

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 18.

Toronto, Thursday, April 1st, 1886.

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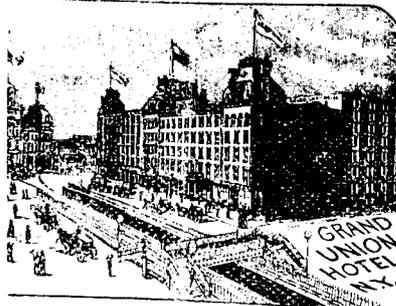
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AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

By the time the next number of THE WEEK is in the hands of its readers Mr. Gladstone's mystery will, in all probability, have been revealed. As to the nature of his own project there could never be much doubt, whatever modifications resistance in the Cabinet might induce. An Irish Parliament was the price which he offered through his son for Mr. Parnell's support, and the appointment of Mr. Morley, Mr. Parnell's virtual nominee, to the Irish Secretaryship sealed the bond. Had the project been anything short of an Irish Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain would not have resigned. It has always been understood that he was ready for a large measure of Local Self-Government, provided the Legislative Union was not impaired. It seems to be certain that his objection is to the political part of the scheme, not only to the plan of buying, at an expense of from one hundred and twenty to two hundred millions sterling to the loyal and law-abiding people of Great Britain, freehold farms for Irish Leaguers, many of whom are stated to have money in the savings banks, while not a few, we are told, have come into their farms through the eviction of the tenants before them.

The one thing which, throughout this controversy, men of sense and those who were familiar with Ireland have agreed in maintaining, is that the choice lies between the maintenance of the Legislative Union and entire Separation. Home Rule, subject to the authority of the Imperial Parliament, may be granted to any reasonable extent so long as it does not carry with it Home Robbery, Home Boycotting, and Home Murder. Robbery, boycotting, and murder it is the first duty of every government to prevent, and the shame of any government to allow. But there is no half-way house between Union and Disunion. Even if it were otherwise possible that two Parliaments, each locally supreme, should ever work in unison and without a collision, the temper of the Irish people and their leaders would, in the present instance, be manifestly fatal to the operation of any such arrangement. Mr. Gladstone's Irish Parliament will be garished, no doubt, with an ingenious set of conditions and restrictions. To sweep away these conditions and restrictions, and to make the Parliament of Ireland absolutely independent, will be henceforth the aspiration and the trade of the Irish demagogue, whose object is not amity or loyalty, and who is not likely, because he has succeeded in extorting what will be at once a large instalment and a powerful lever, to desist from the political agitation by which he makes his bread. The same weakness which has conceded a separate Parliament will, after a little more bullying and worrying, concede the rest. It will be again said, and with far more reason than it is said at present, that coercion is impossible, that to conciliation in the end it must come, and that it is better to give way without a conflict. Not many years will pass before the Irish Parliament will declare Ireland independent, and apply, not in vain, for recognition to the politicians of the United States. Where there is now an integral portion of the United

Kingdom, Great Britain will have a hostile republic, inspired by American Fenianism, at her side. This Mr. Trevelyan sees, and, being a man of convictions, he resigns. This Mr. Chamberlain sees, and, being a clear-sighted man, with a career before him, he declines to confront the feeling of the nation such as he knows it will be on the morrow of Dismemberment.

It can scarcely be supposed that the leader of the Radicals would take this step without knowing that he had some support in his own section. If he has, Mr. Gladstone's position is seriously shaken. Up to this time it has been impossible to discern which way the current was running. Of two letters brought from England by the same post, and both written by thoroughly well-informed and competent observers, one has told us that the prospects of the Union had greatly brightened, the other that it was a lost cause. There is much to breed misgiving in those who are fighting for the integrity of the nation. England is not herself. Scepticism, ultra-commercialism, sybaritism, have for the time relaxed her moral sinew. Her artisan masses think, pardonably enough perhaps, of their Unions and the wage question more than of anything else. If they have any strong political sentiment, it is that of the Democracy of Labour combined with humanitarianism, rather than national and patriotic. They do not see the connection between the commercial prosperity of the country and her greatness. The conscience of the nation is laden with a vague feeling that justice is due to Ireland for ancient wrongs, and nobody asks himself whether to give her a Parliament of priests or terrorists would be to do her justice. There is an eagerness to be rid of the Irish trouble at any price, as though a dual Parliament could end it, or fail to make it worse and more desperate than ever. Faction rides rampant over patriotism, and the Radicals seem to regard the dissolution of the Union as a part of their general programme of destruction. The influence of Mr. Gladstone's voice is still enormous, and is likely, by its effects, to give the world the most tremendous lesson which it has ever received on the dangers of rhetorical government. Neither in Parliament nor in the popular imagination has he anything approaching to a rival; nor will his personal ascendancy be fatally affected even if he should be left in the House of Commons with nobody but notorious placemen and his Parnellite Irish Secretary at his side. Of the Opposition it is enough to say that Lord Randolph Churchill is one of its leaders. Mr. Gibson, an excellent and most weighty speaker on Irish questions, has unluckily been transferred to the House of Lords: his removal was one of the bad effects of that most calamitous escapade, the Salisbury Administration. One influence there is, which might still countervail that of Mr. Gladstone and afford a rallying-point to the defenders, in the last resort, of national unity. Royalty seems at last to have been frightened by the gathering storm of revolution into leaving its seclusion, and resuming the performance of its public duties. But the effort comes late—for Ireland certainly too late; and bold counsels in extremity are forbidden by the Sovereign's sex. As to the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's last extension of the Franchise has reduced it to such a state that even the most decided Liberals are growing alarmed at its disorganization, recklessness, and violence; while nothing has been done to restore the authority of the Upper House as a controlling and conservative power by bringing it into harmony with the ideas and forces of a democratic era. It is impossible, then, to feel assured that we are not destined to witness a great catastrophe, a descent of Great Britain in the scale of nations, and a signal triumph of her foes. Disintegration will not stop at Ireland. What weakness is doing some strong hand may undo hereafter; but the restoration will be through tears and blood.

The notion that Mr. Gladstone ought to be blindly trusted with the settlement of the Irish Question is surely unwarranted by facts. He settled Disestablishment: but Disestablishment was a simple measure of justice bearing all its consequences on its face. It did not require forecast, which the present measure requires in the highest degree. It did not even require any special knowledge of Ireland, the religious census being a sufficient foundation. In carrying it through the House of Commons its framer displayed the greatest eloquence and vigour; but these are not forecast, nor unhappily are they pledges for its presence. Mr. Gladstone has barely set foot in Ireland. He has never seen the Irish in America. Long as his public life had been, he had given no sign of special interest on the subject, when one day it presented itself as the bridge by which he might lead his party back to power. His present policy, we know, dates only from the moment when he found that he would not have a majority in

Parliament without the Parnellites; for up to that time he had continued to declare, in answer to all interrogations, that he had no policy to propound, and that he meant to wait (as he and everybody else had much better have waited) till the representatives of Ireland propounded their own. His thoughts had apparently not been previously concentrated on the Irish problem, since he was engaged in lucubrations on Cosmogony, which, when submitted to the critical eye of Science, showed that he was capable of promulgating vast theories with slender information, and upon very insufficient grounds. His Land Act, of the success of which and of its efficacy as a measure of conciliation he was so confident, has failed; and the reasons of its failure were manifest from the first, since it was evident that those who had got rid of half the rent by agitation would at once begin, especially as they were in the hands of political rebels, to agitate for the removal of the rest. His last great exercise of practical forecast was in relation to the Franchise Act, which he predicted would "unite all classes of the people in one compact body round their ancient throne," and of which the immediate result has been a moral civil war.

A man of sense, being asked whether he did not think liberty an excellent thing, answered that he must first be told who was to be at liberty to do what. The people on whom an additional measure of liberty is to be bestowed in the present instance, and whom release from controlling authority is at once to elevate and make happy, are those who the other day, when the widow of the murdered process-server, Finlay, was returning from viewing the dead body of her husband, gathered round her in numbers and mocked her grief with jeers and shouts of triumph; who, some time ago, stood round in a crowd while the brains of a poor boy of seventeen were beaten out before his mother's eyes; who exulted, whatever might be said to the contrary, in the Phoenix Park murders; who in their savage fury mutilate dumb cattle and burn horses alive. They are the kinsmen of those who a few days ago, at Montreal, loudly applauded a speaker when he told them that he who would not murder a landlord was a coward. They have their excuses, no doubt, in the calamities of their history; they have also their good qualities; but those good qualities evidently do not include self-control and love of law, without which self-government is a curse. They are under the absolute dominion of a priesthood which sends them by tens of thousands to the miracle-working Church of Knock, and the attitude of which towards morality throughout this fearful epoch of crime has been, to say the least, far from reassuring. That Ireland has her respectable and intelligent classes is true; but we know too well that it is not into the hands of these classes, but into those of the classes in abject thralldom to the League, that political power will be thrown. For the respectability and intelligence of Ireland, the only chance of liberty, the only chance of escape from the most cruel and degrading tyranny, lies in the maintenance of the Union. Mr. Gladstone, however, since his conversion from Toryism to Radicalism, has rushed, after the fashion of converts, to the extreme of his new opinions, and embraced a metaphysical philanthropy which in bestowing political power knows no distinction of fitness between the British or American citizen and the Moonlighters of Tipperary. He even persists in recognizing the authentic voice of the people, and the not less authentic voice of God, in the results of an Irish election manifestly carried by terrorism with the aid of foreign money. To do him justice he is no more astray in this respect than are the philosophic Radicals, who, while they proclaim the reign of science over the political and social spheres, as soon as they come to a practical question give their science to the winds, treat all beings in human shape as if they were in the same stage of development, and act, just as irrationally as the despised Rousseauists, on the theory of abstract rights. A thoroughly sympathizing and kind, but at the same time firm and upright, Government, above demagogism and faction, affording protection to life and industry and able to deal freely and wisely with the economical problem which lies at the root of all, and which no amount of political gimcrackery will help to solve, is what Ireland needs and the true friends of her people desire. But England herself has now no Government except a discordant and chaotic assembly of six hundred and fifty men elected largely by ignorance and passion. How is she to give a Government to Ireland?

Liberal contributions are being sent over for the subversion of the Union and the destruction of the British power by the enemies of Great Britain in the United States, and not only by Irishmen but by native Americans who have no interest in the Irish question, and whose sole motive is hatred of England. This fact is exultingly recorded by Liberal journals in Canada, which then turn round and tax British-Canadians with impertinence for sending expressions of sympathy to the defenders of the Union and the Empire. Let the Invincible triumph in Ireland, and it will soon be seen whether we have no interest in the matter here.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

M. EUGENE SIMON was French Consul in China during several years. Not content with simply discharging his duty, he has visited the towns and inspected the country districts; he has penetrated into the stores of merchants, the shops of artisans, and the cabins of the peasants—cabins that many rural labourers in France might well envy. He gained the confidence of the natives, and so has been able to study, to anatomize, their social existence. He commences—where China must be commenced—with individual and family life. That is the source of Chinese organization and vitality. The Chinese realize the principle of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." They have all the liberty, justice, and security they require, or—demand. They pay only three francs per head, annually, in taxes, while France, who plumes herself, according to M. Simon, on being the head of civilization, pays one hundred francs per inhabitant. The Chinese peasants, too, are better lodged and fed than those in France; have more copious and varied repasts; no meal but is followed by cakes at the dessert; and the labourers are more gay and blithesome to boot.

M. Simon repudiates the accusation that the Government of China is a despotism. Can that be a despotism, he demands, where from three hundred to five hundred millions of beings are ruled by from twenty-three to thirty thousand functionaries? In Cochin China, for a population of one and a half millions, France has some one thousand and seventy-three functionaries. The standing army of China consists of one hundred thousand Tartars, lost in the midst of a swarming population. In China the people govern and administer themselves; in the family by its members; in the cities by selected delegates, and whose president only is a functionary or president, whom they can supersede generally when he displeases.

There is the fullest liberty of education. Any person can open a school; everybody is free to attend it, or—not; and strange, there is no Chinese but can read, write, cipher, and draw. The people are free to hold public meetings and to form associations, independent of the Government. There are Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square speeches, and Louise Michel gatherings; there are violent placards occasionally against the Emperor; but the authors are never indicted: leave them free is found to be the safest of imprisonments.

There are no lawyers, no police, in China, because every family decides its own disputes, and each individual is a policeman. M. Simon regards Chinese society as the ideal of perfection, because peaceful, happy, and prosperous. Perhaps China resembles France between the sixth and twelfth centuries. She then vegetated and was lapped in repose. Why has France progressed? why has China remained stationary? Why do not the "heathen Chinese" put the coping-stone to their civilization? They seem to be engaged that way now; they are laying in stocks of Krupp cannons, repetition rifles, torpedo-boats, swift armed cruisers, and all similar civilizing agents of the future. Nay, more, the Celestials levy import duties less prohibitive than such Westerns as Germany and France.

DR. HAMY, Director of the Ethnographical Museum, examines the great migrations of the human family during the fifth century, commonly known as the Invasions of the Barbarians. In the early years of the fifth century, peoples, from imperfectly known causes, invaded Europe, and annihilated in some years, what remained of Western civilization. The Suèves, Francks, Burgunds, Teutons, Saxons, Vandals, and Goths, were in the front ranks of these invaders; behind them the Slavs, and behind these again, the Mongol races—the Huns of Attila. All Western Europe, and to the North even of Africa, was inundated with these freebooters. While these inroads were taking place, another invasion was occurring at the opposite extremity of the Old World; other hordes precipitated towards the North-East, and drove co-barbarians before them. It was then the Esquimaux moved towards America, arriving a few centuries later in Greenland; then commenced the movement towards Mexico and Central America of those peoples known as Toltecs. After the latter, arrived, among other races, the Aztecs. So numerous were these immigrations that no less than six hundred and nineteen different languages have been recorded throughout the Mexican regions.

It is thus clear that America is as complicated and composite in its innumerable peoples as old Europe, and which indicates that man has been more largely spread over the surface of the globe in primitive times than is generally supposed.

WHY is Thackeray only a treat for the limited few in France, while Dickens is for the reading public a household word? Is it the consequence of national temperament? Dickens comes best to the French ideal—profoundly democratic in thought and manners, while England is profoundly aristocratic, when it sincerely desires to be otherwise. "Scratch John Bull," say the French, and you find the aristocrat.

Although Dickens has not "illuminated his works with the author's own candles," he has felt, and expressed like a great artist, the poesy which dwells among the humble classes, and in their *milieu*, by his gaiety, wit, and a communicative emotion. Therein consists the success of Dickens with the French; he conquered English conventionalities, which with the French are ranked somewhat as eccentricities. Not that Dickens thinks like the French, but he has on things human, on the relations between classes, such general views and feelings, that they are accepted as more French and less British.

Dickens, in his worldly personages, equals almost Balzac; towards the French Revolution he is as realist as Murger and Henri Monnier. It is impossible for him to rank any of his characters higher than an "Esquire." If he travels outside the orbit of the humble, his figures are mannikins. Not so Thackeray; he gives a true and faithful transcript of actual life; he nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice; his men and women are neither the best nor worst; he is a realist in his way, and ranks on the Continent as one of the three great English novelists of the century. Then anything coming from Thackeray's pen has a great literary importance, which explains the favourable reception extended to his hitherto unprinted "Contributions to *Punch*." Thackeray, in these fugitive squibs and skits, is seen in working dress, not official costume. His glory suffers nothing from the autopsy. These fantasies of youthful days are as gay, as true in tone, and as fresh as on their first day; the style is as pure and the language as elegant as in "Esmond" and the "Newcomes." Are such not the privileges of *chefs-d'auvres* of all kinds?

It has been remarked Thackeray had Addison's love of virtue, Johnson's hatred of cant, Horace Walpole's lynx eye for the mean and ridiculous, and Goldsmith's kindness and wide charity for mankind. But to enter Thackeray's gallery, it is essential at least to have a footman in scarlet plush and silk stockings, for he is the delineator of the governing classes, and his dukes, marquises, countesses, bankers, and merchant princes are as living as nature. Now these are social strata the French can no more comprehend than they can the seigneurs of their own *ancien régime*. In their nature they are, perhaps, as pure types as those of Dickens; but they are more local, appear less human, and hence less comprehensible by the foreigner.

ZERO.

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

AN interesting course of winter lectures, given under the auspices of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, was brought to a close on Friday night, March 19. Before referring to the lecture itself, it is perhaps desirable that we should say a word or two about the "Literary and Historical Society," which, we regret to say, has fallen upon evil days. The history of the society was sketched with conspicuous ability by Dr. Harper, Rector of the Boys' High School, in a lecture which he delivered some weeks ago. The men who originated the Society have long since passed away, and their successors have not shown the same enthusiasm for the work so worthily inaugurated, and hence it has languished almost to the point of death. Fortunately for the Society it has a live president, in the person of Mr. George Stewart, Jr., F.R.S.C., and it was mainly through his efforts that the late excellent course of lectures was carried to a successful issue. The lecture on Friday night, March 19, was delivered by Mr. Shehyn, M.P.P., President of the Quebec Board of Trade; and a more gloomy outlook we have rarely seen placed before a Quebec audience. Mr. Shehyn's subject was "Railways and Waterways," and although the *Chronicle* devotes more than a column to the lecture, the essential points presented by the lecturer are almost entirely overlooked. Mr. Shehyn argued and fortified his arguments by indisputable evidence that under no condition of circumstances was it possible for the waterway to compete with the railway. Two or three rough articles of merchandise might be carried more advantageously by water than by rail, but the possibility of reaching anything like a speedy transit was out of the question, even when steam was used on the canals. The difficulty of contending against the displacement of a body of shallow water in a narrow channel, and its wash against the opposite banks, was referred to at length, and the opinion of eminent engineers quoted; he then pointed to the fact that—notwithstanding the great improvements that had been effected in enlarging and deepening the canals, as well as in increasing the carrying capacity of the barges from 8,000 to 80,000 bushels,—the waterways had not been able to hold their own against the railways. It was a difficult matter to get those who had property invested in canals to recognize the inevitable; and consequently they were everywhere to be found knocking at the public treasury, seeking for help in some shape or other. For example, they wanted the canals deepened to-day, and to-morrow they felt confident that the abolition of tolls was the one thing mostly needed, to enable them

to compete successfully with the railways. In reply, Mr. Shehyn showed that where both requests had been complied with the result gave hardly any appreciable increase of tonnage, and did not reduce the cost to such a point as would enable the owners to compete with the railways. The canals had never paid for the cost of construction and maintenance, and under all the circumstances the best thing for the country to do with them was to sell them out to the highest and best bidder. In discussing the question of Western traffic, he held out no hopes to those sanguine gentlemen who are always predicting that the trade of the West would somehow or other find an outlet by the St. Lawrence route. They had only to look at the vast network of railways on the American side to feel convinced that there was not the least chance of their wide-awake neighbours permitting such an important traffic to pass their doors, even if Canada could compete with them upon equal terms—which she could not. It was five millions against fifty; and those fifty backed up by an almost inexhaustible capital, and an enterprise that never flagged. From the neighbourhood of the great lakes they would doubtless continue to draw large quantities of freight; but even here they would have to exercise great vigilance, and see that the Canadian Pacific Railway was not permitted to play them false. If that corporation built a bridge above Montreal, it simply meant that they were cut off from the main line of Western traffic, which would find an outlet by way of Boston, or some American port. On the whole, Mr. Shehyn does not appear to share in the confidence of those who have, from time to time, expressed themselves hopefully about Quebec's future. There are some capitalists interested in the Lake St. John Railway, and this particular interest is being preached up vigorously at present as that upon which the future prosperity of Quebec hangs. The same thing was said about the North Shore and similar enterprises, so long as it was necessary to make the public "pay the piper." Mr. Campbell proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, pointing out the immense wealth that was ready to flow into the Ancient Capital upon the completion of the Lake St. John Railway. Dr. Harper seconded the resolution, without saying anything about the railway, an omission that is probably due to the fact that, being a Scotchman, the learned Rector of the High School is not much of a visionary. Col. Rhodes drew attention to the state of things in the port of Quebec; he urged the President of the Board of Trade to send the information to every centre of commerce that at present there was an open waterway to the sea. It was a fact of very great importance, and might have considerable influence upon the commerce of the port. We incline to the opinion that the worthy Colonel overestimates the value of open water in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A month from this date, steamers find the navigation risky enough, and are very often under the necessity of turning back to Halifax. Indeed, it would be culpable to attempt the navigation much before the 1st of May, even if the "lights" and "buoys" were all placed, owing to snowstorms and masses of floating ice. The truth is, Quebec is like a man drowning, prepared to grasp at any straw; but her day has gone, and she has nobody to blame but herself. Mr. Shehyn practically says as much, and there is no use in closing our eyes to the inevitable.

A good deal of amusement, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, has been elicited from Sir A. P. Caron's speech. The true cause of Mr. Amyot's defection from the Conservative side has not so far become public property, but it will by and by; in the meantime, it is now recollected that when the Ninth were leaving Quebec, more than one person declared publicly that they were not going to fight, and this opinion, however it got abroad, appears to have been well founded. There is something irrepressibly comic in Amyot's military tactics, and the novelty of a whole army in the field protecting "forts and provisions" is nothing short of a revelation in military science. Judged in an off-handed way, it may be said to promote eating and to minimize fighting. "The volunteers," says this modern master of the art of successful war, "are specially adapted for the protection of the forts and provisions." We declare with some confidence that this is a humanitarian view of the art of war that, if generally accepted, will work a revolution among the nations of the earth. Place the regimental colours in a biscuit box and hold it to the death, and if the enemy don't die through the interposition of ball-cartridge, you can kill him in a negative way through hunger.

THE promotion of Archbishop Taschereau to the Cardinalate of his Church is an event of considerable importance in many ways. Everybody in the Ancient Capital admires Archbishop Taschereau for his many excellent qualities. The Roman Catholics see in him a prelate of great personal piety, profound sagacity as a chief pastor, and the representative of a house illustrious among French-Canadians; while the Protestants of Quebec look upon him as the embodiment of all that is praiseworthy among Roman ecclesiastics; his Grace is ever ready to help them in their

crusade against intemperance, and to assist them in procuring a better observance of the Sabbath. Within his own archiepiscopal diocese matters have not always gone as smoothly as he could have wished, and a bishop of weaker fibre than Mgr. Taschereau would have felt his position almost intolerable. With stern and immovable purpose, he has again and again encountered the forces of the Jesuits, and finally defeated them along the whole line. In many instances it was war to the death; but the Archbishop proved himself more than a match even for a Society that has never been overscrupulous in its methods. The embers of discontent still linger among the Castor Party; but the recent agitation in this Province has disturbed the old political lines, and it is doubtful if any politico-religious party will ever again be able to make headway in Quebec. The promotion of Archbishop Taschereau signalizes the death of the Jesuit party in Canada, and the inauguration of a more liberal policy, which will in the end prove most beneficial to the interests of the Roman Church on this continent. But, more than this, the elevation of Mgr. Taschereau to the high dignity of a Prince of the Roman See is a deserved compliment to the whole French-Canadian race. If we except the Irish there is no people on the face of the earth more devoted to the Roman Catholic Church than the French of Lower Canada. Their loyalty to that Church is constant, unswerving, and thoroughly unselfish; and the simplicity of their lives, when uncontaminated by politics, and the purity of their priesthood, are points of which any Church might well feel proud. The French-Canadians are a simple, peaceful, and law-abiding people, and, as a Protestant, I make free to say that in the whole College of Cardinals there is no one better entitled to the dignity than Archbishop Taschereau.

NEMO.

THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

ON Saturday evening, March 20, the members of the Canadian Institute assembled to listen to a paper by Mr. A. E. Kingsford, M.A., upon "The Campaign of 1815," which proved to be a most careful analysis, reached by the study of all the authorities, English, French, and Prussian, of the causes that led to Napoleon's memorable defeat.

The lecturer showed how in a line running west-north-west and east-south-east, whose central point was about twenty miles south of Brussels, stretched the British and Prussian lines, the British left slightly overlapping the Prussian right a little at Quatre Bras, which was not far from the central point mentioned, and on the high road from Charleroi to the capital; how the British centre lay at Nivelles, and the British right at Ath, and how Wellington persisted in thinking, despite all reports to the contrary, that the French would make for one or both of these points, taking the most natural roads available to them; and how, even when the French had advanced by three columns to Charleroi, and Prince Bernhard with 4,000 men alone disputed Ney's passage at Frasne (some four miles south of Quatre Bras), the Duke actually ordered General Provencher with 3,000 Dutch Belgians to retreat from Quatre Bras to Nivelles, but Provencher fortunately disobeyed him. Yet, when all seemed ripe for Napoleon to sever the two allied armies, and crush first one and then the other, a few of the strangest blunders, mainly accidental, were proved to have turned victory into defeat.

Through Ney's failing to well concentrate his troops, Prince Bernhard and General Provencher had made a good defence of Frasne, when at an early hour on the 16th of June they fell back upon Quatre Bras. Ney, who had been a long while in bringing up 17,000 men against them, receiving Napoleon's order for an advance at nine o'clock, waited on until one for the arrival of 20,000 more under General Dirlon, who had lingered on the road behind him. But Dirlon, upon riding up a little ahead of his men, was met by an aide-de-camp, who showed him a pencilled order from Napoleon, bidding him come to his aid near Ligny, where he was about to engage the Prussians, and who assured him that Ney had already seen it and consented, which was not the fact. The order must have been hastily given, in contradiction of after-plans, as well as of Napoleon's original scheme; for when Dirlon's troops came in sight the Emperor actually sent an aide-de-camp to find out whether they were friends or foes. The former being ascertained, they were ordered to roll the right flank of the Prussians in upon its centre, which the Emperor was attacking. But meanwhile Ney kept sending messages to Dirlon, urging him to return to him; and at length the bewildered man told off one-quarter of his troops to help the Emperor, which was too little for the task, and marched back the rest to Ney, whom they reached too late. Had these 20,000 men remained with Napoleon in the second place, the defeat of the Prussians would have been overwhelming; had they remained with Ney in the first place, they would have opened the road to Brussels. As it was, Wellington

had time to bring up a force of British troops to Quatre Bras; and these, with the first defenders, repulsed the great marshal.

Still Ney had kept the English in play while his master had won the clear victory of Ligny over the Prussians—a victory so dispiriting to his foes as to cause several thousands of the Prussian troops to desert. Let this be followed up, and all would yet be well!

But here arose the most fatal blunder of the campaign.

Wellington retreated from Quatre Bras only to take up a stronger position at Mont St. Jean, near the village of Waterloo; and meanwhile Neisseman, second in command of the Prussian army (for Blücher was desperately wounded), carried out a masterful retreat to Wavre, fifteen miles due north of Ligny and nine to the east of Wellington's position, bringing in his ninety thousand men by five o'clock the next evening. But Napoleon had taken for granted that the Prussians would withdraw eastwards to their old strong point, Namur; and General Gruchy, who was left in command of the French right, remained under that impression during almost the whole of the 17th. When he had informed Napoleon of his mistake, the latter ordered him as he marched northward to keep up continual communication with him by detachments of cavalry; but this he neglected to do.

Early in the morning of the 18th, Blücher sent a despatch to Wellington—"Am pressing on to join you; and if they don't fight us on the 18th, we will fight them on the 19th,"—which was indeed brave, in view of his so recent defeat. Early on the same morning, Napoleon sent a message to Gruchy—"Push on to Wavre." But the Emperor most likely thought that by that time Gruchy was between Waterloo and Wavre, and so able again to intercept the Prussians, whereas his advanced guard was still only half-way between Wavre and Ligny. At half-past eleven, as he sat breakfasting at Sart with two fellow-generals, they heard the firing of the cannon which was the signal for the mighty battle of Waterloo. "It is the Emperor fighting the English," exclaimed his companions. "Let us join him! We will ride towards the sound of the guns." (There was a by-road to Planchenoit, whence the sound came.) But Gruchy showed his latest orders, and persisted in continuing his march. At this moment the foremost of the Prussians, marching from Wavre to join Wellington, had only reached St. Lambert, a village about three miles from Planchenoit; but as the French under Gruchy advanced, they could actually see them moving to effect that much-to-be-prevented union, while there was now no cross-road by which they could be hindered.

Nevertheless, there was some very hot fighting at Wavre. But a part of the Prussians, in a strong position, repulsed Gruchy's Frenchmen; while another part continued to swell the numbers of the English. And thus did the battle of Waterloo become a complete victory for the allies, a disastrous defeat for the French. That the Prussians bore no trifling part in the struggle is proved by the fact that they left nearly 6,300 dead and wounded upon the field, while the actual British loss was just 6,596. Yet it was the British squares which bore for the greater part of the day those repeated charges of the superb French cavalry, and withstood, in a narrow valley, the murderous fire of the powerful French artillery.

M. L. R.

VULCAN, OR MOTHER EARTH.

UNDER this quaint title, Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, in the *Forum*, argues against cremation and in favour of burial. The recent establishment of a crematory at Buffalo has probably suggested his theme. The Bishop is too sensible to contend that it makes any difference with regard to the prospects of the soul in the next world what is done with the body in this. So far he would no doubt agree with the late excellent Bishop of Manchester, who refused to oppose himself to cremation. To believe that the body can rise again physically the same is impossible when its particles will have not only been dispersed through the elements, but incorporated in other bodies. The Bishop's arguments are drawn from Church history, custom, and sentiment; and history, custom, and sentiment are strong. It would be difficult to prove that the Christians adopted from the first and universally the practice of burying as that which alone was congenial to their religion. That they did adopt it, however, is certain. Perhaps they were partly led by Jewish precedent, partly by antipathy to Paganism, partly by the idea embodied in St. Paul's metaphor of the seed committed to the ground. At Rome, where they were a persecuted sect, it must have been safer to perform their own funeral service in the Catacombs than at a pyre in the open air. In Egypt, they seem to have been caught by the Egyptian fancy for embalming. Sanitary considerations, we may be pretty sure, never entered their minds any more than they entered the minds of those who afterwards buried in churches. Nor was their practice free from

superstitious notions about the Resurrection, in which they imagined that the body would rise with its face to the Judge, whose appearance was to be in the east. That the custom is now deeply rooted no one doubts. Sentiment also appeals in favour of repose in a quiet English churchyard at the side of the gray church and under the immemorial yew, though less strongly, as we conceive, in favour of repose amidst a vast museum of hideous monuments in a cemetery turned into a pleasure-ground. But as to the actual mode of dissolution the sentiment seems to us to be all on the other side. Bishop Coxé allows his fancy to dwell on the unpleasant details of cremation. But what are these compared with the loathsome process of decay protracted by coffin burial? Agreeable to the imagination no method of disposing of a corpse can be; but the least disagreeable surely is that which gives back our elements as speedily as possible to the general life of the universe. Science does not seem greatly to apprehend the danger of undetected poisoning; at least it regards that danger as fully balanced by that of the most appalling and ghastly of all possible horrors, premature burial. As to the sanitary superiority of cremation, there can hardly be a dispute, and this argument is pressed upon us by the recent plague of small-pox at Montreal. With the practice of burial it might be hoped that much of the absurd, disgusting, and essentially un-Christian pomp both of funerals and of cemeteries would disappear; that long trains of carriages would no longer be seen escorting through the streets what, if we are sincere in our Christian faith, we must believe to be the mere cast-off vesture of mortality; that a simple service in the house would be held sufficient; that catalogues of floral offerings would no longer offend good taste in the papers; and that there would be an end of that most wretched competition of posthumous vanities which fills our nominally Christian cemeteries with columns, obelisks, pyramids, sarcophagi, miniature temples, and all sorts of monstrous and pagan devices, vainly contending against each other, on behalf of long-forgotten dust, for a glance of notice from the unheeding passenger. Cremation has not only prejudices, but some feelings which are not mere prejudices, to surmount; yet in the end it will probably prevail.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

POLITICAL SCIENCE IN OUR SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—It is the unanimous verdict of the thinking men of to-day that too little attention has hitherto been given to the important branch of study usually entitled Political Economy. Second only to his duties to God are his duties to his fellow-man, which duties he acknowledges in the rights he ascribes to and claims for himself. Man as an individual in the great network of human society exercises his duty to the State in one or other capacity, either by his private influence and franchise, or in the more public and responsible trust of State official.

To perform either duty satisfactorily demands a knowledge of the laws which govern and regulate society, not merely the superficial knowledge gained by the ordinary citizen in the narrow sphere in which he walks, but a careful study of their fundamental principles, and the natural laws on which they rest. That there are natural laws which govern the actions of peoples and nations everyone must or will perceive, even the laggard perceptions of the scholastic dignitaries which govern our State University. That according to these natural laws, decreed by the divine Lawgiver, all human laws must be framed, seems also evident; though how we, as a nation, are going to frame the human laws, while we are in Egyptian darkness as to the natural laws, is a mystery.

There are great questions to be solved by the people of to-day: What must we do with the unemployed? how shall we answer the appeals of the workingman and settle his dispute with the capitalist? and how shall we stem the rising tides of plutocracy and proletariat? These questions are not to be solved by the endeavours of the few, much as their researches may assist, but they are to be answered by the united effort of every man who wields the franchise. And according to his knowledge of the laws which are, and the laws which should be, must he make yearly account at the polls to his country and his conscience.

At times, when certain important measures are clamouring for fulfilment and certain grievances for well-merited redress, we hear the cry, "Public opinion is not ripe for such issues." Public opinion then must be educated, till it shall always be ready for truth: it will certainly never ripen in the shades of ignorance.

But further, this is an era of scientific method; a time when natural law, however poorly interpreted, holds sway in the mind of man. Why should not scientific methods rule in politics? for never was subject more in need of it. Why should not all our legislators be studied in the principles according to which they purport to frame their laws. We know, of course,

they learn by practice; but would the Indian medicine-man, with his many years of practice, be preferred to the learned physician versed in all the laws which govern the human anatomy? Let our politicians, instead of seeking for captious errors in one another's policies, with which to catch the public ear, look deeper for the less palpable, but more dangerous, errors of a shallow or false foundation, and their services to the State will be more lasting and better rewarded.

What do we want? Not merely a chair in Political Economy for University College; though why that is not is hard to conjecture. We want the subject of Political Economy taught in our High Schools and Colleges. We want living men turned out by our educational centres not burdened with a load of hackneyed fossils, which they cast off with a sigh of disgust, but full of aspirations and new hopes for their country, ready to put in practice the true theories of civil and national life. We do not want men, however well versed in the technicalities of Greece and Rome, however expert in the handling of *x* and *y*, who, through ignorance of even the first clause in the constitution under which they live, drift about in the world of practice like the backwoods rustic in the crowded metropolis. We want men who can think as well as speak; men who count it their highest desire to share in the burden and the glory of elevating themselves and their fellow-men. We teach our scholars History; History is past Political Economy. Political Economy is present history; let us teach it as such. If the "proper study of mankind is man," let us teach his duty to man, and point out to him clearly the laws according to which this duty must be exercised.

Hoping this subject may claim the valued attention of your readers, I am, sir, yours obediently,
N. H. RUSSELL.
University College.

CASALE ROTONDO.

[A ruin in the Campagna, about six miles outside Rome, on the Appian Way, is called Casale Rotondo.]

If life indeed were ours,
Well might the heavenly powers
Smile as they watched Man's fruitless struggle here;
We build, and build in vain,
Poor ants; the autumnal rain
Drowns all the work, but yet we persevere.

Man's proud achievements fall;
Reft arch or mouldering wall,
Where solemn temple stood or palace high,
Tell the old tale anew
Which royal David knew,
The works of Man, as Man himself, must die.

When Scipio beheld
Despairing Carthage, held
By his stern leaguer, girdled round by fire,
Rise into flame at last,
And o'er the dark sea cast
Her dying light like Dido's funeral pyre;

Deeply he sighed, and said,
"Great Babylon is dead,
And Tyre is gone, and Carthage now, and then
Rome, Rome must fall, and we,
The conquerors, conquered be
And taste the doom which tracks the pride of men."

Bare the Campagna round
Circles this lonely mound,
Half tomb, half tower,—a dust-heap,—type of all
The once triumphant Rome,
Now beneath Peter's dome
Crouched yonder, shrunk within her mighty wall.

Mistress of many lands,
Imperial England stands,
Through East and West by force and law prevailing;
Say! shall we see the fate
Of Rome dissolve her state,
And Albion's star of fame and victory paling?

And we, her sons, who give
Our life that she may live
Beneath Canadian frosts and Indian skies,
"Is this," we cry, "the end
Whither our labours tend,
Is this the balance of our sacrifice?"

If life indeed were ours—
But oh, ye heavenly powers!
Pitying ye look, and know it is not so;
Life is the mystic scroll
God wrote—he reads the whole;
How should the letters His wide meaning know?

—The Spectator.

P. H. H.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE same correspondent of the *Globe* who a short time ago was calling for legislation to compel his landlord to reduce the rent of the house now proposes that no landlord shall be allowed to charge more than three dollars an acre for cleared land, whatever the clearing or the land itself may have cost. This is one of a series of measures by which he thinks we might avert the great revolution predicted for the end of the century by that cool-headed and sure-footed investigator, Prince Kropotkine, the Wiggins of political meteorology. We do not know what the correspondent's own occupation may be. Let us suppose that he is a tailor. Tailors are said to be highly communistic. Marr, himself a Communist, is quoted as stating that at the meetings of Communists in Switzerland three-fourths of those present were of that trade. "I felt," he says, "when I entered one of these Clubs that I was with the Mother of tailors. The tailor, sitting and chatting at his work, is always extreme in his opinions. Tailor and Communist are synonymous terms." We propose, then, that no tailor shall be allowed to charge more than five dollars for a coat, let the price of cloth be what it may, and that if the tailors refuse to make coats for us at that price they shall be brought to the whipping-post. The correspondent would of course enact that the landowner should be compelled to clear the land, for which he was to receive no more than three dollars; otherwise the land might not be cleared; and this could only be done with the lash.

THOUGH one party is in power at Ottawa and the other at Toronto, the position of the Opposition leader for Ontario seems as hopeless as that of the Opposition leader for the Dominion. Mr. Meredith plays his part well; he is a good speaker, albeit rather of a mild order; he is personally respected and popular in the highest degree; yet he makes no way. The cause is the same in his case as in that of his Liberal brother in adversity: he has no policy on which to appeal to the people for a change of Government. A policy offers itself to him, but he will not embrace it; indeed, to embrace it is hardly in his power so long as his party is a donkey-engine to a party resting on the support of the Roman Catholics of Quebec. If he were willing, and were left at liberty, to attack the Mowat-Lynch compact by moving boldly against sectarian domination, he would soon find himself borne forward by a strong and enthusiastic following. Self-respecting citizens are sick of the sectarian yoke. But so long as he has to shape his course with a view to the retention of the mere remnant of Roman Catholics which still lingers within his party lines, there is really no reason why anybody should make an effort to put him in and the Mowat-Lynch Confederation out. The balance of parties, therefore, is likely to remain indefinitely as it is. This state of things is to be regretted on grounds broader and higher than any connected with the rivalry between Mr. Meredith and Mr. Mowat. Party in the Local Legislature has always seemed to us transcendently absurd. But if we are to have it, an occasional change of the party in power is absolutely essential to the purity of administration. There can be no political house-cleaning without it. Of all Governments in the world, save us from a party Government without an effective Opposition.

THE defeat by the Government of Mr. Monk's Bill for the extension of the Torrens Act to the County of Carleton, though much to be regretted, was not so injurious to the country as their refusal to comply with the recommendation of the Land Law Amendment Association, that all newly patented lands should be at once brought under the Act. In every one of the Australian Colonies these lands were from the first required to be brought under the Act, and as a consequence a large portion of the landowners have never known any other than the Torrens System; in Queensland, over ninety-eight per cent. of the land being now under the Act. This provision would be a great boon to the new landowners of the Algoma, Nipissing, Thunder Bay, and Rainy River Districts. The owners of land in the last-named district will not be inclined to be thankful that their lot has fallen under the jurisdiction of the Reform Government of Ontario when they find that the Conservative Government of Manitoba has conferred the full benefits of the Torrens System on their neighbours in Manitoba, and has also swept away the last vestige of feudalism from the

land tenures of that Province. Why the inhabitants of the Rainy River District should be pestered with estates tail, base fees, tenancy by the curtesy, and the rule in Shelley's case is hard to comprehend. The Attorney-General's idea of revolutionary legislation must be peculiar when he so designated the sweeping away of such unmixed evils.

As many British Liberals voted with the Government in the Riel division as voted with the leader of the Liberal Opposition. No more need be said. To pretend that Mr. Blake fell into a trap is idle: he had most deliberately considered the question, and had laid out the right line to be taken upon it, in his London speech, with the greatest clearness and force. For Mr. Blake, standing on anything like tenable ground, the Minister of Justice would be no match; but he won an easy victory over Mr. Blake standing on such ground as the cause of Riel. The plea of impunity for political crime ought to be denounced as often as it is put forward. It would place society at the mercy of every scoundrel who preferred agitation to honest work, and at a time when the number of such scoundrels is daily on the increase. The crimes of Robespierre and Carrier were political. The Phoenix Park murders were political. Because a crime is political it by no means follows that it is not selfish. It was to make himself Emperor that Louis Napoleon massacred thousands of innocent citizens and deported other thousands to Cayenne. Riel would have personally profited on the largest scale by the success of his rebellion, and he clearly marked the mercenary character of his enterprise by showing himself ready to sell out. He had actually estopped himself and his defenders from this plea by his own execution of Scott for offering political resistance to his usurpation. Mr. Blake is the prince of Canadian advocates, but in this case he had a bad brief, and a lamentable catastrophe was the result. Unluckily the country suffers as well as the party leader and the party. This fiasco will take all the life out of the much-needed inquiry into the causes of the rebellion. We come back to the same point. The leader of the Opposition has no policy to oppose to the policy of the Government. He is consequently driven to angling for "votes." Now he angles for the Fenian vote, now for the Bleu. Such strategy is weak as well as ignoble. Artificial alliances never last. If Mr. Blake had succeeded in capturing the Bleu vote by affected sympathy for Riel, he would not have held it for six months. The truth is, that the sympathy of the Bleu politicians for Riel is just as hollow as his own.

THE adjournment of the Senate for three weeks in the beginning of the session was a practical confession that it could not initiate legislation. An attempt to initiate legislation on the part of a body which has no authority would of course be idle: bills of any importance, when sent down to that House in which all power centres, would be no more advanced by the legislative endorsement of the Senate than by the printer's name upon their backs. It is in the interest of Conservatism that a reform of the Senate is to be desired. Radicals may well be content to allow the Conservative element in the Constitution to have a nominal organ which, in reality, is a cover for impotence. It is with this feeling that the Radicals in England discountenance a reform of the House of Lords, which they, with much reason, regard as a practical ostracism of the Conservative forces. No Senator surely can persuade himself that real authority will reside in a House three-fourths of the members of which are the nominees of one man, and nominated by him openly and flagrantly in his own interest; or believe that such an assembly would be able to oppose an effectual barrier to any revolutionary or socialistic movement which might gain possession of the popular House. The presence, which nobody denies, of some very able and valuable men in the body will not supply the want of a collective title to public confidence. If there is a genuine Conservative with a brain in his head, in the Senate, he will set himself, before it is too late, to propose a measure of reform.

THE paralysis of legislation at Washington still continues. Of more than seven thousand bills and resolutions introduced so far this session, not more than one or two measures of prime importance have been fully considered. Numerous measures of no importance whatever to the country have of course had abundant attention; but there legislation has stopped. As THE WEEK has already said, it is evident that where, in consequence of too frequent elections, a Representative's whole time and effort is taken up in retaining his seat, but little of either can be given to public business. Where the real business of legislation is done by standing committees, on one or another of which every Representative not otherwise provided with a chairmanship is placed, with unlimited license to introduce bills and resolutions, and with unlimited responsibility toward politicians; where, too, the legislation in the House is conducted without any recognized or

responsible leadership, either of the majority or minority, while the heads of the executive department, who might inform the House of the true state and bearings of a measure under consideration, and give some choice and direction to the course of affairs, are excluded from taking any part in the proceedings,—where such an army of legislators without leaders are so engaged, is it wonderful that they accomplish nothing for the country, whatever they do for themselves? And is it surprising that the versatile Washington correspondents of the newspapers, for lack of something better to do, should exercise their exuberant fancy in weaving such baseless fabrications as the news that Mrs. Stanton had written to Miss Cleveland in deprecation of low-necked dresses, and that Miss Cleveland in return had prescribed to her visitors the limit of *decolleté*-ness?

THE organization of Knights of Labour may be said to be the first appearance of political socialism on this continent. Hitherto, while Paris has been in flames, while Carthage has been the scene of a murderous insurrection, while country after country in Europe has been filled, as Belgium is filled now, with confusion and violence, this Continent has been saved by the diffusion of wealth or the hope of wealth, the popular character of its institutions, and the faith of the people in liberty. A period of American history now past witnessed a number of socialistic experiments, on a small scale, between thirty and forty of them, perhaps, in all; but they were non-political and perfectly harmless. They were little Utopias, some economical, some religious, the creations of benevolent enthusiasts or theological dreamers. All failed and perished, except those which, like the Shaker communities and that at Oneida, were both religious and celibate. The celibacy was found essential to their economical existence. Those in which marriage was permitted, and which had children to maintain, spent more than they made by their industry; thus proving that even with a community formed of picked enthusiasts, and under chosen leaders, Socialism has no motive to industry which can supply the place of private property. Not one of these communities ever had the slightest idea of changing the general constitution of society by force, or by political power; they, in fact, for the most part secluded themselves from politics, and they trusted for the propagation of their system solely to missionary effort, or to example. More recently we have had the Trade Unions, which have used political power, though not in a systematic way; but the objects of the Trade Unions have not been socialistic: they have been commercial merely, and confined to the wages question, or other questions incident to the special relation between the wage-earning class and its employers. The objects of the organization of Knights of Labour, though far from being so revolutionary in their character, or set forth in such violent language, as those of the extreme socialists of Europe, are, nevertheless, distinctly socialistic. To check the growth of private fortunes, to prevent any one, if possible, from eating bread except "in the sweat of his face," and to change the social standard and the existing relations between classes, are purposes avowed in the platform of the association. It seeks to abolish public contracts and speculation in land. It also declares war against the authorization of banks, and seeks to compel the Government to issue, "direct to the people" the necessary quantity of paper money which is to be legal tender for all debts. The determination to use political power for the realization of these aims is wrapped up in language somewhat ambiguous as well as grandiloquent; the association is described as "something more than a political party"; but the injunction is clear that "all members shall assist in nominating and supporting with their votes only such candidates as will pledge their support to these measures, regardless of party." Secrecy and obedience are the rules of the Order, as they are those of the Society of Jesus, and of other aggressive associations. The brotherhood can hardly fail in its progress to draw into it the elements of European socialism introduced by immigrants, which lie scattered at Chicago and in other great cities, and abundant experience has shown into what sort of hands secret associations, with aggressive and propagandist objects, are apt to fall. The industrial horizon is already reddened by the flames of industrial war, kindled in many places and trades at once, both in the United States and in Canada, and attended by serious violence in the United States, though by a less degree of it here. Upon us too, at last, the beginning of troubles has apparently come. So far the police and military seem to have done their duty in reasserting order, and confining the conflict to the commercial sphere. It is possible that the enormous extent of the association may prove its weakness, and that the present danger may thus pass away. Mr. Powderly's cry of alarm and agony seems to betoken something of that kind.

In a message lately sent by the President to Congress, respecting the request of the Chinese Government that a candid and friendly consideration

be given to the question of indemnity for injuries inflicted on Chinese subjects in the outrages at Rock Springs, the President seems unfortunately to have adopted to some extent the views of Mr. Evarts and Mr. James G. Blaine. When the Chinese Minister at Washington asked for satisfaction for the murder and pillage committed in an anti-Chinese riot at Denver, Colorado, in 1880, Mr. Evarts, the then Secretary of State, pointed out to him that the United States were powerless in the matter, inasmuch as Colorado was a sovereign State, and the arrest and punishment of the guilty parties concerned the State authorities exclusively; and as to indemnity, he said, that "he knew of no national obligation . . . which rendered it incumbent on the Government of the United States to make indemnity to the Chinese residents of Denver who suffered losses from the operations of the mob." Afterwards, when the complaint was renewed, Mr. Blaine being Secretary, this statesman dismissed the Minister with the characteristic observation that he (the Minister) "would perceive that in no part of the Treaty is there any provision reciprocal with regard to subjects of China resident in the United States." But the President does, however, go a little—a very little—way in the direction of justice, when, in his Message, he tells Congress that this is a matter for their "benevolent consideration." For, considering that the United States Government, in 1858, demanded, and obtained prompt payment of, a money indemnity from China for injuries inflicted on Americans in a riot at Canton, this contra claim would seem to be something more than one for benevolent consideration. Although the Chinese Minister may diplomatically have put it on that footing, it is really a matter of impartial justice. The Chinese residents in the States are, it is true, entitled to no greater protection from outrage than other unnaturalized aliens: if in a riot Chinese are killed, the Chinese Government would have no better claim for indemnity than would the British if the victims were Irishmen. But if the United States people should declare a crusade to drive every Irishman into the sea, as part of them have the Chinese, the case would be somewhat different, especially if, moreover, the right of the Irish to live in the States had been specifically guaranteed by treaty, and further, if the British Government had been obliged to indemnify Americans for lives lost in a riot at Dublin; and this is practically the position China and the States stand in. The treaty between them would appear to give the Chinese, as a strange people, a special claim to the protection of the Government against what is nothing but race hatred; and, at all events, if the amount involved were much larger than what it can now be, it would hardly pay to risk incurring the displeasure and resentment of an important foreign power, or to endanger the national reputation in the eyes of the world, by insisting too punctiliously on legal right. The opportunity is a good one to manifest the American disposition to do what is right, whether legally bound to do so or not; and the question now put to the American people, whether the Eastern sense of justice shall be shown to be superior to the Western, is an appeal which ought to be answered at once, and emphatically.

MR. CLEVELAND'S Message to Congress has been followed by a Memorandum from the Secretary of State, which has had the effect of stopping the consideration of a demagogic anti-Chinese measure, known as the Morrow Bill. In his communication, Mr. Bayard declared this to be a violation of the treaty with China; and the Chinese Minister having informed the State Department that if any supplementary anti-Chinese legislation should be enacted, the Chinese legation may be left vacant, at Mr. Bayard's advice—or, properly, Mr. Cleveland's—the Bill has been practically dropped. The end aimed at by it will, however, now it is thought be sought to be attained by a bill for the abrogation of the present treaty with China; although as to the desirability of this there is a difference of opinion among the Western people most concerned. For while the *San Francisco Post* insists upon the breaking off of all commercial relations with China, on the ground that America is apparently doing a losing business with the Chinese, and while a Stockton (Cal.) mob have been trying to get everybody there to vote for the abrogation, it appears that three-fourths of the flour produced—and largely by white labour—in this very place, Stockton, is shipped to China, and would be without a market if the treaty were abrogated.

AN incident that occurred at Her Majesty's Theatre in London the other night affords a curious indication of that "softening" of the English people which the success of Mr. Parnell's movement, among other things, gives too much reason to believe is going on. In Parliament, quack philanthropists are bringing forward all sorts of schemes for making the rich pay ransom to the poor; and the poor are getting accustomed, through this philanthropic talk, to the idea of being helped like children. They are

losing all self-reliance and power of self-help; and whenever a poor person suffers a misfortune, not only does he *not* try to help himself, but, as a matter of course, he looks at once to society to make good the loss. As an instance, it is related that on a recent Saturday night the performers in the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's, not having been paid, after two or three scenes had been got through the curtain rose on a number of scene-shifters, supers, and ballet-girls, who all "made pitiful appeals to the audience for the money of which they had been defrauded." Now, it is not an uncommon thing for performers of the first rank to strike, and these humbler folk, not being able to get their money, had a perfect right to strike also, if they thought fit; but is it not rather an alarming novelty to see English men and women, instead of having the quarrel out manfully with their employers, coming before an audience and begging for help like so many Italian *lazzaroni*?

THE state of feeling experienced by the military gentleman in *Punch*, who, wishing to say how dull he had found some holiday, described it as for all the world like a Sunday without *Bell's Life*, is, we fear, shared in, and with much better reason, by very large numbers of people. When a man works from Monday morning till Saturday night he cannot on Sunday be in a fit state, physically or morally, to properly attend to his religious duties. A certain preparation of previous rest and intellectual recreation is necessary, which a Saturday half-holiday gives to some, but which the most—and those especially that need it most—never get. For these, then, who are the great mass of workpeople in an old-settled country such as England, the opening of the national museums, picture galleries, and art collections, just resolved on by the Lords, will, if the Commons confirm it, as no doubt they will, be a great boon. If a weekly holiday besides Sunday were generally in use, this step could by no means be approved; but in the present condition of the working-classes, the mass of whom pass through life without an opportunity to profit in the slightest degree from these institutions, we believe Sunday-opening will promote the cause not only of education but also of religion. Lord Bramwell, in the course of his speech in favour of the resolution, observed that "the proper interpretation of the supplication 'Lead us not into temptation' is 'Do not lay down for us a rule for Sunday which we cannot observe.' . . . The English Sunday is misspent. It leads people into temptation." And in conclusion, he referred to the objection workingmen might have to being employed on Sunday at places of recreation; but this was, he said, selfish, for there were plenty of other people who were entitled to consideration. Here undoubtedly lies a great objection to the movement: it is impossible to open these institutions on Sunday without forcing a good many to work on that day; but if the influence is salutary, and makes for education and religion—as who can doubt it does—the employes are as necessary an instrument as are the officers of a church. In this view, and with the reservation that the movement ought under no circumstances to be allowed to extend in any way to Sunday-trading—which will be a real danger now that the first step is taken,—this Sunday-opening will probably receive the support of most educated laymen.

In spite of all our general philosophies of history, personal questions retain an undying interest, and we can still lend an ear to him who has anything new to tell us about the case of Amy Robsart. A perusal of Mr. Walter Rye's elaborate essay on the subject leaves us more than ever convinced that poor Amy was cruelly murdered. Such, undoubtedly, was the almost universal belief at the time. Such evidently was the belief of Burleigh. Leicester (Lord Robert Dudley as he then was) is hotly courting Elizabeth; she is listening to his addresses; her councillors are in a paroxysm of alarm at the prospect of an imprudent marriage—the pair, it seems, at length going so far as to hold out to the Spanish Ambassador through a go-between hopes of a restoration of Catholicism if Spain would support their marriage. Lady Dudley, meanwhile, is immured in a lonely hall belonging, as Mr. Rye finds, to the Queen's Physician, and tenanted by Antony Forster, a creature of Leicester's. Rumours of her approaching destruction are abroad; sinister reports of her sickness, when she is not sick, are spread; the poor woman herself is in an agony of fear. One day all her own servants are sent away to a fair, leaving her in the hands of Forster and his household. On their return, they find her lying dead at the foot of a flight of stairs, down which it is pretended that she has fallen and broken her neck. Leicester has "dealings" with some of the coroner's jury. His own character is infamous. Forster, immediately after Lady Dudley's death, is enabled to buy the hall and afterwards receives large grants of priory lands. That the Queen openly, and to the scandal of everybody, received his addresses knowing him to be a married man is absolutely

certain, and it is equally certain that she continued to receive his addresses after his wife's death. Whether it can be said that she was an accomplice before as well as after the fact depends on the accuracy of a report, preserved in the Spanish archives, of a conversation between her and the Spanish Ambassador, De Quadra, before the death of Amy Robsart, in which she betrays her knowledge that Amy is going to die. The Spanish Ambassador was not unfriendly to the marriage, which indeed would have best suited the Spanish game; his despatch was strictly confidential, and he had no apparent motive for misleading his master. The Elizabethan Court, like that of Henry VIII., and all the courts of Europe at that time, was desperately unprincipled and vicious. In setting forth the moral evidence, Mr. Rye omits to mention the letter of Elizabeth's Secretaries to Sir Amyas Paulett, instigating him to assassinate Mary Queen of Scots, the authenticity of which is incontrovertible, and which must certainly have been written with the knowledge of the Queen. That the relations of Elizabeth with Leicester were indelicate and scandalous is beyond doubt; whether they were worse than indelicate and scandalous is a question which may well be allowed to sleep. Mr. Rye has been led to the conclusion that when the coat of whitewash which covers the figure of the Virgin Queen is scraped off, it is found to have covered a very paltry woman made up of meanness, caprice, and lechery. Mr. Froude's researches appear to have had the same result. In his earlier volumes, before he has studied Elizabeth's reign, he speaks of her as a transcendent and beneficent genius; but when he comes to study her reign, he is compelled to own that she was nothing more than the little figure at the head of a generation of great men. This judgment is confirmed, and more than confirmed, by the facts brought to light by Mr. Motley. There is not a hollow reputation in history.

OUR new comic journal, the *Arrow*, has appeared, and makes a fair bid for public favour. The cartoon is by a hand which is very decidedly the best we have in that line.

A PARLIAMENTARY reporter of forty years experience, and of no political bias, has expressed the opinion that the debating power of the present British House of Commons is superior to that of any he can remember.

THE benefit of the philanthropic legislation proposed by the advanced English Radicals is already and in advance being given by some landlords to their lucky tenants. Mr. Samuel Morley, late Liberal M.P. for Bristol, has, it is announced, adopted the allotment system on his estate at Leigh, near Tunbridge Wells. He has cut up the land into plots of about twelve rods, and these he lets to *bona fide* workingmen at the rate of 6*d.* a rod per annum. The value of this boon will be seen when it is remembered that this is at the rate of 80*s.* per acre, whereas the rent of the best land in that part of the country does not exceed 30*s.* per acre.

HERE is a chance for Spelling Reformers to associate themselves with a movement which is very much akin to their own. At the School of Commerce, in Paris, on a recent Sunday, a meeting was held to explain and discuss a universal trade language called Volapuk, a name made up of "vol," the German *welt*, and "puk," from the English "speak." To show the probability of its general adoption, it is sufficient to say that the roots of its words are borrowed principally from the French, English, German, and Italian vocabularies. For instance, river is flum, from flumen; smoke is smok; time is tim; pop is people; fel is field; baludel is Sunday; maludel is Monday, and so on. Already there are seventy associations for teaching this strange tongue, and dictionaries in Volapuko-French, English, Russian, German, and Portuguese have been published. If it alone were not more difficult to learn than all the tongues it is to supersede put together, it might have at least a chance of becoming a universal language.

THE Toronto and Lorne Park Summer Resort Company have undertaken a very promising enterprise. A summer residence within accessible distance of Toronto is a thing to be wished for by all engaged in business or otherwise in the city; and for their own sakes they should do their best to promote the realization. Montreal is now surrounded with such places, where men can go every day and sleep in pure air: ten years ago only a few took advantage of this healthful and inexpensive means of change, but now thousands do so. And Lorne Park being accessible by water as well as rail, an extra attraction is offered to ladies and children for residence there in the hot weather.

OUR UNDERLYING EXISTENCE.

I.

O FOOL, that wisdom dost despise,
Thou canst not know, thou dost not guess
Another phase of thee is wise,
And silent sees thy foolishness.

II.

Yet, fool, how dare I pity thee
Because my heart reveres the sages?
The fool lies also deep in me:
We twain are one, beneath the ages.

ALCHEMIST.

TO A DEBUTANTE.

THOU who smilest in thy freshness,
Bright as bud in morning dew,
Keep this thought in thy heart's bower:
"Ever turn, like sunward flower,
To the Good, the Fair, the True."

W. DOUW LIGHTHALL.

OLD TIMES.

THE age of Anne was richer, more compact, and lastly (which is no small matter) remoter than that section of the reign of the third George which Mr. John Ashton has chosen for illustration in "Old Times." His present period is the twelve years which lie between the appearance of the *Times* under its present name in 1788 and the end of the century. It is true that a good many things happened in this brief space. There was the French Revolution, for instance, bringing to this country its thousands of *émigrés*, real and spurious, to be supplemented as time went on by some five-and-twenty thousand prisoners of war; there was the illness of the king; there was the mutiny at the Nore; there was the Irish rebellion; there were the battles of St. Vincent, of Camperdown, of the Nile; there was even a fruitless and ridiculous French invasion.

This was the era of the spencer, of which Hood sang; and the Jean Debry, in whose "quilted lappelles and stuffed sleeves our emaciated beaux," says the *Times*, "are like a dry walnut in a great shell." "The items of a fashionable Taylor's bill," says a paragraph dated September 6, 1799, "are not a little curious at present: 'Ditto to pasteboard for your back; ditto to buckram for your cape; ditto, for wool for your shoulders, and cotton for your chest.' Shakespeare talks of Nature's Journeymen who make men indifferently, but our Journeymen Taylors make their customers of any form and dimensions they think proper."

Some of the court dresses, and especially the birthday suits, must have been of unusual magnificence. Here is the outer shell or husk of Mr. Skeffington, a famous dresser of those days:—

A brown spotted silk coat and breeches, with a white silk waistcoat richly embroidered with silver, stones, and shades of silk: the design was large baskets of silver and stones, filled with bouquets of roses, jonquilles, etc., the *ensemble* producing a beautiful and splendid effect.

Of the ladies' dress the leading characteristics appear to have been absence of waist, excess of feather, and general scantiness of clothing in other respects. All these peculiarities receive illustrations in the columns of the *Times*, which vacillates between austerity and humour in a manner quite inconceivable to its modern readers. "Amongst prudent papas," it says in 1794, "the favourite toast at this time is 'The present fashion of our wives and daughters,' viz., No waste." Then comes the following announcement:—

Corsettes about six inches long, and a slight *buffon* tucker of two inches high, are now the only defensive *paraphernalia* of our fashionable Belles, between the necklace and the apron-strings (*Times*, June 24, 1795.)

As regards feathers, we learn that doors had to be heightened and lustres raised to accommodate the towering head-dresses in vogue: "The Ladies now wear feathers exactly of their own length, so that a woman of fashion is twice as long upon her feet as in her bed." Upon the subject of scanty clothing the Thunderer of 1799 waxes severe: "The fashion of *false bosoms* has at least this utility, that it compels our fashionable fair to wear something."

Here is an account of a female sailor which should be interesting to the amateurs of "Mother Ross" and Hannah Snell:

There is at present in the Middlesex Hospital, a young, and delicate female, who calls herself Miss T—l—t, and who is said to be related to some families of distinction; her story is very singular:—At an early period of her life, having been deprived by the villainy of a trustee, of a

sum of money bequeathed to her by a deceased relation of high rank, she followed the fortunes of a young Naval officer, to whom she was attached, and personated a common sailor before the mast, during a cruise in the North Seas. In consequence of a lovers' quarrel, she quitted the ship, and assumed for a time the military character; but her passion for the sea prevailing, she returned to her favourite element, did good service, and received a severe wound, on board Earl St. Vincent's ship, on the glorious 14th of February, and again bled in the cause of her country, in the engagement off Camperdown. On this last occasion her knee was shattered, and an amputation is likely to ensue. This spirited female, we understand, receives a pension of £20 from an illustrious Lady, which is about to be doubled (*Times*, November 4, 1799).

The extreme youth of the contemporary British officer seems to have afforded much food for satire:—

Over a Warehouse for fashionable dresses, in Fleet Street, is written up "Speculum modorum," or, the mirror of the fashions; and several young Gentlemen of the Guards are actually learning Latin in order to understand them. Others have sent for the Alphabet, in gingerbread, as preliminary education (*Times*, October 27, 1795).

Some of the sucking Colonels of the Guards have expressed their dislike of the short skirts. They say they feel as if they were going to be flogged (*Times*, November 21, 1797).

That there was really ground for this is clear from the fact that the Duke of York in 1795 ordered a return of the number of captains under twelve and lieutenant-colonels under eighteen.

Gaming, which Steele attacked at the beginning and Hogarth in the middle of the century, still seems to have been flourishing at the close. This was the era in which Lady Archer, Lady Buckinghamshire, and other women of fashion kept faro tables, at which their guests were plundered; and the caricaturists made merry over their iniquitous and semi-privileged proceedings. A clever but anonymous satirical artist published a pair of plates in which four titled ladies dividing their spoil were compared with an equal number of *bona robas* portioning out the petty booty filched from their paramours of St. Giles's. There were other squibs in which "Faro's Daughters" received more summary treatment. Some of the paragraphs under this head are significant enough:—

To such a height has the spirit of gambling arisen, that at some of the great Tables it is not uncommon to see the stake consist wholly of property *in kind*. A house of furniture was last week lost to a Lady in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall. The successful party had played against it, the stock of a farm in the County of Essex (*Times*, September 25, 1797).

At some of our first Boarding Schools, the fair pupils are now taught to play whist, and cassino. Amongst their *winning* ways, this may not be the least agreeable to Papa and Mamma. It is calculated that a clever child, by its cards, and its novels, may pay for its own education (*Times*, November 2, 1797).

In a capital picture the Bishop of Durham is falling pell-mell with his crozier upon the short-skirted ballet-dancers; and, despite the wise proclamations of Queen Anne at the outset of the century, spectators still seem to have encumbered the stage:—

The Stage at the Opera is so crowded, that Madame Rose, in throwing up her fine muscular arm into a graceful attitude, inadvertently levelled three men of the first quality at a stroke (*Times*, May 9, 1796).

From the final cluster of "Varieties" we cull two paragraphs with which we close our extracts from this most readable book:—

Last Sunday, agreeable to his sentence in the Ecclesiastical Court, a Butcher of Newport Market did penance in St. Ann's Church, for scandalizing a neighbour's character (*Times*, December 2, 1796).

On Saturday evening last, John Lees, steel-burner, sold his wife for the small sum of 6*d.* to Samuel Hall, fellmonger, both of Sheffield. Lees gave Hall one guinea immediately, to have her taken off the day following by the coach; she was delivered up with a halter round her neck, and the clerk of the market received 4*d.* for toll. . . (*Times*, March 30, 1796).

Two cases of this kind, says Mr. Ashton, occurred as late as 1882.—
From the *Athenæum*.

THE cattle trade in England shows no improvement. Since writing my last letter several of the Australian frozen meat companies have been wound up, and apparently there will be no great expansion of the frozen mutton trade from Australasia during the next twelve months. Here comes in the old advice over again—what Canadian farmers have to do is to study quality. If they produce a first-class article there is no doubt but that it will still pay the raisers of mutton in the Dominion to send such produce to the British markets. Anything "scrubby," however, not only of mutton, but of cattle, it appears, must in the future mean a dead loss to the Canadian producer. Under these circumstances it may be safely predicted that while the enterprising farmer who produces a really first-class article will be well remunerated, the enterprising yeomen in Canada who have kept pedigree and first-class stock must find their business vastly increased by the demand for superior breeding stock.—Liverpool correspondent of *The Farmers' Advocate*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

PARISIAN HELLS.

AND assuredly, to people having least liking for gaming or for gaiety, the Paris "club" presents considerable attractions. Footmen bedizened in the most gorgeous plumage that even those gay birds may assume, receive the visitor at the base of a splendid staircase, at the top of which appears as fine a set of rooms as any in Paris. The (apparently) "smartest" men in the town will sit beside the new "member" at dinner, and the brilliant gentlemen officiating as *gérant* will be all amiability and attention. The mere sight of the baccarat-room, with the gaslight flooding the cloth of vivid green, where the crisp, bright cards are dancing in the midst of the many-coloured counters, is sufficient—after dinner—to set a gamester's blood on fire; and the hum of the players, the silence preceding any special *coup*, the rhythmical ejaculation of the *croupier* as he plies his task, would arouse the curiosity even of persons proof against the fascinations of chance. And then the game is delightfully easy! It affords so many facilities and advantages; as, for instance, of quickly winning a large stake with a small one, and of leaving the table whenever one likes. Everybody in the room is so animated and courteous; the very mechanism of the play revolves so smoothly; in fine, the scene at midnight in a Paris baccarat club is one singularly seductive to any new comer.

Not so, however, to anyone knowing the *dessous des cartes*. Scratch the gilded players, scratch the glossy attendants, you will find as ugly a set of rascals (of course excepting dupes) as the sensational novelist himself could desire. The *gérant* of such exquisite manners is an adventurer of the worst Parisian type; the dignified cashier, the attentive *croupier*, are two thieves, whose main occupation—abetted by the directors of the club, with whom they share the spoils—is to filch as many counters as they can. Some of the punters are professional gamblers, others are mere general swindlers. There is a sprinkling of young rakes of the needier sort, hoping to make the table pay for part of their dissipations. Certain persons play, knowing well in what company and under what conditions, for the sole love of gaming, which to men like them is more than food or sleep. *Habitues* of "clubs" may be found, so dull that no experience will teach them where they are, and who perhaps even fancy themselves in highly distinguished society; but the proportion of such unsuspecting "members" is never more than 10 or 15 per cent.

Fostered by the feverish play of such an era as this, cheating at cards, in France, has soared to heights unknown before. At even the most select and aristocratic, the most legitimate clubs, much foul play may occur, as was clearly disclosed by the recent *esclandre* in the *Cercle de la Rue Royale*. Here, in one of the best French clubs, an habitual system of cheating was shown to prevail among a dozen of the leading members, who used for the purpose cards marked beforehand by a servant. At the clubs whose only reason of being is baccarat, the robberies are of course worse than this, and I fancy that an affair like the scandal of the "Rue Royale" is caused mainly by the contagion of the hells. Gentlemen, left to themselves, will rarely cheat with anything like method; the evil originates with the villainous menials who spring up in the shade of the baccarat-table like fungi in a fetid marsh, and who live for rapine alone. These, knowing of the straits to which certain men of fashion are reduced, through extravagance and losses at play, approach the latter with proposals to furnish marked cards. "There will be no possible risk," they say; "all you will have to do is to deal, and to take up the money. So, if we guarantee that you shall net large winnings, it is only fair you should give us half." Almost always the tool allows himself to be used, for the *croupiers* are of course sufficiently wary to press their offers only on those whom they think quite certain to succumb; and thus an organized conspiracy is carried on, till one afternoon or evening cards are found marked at the "Rue Royale," or the "Mirlitons," men blow their brains out, disappear from town, or put up with dishonour, and "all Paris" has another great card scandal to talk about for at least a week.—EDWARD DELILLE, in the *Fortnightly*.

AN OLD-TIME DUEL.

As may be expected, disputes, frequently ending in duels, continually arose betwixt those who gambled. Although the king had, on his restoration, issued a proclamation against this common practice, threatening such as engaged in it with displeasure; declaring them incapable of holding any office in his service, and forbidding them to appear at court; yet but little attention was paid to his words, and duels continually took place. Though most frequently resorted to as a means of avenging outraged honour, they were occasionally the result of misunderstanding. A pathetic story is told of a fatal encounter, caused by a trifle light as air, which took place in the year 1667, at Covent Garden, between Sir Henry Bellasis and Tom Porter—the same witty soul who wrote a play called "The Villain," which was performed at the Duke's Theatre, and described as "a pleasant tragedy."

These worthy gentlemen and loyal friends loved each other exceedingly. One fatal day, both were bidden to dine with Sir Robert Carr, at whose table it was known all men drank freely; and having feasted, they two talked apart, when bluff Sir Henry, giving words of counsel to honest Tom, from force of earnestness spoke louder than his wont. Marvelling at this, some of those standing apart said to each other, "Are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?" Overhearing which, the baronet replied in a merry tone, "No, I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine." At these words Tom Porter, being anxious, after the manner of those who have drunk deep, to apprehend offence in speech of friend or foe, cried out he would like to see the man in England that durst give him a blow. Accepting this as a challenge,

Sir Henry dealt him a stroke on the ear, which the other would have returned in anger, but that they were speedily parted.

And presently Tom Porter, leaving the house full of resentment for the injury he had received, and of resolution to avenge it, met Mr. Dryden, the poet, to whom he recounted the story. He concluded by requesting he might have his boy to bring him word which way Sir Henry Bellasis would drive, for fight he would that night, otherwise he felt sure they should be friends in the morning, and the blow would rest upon him. Dryden complying with his request, Tom Porter, still inflamed by fury, went to a neighbouring coffee-house, when presently word arrived Sir Henry's coach was coming that way. On this Tom Porter rushed out, stopped the horses, and bade the baronet alight. "Why," said the man, who but an hour before had been his best friend, "you will not hurt me in coming out, will you?" "No," answered the other shortly. Sir Henry then descended, and both drew their swords. Tom Porter asked him if he were ready, and hearing he was, they fought desperately, till of a sudden a sharp cry was heard; Sir Henry's weapon fell upon the ground; and he placed one hand to his side, from which blood flowed freely. Then calling his opponent to him, he looked in his face reproachfully, kissed him lovingly, and bade him seek safety. "For, Tom," said he, struggling hard to speak, "thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for," continued he, with much tenderness, "I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done." And the little crowd who had gathered around carried him to his coach; and twenty days later they followed him to his grave.—From *Royalty Restored; or, London Under Charles II.* By T. FITZGERALD MOLLOY.

TIRYUS.

THE chapter with which the archaeological history of Tiryus begins is startling enough. We find that at a period which we are enabled by an accumulation of evidence to fix to the eleventh century before our era, the whole of the upper citadel of Tiryus was occupied by the splendid palace of a wealthy line of kings, who seem to show in the details of their luxurious abode, and in the massiveness of the great walls with which they surrounded it, the possession of wealth and splendour far beyond those belonging to any Greeks of historical times. The colossal size of the stones they used in building, which actually, in one case at least, reach a weight of twenty tons, combined with the fact that the mechanical appliances of those remote days were extremely simple, proves that they must have disposed in the most absolute fashion of the labour of countless dependents. The number of the rooms in the palace, with the splendid porticoes and courts by which it was approached, testifies to the stateliness of their public life. The bathroom, carefully adapted for the purpose of bathing, and the drains made to carry away superfluous water, show the luxuriousness of their personal habits. And the way in which the rooms of men and of women are set apart affords us evidence as to the position of the husband in regard to the wife.—SCHLIEHMANN'S TIRYUS, in the *Quarterly Review*.

AN ACTOR AT PLAY.

MR. PHELPS, away from the exercise of the art to which he so earnestly devoted himself, was simply to be regarded as a quiet country gentleman of reserved habits, fond of rural pursuits, addicted to the exercise of the gun and the fishing-rod, and perhaps prouder of his skill with both than of the warmest plaudits of an enthusiastic audience. During the theatrical vacation, he was to be found for many successive years at his favourite haunt, the Red Lion Hotel, at Farningham, in Kent, where he stayed for weeks together to enjoy the pleasure of trout-fishing in the River Darent, which ran its meandering course in front of the gardens of the old hostelry. The farmers in the neighbourhood never suspected that a visitor who conversed with them so freely about their crops was at the same time busy in studying the best modes of rendering the next Shakespearian play to be revived at the temple of Thespis on the banks of the New River. And it is on record that a Kentish yeoman, bringing his family to town for the purpose of seeing "The Doge of Venice" at Drury Lane, and recognizing a familiar voice and manner in the prominent actor, astonished the audience in the midst of the play by involuntarily exclaiming, "Blest if the 'Doge' isn't the old Farningham fisherman!"

HIGHLAND SKETCHES.

HERE is a good Jacobite anecdote:—Lady Worsley found fault one day with a niece of hers, who afterwards became Marchioness of Tweeddale, for neglecting to attend family prayers, which Lady Worsley herself was in the habit of conducting. The niece excused herself, because she had been told that Lady Worsley, who was a strong Jacobite, did not pray for the King. "Not pray for the King?" exclaimed Lady Worsley, indignantly. "I will have you and those who sent you know that I do pray for the King; only I do not think it necessary to tell Almighty God *who* is King!"

HIGHLANDERS never speak of the departed as "dead." Dr. Stewart once gave great offence to the daughter of a friend of his by asking her,—"Cuin a bhàsarch 'ur n' athair?" ("When did your father die?") "Brutes alone," she angrily exclaimed, "die, and when they die, are *dead*. Human beings—men, women, and children—do not *die*, and are not to be spoken of as *dead*. They shift from off this scene; they depart, they go, they change, they sleep, if you like, or are gathered unto their fathers. They don't *die*, and can never with propriety be spoken of as *dead*." The phraseology in which the death of human beings, as distinct from brutes, is expressed in Gaelic, invariably implies continued existence.—DR. STEWART: *'Twiact Ben Nevis and Glencoe*.

MUSIC.

HAMILTON.

THE third popular concert of this season was given in Centenary Church on Tuesday evening last, and as usual a large number attended. At each concert a lady vocalist new to the city has been introduced. On Tuesday evening Miss Clara Stevenson, soprano, of Guelph, made her debut here. She is pleasing in manner, has a good stage presence, a voice of good volume and extended range, but is lacking in purity and evenness of tone. Her style as a singer is faulty. She treats some vowel sounds as though they were sweet morsels to be rolled under the tongue. Her selections were an Ave Maria, by Millard, and Concones' "Judith." Into this last-mentioned number she threw considerable dramatic force, and showed herself possessed of intelligence and emotional gifts. Her sister, Miss Carrie Stevenson, assisted her in a duet, "Morning Land," which was atrociously sung, the singers persisting in an endeavour to persuade the accompanist to change the key. The playing of a string quartette, by Spohr—allegro moderato, adagio, scherzo, and presto—and Haydn's No. 5—Andante, minuet, and presto,—by Messrs D. B. MacDuff, violin; L. Harris, second violin; J. Chittenden, viola; and L. H. Parker, 'cello, was the principal feature of the concert, especially as this was the first public appearance of the Hamilton string quartette. These gentlemen are above the average both in knowledge and executive ability, and while the *ensemble* was not often good, and there were frequent slips in time and tune, still there was truthfulness in conception, and artistic passages here and there which shadow great possibilities. The general effect upon the ordinary auditor was a pleasing one, though the people here are not quite prepared to listen to all the movements of string quartette, unless done to perfection. Mr. Harris, who is quite a good performer on the clarinet, played a solo; Mr. G. Hutton played a cornet solo, Mr. Douglas Alexander, a young basso, sang "Flee, as a Bird," and "Life," with good tone and considerable expression. Mr. Harrington, of Bradford, Pa., a basso with a phenomenally powerful bass voice that he seems unable to control, went through an air by Mozart; and Mr. Parker played a couple of organ solos.—*C Major.*

BRANTFORD.

BRANTFORD has been a little behind the other cities of Ontario in her musical achievements. This has been caused not by a lack of local talent, but by a want of a Society which would unite all musicians of the city. The Mendelssohn Society, lately organized, promises to supply this want, and under the able tuition of Professor Garratt, who will wield the baton of the society, should have a prosperous career. Work will be commenced at once, and a summer concert will be given. The officers are John H. Stratford, Esq., Honorary President; Rev. R. Ashton, President; Dr. A. J. Henwood, 1st Vice-President; S. F. Passmore, Esq., 2nd Vice-President; C. Burnham, Esq., Librarian; Dr. Hart, Treasurer; and T. R. Billett, Secretary.

MONTREAL.

It is certainly not often in Canada that one has such a rich musical treat as was offered by Mrs. Page Thrower's splendid concerts on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, 19th and 20th inst., in the Queen's Hall, Montreal. Some critics have gone so far as to say they are the finest concerts that have taken place in Canada. The deepest thanks are due to Mrs. Page Thrower for arranging such a musical feast. We hope, if only as a matter of cultivation of musical taste and for the intense pleasure it has given to lovers of the divine art, she considers it a success, and feels repaid for her indefatigable exertions and trouble in connection with it. The concert on Friday night opened with Young Werner's and Margaretha's songs from Scheffel's "Trompeter von Sakkingen," given with great feeling and dramatic force by Mrs. Page Thrower and Herr Max Heinrich. These beautiful songs are sung alternately by the young lovers to each other when apart, and are full of refined and delicate tenderness. The allusion in one of Margaretha's to the forgetfulness of the small calls of everyday life, caused by the "Bitter and Sweet" possession by Love, is very quaint and pretty. Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, of Ottawa, accompanied them with great delicacy. The artists performed, as one may say, as near perfection as possible. The strings were played by the Buffalo Philharmonic Club. Herr Danreuther's (first violin) playing is very finished, and he, and, indeed, all the quartette, played with great sympathy, and made the souls of their instruments speak. At moments it seemed as if the shade of the composer must be over them, exciting, controlling, inspiring them with the expression he himself wished given. Unlike most vocalists, Herr Max Heinrich accompanies himself, and it is entrancing. He is a very clever artist, and with great power and passion enthralled his audience with delight. Of Mme. Hopekirk it is difficult to speak, there seems so much to say. A native of Scotland (not a musically fruitful soil), and a stranger in name even to many here, she had to make her own appeal. She has taken all musical hearts by storm. Added to the complete conquest of all difficulties of technique, her playing is exquisite, full of intense feeling, and most poetical.—*J. F. C. C.*

AN American-born friend of *The Current* dropped in the other day, and lugubriously brought to the attention of the editors the idea that the only office he, a resident of a large city, could hope to attain was President of the United States. For any other place, from Alderman to Senator, he declared that the applicant, to be eligible, must be foreign-born. He went out asseverating that one chance in sixty millions was a poor opportunity for an ambitious man.—*The Current.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The History of a Week begins with preparations for a ball by two ordinary young ladies, assisted by an extraordinary one, their cousin and the heroine of the story. The two have a bedridden brother, a physical and moral abortion, who has a strong appetite for brandy; and the week taken up by the story is spent chiefly by him in attempts to get the liquor, which he manages to do through servants, and in persecuting Madeleine, the heroine, for thwarting him, in obedience to his father's orders. The catastrophe of the week comes when one of the servants, who has been discharged, sets fire to the castle where the scene is laid. All are absent except Madeleine, who, by order of the invalid, has been locked by the discharged servant in an upper room; but she escapes, and, meeting her lover, returns with him, preceded by the father, who has just returned—to find his son dying from the effects of injuries received in the fire. The sole character of any attraction in the story is the heroine; but she, it must be owned, is a very admirable one. Here is the closing scene in the life of the brother:—

Still there was no response, no sign. The death-damp stood upon the brow of that once loathed and dreaded face. The lips that had last been opened before her in cruel mockings and vile taunts fell slowly apart—she rose and kissed them; she held the head upon her bosom; her tears streamed over the livid cheeks.

"Madeleine!"

At last he had awakened; at last he understood.

"It is her angel," he murmured. "She is come—to forgive." There was a shadow of a smile, a faint sob, and all was over.

UPLAND AND MEADOW: A Poetquissings Chronicle. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The very name of this book is pleasantly suggestive of lush grass and crackling leaves beneath the feet. It is a book for every lover of nature to read. In it Dr. Abbott tells us of the habits of beasts, birds, fish, and insects, as observed during a year in the Delaware Valley, where a creek bears the unpronounceable Indian name in the title. The story is a most delightful one, told in a pleasant and entertaining manner, with a keen sympathy for the natural and animal life described. The jewels were at the author's feet in his rambles, as they are all around us, and he has taught us how to gather them. The book has a copious index, from which a surprising idea of the vast number of subjects treated of may be gathered—the bee, the bear, the wolf, the Adirondacks, the wren, the finch, Iroquois Indians, frogs, owls, sunfish and sunshine—all find in Dr. Abbott a delightful observer. This sort of literature is the very best intellectual refreshment a jaded denizen of a city could take; and when told in the fresh, pleasant style of this book, the more one takes the better. We take leave to administer one short extract:—

October 30.—A steady rain and dense fog were the prominent features of the day. How quickly the weather changes from one extreme to the other! With a gum-cloth cape over my shoulders, I sauntered to the meadows, but all the world had gone wrong; every tree and bush was sobbing. The only birds seen were nuthatches, and these were upside-down. Why do they not get wet? The rain falls against the grain of their feathers. At all events, they appear to keep dry, and kept up, also, their usual high spirits, "quank quanking" at every fourth hop, with mathematical precision. . . . I tried to outstare a chipmunk, on my way home, but it was not to be done. The little fellow never winked and I believe I did. As I stared, I approached. This motion on my part the chipmunk saw, and he measured my movements without winking. When I was within five short steps there came a flash, like brown lightning, and the tip of a tail sinking in a hole in the ground is all that I can recall. I found that the little fellow had been sitting at the opening of his underground retreat, and so could afford to be brave. All day long the rain continued falling, soaking every nook and corner of the fields and woods. It grew distasteful to the birds, and most took shelter in the cedars and other available spots. One restless song-sparrow tried to sing, but big round raindrops burst upon his open beak so often he gave it up in disgust.

WE have received also the following publications:—

THE FORUM. April. New York: The Forum Publishing Company.
ART INTERCHANGE. March 27. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. April. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. April. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. April. Toronto: William Briggs.
WIDE AWAKE. April. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
ST. NICHOLAS. April. New York: Century Company.
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. April. New York: E. R. Pelton.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. March 27. Boston: Littell and Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE April *Overland* will contain two California stories, "Terecita," and "A Worshipper of the Devil," also the continuation of Miss Lake's strong serial, "For Money."

In the line of outdoor sketches, travel, and adventure, the most notable sketches in the April *Overland* will be "On the Trail of Geronimo," "Leaves from a '49 Ledger," and "Reminiscences of Calaveras."

THE late Principal Tulloch left a large amount of literary material which is now being examined, the purpose being to make a volume of his posthumous papers if enough matter be found to warrant the publication.

THE April issue of the *Overland Monthly* will contain at least two contributions to the Chinese Question, carefully written and from new standpoints. The *Overland* has already printed more than twenty-five papers and editorials bearing upon this important discussion. It makes a point to give a fair hearing to both sides.

In the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* a novel series of articles is commenced under the general heading of "Our Experience Meetings," in which a sort of public confessional will be provided for leading authors, actors, artists, politicians, business men, etc., who feel autobiographically disposed. The present meeting is attended by Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, and Joel Chandler Harris, each of whom gives an interesting sketch of his literary career, as seen from the inside. There are several poems and short and continued stories of merit; and the Monthly Gossip is full of live discussions of current affairs.

A MONTHLY magazine, entitled the *Path*, is soon to be started in New York, devoted to the interests of theosophy. Its editor is Mr. William Q. Judge, and its publisher is Mr. A. H. Gebhard, well known as a student and authority on matters pertaining to occult philosophy and Aryan literature. This periodical will have the benefit of the support of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York, which of late has received large additions to its books of membership, and is apparently prospering. The *Path* will contain articles on Buddhism, Occultism, Sanscrit literature, the Jewish Kaballah, and Theosophy, by Brahmins and students of Eastern wisdom.

"OUTING" for April will have the second of the series on "Big Game Hunting in the Rocky Mountains," by Theodore Roosevelt, the *Ranchero Statesman*. Thomas Stevens, who started a year ago on his marvellous "Bicycle Ride Around the Globe," as special correspondent of *Outing*, tells of his adventures from the Bosphorus to Teheran. He cabled *Outing* on the 4th of March that he was starting that morning for Calcutta, from Teheran. The veteran yachtsman, Captain Coffin, tells another of his "Blockade Running Yarns," in sailor lingo. All the articles are profusely illustrated. The monthly Record of Sport is complete and accurate, as might be expected from the editors on the *Outing* staff.

THE April *Wide Awake* opens seasonably with an ideal Easter picture, "On Easter Day," a very lovely drawing by W. L. Taylor. The instructive papers in the number are admirable and of great variety. Mrs. Sherwood, in "Royal Girls," writes of "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, Mrs. Fremont of Madame Recamier and her faithfulness to early friends, C. R. Holder of "Feathered Giants," Miss Harris of Alice and Phoebe Cary in her series, "Pleasant Authors," Mrs. Treat of "Cave Spiders," Julian Arnold of "An Arab Dinner Party," G. E. Vincent of "Juvenal the Satirist," E. B. Gorton of "How to Make an Aquarium," Susan Power of "What to do in Emergencies," while Mr. Adams goes on with his "Search Questions in English Literature," and there are also three fine serial stories in progress.

THE April *Magazine of American History* is a bright example of what taste and scholarship can do towards making authentic history delightful reading. The opening article, by N. H. Egleston, describes "The Newgate of Connecticut," the underground prison of the Revolution, established in the old Simsbury copper mines by that State. The story reads like fiction to this generation, but the picturesque ruins are truthful relics and may be easily seen. The frontispiece of the number is an exceptionally fine steel portrait of General Hancock, accompanied by a fitting tribute to his memory by William L. Keese. The third article is entitled the "Consolidation of Canada," by Watson Griffin, of Montreal, and cannot fail to attract wide attention, being a forcible reply to Dr. Bender's famous paper touching upon the annexation of Canada to the United States, published in the February number of this periodical.

THE April number of the *North American Review* will have for its chief features a long, unpublished letter from Gambetta addressed to Mme. Adam, in which the French statesman describes his famous electoral tour, when a plot was made to assassinate him; and an unpublished letter from General Grant, in which he gives his opinion of the military genius of Sherman and McPherson. A symposium discussion of constitutional reform, bearing more specifically upon the real estate qualification for suffrage, will be participated in by Judge Sayres and ex-Senator Sheffield. The Governor of Kansas will also, in a carefully prepared paper, describe the progress of his State, and ex-Senator Ingalls will denounce Blair's Educational Bill. Henry George will in this same issue appear on the defensive side of American landlordism. The concluding article will be by the editor, Mr. Allan Thorndike Rice, and will treat of a war topic.

"STRIKES, Lockouts, and Arbitrations" is the title of a timely and important article in the April *Century* by George May Powell. It aims to be an unbiased study of the relations of capital and labour, and of the methods of settling differences. Mr. Powell at the outset says, "Labour and capital are each as necessary to the other as the two wings of a bird. Cripple either wing and the other is useless." A portrait of Longfellow after an ambrotype of 1848, showing the poet in a guise unfamiliar to the public of later years, is the frontispiece of the number. It accompanies a paper by Mrs. Annie Fields giving "Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life." A profusely illustrated paper on "Toy Dogs"—the pug, spaniels, and terriers,—by James Watson, completes the *Century* series on typical dogs. The fiction and poetry of the number are very good. Dr. Washington Gladden contributes a thoughtful essay on "Christianity and Popular Education."

H. C. BUNNER opens the April *St. Nicholas* with a bright and amusing fanciful story, entitled, "Casperl," which is illustrated by O. Herford, and by the frontispiece—drawn by Leon Moran. Edward Everett with a more practical aim tells how the "Vacation-schools in Boston" were started; and Charles Barnard, in a story called "Sophie Conner and the Vacation-school," explains the inside workings of one of those popular and paradoxically named institutions. Henry Sandham contributes eleven drawings illustrating both articles. A very interesting "Historic Girl" is told about by E. S. Brooks. Her name was "Woo of Hwang-ho." Mrs. Burnett's serial, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," keeps at the same high-water mark it reached in the last instalment; Horace E. Scudder's "George Washington" carries the hero through the campaign with Braddock, and his subsequent military experience, as commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, his courtship and marriage.

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THE CITIZEN is devoted to the practical, but philosophic, discussion of questions of popular interest relating to citizenship and government. It is edited by members of the American Institute of Civics, recently incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, and already including in its membership very many of the most eminent scholars, educators, and writers upon civic questions in the United States.

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

CONTRIBUTORS.—Alexander Johnston, Richard T. Ely, Bernard Moses, J. H. Seelye, Carroll D. Wright, A. W. Tourgee, N. S. Shuler, Edward Everett Hale, Hezekiah Butterworth, Frances Marion Burdick, Henry C. Adams, Hubert H. Bancroft, George B. Loring, F. W. Parker, W. N. Baldwin, T. M. Goodnight, Lynn Abbott, Julius H. Ward, Simon Sterne, B. A. Hinsdale, E. E. White, William H. Prescott, W. H. Ruffner, J. L. M. Curry, William C. P. Breckenridge, W. C. Whitford, Kate Gannett Wells, Edmund J. James, J. W. Dickinson, Katherine Coman, Arthur Gilman, Mellen Chamberlain, Melville Dewey, R. L. Bridgman, Francis H. Buffum, Anson D. Morse, James MacAlister, Thomas Davidson, Charles Edwin Hurd, William A. Hammond, C. M. Woodward, Mary Sheldon Barnes, Edward Stanwood, Henry B. Carrington, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Randall Waite, George Gannett, Henry Wadsworth Reed, G. W. Knight, H. H. Young, Norman B. Eaton, Frank T. Reid, E. Haworth, Edwin D. Mead, William Clark (London, Eng.), J. Lawrence Laughlin.

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OTHER FEATURES

Of the April CENTURY, many of them illustrated, include "Creole Slave Songs," by G. W. Cable; "Italy, from a Tricycle," by W. D. Howell's new novel, "The Minister's Charge," short stories by Arlo Bates and Edward Eggleston; "Toy Dogs;" "Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life;" "Christianity and Popular Education," by Washington Gladden; "Strikes, Lockouts and Arbitration," etc.

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One of the notable features of the current April issue is Mr. N. H. Eggleston's illustrated article on "The Newgate of Connecticut," the underground prison established by that State, in the old Simsbury copper mines, just prior to the Revolution.

The versatile writer, William L. Keese, contributes to this number a tersely expressed and most appreciative tribute to the late lamented General Winfield Scott Hancock.

The discussion of the possible annexation of Canada to the United States, which is exciting great interest the world over, is treated in Mr. Watson Griffin's able paper on "The Consolidation of Canada."

The readers of this periodical who have followed Mr. A. W. Clason in his brilliant papers on the "Constitution," will be charmed with the manner in which he has drawn a pen-picture of "The Convention of North Carolina, 1788," appealing to all thoughtful Americans.

Nothing that has been written on "Shiloh" hitherto, presents such an impressive and vivid picture of the actual events of the "First Day's Battle, April 6," as the carefully prepared paper of General William Farrar Smith.

The first adequate sketch ever written from the National side, of the "Bull Pasture Mountain" battle, is presented in this number to our readers from the pen of one of the participants, General Alfred E. Lee, and will be thoroughly appreciated.

This number of the magazine contains also a stirring poem by William L. Keese, delivered at the meeting of the New York Cincinnati, February 22, 1886, in response to the toast, "Our National Independence; may it exist forever."

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

TORONTO & LORNE PARK

SUMMER RESORT COMPANY, (LIMITED.)

Capital, \$50,000,

IN 2,500 SHARES OF \$20 EACH.

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

OBJECT.

This Company is to be formed for the purpose of acquiring the property known as Lorne Park, and making it a first-class summer resort.

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

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

NO INTOXICATING LIQUOR of any kind will be allowed to be sold on the Property, or on the Steamboats plying between the Park and the City.

Power will be asked for in the charter to own, or charter, and run one or more first-class steamboats, which will run to and from Toronto at regular hours daily through the season (Sundays excepted).

A morning and evening train service will also be arranged.

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

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

Subscribers to the extent of \$500 of stock will be entitled to a building lot free.

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

A proper system of water supply, drainage and lighting will be arranged for, and everything done in order to make this charming spot the most attractive of any picnic ground or summer resort in the vicinity of Toronto.

The stock book is now open, and plans of the grounds can be seen at my office.

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AID FOR THE

Loyalists of Ireland.

In pursuance of the resolutions passed at the great public meeting held in Toronto on March 8th, the Committee of the Loyal and Patriotic Union appeals to all who are true to the Mother Country and the Union, without distinction of party or race, for subscriptions in aid of the Loyal and Unionist cause in Ireland. The treasurers of the fund are: Rev. Dr. John Potts, 33 Elm Street, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Joseph Wild, 175 Jarvis Street, Toronto; Rev. Prof. William Clark, Trinity College, Toronto; E. F. Clarke, Esq., 33 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. By any one of these gentlemen or at the Bank of Toronto subscriptions will be received. All subscriptions of whatever amount will be welcomed as proofs of good-will to the cause, and will be severally acknowledged. Friends of the cause throughout the country are invited to organize in their own localities for the purpose of collecting subscriptions.

GOLDWIN SMITH, Chairman. JAS. L. HUGHES, Secretary. March 15, 1886.

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