

THE WEEK:

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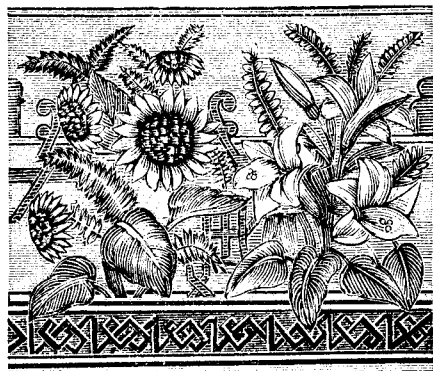
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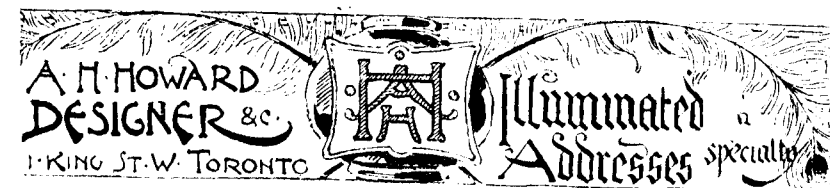
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AMERICAN OPINION ON HOME RULE.

THE value of American opinion on Home Rule is very slight indeed. In the first place, it is hardly correct to speak of American opinion, as it has no unity; and American opinions on this subject are as diverse as they are on any other question. Mr. Matthew Arnold was perfectly justified, in spite of the protests of the New York newspapers, when he said that American opinion was on one side, if you counted votes, on another, if you weighed them. It may be worth while to note some aspects of that chaotic condition of ignorance, prejudice, and thoughtless, amiable sentimentality out of which Home Rule opinion, if it can be thought to deserve the name, is formed in the United States.

In the first place, as every one knows, the most pronounced and noisy form of public opinion on the subject of Home Rule in the States is the Fenian Irish. That their opinion is the mere expression of their hatred of England, no one will think of denying. To this we must add that it is not quite so certain as some persons seem to imagine that the whole blame of that hatred is to be laid at England's door. Ireland has suffered from bad government in the past; but so has England, and Scotland, and France, and Germany. For many years, Ireland has been governed as justly and as benevolently as any nation in the world; and, even in the worst times, it is quite likely that Ireland was fully as well governed by the various Imperial Administrations as she would have been by any Government of her own.

Next to Irish opinion comes that large extent of opinion—or of what passes for opinion—which is governed by Irish influence. It is, perhaps, needlessly complimentary to call this opinion at all. It is, in fact, no more than a mere professed agreement with the prejudices of a class which is united in the determination to support all who will countenance their enmity against England, and to oppose all who disapprove of the same. It is a miserable result of the party politics of the States that the Irish vote has to be bidden for by the opposing factions, and neither would have a chance of obtaining it—or any part of it, for it is generally solid,—if they ventured to think for themselves on the subject of Irish Home Rule. Every one knows this; but only those who are moving about in the States, coming into contact with various classes of men, and noting the indecision and timidity with which opinions are expressed, can have any just notion of the manner in which Irish feeling tyrannises over American thought.

Another and a very curious element in American opinion is the German. As a rule, the Germans take less interest in politics than any other portion of the population. Still they count for something, and this in various ways. A considerable proportion of the German population is Roman Catholic; and they, naturally enough, sympathize with members of their own Church, and therefore are in favour of Home Rule. But the greater part of the German population is Protestant or indifferent—perhaps as free from religion as any nationality that could be thought of. Not only so, but many of them are violently opposed to Monarchical Government. Some, as we know, are Socialists, and these are very numerous; a few are Anarchists or Nihilists, and these are chiefly from the borders of Poland and Russia. But a very large number, without being Nihilist or even Socialist, are strongly opposed to Monarchy in any form.

One of these the writer of this paper recently met in the State of New York. He was a well-educated man, and evidently represented the opinion of a large class. He had a great sympathy, he said, with this movement, which was intended to give freedom to Ireland. Freedom? In what way did he propose to secure this boon for the Irish? By an Irish Republic. This was interesting. It clearly represented the aspiration of the Irish leaders in the States.

“By an Irish Republic? In what way was such a change to benefit the poor people in Ireland?” “Manifestly,” he replied, “for there could be no freedom under a Queen. Only a republic could give liberty.” “But how was the national liberty of any Irishman interfered with by the Queen?” The answer was curious and instructive. “The Queen had taken the land from the people.” The answer was given quietly, soberly, with evident conviction, without a doubt of its truth. “But,” said his English hearer, “it is not so, the Queen has not taken away anybody's land. The Queen could not have a thought of the kind. If she had, she had no more power than one of us had to carry the thought into effect. In fact, the proprietors of the soil of Ireland were principally Irishmen.”

This was evidently very astonishing to the benevolent German gentleman, who began to ask whether he had been imposed upon in the past, or whether he was being imposed upon now. “But this was not all. The Irish tenant had greater consideration shown him than the tenant of almost any other country. In England, in Scotland, in America, if a man let a house or a farm he got what he could for it. The amount of rent was determined ultimately by competition, and no one blamed the proprietor if he let his house, or his land, to the highest bidder. But in Ireland it was different. There a farmer might carry his case before a Board, and complain that his rent was excessive, and have it reduced, if the Board thought it was higher than he ought to pay.”

The astonishment of the advocate of freedom for the Irish people here knew no bounds. “What!” he exclaimed, “will a Board interfere and lower the rent, without any reference to the will of the proprietor?” “Certainly; for they had done so in a great many cases.” “But it is not just. Surely a man ought not to be compelled to let his property at a rent determined by others, without being himself consulted.” And so this excellent gentleman, who began by proposing to have an Irish Republic, in order to give freedom to the down-trodden masses of Ireland, finished by pitying, not the tenants, but the landlords, and denouncing the injustice done to the proprietors of the land. It was only when he was told that it was quite easy to verify the information which had been given him that he seemed able to believe it.

Another class of Americans, with whom one cannot have much patience, is composed of Englishmen and Canadians, settled in America, and a large number of other persons, with very imperfect knowledge and very indefinite views of what Home Rule means, and what it might be expected to do, who like to be thought liberal, and talk in an imbecile, sentimental manner of the desirableness of satisfying the desires of Ireland (forgetting that it is only a part, and not the best part, of Ireland). These people will talk mournfully of the past history of this unhappy country, of the discontent so widely prevailing, of the necessity of doing something, and then will coolly assume that the thing to be done is what the Chicago Fenians and their tributaries in Ireland want to be done. If you hint that you are imperilling the destinies of a great empire, they compassionate your selfishness. If you say that the granting of these requests would be no benefit or blessing to Ireland, they will reply that surely the Irish are the best judges of that, and at any rate, the thing might be tried. It does not occur to them that, after the failure of the trial, you cannot go back where you were. But what is the use of arguing? Schiller says the gods themselves are powerless against stupidity; and there is no form of it so hopeless as the imbecile, amiable sentimentality which plays on the surface of great subjects without a suspicion of the depths which lie below.

But there is still another American opinion—the opinion of reading and thinking men, who have no party or political interests to serve, and who look at the subject, not as Englishmen, nor as Americans, but as students of political history, sincerely asking what light they may gain from acknowledged principles and from past experience in order to form a right judgment on this momentous question.

To many of these the case seems quite analogous to the Rebellion of the Southern States. At one time, they say, there were differences of opinion

on that subject. At present, there is no difference. If any foreigner were to suggest that perhaps it would have been well for the Southern States to be separated, the American citizen would hardly think it worth while to answer him. Such an opinion, in his judgment, could only proceed from ignorance. And, in like manner, he knows what the British citizen who has a sound heart and a clear head must think of those who regard the dismemberment of the Empire with complacency or indifference.

Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has produced no effect in the States. It has been widely advertised, and it is being largely circulated by Fenian committees and similar organisations. But these people do not for a moment pretend that it represents their wishes and their hopes. "The unity of the Empire must be preserved," says Mr. Gladstone. "The last tie that binds Ireland to England must be cut," say the advocates of Home Rule.

Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is by far too self-complacent to convince. It proves in Part I. that Mr. Gladstone was quite ready, long ago, to listen to any proposals of the kind that now have been made; and in Part II. it demonstrates that the prospects of Home Rule were never brighter. An immense power of deglutition is required for the reception of such conclusions, and the best class of Americans are incapable of swallowing them. Mr. Gladstone boasts that the vast majority of English-speaking men, outside England, are in favour of Home Rule. If he would analyse and classify these supporters, he would see little reason for satisfaction.

C.

MR. GLADSTONE AND CANADA.

SINCE I last wrote to *THE WEEK*, has appeared Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Irish Question, in which he left his sting, while he went off to Bavaria ordering that no letters should be forwarded. I can hardly give my thoughts on the pamphlet better than by subjoining, in case you should not already have received it, a letter addressed by me to the *London Times*. The pamphlet contains a confirmation of the general belief, mentioned in my last communication, that Mr. Gladstone's ears and eyes are closed against all advisers' statements and arguments. He could not otherwise repeat the charges against Lord Salisbury of having compared the Irish people to Hottentots and proposed twenty years of coercion, which Lord Salisbury has positively denied and clearly confuted. I am told that the pamphlet has fallen flat in London, and my correspondent, a very experienced and observant member of the House of Commons, expresses his opinion that the G. O. M. is nearly played out. Nearly played out he may be, so far as his personal chance of regaining power is concerned; but alike in the agrarian field, in that of the Union, and that of the relations between the different nationalities of the United Kingdom, he has set balls rolling, the destructive momentum of which is likely to go on increasing in spite of his withdrawal. To everything explosive in the realm his match has been applied. The Anti-Tithe agitation in Wales is assuming dangerous proportions, and I am informed that agrarian feeling not only among the Skye Crofters, but in Scotland generally, is in a very inflamed condition.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Mr. Gladstone, in his pamphlet on "The Irish Question," once more asserts that he has the British race in the Colonies on his side, and he exults in the belief that England, in upholding the Union, is deserted by all her children. Once more, so far as Canada is concerned, I traverse his assertion. A resolution in favour of his policy, moved in the Canadian Parliament by his friend, Mr. Blake, was thrown out by an overwhelming majority, and an amendment which any Unionist might have subscribed was carried in its room. There are in Canada, as there are in the United States and here, politicians who sell themselves for the Irish vote. But among independent British-Canadians there is little sympathy with Fenianism, by which Canada has been twice invaded, or with any Separatist conspiracy or movement. Mr. Gladstone says that "Separatist" applied to his policy is calumnious. Does he not here avow that it is the policy of Mr. Parnell, who is bound to sever the last link? Is he not himself pointing beforehand the guns of his Irish Parliament against the Union by denouncing it and reviling its authors with a violence almost insane?

Of all the enemies of his country on the American continent as well as in Europe, Mr. Gladstone has the hearty sympathy, though American Fenianism may now, in deference to the advice of Mr. Gladstone's confederate, Mr. Labouchere, be "lying low." Sweet to him, apparently, is their applause.

One thing more, as a Canadian, I must say. To reconcile Englishmen to the disruption of the United Kingdom, Mr. Gladstone touches the chord of Imperial Federation. In Canada there is not the slightest disposition to take part in any project of that kind. Of the two practical objects of the scheme, contribution to Imperial armaments and conformity to Imperial tariffs, neither has any chance of finding acceptance with the Canadian people. Canada would never feel her interests safe in the hands of delegates residing in a far distant, though beloved and honoured land. Not a

single public man or journal of mark has countenanced the project. Let not this phantom lure you over the precipice of Disunion.

In another character besides that of a Canadian I have a little testimony to offer. As a student of the Irish question and one who long ago advocated reforms in Ireland, especially with a view of satisfying the national sentiment of the people, I have watched the conduct and utterances of public men on the subject; and I cannot help thinking that the "History of an Idea" tendered to us in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, is "autobiography" and not history. Never, so far as my memory serves me, did Mr. Gladstone show in any way special interest in Irish reform till disestablishment presented itself as the instrument for turning out Lord Beaconsfield, just as Home Rule now presents itself as the instrument for turning out Lord Salisbury. It is surely singular that the harvest (to interpret the scriptural motto of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet) should on each occasion become ripe just when the reaper is in need of a question to carry him back into power. But there is stronger and more direct proof of the unhistoric character of this "history" than any observations of mine. It is furnished by Mr. Gladstone's own acts and words. He now gives us to understand that the reason why he did not come to an agreement with Mr. Parnell earlier was that he had no idea that Mr. Parnell would be satisfied with anything so moderate as a separate parliament for Ireland. Did he ask Mr. Parnell the question before he locked him up as a traitor? Did he, in denouncing Nationalism as an attempt to "disintegrate and dismember the Empire," add to those words the qualification which, if anything like the Nationalist idea was growing in his own mind, common honesty required him to add? Did he not allow his Home Secretary to rise night after night at his side and denounce the Nationalists and their designs with unmeasured bitterness and without any hint at a possibility of agreement? Did he not in his own Cabinet insist to the last against the opinion of some of his colleagues on the renewal of the principal provisions of the Crimes Act? Did he not, at the election of last year, allow his followers to go to their constituencies with what, if their leader's mind had been moving in the direction in which he now declares that it was, would have been a lie in their mouths? The doctrine of economy and reticence suggested in these pages is as liberal as any casuist could desire, but it will hardly cover such economy and such reticence as this. Of what avail, as evidence against the tenor of a man's whole conduct and all his plain language, are retrospective and forced interpretations of a few sibylline utterances which conveyed no such meaning at the time?

Mr. Gladstone gives a prospectus of the conditions upon the fulfilment of which he was from the first prepared to grant a Parliament to Ireland, and which he says are now fulfilled. If this prospectus is genuine, and not fabricated out of present events, let him show us when and where any overt intimation was given by him of its existence, and why he, the principal adviser of the nation, never disclosed what he had in store, but continued to commit the nation to a policy which he now denounces as coercion.

One of the conditions is that the Irish people should show "a rooted desire" for a separate Parliament, which he says they did by electing eighty Parnellites. Roots, in politics, are soon struck if a rooted desire is evinced by the result of a single election held under the influence of terrorism and foreign gold. The free decision of the British people at the late election is treated by Mr. Gladstone as denoting nothing rooted at all. The whole of the evidence goes to prove that the Irish people have never cared much about the political question, that what they have wanted has been the land. But did not Mr. Gladstone know, like everybody else, long before the election that the Irish in the grasp of the terrorist League were sure to elect Parnellites? Why is he silent about the agency of the League and that of the Irish-American conspiracy, of which his own Home Secretary constantly spoke as the source and centre of the movement? Is this the way to put the case completely and fairly before his readers?

It may be added, that for one so long devoted to the Irish problem, Mr. Gladstone's study of Irish history seems rather of recent date. In a speech he told us that Parliamentary institutions in Ireland were the native growth of the Celtic and tribal soil. That Grattan's Parliament was corrupt, so that Pitt had to buy its consent to the Union, is a discovery so novel and startling to him that it throws him entirely off his balance, and hurries him into comparing the Union with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and coupling "blackguardism" with the name of Pitt. It is true that even of history, with which he must be well acquainted, he gives curious versions. He represents the No Popery riots as the work of the "classes," and Catholic Emancipation as the work of the mob.

The annals of the "idea," I apprehend, when recounted, not by an autobiographer, but by a historian, are likely to be short and simple. At the election of last year, Mr. Gladstone called for a majority sufficient to restore him to power, and enable him to settle the Irish question without deference to Parnellite "clamour." He failed to obtain that majority, and at once he gave a nod and a wink to Mr. Parnell. The signals were answered by the Irish Leader, and the Salisbury Government was overthrown, not upon the real question, which would have been too open, but upon Mr. Jesse Collings's amendment about allotments, which, together with its author, was flouted as soon as it had served its turn. Mr. Gladstone once more parades his self-denying offer to Lord Salisbury of support in the introduction of a comprehensive scheme. But before Parliament met, by surreptitiously floating his own proposal of a Parliament for Ireland, he had secured the Parnellite vote, outbidding the Conservative Government, and practically sealed its doom. He cites the example of Sir Robert Peel. But Peel, when he changed, changed frankly, paying his tribute to public morality; and his changes of conviction did not coincide with the exigencies of his ambition.

There are other "ideas" of which the history is equally simple—the

idea that the sum which justice required to be paid as compensation to the Irish landlords was only fifty millions, not two hundred and fifty, as had been just before announced; and the idea put forth in the present pamphlet, that the public faith, solemnly pledged to the landowners by the author of the Land Act, ought to be broken without scruple, and they ought to be left to the mercy of those who, as Mr. Gladstone well knows, would immediately rob them of all. The Irish landowners have refused to support Mr. Gladstone's political measures, therefore their sand has run. Let us pay the deserved tribute to these men, who, offered by a Prime Minister of England the choice for themselves and their families between spoliation and a betrayal of the integrity of the nation, have chosen not to betray the integrity of the nation. But what becomes of Lord Spencer's honour?

So it is with the "idea" of the four nationalities put forth in this pamphlet. England has returned a majority against a personage whose work the motto of his pamphlet identifies with the Kingdom of God, and who is probably confirmed in that belief by appreciative friends, some of whom he has just made peers, baronets, or knights for their devotion to the cause of the "masses" against that of a tyrannical aristocracy. "Dear old Scotland," "gallant Wales," and Ireland the "calm" and "moderate," on the other hand, have returned majorities on the right side. Rebellious England, therefore, is to be punished and humiliated, while Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are to be the ministers of retribution. The embers of hatred, which have been cold for centuries, are rekindled by the religious statesman for that holy purpose. Mr. Gladstone even transfers his own nativity from England to Scotland, who must be poor in genuine homage if she can glory in such a tribute. That a balm may be supplied to wounded egotism, destruction is to be dealt to a Union which has not only given to its members for many ages internal peace, external security, boundless prosperity and wealth, but has enabled them to play the grandest part on the world's scene and to confer inestimable benefits on mankind. That England has tyrannised over the other members of the Union is simply a venomous fiction; she has never acted as a unit or in her separate interest. But substitute, as Mr. Gladstone's malice proposes, a federal for an incorporating Union, and at once England will begin to act as a unit in her separate interest and to overbear her weaker partners. That from such relation would inevitably spring discord, and possibly civil war, is a remote consideration by which the author of this pamphlet, so far as his temper can be gathered from it, is not likely to be turned from his immediate mark.

There are hardly any bounds to the madness of party or to its disregard of patriotic obligations. Yet a party which could follow its leader in a vindictive attack on the unity and greatness of the country must be not only mad and unpatriotic, but vile. On loyal citizens the pamphlet can have only one effect—that of strengthening them in their resolution to defend the Union, with all that it enfolds, against the ambition which has revealed its character in these pages. Such stimulus, I fear, is not unneeded. I may not see these things with the eye of a statesman, but I see them at least as a colonist, with an eye undimmed by party feeling or by anything which can be at variance with a single-hearted love of the Mother Country; and to me, as I leave this field of conflict for my colonial home, it seems that the decisive battle has yet to be fought; that there are sources of peril to the Union deeper than those which election returns disclose; and that a renewal of patriotic effort and a further sacrifice of party to country will be needed to repair the mischief which faction and demagogism have done, and to place the greatness of Britain, which is that of the whole British race, once more on a sure foundation.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

NATURE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

There are few earthly regions in which Nature has provided finer scenic effects than may be observed upon the Acadian Peninsula. With no lofty mountains or extensive plains, the country is mostly composed of gentle undulations, which appear in successions of valleys and low hill ranges, wherein is afforded every opportunity for developing the sweetest phases of quiet splendour. This choice scenery is often of a character which cannot be destroyed or marred by the requirements of humanity. The lumberman may cut down all the forests and the farmer may root up the romantic bushes and the picturesque brakes; but there is no prospect that any means will be discovered to remove Nova Scotia's superabundance of gigantic boulders, or obliterate the peculiar morning and evening glories of sky and cloud which appear through her humid atmosphere. Although, if we had a few more forty-thousand-population cities, and each of them equalled Halifax as a black smoke producer, our forenoons might become intensely English.

The peninsula is not large enough for any extensive watercourses. But what our rivers lack in size is fully made up by numbers. From the Cumberland Basin, along the entire coast to Bay Verte, some form of shore indentation occurs every few miles. Most of these inlets, sounds, etc., form the outlets of streams, never very large, but always so arranged in their windings, rapids, and general directions, that a certain finished picturesqueness is never absent. This applies to any portion of the stream, but more particularly to the regions of smooth-flowing waters. Along these calm reaches, where the pure water runs between shores that are wooded by densely growing evergreens, appearances of surpassing loveli-

ness may be encountered at almost every turn. The wall of dark foliage is so perfect and high that it keeps back all but the fiercest gales, and casts a constant shadow. In the mellow light and sweet tranquillity every object presents a pleasing aspect. Shapes that in the open country would look jagged and unsightly, through this air of delightful deception, seem to possess smoothly graceful outlines and symmetrical figures. Even a fallen tree, bereft of branches and partially decayed, as it stretches along beside the placid tide creates an impression wonderfully natural and agreeable, and we can easily perceive that the fair vision would be imperfect without this ghost of a former forest monarch. Another peculiarity of this river scenery is the fact that it always seems to retain the freshness of early spring until very late in autumn. Such localities are usually not provided with sufficient soil or sand to create the midsummer dust which elsewhere gives to all foliage a dull and uninteresting appearance. Even in the coldest weather the prevailing pine, spruce, and hemlock will often make the wildwood look warm and balmy. Excepting during the spring freshet, or after very heavy rains, all Nova Scotia rivers are remarkably free from any substance held in solution. This crystal purity results from the kind of country through which they flow. Along the shores of many streams the solid whin rock foundation is so near the surface that it often crops out, and there are numbers of nearly level tracts composed of nothing whatever beyond barren rock. With their channels worn into such material, the largest rivers display a crystalline brilliancy unexcelled by the mountain brooks of other regions, and when they dash down over the dark-gray boulders the foaming torrent is always of snowy whiteness.

All sections, and especially the western counties, are favoured with many beautiful lakes. In Queen's County a very large portion of the rough, but still not hilly, surface is occupied by bodies of fresh water. Lake Rassignol is the largest, and the smaller lakes and ponds are literally beyond number. Like the streams that flow from them, the liquid in these basins seems absolutely free from impurities. But the most remarkable thing about several is their bottoms, which appear to consist almost wholly of rock fragments; sometimes of considerable size, but more commonly very small. This feature points to a recent formation, which is still further indicated by the absence of sand on the shores. As a rule, the incline of the country which they drain is very gradual, and the brooks flow to the lakes with a gentle current. This circumstance, taken with the fact that the soil is nearly always scanty and rock-strewn, prevents their becoming muddy, and tends to preserve the strange purity of the lake water.

As already stated, Nova Scotia is without great elevations, the most important being little over half a mile, while the majority of hills only rise a few hundred feet. But, contrary to a rule generally observed elsewhere, large extents of the nearly flat landscape are extremely rocky, the lowest valleys often being the most encumbered in this respect. Wide regions nearly level with the ocean are literally monopolised by huge masses and fragments of every size, from small pebbles to boulders sixty or seventy feet high. These rocks are broken and split into strange and fantastic shapes, either by the awful forces that originated the country, or by the slow but almost equally effective energy of climatic changes. Throughout the eastern sections granite and whin rock are mingled with coal, iron, and other deposits of more or less value. There are also lodes of gold and silver-bearing quartz, from some of which large sums have already been secured. Along the south-western coast from the La Have River to Cape Sable the entire region is underlaid by whin stone, very hard and flinty, and almost useless for any purpose that requires straight cutting. In localities where this substratum is entirely bare, the aspect is strangely wild and desolate. But in such barren regions are found the mines from which, during the past few years, millions of dollars worth of virgin gold have been taken, and all signs seem to indicate that the finding of precious metal has only just begun.

The characteristics of these quartz veins are somewhat peculiar, and warrant a brief description. The material appears in lodes of unknown depth, and from one inch to several feet in thickness. It is usually separated from the prevailing whin stone by walls of coarse slate, and extends in a direction nearly parallel with that of the peninsula; that is, about north-east and south-west. From the true arteries many cross veins extend out in various directions. They do not as a rule contain gold; but in the pockets where they meet the true veins are often found the richest deposits. There is also a formation called drift quartz, which, by some natural disturbance, has been detached from the main lines. It is seen in boulders of various sizes and in immense sheets adhering to the sides of great whin rocks. Occasionally this drift quartz carries gold in paying quantities. One gentleman obtained about a thousand dollars from supposed useless blocks of this substance, which for many years had lain upon his farm

without examination. Usually, however, it is of the pure white variety, very pleasing to the eye, but entirely free from precious metal. Quartz boulders are always scattered along to the southward of a genuine lode, and seldom more than fifty feet distant. The fact that all these fragments are south of the vein is a remarkable circumstance, and suggests that the displacement was caused by a general movement from the north. Though why the boulders were not carried farther and why other objects do not seem to have been disturbed in the least are questions which we will leave for the professional scientist. Altogether, the rocks of Nova Scotia, with other natural aspects, present wonderfully interesting phases, and in their endlessly varied and beautiful aspects contain an authentic account of events that took place at the very beginning of our planet's construction.

Halifax.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

AT THE FERRY.

WE are waiting in the nightfall by the river's placid rim,
Summer silence all about us, save where swallows' pinions skim
The still, gray waters sharply, and the widening circles reach,
With faintest, stillest music, the white gravel on the beach.
The sun has set long, long ago. Against the pearly sky
Elm branches lift their etching up in arches slight and high,
Behind us stands the forest with its black and lonely pines,
Before us, like a silver thread, the old Grand River winds ;
Far down its bank the village lights are creeping one by one,
Far up above, with holy torch the evening star looks down.

Amid the listening stillness, you and I have silent grown,
Waiting for the river ferry—waiting in the dusk alone.
At last we hear a velvet step, sweet silence reigns no more ;
'Tis a bare-foot, sun-burnt little boy upon the other shore.
Far thro' the waning twilight we can see him quickly kneel
To lift the heavy chain, then turn the rusty old cog-wheel ;
And the water-logged old ferry-boat moves slowly from the brink,
Breaking all the stars' reflections with the waves that rise and sink ;
While the water dripping gently from the rising, falling chains,
Is the only interruption to the quiet that remains
To lull us into golden dreams, to charm our cares away
With its Lethæan waters flowing 'neath the bridge of yesterday.
Oh, the day was calm and tender, but the night is calmer still,
As we go aboard the ferry—where we stand and dream until
We cross the sleeping river, with its restful whisperings,
And peace falls like a feather from some passing angel's wings.

Brantford.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

THE MELODY OF PROSE.

To a carefully trained or to a naturally sensitive ear, there is often a beauty of rhythm in prose as powerful as the most exquisite in verse. Indeed, on some natures the perfect harmony of the prose period produces an effect such as no measured cadence can ever achieve. Not that prose, however melodious, can affect the emotions or stimulate the imagination as poetry can. Only when the mere beauty of concordant or contrasted sounds is considered in isolation and apart from the higher emotional forces, is it true that prose is capable of higher harmonies than verse. Only for the direct effect upon those senses that respond to the enchantment of well-matched cadence can it be maintained. But if the supreme rhythm of prose is higher than the rhythms of verse, so is it far less common. The inner mystery has been divulged to few, and those few, save on rare occasions of inspiration, have been unable to cast the spell. Like the crowning accomplishment in all other arts, it can be better illustrated than defined. That there is something divergent, almost antagonistic to measure in its formation, is shown in the fact that the poets, however skilful in prose, have never quite reached it. Milton's poetry is beyond that of all others filled with the magnificent concord of sweet sounds ; but in his prose, splendid and sonorous as it is, we never find the true gem. The matrix is there, but the crevice that should hold the ruby is empty. There are phrases of great beauty, but the notes struck are too few. Exquisite, if only sustained, might have been such a period as that which describes how the soldier-saints of the Puritan ideal composed their spirits "with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descants in lofty fugues," or that which tells how "every free and gentle spirit" is "born a knight." Landor is, again, an instance of the poet whose prose has every other quality of greatness, but who does not reach the perfection of melody ; and for the same reason, that his ear was a poet's ear. To show how near he came, and yet how certain it is that he did not attain to the last secret, one has only to quote the phrases that conclude his eloquent dedication of the "Hellenics" to Pope Pius IX. :—

"Cunning is not wisdom ; prevarication is not policy ; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength : Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him ; he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence."

This is beautifully written. There is much to excite the imagination and to raise the sympathies of association, but of word melody, dissociated from the thought, there is little to charm. Place beside it the famous passage from De Quincey from "The Dream-Vision of the Infinite" that ends the essay on "Lord Rosse's Telescope :"—

"Angel, I will go no further. For the spirit of man aches under this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God's house. Let me lie down in the grave, that I may find rest from the persecutions of the Infinite ; for end, I see, there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued one choral chant—'Even so it is : angel, thou knowest that it is : end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded ; 'and is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hand to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God? Lo ! also there is no beginning.'"

Here is the true melody of prose, though a melody rarely obtained in such perfection even by De Quincey. De Quincey has it when he sees how "a vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever" ; when he is buried "in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids," or "flies from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia" ; when on Easter morning "the hedges were rich with white roses" ; or when "the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*" dissolves the pageant of his dreams. These symphonies of sound we must pass by, to examine more in detail the melody of prose in other writers. But let the passage quoted above stand as the touchstone of successful harmony, for it is De Quincey, if any one, who fully learned the secret.

The history of all literature shows how far more rapidly the style of poetry develops than does that of prose. In English literature this is particularly marked. Doubtless the Romances have a certain rhythmical swing ; and in the "Morte d'Arthur" there are a considerable number of passages of pleasant sound,—but taken as a whole, the higher harmony is entirely absent. Maundeville's writings, too, have often a certain quaint melodiousness. His description of the abbey of monks near the City of Camsay, where is the fair garden full of divers beasts, and where "every day, when the monks have eaten, the almoner carries what remains to the garden, and strikes on the garden-gate with a silver clicket that he holds in his hand, and anon all the beasts of the hill and of divers places of the garden come out to the number of three or four thousand,"—is not without suggestions of great beauty. The earlier writers are to a great extent debarred from the happiest effects by the use of an unvaried rhythm, which produces the same effect on the ear as measure, and so robs them of those changes which are essential to the best prose. In the Romances, in Lily the Euphuist, this is easily seen, and though less marked, it is present in Latimer and Sidney, in Bacon and Isaak Walton. Hooker, indeed, conquered the monotony ; but he is content with clearing the stream of thought from affectations and obscurities, and with developing a style of eloquence and imagination. With Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne there is, again, a monotony of cadence, though a beautiful monotony. In the great writers of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, the melody we seek for is not to be found. Dryden and Swift, Pope and Addison, had enough to do to make their style completely flexible and perspicuous. They did all that was needed to render the instrument complete, but left it for others to draw from it its most perfect tones. Though Bolingbroke woke here and there a faint prelude, it was reserved for the nameless and mysterious writer of the greatest political satire that the world has ever seen first to achieve success. If Chatham could tell William Pitt to study "Junius" as his model, and Coleridge give such great, if not unqualified, praise, there is no need for an apology for such a contention. When "Junius" banters the Duke of Grafton on his connection with the University of Cambridge, and tells him that its admiration will cease with office, it is impossible not to recognise a new element present in English prose style :—

"Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an Installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the University will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dulness of declamation will be silent ; and even the venal Muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues."

The fall of the last sentence, indeed, is, for sound, inimitable. Contemporary with, or somewhat earlier than "Junius," there are, however, writers whose work is capable of rhythms almost as melodious. There is Sterne, with the reflection on Uncle Toby's oath :—

"The accusing spirit, which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in ; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

And, far deeper in sentiment, there is Johnson's lament in the preface to the dictionary, where he tells the story of his book, written "not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconveniences and distractions in sickness and in sorrow :"—

"If the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me ? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

Of course, Johnson did not always write like this. Too often the exquisite

melody of such a phrase as "this gloom of solitude" is exchanged for the mechanical, organ-grinding tones of the *Rambler*. Personal feelings always inspire him. He gets the same ring in the letter to Lord Chesterfield and in the passage on "Paradise Lost," where he is, in truth, comparing Milton's life with his own.

When Burke's hand touches the instrument, whatever of rigidity belongs to Johnson vanishes. The passages in which the finer melody is found delight the ear as does De Quincey. For instance:—

"Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to the seas and winds, to be blown about, at every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean."

Or:—

"Here the manufacturer and the husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor."

With the orators who were Burke's contemporaries it is not our purpose to deal, since the imperfect manner in which their speeches were reported makes it impossible to do them justice. Gibbon, then, next claims consideration. It is too much the fashion in these days to sneer at Gibbon's prose as monotonous and stilted. Yet, in truth, it was capable of great beauty of development. What could be more harmonious than the reflection on Julian at Paris?—

"If Julian could now revisit the capital of France, he might converse with men of science and genius, capable of understanding and of instructing a disciple of the Greeks; he might excuse the lively and graceful follies of a nation whose martial spirit has never been enervated by the indulgence of luxury; and he must applaud the perfection of that inestimable art which softens and refines and embellishes the intercourse of social life."

This has a serenity of cadence almost equal to the account, in the "Autobiography," of the writing of the last page of the last chapter of the "Decline and Fall." Yet neither can compare for beauty of sound with the last sentence of the well known criticism of the consequences of the Reformation:—

"The predictions of the Catholics are accomplished: the web of mystery is unravelled by the Arminians, Arians, and Socinians; and the pillars of Revelation are shaken by those men who preserve the name without the substance of religion, who indulge the license without the temper of philosophy."

With the great prose writers of the beginning of the present century, it is impossible to deal in detail. In many of them the true melody of prose, as we have attempted to show it by illustration, is present. In one of the greatest, if not the best known, it is easily discovered. Sir William Napier, in the "History of the War in the Peninsula," shows that he was a man blessed with an ear for prose style unusually fine. His description of the advance of the English infantry at the close of the Battle of Albuera is unrivalled:—

"Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly, and with a horrid carnage, it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the furthest edge of the height. There the French Reserve mixed with the struggling multitude, and endeavoured to sustain the fight; but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion; the mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!"

If for no other purpose than that of contrast, we might put side by side with this a passage from another military historian, whose work is among the best of histories in the English language, and is only not a classic because it is overwhelmed by the public ignorance of all things Indian. Captain Grant Duff's "History of the Mahrattas" contains a description of the advance of the Peshwa's army on the morning of the Battle of Kirkee, which, for charm of literary skill, is difficult to match, but which is just too elaborate for quotation. Instead, we will quote his friend's account of the Mahratta charge. The magnificence of the Mahratta onset Mountstuart Elphinstone had himself admired, had witnessed "the thunder of the ground, the flashing of their arms, the brandishing of their spears, the agitation of their banners rushing through the wind."

In our own generation, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Symonds are among the most melodious of prose writers. Each in his way is excellent. One of Mr. Ruskin's happiest efforts, a description of Southern Italy, may be quoted:—

"Silent villages, earthquake-shaken, without commerce, without industry, without knowledge, without hope, gleam in white ruin from hillside to hillside; far-winding wrecks of immemorial walls surround the dust of cities long forsaken; the mountain streams moan through the cold arches of their foundations, green with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers. Far above in thunder-blue serration stand the eternal edges of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impendence of volcanic cloud."

A man who has written such a passage as this may claim to be forgiven any number of weaknesses and follies. Mr. Symonds has struck the public fancy most in his descriptive writings, and is best known by them. In his historical books, however, his work is just as worthy of recognition,

not for learning only, but for beauty of style. In "The Predecessors of Shakespeare," he has written a passage, personifying the Muse of the Elizabethan comedy, of wonderful sweetness of tone:—

"Hers were Greene's meadows, watered by an English stream. Hers, Heywood's moss-grown manor-houses. Peele's goddess-haunted lawns were hers; and hers, the palace-bordered paved ways of Verona. Hers was the darkness of the grave, the charnel-house of Webster. She walked the air-built loggie of Lyly's dreams, and paced the clouds of Jonson's masques. She donned that ponderous sock and trod the measures of Volpone. She mouthed the mighty line of Marlowe. Chapman's massy periods and Marston's pointed sentences were hers by heart. She went abroad through primrose paths with Fletcher, and learned Shirley's lambent wit. She wandered amid dark, dry places of the outcast soul with Ford. "Hamlet" was hers; "Antony and Cleopatra" was hers; and hers, too, was "The Tempest." Then, after many years, her children mated with famed poets in far distant lands. "Faust" and "Wallenstein," "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Marion Delorme," are hers."

Here, again, is the true melody.

To write of melodious prose and not to quote from Newman or Carlyle seems an anomaly. The clear and liquid cadence of the one, and the picturesque magnificence of the other, has on some ears an effect hardly to be obtained from any other writing. To illustrate these qualities, one has only to recall the passage on Music from the "University Sermons," or the close of the "Life of Sterling." Space, however, will not allow us more than a reference to the enchantments of the style of either passage.

Among the orators of our time, Mr. Bright alone can claim to have produced melodious prose. The perorations of his speeches are indeed distinguished by a remarkable sweetness of cadence.

So inadequate and so hasty an attempt to exhibit by quotation the resources of English prose literature as the present seems to need some apology. Let us hope that those who know and love that literature will not be displeased to see the favourites of their reading quoted as they have been here: and that they will pardon the omissions and the rejections. In one respect at least, our inquiry cannot be distasteful, for it serves to remind one how splendid, how wide, and how various is the field of English prose.—*The Spectator*.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

FULL many a minstrel hath assayed to sing
Thy merits, modest flow'ret, nor in vain;
Yet not to thee the laudatory strain
Alone be given, while He is challenging
Its chime, who bids thy silver bell to ring
His praise; and who has raised thee up again,
Adventurous leader of the floral train,
And darling of the progeny of Spring.
Her breath will waken many a queenlier flower,
But none that will more welcom'd be than thou,
That while the sun pours down a golden shower
Of beams upon thee, thy veil'd face dost bow;
As before His, whose soften'd sheen he wears,
The seraphim are fain to cover theirs.

—*Ignotus: Mornings with the Muse.*

PROHIBITION AND COOKERY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your issue of September 2, referring to "Prohibitionists," you say:

"If those mistaken humanitarians, instead of taking the platform, would take to the kitchen, and begin a work there which would do more to banish drunkenness than half a dozen legislatures filled with prohibitionists—the work, that is, of teaching the working classes the common principles of cookery—they would receive the active aid of many as good friends of temperance as themselves, who now, however, are debarred from usefulness by the exclusive adoption of methods which it is plain to see, used exclusively, can result in no lasting good."

Allow me to ask why the Prohibitionists should drop their crusade in order to teach the science and art of cookery as a means of lessening the evils of intemperance? The Prohibitionists may be mistaken, but no one doubts their earnestness and good faith. They believe in the remedy they advocate, and it is absurd to ask them to abandon it. You should have appealed to that other class of persons, who, agreeing with the Prohibitionists as to the existence of the evil, have no faith in Prohibition as a remedy. Temperance reform may proceed along various lines, and those who cannot work on one may find it possible to work on another. All Prohibitionists, I have no doubt, will at once admit the value of good cookery, but having their hands full of their own propaganda just now, they cannot reasonably be expected to take up any other. Let those "good friends of temperance," whom you describe as forced into inactivity by the activity of the Prohibitionists, turn their energies into the channel you suggest, and I venture to predict that no Prohibitionist will be found opposing them.

WM. HOUSTON.

Toronto, September 6.

The Week.

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ON the whole, the return of the Reform candidate in Haldimand must be counted a victory for the Liberal Party. Government held the constituency open for months, in order to reap any advantage the new Franchise Act could give; and yet the Liberals held their own, completely disappointing, moreover, the further Government expectation of desertions from the ranks on account of the pro-Riel attitude of Mr. Blake and the leading party Press. The prestige of victory, then, remains with the Liberals, and this powerful though impalpable influence will be on their side in the coming contest. If they had lost Haldimand, under the circumstances, after holding it so many years, this must have been most discouraging; for, leaving the new voters out of consideration, as likely to belong to both parties, this loss would have looked as if recruits from the old Reformers might suffice to fill up any gaps left in the Tory ranks by defections in Quebec. Now, however, this danger is past; Haldimand has not redressed Chambly; and evidently when it comes to the point of voting, the Riel question weighs very little with those of the electors who cannot approve the new scaffold-platform, and they continue to vote as Reformers, properly, perhaps, regarding this tactical vagary of the party leaders as not sufficient to justify their own even temporary abstention from the polls, much less to drive them into the camp of the Tories. But with this encouraging prospect—while thus at least holding their own in Ontario, the Liberal Party have to consider whether they are likely to gain very much in Quebec by the Riel cry. If they depend on any great gains by the Rouge party in that province, we think they are certainly doomed to disappointment; but if a victory of an Ultramontane-Rielite Coalition will help them to power, then their chances are better. But this alliance, however incongruous it be, must be with these as the chief factor—not with the Rouges; these two factions can never work together for long, and any particular allies of the Rouges will surely be left, with them, stranded high and dry. If in the new elections in Quebec the Castors beat the “pendards,” power may shift from these to the Castors and Rielites, but scarcely in any case will Catholic Quebec submit to the rule of such men as the present Rouge chiefs.

IN reply to a question put by Mr. Houston in a letter we publish elsewhere, we have to say that the reason why in our opinion Prohibitionists would do well to stop their crusade and take to teaching the science and art of cookery is mainly because they cannot do the two things at one and the same time; and we think of the two remedies they are neglecting the most important, because the most effectual one. It would be idle to deny the earnestness and good faith of Prohibitionists; and we have no inclination to do so: on the contrary, we pay a sincere tribute of admiration to their manful persistence in the remedy they think the best; but we cannot agree that it is the best, and that being so, we should like to see a better adopted. It is impossible, we hold, for two principal remedies to be applied simultaneously; this it is not in human nature to do; and therefore it was that, in the article from which our correspondent quotes, we referred to the uselessness of prohibitive methods used exclusively—as they must be. We need not now enter into the argument of Prohibition, which, however, we must condemn in principle as being, like Protectionism, essentially Socialistic; but in reference to its evidently but partial success where adopted—as in Maine, where, after thirty years, unremitting vigilance has still to be exercised to prevent the law from becoming a dead letter,—we must express our conviction that the results obtained, though possibly valuable, are not at all in proportion to the labour bestowed. We cannot but think that if the immense energy and watchfulness—indeed, human virtues and capacities of all sorts—necessarily used in getting a prohibitive or partially prohibitive law passed and afterwards kept alive—be it in Maine or a Scott Act district in Canada,—if these were directed in another channel, the result would be much more satisfactory. But, says our correspondent, temperance reform may proceed along various lines, and those who cannot work on one may find it possible to work on another. And so they may—to a small extent; but, we object, where temperance effort flows in one main stream, like this Prohibition movement, it will be found, we think, that as it rolls through the country all other streams will

flow into it, and it finally absorbs them all. It may be asserted that by this effect it proves itself to be what is wanted—the master-stream, the best of all; but this, we think, does not necessarily follow; that stream that rises farthest up is most likely to prevail over all. And again we say, that constituted as human nature is, there cannot be two main arterial currents of thought or action on this or any other question that nearly touches people's hearts. Our correspondent himself says that Prohibitionists have their hands so full of their propaganda that they cannot be reasonably expected to take up any other. Go into any Canadian village where temperance sentiment prevails, and note how all action is moulded into this one pattern. We have no wish to speak, as we do not think, disrespectfully of honest effort, however in our opinion misdirected; but we submit that the usual temperance work in such a village is in general confined too exclusively to the cultivating of public opinion on the subject of the evil of intemperance and the need of prohibitive legislation—to the utter neglect of several visible means that might be readily adopted as well to mitigate the one as to render the other unnecessary. We are persuaded that a good deal of drunkenness, even among the better sort, both in town and country, has its origin in occasional dissipations indulged in not unnaturally as a relief from the cheerlessness and utter blankness of the lives led by many, who, without mental resources, are left also unprovided with the rational amusement needed by all healthy natures. But setting this of recreation aside, as too large a subject to enter on at this stage, we ask why do so many labouring men drink to excess? Not in general from depraved taste, inherited or acquired, we feel sure. Among the causes, rather, we believe must be counted as a chief one—indigestion. The man that lives well knows what it is to be occasionally in the enjoyment of a delightful thirst—a precious possession to him when he has something good at hand to quench it with; but what with him is an occasional pleasure is unfortunately to his less well-nurtured brother too generally a constant torment. We much fear in fact that in general, notwithstanding the many good qualities of the poorer farmer's or mechanic's wife, she is not usually a skilful cook. This is no blame to her: the art of cookery is not native to the female breast; it is not systematically taught, except in some rare homes, growing rarer every year; and so, being neither intuitive nor acquired, in many homes it does not exist. The consequence is, the dietary is often a perpetual provocation to thirst, and highly promotive of dyspepsia. Afflicted with unquenchable thirst or oppressed with indigestion, a man, perhaps heated also by manual labour, must drink; and being blessed with better taste than the horse, he cannot find satisfaction in the water-trough. Here, then, if the fact be as we state, it appears to us is a field of usefulness open to every friend of temperance in every village; and it is the total neglect of this branch of temperance work that, as we said, debar from usefulness many earnest friends of temperance who cannot regard Prohibition as the method of methods. If the ladies of the various temperance organisations happily planted everywhere throughout the country would establish on the lecture platform, side by side, if they will, with the rostrum, a barrel of flour with fitting accompaniments and a cooking-stove, and gratuitously teach all women, especially their less fortunate sisters, to cook,—the axe, we firmly believe, would be laid to the roots of that Upas tree only whose exuberant growth atop Prohibition, we are persuaded, is able to clip.

IN support of our position that the adoption of Prohibition necessarily, as a natural consequence, prevents the trying of other remedies for intemperance, and as a general argument bearing on the whole subject, we reproduce a passage from Mr. John Morley's “Note on Mill's Liberty,” appended to his essay, “On Compromise”:—“They (the school of Carlyle and others) insist that if the majority has the means of preventing vice by law, it is folly and weakness not to resort to those means. The superficial attractiveness of such a doctrine is obvious. The doctrine of liberty implies a broader and more patient view. It says: Even if you could be sure that what you take for vice is so,—and the history of persecution shows how careful you should be in this preliminary point,—even then it is an undoubted, and, indeed, a necessary tendency of this facile repressive legislation, to make those who resort to it neglect the more effective, humane, and durable kinds of preventive legislation. You pass a law (if you can) putting down drunkenness; there is a neatness in such a method very attractive to fervid and impatient natures. Would you not have done better to leave that law unpassed, and apply yourselves sedulously instead to the improvement of the dwellings of the more drunken class, to the provision of amusements that might compete with the ale-house, to the extension and elevation of instruction, and so on? You may say this should be done, and yet the other should not be left undone; but, as a matter of fact and history, the doing of the one has always gone with the neglect of the other, and ascetic law-making in the interests of virtue has never

been accompanied either by law-making or any other kinds of activity for making virtue easier or more attractive. It is the recognition how little punishment can do, that leaves men free to see how much social prevention can do."

THE London *Advertiser*, referring to our observation on this subject of cookery, says "it is just those humanitarians at whom THE WEEK sneers [but there was no sneer in what we said] who are doing about nine-tenths of all that is being done to teach the poor the principles of cookery and of every other kind of thrift." This is possibly true; for as far as our observation goes nothing whatever of the kind is being done, in Canada at any rate. Our vision may be limited, but certainly within its range we can perceive no effort of any kind to teach the poor the principles of cookery or any other kind of thrift. It appears to us that the poor are pretty generally left, save in quite exceptional cases, to pick up these things much as they are left by their betters to pick up most things—from their religion to the necessaries of life—as best they can. We are extremely sorry if in this matter we are unjust to the disciples of total abstinence. But our impression, obtained in a pretty wide field of observation, is that the scope of their "work" in the cause is usually confined to listening to temperance lectures, amusing themselves in temperance lodges, and promoting the passage or the enforcement of the Scott Act. They do not neglect to pray for the drunkard and his victims, but if it is a general practice among them also to seek out and remove those many causes that, surrounding poor people so abundantly on every hand, afford a constant temptation to drink, whether in despair or for alleviation,—then we admit we have overlooked the fact; and in view indeed of the universal prevalence of temperance organizations, we confess, if they are of this beneficent habit we do not understand how it is that such dire wretchedness and distress amongst the poor, whether from drunkenness or poverty, exists. We quite agree with the *Advertiser* that by far the greatest of all hindrances to this good work is [or would be] the fact that the earnings which should go to supply the larder, and render good cooking possible, go to the dram-shop; but surely it is not we but our critic that "puts the cart before the horse;" for if our remedy of prevention were adopted, by removing a radical cause of drunkenness, the secondary cause, the dram-shop, would fail of itself, and the cure urged by the Prohibitionists would be unnecessary.

It would seem, from the official report of the commander of the American cutter who lately seized three Canadian sealing vessels off the Alaska Coast, that the Americans want not only the earth, as our friend the *World* has it, but the sea too. And they appear to be guided by one political principle on the east side of this continent, and an entirely opposite one on the west side. On the Atlantic seaboard, but north, however, of their own dominions, they insist, in the Headland Question, that their right to fish three miles from the shore is without respect to territorial waters or any headlands, but is a right to follow the sinuosities of the coast line throughout, at a distance of three miles, however much this may carry them into the heart of Canada. With respect, however, to any similar right of Canada or Britain on the United States coast—in Chesapeake Bay, for instance,—the same rule does not hold: owing to the distinctively American nationality, with its peculiar national habit of thought, that has grown up since the rebellion of the thirteen Colonies, the English language often has a different meaning when we pass to the south of the Canadian frontier. But this difference disappears again sometimes when we get to sea, and in the present case our acute cousins having been duped by Russia into purchasing an indefinite stretch of the neighbouring seas to Alaska, now consistently, we suppose to recoup themselves, go to seizing Canadian sealing vessels on the high seas, in the Pacific, about sixty-five miles from land. The application by Canada of such a rule to the Atlantic coast of British North America is not perhaps feasible; but at any rate its adoption by the United States in the Pacific furnishes Canada with an unexceptionable argument in the Fisheries case, and an impregnable buttress to the modest demand Canada makes to be allowed the exclusive use of her own property within the territorial waters of Canada. Not that even then we are going to admit the preposterous claim of the States that they have acquired a property in every particular wave that rolls within some hundred miles of Alaska: the United States will have to add considerably to the fighting strength of their navy before such a claim will be received with anything but derision, and then—it will still be laughed at.

THE day after the abduction of Prince Alexander, the Berlin papers showed a very suspicious state of preparedness for that event; but yet it is hardly probable that Prince Bismarck, though he may have foreseen something of the kind, was actually a consenting party to what occurred.

Talk as the Continental papers may about the dethronement of Prince Alexander being a rebuff to England—and no doubt it is so—the plain fact still remains that by the re-establishment of Russian influence in Bulgaria, the great rival to Austria is seated on the Danube, an Austrian river. This is the centre of gravity of the whole question; and if Russia proceeds farther from this vantage-ground to Constantinople, the main arterial stream of Austria-Hungary, upon which depends the free circulation of the heart-blood of the Empire, will be irredeemably under the control of an enemy. If Prince Bismarck has consented to this, he must be playing a game independent of Austria. But the two Empires are in the closest alliance; their Emperors were lately embracing at Gastein; doubtless the probable course of affairs in the Balkans was then a principal topic with them and their chief Ministers; and so it seems impossible that there can already be such a difference between them. There may of course be some arrangement looking to the division of the Balkan Peninsula between Austria and Russia; but if as part of it Russia is to hold the mouth of the Danube with all that that implies as an hostile possession of the command of the great river of Central Germany, then Austria is paying a very heavy price in order to keep Russia quiet, even if she obtains by it an extension of her own dominions to Salonica. We have a difficulty in believing in any such arrangement. No doubt Bismarck is anxious above all things for peace; to keep Russia from breaking the peace and prevent her joining with France, he would very likely as a *dernier ressort* sacrifice Austria; but Austria is not likely in any case to sacrifice her own interests in order to safeguard Germany. Yet this is what she must be doing, if the reported arrangement has been made. And if so, if the alliance between the three Empires is still in force, and this *bouleversement* in Bulgaria is a preconcerted blow at English policy, as some Continental journals boast, then the blow is aimed at the air; for it is not England's business at all costs to save Austria from wreck. England's policy has been to keep Russia out of the Balkans, mainly in order to give the several nationalities there a chance to grow up into the place now or lately filled by Turkey, and doubtless soon to be vacated. In doing this, the interests of Austria also have been incidentally protected; but if this Power chooses to invite the presence of Russia, though by so doing the policy of England with respect to the Balkan nationality be thwarted, yet the reverse is not so great that she can be expected to undertake single-handed the heavy and costly task of fighting out a battle which concerns her in a quite secondary degree. As far as her own interests may be affected, she can protect these otherwise. But in fact, after all has been said, it is not at all likely that affairs have come to this pass. Whatever course Bismarck may seem to be taking, it may be reckoned as sure that he has not yet said his last word, or rather it has not been heard by the public; and when a final settlement of Balkan affairs has to be made, it will be found, we expect, that the weight of this word will not incline the beam so much to the Russian side as now appears.

WITHIN a day of the delivery of Prof. Dawson's paper on the geological formation of the bed of the Atlantic, came the account of the Charleston upheaval, in reference to which Prof. Dawson now frankly says:—"The phenomena of the present earthquake convulsions in America and elsewhere, but particularly in America, are extremely puzzling, and completely upset some of the conclusions set forth in the address I read last evening."

A RECENTLY published Blue Book on the Homestead Laws of the United States gives a curious account of "the rack-renting practices" of William Scully, an Irishman and an absentee landlord of thousands of acres of land in Illinois. Immediately after the Mexican war he set about buying up soldiers' homestead warrants, and in some instances secured a 160-acre tract for \$5 or \$10. He never sold an acre that he once acquired, and he is now master of a large peasant tenantry whose condition is described as wretched in the extreme. His "iron-clad" leases are rigorously enforced; and if it is necessary to make a reduction of rent one year, the tenant has to make it up in the next good season. Having been bought up in small parcels, Scully's lands often adjoin farms owned by those who live on them, and the contrast is said to be striking. "A squatter's shanty is a palace compared to the squalid huts of the renters," from whom he derives an income of nearly \$150,000. The description is given just as it appears in the report; but the remarkable thing about it is that this state of things is the result of a legislative effort to create a peasant proprietary on a large scale. The failure of the Pre-emption and Homestead Laws as applied to the public lands of the United States is shown in the following figures:—Of 7,670,493 persons engaged in agriculture, over 1,000,000 pay rent to persons not cultivating the soil, and only 670,944 actually cultivate the soil they own. Upward of one-fourth of the farms are held by tenants.

AT LAST.

LIKE the flowers' sweet breath,
When they're low in death,
The souls of good men up to heaven rise.
Their last battle's won ;
Toward th' eternal Sun,
To jasper-gates, th' ethereal journey lies.

Singing passing sweet,
Angels fly to greet
The saved ones coming to unending rest ;
And, with Heav'n-song,
They are borne along
To dwell, forever, with the Pure and Blest.

Toronto.

J. H. BURNHAM.

SAUNTERINGS.

THEY are coming back, the summer nomads. One meets them at every turn on King and Yonge Streets: bronzed young men, and freckled maidens, middle-aged dames with a sensible increase in avoirdupois since last one saw them, and old gentlemen with that indescribable disarray of apparel and air of sun-seasoned jocularity which is so demoralising to the appearance of the average old gentleman. Muskoka and the Lakes, Old Orchard and the White Mountains, the Saguenay and the country boarding house, and even our own familiar Island—which is much too insignificant, by the way, to be dignified with a capital letter—have yielded up the summer visitor, who is the breath of their financial existence. He has folded his tent and disjointed his fishing-rod, and taken to collars again; she has packed her pongees, and counted her conquests, and relegated her Tam o' Shanter to the unconventional demands of futurity; and both of them are here.

It may not be unprofitable, at this juncture, as the politicians say, to consider the precise nature of the boundless facilities for pleasure and recuperation which Out-of-Town offers for three months in the year to the dwellers of cities. Principally, there is the scenery. It is essential to the success of any summer resort that it should have a grand view. To be able to look from the window of his fifth-story apartment over a vast panorama of hill and dale, river and forest, is a privilege which the average summer traveller demands as essential to his enjoyment, whether he avails himself of it or not. Quality is an advantage, but quantity is absolutely requisite. Scenery is an abstraction to this person, but he knows precisely how many square miles of the earth's surface are necessary to properly represent it to the eye. It is the score above all others upon which he is most jealously exacting; the prices may be high, and he cavils not, accommodation low, and he will not remonstrate; but when he steps forth in the morning after his arrival, and views the landscape o'er with his opera-glass, if one jot or tittle of his anticipations be unrealised, loud are his objurgations and speedy his departure. Perhaps it is because the immensity of visible nature fills his soul to overflowing through the medium of a single view that he doesn't usually look again. Having satisfied himself that his surroundings are conducive to sublime emotion, he puts away his opera-glass and his adjectives, and apparently abandons himself to the influence of their universal Hereness without further exertion. Next to the scenery comes the brass band. There is an occult connexion between the breathings of wind instruments and the mysterious voices of ocean or forest. Heard in combination, they have been found stimulative to sentiments of the loftiest description. The cornetist is a subtle interpreter of nature. And the brass band's leader is a representative of the late lamented Marsyas by direct satyric succession. The summer hotels offer unlimited opportunities for the study of human nature, too. Many people appreciate this. They are fond of quoting Pope's line, "The proper study for mankind is man," and aver themselves experts at the detection of character traits. If a man puts a knife in his mouth, for instance, they divine instantly that he is ill-bred; if he has extravagance of attire, that he is what they call, with clinging affection for a word that has outlived its usefulness, a "dude." This being about the extent of their discernment, one naturally rejects it as the explanation of a taste for crowds, and concludes that its real basis is a liking for indiscriminate acquaintance, a willingness to risk possibly unpleasant for probably pleasant contact, in the hap-hazard relation of the *table d' hôte* and the "hop."

Another overwhelming allurements of the summer hotel is the certain prevalence of the person irreverently designated by the American journals last year as the "Summer Girl." This may be regarded as a subdivision of the course-in-human-nature attraction, but it has æsthetic features which

entitle it to special consideration. Indeed, from an æsthetic point of view the scenery is subordinate to the Summer Girl. It is only upon the score of illimitableness that scenery is pre-eminent. Outside of that it is chiefly valuable, in the popular eye, as a becoming background for the Summer Girl.

If a definition of the Summer Girl should include an explanation of her origin and probable destiny, the social dictionary might be consulted in vain for complete information regarding her. Like the wind, we know not whence she comes nor whither she goes, further than that she usually arrives in a cab and departs in a Pullman car. We know that she is ubiquitous and charming, but her charms do not inspire us with any desire to add to our knowledge. Perhaps it is the indolence of the summer weather, perhaps it is the measure of her capacity to fill the capricious hour; but we are content to formulate a vague theory that she is an evolution of some spring wild flower, and that her Pullman departure early in September is only symbolic, in some sort, of her real taking-off at the hands of the withering autumn winds, and to accept her without question as a perennial gift of the gods. For the Summer Girl, while her feminine attributes are unimpeachable, is like the girl of no other season whatever. She is a diaphanous being, and the cool rustle of her muslins is a perpetual delight. She habitually wears a bunch of "Marguerites" in her belt and a far-away look in her eyes. A volume of Browning is another indispensable adjunct to her toilet, but she doesn't bore you with it—its purpose is purely decorative. She doesn't bore you with anything; if she has "views," and aspirations, and theories of the future life, she considerably regulates their expression by the state of the thermometer. She is not impressively intellectual, nor even remarkably original; but she is clever enough to be entertaining in hot weather, and her adaptability is delightful. Whatever your mood, she fits it like a flattering echo. If you are misanthropic on account of the mutton being underdone, she is gently cynical on various accounts, and never hints at the mutton. If you are disposed to quote Keats on a vine-hid corner of the hotel verandah, what eloquent sentiment the moon shows in her eyes! If your mood is gay and festive, how responsive her quips and cranks! True, she is apt in the use of a little lady-like slang, but who is repelled by that in a Summer Girl? Then she dances well, and she doesn't object to cigars. Oh, no! she is devoted to the odour; papa smokes incessantly at home! and she never commits a *bêtise* under any circumstances. In short, she knows precisely the purpose of her being, and fulfils it admirably; and this can be said of so few of us that it is no wonder that the Summer Girl is considered by many people the most beneficent provision of nature against the enervating influences of the solstice in which she appears.

But these are all the seductions of the summer hotel. The country boarder's enjoyments, though of a modest and unassuming character, are not less worthy of being chronicled. The country boarder's primal object is to study nature and refresh her innermost being by contact with the virginal beauty of woodland and meadow. She wants fresh air, simple wholesome food, and freedom to wear a print dress all day long if she wants to, as well. So she selects a charming, old-fashioned farm-house with an eight-day clock, and an atmosphere of true rural simplicity. She is provided with a small bedroom off the "best room" which contains, among other things, several ancient photographs, a flower wreath made of the ancestral hair of the family, and a musty odour which must be also ancestral. She does not usually discover what is in the "best room," for it is kept in blackness of darkness on account of the flies. The family "eat" in the kitchen; and so does the hired man; and so does she. The food is very simple, but it is chiefly pork: pie and pickles, it must be confessed, grace the board in great variety and upon all occasions, but after the mild novelty of breakfasting upon them once or twice these viands pall. She discovers that rustic simplicity and hygiene are strangers to each other, and that the system of drainage is confined to the backyard. She finds herself regarded as "company" and introduced, and expected to wear her black silk when more company is coming to tea. She is hospitably invited to try the pork and pickles of neighbouring brine-tubs, and the village dressmaker asks her for the pattern of the dress she wears "to meetin'." To crown her felicity, a strapping young Corydon of the vicinity makes love to her, and demands the privilege of taking her to the country picnic. Between these experiences she studies nature in French kid boots and takes cold.

These, I have no doubt you are saying, are the envious annotations of one whose position as to the vine renders the fruit thereof acid and undesirable. You are quite correct. Would that I had space to add to them the varied ameliorations the city offers to the lot of them that tarry therein—the grapes available enough to be sweet! SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE RUIN.

I KNOW a ruin, on a hill—
Like other ruins, it may be,
It must be tired of standing still
And always looking at the sea.

So old that I am young by it,
It tells me tales of monk and knight—
Tales that no chronicler hath writ :
Just as my great-grandmother might.

It likes to talk of silken train,
Of jewelled sword and plumed head,
And quite forgets how low the rain
Has beaten down its courtly dead.

It told me, with a gracious air,
About Elizabeth's best gown,
But when I spoke of her red hair
And painted nose, I saw it frown ?

It has invited me to sit
Till after dark. But then it's clear,
Somehow—Oh, I don't care a whit
For Things you cannot see or hear !

But, children, though this ruin might
Not be the place to sleep you see,
At morning it's the prettiest sight
In all this pretty world to me.

For when, like one that's slept too long,
The sudden sun before me springs;
Ivy and stone break into song,
And hall and battlement take wings !

The lords of earth lie still down there ;—
They have their night, who had their day.
See, in their place, the lords of air
Make merry with their honours grey.

From mullioned windows they peep out,
In families, or lover-pairs ;
On the high walls they walk about
And chatter of their sweet affairs.

Sir Something, gone from graveyard fame,
God rest you under flower and dew !
The wind has blown away your name,
But, in my heart, I reverence you.

Oh, you were good to build (too good
For me to set your praise in words)
So brave a castle by the wood
To be the happy home of birds !

—Sarah M. B. Piatt.

THE ICE CORTEGE.

MIRAGE BAY is formed by a monster island rock, and by a peninsula extending into Lake Superior, whose cliffs on either side are vertical and of immense height. Mirage Cape, indeed, from its strange resemblance to the human form, its enormous bulk and terrible desolation, is looked upon with awe, and worshipped by the Indians as the Great Spirit. The bay is almost land-locked, and can be entered only by two narrow straits, one of which is that between the cape and the island.

To-night, the giant is veiled in a soft mist, and the moonlight, where it can pierce that mist, is pale and ghostly. Where the "palisade" towers up some 1,300 feet above the bay, there is a little shanty by the water's edge. The vast precipice hangs over it, its blackness more awful by contrast to the summit, silvered in the moonlight. The mountain seems to breathe as the night sets in ; and the mournful cedars tremble, as the flowers on the altar tremble at the sound of a cathedral organ.

There is a lamp in the shanty, and the light illumines the ice below the window, showing a path leading out on to the bay. The wind is rising, and the Great Spirit will breathe heavily to-night.

A half-breed comes out of the shack, and stands by the doorway, looking across the bay. The light from the house illumines his sash, a medley of claret, orange, and vermilion contrasting strongly with his rough grey home-spun clothes. The black hair falls from under a cap of soft brown fur ; and his deep black eyes and red-brown skin look strange under the dim vague moonlight.

The voice of his young wife is heard within, in earnest dissuasive tones ; but half angrily he persists in his enterprise ; and, when she has come to the door and kissed him, he throws a sack of fish over his shoulder, calls his dog, and sets out across the bay. She watches him as his form is slowly fading into the dim distance, and soon he is alone on Mirage Bay, despite the warnings of the Spirit of the Cape.

She looks up at the black precipice, and something of its gloom is in

her heart, as she turns away. She sits down on a bench, and mends her husband's old moccasins ; she busies herself preparing delicacies to welcome his return ; she turns down the light, and sits brooding by the stove.

The wind is howling along the cliff ; the snow is driving on the bay ; the giant is breathing hard. She is filled with some dread presentiment, but is very weary. The snow is hurled against the house ; the cedars are writhing, tortured in the tempest. There is a scratching at the door, but she has sunk upon the floor, and is sleeping calmly ; the dog without,—his dog,—frozen and sheeted with ice, is howling piteously, but she never heeds.

She stands ; her eyes are open, and filled with yearning love ; she leans forward and mutters in her sleep. She throws a shawl about her head, and the folds cover her. She has gone out, and the dog is leaping about her, barking and looking towards the bay ; then uttering a sharp, strange low cry, as he runs before. She is walking on the rotten ice, the drift is blinding, the storm is rising still, but she pays no heed ; she never swerves or turns as she goes to meet her death.

The ice has broken up on Mirage Bay, and is moving through the strait, between cape and island, on its way to the open lake. The Spirit of the Cape looks down on the glittering floe ; the island and the cape look down in sorrow. The ice is sweeping through the mighty gate, as it has for many a thousand years before ; but never has it moved the cliffs to sorrow, until to-day. In the centre of the glistening floe is a larger fragment than its fellows. It is studded with clear emerald ponds, fretted with exquisite lacework of pure white ice. And in the centre is a mound of snow, outlined with turquoise shadows. There lie two human forms, clasped in each other's arms, taking their rest together, upon the drifting ice ; and lying upon the snowy forms is a dog.

The ice cortège advances to the lake, and there will the mourners bury their human dead. How grand a pageant this sepulture in the crystal waters, under the pure sunlight !

And there will come a day when the mighty lake will render up its forgotten dead, taken away from the earth by an all-seeing God.

COYOTE.

THE MEMORY OF CARLYLE.

THE outcry of indignant criticism against Mr. Froude's conscientious Life of Carlyle having almost entirely subsided, it is probable that the memory of the great philosopher will now have a chance of taking its place among the valuable inheritances of humanity. Carlyle was a prophet, and did not escape the inevitable doom of the prophet. "They call me a great man now," he said, a few days before he died, "but not one believes what I have told them." The exaggeration to the last was characteristic ; but the revulsion of popular feeling which followed the publication of his Reminiscences, and, later still, of his Letters and other memorials, showed that he was not far wrong. He had laid upon Mr. Froude the sacred obligation of either using the materials which he left behind him to construct a biography with the strictest fidelity to truth, or of not writing a biography at all. Carlyle would have preferred the latter course ; but it was inevitable that portraits would be attempted, and he was determined that the portrait which received his own sanction should not be a fancy one. The determination was in keeping with his lifelong principles. He had an abhorrence of what he called "rose-water biographies," and shrank from the thought of a like embalment. His life had been a hard and bitter struggle against outward circumstances, and his natural sensitiveness had thereby become painfully warped. He was irritable, and sometimes morose ; he was often unjust in his vehemence, and not seldom those dearest to him suffered deeply from his peculiar moods. Mr. Froude did not attempt to present a softened picture. Accepting his task as a sacred trust, he painted his friend and master as he was, extenuating nothing. Certain aspects of the picture are harsh, and some are even painful. But on the other hand there are lineaments of extraordinary moral beauty. Carlyle had been singularly sincere. What he preached to the age as the first of moral necessities he exemplified in a life of unalterable devotion to the principles he believed to be true. He had been singularly honest. He was honest not merely in his ordinary dealings, but he determined early that he would be scrupulously honest in his literary work, and he was always resolutely faithful to the determination, having never written a line which was not the result of thorough conviction. He had been singularly charitable. His name had seldom, if ever, figured on charitable lists, but his private charities had been constant throughout his life, and, considering the extent of his means, were unbounded. He had been singularly laborious. Work was sacred to him, and he endeavoured to labour "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." Added to this "he was in the weightier matters of the law," says Mr. Froude, "without either speck or flaw." It was an evidence of how really little Carlyle had been understood that popular feeling revolted against Mr. Froude's picture. Carlyle was human, and had human faults ; but he did not wish it to appear that he had none. This sincerity was the natural outcome of his extreme earnestness, and I think that his memory will not suffer in the end from the full light shed upon his character. To my mind, Mr. Froude's work is one of the most remarkable, and, for this age, one of the most valuable biographies ever written.

Not the least valuable part of Carlyle's teaching were his political ethics. If there is any one book more than another which should be in the hands, and the spirit of in the hearts, of the young Canadians who become voters this year for the first time, it is Carlyle's "Past and Present." It was written primarily on the great Condition of England Question of forty years ago, but the application of its principles is universal and for all

time. It is probably the most valuable of all his works, and is certainly the most finished from a literary point of view. I shall not attempt an outline of its character, but would advise every young man who wishes to use his new power as a voter in a noble and independent way to procure and read the book. I believe that if one new voter out of a hundred took its teachings to heart the face of our politics would be changed for the better in ten years, and I believe that a much larger proportion than one in a hundred is capable of taking them to heart. J. C. S.

AN OLD-WORLD MAIDEN.

WHOLLY unconscious, tall, and fair,
An old-world maiden, with dead-gold hair
And a breath of some fragrance fresh and cool,
It seemed to cling to her hair and dress,
With a rare and subtle loveliness—
Though I hate all perfumes as a rule.
Each careless pose shows a subtle grace.
All is in keeping, the form, the face,
Each soft flesh tint, and each gracious curve.
Happy and good and on pleasure bent,
Sympathetic, intelligent,
Pleasant and kindly with some reserve.

—Bensley Thornhill.

THE FRENCH NAVY UNDER THE FIRST REPUBLIC.

All these [the confidential reports of the superintendents of the several dockyards, of the officials at the naval ports, of the commanders of fleets or squadrons at sea] have hitherto been carefully kept out of sight; history has continued to be perverted as it was designedly perverted by Barrère or Napoleon; and Europe has been left to believe, as our blue-jackets of eighty or ninety years ago happily did believe, that the English sailor had a natural and innate superiority over the French, and that Britannia ruled the waves by "right divine." It was, indeed, perfectly well known that in the outburst of the Revolution the organisation of the old navy was destroyed—of that navy which, under the leading of such men as Guichen or Suffren, had contended on equal terms with the navy of England and with Rodney himself. It was known that the officers were displaced, even if they were not butchered; that the trained men were dispersed; that the corps of seamen-gunners was broken up. But it was not, we think, known how largely this was the work of the Assemblies and the Convention, which permitted and tacitly sanctioned it.

On March 9th, 1793, a squadron consisting of three ships of the line and some frigates put to sea from Brest, under the command of Vice-Admiral Morard de Galle. They met with bad weather, and in a heavy westerly gale on the night of the 17th lay to on the port tack. As a natural consequence, when the wind, in a violent squall flew round to the northward, they were all more or less dismasted. The danger was imminent; and the men, ignorant and undisciplined, sought for safety in the lower parts of the ship.

"Threats and entreaties," wrote the admiral, "were alike in vain, and I was not able to get more than thirty sailors on deck. The marine troops, artillery and infantry, behaved better, and did what they were ordered.

The spirit of the sailors is entirely lost, and until they change we can only expect reverses in any engagements even against an inferior force. The vaunted ardour which is attributed to them consists merely in such words as 'patriot,' 'patriotism,' which are for ever in their mouths, and in shouts of 'Vive la nation!' 'Vive la République!' when they have been buttered up (*flagorné*) enough; but there is no desire to do their work honestly and attend to their duty." By mere good fortune, the ships, in an almost sinking condition, got back to Brest, and orders were sent down for them to be refitted; but of the misconduct of their men and officers no notice was taken, it being considered that "at such a time it was important to avoid giving the sailors even momentary offence."

The officers, who had behaved as badly as the men, were themselves the children of the Revolution and of the edict of April 29th, 1791, which "destroyed the very base of the organisation of the commissioned officers of the navy"—an edict by which any one who had served four years at sea, in ships of war or merchant ships, might be advanced to a commission, and be capable of promotion to the highest ranks. The very pretence of instruction or training in seamanship, in naval discipline, or in the usages of war was abolished; and as the reign of misrule became confirmed, the promotion and appointment of officers were virtually, and sometimes actually, decided by the vote of the seamen. This system was warmly supported by Jean Bon Saint-André, a man who, although utterly ignorant of naval affairs, pushed himself to the front. It is interesting to note his qualifications, his pretensions, and his utterances. According to Jean Bon Saint-André, in 1793 naval war was on the point of changing its character. Courage and boldness were to be henceforth the only qualities required. The French impetuosity and the enthusiasm sprung from liberty were certain guarantees of victory. The exploits of the Jean Barts and the Duguay Trouins would be repeated; scientific evolutions would be scorned; and French sailors would astonish Europe with new prodigies of valour. It was this same man who, on January 28th, 1794, demanded the suppression of the regiments of marines and marine artillery—the soldiers who, according to Admiral Morard de Galle, were all that the ships had to trust to.

"There exists," he said before the Convention, "in the navy, an abuse which, through me, the Committee of Public Safety demands to have removed. There are in the navy certain troops which bear the name of marine regiments. Is it right that this corps should have the exclusive privilege of defending the republic by sea? Are we not all called to fight for liberty? Why should not the conquerors of Landau or of Toulon be allowed to go on board our ships, to show their courage to Pitt, and to lower the flag of George? Their right cannot be contested; they would claim it in person, were it not that their arms are serving their country elsewhere." By such rubbish the Convention was guided, and decreed the abolition of the marine regiments, by which the Assembly had replaced the old corps of seamen-gunners. The one had done good service in the War of American Independence. The other had not, indeed, the same training or skill, but might in time have proved themselves no unworthy successors. The soldiers of the National Guard, who were now to take their place on board the ships of the republic, were without either discipline or training; as gunners they were without skill, and they never attained it. The battle of the 1st of June was a consequence of the change. There were, indeed, other causes conducing to the result, such as the want of evolutionary skill in the officers, and of trained seamanship in the men; but the most direct was the comparative harmlessness of the French fire. From this point of view the result was due to Jean Bon Saint-André on the one side quite as much as to Lord Howe on the other. The victory was, in fact, owing not to any exceptional display of tactical genius, but to the vast difference in the fighting qualities of the two fleets; and Howe's chief contribution to it was his passing through the enemy's line, and by engaging to leeward, preventing their retreat as soon as they found themselves getting the worst of it. But it was mainly the bad gunnery of the French which permitted the English ships to pass through their line as well as to engage at close quarters with such unequal results. The loss of the Queen Charlotte in killed and wounded was forty-two, that of the Montagne was three hundred; and the total loss in the two fleets was in about the same ratio.—*The Athenæum*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ANCIENT RHODES.*

THE Island of Rhodes, from the accident of its position, has been important in many ages, but its most brilliant epoch was during the transitional period between the ascendancy of Greece and that of Rome. Her ships, like those of the Venetians and Genoese in the Middle Ages, did most of the carrying trade between East and West; her pottery has been found all over the Mediterranean; her maritime law was adopted by Rome, as evidenced by Antoninus Pius, who said, "I rule the land, but the law rules the sea. Let the matter be judged by the naval law of Rhodes, in so far as any of our own laws do not conflict with that." Her skill in seamanship was acknowledged as much by Romans as by Greeks; her dockyards were supported at an enormous cost; and the Rhodians not only built for themselves, but for others. Antigonos ordered ships from them, and Herod of Judæa had a large trireme built by them. Intruders into these dockyards were punished with death, and once in time of need it is said that the Rhodian ladies cut off their hair and gave it for making ropes. Hence we do not wonder at the proverb which stated that the Rhodians were worth ten ships, since their skill at sea and their commercial wealth had earned for them the position which in after ages has been held by the Venetians, the Portugese, the Dutch, and the English.

Such was the external position of Rhodes, and in like manner her situation and her policy of consistent neutrality made her an important centre of art and learning. To this subject Mr. Torr has devoted two interesting chapters [of the work under review], and in perusing them the reader is at once struck by two salient points, namely, the assistance given by Rhodes to the introduction of Egyptian art and Egyptian theology into Greece, and secondly, the assistance given by Rhodes to the introduction of Greek art and Greek philosophy into Rome, proving how the island had been in two distinct epochs a veritable stepping-stone of ideas from East to West. Rhodes was too open to all the world to allow of her developing a great local school, hence Rhodian names are not so familiar to us as those of Athens, Alexandria, or Rome; but as an example of Rhodian influence may be taken the Stoic philosopher Panætius. He was instrumental at home in modifying much that the Rhodians found objectionable in Stoicism; he it was who softened the rigid Stoic standard of virtue to meet the necessities of trade, and gave it as his opinion that a merchant coming to Rhodes with a cargo of corn in time of scarcity was not morally bound, before getting rid of his cargo at the famine price, to disclose the fact that other ships were on their way from Egypt. Panætius, as everybody knows, was the companion of the younger Scipio Africanus when he went to the East on an embassy in 143 B.C. With Scipio, Panætius returned to Rome, lived in his patron's house, and made his version of Stoicism the fashionable philosophy of the Roman world. He did more than this, for he introduced to the Romans the *jus gentium*. Cicero based his "De Officiis" on a treatise by Panætius, and in the train of this Stoic philosopher followed many of his disciples from Rhodes, whose influence was paramount in moulding the thought and literature of the Latin world.

No place in Greece yielded richer treasures in art to Roman vandals than Rhodes. In Strabo's opinion the city of Rhodes, "in harbours, in streets, in walls, and in other buildings, so surpasses all other cities that we cannot call any its equal, much less its superior"; and Pliny speaks of no fewer than a hundred colossal statues in the great city, smaller than

**Rhodes in Ancient Times*: By Cecil Torr, M.A.

the Colossus itself, but still very notable. Most of the Rhodian sculptures found their way to Rome, and some of them are to be seen there still, such as the Laocoon and the Farnese Bull.

It is within late years, or almost months, that the finds of M. Biliotti at Camirus and Ialysus have disclosed the full force of the Egyptian influences on the earlier art of Rhodes. Scarabs were manufactured in Rhodes with hieroglyphic inscriptions on them as blundering as those which ignorant copyists of to-day produce when they introduce Egyptian patterns in their work; pseudo-Egyptian *aryballoi* have been found together with genuine Egyptian porcelain in profusion in the tombs of Ialysus. And besides this influence on art the theological influence was equally marked, for the Rhodians were the first Greeks to set up temples to Egyptian gods within their walls, and to incorporate them in their theology. To the gods of Egypt the Rhodians sent complimentary presents, and in return the Egyptians sent gifts to the gods of Rhodes; religious intolerance was apparently unknown in those days.—*The Athenæum*.

THE CLOCK AN INDEX OF CULTURE.*

ALL history is interesting, but none more so than that which undertakes to trace the development of articles in every-day use. Historians are wont to deny the name of history to everything outside the realm of national or political significance, but, spite of them, culture-history has crept in upon them, and everything which contributes to a knowledge of the progress of the mind and capabilities of man is now enrolled as an integral part of this fascinating study. And what more worthy of such a discussion than the beautiful clock of modern times, at once an ornament and a necessity to every household? Constantly improving as the ages roll on, the clock is both a measure of time and of culture, an indication that man is more waking than sleeping, and hence has more time for mental improvement. It may be devoid of significance, and yet it is worthy of mention that the mechanical improvements in watches and clocks all come from countries in which a love of liberty is strong—France, Switzerland, England, and America. Holland, too, is deserving of mention as having contributed, through Huyghens (at the end of the fifteenth century), to the invention of watches, an honour which he shares with Hook, an Englishman, though watches were not serviceable until Barlow's came, in 1675. But it is with ancient and not modern clocks that we have to do. And the measure of time, like the terms for it, originated in Babylonia. That country, from whose partly decimal and sexagesimal system come our seconds, minutes, and hours, is at the bottom of much that is interesting in culture-history.

The day was obviously the first time unit. The Babylonians counted it from midday to midday; the Egyptians and Romans from midnight to midnight, and the Hebrews and Greeks from sunset till sunset. This simple statement disposes of many theories. The ancient fallacy was that everything was copied from Egypt, yet now nothing seems more unlikely. The present writers of Hebrew history are beginning to assert that they are but a copy of the Babylonians, but that too seems far from probable.

The most popular of early clocks seems to have been the cock; *gallinicum* was the Roman name for early morning. The Talmud thanks God for "having given understanding to the cock to distinguish between day and night." The ass, too, was in all probability a sort of measure of time, as well as the dog, while plants and crops must have measured the seasons. The first exact measurement of time, however, was by means of shadows. Throughout the Bible and in all early literature we find allusions and hints which unmistakably show that the use of shadows reaches back to the earliest historic times. The first real clock was undoubtedly a sun clock, and as it had twelve divisions, was probably invented by the Babylonians, though certainly much older than the time of Berosus (a Chaldean priest, of about 280 B. C.), to whom it is sometimes ascribed. It was improved by Eudoxus, an astronomer and physician of Kneidos and contemporary of Plato, and its usefulness was increased by Skopas of Syracuse.

But the sun clock—great an invention as it was—did not long satisfy. No sooner had the sun gone down than the world was again without a measure of time. Plato accordingly conceived the idea of a water clock, which Ktesibus of Alexandria perfected and Cesar Cornelius Naphicus introduced into Rome. And in Germany water-clocks held their own until the beginning of the seventeenth century. Water, however, made way for sand. Water clocks were bulky, not transportable, and much affected by changes in temperature, so that sand clocks gradually took their place and continued in favour until modern times. The details of manufacture and improvement are quite as interesting as the broad facts of development in the history of clocks, but the facts attainable are chiefly those of tradition, carrying with them no such inherent probability as the natural evolution we have described.—*Philadelphia American*.

PHILOSOPHY can never replace religion; revolutionaries are not apostles, although the apostles may have been revolutionaries.—*Amiel*.

THE century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual levelling and division of labour, society will become everything and man nothing. . . . The statistician will register a growing progress, and the moralist a gradual decline: on the one hand a progress of things; on the other a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful; industry, of art; political economy, of religion; and arithmetic, of poetry. The spleen will become the malady of a rebelling age.—*Amiel*.

*"Die Uhr Ein Beitrag zur Culturgeschichte der Alten." Von Dr. Sam Spitzer. Essek: 1885.

ROSES.

NATURE has fashioned as fair
Which of her posies?
Man in his choicest parterre
Treasures his roses.
Rose of the garden, by man beguiled,
Thou hast grown double in art;
Sweet, single rose of the woodland wild,
I can see straight to thy heart.

Dearest art thou when the day
Wanes in the west,
Luring young lovers to stray
Forth in thy quest;
Till with her golden heart sighing perfume,
Her cheek faint flushing above,
They have found and plucked the perfect bloom
Of the deathless rose of love.

—A. P. G. in the Spectator.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

PRINCESS. By M. G. McClelland. Leisure Season Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

While "Princess" is in its way undoubtedly a charming little novel, its way is a decidedly less ambitious and successful one than that of "Oblivion" the author's first venture. This is a story of Virginia and divorce. There are a number of subordinate episodes, but the main event seems to be the falling in love of a Northern divorced man with a Southern maiden who shares with her family the invincible repugnance of the South to the easy marital repudiation of the North. As her scruples are overcome at length by the unaided logic of love, however, and she marries him in the last chapter while yet his first wife is alive and flourishing, the divorce having been obtained simply on the ground of unsuitability, it is hard to recognise in Miss McClelland's book any moral motive, whatever. The heroine's struggles being unsuccessful, can hardly be said to count against the laxity which she illustrates. The author, indeed, by making her story a mere recital of events as they occur every day without bias for or against their justifiableness, seems to imply that the institution of divorce, as it is in the United States, is to be condoned after all by circumstances. Apart from the negative moral quality of the book it has many good points. Its Virginian flavour is delicious, its people are all well-bred, its dialogue easy and natural, and if it has no aspirations it has few affectations. It is simply a piquant story, in which we never lose sight of the story-teller. It has little earnestness, little concentration; it displays much less literary skill than did "Oblivion." The depiction of character is only good in two or three instances; as a general thing it is so thin that the grain of the canvas is very perceptible underneath. It should have been brought out before "Oblivion," for it suffers vastly, in our opinion, by contrast with the author's earlier work.

HANNIBAL OF NEW YORK. By T. Wharton. Leisure Season Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The existence of the American millionaire is a prolific source of authorship in almost every department. He has been the subject of biographies, of political treatises, of sermons, of economic discussions, of "tracts for the times" without number. Geographies of his landed possessions have been compiled, and histories of his commercial transactions are available at every bookseller's. Enterprising newspaper correspondents have made their journalistic reputations forever by ascertaining the size of his boots, the salary of his *chef*, or the nature of his domestic troubles. He has not yet submitted to vivisection for the benefit of scientific essayists curious as to the internal structure of millionaires; but this is positively the only department of literature which he has not actively stimulated. He is directly responsible for the existence of the vast amount of fiction which "Hannibal of New York" fairly typifies. He is its inspiration, not as a man but as a millionaire. The American novelist seems to have found in him a new species of humanity, evolved in some inconceivable way from ordinary fleshly material and extraordinary financial conditions. It is now in order for somebody to write a book called "The Alchemy of Wall Street," which should explain the process by which a common man with an often contemptible nature is transmuted, by certain shrewd operations in that locality, into a creature worthy to be the hero of volume after volume of current fiction.

Mr. Wharton has become so impressed with the potency of the capitalist as a lever to raise popular curiosity that he has put two in his novel "Hannibal"—St. Joseph and a Mr. Cradge. There is a plot of an

extremely unpleasant and bigamistic nature, and some ordinary love developments; but the story is so subordinated to the depiction of the chief characters as to give one the impression that Mr. Wharton's book is rather a collection of savage views in social philosophy than a novel. For, of course, as is the case with every self-respecting novelist who writes about the monopolist, Mr. Wharton gives both of his the benefit of his contempt. One receives an impression, however, that even the contempt is administered with a certain regard for the recipient's financial standing, that it is magnified and elaborated by its cause, that the author would not have expended it upon anything with an income of less than six figures.

As a story, "Hannibal of New York" has a certain lurid interest from beginning to end. As a study of American life we reject it instantly as flagrantly unfaithful. As a finished representation of a few, happily rare, aspects of human life it has power and brilliancy. Its sarcasm is deep and penetrative, its situations graphically drawn, its characters are painful photographs. The book shows its author the possessor of intense dramatic power and keen insight. It has not a feeble page nor a flabby paragraph. But we do not see why a book like "Hannibal of New York" should be inflicted upon a public already pessimistic enough, in all conscience. One can tolerate an occasional villain of either sex; but to be introduced to a whole bookful under the guise of American society is to suffer a most outrageous liberty. That the author of these beings dips his pen in caustic upon every page by no means excuses their existence. Indeed, Mr. Wharton's perpetual tolerant sneer seems rather to aggravate his offence. In spite of the book's obvious merits, to read it is a depressing penance, and to close it a relief.

LECTURES IN THE TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR KINDERGARTNERS. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.

Not only conductors of Kindergartens beyond the reach of Miss Peabody's kindly voice, but all others who are brought into contact with children in any way, will welcome this publication of her lectures. It was her first deliverance upon the subject, it will be remembered, that aroused the interest of Boston in Kindergarten methods, to what admirable purpose the educational system of that city testifies. This lecture forms the initial one of the series. The remaining seven deal with the nursery, discipline, language, and Miss Peabody's observations upon the psychological development of children. Pestalozzi and Froebel have had no more apt disciple than Miss Peabody, and none who have done better work in the dissemination of their ideas. She unites the clearest comprehension and elucidation of their views with much original thinking, and presents the whole in a form that is most acceptable to the general reader, whether practically interested in her subject or not. Miss Peabody is extremely abstract in most of her premises, but her reasoning is so beautifully direct, her own insight so clear, and her English so irreproachable, that one follows her with an exhilarated sense of acquiring new truth in an unthought-of direction. While her book bears evidence of ripe scholarship, it is not too profound to be useful; and while it abounds in practical information, it has qualities which would make it a valuable addition to the library of any Concord philosopher.

We have received the following publications:

- THE CENTURY. September. New York: The Century Company.
- OUTING. September. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
- NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. September. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
- BOOK BUYER. September. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. September. New York: 7 Lafayette Place.
- OVERLAND MONTHLY. September. San Francisco: 120 Sutter Street.
- ANDOVER REVIEW. September. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. September. New York: Macmillan and Company.
- COSMOPOLITAN. September. Rochester: Schlicht and Field Company.
- PANSY. September. Boston: D. Lathrop and Company.
- LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. Sept. 11. Boston: Littell and Company.
- CHURCH REVIEW. September. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
- FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. October. New York: 53 Park Place.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. September. London and New York. Macmillan and Company.

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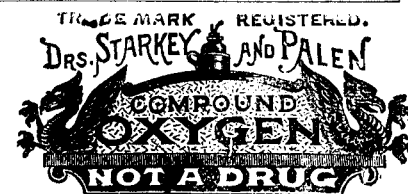
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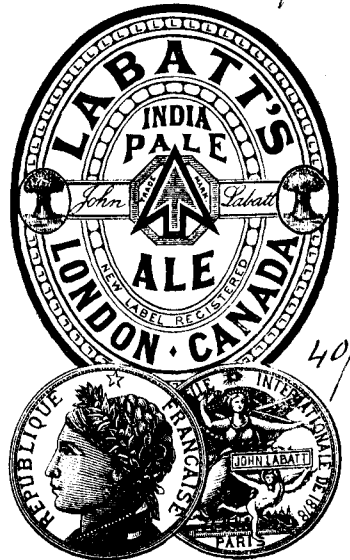
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