certain that the decision, based on such general principles, will be, in the absence of specific legislation, sustained in the higher Courts. On the other hand, if all are agreed that the trusts and combines, as formed and operated, are inimical to the rights and welfare of the public, there can be no objection to such straight-forward legislation as may put the powers of the Courts beyond dispute.

THE best book that has ever been written about the United States has been given to the world by an Englishman. This is conceded on all hands, conceded by the Americans themselves. For completeness in treatment, patience in investigation, fulness of knowledge, mastery of detail, impartiality in judgment, freedom from prejudice, and just, kindly appreciation, Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* has at once taken first place. The fact is beyond question, but years will be required to show its full significance. The judicial spirit in which the book is written will cause it to be read appreciatively by the people of the United States, and so read, it may be safely predicted, it will be to them the source of a vast and valuable fund of information about themselves, their institutions, characteristics and tendencies, such as has never before been accessible. In other countries, especially in England, it will do more, probably, than any other work that has ever appeared to give enlightenment, dispel prejudice, and help in every way to a better understanding of their trans-Atlantic kinsmen. On the other hand, the very fact that such a work has been produced by an Englishman cannot fail to have an excellent effect upon the tone and temper of the people of the United States towards all England itself. This is an aspect of the case which is well worth noting, and upon which both nations may be congratulated. As the *London Times* says:—"Written with full knowledge, by a distinguished Englishman, to dispel vulgar prejudices and to help kindred people to understand each other better, it is in a sense an embassy of peace, a message of good will from one nation to another." As such it is most opportune.

TWO announcements of some interest came across the Atlantic in Monday's cablegrams. "The rumour that the British Government will appoint a successor to Lord Sackville as Minister to the United States, after the inauguration of President Harrison, is confirmed." This means of course, that no minister will be sent to Washington during the remainder of President Cleveland's term of office. This was pretty well understood before, but is only now put into diplomatic phraseology. On the other hand it also announced that Minister Phelps will sail for the United States on January 31st, anticipating the period when his formal retirement might have been expected, in the ordinary course of events, by a few weeks. This means that England is not to be allowed to have a monopoly of the dignified resentment business. The Great Republic is going to retaliate in kind. Happily this international sulking is not now the dangerous game it would once have been. The Ambassador at a foreign court is not the important and indispensable functionary he was in other days. By annihilating distance the telegraph has greatly diminished both his influence and his usefulness. It is even gravely proposed in the House of Representatives to do away with the office so far as the royal courts are concerned. The suggestion will not be acted on. The United States, with all her alleged Republican simplicity, is far too conventional, too emulous of the methods of the effete monarchies to venture on such an innovation as that. Nevertheless, things will go on pretty much as before, both at London and at Washington, though neither Government has a full fledged diplomat at the other's Court. There may be a little embarrassment about the return to the old usage when the proper time arrives, but Lord Salisbury has left an open door, and will not, we dare say, hesitate to take the initiative. President Harrison will follow suit, and in a short time all will be forgotten and friendly relations be re-established on their old serene basis. We may, at least, hope so.

THE "National Congress" of India which assembled at Allahabad on the 26th of December, seems to have been conducted with an ability and a moderation which augur well for its future success. Over 1400 delegates were in attendance. The speech of the chairman and the resolutions proposed are understood to indicate that all the efforts of the "Congress" will be devoted to the single end of securing representation in the Legislative Council. It is proposed that the members of the Council be increased to thirty, half of the number to be elected, and half nominated by the crown. This seems to those accustomed to representative institutions a sufficiently modest demand. The *Spectator* objects that "it transmutes the vital principle of Indian Government, as thenceforward the secretary of State could give no final order either for the passing of a law or a military expedition." This is, of course, true, but it is a result inseparable from any effective introduction of the principle of self government. "The vital principle" of the present system is, as Lord Dufferin so frankly pointed

out, simple absolutism. The alternative must necessarily be such a curtailment of executive authority as will give the native representatives a real share in making the laws by which they are governed, and deciding upon the military expeditions for which they are taxed. The crucial difficulty, upon which Lord Dufferin lays so much stress, that of race and religious jealousies and hatreds, will emerge when the question of the nature of the electorate is reached. Whether any plan can be devised which would not give all power to the Hindoos, and infuriate the Mussulmans, seems to be more than doubted by those who ought to know. The capacity of the educated natives for administration seems to be pretty well proved by the success of the few municipalities which are already organized. Mr. Caine, M.P., who has been making a study of these, says that they will compare very favourably with similar corporations in England.

SELDOME have the civilizing, organizing and governing powers of the British race been shown in a more remarkable manner than in the history of the Malay Peninsula during the last fifteen years. Within that period, as is shown by a recent account in the *London Times*, the Malay States have been converted from disjointed centres of piracy and faction-fighting, into what is practically a Malay Federation of peaceful and wealth-producing communities. Private wars have been put down, roads opened up, railways and telegraphs introduced, rivers made navigable, forests cleared away, mines developed, and rich and remunerative crops, previously almost unknown, produced and cultivated. And all this has been accomplished without military force or menace—save in the single instance of the punishment of the murderers of Mr. Birch, the British Resident in Perak, in 1875—mainly through the moral influence and under the guidance of not more than a couple of dozen of British Residents, stationed at various important points, pursuant to a policy conceived by Sir Andrew Clarke, when Governor of the Straits Settlements some fifteen years ago, and carried out by him and his successors.

IN these days when we hear so much of the poverty, crime and wretchedness of outcast London, it is refreshing to have the obverse of the medal occasionally held up before our eyes. The Rev. George W. McCree, a well-known pastor and philanthropist of Southwark, sends to the *Daily News* a very encouraging account of the progress that is being made in removing the causes of "the bitter cry" that still goes up from the abodes of poverty and misery. Mr. McCree is convinced that the poor of London are far less poor, less ignorant, less wretched and less vicious than they were twenty-five years ago. In the matter of sports the people are less cruel, brutal, and depraved than they were. They are cleaner in their habits, and consequently more healthy. There is less disease and a wider acquaintance with sanitary laws. Not only can nearly all the poor read, but they do read, and with much that is evil there is far more that is healthful in their literary tastes. The consequence is that they are far more quick and intelligent, and aspire more than they did to further social improvement. There is every reason to hope that this picture is true to the facts. The active philanthropy of the day is turning the electric lights of sanitary science and Christian sympathy upon the darkest corners and slums of the great city, and revealing depths of misery whose existence was unknown and unsuspected. But the light does not create the misery, though it may help to disperse it. The knowledge that the evil is being gradually overcome will not discourage philanthropic effort, but rather stimulate it by adding the impetus of quickened hope. And if the progress has been encouraging in the past, it should be much more rapid in the future, for never before were so many powerful agencies at work for the regeneration of the "lapsed masses."

SAMOA is just now becoming the object of considerable attention. The question of chief interest to the outside world is whether the United States will feel called on to interfere to counteract the effects of German intermeddling. Not much reliance can be placed upon the rumours in regard to alleged activity in American naval quarters, for it is by no means likely that a demonstration of force—even were it not made ridiculous by the disproportion between the navies of the two countries—would be made until the effect of remonstrance at Berlin had been tried. It is generally conceded that the mysterious and elastic Monroe Doctrine cannot be stretched so far as to touch the Samoan question. But on the other hand it is alleged—

with what degree of accuracy we know not—that the American Government is bound by solemn promises to protect the Samoans from foreign pressure, such as the German marines are now bringing to bear. Though the United States Navy is growing with some rapidity it is hardly probable that it has yet reached the stage of efficiency which would warrant the adoption of a very decided tone with even such a maritime power as that over which the fiery young Emperor William presides.

THERE must be some serious defect in the social organization under which it is no uncommon thing for men, able and willing to work, to commit petty offences against the laws for the sake of securing a winter's board and lodging in the common gaol. Toronto gaol, it appears from recent statements, has a number of inmates of this class. There are many such, we believe, in the prisons all over the Dominion. The matter is one well worthy of the serious attention of citizens, philanthropists, and legislators. Criminals are sure to be numerous enough. There is no need that the corridors of our prisons should be converted into training schools for their production. It would surely be cheaper, as well as more creditable to our intelligence and humanity, to have all those who, from any cause, are unable to support themselves, cared for in some less demoralizing fashion. However valid may be the objections to the introduction of the poor-house system as it exists in England, the time has evidently come when some well-considered and systematic provision should be made to meet such cases as those referred to, as well as for the permanent relief of those who are unable to earn their own living. It is surely not an extreme of altruism which demands that this should be done in a manner involving the least possible degree of humiliation. This condition implies that work of some kind should be provided for all who are able to work. It would be more economical, as well as vastly preferable from the point of view of effect upon character, that such work should be done at a loss to the community, rather than that any able to work should be supported in idleness, to say nothing of the degradation inseparable from detention in a gaol.

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

MY attention has been drawn to some criticisms on an article of mine, which appeared about two months ago in *THE WEEK*, on the "Remuneration of Labour." In that article I contended that the demands of justice can never be completely fulfilled till the labourer is treated as a co-partner with his employer in the production of wealth, and his remuneration becomes an equivalent of the share which his labour has contributed to the whole wealth produced. The burden of the criticisms on this contention has been, that the wages of labour, like the price of every other commodity, are unalterably determined by the law of supply and demand, and that it is futile for either employees or employers to struggle against the operation of that inexorable law. This is not an old doctrine; it runs, in fact, through a great deal of the received teaching, especially among English economists, on the law of supply and demand, though it has met with some able protests, even from the economical point of view, by eminent economists like Mr. Thornton. (*On Labour*, Book II. Chap. 1). The common doctrine is put in all its rugged harshness by Mr. Gregg: "If labour is redundant," he says, "if two men are looking for one employer, no trade union, no power on earth can permanently raise wages, or prevent them from falling. If labour is scarce, if two masters are looking for one man, no master can prevent wages from rising, and no union is needed to raise them." (*Mistaken Aims of the Working Classes*, pp. 283-4).

It is thus assumed, that the equation of supply and demand is a tendency as irresistible as any force of the physical universe. But surely it betrays an utter misapprehension regarding this tendency in the economical world to look upon it in the same light as a law of physical causation. No human being is necessitated to yield to this law by the same sort of irresistible force with which a stone must yield to the law of gravitation. An employer, to use Mr. Gregg's illustration, may not be able to prevent two men applying to him for employment when he happens to want only one; but the obvious facts of daily experience are ignored in the assertion, that no power on earth can, in the case supposed, prevent wages from falling. Such assertions overlook, in fact, the real nature of economical laws. The equation of supply and demand is not a combination of agencies irresistibly impelling men to act in a particular way, as the conjunction of centrifugal and

centripetal forces sends a planet wheeling in an unalterable orbit round the sun. All the profounder writers on Political Economy, especially those who explain the logic or method of the science, point out that it teaches, in propriety, not actual results, but merely tendencies. In point of fact, a similar qualification must be laid down in reference to all the laws of nature. Even the simplest law of mechanical motion is a statement of a mere tendency to move in a particular way—a statement of the motion which would take place if no counteractive force interfered. As a matter of fact, the simple movements described in mechanical laws are never met with in this world; and that is the main reason why they were so long in being discovered. The actual mechanical movements in the universe are always of a complicated nature. Even the course of the moon round the earth presents complications which, I understand, Astronomy has yet failed to unravel. Now, in the industrial relations of human life, there is an infinitely more complicated entanglement of motives than in any merely mechanical movement. The law of supply and demand is not the only agency at work. Political Economy is on unassailable ground in teaching that the national tendency of this law, when allowed full play, is to make prices rise when demand exceeds supply, to make them fall when supply exceeds demand; and therefore if men were machines driven by the love of gain as their sole motive power, this natural tendency would unfailingly produce its appropriate effect upon prices. But men's motives are infinitely varied; rarely, if ever, are their actions determined by a single motive. Accordingly, when employers are contracting with their employees, it is contrary to human nature to assume that they are actuated solely by the desire to obtain labour at the lowest wages which the state of the market allows.

But there is a mistake of a more pernicious nature, as it affects men's moral convictions and conduct. Without perhaps explicitly thinking it or saying it, there is evidently in many minds an undercurrent of indistinctly conceived thought, that the law of supply and demand is not only a natural, but also a moral, law—that it points, not only to the natural tendency of certain motives when unchecked by others, but also to those motives by which men ought to be governed in their industrial relations with one another. It is worth while, once for all, to bring this indistinct conception into clear consciousness; for surely nothing but a clear consciousness of its drift is required to excite a revolt from it in every mind of unperverted moral sensibility. To say that a man is bound, or even allowed, to take the utmost advantage of his position in contracting with others is simply to abrogate the moral law, and to set up the reign of might over right. It is evident that human beings, who are starving for lack of bread, will, in general, consent to labour on any terms that will secure them from starvation. In the ancient world it was quite common for men, under this pitiable necessity, to contract themselves, their wives and children into slavery; and in all times multitudes of the male sex, making an opportunity out of the necessity of women, have been in the habit of extorting contracts, which to a pure and free womanhood must surely be worse than simple slavery, worse even than death itself.

A mind of narrow moral vision may perhaps flatter itself with the justification that a contract of slavery is forbidden by law, while law allows an employer to force down the remuneration of labourers to the lowest rate at which they are willing to work. But in ancient times a contract of slavery was perfectly allowable by law; and the employer, who bargained for the enslavement of a labourer, could plead, with as thorough truth as his successor of the present day, that he was simply yielding to the natural law of supply and demand. "If," he might have said, "men are starving for lack of food, they will, for dear life, offer to labour as slaves; no union of labourers, no power upon earth, can prevent this degradation." No power upon earth, perhaps, may prevent such an offer being made; but the civilization of jurisprudence in the spirit of Solon's great reform, has proved that human sentiment and human law can prevent such an offer from being accepted. It may not be possible, just yet, to devise any legal expedient by which a ruthless employer may be prevented from beating down wages to the starvation point; yet some happy stroke of legal genius may, ere long, hit upon the very invention of jurisprudence, which is required to restrain employers from taking full advantage of the law of supply and demand in regulating the remuneration of labour.

Meanwhile the high-minded employer will not forget that jurisprudence itself, recognizing the imperfection of its ordinary methods, has always aimed at the institution

of a higher Equity which should prevent the injuries arising from the strict letter of the written law; and to act upon the law of supply and demand, without regard to any restraints but those which can be enforced by the imperfect provisions of human legislation, is simply to throw aside all the kindlier motives of life, and to snatch unrelentingly the fullest advantage over the necessities of others, that any opportunity may legally allow. The Shylock of Shakespeare's creation is a type of the monster who in all ages has been held up to the execration of the world as taking the uttermost advantage of the "supply" furnished by another's necessity to "demand" an inhuman contract, and then to exact without pity his legally stipulated pound of flesh.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

ENGLAND AND SUAKIN.

WILL the "general reader" of newspapers who, to judge from my own experience, begins to lament his lack of more detailed information just when some more that usually intricate political topic commences to attract attention, allow me humbly to offer him the results of a wider and more interested study of England's relationship with the Soudan than he, probably, has had the time or the inclination to bestow upon it? Our own political problems are at this moment of such paramount importance that no excuse is needed for entire ignorance upon, perhaps, the most knotty question in all England's foreign policy. I happen, however, to have kept my eye upon England in Egypt, and from conversations with those who have travelled in the East, and from the perusal of despatches, articles, and correspondence, have gathered information which, with the Editor's permission, I here offer, as briefly and as simply as possible, to the aforesaid general reader.

The answer to the question, "Why is England at Suakin at all?" is involved in the answer to that other question, "Why is England in Egypt at all?" And with this answer I do not suppose anybody could satisfactorily supply us. We may say that Egypt is on our route to India, that we have pecuniary and other interests there, that we are concerned in any disorder that may exist there, and so forth; but not any one, or even all, of these will be a complete explanation of England's presence in the Sultan's domains.

With regard to Suakin alone, however, this much may be said: A long train of events, dating from, let us say, the outbreak of the Mahdist rebellion, explains the occupation of this part by British troops. England was loath, apparently, to evacuate the Soudan altogether. At one time, in fact, it will be remembered, she made tremendous exertions towards the building of a railway between Berber and Suakin. By degrees, however, her ardour cooled, and her hold on the Soudan dwindled down to the holding of Suakin—the port, not the district, for there are both—and some foot-hold on the Red Sea littoral doubtless England feels she must keep, even if she does not trouble herself about keeping anything else.

For this foot-hold Suakin certainly is an excellent locality. It is in reality an important port. Before the insurrectionary troubles of the Madhi it possessed a trade of some four or five million dollars a year. Its customs revenues alone amounted to £60,000 *per annum*. This will surprise none who know how it is situated. It is virtually the Eastern outlet for an enormous, productive, populated, and river-watered area. It is within three hundred miles of the Nile (to mention which is to remind one of the tremendous actualities and possibilities of trade); the nearest port to the important Berber, to Abouhamed, Dongola, Khartoum, and other centres; and the gate of egress of numberless routes from important commercial areas stretching far into the interior, and leading to the as yet unexplored, or but slightly explored, regions south of Gondokoro, towards Lake Nyassa.

So much of the place. Now what is to be done with it? That question I do not suppose the British Government itself could answer at present. The British Government has always been strangely indeterminate and vacillating in its Egyptian policy. The whole history of its interference in Egypt's affairs from the date of the bombardment of Alexandria to the date of the leaving in the lurch of Khartoum has been a history of vacillation. As some one said of Mr. Browning's *Sordello*, that its only comprehensible lines were the first and the last, so we may say of this unintelligible history that its only rational facts were the first and the last—and, again like the lines in *Sordello*, the last seem to contradict the first! But now we have a sort of *excursus* to that history; no wonder, therefore, it, too, is hard to understand.

However, at present matters stand somewhat thus:—Suakin (the port) has been for a long time incessantly

attacked by hordes of dervishes. Their hostility is to be explained by their hatred of Egyptian rule. Egyptian rule, as far as the Soudan is concerned, only daring to show itself at Suakin, that place is made the objective point of their attacks. The English are, of course, included in these attacks, for England is looked upon (and quite rightly) as Egypt's ally. This much is plain, but how by Egypt, and by Egypt's ally, these dervishes are to be treated—that is the puzzle of puzzles. Egypt herself would only too willingly evacuate Suakin. Suakin is a thorn in the flesh to her. But England will not hear of this. *She* must remain there, and it is far pleasanter (taking into consideration European jealousies and other awkward matters of a like nature) it is far pleasanter to remain there as Egypt's ally than by her own authority. This being settled, there follow numerous as yet unsettled questions. For example—Are the dervishes merely to be beaten off as often as they approach too rashly, or are they to be eradicated altogether? Is this possible? Are they not connected with disaffected tribes stretching far into that interior which Egypt so much wishes to leave severely alone? Again, what of trade? Is this to be fostered by Egyptian and British influence? If so, how? By conciliation or by intimidation? What of the slave trade, too?—a most difficult problem this. These will suffice to show how many and how intricate are the questions to be discussed with reference to England's occupation of Suakin. It must not be forgotten also that every one of these questions is rendered still more intricate by its pecuniary side. Who is to pay for anything that is undertaken? That is a puzzle for everybody. The British tax-payer does not like paying for Egypt's muddles. England is chary about asking Egypt to pay for what she (England) almost compels her to do against her will. Altogether it is a curiously tangled web.

There is one significant point about the whole affair, and that is that neither the Khedive nor the Sultan appears to care to have any say whatsoever in the matter. England apparently is allowed to have it all her own way. Why does she not settle that way—and take it? That is what many are asking.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

TORONTO CHURCHES AND PREACHERS.

II.—ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL AND FATHER HANDS.

IN contributing to THE WEEK a brief account of the principal church belonging to the great Roman Catholic community in Toronto, I entirely accept the limitations laid down at the commencement of the series—that the comments, of whatever kind, should be fair and reverent. It is not easy for any one to give an account of a Roman Catholic service that shall be entirely satisfactory to any party. Almost any kind of criticism must be offensive to those who suppose themselves to be the representatives of a system above criticism. Almost any favourable remarks will be equally offensive to those who regard the Roman system as an unmitigated system of idolatry.

With all this I have nothing to do. Roman Catholics exist in this country in large numbers, and are a power, social, moral, religious, political. Many persons think that their actual influence is beyond what they are entitled to. Certainly this fact, if it is one, must be put down to their credit. It is not their fault that they believe in their own system. If other communions had equal faith in theirs, they might counterbalance the Roman influence. With all this, as I said, I have nothing to do. The truth or error of Roman doctrines is a question for theologians; their influence in the state is a matter for politicians to consider. My business is that of a visitor, a spectator, who wants to see what is going on, and who is ready to tell what he sees.

One thing will be admitted—that the Roman Catholics have, to the extent of their power, preserved the traditions of the Middle Ages in the building and adorning of their Churches; and the Cathedral of St. Michael is, externally and internally, an imposing building, and this is nearly all that can be said. The outside might be called fine; but there is a certain monotony of outline unrelieved by any distinction of the form of the choir, or by transepts, both of which features tend to give impressiveness to the exterior appearance of most of the Mediæval Churches. The exterior, however, is decidedly more pleasing than the interior, which is gloomy, monotonous, and singularly wanting in that effectiveness with which Roman Catholics hardly ever fail to invest their more important buildings. If, for example, we compare it with Notre Dame, at Montreal, we see how superior is the latter in a kind of living unity which draws the feelings out in a sort of responsive sympathy; and yet Notre Dame is encumbered with huge galleries, from which St. Michael's is free. It would hardly be fair to compare it with the new cathedral at New York—the finest ecclesiastical building on this side of the Atlantic—and still less to put it in competition with the glorious buildings of the Old World.

The Sunday on which I specially visited the Church was the one on which Archbishop Lynch lay dead, after his brief illness contracted in the rigorous discharge of his duties. No one could enter the building and let his eye rest upon the lugubrious decorations, no one could move about among the sorrow-stricken people without being deeply impressed by all he saw.

But first a little about the service and the preacher. I had made inquiries about the Roman Catholic preachers of the city; but I could hear of no one of eminence. Perhaps I may be more fortunate in the future, and I or some one

else may tell the readers of THE WEEK what we have heard and seen. As a matter of fact, I went to the ordinary service of Vespers and Benedictions, and heard the appointed preacher, Father Hands, who, without being remarkable or striking, spoke well and clearly—no small matter in a large building—and was listened to with great attention.

The first part of the service was a litany said in the pulpit, to which the congregation generally responded. Then came vespers, which seemed to be entirely a matter for the clergy and choir. The benediction followed the sermon. Clearly the benediction (the *Salut*, as they call it in France and Belgium) is the service which the Roman Catholics enjoy. The altar is like the rod of Moses, which swallows up all other rods. All other church offices seem to disappear in its presence. It may safely be said that Roman Catholic worshippers delight chiefly in the Mass, the communion and the benediction. I am mentioning this as a mere matter of fact, without censure or approval. It is quite natural that it should be so. If God incarnate is in the Tabernacle, the words, "Lo, God is here, let us adore," must have a meaning which they have not where no sacrament is reserved. In that case choir services must be uninteresting. Of course, they are kept up in cathedrals and monastic houses. I remember to have "assisted" at a vesper service in Paris, at which the congregation joined heartily in the singing; but even the vesper service has disappeared from many churches, particularly in Belgium, and where it remains it is without interest to most of those who are present at it.

Certainly there was less actual joining of the congregation in any part of the service at St. Michael's than is usual in France, in Germany, or in England. The familiar Eucharistic hymn, "O salutaris hostia," was sung by the choir alone, the people either listening or engaged in private prayer—a custom very different from our notion of common or public worship. But the power of the whole service was in the Host. It is sometimes asserted by thoughtless Protestants that the Roman Catholic clergy do not generally believe in Transubstantiation. No supposition could be more remote from truth. None but a very silly person, or one who had taken no pains to acquaint himself with the facts, will entertain such a belief. The priests and the people do undoubtedly believe that, when the Host is elevated, they are kneeling before God and worshipping Him. We may think it is idolatry. But there is a good deal of idolatry of different kinds in the world; and, at any rate, it is not my business to call names.

As regards the sermon, it was of so exceptional a character, being devoted to the commemoration of the dead Archbishop, that it should not, perhaps, be judged from the ordinary point of view. It is not easy, either, to say how far we are to receive testimony given, under such circumstances, to the departed pastor of the diocese. Father Hands, in presence of the throne which was never more to be occupied by the familiar form, spoke under the influence of visible emotion. The manifestations on the part of the congregation were audible and visible. The preacher spoke of the late Archbishop's passionate love of his country and of its people, of his affection for all that was connected with Ireland; and especially of his love and care for the poor. No one, however poor or ragged, was denied access to him; and few in their need went away unrelieved. He spoke of his habits of frugality and self-denial, of his early rising at five o'clock in the morning, of the simplicity of his life and deportment, of his genial accessibility. There was nothing in the least degree sensational in the good Father's manner of speech. All was plain and sober in utterance and in manner. And yet the effect was startling. Women wept and sobbed and trembled with emotion. Some seemed to give way to passionate, uncontrollable grief. It is quite likely that many of these, being of French or Irish extraction, indulged their emotions more freely than Englishwomen or Scotchwomen would have done. But, at least, the fact was plain enough. Archbishop Lynch is now beyond the praises of his friends and the criticisms of his foes. Some day his life may be written; but it is hardly possible that it should be written otherwise than with some amount of prejudice for or against its subject. It is possible that some of the accusations brought against him by some members of his own flock may be justified. But this, at least, is certain and undeniable, that he had gained the affections of the mass of his people and especially of the poor. Does the Christian minister desire any much better testimony than this? SPECTATOR.

MONTREAL LETTER.

MONTREAL is undergoing the process of settling down after the holiday excitement. The epidemic of selling, purchasing, eating and fraternizing has about lived itself to death, and has, no doubt, left the natural consequences of an epidemic—an enfeebled trade, exhausted purses, an impaired physique and a depleted brotherly love. In the midst of Christmas marketing the old Church of Bonsecour insists upon her too suggestive motto, "*Si l'amour de Marie en passant ne l'oublie en ton cœur grave de lui dire un an*"; and, as if the very shadow of the New Year tells but too truly of the inevitable evanescence of all things terrestrial, adds that no provisions of any kind can be admitted to her sacred precincts, even upon the pretext of devotions. The horses of the street cars look as if "going to grass" was reserved for them in a beatific future. The shops are cooling down and sweeping out, enjoying the nausea that follows upon a repast of sweets. At every step we are reminded of the *bona fide* cheap sales, the

obligatory clearances, the undreamt of sacrifices, the wholesale slaughter of, in fact, the voluntary and complete suicide which retail dry-goods martyrs undertake *pro bono publico*. When a man deliberately assures us he will supply us for half a dollar with a pair of gloves which cost a dollar, he evidently must act upon the presumption that one of the contracting parties is expected to be a fool; and when it becomes with him an annual or semi-annual experiment, the suspicion is unavoidable that he has taken the precaution to secure his own exemption from the imputation. It is hard to see ourselves as others see us, and in want of any school of advertising where our shopkeepers may graduate in good taste, we cannot hope that Montreal will too soon be ashamed of the faded, begrimed and tattered grandeur which is hoisted from tree to tree, and from pillar to post, glaring A Happy New Year at us, and flaunting in our faces the very acme of disgust in colour, design and material. Men, in the centre of our holiday thoroughfares, seem to seize the most debilitated table-cloth they can lay hands on, steal from an old Christmas card a label of Santa Claus, and, with a discarded broom, proceed to waste upon the table-cloth some stove-pipe varnish, a little Reckitt's Blue and a dash of *le beau jaune*. We are taught to regard this as a Christmas sign, without enquiring why it should be so effectual in driving away the trade it is intended to entrap. A real, efficient streamer, or window-card is like a good joke. It must be impromptu, fresh, to the point, and *good for this day only*. All patent, everlasting adaptability is fatal. The instinct by which a man sets an umbrella in his window on a rainy day and removes it when the sunshine returns is a salable commodity—a capital subject to the usual laws of profit and loss. If, by the way, a similar instinct could arrange our weather outside to suit the goods displayed inside, our fur dealers especially would make a hit. It is doubtful if even the most prodigiously extravagant carnival seekers can redeem the furrier's hopes from the despair which the carnival can only deepen. Any ordinary mortal who could postpone till the middle of January the purchase of a sealskin coat for want of a day cold enough to enjoy it, is not likely to suffer from the energy of the desire for the rest of the winter.

Our colleges and schools, and shall I say our churches too, are making an attempt at settling down. Far be it from me, in this world in which evil is supposed to preponderate over the good, to breathe a word in favour of increasing burdens already heavy enough, or of diminishing sunshine already too rare. But who does not know, the teacher in the class and the parent in the home, the deplorably unsatisfactory conditions described by *settling down*? And which of us can escape from a doubt as to whether the holiday is worth the cost? If it be generally admitted that we can get nothing for nothing, that every rose has its thorn, the questions arise, Is the life with the rose and the thorn to be compared to the life without either, and is there such a thing as a holiday at all? Speaking broadly, the press of work before and the press of arrears after a holiday seem to dispel the perfume of the rose. In our schools the week or two of restless interruption in regular systematic work known as preparing for Christmas, the week or two of mental vagrancy known as recess, and the week or two of promiscuous shaking together afterwards to regain our lost ground, appear to consume on an average a whole month—one out of twelve. Add to this a fortnight of a similar process at Easter—a half out of twelve; and, at least, two months in summer—two out of twelve. Then from Thanksgiving, Queen's Birthday and Teachers' Conventions, we have, with the thorns and the roses, about a week more—a quarter out of twelve, which is, of course, three quarter months out of twelve. The Sundays alone make up a total of more than one and a half out of twelve, giving us altogether something over five months out of every year. Thus when a lad reaches, say, eighteen, and is launched on the sea of life, he has spent of his past life of eighteen years the space of seven and a half holiday-making. So far from chopping off the Sundays, it is but too evident that we need a few more, another between Wednesday and Thursday; but surely it is not advocating all work and no play to suggest that something is wrong somewhere. Either we cram into the work period of the year what would be better done distributed, or we purposely set out with the determination to achieve in the preparatory years of a boy's life only a fraction of what we might. Is this protracted holiday system necessary? Is it in any sense satisfactory? Would a day dropped in periodically not secure more of the rose and less of the thorn? Ought there not to be a summer course, at least for children, beyond the drudgery of rudimentary classes? Or must we suppose that our boys and girls work so exhaustively every school day that all this sacrifice of time is required to re-create? Some institutions have come to be regarded with superstitious veneration. Is our holiday-making one of them? A movement is going on in England at present to have the Spring holidays of all public schools as much as possible at one time, *regardless of Easter*. If we are prepared to grant that the Church may abrogate her right to establish the date of the holiday, has she any right to dictate its existence?

The petition from the Royal Electric Light Company to have the remaining two of its seven years' contract extended into a monopoly of ten was laid before the Light Committee of the Council, and, after some discussion, was granted. Before the matter was finally settled, however, it drew forth the indignation of the citizens. A public meeting was called, and resolutions were passed condemning the action of the Committee for not throwing the contract open to competition, and protesting against the proposal to bind the city for the next

ten years to a price which even now is \$550,000 above the figure quoted by other companies, and which, before the monopoly has expired, must in all likelihood be far beyond the fabulous. But it appears that the citizens had perpetrated an exceeding folly in thus attempting to maintain their rights and protect their purses. An alderman in Council read them an admonition for their audacity, and severely reprimanded the gentleman who had presided. The Council is composed not of their trustees but of their masters. The Royal is in danger of bankruptcy, and it is more than rumoured that members of the Council are financially interested in it. So the contract was skilfully engineered through—twenty-three voting for, and eight against. An injunction is talked of to prevent the Mayor from signing it; but, as everybody's business in Montreal is nobody's, we have probably heard the last of it.

The alderman who taught us our duty in this respect is now on the *tapis* as the successor of Mayor Abbott. A requisition has been presented to the latter gentleman that he should allow himself to be nominated again for his third term. He has, however, formally announced his inability to do so, assigning as his reason the claims which his business, his age, and his Senatorship demand upon him. The fight to secure an English Mayor, so keenly waged in successive contests against the late Mayor Beaudry's domineeringism, and so hardly won at last, seems to have exhausted our British pluck. Alderman Grenier, though in former years repeatedly requested "to run," has now been invited "to stand," and the two expressions usually understood to be synonymous, give the situation in a word. Mr. Grenier has had a quarter of a century's training in the Council, and, although his career has not been without blemish, his future may be looked forward to with something of confidence. He is a successful business man, a Director of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, and 1st Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He is a devout Catholic, and his attitude towards the Royal Electric Monopoly may at least have derived some pious enthusiasm from the consideration that in a question of public taxation in Montreal, he and his Church will go, not Scot free, but French free.

The marriage of two McGill Bachelors of Arts, which took place recently has induced one of the Professors to be responsible for the following riddle:—Two Bachelors married each other; one ceased being a bachelor; the other never was a bachelor; neither can ever be bachelors; yet both are Bachelors still.

VILLE MARIE.

HORIZONS.

MAKE Self the centre and the level of thy thought,
And thy horizon shall so closely hedge thee round
With petty cares, weak worries, all so over-wrought
That of the world without thou hast no sight—no sound.

Mount higher! be it but the neighbour step that holds
Another's trouble or another's joy than thine,
Each step will lead where rarer atmosphere enfolds;
And broader, as thou risest, grows thy boundary line.

Dost see the while thou risest higher, higher still,
How small, ignoble are the things that had seemed great?
What base unworthy aims thy smaller soul could fill?
And, seeing, can'st thou idly leave thy life to fate?

Nay! Climb the mast if thou would'st better view the sea;
Push out each boundary and thou standest still at naught;
A God-bound circle *must* be infinite as He,
And alway thy horizon shapes to fit thy thought.

Toronto.

ALME.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

AND so we had arrived in Japan, in the land of tinted films, and cobweb lines and the quintessence of things.

The ship was stormed by scores of curious creatures—men in dark blue tunics, with white cabalistic marks on the back, their brown faces, and chests and limbs glinting like polished bronze; men in tights, who might have been Florentines of the fifteenth century; men in the loose *kimono*. Strange-looking boats flecked the sea; strange-looking, low-roofed houses made the town by the water's edge. Away near the horizon line rose a huge cone-like mass of something white from a dark green basin. Large birds floated, and wheeled and shrieked through the air, and over everything stretched a sky of tender, hazy blue. As I looked at the fantastic picture painted on the gold background of an Eastern morning it all seemed as mad a medley of beauty and grotesqueness as ever artist imagined for a Satsuma vase.

They had told us of a land of paper houses and toy gardens, where the fascinating beauties of the tea-chest walked the streets, beauties who could wither with a side glance all our Greek ideals. They had told us, too, how the fashions of Eden were still in vogue there, how everybody was always contented and happy, and how everybody always smiled. But notwithstanding these simple and benign conditions of life, notwithstanding our delight at the new charm of things, our foreign sensibilities would be often shocked, very much shocked indeed. They had insisted upon that. We came to a sleepy, conventional-looking town, whose sober banks and shops, and large, cool houses suggested far more strongly a community favouring five o'clocks, than one that found its satisfaction in contemplatively smoking at noon, and living by the uncertain light of parti-coloured lanterns at midnight. Nobody

seemed abnormally inclined to smile, and when we reached the hotel door and the *jinrikisha* man looked derisively at his rightful fare of ten *sen*, it was so like any Canadian cabby that I felt quite an uncomfortable twinge of homesickness. But, afterwards, we learnt this wasn't at all the Japanese quarter of Yokohama. Yokohama had a Japanese quarter, however—a sort of never-ending fair that was not very far away; we should drive through it.

We had just had time to give ourselves a little land look before going in to tiffin; a tiffin our old friend The Compleat Angler pronounced to be as good, yes, quite as good as ever he had tasted at the Union Club (it was the first remark I heard The Compleat Angler make after his arrival in Japan), when we were stopped suddenly by a funny, anxious-looking youth in European dress, but with a very unmistakable crop of straight, thick Japanese hair, and a pair of little questioning Japanese eyes. He poked his card at us and said something about an "interview" and "reporter," and "something *shimbun*." Our host explained half smilingly, half compassionately, the object of the gentleman's visit. I didn't quite like the attitude of our host in this matter; it was decidedly derogatory, and seemed either to doubt the importance of two of the parties concerned, or to belittle a situation that both Garth and I beamingly regarded as flatteringly unique. My judgment proved premature.

We all three entered the drawing-room; we all three smiled; and then we were all three in a nervous uncertainty as to what to do next.

"We have come to see your beautiful Japan."

This was clear, concise, politic; Garth said it.

"You must excuse that I visit ladies without introduction," answered the reporter somewhat irrelevantly. He had been waiting to say it for some time, and now that he had said it and was reassured, he looked more as if he meant business.

"It is a very long journey from Montreal to Japan," resumed Garth, wishing to be at once encouraging and suggestive.

The reporter evidently thought this fact worthy of remark, for he said "Hn, hn," and took out his note-book.

"How long?" he asked.

"From Montreal to Vancouver the distance 3,000 miles, and from Vancouver—"

"Vancouver, Canada?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, and from Vancouver—"

But I saw him put it down as quick as light, "Distance from Montreal to Canada 3,000 miles."

"My dear," I murmured to Garth, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "I don't think the gentleman has quite understood your statement." "It is 3,000 miles from Montreal to Vancouver," I added turning to the reporter.

But the rash youth dashed down once again, "From Montreal to Canada 3,000 miles MORE."

There was an awkward pause. I looked away, my lips trembled, and I toyed nervously with my pocket-handkerchief.

"What the object of your *caravancery*?" came next.

We both gasped, our smile sputtered into a laugh and then we made frantic efforts to stop.

"You—you must think foreigners—very rude," I stammered.

"Yes," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

We should have lost our balance completely had not Garth followed this up with astounding *sang froid*:

"You must not think we are laughing at you," she said; "we are laughing at—at—an ocean voyage is so apt make people nervous and silly."

"Yes," again replied the reporter, frankly. "I speak the English very badly," he added, with a modesty that appealed to us.

Of course, I wished we could speak Japanese one quarter as well, and Garth said, "Yes, indeed"; and the youth said, "Yes." He had evidently not come to bandy compliments, and he really did wish to know "the object of our *caravancery*," so he repeated his query in another form.

"What the object of these ladies correspondents' visit?"

It seemed a fair question, and Garth answered it accordingly.

"Hearing there was a Paradise beyond the seas," she began. The reporter said, "Hn, hn," and went scribbling along. But I think I had better give you some of the reasons Garth presented for coming to "this enlightened land," in the language of the youth's translation of the interview after it had appeared in one of the Japanese newspapers. According to this translation Miss Grafton said that her chief object was "to see the native life of the people, the condition of social life, and to know how goes the American and English civilization upon the dress, eatings and residence of the people; . . . to inspect the fine arts, fine pictures and the education of this land. By publishing the informations of these things, we wish to bring out the photo of this Paradise."

"Hn, hn," said the reporter; but Garth had no intention of stopping just then; her economic spirit was suddenly roused, and she continued—always according to the translation:

"The railway between Montreal and Canada has been constructed already, so, in utilizing this railway, and also the convenience of Canadian Pacific steamers, the long chain of the great trade may be hanged out between Montreal and Japan."

Another "Hn, hn," another painful pause, and then Garth asked whether any other lady correspondents had ever come to Japan.

"Yes," said the youth, "there is come to Japan no other ladies correspondents."

We asked news of the two gentlemen correspondents who had just left.

"Mr. Norman has gone Corea."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes—yes, sir, I know Mr. Norman."

"Mr. Carpenter accompanied him?"

"Yes, sir—yes—yes, m'am."

"Did Mrs. Carpenter go too?"

"Yes, m'am—yes, miss—yes, sir, he has gone with Mr. Carpenter."

"I understand that Mr. Norman has gone, but Mrs. Carpenter, did she go?"

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Carpenter, he has gone."

"Oh!"

The gender being somewhat of a stumbling-block, I changed the subject.

"I suppose the Japanese don't particularly object to foreign ladies coming amongst them?"

"Yes."

"Oh! do they? I thought a great many Japanese were marrying foreigners now. Haven't several of your officials married American ladies?"

"The Japanese gentlemen does not marry so much—so many—now."

But the youth didn't appreciate this examination on our part, so he resumed:

"Will you tell to me what of interest on your journey?" and that happy translation makes me reply:

"In crossing the Rocky Mountains we saw the wooden snow protects upon the mountain for protecting of the sudden falls of the snow."

While another not less pleasant version of what I said is:

"When we are passing the distance between mount Rocky I had a great danger, for the snow on the mountains is falling down and the railroad shall be cut off. Therefore by the snow-shed which was made by the tree its falling was defend."

"Hn, hn."

The youth reflected a moment and then:

"What is your opinion about that Japan ladies dress in foreign style and have their hairs made in foreign style?"

And the translation says I answered:

"We have not seen yet these ladies, but I think it is better to dress in native style for them, because they have the native handsome dresses, very much nicer, I suppose."

There was a very long pause, indeed, after this. Our friend had evidently one more important question to ask us; suddenly it came out.

"Will you tell to me your age?"

We were so surprised that we told him quite simply the truth.

"Hn, hn," and he put it down.

When I took his note-book to correct the spelling of our names, I saw, "Two very nice ladies correspondents of noble looking, aged —."

We took but a hurried ride through the Japanese quarter of Yokohama, for it is not the thing to be "impressed" to any extent with Japanese scenes till you get to Tokyo. Nevertheless, we found it very wonderful, extravagantly picturesque that Japanese quarter in the late afternoon. There were fierce looking storehouses, all painted black and with iron bars; there were dainty, make-believe habitations of paper and wood; there were great, wide streets filled with what seemed a masquerading multitude, and there was always the dreamy blue sky and the lazily flying birds.

LOUIS LLOYD.

Tokyo, Japan, Dec. 10th, 1888.

MAX O'RELL ON AMERICAN SOCIETY.

IN the January number of *The Forum* the popular author of *John Bull and His Island* has some very interesting notes on American society. His style is not so "Frenchy," nor is it so mocking as formerly; the tone even approaches gravity now and then, but this only tends to heighten the effect of his humorous touches, which are as bright and as gay as ever. Altogether, we like Max O'Rell better in these jottings than in anything else of his which we have yet seen. He tells us that since his return from the United States he has set about answering the question, What do you think of America? and that his answer has filled a small volume. At the request of the editor of *The Forum* he gives the gist of it in a short article. It is hardly necessary to say that Canada does not figure in the article. In their "impressions" the republic's distinguished visitors invariably ignore our part of the Continent, even though they may condescend to cross the frontier for a day or two, and accept the hospitality of Canadians.

So anxious were the Americans to learn what were Max O'Rell's notions about America and Americans, that he had hardly arrived on board the *Germanic*, at Liverpool, before the purser handed the Frenchman a letter from the editor of a New York literary paper. "Dear sir," ran the letter, "Could you, during your voyage, write an article for me? I should like to publish it soon after your arrival in the States. Subject: Your Preconceived Notions of America." Max O'Rell here pokes a little sly fun at the Americans for their eagerness to know what is thought about them, and their fondness for compliments—"a pronounced childish side to their character." Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York

Tribune, asserts that Americans have grown out of their sensitive age, and no longer care about the criticism of outsiders. We have all read of the paroxysms of rage into which the sons and daughters of Uncle Sam were thrown by the hostile criticisms of Miss Trollope and Charles Dickens. The Americans were prodded in their most tender parts, and so unexpectedly, too. Max O'Rell thinks they have not yet recovered from these criticisms, and that they are still very sensitive to anything of the kind. There is no lack of evidence to prove that this is the case. When the late Matthew Arnold ventured, not long ago, to find a little fault with them, and to hint that all was not absolute perfection in the Great Republic, how mighty was the wrath of the Americans, how the land shook from end to end with their indignation! How the newspapers vied with one another in abusing the famous critic! All this happened but the other day. Mr. Smalley was evidently mistaken; his countrymen do care about the criticism of outsiders. The question which Americans ask so often of their visitors, What do you think of America? is a question, says Max O'Rell, which an Englishman or Frenchman would never ask on the subject of their respective countries. "They are both so sure that nothing can approach the land of their birth that they would save the foreigner the risk of making a fool of himself in criticising it." We are inclined to think that this question is prompted by a feeling of uncertainty. Like the man who enters a ball-room, having put on a dress coat for the first time, stands anxiously looking about for someone to set his misgivings at rest, so does this new people stand nervously eyeing each new comer, anxious to have its fears allayed.

Max O'Rell always speaks of the United States as America. Transatlantic folk all do. In this they follow the example of the Americans themselves. A most absurd thing, this. It were quite as correct to speak of France as Europe. It all comes of the citizens of the United States calling themselves Americans, a name fully as applicable to Canadians as to themselves. Were Frenchmen to claim the exclusive right to the name of Europeans, everybody would think it rather ridiculous. When the Republic shall have swallowed Canada, and Mexico, and other parts of North America, our cousins over the way will be justified in calling their country America and themselves Americans. Mr. Freeman has had something to say on this matter, and has suggested that the United States should be called Columbia, and the inhabitants thereof Columbians; but the suggestion of the eminent historian did not commend itself to our relatives.

As may be supposed, Max O'Rell discusses the American woman, and though he fully admits her many charms and graces, the impression he leaves on the mind is not altogether without alloy. She is plump, he tells us, and lives carefully packed up in cotton wool, as it were. It seemed to Max O'Rell that the lot of the American woman was as near perfection as an earthly lot could be. She is an uncrowned queen. For her, man toils all the day long; it is his aim to surround her with luxury, to make her path through life a sunny one. He treats her with "a respect amounting to reverence." And to fill her high position becomingly the American woman spares no pains. But, alas! she does not seem to appreciate all this devotion of man. "If an outsider be competent to form an opinion," says our author, "I venture to say that the American woman does not render to man a tithe of the devotion she receives from him." This shot of Max O'Rell is not wide of the mark. Others have said the same thing. In the matter of dress also he touches a weak spot in the American woman. Over-elaboration is a fault all too common, and she seems to know nothing about the highest effect in dress: "a commingling of simplicity and elegance." It looks very droll, he says (and we should think a trifle vulgar as well), to see ladies attired in low-necked ball dresses to receive afternoon callers—a custom universal in the United States.

Can any one explain how it is that in a land where the respect shown for women "amounts to reverence" the number of divorces should be so notoriously large as it certainly is in the United States? In some parts of the Union, we are credibly informed, there is one divorce to every five marriages. This is simply legalized immorality, the effects of which on the national character will soon be more than appreciable. And yet the *New York Sun* has just declared that the prevailing sentiment is manifestly in favour of still greater freedom of divorce. We know of an American drawing room in which were recently gathered together no less than nine divorced women. In fact, divorce has become a jest amongst Americans. Facetious conductors will announce to their passengers that fifteen minutes are allowed at such and such places, not for refreshments, but for divorce. A clergyman, who has just returned from an extended sojourn amongst the Americans, told the present writer that in the State of New York a man and woman have only to register at an hotel as Mr. and Mrs. So and So, and they are forthwith considered married in the eyes of the law. They live together for a few days, then get a divorce, and so good-bye. There is not much reverence for womanhood in this. What a people reverence is reflected in their laws.

If the American woman lives in cotton wool the man lives in a burning fiery furnace of activity. In his "head-long chase" after affluence he is far from that great problem of life, happiness. His domestic joys, says Max O'Rell, are more shadowy than real. "To live in a whirl is not to live well." This frantic haste to do and to get, a characteristic of our generation and one seen in its most aggravated forms in the United States, is destructive of all that is sweetest and most comforting in social life. There

is nothing dignified or ennobling in turning life into a mad scramble after money. If their financial schemes and business concerns did not tyrannize over the Americans to the extent they do, if more were thought of adorning the passing hour, and less of making money in it, perhaps the women might appreciate the men more highly. As it is the women seem to be cultivated above the men.

Turning to politics, Max O'Rell thinks that contemporary America is governed by the Irish. "The city of New York, which has been successively in the power of the Dutch, the English, and the Yankees, is to-day the real capital of Ireland. The English are always wondering why Americans are all in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, and ready to back up the cause with their dollars. Why, I will tell you. The good Americans hope that when Ireland is restored to the Irish all the Irish will go home." That the Irish question should have become such a serious one in the United States the Americans have themselves in great part to thank for it. The tickling of Irish ears in order to gain the Irish vote has been carried on to an enormous extent, and now the results are manifest. By over much tickling the ears have become enlarged and less sensitive to the operation, so that that which once sufficed to tickle suffices no longer. And in saying this no disrespect is meant to the Irish. They are not the only people who delight to have their ears tickled, their prejudices flattered, their hatred satisfied. We all like it, and the more we have of it the more we want. It is safe to say that if politicians ceased to angle for the Irish vote there would be, by-and-by, no Irish vote as such to angle for. To this ignoble practice is to be attributed the exaggerated importance which that vote has acquired in Canada as well as in the United States.

Canadians can quite understand what Max O'Rell means by saying that American politics appear to him to be perfectly childish. Their politics seem to be below the mental and moral level of the people. This sorry state of affairs is no doubt to be traced to the fact that men of cultivation and good breeding do not, as a rule, enter public life but stand apart, and content themselves by reviling those who, by a culpable want of public spirit on the part of the educated, are allowed to grasp and hold the reins of power, and to govern without a knowledge even of the first principles of the science of governing. Max O'Rell's words in this connection are worth quoting:

"Good society in America holds aloof from politics, and, I think, from politicians also. So far as I can see, a gentleman has but to mix himself up in politics in America to become a *déclassé*, to lose caste in polite society. The influence of the best thus withheld means the untrammelled power of a class unfitted by education and antecedents for rein-holding power. In England it has always been, and is still, considered that a hand in the ruling of the nation is an honour of which the proudest gentleman may be proud."

How it has come to pass that the point of view from which public life is regarded in the United States is so different from what it is in England, we cannot pretend to indicate with any certainty. It may be that Mr. Bryce's great work on the American commonwealth, which has recently been published, will throw some light on this curious difference. We notice that Mr. Bryce gives much space to the discussion of American public opinion, but we have not yet read what he has to say on this important subject. Max O'Rell remarks that in England public opinion is a haughty argus-eyed patrician accustomed to being obeyed, but that in the United States it is an apathetic slave accustomed to being ignored. Mr. Fisher in his *Trial of the Constitution* tells his reader to go among the American people themselves if he would learn fully that the mind and moral sentiment of the country are not represented in its Senate and Congress. Talk to the farmer in his field, he says: talk to the blacksmith at his anvil; the carpenter at his bench—even the American labouring man who works for hire in the northern States—and compare their conversation, so full of good sense and sound feeling, with the ignorance, vulgarity, personality, and narrow partizan spirit of an ordinary congressional debate, and with the disclosures made by investigating committees.

The low esteem in which the American politician is held is reflected in the literature of the day. The essayist is ever sitting in stern judgment upon him, and the prophet prophesies uncomfortable things concerning him. Should the politician be introduced in fiction he is generally held up to scorn or ridicule or abuse, or even all these combined. On the stage it is the same thing over again only in a form more gross, if possible. It is not a matter for joking, for ridicule, this low estate of the politician. It is a very grave matter, and of national importance.

We congratulate Max O'Rell on not making the mistake of imagining that he knew, or that it was possible to know, the United States in six months. He does not wish anyone to take his simple *impressions de voyage* for a profound study of a boundless subject. He makes no pretence at sitting in judgment upon the Americans. But whilst he speaks freely of what he admires—and he finds much to admire—he does not hesitate to speak with equal freedom of what he does not admire. Altogether he has written with a moderation and impartiality which makes his essay not only an artistic success but also reliable and instructive.

CARTER TROOP.

He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.—*Dr. Johnson.*

GRANT ALLEN.

"No position or emolument could induce him to exchange his beloved England for Canada. There was a time when this might have been, but not now or henceforth. For Canada suffered him to seek elsewhere what was denied him in the land of his birth, a land hallowed by the deeds and blood of the old, noble and distinguished stock from which he sprang. But now that he has won honours and rewards among strangers who appreciated him, his lot is cast unalterably amongst them."—*Letter from his father.*

THE bitter words, our Mother, of thy son,
Crowned in those other climes and hating thee,
Remember, O remember.

Barb on barb
Wings on with tooth to bite;

"I was your son.
Men who should be your heroes were my sires.
Them also you forgot. I had their skill;
In me their sweep of thought o'er continents
Those brave Le Moyne infought. Science called;
I, of new enterprises pioneer,
Took up the ancient honour; pierced and toiled
Through lonely swamps of thought, and woods of lore,
With careful measuring of the stars, and note
Of Mississippi and of beast and fowl,
Conditioning realms rescued thus by me
That for man's soul be wider room to live.

When from still mountains of advance I gazed
On ranges white afar, I knew the ONE
Becked shadowy from beyond, Columbus-like,
Returning unto thee I sued for bread
And traveller's traps to go. Great was the quest.
Laying my future at my country's feet,
I asked for honest eyes upon the chart,
For gentle ears to listen were I right,
And prayed my Genoa leave to lend her fame.

Why was I turned abroad for fare and place?
Why coldly froze aloof for sympathy,
Appreciation, life? Thou wast my mother,
And I was born of thee!

The reason this:
That I was thine. My lips no foreign sounds
Nor alien phrases echoed. I but voiced
Thy cataracts and forests, and to thee
Thy sons were common nothings. Children's bread
Was passed to strangers; to us daily left
The millstones' leave to crush God's thoughts or starve.
Thou art no mother! One o'er the seas has smiled—
Sweet England—her I thank; and thee despise."

Not thy neglect, O Mother glorious,
But out of sad mistaking, was the wrong.
Those were the rigorous days of much excuse
When o'er the land a spiritual night
Clothed thee in shadows of the wood, and sleep
And toils bent down on earth our eyes, and he
Who would be wise no master had, nor scroll.
Awake! The morn is beating. Let no more
The cry on closed ears fall. The children save,
Thou Mother-heart!—ye brother-hearts! No more
A Sangster struggle on and break his soul;
A Roberts clog his genius with hard toil;
Or other Allen curse thee to thy face,
Like Turner, mad with scorn for Englishmen!
Montreal, Dec. 19, 1888. W. D. LIGHTHALL.

THE JUDGES OF UPPER CANADA.*

MR. READ has given us, in this handsome volume, a series of memoirs which will not only be valued by all who are concerned with legal matters, but which will be read, with scarcely less interest, by the public at large, and especially by those who take pleasure in tracing the rise of the growing community to which we belong. We must say at once that we do not often meet with a more pleasant book than this, full of living interest, setting before us the distinguished men who have been the ornaments of this Province as they lived, and written in a style which helps the reader along and makes his task easy.

The period over which these memoirs extend is scarcely a century, and certainly Ontario has reason to be proud of the noble roll of men who, in this one department, have served her with so much distinction. Memoirs like these help us to understand the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to men of truth and honour and courage who have placed duty before and above any lower motive, and have at once served the community and left behind them an example for the imitation of those who came after them. Mr. Read has, in our judgment, thoroughly vindicated his own profession, that he has "known no party in the progress of the work, believing that every judge has acted throughout life conscientiously according to his light." This is rather a strong assertion, but it appears to be justified by the contents of the volume. Some of our Judges may have been injudicious (this is not a pun), but there is not the slightest appearance of bad faith or self-seeking in any part of their conduct.

In an introduction of twelve pages Mr. Read gives a very useful sketch of the process by which Upper Canada came to get separate existence, under the Constitutional Act of 1791, and as a consequence York, now Toronto, became the capital of the Province. The period here referred to is probably less known even to educated Cana-

* *The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario, from 1791 to the present time.* By D. B. Read, Q.C. Rowsell & Hutchison, 1888.

dians than it ought to be; and some popular errors will be found corrected in these few pages, so that the reader will not only find it advisable to give attention to their contents, but will probably be led to further and more extended studies of the same period and its history. It may be new to many to know that the English Common Law became the law of Upper Canada, for the first time, in 1792; the Legislature of Upper Canada, "at their first session, held at Niagara on the 17th September, 1792, enacted that the laws of England instead of the laws of Canada were to govern in matters of property and civil rights in Upper Canada."

The first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, as we suppose all the world knows, was the Honourable William Osgoode, from whom our Law Courts derive their name. He was a native of England, and, after practising at the bar for twelve years, he was, at the age of thirty-seven, "chosen to represent his Majesty King George III., as his chief judicial officer in that part of the old Province of Quebec lately given a separate existence and called Upper Canada." He and Colonel Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-General of the Province, came out, the one as the judicial head of the Province, the other as head of the civil Government, at or about the same time. "At that early period of her history the population of the Province, all told, did not exceed ten thousand souls, and they were scattered in settlements here and there along the St. Lawrence and the river on which rested Niagara, then the capital of the Province. At that time what is now Toronto was a wild wilderness, frequented by Indians of the tent and birds of the air." The principal point of interest in this chapter is the question of the fairness of the trial of David McLane for treason. Mr. Read satisfies us that the trial was "conducted with the utmost fairness before eminent judges and an impartial jury." It is pleasant to have such testimonies as the following, quoted by Mr. Read, concerning our first Chief Justice, and a man whose name must always be remembered among us. Dr. Scadding says: "No person admitted to his intimacy ever failed to conceive for him that esteem which his conduct and conversation always tended to augment." And a friend of the author's in Quebec remarks: "The Chief Justice was grave and somewhat difficult of access; during his residence at Quebec he made himself esteemed and respected as much by his high intelligence as by his integrity and frankness of character." He held his office for ten years, resigning in 1801 at the early age of forty-seven, when he returned to England, where he died in the Albany Chambers, on the 17th of February, 1824, aged seventy.

We should like to dwell on many points of interest which come up in this volume, on the references to the invasion of 1812 in the memoirs of Powell and Scott, on the drowning of "a whole Court, Judge (Cochrane), councillor, crown officer, high sheriff, and prisoner to be tried," at one time, in the waters of Lake Ontario in 1804. But these must be passed by with this notice, and many others cannot even be mentioned. Under Judge Thorpe we are reminded of the toleration of a practice which, in our own days, would savour of indecency, that Judges appointed by the Crown should become candidates for Parliament, and should be elected representatives of the people.

Mr. Read's references to the Rebellion seem, in all respects, fair and sensible. He does justice to W. Lyon Mackenzie, whilst he shows that he can understand, if not justify, those who occasioned the rebellion. In the same way his remarks on the "Family Compact," of which Chief Justice Robinson was the supposed head, are such as neither side could fairly object to. He shows that the chief men of the Province were thus designated thirty years before Mr. Robinson came upon the scene. "They were a party of themselves, and monopolized the most and best offices of the state." "After all," he remarks, "what was the Family Compact? It was an organization composed of those who had originally settled the Province, and no doubt thought they had, at least, a pre-emptive right to it, many of them having occupied positions of trust in the old colony. They were men, not of the same family or always of kin to each other, but, like the soldiers of old, when they had conquered a place, they meant to hold it. The Government of the country got into their hands, and they were determined to hold it against all comers." Perhaps their government was the best possible at the time. It could hardly continue, and yet there are persons who think that some infusion of the old methods would even now be an improvement.

Among the familiar names of Robinson, Boulton, Hagerman, Jones, VanKoughnet, Spragge, Cameron, O'Connor, it is pleasant to think how much there is here recorded that must be a pleasure to those who bear their names to read. Some of these names are passing away. Others seem to have no possibility of disappearing; but, however this may be, the men who bore them have done their work in the making of this great country; and Mr. Read has earned the gratitude of his contemporaries and of posterity by telling the story of their lives.

CORRESPONDENCE.

METHODS OF M'GILL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I must firmly, but respectfully, protest against the idea that my silence with regard to the letters of "Medicus" is to be construed into corroboration. There has been a sufficient reason for this silence in a persistent refusal to reveal his identity. The same refusal shows the absurdity of his call for the publication of confidential correspondence.

But lest silence should be misunderstood by the friends of McGill University, I must crave leave to say that my analysis of his first letter—which analysis was purely defensive—must stand. That is to say:—

1. The whole of the paragraphs in which the Governors and Sir William Dawson are accused of jesuitry and double dealing, and of having broken the *civil, moral and religious law* (the italics are mine), are "slanderous."

That is self-evident; correspondence or no correspondence.

2. The series of paragraphs in which two Governors are stated to have told a Professor that "*the University is not a seat of learning,*" but "*is like a bank, a brewery or a cotton-mill, whose chief aim and boast is its cash receipts, the Principal being the manager, and the Professors operatives,*" etc., etc., is a series of "falsehoods."

No such things were said.

3. The statement of what took place in the opening of the same conversation in reference to a demand from the Professor, and the answer thereto, is a "misrepresentation" of the facts.

4. The "suppression" spoken of is the suppression of reference to a letter in THE WEEK signed "Algonquin," of the same character as that of "Medicus." My first letter was in reply to this, and, like the second, was wholly defensive.

There is some reason for a "pathetic" style of silence when a person of education uses his talents, not for the purpose of discussing educational methods or principles, but for the framing of a long letter, which, almost from beginning to end, is occupied with attacks upon personal honour and character.

GEO. HAGUE.

Montreal, January 15.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The communication in your last issue from W. E. Raney, of Saco, Me., contains some very important statements which afford food for reflection to all Canadians; and with your permission I wish to offer some remarks relating thereto. Until lately I had entertained the belief that, while it was undesirable to have any change with regard to Canada's position in connection with the British Empire, she might with safety assume, with the concurrence of Great Britain, the responsibilities of Independence, and, without let or hindrance, proceed to grow and develop into a "great northern nation." It is true, the United States all along the one hundred years of the existence of that nation, has systematically endeavoured to starve out the U. E. Loyalists and their descendants, who, having been compelled by the successful and ruthless rebels to forsake their homes and property, had settled in the wilderness of Canada. Yet there seemed reason to entertain the belief that much of the hostility manifested toward Canada was directed rather against England, which nation the successive generations of the rebels since 1776 have been diligently educated to regard with hatred.

But recent events of a startling nature have disclosed to us Canadians that the United States bear toward Canada anything but a friendly feeling; and that it is and has been a settled policy to prevent Canada from becoming a nation. And when every other means had failed to find some pretext to invade and conquer the country, which in their gross delusion they think can easily be accomplished, forgetting the fact that at the end of the war—1812-14—the record showed that in every invasion they had been driven back, and that not one foot of Canada's soil was in their possession.

The rapid growth and the development of the resources of the Dominion during the last few years, especially the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway, has aroused the United States to the necessity, from their standpoint, of immediate action, and efforts are being systematically made to make Canadians dissatisfied with their lot, and to convince them that Canada can only prosper by becoming a part of the United States. It is unnecessary to enumerate the various means which have been employed to accomplish this end. Suffice it to say that if all Canadians were truly loyal to their country, these machinations would never disturb the mind of the Canadian people.

But in view of all the circumstances with which we are face to face, it would evidently be altogether unsafe to risk the experiment of Canadian Independence. On the contrary, if the present relationship subsisting between Great Britain and Canada may not continue, of which there is no proof as far as I know, it is quite certain that some other arrangement should be effected to bind the Mother Country and Canada closer together, even if it is Imperial Federation.

As I have for twenty years maintained, so I now maintain, that Canada never will become annexed to the United States.

Theorists may talk as they please about a continental policy, and the decree of nature that the two peoples must be one; but it is as visionary as Disraeli's scheme to have a scientific frontier for India.

I am not one of those who believe that all who advocate Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity are disloyal to Canadian nationality, but I must confess my inability to understand why any one can continue to advocate Commercial Union after we have been told by so many prominent men, and by the press of the United States, that the only way to obtain it is by political union; this ought to settle the question, except with the few in our midst who advocate annexation. Now, these few, by their incessant noise, endeavour to create the im-

pression that it is a live question with Canadians, and whereby the people of the United States are misled.

There are some other points upon which I would like to say a word; but I have already taken quite enough space in your excellent paper.

Respectfully,

Toronto, Jan. 16, 1889.

WM. CANNIFF.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE RELATIONS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Mr. Raney, your Protectionist correspondent in Maine, is not far astray when he says that he gathers from my letter to you that I have "but a poor opinion of the political liberalism of New England." That is to say, I have a poor opinion of the pseudo-political liberalism, be it manifested either in restrictionist New England or in demagogue-ridden New York, which is the combined product of ultra-Protectionism and race hatred of England. To this sort of political liberalism we unhappily owe much of the ill-feeling which to-day is to be found among both sections of the great Anglo-Saxon family, and the perpetuation of which is alike a grave international scandal and a crime against our common humanity. But these unlovely graces, though they are actively fostered in certain circles in the United States by trade monopolists and politicians who truckle to the Irish vote, are not ingrained in the American people, nor are they, by any means, generally exhibited throughout the Union. On the contrary, the evil spirit of national animosity is fast being supplanted by higher influences which are now operating on the American mind and leading it to regard England, not as a hostile and alien nation, but as the honoured parent-land and the beloved cradle of the race. This is the testimony of many eminent Englishmen who have recently visited the States; it is the testimony of almost every Canadian who crosses the border; and it is the testimony also of the better class of American journals, and of the leaders of American thought, who are accustomed to look below the surface of things and to see facts undistorted by prejudice or self-interest. Your Maine correspondent, I am aware, has brought forward evidence to the contrary; and therefore, to settle the controversy between us by reference to facts which may tell as much on one side as they tell on the other, would appear to be difficult and unsatisfactory. My own conviction, however, remains unshaken, that both countries are at heart friendly, and that if you could set the politicians aside and poll the people, you would find them most anxious to promote and fain to take advantage of reciprocal trade. This is my contention, and were it likely to profit much I could fill your columns with important testimony, from the most influential quarters, in support of my views. But discussion on these lines would, I fear, be endless, and were it short of this, it is not clear that on either side the issue, as I have said, would be satisfactory or final. Meanwhile Time must be the arbiter in this and in all such questions. It would be strange to me if, in these days when combines and monopolies grow more and more menacing, Restrictionism should gain the day. Your correspondent's argument would seem to foreshadow that result. But your correspondent writes from a hotbed of Protectionism. Not only so; he writes also at a time when every evil passion in the States has been roused to frenzy by the strife of politicians madly contending for the prizes in the party game. Yours faithfully,

Toronto, Jan. 15.

G. MERCER ADAM.

THE GOVERNMENT AND BANK CIRCULATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have read with interest the letters of Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Houston regarding the Government and the bank circulation. Mr. Goldwin Smith re-states certain principles regarding the functions of the Government and of the banks in the matter of currency, which, in my opinion, cannot be too often put before a public as a rule indifferent to such complicated questions. As might be expected, Mr. Goldwin Smith leaves his readers in no doubt as to his beliefs on such an important subject.

Mr. Houston begins by intimating that he does not differ from Mr. Goldwin Smith in theory, and, if I understand his language, that it is not worth while at this late date to expose a fallacy so generally admitted as the "Rag Baby." His next step is to utter a warning that unless the bank circulation can be improved so that notes will pass without discount throughout the Dominion this defect will be remedied by the issue of more Dominion notes. Mr. Houston does not advocate this; he simply predicts that it will take place unless the grievance is removed—a strangely inconsistent prediction after insisting that Mr. Goldwin Smith's warnings are unnecessary. Throughout the rest of his letter, Mr. Houston, abandoning all previous reserve, becomes a downright advocate for a Government currency. The closing sentences might have been written by the most misguided believer in the "Rag Baby," so completely does he leave out of count the danger to the commercial community of the course he practically recommends.

Mr. Houston endeavours to make his position consistent by contending for a difference in principle between those who advocate "a national currency redeemable in gold, the amount of the latter held for the redemption of the notes being, as usual, very small," and the ordinary "greenbacker." There is no difference in kind; the only difference is in degree. I doubt if any country ever deliberately entered upon a career of "irredeemable paper currency." There is always either a beginning with specie

payments, followed by inflation and the inevitable suspension of specie payments; or the issue of fiat money during a period of financial trouble, with the hope of specie payments under better conditions in the future. What Mr. Houston wishes us to believe is that Canada may safely try an experiment which has brought disaster to almost every modern nation, and the folly of which is exemplified on a gigantic scale at the moment in Russia and the Argentine Republic.

Mr. Houston says that should the Government, which now issues \$1, \$2 and \$4 notes, "take the right to issue also the \$5 and \$10 notes, the security for the redemption of these additional notes would be just as good as the security is now for the redemption of \$1, \$2 and \$4 notes." It may be well to discuss the measure of truth there is in this statement.

The present issue (31st Dec., 1888) of Dominion notes is \$16,600,000. Of this \$10,400,000 are held by the banks, and only \$6,200,000 are in circulation. This also roughly represents the proportion of large notes used mainly for bank reserves, and of small notes required by the country for change-making purposes. The actual figures are (30th November, 1888): Large denominations, \$9,460,000; small denominations, \$7,096,000.

By the thirty-ninth section of the Banking Act the banks are required, under penalty, to hold at least forty per cent. of their reserves in Dominion notes, and to this extent the Dominion note issue is forced. In fact it is quite safe to assert that if it were not for this forced issue the banks would to-day be holding \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 more in gold than they do, and the basis of our paper money, viewed as a whole, would be proportionately stronger.

Inasmuch as the present circulation of Dominion notes consists on the one hand of subsidiary, or change-making notes, and on the other of a forced issue held by the banks for reserves, the Government has never been obliged to assume to any serious extent the duties of a treasury department, and when, occasionally, a considerable amount of gold is required for export, the Government evades the sacred duty it assumes in undertaking to issue paper money by redeeming its issues in sovereigns, which in Canada are useless for purposes of exchange.

Now if the Government took up all the circulation, what would be the position of the mercantile and banking community in the matter of redemption, and quite apart from such dangers as inflation through political extravagance or other causes? The maximum bank circulation during the past year was \$36,000,000, the minimum, \$30,000,000. If the Government were to issue currency only to the minimum amount a periodical squeeze in the money market would be experienced every Fall. If the Government issued the maximum, the banks—no longer restrained, as they are now, by delicacy in putting the Government which gives them their circulation privileges in a corner—would annually require several millions in gold at the time when currency is being returned and is moving towards the minimum of volume. If the Government tried to strike a medium both troubles would result, but in a less degree. Even if this could be done without friction, and serious loss and disturbance to commerce, an extensive treasury department would be necessary, with a high sense of duty towards the commercial community—a sense of duty entirely different from that which causes the Government to redeem its notes only at the particular points where they are issued, and to redeem them in sovereigns.

But a more serious fact is that a Government has no way of anticipating the outflow and inflow of paper, and the corresponding movement in gold. No Government has ever done this successfully, and the reason is that it is the peculiar function of bankers, and has nothing whatever to do with the functions of Government. To perform this most serious of all commercial duties involves the carrying on of a deposit and discount business, and while the Government has gone into the former we presume it is not ready yet to take up the discount business of the country. What would become of the finances and the gold stock of England but for the discount rate of the Bank of England? This is the financial barometer of almost the entire world, yet it rests absolutely on deposits and discounts—rests absolutely on the business of banking.

It is the function of a bank to issue notes with daily reference to its ability to redeem them. It is not the function of a Government to do so. No Government has the training necessary for such a responsibility, or the daily command of the commercial facts necessary to the use of such a training.

The probability of undue inflation, should the Government take up the circulation, I need not refer to at length. Mr. Goldwin Smith says it is safer to trust to the commercial morality of the country than to its political morality; certainly it is safer to trust to the commercial wisdom of the country on such a vital point than to its political wisdom. If we try the experiment of turning over the currency to the Government—unless we expect to exhibit political wisdom superior to that of any other country—we will have inflation and all the ills appertaining thereto.

There is also another objection, in my opinion the most serious of all, but which I will not do more than hint at here. Taking the issue of currency from the banks means taking from the banks a loaning power of thirty to thirty-six millions. Is Canada prepared for such a change, no matter how gradual? I am sure it is not!

Our present banking system is one of the best in the world. If it can be improved to cover the two points mentioned by Mr. Houston, it will be as nearly perfect as it can well be.

Let us turn our attention to the removal of the small defects which still exist, instead of seeking new devices for currency. We need again and again to be reminded that "bank paper, under proper regulations, must always represent *cash*" while "Government paper too often represents the want of it."

SOUND CURRENCY.

Toronto, 15th January, 1889.

WHILE WE SLEPT.

AFTER the day had vanished,
And the twilight died away,
The angels spread their snow-clouds
Of softest fleecy grey.

Over the stars they drew them,
Hiding the moon's calm face,
And close to the earth's dark edges,
Draped their border's misty grace.

The night winds moved among them,
With wintry breath formed fair
The tiny fragile atoms,
That came falling through the air;

Falling in ceaseless silence,
Myriads of stars so white,
Exquisite shapes of crystal,
Born of the winter's night;

Falling on earth's bare bosom,
Robing each desolate part;
Fold after fold falling o'er her
And the flowers that sleep in her heart.

Where the mountains stand forever,
With reverent head uplift,
It fell in a whitened splendour,
In many a glistening rift.

It transformed the dark old forests
Into huge cathedrals fair,
Of glorious architecture—
Fit place for nature's prayer.

On the outstretched arms of cedars,
In adoring silence bent,
It fell like a benediction,
By the hands of angels sent.

Then the winds were hushed ere the dawning;
The clouds all called away,
And the earth, in her pure adorning,
Waited the coming day.

A. LAWRENCE THOMSON.

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION AND POLITICS.

HOMER and, setting aside the Sonnets, Shakespeare are the most impersonal as well as the grandest of poets, and the impersonality of each of them has received a curious attestation. The existence of an individual, Homer, has been actually denied: it has been discovered, as the boy said in the examination, that Homer's poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. Shakespeare's plays are being ascribed to Bacon. Bacon, to his work as a politician, a courtier, Lord Chancellor, a renovator of science, a writer on morals, politics, and jurisprudence, adding, in a not very long life, the composition of all these dramas! Bacon creating Falstaff! "Romeo and Juliet" written by a man who, in his "Essay on Love," treats the passion as little better than a nuisance and an impediment to important action. Did Bacon write the Sonnets? Did Bacon write "Venus and Adonis"? Who was his partner in the composition of the plays of mixed authorship, such as "Henry the Sixth!" Yet this is hardly a more rank absurdity than the denial of Homer's personality, or even the denial of the identical authorship of the two poems. Besides the other proofs of identity, which have been conclusively presented, the "Odyssey" as well as the "Iliad" is the work of one whose peculiar and almost unique tendency it was to take a small segment of a story and treat it with extraordinary fulness of detail, in marked contrast to the manner of Cyclops, who began their lay of Troy with Leda's egg, and whose productions appear to have been chronicles in verse.

The most impersonal of writers, however, is human; he lives in the environment of his age, and he can hardly help now and then showing himself in a negative or indirect, if not in a positive, way. Homer shows himself in the passage in which Thersites impeaches the chiefs in a popular harangue, and receives the meed of his sedition from the leading-staff of Ulysses. Evidently this is a scene, not of the camp, but of the political assembly. The day of democracy has dawned. The demagogue has arisen and begun to attack the princes and the aristocracy. Homer is attached to the nobility, in whose halls he, like Demodocus, recites his lay, and to the heroic order of things, which the popular leader assails, and which is probably passing away. He paints the demagogue foul without and within. He makes him be treated in the way in which the company to whom the poem was recited would have liked to treat the Thersites whom perhaps they had that morning encountered in the Agora. He makes the people, whose suffrages by this time aristocracy was compelled to court, sympathize with their ancient

rulers and true benefactors against the upstart agitator who was trying to mislead them. Perhaps as he did this, he bitterly felt the difference between the fond fiction and the reality. He reveals himself as a counterpart in feeling of Walter Scott, who panted to cleave the "politic pate" of Cobbett with his yeomanry sabre. It has always seemed to me not unlikely that Homer bore towards the Homeric age a relation somewhat similar to that which Scott bore to the age of chivalry. Amidst his heroic slaughterings, his banquetings, in which the heroes devour whole sides of beef or pork, his prodigious single combats, his fabulous feats of strength, his battles of men with gods, peep out continually the features, social, agricultural, mechanical, and even strategical of a comparatively advanced civilization.

Again, we can hardly help thinking that Homer reveals himself when he makes Hector say in those ringing lines that he reckons nothing of birds of augury, fly they towards the east or towards the west, and that the best of all omens is to be fighting for one's country. This, compared with the levity with which the poet treats the popular deities, making them cuff and berate each other, making Zeus threaten Hera with a flogging, making him challenge the whole Pantheon to a tugging-match, and exposing Ares and Aphrodite to derision as they lie in the toils of Vulcan, looks like the grey dawn of sceptical philosophy among the quick-witted population of some commercial city on the Ionian coast. If such a hypothesis brings the date of Homer down to a later period than four centuries before Herodotus, it is not the authority of Herodotus which need deter us from accepting that conclusion. Herodotus, though enchanting, is no authority at all, even for the times close to his own.

Of Shakespeare, of course, it is unnecessary to say that he is thoroughly Elizabethan, "holds up the mirror to his time" and gives us "its very age and body, its form and pressure." There are in him scores of allusions to the fancies, fashions, and fribbles of his generation which we see; probably there are many more which we do not see. Something even of individual taste and feeling appears in the often-repeated scoffs at the affectations of the fashionable language and in the preference for the older and simpler style of music.

That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected tunes
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Tragedy is of course the offspring and must bear the imprint of a tragic age, that is, an age of grand actions, great crimes, and strongly marked character; of an age, too, in which life has not lost its outward stateliness and picturesqueness, in which royalty still wears its crown and in which costume is general instead of being confined as it is now to the military profession. Calderon and Lope de Vega came at the end of a tragic age in Spain; so did Corneille and Racine in France, though the fierce spirit of the Fronde had donned the court dress of Versailles. The age, at the end of which Shakespeare came, that of the Wars of the Roses and the great Reformation struggle, was tragic indeed. The barbarism of a bloody time, a time of murderous civil war and countless deaths upon the scaffold, lingers in the hideous plot of "Titus Andronicus," in the butchery at the close of "Hamlet," and the general prodigality of murders and executions. In one respect Shakespeare does not reflect the Elizabethan era. While he gloriously abounds in its fresh and exuberant life there is not a trace in him of its peculiar heroism, of its maritime adventure, of its battles against Spain and the Armada. There are passages and divine passages about the sea and seafaring in general; there is nothing about the enterprise such as that of Drake, Raleigh, and Cavendish, or about the world of wonders which it was opening. A voyage to the Bermudas, it is true, furnished the hint for Prospero's Island, but the "Tempest" is a tale of enchantment, not of adventure. We seem here to see a limitation in the otherwise all-embracing mind. Under James, perhaps, if Shakespeare cared much for royal patronage, there might be a reason for not presenting a side of national character and a class of national achievements which, being closely connected with Puritanism and the rising love of liberty, would hardly be congenial to the court.

What was Shakespeare's religion? He has, on the one hand, been claimed by the Catholics as essentially Catholic. If we remember rightly, Cardinal Newman once said something to that effect. On the other hand, those who are sceptically disposed themselves have fancied that they saw in Shakespeare a profound though unproclaimed sceptic. The truth we believe to be that his drama was his religion. The detachment of Teutonic England from the Latin Church, from Papal supremacy and priestly sway, came in several instalments, and was distributed over several centuries. The most pronounced and thoroughly religious instalment was the rising of Puritanism in the seventeenth century against the Anglican reaction. What we specially call the Reformation was rather the English Renaissance. For the change which then took place in the religious sphere under the worldly auspices of the Tudor princes and statesmen was more ecclesiastical than spiritual, and more political than either. To the English Renaissance Shakespeare, with his fellow-dramatists, belonged. He accepted the national church which his sovereign had provided for him, and the ancient hierarchy and ritual of which probably suited well enough his poetic nature. The church bell is with him the characteristic sound of social life. "Hast thou ere been where bells have knolled to church?" It is not likely, however, that the theatrical world, the Bohemia of that day, was very assiduous in church-going. Nor does Shakespeare seem to have regarded with great reverence

the parsons of the Tudor Church. He introduces two of them, Sir Hugh Evans in the "Merry Wives," and Sir Nathaniel in "Love's Labour Lost," and both characters are not only comic but farcical. They are even totally unecclesiastical. Sir Nathaniel plays a ridiculous part in an interlude, while Sir Hugh Evans goes out to fight a duel.

Nowhere, perhaps does Shakespeare depart from his impersonal serenity and impartiality so much as in "All's Well that ends Well" (I. 3), where he couples in a scoffing allusion "Young Charbon the Puritan" with "Old Poy-sam the Papist," and afterwards says, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." Clearly the writer of this had no special sympathy either with young Charbon and old Poy-sam. We may conclude that he disliked anything sectarian or enthusiastic, and was contented with the social religion of his parish.

It is true that Shakespeare had no antipathy to the ancient Church; probably in the absence of any strong doctrinal antagonism its antiquity, its ceremonial, its art would be grateful to his poetic sense. Where the scene of his play is in Roman Catholic times or countries he takes the religious environments and costume with the rest, and introduces friars as ministers of good. This is hardly more significant than his introduction of the gods of Rome in *Julius Cæsar*, or of heathenism in *King Lear*, where it harmonizes with the character of the piece. That he had any latent hankering after Roman Catholicism, or that his heart was on the Papal side of the great quarrel between the nation and the Pope, it is impossible to believe in the face of such lines as these:

King John: What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add this much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But, as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurped authority.

King Philip: Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
King John: Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Much with which the author himself does not agree may be written dramatically; but there are things which, even dramatically, he who does not agree with them will not write. Any one who had the slightest leaning to the Papal side would not have manifestly outraged his own feelings by penning these lines. The passage on Indulgences has a sting in it, if anything in Shakespeare has. The exposure of the false miracles of healing at St. Albans ("Henry VI.," second part, ii. 1), may be cited in the same connection, if the passage is by Shakespeare, as we believe that it is.

That there was a good deal of free-thinking among the English of the higher class we gather from Giordano Bruno, who visited England at this time, and observed the state of opinion with pleasure. Bohemia was likely to have her full share of it, and we know that Marlowe and Greene were reputed atheists. But in Shakespeare there is surely neither speculative belief nor speculative unbelief. In certain passages, such as the soliloquy of Hamlet, and the speech of Claudio in "Measure for Measure," he speaks of the mysteries of life and death in a broad, natural, poetic manner, unlike that of an orthodox preacher, but also unlike that of Giordano Bruno. Nobody, surely, would say that when he speaks of our life as "rounded by a sleep," he means to insinuate a denial of the immortality of the soul. "I think nobly of the soul" is put into the mouth of Malvolio, but there is an emphatic ring in it, and Malvolio, though distraught with egotism, is not represented as otherwise contemptible. Shakespeare's theological deliverances or indications might not have passed the Spanish Inquisition, but they would, beyond doubt, have passed the English Privy Council, particularly if it had been presided over by Lord Burghley. It is difficult to produce specimens of an atmosphere; but it will hardly be disputed that while we read Shakespeare it is in a religious atmosphere that we are moving, though the religion is not ecclesiastical like that of Calderon and Lope de Vega, but natural, social and poetic.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.

These lines, recited by the prisoner, would almost have saved him from the clutches of the Inquisition. In Æschylus, in Sophocles, in Euripides, more or less of the speculative tendency is discernible. Æschylus may, in a certain sense, be regarded as one of the fathers of Hellenic philosophy. He stands in somewhat the same relation to it in which an epic poet stands to history. The writer of the *Prometheus* must have had his searchings of heart about the popular theology. Not by mere accident did his theme find a continuator in Shelley. But the mental eye of Shakespeare was turned outward, not inward. In the Sonnets, though there is infinite subtlety in the expression of passion, there is nothing metaphysical.

On the other hand there is no trace of fanaticism. The treatment of Shylock expresses not hatred of the misbeliever, but hatred of the extortioner. In the jibes at his religion there is no bitterness. The popular hatred of the extortioner Shakespeare evidently does share, and it is idle to attempt to get Shakespeare out of a supposed scrape by such desperate shifts as the pretence that the play is intended to expose the inhuman treatment of the Jews.

There is certainly not a tinge in Shakespeare of sympathy with Catholic asceticism. "Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale?" The Renaissance, as a revolt against asceticism, running sometimes with heathen sensuality, is pretty well reflected in his dramas, to say nothing of "Venus and Adonis." There is no use in pretending that the passages which the moral Bowdler strikes out are involuntary tributes to the taste of the audience at the Globe Theatre. Evidently Shakespeare delighted in these allusions as much as he did in puns, for which he has so extraordinary a predilection. Of course he does not descend to such ordure as that which we find in his meaner rivals and which stands in hideous juxtaposition to the pure scenes of the "Virgin Martyr." "Al-ways he is Cæsar"! But the element is there, and we wish it were not there, let blind worshippers say what they will. The amount of it, however, is moderate for the Renaissance. Shakespeare's page, if it is not clean compared with that of Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, is clean indeed compared with the pages of Boccaccio. In England there was the same interregnum between the fall of the Catholics and the rise of the Protestant or modern morality that there was in other countries; but participation in a great struggle for national independence and for a European cause, together with the bracing influence of maritime adventure, preserved the manhood, and with the manhood the comparative purity of the nation.

Though Shakespeare is not free from impurity his ethics are perfectly sound. He never tries, like the Rousseauists, to produce an effect by tampering with the moral law or by exciting sympathy with interesting sinners. In rewarding the good and punishing the evil doer he is almost as strict as Dante, while he is incomparably more rational and human than the monkish moralist who puts *Farinata*, *Francesca* and her lover in hell. *Cordelia* dies, it is true; nevertheless she received her crown. In Bacon's writings there is a touch of Machiavelism, as there was more than a touch of it in his career. In the "Essay on Negotiating," for example, among other sly precepts he tells you that it is a good thing to deal in person rather than by letter, "where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound." But there is no trace of anything of the kind in Shakespeare, though he is not insensible of the pregnant fact that the boundary line between moral good and evil is less sharply defined than the common language of ethics implies.

Virtue itself turns vile, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.

In politics, it is pretty clear that Shakespeare simply accepted the national monarchy as in religion he accepted the national church. It would have been strange if his heart had not been with the Court. The Court was the friend of his calling: Puritanism, which was the soul of the rising opposition, was the enemy of his calling, though the writer of "Comus" tried to bring about a reconciliation between Protestant religion and dramatic art through a revival of the pure form of Attic tragedy. It was impossible that Shakespeare should be a legitimist, or in that sense an upholder of the divine right of kings, if he bore in mind the Tudor pedigree and the title of that dynasty to the throne; but he evidently was a hearty monarchist, and fully recognized the sacred character with which the monarchy had been invested by the union of ecclesiastical with political headship consequent on the rupture with the Papacy. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king" is put, it is true, into the mouth of a king whose hedge of divinity is afterwards traversed by his stepson's rapier amidst general sympathy and applause. So the monarch who says that "not all the waters from the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king," and that "the breath of worldly men cannot depose the deputy elected by the Lord," himself practically illustrates by his catastrophe the limitations of those doctrines. It may be said that both utterances are merely dramatic; but they have an emphatic sound, and what is more to the purpose, they harmonize with the general tenor of Shakespeare's plays in relation to this subject. In "King John" nothing is said about the Great Charter or the abuses of royal power which led the barons to extort it. We have the quarrel between John and the Pope about the appointment of Stephen Langton, in which our sympathies are demanded by the cause of the national sovereign. For the rebellion of the nobles, the "tempest" of which Pandolph "blows up" in the interest of the Church, no other reason is assigned than the supposed murder of Arthur. John is hardly presented as a tyrant, certainly not as the hateful tyrant that he was; and when French invasion comes national sentiment is awakened at once, and the hearts of an English audience are expected to be with the native king. Raleigh, in his "Prerogative of Parliaments," makes one of the personages in the dialogue say of the Great Charter that "it had first an obscure birth from usurpation, and was secondly fostered and showed to the world by rebellion." This was perhaps the esoteric doctrine of extreme courtiers. In general, the memory of the Great Charter seems to have slept during the Tudor reigns. Silence on the subject was evidently most advisable for Her Majesty's and still more for His Majesty's players; no doubt it was also most congenial to their feelings. A presentation of the scene of

Runnymede at "The Globe" would very likely have been treated by the Privy Council as seditious.

The story of Henry VIII. was rather a delicate subject for a dramatist who desired to please the Court. Shakespeare's native breadth of sympathy and dramatic sense probably led him, without any help from the craft of Polonius, to the very treatment which was most politic and acceptable. He takes no part in the quarrel, and is dramatically just to all. Henry he presents simply as a majestic lord, which in a rather material sense the tyrant and uxoricide was. He makes the king state his own case, just as he actually did state it, without in any way raising the question of its moral validity. He glorifies, in a splendid vision of Elizabeth's greatness, the child of the Protestant queen. At the same time he evokes a small measure of sympathy for Catharine, and makes tender and respectful allusion to her daughter. Cranmer, the Archbishop of the Divorce and of the Reformation, receives in an uncontroversial way his fitting meed of honour. For the grand catastrophe of Wolsey's fall we are prepared by his pride, his worldliness, his treatment of Buckingham; but a magnificent eulogy is pronounced on him by the mouth of Griffith. Cromwell also is seen on his better side. Only against "the dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome" is anything like indignation pointed. This presentment would perfectly suit the taste of the Court, which, while it of course accepted the Divorce and the Reformation, would by no means wish to identify itself with the revolutionary aspect of the movement, or even be much gratified by anything insulting to Spain. The trade both of Elizabeth and James was kingship. The leaning of James towards Spain, as the head of the monarchical interest in Europe, was perfectly natural. Elizabeth would have leaned the same way if she had not been bound by her title and her circumstances to Protestantism, or even if the Pope and Philip II. would have let her alone.

The compliments paid by Shakespeare to Elizabeth and James, especially that paid to James in Cranmer's prophecy, are, it must be owned, pretty full-bodied. But they are redeemed from servility, and the air of personal adulation is taken off by the close association of the monarch's praises with the national glory and happiness. Bacon's flattery of James is personal. The advocates of the Baconian theory may here again find an addition, though of the slightest kind, to the difficulties of their theory.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the authorship of other parts of "Henry VI.," there can be none as to the authorship of the part about Jack Cade. No such blow, humorous or serious, has ever been dealt, or could have been dealt, to demagogism by any other hand. The picture suits the demagogue tyrant of Paris as well as it suited the demagogue tyrant of Kent. "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer" is satire as fresh and true to-day as when it was written? It fits perfectly as a caricature of what the Radical candidate now says to Hodge. Nor could any Labour Reformer or Workingmen's Candidate of our time well read without wincing:—

George: I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.
John: So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.
George: O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.
John: The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.
George: Nay, more, the King's Council are no good workmen.
John: True, and yet it is said—labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say, as—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.
George: Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

All due allowance being made for what is merely dramatic, we cannot help seeing that to Shakespeare a rabble, above all a political rabble, is an object of personal aversion. He has even a physical abhorrence of the populace, the expression of which sometimes strikes us as not only anti-popular, but almost unfeeling.

And then he (Antony) offered it (the crown) the third time; he (Cæsar) put it the third time by; and still as he refused it the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar.

The passage does not stand alone, and it is rather wonderful how such language can have failed to offend the large portion of the audience at The Globe.

From *Coriolanus* we expect, as a matter of dramatic propriety, extravagant expressions of aristocrat contempt for the people. But the dramatist has certainly put his full force into the lines (Cor. i. 1):—

[Enter Caius Marcius.] Hail, noble Marcius!
Mar.: Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues, that, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, make yourselves scabs?
1st Cit.: We have your good word.
Mar.: He that will give good words to thee will flatter Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs, that like fiere peace nor war? the one affrights you, the other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, where he would find you lions, finds you hares; where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no, than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him, And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness Deserves your hate; and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye? With every minute you do change a mind; And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter, that in these several places in the city You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods you keep in awe, which else Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" is one of those exalted and dispassionate personages through whom the dramatist moralizes as he does through the Chorus in the Greek drama. The Duke says:—

I love the people,
But I do not like to stage me in their eyes:
Though it do well I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *aces* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Wherever any one is introduced or spoken of as courting popularity the same sentiment is reflected, while there is nothing on the democratic or popular side.

On the other hand, there is in Shakespeare no want of feeling for the sufferings of poverty or indifference to the inequalities of the human lot. He understands that there are people to whom the world and its law are not friends, and who cannot be expected to be friends to the world and its law. There seems also to be a personal protest against the shedding of blood in unjust wars in *Hamlet* iv. 4.

Ham.: Goes it (the army) against the main of Poland, or for some frontier?

Captain: Truly to speak, and with no addition, sir,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or to Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham.: Why then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap.: Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham.: Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw.

Carlyle has said of the description of the battle of Agincourt:—

That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things of its sort we anywhere have of Shakespeare's. The description of the two hosts; the worn-out, jaded English; the dread hour, big with destiny when the battle shall begin; and then that deathless valour; "Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England!" There is a noble patriotism in it—far other than the "indifference" you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakespeare. A true English heart breathes calm and strong through the whole business; not boisterous, protrusive; all the better for that. There's a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right strike in him had it come to that.

There is the same ring through all that is Shakespeare's, of the passages relating to the English wars in France. Evident it is that the poet's heart is thoroughly with the armies of the country. Perhaps his patriotism may be said to appear in a way not altogether pleasing or generous in his treatment of Joan of Arc. He is not above national prejudice in those passages. But it must be remembered that Joan owed her victories to the same belief, on the part of the English, in her witchcraft, which brought her to the stake:—

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune.

Those lines may not be among the best in Shakespeare, but there can be no doubt that the Englishman who wrote them loved England. The great poet of our nation was thoroughly national. In any conflict between patriotism and its opposite, patriotism beyond question has Shakespeare on its side.

Where not only is the form that of the drama but the genius of the poet is pre-eminently and almost miraculously dramatic, gleanings of personality must be scanty and uncertain. In these few pages the gleanings have been limited to the poet's religion and politics. Indications of the man's sentiments and tastes generally may no doubt be gathered by noting the special force with which a sentiment is expressed, whether it is repeated, and the character and position of the personage into whose mouth it was put. Shakespeare was not a total abstainer, if we are to accept the tradition that his death was caused by a fever brought on by a *sedesunt* with a party of his old friends who had come down from town. But he seems to have had a strong sense of the evil of applying hot and rebellious liquor to the blood in youth, and a decided antipathy to the drinking customs of "Denmark." The pity for the sufferings of animals which produces Humane Societies is a sentiment of late growth, except in characters so peculiar as those of Anselm and Francis of Assisi. But we seem to find a strong touch of it in the piteous description of the calf, bound and "beaten when it strays" by the butcher who is bearing it off to the slaughter house (*Hen. VI. iii. 1*), supposing those lines to be genuine. But this is a field which we do not attempt to enter here.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ILLITERATES.

A CENSUS of the illiterates in the various countries of the world, recently published in the *Statistische Monatschrift*, places the three Slavonic States of Roumania, Servia, and Russia at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with 63 per cent., followed by Italy with 48 per cent., France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number 43 per cent.; in Austria, 39; and in Ireland, 21; in England we find 13 per cent.; Holland, 10 per cent.;

United States (white population), 8 per cent.; and Scotland, 7 per cent., unable to read and write. When we come to the purely Teutonic states, we find a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, 2.5; in the whole German Empire it is one per cent.; in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg there is practically no one who cannot read and write.

SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

Is belief in spiritualism ever evidence of insanity *per se*? Such was the title of a paper read at a late meeting of the New York Medical Society by Dr. Matthew Field. He believes that there are three classes of spiritualists—namely, first, those who make it a business to delude and mystify, the so-called mediums; secondly, those who attend *séances* and are deluded and mystified, being caused to see curious things, as hands and faces of the dead, or hear rappings and voices, or receive written communications in some mysterious manner, or are told things that they supposed nobody knew but themselves. They are so astonished by these things, and so incapable of comprehending how they could be accomplished, except by supernatural agency, that they believe; this class never receive these manifestations except through the instrumentality of members of the first class. In the third class he places those who actually believe they see the dead and those at a distance, face to face in the material form, and that they communicate with them, hearing their voices clearly and distinctly. The second class embraces a large number who are of weak mind; those who are superstitious, and of unstable and neurotic organization, who require but a slight cause to make them insane; yet many persons of fine intelligence and brilliant mind are found in this class. All who belong to the third class are insane. It is often difficult to determine whether a person belongs to the first or third class. The third class do not require the intervention of any medium or second person; they are the victims of well-defined sensory hallucinations, and as they actually believe in the reality of their sensations, it is evident that they do not correct their false perceptions by other senses or by their intelligence, but rather build up a distinct false belief. The medical members of the society who took part in the discussion all expressed their practical concurrence in Dr. Field's views.—*Lancet*.

DESOLATION OF THE DEEP SEA.

DESPITE the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and ooze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine—and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean bed is similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies, which have been proved to be dust from meteorites. At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish which has strayed hither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly coloured sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous; and the nearer we get to the littoral zone more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only 1,200 feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first seaweed and kelp (1,200 feet is the deepest limit of plant life in the water); but we must rise still another 1,000 feet and more, and get as near the top as 120 feet before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in the deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says: "The sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much further than the littoral zone, there would be, beyond this, perpetual darkness except for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes. But these blind creatures have long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lamp-posts about wherever they go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it. The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice, and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the *Challenger* expedition, sent out by the British Government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.

COMPOSITION is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.—*Dr. Johnson*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE shall be glad if our friends will send us musical items of local and general interest, as we wish to make this department one which shall reflect the musical news of the Dominion. All such should reach this office not later than Monday afternoon.

THE GRENADIERS' ENTERTAINMENT.

IF applause be any criterion of an audience's approval, those who were at the entertainment given by the Royal Grenadiers on Friday evening last must have been greatly delighted, for round after round of hearty and vociferous applause greeted nearly every number on the programme. The house was a splendid one, the conventional costumes being brightened here and there by brilliant uniforms. Herr Rosenthal suffered from the extravagant praise that had been bestowed upon him beforehand, but even though many were disappointed at his comparatively quiet performances, all must have admitted the superbness of his technique. He is far from being a giant on the piano, but he is like an exquisite machine in that he never errs, and plays as if he never varies one reading of a piece from the other. He has not the slightest appearance of any straining after effect, and has few mannerisms, only that of raising the hand high after a stroke being apparent. His technique is probably the most fluent and elegant that has been witnessed in Toronto. His touch is elastic, strong and delicate. His runs and shakes are marvellous, clear and rich. Critics in New York and Boston have complained that he is "all technique" and no heart. Well, if this be so, he certainly showed a wonderfully poetic feeling in his playing of the Chopin "Nocturne" and "Impromptu"; and his rendering of Weber's beautiful "Third Sonata" was as bright and varied in feeling and sentiment as a June morning.

Young Fritz Kreissler, on the other hand, is a lad who stands *nonchalant* and cold, even until he sweeps his bow around to the strings with quite a theatrical effect, but when once he begins to play, cold as the face is, the heart seems to flow to his fingers with the heat of lava, so full of passion and pain at one time—of joy and triumph at another—is the tone he conjures from the instrument. Where does he get it from? He is only fourteen years old, and is surely free from all that can cause the rhapsody and *abandon* of passion shown by him. Nor can he be expected to show these wonderful contrasts from sheer mimicry or rote play. What, then, is it? Is there hidden in all great artistic natures a subtle something which is, after all, only passion's mocking reflection, hollow and unappreciable as a shadow? Be this as it may, the boy has a wonderfully rich tone, with a reserve of pathos in it that is continually striking his auditors, and if all this is simply the result of "school" and rote work—why, I should like to hear the teacher whom he is imitating. He would be a rare artist! He, too, seems to ignore technical difficulties, for he played a piece of wonderful difficulty with lightning-like rapidity and without visible effort.

Mrs. Agnes Thomson reappears after several months' study in New York, which seems to have broadened her musical feeling. Her voice is as sweet and flowing as ever, and has become rounded in tone, though hardly in volume—indeed, here and there the results of hard study are evident. Her delivery is charming in the extreme and delighted the audience, which was enthusiastic in its applause, and insisted upon *encores*, which had to be vouchsafed at last. The tableaux by the regiment were artistically grouped, and aroused the sleeping lion in all present. The band of the regiment, under Mr. Waldron, assisted with several well-played selections.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

THIS lady, who was once the pride of the music-loving portion of the United States, as their own great singer, has refused to salute the warning finger of Father Time, and persists in tempting the fickle fortune of the footlights long after she should, for two good reasons, have left the arena in which the intoxicating adulation of approbation is showered upon the favourites of the public. One reason is that her great pecuniary gains have been shrewdly husbanded, and the demon of need does not keep her in harness; and the other is that her voice is only the shadow of its former self. It takes a long time for a favourite to realize that she has become *passée*; the papers are slow to tell her of it, and friends dare not; but Kellogg has passed even this boundary, for she has been for some years the object of jokes, more or less delicate—frequently less—upon her advancing years and waning powers. In the present instance she showed most unmistakable signs of a lessening of the gifts which made her a favourite for nearly a quarter of a century. Indifferent pitch, that growing fault of singers, and a toneless voice should make her call this her farewell tour. Her support has largely the same archaic flavour. Herr Labatt has still a powerful voice, and can still ring out a high C in "Trovatore" when the piece is transposed, and still shows that he is an artist, though the polyglot performance, caused by his singing in German, has powerful elements of the ridiculous in it. Louise Meisslinger is the best member of this company. She sings well, has a fine voice, and she takes more pains with both acting and singing and playing than any of her *confrères*. The other principals are of fair excellence, but strongly suggest singing actors, rather than acting singers. The chorus is passable and the orchestra is good.

SHAKESPEARE is booming again. Mrs. Potter is reviving *Antony and Cleopatra*; Mrs. Langtry is bringing out *Macbeth*; and charming Marie Wainwright is now playing *As You Like It*.

MME. EMMA ALBANI will sing in Toronto on Monday, February 11th.

How different operatic matters were in America a generation ago! Then old Max Maretzek brought out each new opera immediately after its European production, and with the newest blood obtainable in the world. He brought out *Il Trovatore* in 1855 with Steffanoni, Vestoali, Amodio, and Brignoli, a truly noble quartette. In 1863 he produced *Faust* with Mazzoleni, Gazzaniga, Kellogg, and the elder Ronconi. *Ay di mi!* in those days we could hear singers before they faded into the sere and yellow leaf. This flaunting of senile singers before the public has done as much to bring Italian opera into disrepute as has been done by Wagner and his disciples.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER and Mr. Kyrle Bellew have at last produced the latter's mutilation of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* in New York, and by all accounts have made a nice mess of it. "Octavia" has been left out, being probably too good for such a party. The Potter mouths and rants like Bellew, and the latter is awkward, where he should be most majestic. The play is magnificently mounted, but Shakespeare himself would hardly know it. B. NATURAL.

NOTES.

EVERY time the curtain rises at the Metropolitan there is a deficit between receipts and expenses of \$1,000; that is, the loss during the season is about \$60,000.

OFFENBACH has been revived in Paris, and is to-day as popular as he was twenty years ago. His *Fille du Tambour Major* is turning away hundreds every evening.

THEODORE THOMAS has succeeded in establishing a regular series of orchestral concerts in Chickering Hall, so that he will, after all, be able to keep his inimitable orchestra together.

PATTI sails again for South America on March 5th.

MR. E. J. WETHERILL, Emma Abbott's husband, died at Denver, on the 6th inst., of pneumonia.

MR. F. N. LOHR, of Plymouth, England, well-known as a composer of vocal music, died last month.

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON is now singing with great success in the Carl Rosa English Opera Company.

MR. W. G. DAVIS, who was for many years the business manager for Joe Murphy, died in Toronto on Tuesday.

A CONCERT lately given at Berlin by 300 trumpeters must have been very enjoyable for those—who were not there!

ANOTHER new opera has been pronounced a success at its production. It is by Emile Mathieu, and was produced at La Monnaie, Brussels. It is entitled *Richilde*.

AT the Christmas performance of the "Messiah," at Westminster Abbey, a policeman who was on duty pulled out a well-worn score of the "Messiah," and followed it diligently.

MR. CHARLES A. E. HARRISS, gave a very successful organ recital at the Church of St. James the Apostle in Montreal, lately, when he was assisted by Dr. Carl E. Martin and Mr. Jameson of New York.

WAGNER'S *Das Rheingold*, the first music-drama of the Nibelungen Trilogy, though the last written, has received its first performance in New York, and has given rise to the usual quarrel between the admirers and detractors of the great master.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vol. VII.—In a Balcony; Dramatis Personæ. Vol. VIII.—The Ring and the Book, vol. i. London: Smith, Elder and Company; New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. \$1.50 per vol.

The first of these volumes has for frontispiece a fine portrait of the poet, temp. 1859, engraved by G. Cook from the original by Field Talfourd. The second has a scudo of Innocent XII., dated 1696, and representing the Pope in Consistory, and a reduced facsimile of the title page of *Report of the Trial of Guido Franceschini*.

UNDER THE MAGNOLIAS. By Lyman W. Denton, M.D. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 317. \$1.50.

The very taking title of this neatly printed and tastefully bound volume is apt to mislead the unsuspecting reader. It is not a novel, but a plea for suffrage reform, in which questions of the utmost importance to our Republican neighbours, such as the Negro vote, prohibition, the regulation of immigration, the suppression of monopolies, and the reform and restriction of the suffrage, are treated in the narrative style. The author states, in a very brief preface, that his work might be "denominated 'a true story,' for nearly every character, as well as nearly all the incidents, are from real life."

THE ONLY WAY OUT. By Leander S. Keyser. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company. Pp. 325. \$1.

This work was originally published as a serial in the New York *Christian Herald*, under the title of "The Way Out." It professes to present "a faithful portrait of the honest doubter," and to show the "only way" by which he can escape from perplexing doubt to serene belief. We do not think the book will be very serviceable

to doubters of a sturdy type, but it may possibly confirm those who are inclined to waver in their faith. The purpose of the book is undoubtedly good, and there runs through the story a pleasant thread of romance which may commend it to those who care nothing for the weightier matters of which it treats. The publishers deserve unqualified praise for the neat and tasteful style in which they have brought out this volume.

WE have received the first number of *Canadiana*, a monthly periodical just started in Montreal. It is edited by Mr. W. J. White, M.A., Vice-President of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, and published by the Gazette Printing Company. The purpose of this periodical, as stated in its prospectus, "is to foster and stimulate the sentiment which is growing amongst Canadians of interest in the past, pride in the present and confidence in the future of our Dominion. It is intended to furnish historical students with a means of communicating the results of original research, and preserving interesting discoveries." The number before us contains Part I. of a paper on "Canadian Histories," by John Reade, in which he gives an account of Canadian histories from Mrs. Jenet Roy's little compendium, published nearly forty years ago, to Mr. Kingsford's comprehensive work, the second volume of which was issued some months ago and reviewed in the columns of THE WEEK. In his second paper Mr. Reade will give an account of the services of Mr. Douglas Brymner, Dominion Government Archivist, to the cause of historical research. Mr. Brymner contributes to this number some interesting notes and letters on "The Montreal Waterworks." The editor invites the assistance of historical societies and students whose notes and contributions will greatly help to make *Canadiana* a success. Such a periodical is needed, and we sincerely trust it will meet with the encouragement it deserves, and achieve the success its best friends hope for it. The subscription is \$2.00 per annum, to be sent to Mr. Richard White, Managing Director, Gazette Printing Company, Montreal. The Editor's address is Box 1855, Montreal. The very neat cover in which the first number comes bears for a motto John Reade's lines:

Rose wreath and fleur-de-llys,
Shamrock and thistle be
Joined to the maple tree,
Now and for aye!

"WHAT is Known About Shakespeare," "A Finished City," "Palestine," and "Summer Resorts in Australia," are the principal illustrated articles in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine* for February.

Queries for January has a short account of Sir Walter Raleigh's life and work, and a portrait and sketch of Charles Sumner. The publisher has determined to discontinue the offering of prizes in connection with the Question department.

MacMillan's for January has a paper on "Shakespeare's Religion and Politics," by Mr. Goldwin Smith, most of which we reproduce elsewhere. Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa, contributes to this number an excellent article on "The Indian in Canada."

To the *English Illustrated Magazine* for January, Archibald Forbes contributes "The Old Sergeant;" Hon. Lewis Wingfield, a sketch of "Gwalior," and Oscar Wilde an account of "London Models." Berkeley Castle is described by Elizabeth Bach in her series of "Glimpses of Old English Homes," and F. Marion Crawford's "Sant' Ilario" is continued.

"CHRISTIAN Work Among the Cree Indians" is the title of the opening article in *The Quiver* for February, and this is followed by "A Sermon on Salt," by Rev. Michael Eastwood. "On the Lake of Thun," is the title of a long poem, with illustration, by John Francis Waller. Professor Church continues his papers, "To the Lions"; Hon. Isabel Plunket writes of "St. Colomb's Cathedral, Londonderry," and Professor Blackie on "Presbyterians in Council."

"THE JAPANESE AT PLAY," with many illustrations, is the opening article in the January *Cosmopolitan*. "Madeira," "The Góta Canal," and "Florence the Beautiful" are also richly illustrated. A novel feature of this number is "The Story of My Career," in French and English, by Jane Baring, the eminent actress. Judge Kelley, Speaker Carlisle, Senator Ingalls, and a number of other prominent politicians take part in a symposium on "Canadian Annexation." Senator Hiscock, of New York, is the only one who is decidedly of opinion that Annexation is not desirable.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February has for its frontispiece a beautiful copy in a terra-cotta tint of "A Girl's Face," after Greuze. The serial, "Mr. Trench, of Brasenose," is continued, and is followed by a paper from the pen of the author of "How to be Happy, Though Married." "Seeing, Reading and Thinking" is the title of this paper, and the matter discussed is the relative value of these three things as sources of education. "Physical Training for Girls," is the title of a paper which illustrates its point with some spirited drawings. "Marie's Bridegroom" is a short story in two chapters which precedes a paper on the interesting subject, "How Children Come to Speak." Lovers of music will be interested in the paper called "Who Reared the Symphony," by Frederick J. Crowest, which is followed by the "Family Doctor's" monthly budget of good advice. Stories long and short, poetry, music, descriptive articles, fashion letters, papers on furnishing and an unusually full "Gatherer" go to make up a rich and full number of this magazine.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MESSRS. W. D. LIGHTHALL, Arthur Weir, and Watson Griffin, all of Montreal, have been elected members of the Haliburton Society.

MACMILLAN & Co. have in press a new work on Darwinism, by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, which promises to have much scientific significance.

THE *Wit and Wisdom* of Sydney Smith, and Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, with illustrations, will come next in the Putnam's "Knickerbocker Nuggets" Series.

JOHN MURRAY is to publish the speeches and addresses of the Prince of Wales for the past quarter of a century (1863-1888). The book is edited by Dr. James Macauley.

MR. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON has in press, and will shortly issue a volume of poems by Mr. H. K. Cockin, whose popular contributions to THE WEEK have made his name known in other lands as well as in Canada.

OUIDA began her literary career by writing short stories for the English magazines, for which she was glad to receive one pound a page; her English publisher now pays her, it is said, \$7,000 for every book she writes.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, the Australian poet, will visit Montreal at the time of the Ice Carnival, and Washington at the time of the Inauguration, remaining there through March; but New York will probably be his headquarters until summer.

OUR readers should bear in mind the illustrated lectures of Mr. Frederic Villiers, the War Artist and Correspondent of the London *Graphic*, in the Pavillion. Last night his subject was "War on White Sheet." This evening, "Here, There, and Everywhere."

AMONG the recent evidences of newspaper enterprise in Canada, the *Canadian Bookseller* makes some flattering remarks about ourselves, "Witness THE WEEK," it says, "the literary paper of Canada, which enters on its sixth year enlarged in size and increased in influence, and giving nearly one-half more reading matter than formerly."

THE article on "Walter Scott at Work," by E. H. Woodruff, in the February *Scribner's* will contain facsimiles of many interesting pages from the proof-sheets of *Pevenil of the Peak* with the pithy criticisms of Ballantyne and replies of Scott on the margin. This literary treasure was purchased in London twenty years ago by ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, who furnishes an introduction to the article.

IN the article on "The Physical Development of Women," which Dr. D. A. Sargent, of Harvard College, will contribute to the February *Scribner*, he says: "Already three-fourths of the school-teaching force in the United States is composed of women, and they will soon be in the majority as instructors in physical training. The gospel of fresh air and physical improvement is being slowly imbibed by our best families, and the stock of fine specimens of physical womanhood is slowly and steadily improving."

THE Young Liberal Club is to be commended for determining to abandon politics for one evening and devote its attention to the less exciting, but no less important, department of Canadian Literature. Those who assembled in the rooms of the Reform Club on Monday evening are indebted to the Young Liberals for a few hours of thorough enjoyment. Mr. Willison's address and Mr. Yeigh's essay were admirable: and the selections from Canadian authors, read by members of the Club, were well rendered, and were, perhaps, as judicious as circumstances would permit. We trust it will not be long before the Club finds it desirable to give a similar entertainment; and we assure them that such meetings will promote, what we are sure they have near to their hearts, the welfare and greatness of the country, just as much as meetings for the discussion of party questions and political problems.

WITH reference to the possibility of the publication of a cheap pirated edition of Mr. Bryce's great work, *The American Commonwealth*, the *Boston Advertiser* says: "Professor Bryce's materials were gathered by the most patient, candid, and acute inquiry in this country, and represent many years of labour on his part and that of his American assistants. He has made admirable use of them in the preparation of a work universally recognized as a monument to our Commonwealth and of the foremost importance to all students of our institutions and people. For such a monograph the nation cannot afford to show itself ungrateful. If a publisher attempts to put an edition of this work on the market to defraud the author and discredit the nation his attempt should be pilloried as peculiarly disgraceful and the edition should be boycotted by honest book buyers."

ACCORDING to the *Bookseller*, Mr. S. R. Hart, of Messrs. Hart & Co., was the originator of the booklets, now so popular in the holiday season:—"In 1879, Mr. Hart conceived the idea of producing a series of booklets, and an edition was manufactured, daintily tied with ribbon, with a hand painted sketch on the cover, and retailing at \$1 each. The idea took so well that during the season of 1881, some ten thousand copies were sold, requiring a staff of thirty artists to finish the covers. Of this number, 2,000 copies were sent to London, England, and several hundred copies to the leading booksellers of New York. Every copy sold, and the idea was then picked up by various art publishing firms and developed until it has assumed its present marvellous proportions; and the ten thousand copies of '81 are dwarfed by the output of ten millions in '88. But just remember that it was a Canadian who originated the idea."

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

THE WEEK

Commences its *SIXTH VOLUME* with every prospect of a long and brilliant future.

PRESS OPINIONS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY.

A Thoroughly Home Enterprise.

Every Canadian must rejoice to see that a periodical so thoroughly a home enterprise as *THE WEEK* is, appears to be receiving that support which its past record and performances entitle it to ask. While it has been a good paper in the past, its enlargement makes it still more valuable, adding as it does very largely to the amount of matter each number contains, and it is to be hoped that *THE WEEK* will find such an appreciation of this fact from the people of Canada as will both justify this new evidence of the enterprise of its proprietors, and also disprove the statement that there is not sufficient patriotism in the Dominion to permit of even one Canadian periodical flourishing.—*Daily News-Advertiser, Vancouver.*

Will Rank with Similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian Journalism and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance.*

Canada's Leading Literary Journal.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, entered with its number for December 7th upon its sixth year of publication, enlarged so as to give its readers nearly one-half more reading matter each week than heretofore. Further improvements are foreshadowed in the future.—*Educational Journal.*

Has Become A Necessity.

There is no Canadian who will not rejoice at the evidences of increased prosperity which *THE WEEK* shows. This journal although it has not been so very long in existence has become a necessity to everyone wishing to keep himself in touch with the literary and political field of Canada. The paper is filled from cover to cover with the most interesting and important topics of the day written in the best manner.—*Bradford Telegram.*

It is an ably edited paper and neatly printed.—*York Herald.*

Commended to Thoughtful Readers.

THE WEEK is now one of the largest as well as one of the ablest literary journals published on the continent. We commend it to the attention of thoughtful readers.—*Huron News Record.*

The Best High Class Journal.

THE WEEK, the best high class literary journal of Canada, has entered its sixth year and been enlarged and improved.—*Durham Review.*

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year greatly enlarged and improved, and its brilliant list of contributors added too, makes it by all odds the ablest literary and critical weekly journal in Canada. Its very successful publisher, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, is one of the many Ontario County men who have made their mark at the provincial metropolis.—*Oshawa Vindicator.*

Long and Brilliant List of Writers.

THE WEEK signalizes its entry upon the sixth year of its existence by an enlargement to sixteen pages and other improvements, as well as adding to its long and brilliant list of writers, making it by far the ablest critical and literary journal in Canada.—*Port Perry Standard.*

A native of Ontario county, who has made a splendid success of the printing and publishing business in Toronto, is Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, from whose big establishment, amongst other fine periodicals, is issued *THE WEEK*, the ablest journal of its class in Canada.—*Pickering News.*

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. *THE WEEK* is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals, and deserves general support.—*Woodstock Sentinel Review.*

Strong Corps of Able Writers.

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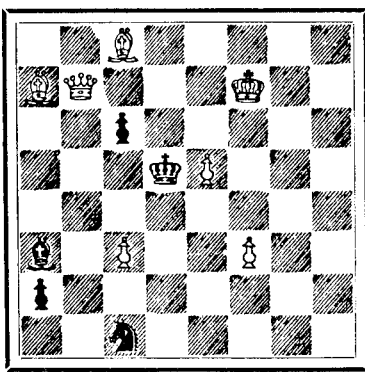
THE WEEK, of Toronto, entered upon its sixth volume a fortnight since, and appeared in an enlarged form. *THE WEEK* is an enterprising and able paper, and always contains much valuable reading matter of current interest, while its editorials have a tone of dignified good sense, as well as of sound judgment. The paper is a great credit to its publisher, C. Blackett Robinson, who deserves to be congratulated.—*Boston Journal.*

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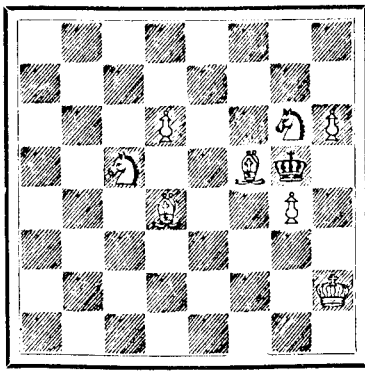
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No. 317.

- | | |
|-------------|----------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P-B 6 | R x P |
| 2. Q x Kt + | K moves |
| 3. Q mates. | |
| If 1. R-K 6 | |
| 2. P x R | Kt moves |
| 3. Q mates. | |
- With other variations.

No. 318.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-B 5 | P-Kt 3 or 4 |
| 2. Q-Q B 8 + | K or Kt moves |
| 3. Q or B mates. | |
| If 1. Kt-B 2 | |
| 2. Kt-Kt 4 + | K moves |
| 3. B mates. | |
- With other variations.
In this problem there should be a White B on K R 6 instead of a R.

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- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| MR. LLOYD. | MR. MORE. |
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 |
| 2. P-K B 4 | P x P |
| 3. P-Q 4 | P-Q 4 |
| 4. B-Q 3 | Kt-K B 3 |
| 5. B x P | P-Q B 4 |
| 6. B-K Kt 5 | P x K P |
| 7. B x P | P x Q P |
| 8. B x Kt | Q x B |
| 9. Kt-K B 3 | B-Q B 4 |
| 10. Castles | Castles |
| 11. Q Kt-Q 2 | P-Q 6 + |
| 12. K-R 1 | P x B P |

- | | |
|---------------|-----------|
| MR. LLOYD. | MR. MORE. |
| White. | Black. |
| 13. B x R P + | K x B |
| 14. Q x P + | Q-Kt 3 |
| 15. Q x B | Kt-R 3 |
| 16. Q-Q Kt 5 | Kt-B 2 |
| 17. Q-B 4 | Q-Q Kt 3 |
| 18. Kt-K R 4 | P-Q R 4 |
| 19. Q Kt-B 3 | R-R 3 |
| 20. Kt-K 5 | P-B 3 |
| 21. R-B 3 | Q x P |
| 22. R-K 1 | P-B 4 |
| 23. R-K R 3 | P-B 5 |
- White mates in three moves.

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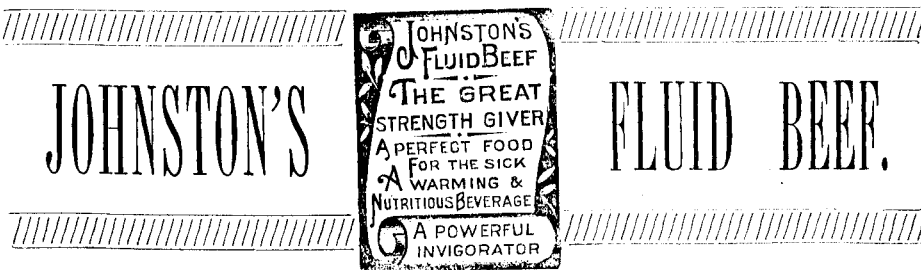
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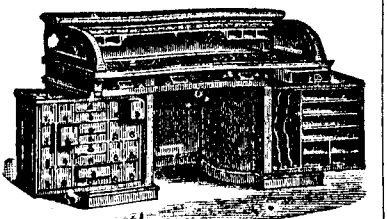
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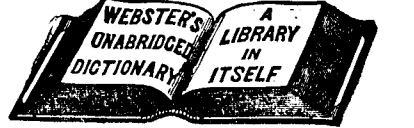
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