

THE WEEK:

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	81
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Taine's French Revolution.....	C. 85
Some Books of the Past Year.—I.....	G. Mercer Adam. 87
Art Notes.....	Delta. 87
HERE AND THERE.....	88
CORRESPONDENCE.....	89
THE HEAVENLY WAR.—Poem.....	Chas. W. Phillips. 90
SCRAP BOOK.....	90
MUSIC.....	92
PERIODICALS.....	92
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	93
CHESS.....	93

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

IT was of kings that the Swedish Chancellor spoke when he told his son to go forth and see with how little wisdom the world was governed, but he might have said the same thing with equal truth of the people. Not an election takes place without forcing on us the conviction that of those who, under the elective system, share political power, few as yet are fully competent to use it. In the municipal elections which have just taken place in Toronto, party politics once more asserted their malign influence. In vain, at Mr. Manning's meeting, did the chairman try to exclude them: in vain did Mr. Manning himself show his desire to avoid them: they were soon dragged in; and the chief transgressor was the late Mayor, who was personally bound by more than one consideration to act with reserve and delicacy on the occasion. Is it not almost incredible that any reasoning being, when the daily health and comfort of himself and family are at stake, and depend on the election of good men to the City Council, should be willing to sacrifice them to a party Shibboleth which has nothing to do with the matter and is in itself mere absurdity and nonsense? But party politics are not the only bane. Multitudes of people give their votes on grounds entirely beside the main question and utterly ridiculous. The grand and absorbing issue with many of the Toronto ratepayers, especially artisans, was not who could serve the city best at an important juncture, but who had voted for the Canadian and who for the American engine. The entire profit obtained by the sale of the Canadian engine, if divided among the working-men of Toronto, would not buy for each of them a mouthful of bread; yet upon this everything was to turn, and the side a candidate had taken on that momentous occasion was to be the single test of his fitness for a place in the city government. It did not signify that a man had acted conscientiously and preferred the American engine solely because he believed that it would pump the water better for us or cost us less than its rival: he had voted for the American against the Canadian engine and he must be punished, no matter how good his motives might have been or how great his merits and claims on other grounds might be. Is there an artisan in Toronto who of two kettles offered him for purchase would buy the worst and dearest because it had been made in Canada? Every man has a thousand interests in good government, but a great many men vote exclusively on one, and that perhaps not so much a real interest as a fancy or a pique; all the rest

they totally disregard. Then we wonder that the affairs of nations are not well managed, and think that they might be better managed if only more power were given to ignorance, class prejudice and narrowness of mind.

IN Montreal church property no longer enjoys absolute and unquestioned exemption from municipal taxation. Several churches have paid their assessments for the improvement of Dominion Square; and against the Cathedral, Christ and St. George's Churches, which refused to pay, the municipality has commenced legal proceedings to recover the amounts claimed, \$4,000 against the Cathedral and over \$600 against Christ Church. The terms of the capitulation of Canada to Great Britain are relied upon by one of the churches. The articles of capitulation were intended to oblige the conquerors to observe certain terms towards the conquered. But the conquered people of 1760 are free to make their own laws to-day, and the articles of capitulation cannot have the effect of a perpetual concordat and abridge the liberties of the people on whose behalf they were made. In Ontario, which was an unsettled country at the Conquest, there is no pretence that the power of the Legislature can be abridged by the capitulation of Montreal or the Treaty of Paris. If exemption is driven to its last defences in Montreal, on what pretence can it be maintained in Toronto?

ON the Canadian side of the border line in the North-West an ominous agent of justice, whose function is exercised only in the rudest stages of administration, has appeared in the person of Judge Lynch. He has a law of his own not found on the statute book—a law of unusual severity, in the execution of which all formalities are waived, the proceedings being pervaded with an intense belief in the necessity for the swift and certain punishment of guilt. More than half a hundred horse-thieves who crossed the Boundary Line from Montana to carry on their depredations in Canadian territory are reported to have been hanged by Vigilance Committees. This is a startling announcement. Lynch law is no longer confined to the neighbouring Republic; the same circumstances which gave birth to it there has led to its being copied on the Canadian side of the line: the difficulty or impossibility of preventing or punishing crime by the ordinary tribunals in a wild country where settlers are few and far apart. A hundred and fifty years ago different Indian tribes on these plains stole horses from one another, and in retaliation war was made on the offenders. The punishment, far from being confined to the actual perpetrators of the theft, was liable to fall not only on any individual of the offending tribe but also on its allies. Tribal feuds and tribal hatreds in this way arose, and were perpetuated. Lynch law is one remove less objectionable, the man hanged under its sway generally being the real culprit. The code which hanged for horse-stealing has been obsolete in England and Canada about half a century. But the objection to unauthorized and irresponsible executions is even greater than to the severity of the punishment. Hanging men by the sole authority of Lynch law for the crime of horse-stealing is not a procedure that should find encouragement in Canada. But stealing horses from a poor woman who was in consequence obliged to walk one hundred and fifty miles to reach her home shows great indifference to human life, and a severe punishment would under the circumstances be well deserved. But some means must be devised for meeting out punishment by regular and authorized agencies.

MONSEIGNOR SMEULDERS, the Roman delegate to Quebec, has set out on his return to the Vatican. He has kept his own counsel, and no one pretends to be able to tell the nature of the report he will make. On the University question the decisions of Rome have hitherto been in favour of Laval and against the Jesuits, and their scheme for establishing a rival university at Montreal. The Archbishop of Quebec went to Rome while the Apostolic delegate was in Canada; and the delegate left Quebec a few hours before the Archbishop's return. One of the two factions into which the Church is divided professed to see something ominous in this studied evasion of a meeting between the two dignitaries. Bishop Bourget, who has been the stay of the Jesuits, found his resignation eagerly and unex-

pectedly accepted at Rome some years ago, and Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, in whom he found a sure ally, is threatened with the Division of his diocese, which is one of the smallest in the Province. Bishop Bourget is broken down in health and not likely ever to regain his physical strength. The outlook for the Jesuits is not bright: nothing could give their various schemes a chance of success but the approbation of Monseigneur Smeulders, and that, if given at all, must be in scant measure; but they may comfort themselves with the reflection that if they find themselves thwarted at Rome it will be because what they aim to do is inopportune rather than that the objection to it by the Vatican is fundamental.

THE charge is made that M. Senécal subscribed one hundred thousand dollars to help the Federal Government to carry the elections in 1882. The charge as first made by a partisan journal was explicit; its denial by another partisan journal of a different colour was made without circumlocution. Under the circumstances, there is nothing for the public to do but to wait for the evidence which so far there has been no attempt to produce. That M. Senécal would have any scruples about bribing electors, his own admissions do not permit us to doubt; but that he has, or had in 1882, hundreds of thousands of dollars to play pitch and toss with at the doors of the poll-houses may well be doubted. Still this is a point which cannot any more than the main charge be decided in the absence of the evidence. When the evidence on which the charge rests is made public, the public will be able to judge of its validity. Till then judgment must be suspended.

IN the electric state of Europe an unusual activity at Portsmouth, accidentally coinciding with the hasty assembling of a Cabinet Council, has been enough to spread the belief that England was on the brink of war. Had England been on the brink of war the activity would not have been confined to Portsmouth. War between England and Germany is a moral impossibility. However irritated Bismarck might be, he would be restrained by the Emperor, who is still the real sovereign. If he wants Heligoland, surely he may have it; for the usefulness of that ridiculous possession ceased with the Continental system of Napoleon, during the continuance of which it was a post of advantage. It is only a pity that the island was not long ago freely and gracefully offered to the nation to which it belongs. Of war with France there is more danger. She is in an extremely malignant mood, her wounded vanity craving for a vent. Her Government is demagogic; and she is doing things in several quarters which may any day lead to trouble. The Egyptian imbroglio, however, appears to be regarded in England as the main cause of these meetings of the Cabinet. It is evidently in a most entangled state. But in reading the criticisms of the journals on the conduct of the Government, it is unfortunately necessary to bear in mind that leading organs of the Press in England, as everywhere else, are under the influence of the Jews, who, with the Rothschilds at their head, are bent on using British diplomacy and arms for the collection of their usurious debts from the unfortunate people of Egypt.

UNTIL the recent announcement that the would-be member for Northampton had scored a point in the Court of Appeal which may invalidate previous decisions, it was supposed in parliamentary circles that the Bradlaugh incident was dead and buried. But now, to the disgust of his opponents—though his acumen has compelled the admiration of the lawyers—there is a chance that the non-jurist may yet turn out to be duly sworn in as a member of the British House of Commons.

THE Redistribution Bill in England appears to be a sort of political chameleon. It meets the approbation at once of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. Yet the extinction of the small boroughs, the elections for which have been generally carried by wealth and personal interest, can hardly fail to prove a loss to the Conservatives. The increase of the Metropolitan representation, if we may judge from experience, will tend in the same direction. Ratified by the leaders of the two great parties, the Bill is regarded as sure to pass. But it must have many enemies among those who enjoyed or were looking forward to seats under the old system and who will now be either excluded altogether or compelled to change their ground and cultivate the favour of a different constituency. This spectacle of hasty readjustment affords infinite amusement to beholders on the spot. Since bribery of the ordinary kind has been put down by the stringency of the law, nursing boroughs, as it is called, by subscriptions, donations, Christmas gifts and entertainments has been the favourite by-path of Parliamentary ambition. Those who during the last four years have been investing a good deal of money, as well as a good deal of flummery, in this way must find it a sore trial of their patriotism to resign the fruit. Hence

there will be a good deal of opposition, which though unavowed, and though it will avoid direct attack, may obliquely and in covert ways seek to obstruct the passage of the Bill. Mr. Courtney, who has seceded from the Government on the question of minority representation, and is stumping the country in favour of that principle, is member for the doomed borough of Liskeard. His agitation, so far as its direct object is concerned, will come to nothing; but it may form a stalking horse for the manoeuvres of personal discontent. Abdication is not less distasteful to a governing assembly than to a king. When Gambetta proposed a change in the mode of electing the Chamber which would have unseated a number of its members, he fell at once from the pinnacle of his power. There is likely yet to be some bush-fighting, though there will be no battle in the open field. If Mr. Gladstone's health does not fail and he remains leader, his authority will no doubt bear down opposition; but there is no saying what may happen in regard to this on any question, if his commanding presence is withdrawn.

THE remarks made by a writer in our last number on the attempt of Mr. Gladstone's new Irish Secretary to cajole the Nationalists by pandering to their slanderous hatred of the British Government and people received emphatic confirmation almost before they were through the Press. Both Mr. Healy and Mr. Biggar requited their flatterer and would-be ally with a torrent of that abuse in command of which, as well as in aptitude for hunting on the trail of the filthiest and most revolting scandals, these patriot chiefs far excel Paoli, Washington and Garibaldi. At the same time the great Conciliator himself is brought up from Hawarden to London to attend a Cabinet Council under an escort of detectives, which appears to be considered more necessary than ever. It cannot be supposed that British statesmen are incapable of seeing that which stares them in the face; probably they rather choose not to see a fact fatal to the policy to which they are committed. No cajolery or bribes can avail anything, since the only channel through which they can reach the apprehension of the Irish people is one which turns everything to gall and venom. The Irish neither hear nor read anything but the speeches and writings of men incurably bent on fomenting hatred of England and her government; because their aim and the goal of their ambition is not reform or redress of grievances but the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. Even before this crisis, when cheerful language was held by statesmen who thought that they had got to the end of Irish troubles, less sanguine observers pointed to the Fenian literature of all kinds, political, historical, biographical, poetical and religious which formed the sole mental food of the people, and prognosticated fresh disturbance from that source. National education, the gift of the Imperial Government to Ireland, however great a blessing in other respects, has practically increased disaffection by opening the popular mind to its infusion. One antidote to the poison there was, and, in the opinion of all those who know Ireland best, it would have been effective. Had the Court performed the duty which it has inexcusably neglected, and cultivated by personal presence the affection of the Irish people, whose attachment to persons is much stronger than their attachment to institutions, the demagogue would not so easily have usurped the throne of the legitimate sovereign. It is but just to the Irish to remember that the government, though it has not been for half a century at least otherwise than beneficent, has been distant and almost alien. Twenty years ago a writer on the Irish question proposed, in addition to Disestablishment and the reform of the Land Law, frequent visits of the Court to Ireland, and one or two short sessions of the Imperial Parliament at Dublin to legislate for Irish grievances on the spot, and at the same time to make Parliament, as the supreme legislature and as a power of beneficence, familiar to the imagination of the Irish people. These remedies were not heroic; yet if applied in time they might have been effectual. Now, of course, they would come too late.

AMONG the minor stimulants of revolutionary sentiment have been the foolish sayings of the privileged. The French Princess, so often cited, who when told that her father's subjects had no bread to eat suggested that they might eat cake, and the French Duchess who said of a defunct Duke that God would think twice before he damned a man of that quality, contributed their little quota to the contempt and odium which overwhelmed the Court and aristocracy of France. An effect of the same sort was produced in England some time ago by the amiable Duke of Norfolk, who at a time of public dearth, wrote a letter to the *Times*, advising the people, who had not wherewithal to buy bread, to mix a little curry powder with their food. Now, to a question of Lord Rosebery, as to the best means of putting an end to the scandalous paucity of attendance in the House of Lords, Lord Walsingham replies, and

apparently is applauded by his order for replying, that he will be happy to attend if the nation will only restore the Bread Tax and increase his rent-roll so that he may be able to keep up a house in town. That he should brave the hardships of a hotel or of lodgings for the purpose of doing his duty as a legislator does not strike him as a thing conceivable. There could scarcely be a better measure of the standard of duty which it is the inherent tendency of hereditary rank and wealth, without the corrective influence of labour, to form in their ordinary possessor. The Baron of the Middle Ages had to take up with much worse quarters than lodgings in Pall Mall, with the Carlton Club for a restaurant, if he wished to retain his lordship; as a King in the Middle Ages had to forego his whims and bear the allotted burden of Royalty if he meant to keep his Crown upon his head. Mr. Thomas Hughes, in the letter which we published last week, expressed the feeling of all but thorough-going reactionists when he said that the reform of the House of Lords was at hand, and that the only question was as to the exact shape which it would take. Regeneration without change is impossible, unless some means can be devised of making idleness and unearned rank produce on the characters of members of the House of Lords an effect the very opposite of that which they have always produced on other men. Economical causes will soon conspire with the political movement to hasten the change, since the aristocracy really depends for its ascendancy on its rent-rolls, without which it would be a thing of mediæval shreds and patches; and the rent-rolls, instead of being raised by the re-enactment of the Corn Laws, are evidently destined to be still further reduced, both by the continuance of agricultural depression and by the abolition of primogeniture and entail, which is now practically decreed, not only on revolutionary but on Conservative grounds; for there is no antidote to agrarianism but the free transfer and acquisition of land. Nobody doubts that there are good elements in the House of Lords; they will be able to act with far more effect when translated to a better sphere.

COSMOPOLITANISM is the order of the day. Yet it is difficult to understand on what principle Mr. Henry George is allowed to carry on an agrarian agitation in Great Britain. Is Great Britain, because her institutions differ from those of the United States, to be a happy hunting-ground on which any American who wishes to gratify his spleen or his vanity is to be at liberty to practise political incendiarism at his will? Suppose some English Anarchist were to invade the United States and try to get up a renewal of the Pittsburgh riots or of the outbreak at Cincinnati, would he not stand a chance of being lynched? Nobody wishes to interfere with the free progress of opinion or with its transit by fair means from one country to another. Perhaps it may be said that there is not much difference between sending over a book and advocating the same opinions in a speech or a lecture on the spot. Yet everyone must feel that there is a limit, and that it is overstepped when a foreigner takes part in stirring up agitation, which, like that in Skye, plainly points towards a resistance to the law with the accompanying possibility of civil bloodshed. Doubt with regard to the rule of international law on this point, or with regard to the ground taken by the British Government, is by no means free from danger when American propagandists are concerned. There are plenty of right-minded Americans, scornful of the mean Anglophobia which is part of the stock-in-trade of the demagogue, who see that to do by other countries as you wish and expect them to do by you is the only line of conduct consistent either with morality or with the honour of the Republic; but there are also political scoundrels, neither few nor destitute of influence, who may profess, with Mr. Blaine, to confine their protection to American citizens engaged in lawful callings, but to whom every calling appears lawful or better than lawful which inflicts injury or insult upon England.

THE principle of freedom of speech is stretched to a questionable length when people are allowed at public meetings to advocate wholesale murder, even though they may not, like the Irish Nationalists, take up subscriptions for the execution of their nefarious projects and mark out particular persons for assassination. It appears, from a report in the *Mail*, that Chicago has been the scene of a meeting of Socialists, usurping and sullyng the name of Labour, at which not only the most insane doctrines were preached, but the wholesale slaughter of Capitalists by dynamite was proclaimed as the method by which the Social Utopia was to be realized. A resolution of sympathy with men who had destroyed the property of their employers was also offered and apparently adopted. Chicago is now hardly an American city; it is becoming the lair of Invincibles, Anarchists, Dynamiters and Thugs of every variety and from all quarters of the earth. It may be said, and with truth, that the conspiracy which goes on in public is less dangerous than that which goes on in

secret; on the other hand the open propagandism of crime can hardly fail to demoralize a community. It is notable that some of the most atrocious things appear to have been said by women. Mrs. Parsons asserted her ability to throw dynamite as well as her husband, and recommended that those who were in want should be taught to trust in dynamite instead of trusting in God. So it is everywhere; woman, when she engages in agitation, puts off her better nature; she is more excitable than the man, she feels less responsibility than he does, and she outruns him in violence. We are not likely to gain much by flinging female character into the political caldron. The time must soon come when our senseless party divisions will cease; and the tocsin which summons all the enemies of civilization to unite in its destruction will be heard by its friends as the signal for common effort in its defence.

THERE are people in the United States who would be glad to see a violent rupture of the obligations incurred by the Republic in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. If the American Government desires to be released from those obligations its object should be to find the means of withdrawing without dishonour; and to do so, it must get the consent of the other party to the agreement. If it were shown that there has been a great change in the circumstances of the case since the treaty was made, and that there are valid reasons why the United States should be released from the obligations of that instrument, the present English Government would, of all others perhaps, be the most likely to listen to reason, and to grant the request. It is to be regretted that neither Mr. Blaine nor Mr. Frelinghuysen treated the question with the frankness and singleness of purpose with which it ought to have been entered on. Their treatment of it raises the suspicion that they are not unwilling to pander to the class which is anxious to find in it a source of embarrassment to Britain. Mr. Blaine wished to increase his stock of political capital till it should become large enough to ensure him the Presidency. Although he could not have gained greatly by playing this card, there are others who are ready to follow his example. The United States entered into a treaty which was not limited by time or eventuality, which in form was perpetual, and Mr. Frelinghuysen said in effect that nations did not make treaties which contain the elements of perpetuity, and he claimed for one of the parties to it the right to terminate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty without the consent of the other. We all know what happens when in private life a man chooses to repudiate his engagements; and the honour of a nation may be tarnished as well as that of an individual. Among other things an ante-Clayton-Bulwer contract has been pleaded. In 1846 the United States entered into a treaty with the Republic of New Grenada, now the United States of Columbia, by which the former guaranteed the neutrality of the isthmus and of any inter-oceanic communications that may be constructed over it. But the existence of this treaty cannot absolve the United States from its obligations under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, or furnish a reason for its arbitrary annulment by one of the parties to it without the consent of the other. And if proper means had been taken to obtain that consent there is no reason to believe that, good reasons being shown, it would have been refused.

THOSE who wish to abolish residence at the universities and to grant the degree on examination alone have been accustomed to cite the University of London as a model. That institution was the offspring rather of necessity than of choice; it was founded to grant degrees to Nonconformists when they were excluded by religious tests from matriculation at one of the old universities and from graduation at both. Having no Professors it is not properly speaking a university at all, but merely an examining board. Now, however, a movement is on foot to obtain a teaching university for London. This shows that mere examination is felt to be unsatisfactory. The feeling is perfectly well founded; for that which an ordinary student can take into an examination-room is but a small part even of the knowledge, much more of the mental training, which he acquires in the class-room under an able teacher and amidst intelligent classmates. The social advantages of the university, the friendships which are formed in it, and the *esprit de corps* which it produces are of course totally sacrificed by the non-resident system. But there is not much fear of a serious movement in that line, especially as we have the happy assurance that the labours of the Confederation Conference have reached a favourable issue and that a scheme will soon be before us.

The vigorous words of the Bishop of Oxford on vivisection which we give in another column point to one among many instances of the error into which those fall who think that the departure of religion need make no practical difference in our actions or our rule of life. Among the Agnostics there are men of unquestionable intellect and virtue; they are

no doubt sincere, and they may be right in thinking that science is going to supplant and banish religion; but if they think that it is going to take the place of religion they certainly are mistaken. Agnosticism tells us that, so far as we know or have any hope of knowing, this life is all. In that case to prolong this life as far as possible must be the first of all objects, and science, on the same hypothesis, seems right in maintaining that, if any knowledge conducive to this object can be obtained by putting to the most excruciating tortures thousands of our dumb fellow-creatures, no valid objection to our doing this can be assigned. But to the believer in religion this life is not all; nor is its prolongation his paramount object; his paramount object is the formation of a moral character which, if his belief be true, is destined to outlast the physical life and to prove of infinitely greater value. He therefore will decline to do for the sake of physical life anything which injures his moral being; and if he is told that by refusing to avail himself of vivisection he will miss information which might lengthen his days, his sufficient reply will be that perhaps the information may prove to be obtainable in some other way; but that in any case he is in the hands of God. Nor does it seem easy to meet the Bishop's challenge with regard to the use of human subjects, from which alone as he truly says, the most direct and trustworthy knowledge could be procured. What has evolution to say against vivisectioning a man? To vivisection an ape is lawful, and what is man but a highly developed ape? Some evolutionists are beginning to claim for certain of the higher animals a superiority over the lower grades of humanity. But supposing the organization of man to be in all cases and clearly superior, what difference does that make? The higher the organization, the more instructive will be the vivisection. Agassiz used to tell a story of a scientific man in Germany who said that the kingdom of science would have really come when it was lawful for an anatomist to go out and kill a man for his dissecting room. Regarded from the point of a believer in religion the man of science was a brute; but regarded from the evolutionist's point of view, why was he not in the right?

THE publication of Croker's Memoirs has brought his shade again before the judgment seat of criticism; and as the editor is able and judicious, the shade gains by the appeal. Croker has been identified in the imagination of most people with the "Rigby" of Disraeli's "Coningsby." It now appears that Disraeli had a personal grudge against Croker. His mode of assailing the object of his hatred, was that which he frequently adopted and of which Mrs. Manley of unsavory fame had set him the example. He libelled Croker under the cover of fiction, giving real traits enough to identify the person libelled as effectually as if the name had been printed, but mixing with them calumnies in the fabrication of which he used the boundless license of the novelist. Macaulay also attacked Croker's character as well as his literary work with intense ferocity in the *Edinburgh*; and we now know from the publication of his correspondence, that he also was actuated, and consciously actuated, by personal hatred. That his review of Croker's "Boswell" was not just has been proved, if the judgment of the public can be trusted, by the immense sale of the work. Miss Martineau also, and from similar motives, slandered the editor of the *Quarterly*, and very grossly, as now appears. Croker's reputation seems to have suffered by the over-strict observance of a principle good in itself. He refused to take any notice of attacks. This is wise when the assailant is insignificant and when his calumny, left to itself, is sure to die; but it is scarcely so wise when he is a person of mark and his calumny, if allowed to remain unconfuted, is likely to live. It is probably best, in such a case, to brand the falsehood. If you cannot prevent its repetition, you will have entered the necessary protest and you may remove misgivings from the minds of your friends. Croker was a thorough-going and perfectly sincere Tory, with the limitations of intelligence and sympathy which that character implies. Genius he had none, but he had political ability enough, when combined with undaunted courage and the force of genuine conviction, to make him almost the soul of the Tory defence. For the office of a literary critic he was disqualified by his partisanship. He was personally no friend to abuses; on the contrary, he was ready, when he could ill afford it, to forfeit place and the favour of his superiors rather than connive at an abuse in his own department; but he believed that the whole Tory system hung together; and in this he was not far wrong. He had sense enough to see that concessions must be made to the Roman Catholics and even to the demand for Parliamentary Reform. In retiring from Parliament and public life when the Reform Bill had been passed he incurred the bluff censure of the Duke of Wellington, who had no idea of throwing up the cards; yet he showed not only his disinterestedness but his insight; for true it was that Democracy had triumphed and that for Toryism there was no resurrection; the attempt to

re-establish it on a basis of demagogism, a device of political sharpers, has come to its natural end. When Peel threw over Protection, Croker, like Disraeli, turned against him; but he did not, like Disraeli, traduce him, nor had he, like Disraeli, been himself a Free Trader, or, like Disraeli, asked Peel for place. The weakest point in Croker's record is his connection with Lord Hertford, whose estates he managed, receiving payment in the equivocal form of a prospective legacy. Lord Hertford was one of the worst men of the Regency, and at his table Croker must certainly have met company, association with which would be deemed to taint a man in these days. But we must remember what the Regency permitted. Lord Hertford wore the Garter; though too idle to take a very active part in politics he was one of the chiefs of the Tory Party, recognized as such by Peel, and a man of no small intellectual power, though his ability was hideously misapplied. He has been introduced as a character in novels both by Thackeray and by Disraeli; by Disraeli in the very novel in which Croker is so venomously maligned. Thackeray strikes the obscene idol with the hand of a freeman; Disraeli lifts his hand to strike but involuntarily sinks upon his knee.

CROKER'S LIFE raises again many questions of political history: among them that question about the conduct of Peel and his friends to Canning, which bids fair to take its place as a historical conundrum, beside the questions about the authorship of Junius and the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. It owes its angry character, as well as its revived interest, to the fierce debates on the Corn Laws, in which the charge of hunting Canning to death was hurled against Peel by Lord George Bentinck. Bentinck, though a connection and a worshipper of Canning, had been for nearly twenty years a devoted follower of Peel; and it was naturally inferred that his sudden sense of the criminality of Peel's conduct had been infused into him by some designing person who was playing on his passions. The whole mystery owes its existence to the notion that the Catholic question was the only one on which the two sections of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet differed from each other. The fact is that they differed just as much on questions of foreign policy and in their general tendencies, the Canning section being Semi-Liberal, while that of Wellington, Peel and Eldon was Tory. Under the neutral respectability and mediocrity of Lord Liverpool they had all been content to serve; but his departure snapped the tie, and the two sections then naturally fell apart, neither of them being willing to accept a leader from the other. It is difficult to tell a man with whom you have been acting for years even in uneasy union that you regard him and his opinions with general distrust. The refusal to accept Canning's leadership therefore was grounded on the specific question of the Catholic Claims; and Peel was quite right in saying that his position as Home Secretary, charged with the enforcement of the law in Ireland, would under a Pro-Catholic Premier have become untenable, while he could not have surrendered it without an open abandonment of principle. There may have been some rivalry in the affair, but there was no intrigue. At least if there was any, it was on the side of Canning, whose restless and somewhat unscrupulous ambition had already betrayed itself in his machinations against Addington, and who provoked the disgust of the Duke of Wellington by the arts to which he stooped in order to propitiate George IV. Canning's memory has been glorified by his brief career of diplomatic Liberalism and his sad end. But it must be remembered that to Tories of that day the Anti-Jacobin, when he turned Liberal, naturally seemed to be an apostate. His death was opportune. The ship of his fortunes was driving full on the rock of Parliamentary Reform, with regard to which he was as fatally pledged to reaction as were Wellington and Peel themselves.

IN "Reminiscences of My Public Life" Sir Francis Hincks expresses the opinion that Sir Charles Metcalfe was selected for the Governor-Generalship in the belief that he was "the best available statesman to crush responsible government in Canada." The late Earl of Derby, to whom Sir Charles owed his appointment, notified him that he required from him the performance of "very arduous duties." The duties of the Governor-General, when the new constitutional machinery got into smooth running order, were not arduous. But Lord Derby could not have been unacquainted with the official despatches of Lord Sydenham, the first Governor-General of Canada under the legislative union; and from their perusal, even if he saw none of the private letters to Lord John Russell and others, he might reasonably conclude that the duties of a Governor-General of Canada at that time were heavy enough to break down the strongest constitution. Sir Francis seems to infer without saying so that some plot was hatched in the interview between the Colonial Secretary and the new Governor-General when the heavy duties which Sir Charles was to undertake were

laid upon him. After this interview he prepared, in fear and trembling, to enter on the discharge of those duties. His fear was that his reputation was more likely to be damaged than improved "in the troubled waters of Canada." On the supposition that the new Governor-General was sent out to reverse the policy of his predecessor, Sir Charles Bagot, this may mean that the troubling of the waters was his assigned task. Lord Derby was quite capable of the malign enterprise attributed to him by Sir Francis. He commenced public life by voting for the Reform Bill, which was relied upon to rehabilitate the Whig oligarchy, but he afterwards found his true place among the Tories. His natural instincts would lead him to desire to crush responsible government in Canada. Things were undoubtedly done by Lord Metcalfe, as he afterwards became, which no Governor-General would now think of countenancing. At a dinner party, at Government House, M. Lafontaine, the leading member of the Executive Council, was seated beside Captain Higginson, private secretary of the Governor-General; and the conversation between the two, reported by the secretary, was made the subject of a despatch to the Colonial Office in which vague designs were attributed to the Ministry, which, if questioned, its members would certainly have repudiated. The subject of the conversation embraced the meaning of the Responsible Government Resolutions of 1841, the prerogatives of the Governor-General, the distribution of patronage. The conversation lasted three hours, and on every point raised the responsible Minister and the private secretary differed in opinion. Captain Higginson took the ground that the Governor-General, being responsible to the Imperial authorities for the acts of the local administration, was at liberty to dispose of the patronage as to him seemed best without check or hindrance. The report of the conversation was confessedly abridged, and its accuracy was challenged by M. Lafontaine. The unwarranted use made of the private conversation was a surprise to the Minister. The former Governor-General of India, become Governor-General of Canada, had no idea of being reduced to the position of the representative of a constitutional sovereign, in the sense of acting on the advice of a responsible council. Not only did he claim, he exercised, the power of making appointments without consultation or advice. What Lord Metcalfe probably foresaw when he accepted the onerous duties which Lord Derby selected him to discharge now happened: the Ministry, unable to accept the responsibility of acts which it did not advise, resigned. The waters were now effectually troubled, and in the shock of public sentiment Responsible Government struggled for a renewal of the recognition accorded to it in 1841.

BUT the proof of the theory that Sir Charles Metcalfe was sent to Canada to smother Responsible Government at its birth is, as Sir Francis Hinck's would himself admit, incomplete; still the circumstantial evidence is strong enough to make the suspicion of Sir Francis highly probable. Lord Sydenham's idea had been to work with the majority in the Legislative Assembly, but he hoped to control the Legislature by the force of intellect and the power of will. The policy of the Government he was himself to frame; that policy was to be his, and the Council was to be got to aid him to carry it out. He was to create a new system; to initiate everything, and to obtain the co-operation of the Executive Council and the Legislature in carrying out his plans. His aim was to be an intellectual autocrat, even while he entered on a change of system which must, when it got into full operation, place the real power in the hands of the Ministry. To attain his ideal he exhausted his strength by continuous labour. His successor, Sir Charles Bagot, without the towering personal ambition of Lord Sydenham, was content to let the Responsible Government resolutions have free play in practice; but his health was too feeble and his time too short to make traditional a system which had barely passed the transition state. If the forms had changed, the change in men's minds was still far from complete. The re-appointment of Vallières as Chief Justice was, contrary to the fact, popularly credited to Sir Charles Bagot as the personal act of the Governor. Sir Charles Metcalfe arrived just at the time when the forces of reaction could easily be set in motion for a last struggle; he touched the spring that gave them a dangerous activity, and when he had convulsed two Provinces by the dread of the dangers he had created, he appeared to be under the conviction, and did probably really believe, that he had performed the highest act of patriotism of which a Governor-General was capable. But the reaction, to which there is little doubt Lord Stanley gave the impulse, died with Lord Metcalfe, and Responsible Government obtained firm and sure footing under Lord Elgin.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS is of opinion that the violence relied on to carry elections fifty years ago has in our day been replaced by corruption; that "the influence of money has been to a great extent substituted for that of force." The violence of ruder times, when there was little wealth in the

country, was a natural product of a state of things which insured the perpetual possession of power to one set of men; in which the waves of public opinion spent their force ineffectually, and electoral victories could not change the depositories of power. The exercise of unchecked power made the officials impatient of criticism; while the Legislative Assembly was reduced by the opposition of the Crown-nominated chamber to a mere talking machine, which could at all times muster a vast force of verbal condemnation. Under this state of things men's passions became heated, and when they got into collision at the polls, during a week of drunken riot, violence was inevitable. When wealth increased and victory ensured the possession of the spoils; when public men became amenable to criticism and were constrained to bow to public opinion, violence nearly ceased and corruption increased. But there is reason to believe that the worst stage of the period of electoral corruption has been passed. Men will not buy votes of the deposit of which they are not certain, and the certainty that a bribed voter would deliver the purchased vote the secrecy of the ballot has destroyed.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS complains, not altogether without reason, that after he had left Canada to fill the office of Colonial Governor elsewhere, the entire responsibility of the Consolidated Municipal Loan Fund, under authority of which the municipalities piled up a mountain of debt, was thrown altogether on him, though it ought in all fairness to have been shared by Mr. Brown and his friends by whom the measure had been supported in its passage through the Legislature. The heavy charge which this measure imposed on the public treasury, Sir Francis says, was not foreseen when the Bill was passed. This may be true, but against a measure of a similar debt-accumulating character Mr. Baldwin had sounded a warning which proved to be prophetic. When Sir Francis Hincks, then the colleague of Mr. Baldwin, introduced a motion to empower the municipalities to make grants in aid of railway construction, it was not accorded the honour of being made a Government measure; and Mr. Baldwin, pointing to the mischievous working of a similar license in the State of New York, expressed the hope that the dangerous example would not be followed in Canada. When beaten on the division, amidst shouts of exultation from the friends of the measure, Mr. Baldwin showed more poignant signs of regret than perhaps at any other period of his parliamentary career. The defeat which was made the excuse for his resignation and as it proved final retirement from public life, far from being an equal cause of regret, afforded him the occasion for which he longed. The public reasons for resignation were sufficient, and they are correctly stated by Sir Francis; but if there had not been behind them a private wish to retire, the adverse vote need not and probably would not have caused Mr. Baldwin to resign.

TAINÉ'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

M. TAINÉ has now brought to a conclusion that portion of his great work which deals with the Revolution. He proposed to himself to write an account of the "origins" of contemporaneous France. We say an "account" rather than a history, for our author does not pretend to give us a continuous narrative of the incidents which took place in the development of the tragedy which he describes. Just as it would hardly be possible for any one to gain a true notion of the successive events in the history of the Revolution from Carlyle's powerful pictures of the men who took part in it, and of the circumstances in which they acted, so there would be much lacking in the knowledge of any one who had no more information than could be gained from the volumes of M. Taine.

His work, then, is not a history in the strict sense of the word. In some respects, moreover, it is lacking in that graceful fluency of style which is the greatest distinction of the best writers of France. Both in his modes of thought and in his manner of expression M. Taine often reminds us of an English writer more than of a French. We naturally do not like him the less for that reason; and we are sure that those who are best informed and most deeply read in the history of the Revolution will have much to learn from his researches.

No writer has ever dug deeper into the documents of the period with which he deals. In our own judgment, no one has made fairer and more legitimate use of his materials. It is not that M. Taine always writes with perfect calmness; we should think worse of him if he did. There is, on the contrary, a suppressed fury in many of his statements. But we believe he thinks with perfect calmness. There is everywhere evident

* *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. Par H. Taine. ii. *La Révolution*. Tome 3. *Le Gouvernement Révolutionnaire*. Hachette, 1885.

an honest and earnest desire to get at the truth, and to set it forth when it has been ascertained. Certainly no important statement is ever made without ample authority being given for what he says.

It is interesting to mark the manner in which M. Taine's volumes have been received by the Radical press of France. When he produced the first on the "Ancien Régime," he was applauded as the first of philosophic historians, one who had gone to the very root of the mischief in pre-revolutionary France, and had shown that revolution was inevitable, if France were still to exist. Nothing could be much more terrible than the picture which he sketched of the brutal selfishness of the French Court and aristocracy and of the misery which it produced among the people of France. Certainly that part of his work was well and truly done—far more completely than it had been accomplished by De Tocqueville, although in mere gracefulness of narrative and description the elder writer must be considered the superior.

When, however, in the first volume of the section of his work on the Revolution, he depicted the anarchy which set in (the title of the volume was "L'anarchie"), and described the Revolution as a dissolution, the Radicals of Paris began to discover that their philosophical historian was an aristocrat in disguise. M. Taine had, in fact, undertaken to explain the Revolution as he had explained the state of things which made it possible, or even necessary. A more thoughtful criticism would have seen that the Revolution, terrible and hideous as it was, constituted the strongest condemnation, not of liberty, but of the aristocracy and corruption out of which it had sprung. Just as in later times the frightful doings of the Commune of Paris in 1871 are the best evidences of the corrupting and degrading influences of the second Empire, so the hideous excesses of the Revolution are the best proofs of the degradation to which France had been reduced by the *Ancien Régime*.

There can, we think, be little doubt, however, that M. Taine has a somewhat clearer purpose in his later volumes than in his first. In the earlier work he was accounting for the state into which France had been brought; in the later he is sustaining the part of a teacher as well. He is warning his countrymen of their folly. In doing this he has set himself to destroy an idol, the idol of the Revolution, which the French, as a nation, have been worshipping for some fifty or sixty years. However bad, he seems to say, the old tyranny was, this will not do at all. It is a false, wicked, cruel monster, and not a god.

Such a protest is not unnecessary. Without denying the necessity of the French Revolution; without forgetting the impulse which it gave to thought and to literature throughout Europe—an impulse not always unwholesome—we cannot shut our eyes to the folly of the idolatry of which the French people are guilty in their thoughts of the Revolution. This was the meaning of the contest when the Comte de Chambord seemed on the point of being King of France. "Henry V.," he declared, "could not give up the white flag of Henry IV." That is to say, he would not accept the Revolution; and the French people would have no one that did not accept the Revolution, of which the *tricolore* was the badge.

M. Taine is determined that, as far as he is concerned, his countrymen shall know, not merely what he thinks of the Revolution, but also what it was. And this he has done in the three volumes which are now completed, the first on the "Anarchy," the second on the "Jacobin Conquest," and the one now published on the "Revolutionary Government": that is to say, on the government of France by the Convention and the Directory from the time of the execution of the King to the Consulate. In these three volumes, partly made up of graphic description, partly of philosophical disquisition, he sets the men, their principles, and their conduct clearly before us. But he is not contented with this. Lest we should fail to understand what he strives to explain, he gives us a clear idea of his intention in the preface to the last volume.

These are his words: "In Egypt," says Clement of Alexandria, 'the sanctuaries of the temples are overshadowed by veils woven of gold; but if you go towards the further end of the edifice and inquire after the statue, a priest advances with a grave air, singing a hymn in the Egyptian language, and raises the veil a little, as if to show you the god. What do you then behold? A crocodile, an indigenous serpent, or some other dangerous animal; the god of the Egyptians appears, it is a beast wallowing upon a purple carpet.'

"There is no need," continues M. Taine, "to go to Egypt, or to travel so far back in history, in order to meet with the worship of the crocodile; it was seen in France at the end of the last century. Unfortunately an interval of a hundred years is too great a distance for the retrospective imagination. To-day, from the point which we have reached, we see in the horizon behind us only forms embellished by the intermediate atmosphere,

floating outlines which each spectator can interpret and fashion at his pleasure, no distinct and living human features, but an assemblage of vague points the moving lines of which unite or break around the forms of the imagination. I have wished to see these vague points close to me, and I have transported myself into the second half of the eighteenth century, and, like Clement of Alexandria, I have done my best to contemplate first the temple and then the god.

"But it was not enough to look with one's bodily eyes; it was necessary besides to understand the theology which underlies the worship. There is a theology which explains it: one which, like most theologies, is very specious, being composed of the dogmas which are called the principles of 1789. In fact they were proclaimed at that date; but before that they had been already formulated by Jean Jacques Rousseau: the sovereignty of the people, the rights of man, the social contract, they are well known. Once adopted they have, of themselves, developed their practical consequences; at the end of three years they took the crocodile into the sanctuary and installed him behind the golden veil, on the purple carpet. In fact, by the power of his jaws and the capacity of his stomach he was beforehand designated for this position; it is in his character of wild beast and devourer of men that he became a god.

"When this is understood there is no more trouble about the formulæ which consecrate him, nor about the pomp which surrounds him; he may be observed like any ordinary animal, and followed in his diverse attitudes, when he lies in ambush, when he seizes his prey, when he masticates, when he swallows, when he digests. I have studied in detail the structure and play of his organs, noted his nature and his habits, made myself acquainted with his instincts, his faculties, his appetites."

The author then mentions that the abundance of material for these purposes was so great that he has had to leave a portion of it aside, but he believes, and we believe, he has given enough for his purpose. He then goes on:

"Authentic cookery books inform us as to the expense of this worship. We can make out with tolerable accuracy what the sacred crocodiles ate in a space of ten years, their ordinary fare and their choice morsels. Naturally the deity chose fat victims; but his voracity was so great that, in addition to this, he blindly swallowed the lean as well, and in greater numbers than the fat; moreover, in virtue of his instincts and as an unavoidable result of his position, once or twice a year he ate his fellows unless he was eaten by them.

"Certainly this is an instructive kind of worship, at least for historians, for the simple students of truth; if any of his devotees remain, I do not dream of converting them; in a matter of faith it is of no use arguing with a devotee. This volume, like its predecessors, is written only for those who are fond of the study of moral zoology, for the students of the natural history of the mind, for seekers after truth, texts, proofs, for them only and not for the public which has taken its side, and formed its opinion on the subject of the Revolution. This opinion began to be formed between 1825 and 1830, after the disappearance or death of eye-witnesses. When they were gone, it was possible to persuade the amiable public that the crocodiles were philanthropists, that several of them had genius, that they hardly ever devoured any but the guilty, and that, if occasionally they ate too much, it was unconsciously, in spite of themselves, or from devotion, sacrificing themselves for the common good."

This is an exact description of the contents of the volume before us. If our space allowed, we would draw the reader's attention more particularly to the author's account of the manner in which the Jacobins persisted in their theory of the subordination of the government to the governed, while they were setting up the most detestable despotism that the world has ever seen, one in comparison with which that of Louis XIV., or Frederick the Great, or even the Russian autocracy was genial and tolerable. We should also have liked to draw attention to his sketches of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, and to his account of the later days of the Convention. It must, however, suffice to say that M. Taine has shown the *culte* of the Revolution to be a foul superstition and idolatry, that the liberty which it promised was the worst bondage that any civilized nation has seen, its equality the equality of brigands who do not possess even the proverbial honour which is said to exist among thieves, and its fraternity the brotherhood of Cain.

C.

THERE are many curious anecdotes related respecting Grimaldi, says a writer in the *Current*, one of which is the following: During the riots of 1780 many persons, to save their houses from the fury of the mob, affixed labels to their doors, "No Popery." Grimaldi, determined to please all parties and make assurances doubly sure, hung out a label upon which was written "No Religion."

SOME BOOKS OF THE PAST YEAR.—I.

THE book-product of the year just closed, so far as volume is concerned, will be found, we think, quite satisfactory to the trade statistician. Of the literary value and staying qualities of much that has been produced it might not be wise, however, to boast. Literary activity has of late been expended upon little serious labour. We have fallen upon the days of cheap reprints and *rechauffé* work. Publishers have had the hungry masses in view rather than the surfeited "remnant." The republic of letters has in truth become democratic. To the "peerage of poverty," not to that of intellect, has its work, in the main, been addressed. To those who see in this an unqualified good we would ask consideration for but one point, viz.: that in these cheap issues for the multitude regard shall be had to decency of manufacture. The externals of a book ought to count for something; and it can hardly be said that respect for literature has been heightened by the form and appearance of a "Seaside Library." Cheapness is not everything: but cheapness can surely be combined with some degree of taste. The slop of competitive editions, which piratical publishers are wont to throw upon the market, must destroy all reverence for books and vitiate the taste which reading aims to cultivate. Fortunately, there are already signs of a reaction, and these pestiferous editions may soon be expected to disappear. A popular Library in the form of the Tauchnitz reprints, issued in Germany, printed on good paper and in fair, clear type, is the want of the time; and the publisher who will produce for this continent similar dainty books, and at a moderate though remunerative price, will be a public benefactor. The world moves, and we are not without hope in this matter. Even in England, conservatism is giving way; for the "culpable luxury" of a three volume edition "from Mudie" has already received a wound that we would fain believe mortal. Then the influence of such a beautiful and bountiful shilling's worth as one gets in Morley's "Universal Library," published by Routledge, and in the Edinburgh reprints of "New England Novels," issued by Douglas, must ere long tell in bringing about a radical change in English as well as American systems of publishing. On this side, some approach is made to the ideal book for reading as well as for keeping in "Holt's Leisure Moment Series," could we get its issues without the wire sewing, and in the "Lovell Library," had we better paper and presswork from type rather than from plates.

But, while the craft of the printer has lost much of its character in the cheap-book manufacture of the time, art in other directions has received a wonderful stimulus. Wood-engraving and colour-block printing have of late made amazing strides, and been applied to the embellishment of children's books, Christmas card and holiday editions particularly, with a taste and economy in price that are the marvel of the age. The monthly and weekly serials enshrine such a wealth of art-product, and nursery literature embodies so rich a treasure from the painter's palette, that the coming generation, whatever its mental possession, should not be lacking in art instinct. But these publications do more than please the eye and educate public taste. A *regimen of St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, *Our Little Ones at Home*, *Little Wide-Awake*, and *The Nursery*, will keep the human heart young, and do as much for the little folks as the hypophosphites of "Sunshine, Birds and Flowers" have ever done for their elders, in the most favourable environment which wealth, leisure, and the faculty of enjoyment can happily bestow. In colour-work, in the production of such artists as Kate Greenaway, Walter Crane, and Richard Caldecott, youth may revel in an art-world of enchantment and feed the fancy until heart and brain are weary. Perhaps the most notable of the recent issues in this department are a bijou set of books entitled "The Gem Series" (Dutton); "Seven Little Maids" (Worthington); "Under Mother's Wing" (Dutton); and "All in the Sun" (Dean). These are all delightful bits of colour-printing and piquant illustration. The "Prang Calendar" for 1885, a folded screen for mantlepiece or escritoire, with four pretty vignette heads in colour, representing the course of infancy to old age and emblematic of the seasons, is also deserving of commendation.

The step from the bowery meads of juvenile literature to the summit of Parnassus is a far one; but the toil of the ascent will be richly rewarded in viewing Mr. Vedder's sumptuous illustrations of the work of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, which has just been rendered into English verse by Edward Fitzgerald, and published in Boston. Unfortunately the price of the book leaves it accessible to none but the princes of commerce, railway and political magnates, and the *nouveau riche*. Glancing at the magnificent illustrations the thought, however, is forced upon us that art, like not a little of the modern intellect, is again becoming Pagan, for its fondness for *outré* embellishment is as manifest as is the present-day taste for the literature of the Orient, which is deluging us with editions of the sacred books of the East, with lives of Buddha, reprints of the "Upanishads," collections of Sanscrit aphorisms, dreary tomes on occultism and heathen jugglery, and the more subtle refinements and sensuous visions of poems like "The Light of Asia." An illustrated edition of the latter, by the way, appears from the press of Osgood, with designs from architectural studies of bits from the temples and palaces of India. Among the art books of the season must not be omitted Cassell's superb edition of "Romeo and Juliet," illustrated with twelve photographs from drawings by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. No such edition of the famous Veronese love poem has ever appeared, and its setting, in this sumptuous volume, with introduction by Prof. Dowden, will be hailed by all lovers of art. Mr. Henry Blackburn's "English Art in 1884" is also to be commended as a fine example of the work done by English artists for the year's exhibits in the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, and other oil and water-colour societies of London. Harper's holiday issues of E. P. Roe's "Nature's Serial Story," illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson, and Boughton's "Sketching Rambles in Holland," which appeared

serially in their magazine, are admirable specimens of illustrated book manufacture and notable examples of American achievement in wood engraving. Osgood's edition of Tennyson's "Princess," illustrated by American artists; the same publisher's edition of Scott's "Marmion"; Tennyson's "Lady Clare," illustrated by Schell, Fenn, and Fredericks (Porter and Coates); and Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," from designs by Church, Smedley, Harper, and others (Lippincott), are further instances of the choice work American art is doing in the way of book illustration. Art in its relation to religion has this year its best representatives in works such as Keble's "Evening Hymn," Faber's "Pilgrims of the Night," and Bishop Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," productions which, as they solace the heart of faith the world over, were sure to call forth the highest effort of Christian art, and have been fortunate in securing this in their embellishment.

To turn from holiday books to the general literature of the year, one is painfully reminded of the dearth of works of signal achievement in any department of letters. The few great enterprises, such as the year's instalments of the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the initial volumes of the Philological Society's "English Lexicon," and Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Dictionary of National Biography," speak to us of laudable activity in collaborateur work, but leave little on record as the result of individual labour in connection with any high and noteworthy literary undertaking. In history, since the issue, almost contemporary with his death, of Green's "Conquest of England," we have little from an English source that is memorable; while the product from the American press is confined chiefly to Schuyler's "Peter the Great," Gindeley's "Thirty Year's War," and Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe." In historical memoirs we have fared better; Malmesbury's "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," the Croker "Life and Correspondence," and the first instalment of McCarthy's "Four Georges," instruct as well as delight us, and, particularly in the former two, give the historical student a glimpse behind the scenes of political and official life in England of the highest value in enabling him to judge aright of the men and the events of the time. On a distinctively lower plane is to be ranked, Mr. Yates' "Memoirs of a Man of the World." Sprightly and readable as they undoubtedly are, they are the reminiscences of a man who, while clever, versatile and industrious, is not a little responsible for lowering the tone of British social and professional life, and for some share in introducing into English journalism "the fashionable beauty," the piquant paragraph on society scandals, and those of the clubs and the courts, and in taking reprehensible freedom with the privacies of the English home. There are two other notable offenders familiar to readers of English Society journals, who are no doubt greater sinners than he; but Mr. Yates' world is the same world of Bohemia, and his part in it only a little more clean.

The taste for society scandal quickly extends itself to the taste for international lampoons. Countries are now so related to each other, and the levelling spirit of democracy is so pervasive, that international criticism has assumed a new terror. The dynamite literature of socialism has been no inconsiderable factor in the influences of the year; while the series of "John Bull" books, and the international squibs fired at the follies and frailties of each country, have become a literary and social nuisance. But this article has already exceeded bounds, and we must defer to a subsequent issue of THE WEEK further comment on some of the books of the past year.

G. MERCER ADAM.

ART NOTES.

BUT a short while ago it might have been stated as an absolute certainty that any Canadian Government which should venture to expend money for Art purposes—which should build Art galleries, purchase for public use study and advantage paintings, and *objets d'art*, subsidizing Art schools, systematizing modes of work, engaging lecturers, awarding prizes—would simply be held as idle wasters of the nation's funds. So far is this reversed that the Government which now neglects to aid in all possible ways the Art education of our people will be held guilty of failing to recognize the great fact of the day, namely, that commercial supremacy, as well as national prosperity and individual happiness, depend on the close union of Art with Science and Industry. How forcible this fact is felt to be is shown in the vigorous way in which governments and municipalities throughout Europe are dealing with the question of Art education, while in the United States the strength and enterprise which made them a great people are supplemented by a wise foresight which will keep them so. For the majority there is no inherent sympathy with the artistic beautiful; and a people, like an individual, must grow and be educated up to intelligent manhood through lapse of actual years—must accumulate its own traditions of taste, and by its own actual experience learn the possibilities of its own Art life. Europe inherited such traditions upon a gigantic scale. In her, Art, though dormant, was so pure, and lay so widely-rooted that its *renaissance* has been a rapid matter; but for the New World it is not so easy to make grow luxuriantly a plant foreign to the soil. Art schools by the dozen may be established in a year, but a race of skilled workmen cannot be reared even in a generation. America has done wisely. She has imported and attracted and held to her the artist-worker of the most cultured; she has drawn to her teachers of the most advanced experience; she has made their labour remunerative and honoured, and round these as centres she has built up a system of training which now already places her in the position of a competitor with Europe in the production of the beautiful as well as of the useful. Our great neighbours have passed the age of self-satisfied youth. Life and its dignity are before them and they have realized that greatness is in *being*, not *seeming*. Travel

in that Old World, whose experience they once imagined themselves to despise, and of whose marvellous art wealth they had known nothing, has opened thousands of blind eyes, and as a people they have set themselves to learn. In the hereafter they may perhaps teach. Here in Canada we are most lamentably lacking in the essential of all satisfactory progress—the means of just comparison, a standard of high-class work. At Ottawa, a national gallery has been founded which, when Canada herself takes that generous interest in its progress shown by others, will become the credit to the country it can scarcely be called at present. Montreal possesses in the Gibb collection the germs of an Art gallery which will no doubt grow largely in the future. Toronto has an excellent collection of copies and casts, and three or four private individuals have gathered pictures together of greater or less value—this is all. Of ornamental art work, in which continental museums are so rich, there is no public collection in the country. It is the possession of such collections by provincial towns on the continent, especially in France, collections due to the gifts and bequests of private persons, the accumulations of municipalities and the contributions of the State, which has largely enabled France to hold her own, at the head of artistically educated countries. Thanks to the embarrassments due to these unsettled days, and perhaps to a sense of uncertain tenure, there was never a time when the nucleus of a fine art collection could be so well and at less cost made by Canada as at present. Art sales are the order of the day. Under permissive legislative action in England the glorious Art treasures of some of the greatest of her old families have been brought to the hammer, and a judicious expenditure, year by year, on the part of the Canadian Government, made by competent agents, would soon result in a worthy accumulation at some fitting centre. From this, objects could be loaned, as is done both in England and in France, to proper bodies throughout the country, and so all would participate in the advantages to be gained from their possession. Art collections are like the pearl in the oyster: they must have a central gathering point, and that once obtained growth is simply a matter of time. It is fervently to be hoped that at its next session the Dominion Parliament may make provision in this direction. Meantime it is undeniable that our Provincial Governments are awakening to a consciousness that the example set by the world must be followed, and both Quebec and Ontario have to some extent adopted the policy of aiding local endeavour towards Art education. A future article will deal with the position of matters in Canada, in regard to this question. Will not the Canadian Press take up the subject? It is one worthy of all attention.

THE National Gallery, England, has recently acquired from the glorious gleanings of the Hamilton Palace sale the famous picture, by Sandro Botticelli, "The Assumption of the Virgin," painted probably about 1473. It contains some two hundred figures; the heavens are represented in circles, containing the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, virgins; at the foot the half-opened tomb appears filled with growing lilies. Painted for Matteo Palmieri, it was placed in the Church of San Petro Maggiore, Florence, and there remained until, at the end of the last century, one of the Palmieri removed and sold it to a Florentine picture dealer, from whom it was purchased by the Duke of Hamilton. The National Gallery has also secured, at the Leigh Court sale, Poussin's celebrated "Calling of Abraham" and Hogarth's "Shrimp Girl." To the great disappointment of collectors of Faïence, Palissy, and Hispano-Moresque, the famous Basilewski collection of works of art has been bought by the Russian Government, and will be taken to St. Petersburg. The negotiations were conducted by telegram, and the price paid was 6,000,000 francs, about \$240,000. The collection contains some valuable specimens of Henry II., enamel designed, and painted by Leonard Limozin. A specimen of this work, an oval dish eighteen by nine inches, recently brought at a sale in London 7,000 guineas.

THE scheme of the formation of a syndicate for the purchase of portions of the great Fontaine collection, brought to the hammer in June last, has been quite successful. They raised a capital of £24,150, and spent £9,924 in the purchase of six lots of Italian Majolica, six pieces of Palissy ware, and seven examples of Limoges enamel. Of the purchases so made the English Government have taken the whole, at cost price as was intended, off their hands, with the exception of one pair of Palissy candle-sticks bought by a wealthy amateur collector for £1,510.

ONE of the chief treasures of the Hamilton collection, Sandro Botticelli's original illustrations to Danté, was bought by the German Government, and is now in Berlin, a fac-simile edition of them is to be published, so that the general public will profit by the change in owners.

THE winter exhibitions of paintings are now in full swing in London. There appear to be the usual miles of canvas on view in the several Art galleries, but with few exceptions nothing very striking has come to the front. Sir John Gilbert sends to the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, a somewhat important study for future historians, representing the Prince and Princess of Wales going to a Drawing Room—making amends for this tie on his brush and powers by a vigorous military subject, "The Retreat." Some delightful studies in Venetian life come from the brush of Miss Clara Montalba, who, with her sister, visited Canada during the time of Lord Lorne. This family presents a curious instance of hereditary talent, the father and four daughters being all in the profession. Mr. Whistler exhibits in the Society of British Artists an "Arrangement in Black," a portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth, which shows his style at its best. He also sends a sketch in water colours of the quaint town of Dordrecht, quaintly styled "A little Red Note." There is a strong tendency towards the exhibition of isolated pictures, or the pictures of one painter. Bougereau has a gallery where some of his most important works are on view, including his "La Jeunesse de Bacchus," "Deux Baigneuses"

and his salon picture for 1885, "Byblis." The Russian artist, A. N. Roussoff, exhibits a series of forty drawings and sketches of Venetian life, including church interiors, canal studies and the city life. Millais has retouched his "Stowaway," and now exhibits it with a charming picture of barelegged girlhood called "A Waif," a pathetic picture of a little flower-seller with the most appealing look for sympathy in her blue eyes. Mr. W. P. Orchardson, R.A., has achieved a deserved success with his "Her First Dance," a group in the time of the Regency—a shy maiden who finds herself for the first time face to face with a town dandy of those dandiest of days, compelled to walk through the stately paces of a minuet. This picture was not finished in time for the Academy, to which Mr. Orchardson sent his "Marriage de Convenience," a fine piece of work, showing a tête-à-tête dinner between a loveless pair, which admirably told, its own story and pointed its own moral. Edwin Long's great picture "Anno Domini," is still one of the attractions of London.

MR. L. O'BRIEN has furnished for the *English Illustrated Magazine* a clever set of views of Clovelly.

FRANK VITZITELLI, war correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* during all the great war troubles of the past twenty-five years, is a prisoner of the Mahdi. Lord Wolseley has telegraphed that his whereabouts is known.

THE battle of the "Dome" still continues to rage furiously in London, the Dome being that of St. Paul's Cathedral. Commenced in 1674 the building has never yet been completed as regards the decorations. Sir Christopher Wren's plan of sunk coffers and converging ribs for the interior of the cupola was not carried out; but Sir Francis Thornhill, who painted the pictures which, by courtesy, are supposed to ornament the cupola, kept this idea in view. The question is whether the designs of the late Alfred Stevens shall be adopted in place of the existing work, or whether a living painter shall be allowed immortality. Naturally the living painters are interested.

MILLAIS' portrait of Lord Lorne, presented to the Canadian National Gallery, has been forwarded to Ottawa and will shortly be on view. Mr. G. F. Watts, another Royal Academician, will also contribute to the gallery. It is probable that he will present a portrait of H. R. H. the Princess Louise. With these and the fine study of a head by Sir Frederick Leighton already there, Canada will possess three specimens of work by R.A.'s. At the request of the Princess, the authorities of South Kensington have presented to the gallery a series of thirty works by its pupils. The series embraces studies from cast and life, architecture, decorative design, perspective, water colour and portrait painting. The work is excellent, and the gift will prove of the highest service to Canadian students.

A NOVEL effort made by the Rector of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, one of the poorest of London's many poor parishes, has been crowned with success. A loan collection of pictures has been organized, and the rooms are crowded day and night with the delighted poor of the neighbourhood.

AMONGST the items of our own art life it is interesting to be able to record the success of Mr. W. Brymner in the competitions of the Paris studios, where he has been studying. Miss Richards and Mr. J. C. Pinhey, both Canadians who have studied in Paris for some years past, have opened studios, one in New York and the other in Ottawa.

DELTA.

HERE AND THERE.

THE election of Mr. Manning as Mayor of Toronto was, it is said, in large part due to his position on the Prohibition question. Not only are Scott Act supporters—whose nominee Mr. Withrow was—apt to sink their philanthropy in presence of a party issue, but the law compelling hotels and saloons to close during elections militates against the teetotal section. Retailers of excisable liquors who would otherwise gladly stay at business employ their enforced holiday in working for the candidate most in sympathy with their interests; and this was the case with marked results in Toronto.

THE "London special correspondent" of a Toronto paper has committed himself again. In "working up" an item regarding the electric lighting of London, that creative individual, with more courage than discretion, informed his readers that the metropolis has not, except in "isolated cases," hitherto given electricity a "fair trial" as an illuminating agent, but is about to do so "at last." Unfortunately for this home manufacturer of foreign news, however, it so happens that three years ago the whole of the City proper was lit by electricity, three systems being tried. The result was not considered satisfactory, and at the termination of a twelve months' trial the experimental contract was allowed to lapse by efflux of time. Until quite recently the Embankment from the Houses of Parliament to Blackfriars Bridge was illuminated by the electric light, and up to the present moment the railway stations and many private establishments are similarly lit. In one respect at least Canadian corporations might profit by the example set in London; the electric light companies were not permitted to disfigure the metropolitan thoroughfares by the erection of a forest of hideous untrimmed poles for the support of their wires. The supports were made of iron in light and ornamental designs, so as to interfere as little as possible with the appearance of the streets. A better plan still would be to compel the companies to run their wires through subways, as telephone wires are conveyed in many places.

THE following extract from a letter sent to the *Liverpool Mercury*, though not all pleasant reading, may be instructive:—"Talking of our

relations with our colonies, I have a letter from one travelling in America about the Canadian question. 'I am not surprised,' he says, 'that people who emigrate to the new continent choose the States as a rule rather than Canada. With every desire to be respectful to the British colony, I must say that Canada is sleepy, and, as the Americans say, a very one-horse country. The people are neither English nor American, but a kind of half-breed, which has the defects of both and very few of the merits of either. Then the Canadians are very restless about their future. They say that the Colonial Office is always ignorant (which is not surprising); that it never understands the real interests of Canada; that they could make much better commercial arrangements with the States if they were left to themselves; and that they ought to be allowed to appoint their own Governor-General. Add to all this that business throughout the North-West is in a very depressed state, that land is lying idle and enterprise almost entirely lacking, and you may imagine that the present humour of the Canadian is not happy. The contrast when one crosses the frontier is astounding. The general briskness and alertness makes Canada seem a land of dreams. Yet the depression of trade in the States is very serious. Thousands of spindles are lying idle, and the miners in the Hocking Valley who have been fighting the military are in a condition which is only a little more exaggerated in one place than in many others.'

FORTUNATELY nothing more serious than a few scratches and a quantity of broken glass resulted from the explosion on the underground railway in London. Whoever the miscreants may be, whatever vile object they have in view, it is fortunate that they stop short of the attempts of Hédel and Nobiling, of Kùchler, Rupsch and Reinsdorf. It is certainly a poor vengeance against the British nation to injure a few servant-maids, to raise a scare in a railway tunnel, and act the philanthropist to the glazing fraternity. O'Donovan Rossa takes to himself the credit, or rather discredit, of these demoniacal outrages. It is quite time that the English Government should ask that of the United States in plain terms no longer to shelter a man who, on his own showing, is guilty of tentative murder, or rather massacre. The "wrongs of Ireland," whatever they may be, have no more to do with dynamite outrages than the wrongs of Fiji. Agitation by outrage is a matter of business—a brutal trade followed solely for money—and until statesmen admit this and mould their action upon it, they must remain open to the charge of obtuseness or worse.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE is a somewhat prominent man in the States, and is trying to purchase notoriety in England through his "syndicate of papers." He has written a couple of fairly readable books, and has been "interviewed" at Pittsburgh. He is, however, a humbug. He believes, he says, in Socialism; but he is not prepared to divide his own millions. He is the prototype of the humourist's character who would cheerfully sacrifice all his wife's relations as food for powder. The advent of Socialism will be contemporary with the millennium. Men will be content to share their riches; yet Mr. Carnegie has reduced the wages of some of his employes thirty-three per cent. Mr. Carnegie should remember that the school-master is abroad. He insults the working classes by such blatherings.

EDITORS in Ireland occupy scarcely a less perilous and feverishly exciting position than the editors "out West," whose implements of industry are generally set down as a revolver, a scissors, a pair of boxing gloves, and a paste-pot. A certain section of the Nationalists in Tipperary, not approving of the tone adopted by the proprietor and editor of the *Tipperary People*, have had notices posted in and about the town advising him to repent of his conduct in attacking "the cause," and threatening him with death if he should not. This is doing business in a smart off-hand style, without any doubt! Nor is his the only grievance in the premier county of the green isle, for the foxhounds there are doomed to die victims of the Land League agitation. The other day, near Fethard, four of them dropped dead from poison during the hunt, and subsequently six others died in the kennel.

A CORRESPONDENT of a newspaper recently sued the editor for, among other things, "extra wear and tear of mind." Did the law allow an editor to sue for, and obtain, damages from many of his correspondents for extra wear and tear of mind in reading the manuscripts they send him, conducting a public journal would be rather a good thing.

THE Prohibitionists in England are not to have all their own way. A "Moderationist Alliance" has been formed by a few moving spirits, inspired by a powerful anti-teetotal article in the *Times*, and a paper on "Moderation or Total Abstinence" in the *Fortnightly*. State coercion of the liquor-traffic is roundly condemned, and the efficacy of compulsory total abstinence is denied; the moderate and reasonable consumption of alcoholic drinks has, it is claimed, a distinctly salutary effect upon the great bulk of the inhabitants of cold and temperate climates; and interference with the liberty of the individual or of trade is protested against as tending to the deterioration of the moral fibre.

CHAGRINED at its failure to promote Irish discontent by disingenuously representing itself as voicing American sentiment on English politics, the *Nation* in its ultimate number gets off a petulant puerility worthy of O'Donovan Rossa. *Harper's* and the *Century*, the Fenian New York journal declares in alarm, are pandering too much of late to England—"read as if some sheets of *Cornhill* or *Macmillan's* had got bound up by

mistake with the home product." *Harper's* staff has even been demoralized by the addition of an Englishman—and eagles do not bring forth pigeons, mind you. But the *Nation* will find steam and electricity are too much for it. Increasing inter-communication between the Old and New Worlds are gradually breaking down the mutual misapprehensions fostered by unscrupulous journalists. Americans and Englishmen understand each other and their respective countries better than ever they did, and are anxious to enlarge that knowledge. One consequence of which is a rapidly-increasing demand for American magazines and newspapers in England—an increase all the more displeasing to the *Nation* since that journal does not share in it.

THE Cobden Club have rendered a service to commerce for which economists will be grateful by the issue of a shilling edition of Cobden's "Three Panics." In a prefatory note the Committee explains its purpose in the distribution of this re-issue. It is intended as a note of warning against any hasty or ill-considered increase of English naval estimates arising from a feeling of panic such as has more than once in times past proved both groundless in itself as well as unworthy of England's greatness. The Committee admit that England requires an efficient fleet, but reiterates Cobden's opinion that "the best security to our vast sea-going trade would be the adoption of the principle that all private property, not contraband of war, should be exempt from capture at sea."

MR. RUSKIN has written his last *Fors*. With the ninety-sixth of his letters to the workmen and labourers of Great Britain, the series of his epistles on every possible subject from courtship to the land question came to an end. There is no extravagance in this his final appeal to the conscience of the nation. It is mainly taken up with the story of a home for orphans "in the beautiful city of Bassano, on the Brenta, between the mountains and the plain." It is a touching story of the devotion of a sister who has taken no vows for the good of her people. Mr. Ruskin comments very little upon it, but says that its example explains in teaching. Then he says farewell. Looking back upon his efforts for the last twenty years, he reproaches himself with his compromise with the infidelity of the outer world and his endeavour to base his teaching upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindness instead of upon the primary duty of loving God—foundation other than which no man can lay. He has preached to the crowd of visible utility, nor was he aware how many people still had as vivid and practical a faith as ever was reached in the early enthusiasm of Christendom. His illness undecieved him. He was shown "with lovely initiation in how many secret places the prayer was made which he had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets, and on how many hills which he had thought left desolate the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire." He calls upon these faithful ones to lift up their standard on high, that the children may dwell in peace. Not to be taken out of the world that they may dwell in monastic sorrow, but to be kept from its evil in shepherded peace; ought not this to be done for all the children held at the fonts beside which we vow in their name to renounce the world! Renounce! nay, ought we not at last to redeem. And so Mr. Ruskin's letters end. He has not always been wise, but he has ever been high in aim; and to the man who desires good, surely a little extravagance will be forgiven.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

- All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
- Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.
- W. O. EASTWOOD.—The matter has been written upon *ad nauseam*, and we do not think it would serve any good purpose to insert your letter, which does not throw any new light upon the controversy.
- W. H.—Your communication is reserved. The subject has been almost done to death of late.

A MARCH IN THE DESERT.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Now that our men in Egypt have the prospect of a march across the desert before them, an account of a French forced march in Algeria, in 1844, in pursuit of Abd-el-Kader, may not be uninteresting to your readers. It is from a work that I purchased in Algiers twenty-five years ago. It will be seen that the French depended upon the wells for water. Our men, however, will undoubtedly be accompanied by camels carrying water.

The expedition, composed of picked men, started from Tlemcen. Each man carried eight days' rations of biscuit, rice, sugar, coffee, and salt; part of a *tente d'abri* and pole (a small, low tent with pole about the size of a broomstick), tin canteen containing about a quart, sixty cartridges, etc. Besides, to every mess of seven to ten men there were three objects of *cuisine* to be carried by turns, viz., the large can, the cooking-pot (*bidon* and *marmite*), and the wooden-dish. Three men carried these strapped on their backs, so that about every two or three days some of the mess had an extra load to carry. The meat carried itself, as a herd of cattle was driven with the column, and every day the quantity necessary was butchered.

The first day they marched at daybreak, and halted for five minutes every hour. At ten they halted for one hour for coffee. They marched until four or five p.m., and bivouacked by a wood and river, having marched about ten leagues. The second day was pretty much like the first. The third day they started an hour before daybreak. With difficulty they found water enough for the coffee, and afterwards met none until they arrived at the bivouac in the evening, when the order was given: "The enemy are near, and must be taken by surprise in the morning. No tents are to be pitched. The halt is to be of three hours, and then the march must be continued all night." They did march all night, and although many of the men fell asleep constantly while marching, stumbled and slept again, still only five or six succumbed and were obliged to be carried on the bat

mules. The morning came, but the enemy was not to be found! A camp was formed. The water was of middling quality. The next day (fifth) they marched at two a.m. As there was no water nor wood at the place where they intended to halt for breakfast, each man made a little fagot which he placed above his knapsack. The can and kettle of the mess was filled with water and carried each by two men, who passed a tent pole through the handle. At seven they halted for coffee—the weather already being very warm. At eight the march was continued. The heat became excessive, and soon after the sirocco began to blow, drying up the palate so that salivation became almost impossible, and filling the eyes, ears, and nostrils with dust as fine as ashes. Some of the men committed suicide, some became mad. Suddenly they saw a well in the distance, which they hurriedly approached, but it was filled with the dead bodies of sheep which had been driven there by the sirocco and died of thirst, for the well was dry! Still, some found a little brackish mud which they greedily swallowed, while the rear files, who arrived last, sucked the wool of the dead sheep which appeared to them to contain a little moisture. They moved mechanically forward under a burning sun, the wind still powerful and hot. At last night arrived, and though the sirocco still blew the sun at last disappeared, and they dragged themselves to the wells, which they reached about five p.m. But the Emir was near, and the General harangued his little army, telling them that if they succeeded in reaching Abd-el-Kader's camp they would cover themselves with glory. They were told, however, that the country before them produced absolutely nothing—they must carry wood and water; still more, they must carry fodder for the cattle! In this extraordinary case many of the men, besides their ordinary load, bore a little fagot of wood and a truss of fodder, which reached above their heads. The can and kettle were carried as before. After a halt of two or three hours to boil their rice they marched on and travelled all night, having made their coffee soon after starting, to profit by the little water remaining in the pots and cans. In the morning the fatigue was excessive, for they had been over twenty-four hours on the march with only two grand halts. At last wells were reached, and a halt was ordered—but the water was salt! They refreshed themselves a little by washing, and hoped still that the water would do for cooking, but they were mistaken, and were forced to throw away their coffee and rice, and eat dry biscuit. They soon took up the line of march again, but even at two or three p.m. there was still no appearance of camping, and then commenced a veritable *marche au Calvaire*. Towards the end of the day, however, they approached the enemy's camp. A last halt was ordered, to enable the men to recover their strength as much as possible, and the column again advanced in silence and reached the camp, but it was empty! Abd-el-Kader's scouts had given him warning, and he had fled not an hour before—for the fires were still burning. It was folly to think of following them, and the General ordered a bivouac after a march of forty-two hours.

I made notes in Algiers of two other wonderful marches. In the one they marched fifty-two hours, but there was no scarcity of wood and water. In the other the Zouaves marched thirty leagues in thirty-six hours, without water, and under the winds of the desert—a march so painful that their white gaiters were stained with blood.

B. H. D.

A FARMER'S VIEWS ON THE COMMERCIAL SITUATION.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—At a time when the utter failure of the grand panacea prescribed for hard times by the quacks of the Tory Party is being so plainly exposed—when the air is full of rumours of all kinds, and doubt and uncertainty as to what the morrow may bring forth are felt on every hand—at such a time perhaps it may not be out of place for a member of the hardest-worked and poorest-paid class of the community, the farmers, to attempt to place his views before the public. It may be that the low estimate which the leading men of both political parties place on the intelligence of the farmer is deserved. The way in which he walked into the N. P. trap in 1878 and 1882 is well calculated to justify the belief that there is no limit to his credulity. We have seen the great home market for "garden saas" which was to be afforded to us by the N. P. vanish into nothingness at the approach of hard times. We know that the tariff can only operate to raise the cost of all that we buy, and, in so far as the Americans see fit to retaliate, to reduce the price of the greater part of what we sell. We are, I repeat, perfectly well aware of these facts; but what better chances do the Grits propose to give us? If Mr. Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright were to come into power to-morrow, it is plain even to the bucolic mind that the interest on the public debt and the ordinary expenses of government would still have to be paid. Our great requirement—free access to the American market—would apparently be as far off as ever.

It is true that the "Bystander" and a few others have advocated a Customs Union, but the idea has never been placed before the people most interested in it. The only way in which an American Zollverein can be formed is by one of the great political parties taking the matter up, or by the formation of a third party for the express purpose of securing it.

The Reform Party is, of course, the one which should be in the best position to propose free trade over the whole continent. There is little or no doubt that Sir John could, if it were found necessary, easily carry out the scheme; the U. E. and Orange sections of his party are so thoroughly disciplined that they would readily support him, even if the union assumed the form of actual annexation. Any move in that direction, however, would have the effect of cutting off the supply of titles and decorations. We may, therefore, be certain that only as a last resort will the Tory Party accept Commercial Union as a plank in its platform.

The situation is this: A very large number of the farmers of Ontario are already aware that Commercial Union with the United States is the only measure that would afford them any practical relief, and the greater proportion of the remainder are capable of understanding the proposition if it were properly placed before them. The "Bystander" writes for an entirely different class of readers, and has never shown any disposition to enter the somewhat dirty arena of Canadian politics. The Tory Party, except as a last resort, are unwilling, and the Reform leaders are probably afraid to adopt a policy which would almost certainly result in breaking the last feeble strands of the cord that has hitherto bound us to the Mother Country. As to the press, THE WEEK has not editorially advocated a Zollverein, and the Montreal *Witness*, though professedly a free trade paper, has shrunk from supporting the only form of free trade that we could adopt without repudiating our public debt. In fact there is no leading paper or politician in Ontario to represent the case of the farming community. To the capable man who will assume the popular leadership of a movement towards Commercial Union, and who will make himself the champion of the farmers, fishermen, and lumbermen of Canada, will accrue fame and in all probability success.

I remain, etc., F.

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

To the Editor of The Week,

Sir,—I have read with interest the letter in your issue of January 1st, from the director of the U. S. Geological Survey, with regard to my article on the Dominion Survey which appeared in your issue of the 11th December last. I fully agree with his remarks as to the valuable services which may be rendered to the science of ethnology by the geologists of the Dominion, and as to the advisability, for economic and other reasons, of making the collection of ethnological data a part of the work of the survey. I cannot understand, however, why my article should be considered "unfair" on that point. I did not say, nor mean to imply, that the labours of the survey in that direction were "improper and valueless," but distinctly said that such studies "might, with propriety, be pursued at the expense of the Government;" although "they should not over-ride the more important questions which immediately concern the development of our country." I contended only, that practical questions had been sacrificed to an undue proportion of purely scientific matters, and that the mining interests of the country had thereby been impaired. It is this aspect, in fact, which makes the subject of the usefulness of the survey a public question, and I venture to think that those especially who are interested in mining will not be satisfied until practical geology receives a larger share of attention from the survey than it has during the past few years. With regard to the other point in my article which Major Powell has criticized, namely, the publication of reports, I fully admit that there is much to be said in favour of a proper caution in the publication of geological opinions which may prove later to be incomplete or erroneous. At the same time, the whole work of a survey does not, or rather should not, consist of the propounding of geological theories, but there is a large body of facts of practical importance, unconnected with theory, on which the public should be informed from time to time. I refer of course to mineral statistics, analysis of soils and other questions of economic interest. Dr. Selwyn claims that the survey has a large mass of information of this nature in manuscript, and I can see no reason why it should not be published. The Indian dolls found in the Charlotte Islands were surely not "rapidly changing their institutions, languages and other characteristics," and might have been discussed, I think, in other pages than the report of a geological survey.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, P. Q., January 3rd, 1885.

THE HEAVENLY WAR.

'MID regal pomp had sunk the King of Day
To slumber in his Palace of the West.
His royal couch the guardian clouds array,
In gold and purple vestments shield his rest.
But soon usurping Night with direful hosts
Of storm-charged warriors lays a furious siege
To Sol's domain, and with loud thundered boasts
Commands the fawning clouds behold their liege.
The all-victorious monarch reigns supreme,
But not for long continues his career,
For see! Amid the gloom, with glorious beam,
A beauteous claimant for the throne appear.
Through slowly parting ranks that late had fought,
The Moon, fair Queen, sheds love-inspiring ray;
What wondrous change by her bright sceptre wrought
The deepest shades almost to smiling day?
A glistening stream of silvery light is cast
Far o'er the silent water's heaving breast;
The dusky hordes of Night are fleeing fast,
As though for richest prize they did contest;
And as bright Luna's starry guards advance,
Deserted by his faithless minions, Night,
With scowling visage and revengeful glance,
Yields to the Queen and ends unequal fight.

Toronto.

CHARLES W. PHILLIPS.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE CHILD IN ART.

THE faith that revealed the Godhead to man in the form of a little child, invested the looks, the ways, the life of children with a new sacredness. Throughout the Middle Ages art took refuge in cloisters. Holy men who held the body to be accursed, and the tender joys of family life to be a stumbling-block to perfection, spent their days in depicting the sacred Child and the Virgin mother. No living woman or infant was their model. In gigantic mosaics, on the pages of missals and evangelariums, we find representations of a gaunt and mournful babe standing or sitting squarely upright, with hand uplifted in blessing. No child of man was ever so graceless or joyless as this loose-jointed babe, with halo-crowned brow. Yet ever and anon, as we turn the pages of these antique books, there seems to breathe through the rigid and conventional treatment an august pathos that knocks at our heart by its sincerity. It is as though we saw the clumsily expressed reflex of the vision that haunted the recluse-artist of the infancy of the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

In the thirteenth century came

The season

Of art's spring birth, so dim and dewy,

and, with Cimabue, Christian art cast off the trammels of the artificial Byzantine influence, and returned to nature for inspiration. This new spirit, expressed itself in the picture of the Madonna and Child, which Vasari tells us moved Cimabue's countrymen to such a pitch of reverent

delight that they carried it to the sound of trumpets in solemn procession to the Church of Santa Maria Novella. Stiffly as the draperies may still fall, and angular as are the attitudes, the eyes of the Virgin have lost the fixed stare of the Bysantine manner. She does not look blankly out of the corners, but turns her eyes on the babe upon her knee. The form of the infant "that stretches its hand like God" is of truer natural proportion, and is infused with a new animation and freshness. Giotto painted with a still tenderer insight into child nature. His sacred Babe appears no longer grim and rigid; if more contemplative than are earthly babes, he is a divine and simple child. In one of the panels of the sacristy of the canons of St. Peter's at Rome, instead of the usual gesture of fingers raised in blessing, we see a beautiful infant sucking his tiny hand. To those early masters who held painting to be a hallowed art, consecrated to placing the mysteries of religion more clearly and beautifully before humanity, the ways of little children became a fruitful theme of study. Faintly to depict the perfect childhood of the One who was perfect man, became the aim of artists, and thus were wrought the loveliest and truest representations of infancy and its dependence on a mother's love. The Baptist who worshipped and played with the child-God, the angels who adored and ministered to it, were portrayed children like himself. Glorified types they might be of tearless childhood, yet in their ideality keeping all the essential attributes of the child. The note-books of the world's greatest artists are full of rough sketches, jotted down from nature, of children's pretty gestures, of their joyous play, of their native hospitalities, of their dreamless slumbers under their mothers' brooding eyes. To represent the adorable Babe, its ministers and playfellows, all that was sweetest and holiest became the object of the sincerest observation. Art, led in spirit by the hand of a little child, reached to heights it has never since attained, yet its dwelling was oftenest among the lowly incidents of family life. Homely motives lent to it its most enchanting themes. It touched with a sanctifying light the weakness of childhood, the devotion of motherhood; purity, simplicity, chastity, were revealed in the grace of an in-dwelling divinity.—*Alice Corkran in The Queen.*

WOMEN AND MUSIC.

MUSIC to lovers is, in fact, what a pipe is to men. "If music be the food of love—play on!" The music stimulates feeling just as smoke seems favourable to reflection; both supply a sort of sympathetic link, like a hand clasp, and ease away the awkwardness of silence, which, between lovers especially, is often quite too golden, whilst these words are at most silvery; and, to judge from Lord Lytton's love letters, not always that—I should say not better than tin, very thin tin.

The other night, however, I sat behind two lovers at St. James' Hall. The gentleman was evidently far gone on Wagner. Happily, he was farther gone on the young lady. He tried to explain the episode in a drama; was bent on making her see the points in the wondrous last scene of "Tristan and Isolde." He kept up a running and despairing commentary as the music went along. Hopeless task indeed. She had that fatal far-away look in the eye—of *too late for the point each time*. At last I could see she got positively wretched. She never knew, poor girl, when the next enthusiastic nudge was coming. She left off attempting to smile at the right place, and, fixing her eyes sadly on a distant spot in the gallery, waited, more in sorrow than in anger, for the bitter end. Then she turned for sympathy to her Wagnerian lover with two deep and guileless yawns. He was staggered for a moment; but, after a brief and manly struggle, his nobler emotions prevailed. "Darling," he said, raising her opera cloak and slipping it gently over her snowy shoulders, "will you go?" "If you like, dear," she replied, and they went.

On the whole, these two disturbed me less than a couple of higher education girls I happened to sit next to last week. They had both come armed with the scores of Beethoven's Septett. Now, a large score, held on the lap, greatly interferes with the adjoining elbow room. Two people with large scores (one score might have surely done for both) ought by rights to engage three seats. On this occasion I had unhappily engaged the third. Most musicians, owing to the well-known pianoforte arrangement *a quatre mains* of Beethoven's famous Septett, know every note of it. However, it might have been necessary to note when the horn of double bass had to come in; but it could not have been necessary to create such a ceaseless disturbance as these two girls contrived to keep up. They turned the leaves; they wagged their close-cropped heads; they pointed with their hands; they shuffled about to find things in each others scores. One knocked my funny bone, and in crossing her legs (strong-minded girls always cross their legs) managed to tread on my toes, upon which she gave me an offensive glare instead of an apology. All this, with a spirited commentary on the defects of the performers, reduced me to such a state of depression and exhaustion that I got up and left before the close of the work. They had, no doubt, "scored" heavily that time.

But when all is said, as I had occasion elsewhere to notice, women are the great listeners to music as well as to eloquence. The emotional force in them is usually stronger and always more delicate than in men. Their constitutions are like those fine violins which vibrate to the lightest touch. The wind has swept many an Æolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as a woman's soul. In listening to music her face is often lighted up with tenderness, mirth, or with the simple expansiveness of intense pleasure. Her attitude changes unconsciously with the truest, because the most natural, dramatic feeling. At times she is shaken and melts into tears, as the flowers stand and shake when the wind blows upon them and the drops of rain fall off.—*Hugh Reginald Haweis.*

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD ON VIVISECTION.

VIVISECTION must be understood as it is understood in countries where it is freely practised and unreservedly upheld, countries in which the notion of "prevention of cruelty to animals" is unintelligible to scientific thought. It is this freedom which, in the opinion of a certain class of English physiologists, it is a grievous wrong to curtail. It consists in the right to dissect the living bodies, not of "a few," but of thousands or tens of thousands, if need be, with or without anæsthetics, of animals of any kind whose structure the merest tyro may have a fancy to explore, or whose behaviour under excruciating pain a class of students—nay, as it now appears, even of school children—may be curious to see. The experiments are to be performed, they say, by men who address themselves to their work with "joyful enthusiasm"; a shade of remorse, a passing sensation of pity, would stamp the operator as an unpractical fool. My contention, on the other hand, is that pity for the suffering, whether of men or other animals, is a part, and a very noble part, of human nature; that to destroy it is to do mankind a greater injury than any which uncured disease can inflict. The principles on which the right to vivisection are defended are the same in substance with those of the slave market; they have been urged in behalf of every cruel wrong which a more enlightened sympathy with weakness is slowly arousing the moral sense of mankind to condemn. I have abhorred ever since I could speak the horrors of the torture chambers of old Spain; but the plea of the inquisitor, false as I believe it to have been, was more forcible than that of the curious physiologist of Paris or Berlin. Let him at least be logical; if a perfect knowledge of the secrets of the human frame is desired in the interest of mankind let mankind be the victims. They only can yield results of undoubted relevancy to the purpose of the inquiry. "Feeling," we are told, "forbids the sacrifice." Are we to be held up to hatred and scorn because our "feeling" has a wider range?

WHILE we hope to see the day when Newfoundland will become a province of Canada, we cannot dispute the fact that the advantages of such a union might be less than they have been to Nova Scotia.—*Halifax, N.S., Mail.*

OUR Canadian N.P. was simply the old worn-out delusion of protection by high customs duties, tried a thousand times before, never once with success, and in England, after a trial of more than a century in every conceivable aspect and circumstance, emphatically cast away forever.—*Halifax, N.S., Chronicle.*

ENGLAND is making her balance of trade more favourable, and that, according to Sir Leonard Tilley, is the high road to national prosperity. One fact is certain: Either depression does not exist in England, or there is something wrong with Sir Leonard's political economy. Possibly it is the latter.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

WHILE Prince Edward Island, with ample revenues and doing nothing but caring for herself, is made an allowance for lands which never were hers, we, spending a great portion of our income in forwarding Federal schemes, are refused any consideration for lands which were ours and are still ours by right.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

POSSIBLY it may be shown that church property does not call for so much public expenditure as other property. If so it would have an equitable claim to some abatement. But it is evident that some public expenditure is made for the benefit of church property; and our present contention is that the owners and members of the churches should meet that expenditure.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

THERE is no doubt about Newfoundland doing very well. She is getting into debt almost as rapidly as if she formed a part of the Canadian Dominion. Still, as the guardian of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Newfoundland should form a part of the Dominion; and we do not suppose there is any party in Canada that would object to her incorporation into the Union on reasonable terms.—*Montreal Herald.*

DAKOTA people are so very mad about the poor prospect of admission to the Union that there is actually talk of flocking with Manitoba and setting up an entirely new North-western republic. Some of the newspapers have been crazy enough to declare for the plan unreservedly, and the talking might become serious but for the certainty apparent to all cool heads that no possible plan of secession could succeed.—*Springfield Republican.*

No man or woman, no young person who has put away playthings, should be without what is usually called a "hobby." In other words, every adult ought to have an avocation as well as a vocation. It can be maintained without fear of disproof that an intelligent human being cannot attain to that degree of content, that approach to happiness, which is possible, unless he undertakes, for his own delectation, to know something about some other matter besides the one which affords him his daily bread.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THERE is work for Mr. Norquay here. He has promised the people of Manitoba a redistribution measure. The sooner that promise is redeemed the better. When can we hope for a more convenient time than at present? Why not employ this season in preparing for contingencies? Should the answer be unfavourable, as we have every reason to expect, an appeal to the country will at once be rendered necessary. Mr. Norquay will have done all in his power; and it will be his duty to allow the people to say whether they wish to entrust the conduct of their affairs longer to his hands.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

MUSIC.

In the United States music is becoming every year more widely cultivated, whilst in the principal cities the musical season is worthy of comparison with that of metropolitan centres in older countries both as to the performers and the performances. Prominent amongst musical organizations are the New York Philharmonic Society under Mr. Theodore Thomas, the New York Symphony Society under Dr. Damrosch, and the Boston Symphony Society under Mr. Gericke. In recent programmes of the New York Philharmonic are included a M.S. Symphony in F. Minor by Richard Strauss; overture "Cariolan," by Beethoven; Violoncello Concerto in A. Minor, by Volkman; "Rhenish" Symphony by Schumann; and many other fine works. The Symphony by Strauss is a new work by a new composer, and is highly praised by competent critics. Whilst belonging to the modern school Mr. Strauss has not, like many modern writers, ignored classical models, but has produced a work excellent in form and full of imagination, one which will at once secure for him a high position amongst composers. The playing of the Volkman Violoncello Concerto by Herr Giese created a great sensation, the player receiving several recalls. Herr Giese is now recognized as one of the finest cello players in the States. An able critic writing of his performance at this concert says: "He overcomes mechanical difficulties with the utmost ease, his tone is delightfully pure, and his intonation, even in the most trying bravura passages, absolutely perfect. He, moreover, infused a depth of sentiment and refinement of expression (commendably free from the slightest trace of exaggeration) into every phrase that indicated the true artist." At the "Symphony Concerts" under Dr. Damrosch, interesting works are performed throughout the winter season, also at the newly-established "Novelty Concerts," under Mr. Van der Stücken, who has already placed himself in the front rank of conductors in America. Amongst organizations for the performance of Chamber Music, special notice is claimed by the New York Trio Club, which recently gave the first of a series of Chamber Concerts in the small concert room of the Metropolitan Opera House. The artists were Mr. Bockelman and Mr. Hartdegen, pianist and cellist, Mr. Kayser, clarinetist, and Mrs. Hartdegen, vocalist. On this occasion the place of Mr. Risch, viola player of the club, was taken by Mr. M. Schwartz, whilst Mr. Franks played instead of Mr. Richter, who was indisposed. At the opening concert, which took place on the birthday of Beethoven, the programme was chosen exclusively from works by that composer, and included, besides five vocal numbers, the quartette Op. 16, the Serenade, Op. 9, and the Trio in B. Major.

The season of Italian Opera in New York has not been very successful, owing partly to the absence of novelties, and partly to the greater attraction of the German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. The recent performance of Gounod's Opera "Mirella" was an interesting event, as it had not before been heard in America, and in fact is not very frequently performed in any country. Miss Emma Nevada was the *Mirella* but not altogether a successful one. Her vocalization is admirable, but her voice is small, whilst her singing and acting are wanting in emotional quality. The contralto part, a small one unfortunately, was taken by Madame Scalchi. "Mirella" was written after "Faust," and performed for the first time at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, March 19th, 1864, and in London, at Her Majesty's, July 5th, in the same year. The libretto is by Carré, and is founded on a Provençal poem by Mistral, called "Mirèio." "Mirella" never had the same success as "Faust," through its lack of dramatic effect, probably owing to the weakness of the words, which present nothing beyond the well-worn operatic subjects of love and jealousy. There is charming pastoral music in the work, but an absence of contrast and grandeur which has always prevented it from arousing much enthusiasm. The overture is very fine, being a great favourite in English concert rooms.

In Boston Mr. Gericke has this season raised the orchestral performances at the Symphony Concerts to a standard of excellence never before attained at these reunions. He is a conductor of great power and strong individuality, which he succeeds in impressing on his orchestra. The works performed under his direction are characterized by great expression, attention to light and shade, by which is attained a clear enunciation of the various subjects, an elasticity of *tempo* never degenerating into license, and withal, great neatness of execution. The only complaint made is of a too great attachment on his part to the classical Teutonic school, which perhaps is hardly a fault, as the tendency in a new country is to take a pride in the production of works of the ultra-modern school before people have been properly grounded in Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston is devoting the entire season to the works of Handel by way of commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, which occurred Feb. 23, 1685, also the year in which Bach was born. On Sunday evening, Dec. 21, the annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah" took place. On Sunday evening Feb. 22nd will be given vocal and instrumental selections from the following works of Handel: "Deborah," "Athaliah," "Belshazzar," "Susannah," and "Hercules;" or the seldom heard, "Solomon," "Saul," "Samson," "Theodora," "Joshua," "Jephthah," and "Judas Maccabeus." These are alluded to on the prospectus as works never before performed in the United States. If this be the case Canadians may be proud of the fact that "Judas Maccabeus" was performed at Montreal two or three seasons ago, whilst "Samson" will be heard in Toronto on Handel's birthday. On Sunday evening, April 5th, "Israel in Egypt" will be given as the annual Easter performance. The orchestra will consist of sixty musicians, with Mr. Bernard Listemann as leader. This is the thirty-first season that Mr. Carl Terrahn has conducted the concerts of the society, and the twenty-fifth season of Mr. B. J. Long as pianist.

Some interest has been aroused in New York by the appearance of a small detachment of Hungarian players forming a portion of the band of the Duke of Lichtenstein's Hussars. In addition to the usual stringed instruments this small orchestra has an E flat and a B flat clarinet and a cymbal, quite a different instrument from that usually known by this name. Musicians have always been attracted by Hungarian music, which is really gypsy music, modified by Magyar influence. Its chief characteristics are, the remarkable and syncopated rhythms of the Magyars combined with the numerous gypsy embellishments, tunes and grace notes, in the invention of which is shown an inexhaustible imagination, and which impart a dazzling eastern brilliancy to the music. The national Hungarian scale consists of two minor scales combined—that is our ordinary harmonic minor scale with an augmented 2nd between the 6th and 7th of the scale, and the 4th also raised a half tone, making another augmented 2nd between the 3rd and 4th. The sharp 4th is used more for the descending than the ascending scale, and there are some national Hungarian tunes written in our ordinary major scale. The instruments in these half gypsy bands are chiefly strings and woodwind, with the cimbalom—the most important because purely national, instrument, much resembling the ancient dulcimer. The strings, which are wire, are arranged in groups of two or three, tuned in unison, and it has a compass of over three octaves, being played with two small hammers. This instrument, which is of distinctly gypsy origin, is played on with great dexterity and brilliancy of execution. Arpeggios and tremolos can be given on it with wonderful rapidity, the performer usually improvising the fioriture already alluded to. Hungarian gypsies also acquire great facility on the violin, and the names of many gypsy performers have become historical. One of these Barna Michaly by name, who lived about the middle of last century, played the violin so well that Cardinal Count Emerick Von Eschky had his portrait painted and inscribed "The Orpheus of the Gypsies." Eskina Parma, too, a gypsy girl attained such prominence as a violinist that the admiring Magyars built and presented her with a fine house to live in, which she declined, her nomadic habits making it pleasanter to live in tents with her friends and relatives. A still more celebrated Hungarian gypsy violinist, T. Bihary, lived at the beginning of the present century. The Magyars are, as a race, fond of music, and have often given almost fabulous rewards to their musicians. Thus, when T. Bihary, owing to some accident which had disabled his arm, was only able to play a simple, plaintive air, his auditors were so carried away by emotion that they bound his injured arm with bank notes. On another occasion, when playing with his band before the Emperor Franz in Vienna, in 1825, Bihary so pleased the Emperor that, like Herod of old, he told him to ask for anything he wished, when this audacious fiddler made the calm request that he and his musicians should be all raised to the rank of nobility, which caused him to fall into disgrace, and he finally died in poverty. Perhaps the most gifted of Hungarian gypsy violinists is Edouard Remeniyyi, well known in this country. M. Remeniyyi has all the national characteristics of his race—*elan*, great *technique*, and exaggerated expression. In his own national *repertoire* he is perhaps unapproachable, but when he attempts (which he rarely does) to render classical music, the result is most unsatisfactory.

THE PERIODICALS.

MESSRS. LEONARD SCOTT'S Philadelphia reprints of the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, and the *Nineteenth Century*, to hand, place within the reach of all the opinions of the prominent publicists on subjects of the hour. The Marquis of Lorne's paper in the *Contemporary* on the Highland Land Agitation is an important contribution to a burning British question. "The Government of Berlin" is discussed in a long and elaborate paper which shows the comprehensive unity of the municipal administration. The whole essay is one of much ability, the writer making it very clear that the municipal reform in the direction of unity, which is at present under consideration for the English metropolis, has been long since carried out in the towns of Germany. M. Emile de Laveleye continues his interesting notes from last month in relation to his journey from Würzburg to Vienna; Mr. H. N. Baker discusses the federation movement in Australia; while Captain Conder, R.E., has a really valuable paper giving the results so far of the Palestine Exploration Survey. He tells us, for example, that many crude objections to the Bible narrative have been disposed of, that many difficulties have been explained, and some curious expressions and episodes shown to be perfectly correct from an Oriental point of view. Ancient sites, monuments, and writings have been recovered, while the very knowledge gained in connection with the last of these enables the student to detect such frauds as the notorious Shapira MS. of Deuteronomy. In a paper on "France and China," Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., remarks that because in their Confucian system the military profession is looked down upon by the Chinese, and the education of those who are entrusted with commands utterly neglected, they are now paying the penalty of possessing nothing in the way of force on which the Government or the country can rely for their defence. Among the other papers worthy of special remark are those by Frances Power Cobbe, on "A Faithless World," being a powerful expression of the probable results of the downfall of religion on men in general, apart from those who have all their life been fervently religious; and "The Crown of Thorns that Budded," by Richard Heath, being a monograph on St. Francis Assisi.—A laudatory article, presumably by the editor, on Mr. Chamberlain forms the opening item in the *Fortnightly*. Percy Greg tells what he thinks of "The Future of the Peerage;" Rev. M. Kaufman descants upon German Socialism; Edmund Gosse is the writer of a capital essay on Samuel Johnson; a "Young England" peer relates his forty years' experience of Parliament; Moreton Frewen has an article on "Progress to Poverty," which is followed by one by the Marquis of Huntley entitled "Eastern Notes." Papers entitled "The Presidential Election Campaign" and "Men of Letters on Themselves" complete the list of contents.

AMONGST many commendable features of *Wide-Awake* is that of devoting a department to what, for want of a better term, might be called involuntary education. In the January number the subjects treated in this section are: "The Children of Westminster Abbey"

a treatise of Old Washington, a paper on Hannibal, some hints on oil painting, a dissertation on the effects of alcohol on the human stomach, and "Search-Questions in American Literature." The intellectual character of the other departments is not by this meant to be belittled. Even the fiction is pure, and the improvement of "the young idea" is evidently always present in the semi-historical and poetical contributions. The illustrations, also, are of rare excellence. *Wide-Awake* is a model youth's magazine.

A VERY valuable feature of the December number of *Le Livre* is an illustrated catalogue supplement, containing a list of the principal 1884 publications of the well-known house of Hatchette & Co., and of many others. The principal paper of the number is devoted to Paul Lacroix, accompanied by a steel vignette of that voluminous writer. "Les Accessoires d'un Livre," and the "Chronique" complete the first department of our able and valued contemporary. A *resumé* of French holiday-books, criticisms of the "books of the month," and a general review of the literature of the past year are the remaining principal contents.

THE monthly journal entitled *Scandinavia*, devoted to the interest of Scandinavian literature, art, politics and science, has now finished its first volume. The first issue of the second volume contains: "The Colony of Bishop's Hill," by John Swainson; "Mr. Gosse on Norwegian Literature," Clemens Petersen; "The Joms-Vikings," Icelandic Saga; "November Fancies," Frederick Petersen; "Wives Submit Yourselves Unto Your Husbands," Kristopher Janson; "A Slip of the Pen;" "A Letter," Dr. Tilbury; "Notes and News," etc.

WITH new magazines wholly devoted to reproduction springing up on each side, and eclectic departments in other publications daily selecting the works of contemporary thought, *Littell's Living Age* holds on the even tenor of its way, giving hebdomadal numbers of great excellence, containing the cream of the cream of current literature. The issue of January 3rd has articles from the *Nineteenth Century*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *National Review*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, the *Contemporary*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Times*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is writing his reminiscences of George Eliot. They will be published in one of the English monthlies, and possibly afterwards as a *brochure*.

THE *Nettle* is the name of a paper to be published twice a week in London. It will point out the errors into which its contemporaries fall, and as far as possible give the names of the writers of the various articles.

MARK TWAIN is suing Estes and Lauriat for cataloguing his new book, "Huckleberry Finn," at \$2.25, when they knew the price to be \$2.75. He claims that their object is to hurt the sale of the book, which is not yet published.

"THE Life of Abraham Lincoln," by the late Isaac N. Arnold, finished a few weeks before Mr. Arnold's death, is published by Jansen, McClurg and Co., of Chicago. Mr. Arnold was a resident of Chicago and an intimate friend of the martyred President.

THE New York journal which earned so much popularity under the title of *The American Queen*, has now changed its style to *The American Queen and Town Topics*, at the same time being reduced in size from sixteen large to twelve smaller pages. It is, however, nicely printed on heavier paper, and is under new editorial control.

CAPTAIN CHARLES WELLES, an old friend of Charles Dickens, died last month, at the age of eighty-five. His intimacy with the great novelist dated from the publication of the "Pickwick Papers," in which the name of Weller is immortalized. The Captain's granddaughter, Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), is the painter of the famous picture of "The Roll Call."

THE *Canadian Breeder* comes to hand looking bright and promising for the new year. It contains an amount of good reading put up in a style calculated to command the sympathies of the class for whom it is intended. The *Breeder* was wanted, which fact, coupled with the business-like way in which it is conducted, would seem to indicate that our contemporary has "come to stay."

THE *Rambler*, hailing from Chicago, faces the new year in changed shape and more fashionable attire. Our contemporary looks all the better for the metamorphosis, and is now as smart in appearance as it always has been in tone. The proprietors announce liberal arrangements for good contributions, and emphasize the fact that Mr. Vallentine, original editor of *Puck*, will continue his amusing lucubrations.

NUMBER one of the *Educational Weekly* was published in Toronto on New Year's Day, and in get-up and general appearance is very presentable. The new venture contains contributions, original and selected, from well-known writers. The editor gives a somewhat elaborate definition of his position—to take cognizance of the whole educational work of the Province—without regard for sectional interests. A journal run strictly on these lines would merit success.

"PERSONAL Traits of British Authors" is the title of a new series of books, edited by Edward T. Mason, which Charles Scribner's Sons announce. The general plan of the famous Bric-a-Brac Series has been followed, and the publishers can wish no better success for it than its predecessor had. There will be four volumes in the new series, and twenty-seven authors will be discussed. The books will be sold singly as well as in sets, but they will be published simultaneously. The idea is a capital one, and is likely to find great favour in this personality-loving age.

GENERAL GRANT, in his paper on "Shiloh," written for the February *Century*, scouts the idea that his army was in a defenceless condition at the close of the first day of the battle. He says that before any of Buell's troops had taken position he had given orders to his division commanders to attack at daybreak on the second day. He fixes the time of the capture of General Prentiss as certainly after half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, as he himself was with Prentiss at that hour, "when his division was standing up firmly, and the General was as cool as if he had been expecting victory."

PERHAPS the freshly-grown interest in Wordsworth now observable in America may have had its impulse from the active Wordsworth Society in England. The Harpers have illustrated one of his beautiful minor poems in the Christmas number of their magazine, and the most sumptuous presentation book on the holiday list of D. Lothrop and Co. is Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality." The volume has seven full-page drawings, two portraits of the poet from paintings, and notes by Professor Knight of the Wordsworth Society, also other interesting matter pertaining to the poem. The beautiful volume will be appreciated by the lovers and students of Wordsworth. The same house will publish immediately "Within the Shadows," "Red Letter Stories," and "In Case of Accident."

CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

THE ST. JOHN "GLOBE" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

PRIZE WINNERS.

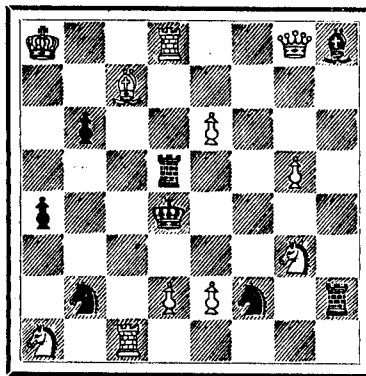
PROBLEM No. 71.

FIRST PRIZE TWO MOVE.

By A. F. Mackenzie, Kingston, Jamaica.

Motto:—"Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

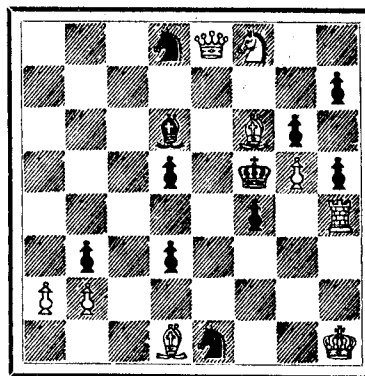
PROBLEM No. 72.

FIRST PRIZE THREE MOVE.

By W. A. Shinkman, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Motto:—"Construction."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN TEMPLE HALL, LONDON.

The subjoined is one of eight simultaneous games, played blindfold at the Inner Temple Hall.

(From *The Field*).—Vienna opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
J. H. Zukertort.	Fred. H. Lewis.	J. K. Zukertort.	Fred. H. Lewis.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. B to Q 4	K R to K sq
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	20. K to B 2	P to K Kt 3
3. P to B 4	P to Q 4	21. Q R to K sq	P to B 3
4. P to Q 3	B to Q Kt 5	22. B takes Kt (g)	R takes B
5. B P takes P	Kt takes P	23. R takes R	P takes R
6. P takes Kt	Q to R 5 ch	24. R to K sq	R to Q 4 (h)
7. K to K 2	B takes Kt	25. K to K 3	K to Q 2
8. P takes B	B to Kt 5 ch	26. R to K B sq	P to K 5 (i)
9. Kt to B 3	P takes P	27. K takes P	R to K R 4
10. Q to Q 4 (a)	B to R 4	28. R to B 2	P to Q R 3
11. K to Q 2 (b)	B takes Kt (c)	29. B to B 4	K to K 2
12. P takes B	Kt to B 3	30. B to Kt 8	R to R 5 ch
13. Q takes K P	Q to B 7 ch	31. K to Q 3	P to R 3
14. K to Q sq (d)	Castles ch	32. B to R 7	P to Kt 4
15. B to Q 3	Kt takes P (e)	33. B to Kt 6	K to K 3
16. B to K 3	Q takes P ch	34. K to K 3, and the game was left unfinished owing to the lateness of the hour (j)	
17. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q		
18. K to K 2	Kt to K 4 (f)		

(a) Up to this point the moves are identical with the variation given in a previous issue when we said 10. Q Q 4, and White keeps the piece. The variation, however, ought to have been carried a few moves further, with the result that White sacrifices the extra piece in order to avoid a perpetual check; eventually emerging with a better game, e.g.:

WHITE.	BLACK.
10. Q to Q 4	B to R 4
* 11. K to K 3	B takes Kt
12. B to Kt 5 ch	

Because if 12. P takes B, then 12. . . . Q to K 8 ch; 13. K to B 4, Q to R 5 ch, etc.

* See Note (b).

(b) When we made the above quoted statement, we had the text move in view, which apparently enables White to keep the piece; but by correct play on the part of the Black the first player had to give it up.

(c) Black ought to move here 11. . . . Q to Kt 5, with the following continuation:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. . . .	Q to Kt 5
2. B to K 2	P takes Kt
3. B takes P	Q takes Q
4. P takes Q	B takes B

15. P takes P, and White has four united pawns in the centre, and both knights' files open for the rooks.

(d) Obviously the only move to prevent the immediate loss of the game.

(e) The variation resulting from White's 11. K to Q 2 was quite new to Mr. Lewis, and took him by surprise when the blindfold player announced it. It is, therefore, very creditable to him to have adopted such an efficacious defence under the circumstances.

(f) Mr. Lewis proposed a draw here, which Dr. Zukertort promptly and naturally declined to agree to.

(g) White's advantage becomes more accentuated after the subsequent exchanges, and besides, Black's isolated pawn will have to fall soon.

(h) Better than 24. . . . R to K sq, because the rook has more scope to attack White's isolated pawns.

(i) Black sacrificed this pawn in order to liberate his rook, and thereby occupying his opponent's thinking that he might escape with a draw then. Whether the manoeuvre was advisable is open to doubt.

(j) The single player again refused a draw here, but consented to call the game unfinished, and claiming the advantage. It is clear that White ought to win. He threatens B to B 5 ch, followed by B to B 8, and after the threatened K R P is advanced and defended by the bishop, his rook would be available to attack the adverse pawns.

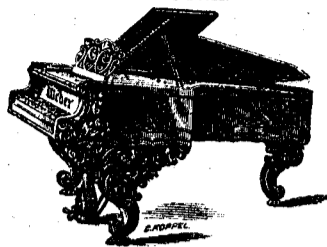
CHESS ITEMS.

THE judges in THE WEEK Problem Tourney will commence their labours this week. BLINDFOLD PLAY AT THE INNER TEMPLE.—A most successful chess gathering took place in the Inner Temple Hall on Tuesday, 16th December. It was announced that Dr. Zukertort would encounter eight Templers simultaneously, blindfold. Mr. Wyllys Mackeson, Q.C., treasurer of the Temple, organized the "Chess Revel." At six o'clock p.m. a numerous and select audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the hall, and play commenced soon afterwards. The team opposed to the single player was an unusually strong one, therefore such an early hour was appointed for the beginning. The players were:—Mr. Wyllys Mackeson, Mr. C. Marett, Mr. F. H. Lewis, Mr. Bassett Hopkins, Mr. Thomas Hewitt, Mr. W. Donisthorpe, Mr. W. B. Woodgate, and Mr. Morrison. Play lasted, with an interval of fifteen minutes, until 12.20 a.m., Mr. Donisthorpe being the last remaining opponent. Mr. J. T. Minchin and Dr. Ballard, jun., acted as tellers alternately. Among the spectators we noticed Sir Hardinge Giffard, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Waddy, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Willis, Q.C. After the conclusion of the séance, Mr. Mackeson entertained the players and Dr. Ballard, Messrs. Bird, Hoffner and Minchin in the treasurer's rooms. The result was: Dr. Zukertort won four, draw with Messrs. Donisthorpe, Hewitt and Woodgate, whilst the game against Mr. Lewis remained unfinished.—*The Field*.

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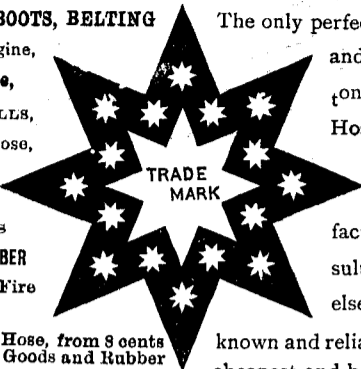
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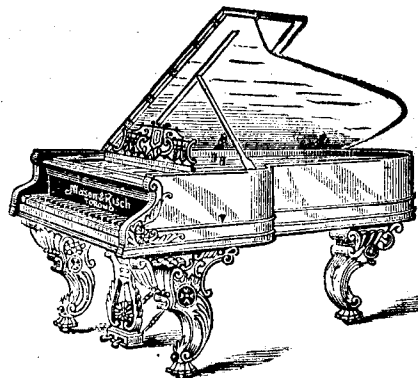
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and to authorize such Corporation to meet and
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leges, school or schools, or other educational
purposes connected with the said Church; and for
the purpose of a printing and publishing house
or houses in connection with said Church; and
for power to undertake and carry on such business
of printing and publishing; and for authority and
power to endow and support such colleges and
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