

# THE WEEK:

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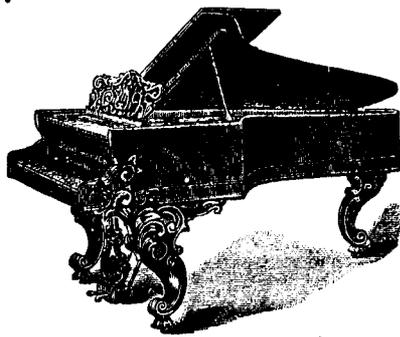
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Vol. V. No. 23.

Toronto, Thursday, May 3rd, 1888.

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## The Week,

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### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE.
Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew .....	359
Naturalization of British Residents in the United States .....	359
Sir Charles Tupper's Budget Speech .....	359
A Defence of Combination .....	359
Shall we have Absolutism in Business? .....	359
What will the Combines Committee recommend? .....	360
The Rejection of the "Wreckage" Bill .....	360
The Reconstruction of the Cabinet .....	360
The Behring Sea Seizures .....	360
Lord Randolph Churchill's attack on the Salisbury Administration .....	360
The Papal Decree and the Plan of Campaign .....	361
The Royal Houses of Britain and Germany .....	361
Roscoe Conkling .....	361
The Reorganization of the House of Lords .....	361
The Iroquois Beach—a Geological Theory .....	361
THE SCOTT ACT .....	M. A. 361
LONDON LETTER .....	Walter Powell. 362
ASSOCIATION (Poem) .....	Fidelis. 363
FROM NEW YORK .....	Louis Lloyd. 364
WHAT IS GAMBLING? .....	Prof. J. Clark Murray. 365
A SPRING-MORN REVERIE (Poem) .....	Cermer Mada. 365
A FEW THOUGHTS ON SOCIALISM .....	Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.D. 365
TWO PUNISHMENTS (Poem) .....	Sara J. Duncan. 366
HOW A SEMINARY IS CONDUCTED AT JOHNS HOPKINS .....	Archibald MacMechan. 367
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE .....	367
OUR LIBRARY TABLE .....	368
LITERARY GOSSIP .....	368
CHESS .....	369

SOME of the nationalist societies in the United States seem to have taken in one respect a new departure at their annual reunions. Hitherto it has been understood that the subject of politics should be eschewed in the after-dinner speeches. It was thought to be too thoroughly saturated with explosive elements to admit of safe handling. In some of the recent reunions this cautious policy has been departed from, one of the results being the sharp concussion at the dinner of the St. George's Society in New York. The President of the Society having referred to the Anglo-Irish question which he regarded from the Conservative or Liberal-Unionist point of view, Mr. Goldwin Smith took occasion, in his speech, to follow up the subject, and give emphatic expression to his well known opinions. His views were no doubt entirely acceptable to the great majority of his fellow countrymen present—constituting perhaps four fifths of the whole. But he seems to have forgotten the presence of another element representing a widely different set of opinions. Quite a sensation was excited when Mr. Chauncey M. Depew prefaced his Shakespearian address with a blunt and apparently rude declaration of dissent from every opinion that Mr. Goldwin Smith had uttered on the Irish question. Referring further to some regretful allusions by Mr. Goldwin Smith to an alleged Anti-English feeling in the United States, Mr. Depew repudiated in the strongest terms the idea that any such feeling exists. In this Mr. Depew was obviously wrong, unless he is prepared to say that the speeches of United States Senators, and the continually reiterated opinions of many of our exchanges from across the line, do not express the sentiments of any large section of the American people.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, in another part of the speech above referred to, commended the tendency which is, it appears, becoming general amongst British residents in the United States, to seek naturalization. This movement seems right and wise. It is but fitting that those who have become permanently resident in a foreign country, and who are enjoying the protection of its laws, and the advantages of its institutions, should identify themselves with it and endeavour to promote its well-being by becoming citizens. In the case in question, the naturalization of the large bodies of

Englishmen and Scotchmen resident in the United States would probably be the best service they can render to their native land as well as to their adopted country. Their votes and influence would go far to neutralize a prejudicial element in American politics, as well as to draw closer those bonds of mutual good will which every high-minded citizen of either nation earnestly desires to strengthen.

THE Budget Speech of the Canadian Minister of Finance was this year unusually brief, though it covered the usual ground and conveyed, so far as appears, all necessary information. In regard to the past year's operation the unexpected but agreeable announcement was made that instead of the estimated deficit of \$300,000 the returns showed a surplus of \$97,313, the revenue having exceeded the estimates by considerably more than that sum. In reference to the current year Sir Charles Tupper's figures anticipate a deficit of \$1,000,000, due partly, in his opinion, to the fact that the revenue from Customs was anticipated in the previous year to the extent of about \$400,000, in consequence of prospective changes in the tariff. This serious deficit for 1887-8, Sir Charles anticipates, will be counterbalanced by a surplus of about the same amount in the following year, 1888-9. This surplus is expected to accrue partly from natural increase in business, and partly from a reduction in expenditure. Perhaps the most pleasing of the announcements Sir Charles was able to make was that of a total increase to the extent of \$608,000 in freight operations over the Intercolonial Railway in 1887, as compared with the previous year. Dividing this equally between through and local traffic the Minister estimates the increase in the local traffic at over 300,000 tons, or 57 per cent. The same fact of growth in internal and interprovincial traffic is borne out by the statistics of increase in the number of passengers on the Intercolonial, and of tonnage of vessels employed in the coasting trade of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Coast. Sir Charles felicitates himself on the comparative absence of demands for tariff changes, and is still sanguine of the ultimate success of his protective policy in regard to iron.

UNDER the heading *Is Combination Crime?* Mr. Appleton Morgan contributes to the *Natural Science Monthly* for May a slashing article in reply to Mr. James F. Hudson's paper on *Modern Feudalism* in the April *North American Review*. Mr. Morgan boldly and cleverly takes up the cudgels in defence of combination in principle and in practice. He contends, in effect, that trusts, combinations, and incorporations for business purposes, instead of increasing, at once cheapen the prices of their product to the very minimum margin of profit, so as to forestall new combinations; that the immediate effect of combination is apt to be to convenience, rather than to incommode the customer, or client, inasmuch as the larger capital at command and the larger scale of operations are favourable to cheapness of production, to perfection of machinery, and to invention and use of the best methods and appliances; that, though the strong corporations do not necessarily pay larger wages than smaller concerns, they do not pay smaller, while, as a matter of fact, the larger the principal, the more secure the wages of the wage-worker. Mr. Morgan's position may, in short, be summed up in the statement which he regards as a natural law, that, "so long as the tendency of the products of the earth is to find a market, just so long will it be the tendency within that market for the handling of different classes of products to centralize," and in the further principle that if two or more traders in an identical staple find themselves united in a community of interest, and see fit to bind themselves into a single firm or trading company, it is "no matter of conspiracy against the public weal, but the merest consideration of personal convenience and facility." The logical sequence and ultimate issue must be, though Mr. Morgan does not say so, a period in which combinations will be supreme and universal, and beneficent in all departments of trade and manufacture.

THERE is force as well as plausibility in Mr. Morgan's defence. He deserves credit for his courage, and, dealing as he does with what is undeniably a most pressing question in what may be called the Ethics of Political Economy, his argument deserves, and, we dare say, will receive, close and careful investigation. In matters of detail some weak points are conspicuous. When, for instance, he insinuates that there can be nothing

wrong in the purchase by a combination of the interests of a small competitor who may be "willing or even anxious to be crushed out for a consideration," rather than assume all the chances of himself crushing out the larger competitor," he conveniently ignores the question whether, but for the dread of boycotting, or other sinister mode of warfare, the small competitor might not prefer to decline either alternative, and whether he has not a natural right to do so and go on doing his own business in his own way. But the broad issue is that which regards principles and tendencies. No one who carefully reflects on the subject can fail to see that the outcome of the principle of the combine must be an absolutism in business as odious in its character as any absolutism in government. The fundamental question is not whether such and such a combination does or does not just now furnish the commodities it produces or handles as cheaply as they could be had under other conditions, but what guarantee the people can have that it will continue to do this, when its control is fully assured. No people who have fought and bled for the principles of responsible government in politics is likely to submit long to irresponsibility in manufacture and commerce. It may be, it is indeed to be hoped, that something better than the old method of competition may be found, but certainly no self-governing people is likely to place itself at the mercy of a great corporation, by leaving it absolutely free to determine at what price its staple shall be sold, and how fast its members shall grow rich. Somewhere and somehow the principle of responsibility must be fixed and maintained.

THE questions raised in the foregoing paragraphs have a special interest for Canadians just now, in view of the evidence being taken by the Committee on Combines, at Ottawa. The report of that committee will be awaited with interest, though it may be presumed that most thoughtful readers of its published proceedings will have drawn their own conclusions from the evidence in advance. When, for instance, an undertaker is virtually prohibited from setting up in business by a boycott, or when a coal dealer pays his fellow-dealers several hundred dollars for the privilege of taking a public contract, it will be hard to convince the unsophisticated that there is not something radically wrong in the system, and that the public is not, in the end, the real victim. But what remedy will the committee propose? Will it be prepared to recommend as radical legislation as that recently enacted by the Legislature of Iowa, by which all corporations, copartnerships, and individuals are prohibited from entering into any combination or confederation to fix the price of any commodity, or the amount or quantity of it to be produced or sold in the State? That is certainly an attempt to go to the root of the matter.

THE rejection by the Canadian Commons of Mr. Kirkpatrick's Bill providing for the acceptance of the standing offer of the United States Congress to allow full reciprocity in wrecking, is to be regretted on the grounds of mutual interests and of international good will. If it is not also to be regretted on the ground of humanity, it is simply because of the fact that no captain or crew, either Canadian or American, would be likely to permit the law to stand in the way of their rendering prompt aid to save life or prevent suffering. This is, no doubt, true in cases in which the peril or suffering are before the eyes of the rescuers. But it cannot be denied that the law may lead even to loss of life by preventing the nearest wrecker from going to the rescue in uncertain and doubtful cases. Mr. William Lesslie, of Kingston, in a letter to the *Empire*, disposes pretty effectually of the two chief apologies that were offered in debate for keeping so uncivilized a law on the Canadian Statute Book as that which forbids that a vessel in distress or danger should be succoured by the first boat that can reach her. One of these apologies was the Government's plea that permission to call in the aid of American wreckers is never refused in cases of emergency. In answer to this Mr. Lesslie shows that, owing to the inevitable delays involved in getting such permission, the critical moment must often pass and the opportunity for rendering effectual help be lost. To the allegation that reciprocity would be one-sided because a larger number of wrecks occur in Canadian than in American waters the reply is still more effective, if the fact be, as Mr. Lesslie alleges, that out of seventy-seven vessels lost on the chain of lakes during the last season only eleven, and those of the less valuable classes, were lost in Canadian waters. But even if the converse were true in regard to the wreckers, would not the very fact show that the opposite is the fact in regard to the sufferers, whose interests are surely paramount? Is not the balance of absolute gain on the side of the nation whose subjects have most to lose for want of prompt assistance?

SPECULATION will be rife, and excitement in ministerial circles intense, until the long-pending reconstruction of the Dominion Cabinet, rendered

now imperatively necessary by the decease of the Minister of the Interior, shall have taken place. This will, as a matter of course, not be until after the close of the Session. The return of Sir Charles Tupper to England is understood to be certain, and the retirement of one or two other members of the Ministry highly probable. Thus no less than four or five Cabinet offices may be simultaneously vacant—an unusual occurrence, and one which could not fail to be embarrassing to any leader not possessed of Sir John A. Macdonald's ample resources. Those resources will, no doubt, be found, as hitherto, equal to the occasion. Meanwhile symptoms of impatience for adjournment are already beginning to manifest themselves and the annual sacrifice of promised Bills may be looked for. It will be a pity if the Railway Bill and other measures involving important interests are amongst the number.

It is not surprising that some members of the Dominion Parliament are impatient and even indignant at the apparently slow progress of British diplomacy in putting a stop to the seizure and confiscation of Canadian fishing vessels in Behring's Sea. The pretence that the nation which has just insisted upon and secured the right of fishing in Canadian Bays exceeding ten miles in width at the mouth may justly exercise territorial rights over a great open sea, and that too in virtue of the ownership of but one of its coasts, seems too preposterous to become a matter of serious international correspondence. To even the coolest heads the seizure of inoffensive fishing vessels, with their cargoes and crews, at the distance of ninety or one hundred miles from the mainland, has more the appearance of privateering than of legitimate protection of rights by a civilized and Christian nation. But the fact remains, and there is no help for it but in international diplomacy, nor is there any known means by which a colony, destitute of a great navy and standing army, can hasten the process of such diplomacy very materially. There is little doubt that the United States, as a nation, will do what is right in the end, however gross the wrongs she may suffer her officials, dressed, some of them, in an authority which is unhappily neither brief nor little, to perpetrate in her name in the meantime. It is difficult to see much force either in the pretext by which the American plenipotentiaries justified the refusal of their Government to have the question submitted to the Fisheries Commission, viz., that as no claim of the British Government had been formally refused, there was no dispute to be settled; or in the fact urged by some of the Canadian Ministers, that other nations are concerned in the matter, as an excuse for delay in seeking justice for Canada. The former plea, if allowed, could be stretched so as to cover an indefinite period, and defeat all the ends of justice. To the latter the natural rejoinder is that it is England's duty to protect her own subjects whether those of other nations are protected or not. But there is a sound if not very soothing argument for resignation in the suggestion that it can hardly be presumed that the remonstrances of Canada, single-handed, would avail more than those of the greatest naval Power in the world.

THE severity of the attack made upon the British Administration in the Commons, in the debate upon the defeated bill for the extension of the principle of local government of Ireland, justifies the astonishment of some of the Conservative journals at the introduction of the Government's Local Government bill at the present time. Lord Randolph Churchill's animadversions seem to have been particularly damaging. But apart from the charge of bad faith and broken promises, it is evident that the position in which the Government is apparently placed, of refusing to Ireland the measure of self-rule it bestows unasked upon England, is extremely illogical, and cannot long be maintained. The strength of the Conservative position is in its claim to justice and impartiality in its treatment of the Irish. The dilemma is so obvious and so awkward as to confirm the suspicion, it may almost be said, admission, that the Local Government Bill is a Liberal-Unionist, not a Conservative measure.

THE Irish Nationalists have just received apparently a severe check in the Pope's condemnation of the Plan of Campaign and the practice of boycotting. All the resources of the Party-leaders will need to be called into play to induce the Irish peasantry to reject the authority of the Vatican in favour of that of Parnell, Dillon, and Company, should that be the final issue involved. Much of the moral effect of the Papal decree will, however, be lost if it be found to have been besought, or bargained for, by agents of the British Government—especially if any such price as that of a college endowment can be shown to have been promised. The *St. James's Gazette* is no doubt right in intimating that if the Pope has allowed himself to be drawn into anything even faintly resembling such a mistake as backing up Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, nothing can be gained by

the blunder but the intensifying of Ireland's hatred of the Tory Government. It seems, however, highly improbable that any direct bargaining has taken place, and a prompt repudiation of such a charge may be expected. Meanwhile, until the full text of the decree is published, speculation upon its effect on the political situation would be premature and at hap-hazard.

It is to be hoped that the press reports in regard to the alleged coolness of the reception accorded by the Germans to Queen Victoria and her daughter, the Empress, are at least exaggerated. No two great nations of Europe have more in common than Great Britain and Germany, and they ought to be drawing closer together, year by year, in the interest, not only of mutual, but of European peace and good will. The latest advices seem to foreshadow a renewed, though possibly brief, respite for the noble Emperor from the inevitable fate which is overshadowing him. If it be true that all his waning energies are being devoted to reforming and liberalizing the Constitution, his struggle with death is a spectacle of moral grandeur, and his short reign may yet prove one of the most memorable in German history. These later despatches also represent the Queen as delighted with the heartiness of her reception, and so suggest the query whether the cablegrams are wholly unreliable, or whether, as is indeed not unlikely, the German Army and the German civilians represent two widely contrasted phases of opinion and feeling. It would seem as if German lovers of constitutional government must admire and honour England's sovereign, for her constitutionalism as well as her character.

THE press of the United States is still discussing the character and career of the late ex-Senator Conkling. Roscoe Conkling was first elected to Congress in 1858, and again in 1860, but it was not until his re-election in 1864, after some years of enforced retirement, that he became, what he continued to be until his resignation of his position in the Senate in 1881, one of the strongest forces in the political life of the United States. He was an ardent supporter of President Lincoln during the great crisis in the nation's history, though the moral victory over slavery had been won before his power began to make itself felt. If Roscoe Conkling was somewhat more than a politician, he was also somewhat less than a statesman. His methods and his mental habits were those of a Party-leader rather than a self-sacrificing patriot. He was a thorough believer in patronage, and one of the foremost manipulators of the "Machine" in politics. He came into antagonism with President Hayes and afterwards with President Garfield in consequence of their refusal to defer to his views in the matter of appointments. His resignation of his position as Senator was virtually an appeal from the decision of the latter President in the matter of an appointment. Finding that he had miscalculated his power and popularity, when the Legislature of New York refused to re-elect him he retired from public life, to sulk, Achilles-like, in private—nor could he ever after be induced to re-enter the political arena. His great influence, both as a Party-leader and as a lawyer, was no doubt aided by his splendid personal presence and physique, but he was also unquestionably a man of more than ordinary intellectual and oratorical ability.

THE debate on Lord Dunraven's Bill for the reform of the House of Lords and the subsequent withdrawal of that Bill on the promise of Lord Salisbury to introduce a Bill for the admission of life peers, and to consider other needful reforms, are significant. Once the spirit of unrest has got footing in that ancient institution and it so far yields to outside pressure as to enter upon the work of self-reform, it is hard to say where the innovations will cease. The effect of the change proposed will depend largely upon the number of life peerages provided for, but, unless under the vague description of other needful reforms, Lord Salisbury includes some provision for purging the aristocratic fold of its "black sheep," the agitation will not be quieted for any length of time. It is pretty evident, too, that, if the hereditary principle is to be preserved, some means of restricting the numbers, and selecting those with some taste and capacity for legislation, must shortly be devised. A state of affairs which makes it possible that a great measure for the good of the commonwealth may at any time be defeated by the votes of irresponsible young lords who seldom or never attend the ordinary sessions of the House, but come up to vote only on occasions when some prejudice or fancied class interest is at stake, is not likely to be much longer tolerated in a nation which has a special genius for self government.

At a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Washington, Prof. J. W. Spencer, of Missouri, formerly of Canada, contributed a paper on

*The Iroquois Beach*, a chapter on the geological history of Lake Ontario. Several years ago the author showed that the valleys of all the lakes were of pre-glacial date—that they were originally large rivers; but how these ancient water basins were closed was then unknown. According to Dr. Spencer, all the great lakes formed at one time one sheet of water at a much lower altitude than that of the lowest of them now. This immense lake has been named "Lake Warren," in honour of the first investigator in this department of geology, whom Dr. Spencer regards as the father of Lacustrine Geology. After the separation of Lake Ontario from Lake Warren it had a long epoch of repose, marked by the formation of the great beach seen at different points in the vicinity of Toronto, and called by Dr. Spencer the "Iroquois Beach," the Indians having formerly used portions of it as a trail. Burlington Heights and the gravels along the Davenport Road are portions of this old shore line. It can be easily traced through the townships of Scarborough and York; it forms the high ridge upon the slope of which are the residences owned by Dr. Larratt W. Smith, Senator Macdonald, and the late Senator McMaster; it extends to the west, roughly parallel with the present lake shore line, to Burlington. Mr. G. K. Gilbert, of Washington, followed this beach around the lake in the State of New York, and discovered that the old water line had been greatly warped. The work upon the Canadian side of the lake has been done by Dr. Spencer. The Iroquois Beach at Hamilton is one hundred and sixteen feet above the present lake level, whilst north of Trenton it is about four hundred feet, and to the north-east of New York State it rises to four hundred and fifty feet. East of Belleville it extends back of Oak Hills, to the west of Rice Lake, thence north-east to the Ottawa, and down to the St. Lawrence. Lake Ontario then was double its present size, and two hundred and fifty feet deeper, with an outlet six hundred to eight hundred feet deep. The closing of the Ontario basin was caused by the warping of the earth's crust to the extent of six hundred or seven hundred feet, more than half of which has been done since the Iroquois Beach was formed. In the sea cliffs in north-eastern New York, Dr. Spencer has found the proof that the whole of the barrier across the outlet of the basin has been the result of differential uplifts of the earth's surface. The age of Lake Ontario is not great; it dates back no further than the middle of the great ice age, when there lived the elk, the beaver, the mammoth, and man. Evidence of these has been found at various points along these old lake terraces. It is understood that Dr. Spencer will continue field work in Ontario during the coming summer months. This new departure in geological research is likely to revolutionize long accepted theories regarding the origin of our great lake basins, and it is gratifying to know that so prominent a part is taken in scientific research by a Canadian.

#### THE SCOTT ACT.

WE are told that at the restoration of Charles II. there were two causes of the general detestation of Puritanism by the English people: the tyranny of the good Puritans and the hypocrisy of the bad. It is, no doubt, true that England was not so Puritanical under the First Charles, nor so licentious under the Second Charles, as it might appear to those who study the literature of those periods. But a tremendous revulsion of sentiment must have taken place when Butler's *Hudibras* represented the ordinary Englishman's way of regarding the soldiers of the Commonwealth.

Something of the same kind of feeling is animating the counties which, one after another, simultaneously rather, are throwing off the tyranny of the Scott Act. When the Scott Act was accepted in various localities those who voted for it were conscious of the existence of an undeniable evil, probably believed in the good intentions of those who invented this remedy, and were unable to forecast all the consequences of such a measure.

That the lawful liberty of individuals was assailed, that an unjust advantage was given to the rich over the poor, that certain provisions of the Act in regard to evidence were a violation of all our precedents in that matter, that its enforcement must be attended with much inconvenience of various kinds,—all this was unforeseen by the majority of those who supported the Act. In point of fact, few of those considerations, important as they are, have weighed with those who have voted for the abrogation, not of the Act, but of its continuation where it had been adopted. Undoubtedly the practical working of the measure has decided most of its opponents in the course they have taken.

Attempts have been made by some of the Prohibitionist organs to account for the defeat of the Act in so many different districts; and one of the favourite explanations has been the failure of the authorities to enforce it. Now, we do not say merely that it is impossible to enforce the Act in a way that would be satisfactory to its supporters, although we

believe that such is the case. But we are also sure that, if it were so enforced, as if any serious and thorough effort were made so to enforce it, the opposition would be even more serious than it has been.

It is not at all difficult, for those who are in any way acquainted with the counties which have shaken off the tyranny, to follow the course of reflection which has led to this result. In the first place, the most devoted advocates of temperance, or even of total abstinence (which is a very different thing), cannot regard with complacency the fining and imprisonment of their neighbours for doing what they have always done, and what is done in most parts of the world, without let or hindrance. Knowing that these persons consider such legislation to be oppressive and tyrannical, it is impossible for them to regard them as mere criminals, and even if they disapprove or condemn the cause for which they suffer, they do not like the notion of making martyrs of their opponents. It is not very easy for those of us who live in cities or large towns, and who can change our friends and acquaintances without being left alone, to understand the powerful influences of such considerations in smaller places. In many of the villages and towns of this Province, contentions have been engendered and feuds have sprung up which will not be appeased for many a day. Such strifes have burnt in society, in business, in churches, and in the family. We cannot wonder that people get weary of them and disgusted with the cause. And these reasons become more imperative when it is seen that the end which was proposed by the measure has not been reached. Every one must desire the suppression of drunkenness, and be willing to employ every legitimate means to bring it about. Many who would have preferred a different method were induced to vote for the Scott Act, or at least to abstain from voting against it, by the hope that it would at least tend to put down drinking, even if it inflicted some hardship upon the community at large. But it is the opinion of many who have ample means of knowing that the Act has not even diminished drunkenness, much less abolished it; but that it has introduced many other evils alongside the one which it was intended to suppress.

For instance, it is certainly a bad thing that men should be encouraged to break the law, and still worse that they should be led to despise it. Not only has this been the result of the imposition of the Scott Act, but a habit of thought towards the law has been engendered which is destructive of that spirit of subordination to lawful authority which certainly stands in no need of weakening in this country.

Another evil has resulted from the operation of the Act. People who either could not or would not desist from the use of alcohol have in many cases given up the drinking of beer, which is more difficult to convey from place to place, and have taken to drinking whiskey, which is certainly a more dangerous habit; and not only so, but to drink bad whiskey, which is poisonous, instead of good whiskey, which, taken in moderation and at proper intervals, is a wholesome beverage and often medicinally useful. And still further, the hours of drinking, not being recognized by law, have not been regulated, and so it has come to pass that drink has been sold and bought and consumed at all hours of the day and night. It is a simple fact that, in a certain town of no great size, where there were five public houses a few years ago, there have been ten or eleven places where, since the introduction of the Scott Act, liquor has been sold every day in the week, including Sunday, and not only every day but oftentimes all night. In point of fact, the operation of this Act has done a good deal to annoy respectable and law-abiding people; but it has seldom diminished drunkenness, and it has sometimes increased it.

When, besides all these consequences of the Scott Act, we remember that the public treasury has been mulcted of its revenue, which has had to be drawn from other sources, we add another count to the indictment which we bring against this unhappy measure. It is one of the soundest principles of political economy that the incidence of taxation should lie as much as possible upon articles of luxury, and as little as possible upon articles of necessity, and that it should be particularly heavy upon those things in the use of which there is any danger to society. Upon this principle, it is agreed in all civilized countries that the heaviest taxes shall be imposed upon alcohol. In this way, when Mr. Gladstone lowered the duty on French wines in England, he made the amount of the tax on certain kinds of wines to depend upon the percentage of alcohol they contained. This principle is doubly violated in the working of the Scott Act. It encourages the drinking of whiskey, instead of beer or wine, and it practically removes the tax from alcohol to the necessaries of life.

"It will not and it cannot come to good." No end, however good, can justify such means, neither can it be reached in any such way. When we give the fullest credit to the good intentions of many of the promoters of the law, we do not the less believe it to be unjust and mischievous. Oliver Cromwell and many of his supporters intended to rule the people of England in truth and righteousness and to promote the glory of God. As a matter of fact they engendered an immense amount of hypocrisy, and produced one of the most frightful reactions recorded in history. Savonarola tried, by similar means, to bring about the reign of holiness in Florence, and only produced an outbreak in which great part of his work was undone and himself perished. Our Maker has not ordained that the regeneration of mankind should be effected by such measures; and we may be sure that as they have failed in the past, so they will fail in the future. M. A.

## LONDON LETTER.

"THE existence of women who speak, who write, who belong to professions and are, generally, aggressive, threatens to change the manner of all women; they have already become more assured, more self-reliant, less deferent to men's opinions. . . . They wildly deny any inferiority of intellect, though no woman has ever produced any work which puts her anywhere near the highest intellectual level. They desire a complete equality, which they have hitherto failed to prove." These are unnecessarily harsh words on the part of Mr. Besant, when one remembers Rose Bonheur and George Eliot, not to mention Sarah Bernhardt, who surely runs our best actors very close, and Mrs. Barrett Browning, whose verse any poet would, I think, be proud to own; but they seemed singularly just this afternoon as I looked round at the pictures sent by the Society of Lady Artists to the Egyptian Hall Gallery. Over five hundred pieces, but beyond two or three sketches by Mrs. Merritt and one, slight, but very charming, by Miss Montalba, there is nothing to keep one's attention for a moment: over five hundred pieces, on which the changes were rung on painted flowers, fields in which the perspective was generally wrong, or an occasionally ambitious, unsuccessful portrait. Here and there a glance of prettiness, but of strength not an ounce; here and there a good bit of colour, the value of which was too often counteracted by faulty drawing; everywhere incompetence in some form or other, trickiness and conceit. Surely it is a pity the artists should imagine their productions worthy the public attention, to say nothing of the shilling entrance, the sixpenny catalogue and the hire of the Piccadilly room in which to show off these spoilt canvasses. Thirty years ago they would have been left in portfolios or the best hung in bedrooms and corridors in remote country houses; now, having learnt little or nothing more than the last generation knew, the present-day ladies wish us to believe—and, I suppose, believe themselves—that these are Works of Art. "This is Nelly's," I heard somebody remark, pointing to a particularly feeble picture; "every one says it's so like Millais', only softer." At which speech I fled, knowing I could bear no more.

And from these framed and glazed, much-criticised, and belauded littlenesses, amongst which one could hardly breathe, I went to the panorama of Niagara, where, charmed and interested indeed, I was refreshed by the sight of that great breezy sketch of beautiful country in which the Falls are set, and felt grateful to the dexterous painter for the counterfeit presentment of such magnificence. At first the scene is so complete you feel as if suddenly stricken with deafness, that being the only solution for the mysterious absence of all sound; for these immense cataracts of foaming water, the wooded heights illuminated with certain effective touches of autumnal crimson and gold, the sunny crowded road on the edge of the river, the large hotels standing near at hand, all are of course absolutely silent. This fact necessarily dispels much of the agreeable illusion. Standing on the Observatory opposite Goat Island, one by one those places are pointed out which through our lives we have read and talked of, and those amongst us who are not travellers have yearned to see, and the American and Canadian or Horse Shoe Falls, and the Cave of the Winds (familiar to most of you, I suppose; never to be anything but words or coloured canvas to most of us) are criticised in all sorts of ways by all sorts of timid voices belonging to people who before this pictured grandeur are happily gentle and subdued. Many of us, I am sure, think of Howells' *Wedding Journey*, and I hear Dickens quoted; even some one repeats a sentence from Tyndall; and then I am instructed, as I lean over the railing, that for a mile around Niagara the ground vibrates, but to this piece of information I turn a deaf ear, absorbed as I am in trying to discover the line at which the imitation joins the real gravel walks, growing evergreen shrubs, and slender young trees gingerly putting forth their fresh green leaves, which form so odd a contrast to the September foliage a hundred painted yards off.

Who wants to know the height and depth of these marvellous waters, the number of acres in Goat Island, the amount of yearly visitors to the Prospect House? Not I, forsooth. Such statistics hinder rather than help; so when the showman, standing in our midst, suddenly began to lecture the reluctant crowds I beat a hasty retreat down the stairs, passing the small picture of the scene of Webb's disaster, to the centre of the hall where, to the tunes wound from a wild beast-show instrument (called an orchestrina, I believe) two or three Indians in curious costumes were languidly moving about among the sweetmeat and photograph stalls, these gentry, wearing tall feather headdresses, and much resembling the figures which occasionally guard our tobacco shops, were accompanied by a Princess Pocahontas, robed in scarlet and decked with beads and shells, with whom they held conversation in a friendly fashion. Their English proved so good that doubts tormented me as to their real nationality, and it was not till I remembered the Indian child in Howells' story was called Daisy Smith and that her mother spoke fluently in our language, that I felt re-assured. Above the clatter of our talk that dreadful organ ground out *Yankee Doodle* and the *Star-Spangled Banner*, once in a while giving us *Home, Sweet Home* or variations from *Faust*: crowds passed backward and forward through the clicking entrance gates, or bought from the chocolate and trinket vendors, laughing and calling to each other; and as I came out from this noisy little scene into sunshiny quiet old Queen Anne's Gate, with its quaint canopied doorways and air of sober dowager respectability, I met troops of other visitors *en route* for Niagara, so the panorama is the success it certainly deserves to be. Only I think personally I should have felt more content if the lecturer and the musical instrument had been silent; for both jarred a little somehow.

Are these tiresome lecturers really a necessity? Cannot you clever folks

leave us stupid ones to find out things for ourselves, which, believe me, however dull we are, we are certain to do sooner or later? Why do the newspapers persist in giving long dissertations on books, columns of praise on plays, which criticisms, conducted as a rule on log-rolling principles, are of absolutely no value to the ordinary reader or play-goer? It is not what the *Athenæum* and the *Times* choose to print of So and So's novel that can really make it successful, though a good notice can give it a sort of fictitious galvanized life for the space of a month or two; it is not what the *Telegraph* and *Standard* have to say of a new piece that insures for certain plays prodigious runs. It is the ordinary people with average intellects who, knowing nothing of the author's personality, will not be led by the inspired critic. Such play-goers, such readers, recommend one to another, read the book many times, see the play again and again, quite heedless of any newspaper voice whatsoever; or, contrariwise, warn off their friends, leave the volume uncut, the play-house seats unoccupied, charm the critic never so sweetly.

Most of us possess the bump of locality and can find our way over the country (for writers never treat of an absolutely unknown land) without the aid of finger-posts, even if they are wrought in such elegant devices of beaten iron as those Mr. James is good enough to set up as guides to particularly fine views in the literary world—views we might never have discovered, he knows, but for his aid. In *Scribner* for April (or is it the *Century*?—the American magazines are confusingly alike) he treats of Mr. Stevenson, and as one reads on, from dry paragraph, neatly punctuated, to dry paragraph, one feels how condescending it is of the writer not only to admire Mr. Stevenson, but to allow us to hear his opinion on the subject. He has two curious habits: when speaking to us, he continually lets us see how little he thinks of us, which is not polite; and he rarely is so vulgar or commonplace as to finish his stories, as he gets tired of us, bored with us; that he insists on our doing for ourselves. And his criticisms, too, are full of his mannerisms. At present, Mr. Stevenson does not bore Mr. James,—it was not ever thus; do I not remember Mr. James wearily lifting his eyebrows and disclaiming any desire for a quest after hidden treasure to have disturbed the mild long days of his youth?—so Mr. James writes of and to Mr. Stevenson, and strives to forget that a great magazine reading public will probably scamper through these sacred pages at full speed (instead of stepping delicately, like Agag, and lingering long at these points of view at which he calls our attention) just as if they were written, these instructive sheets, by an ordinary mortal like ourselves.

"Again I must say, above all things, especially to young people writing; for the love of God don't condescend! Don't assume the attitude of saying, See how clever I am, and what fun everybody else is. Take any shape but that." A great master of literature once sent the above advice to a small beginner; it is sound advice, is it not? And this condescension can take, too, all manner of shapes. The generous, easily amused, quickly-touched public prefer their Improvisatores should finish the stories they have begun to tell for the public's amusement and pleasure: a record of every chip of the hammer, every turn of the tools, however skilful, as the statue is being carved, is not needed, and in nine times out of ten, is left unread; and we require flesh and blood heroes and heroines. Galatea must be instinct with life before we take interest in her; and if Pygmalion works with wires and speaking-tubes, and imposes on us a statue that has never been touched by the sacred fire, we detect the imposture at once, believe me, however smoothly the wires work, however admirably constructed are the sentences which come from the marble lips . . . and now shall we, in a month or two, hear Mr. Stevenson on the author of *Daisy Miller*, the article fronted by a photograph or drawing of Mr. Henry James? I think the motto for such literature—we have had a deal of it in the magazines from over the water—shall be the following quotation from one of Andersen's fairy tales: "All the plates rattled with delight, and the broom took some green parsley and crowned the jar with it; for the broom knew that if it crowned the jar to-day, the jar would crown it in turn to-morrow, and that would make the others angry," which quotation can be found in the charming story of *The Flying Trunk*.

On my desk are lying, thick as those often-quoted Vallombrosa leaves, volumes of Lives, of Letters, of novels, which I should not presume seriously to criticise, but should still like to say, not at all in the tone of an oracle I hope, how I was struck by two or three of them. Of the Lives, the Bancrofts have amused, interested, and pleased me best, in spite of grammatical faults, of faults of construction, in spite of a few pointless stories, as all truthful pictures of any side of society must interest every one of us. They have told much, and have of course put aside as much more, as we all—even the most candid of us—have to do in the story of our days, but they have taken the right tone with us and I think their book will have the success it deserves. To Mrs. Bancroft's pluck we owe countless evenings of delight in those far-away days when Robertson's heartily abused teacup and-saucer comedies first charmed all that part of the audience not composed of newspaper critics, but even these gentlemen gave way in time. There never was any attempt at elaborate dresses or scenery, and we wanted neither of them. The play was the thing; and we left the little Tottenham Street theatre talking of Polly Eccles, not of her gowns or her chairs and tables. Then amongst the books of letters one turns with most pleasure to those of Sir Henry Taylor, where, page after page, you are introduced afresh to all sorts of familiar good company; and you may listen to Mrs. Norton's humorous natural talk, and can see assembled all the frequenters of the famous Grange. Was ever a better little scene photographed than that in which the skirmish with Lady Ashburton takes place? For that and Mrs. Norton's letters alone would one always

remember this pleasant scholarly gossip. Of the novels I, with the recollection of Sydney Smith's axiom, that it is not necessary to eat through a cask of butter to know what is in it, have read entirely but few, and of those few have found Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* the best, as it is carefully written and full of conscientious, thoughtful work, even if it is not worth the enthusiastic praise which everywhere you find showered upon it. And the worst of this class of literature is to me *The New Antigone*, with its aggressive assumption of cleverness and its entire absence of any knowledge of human nature. Some say it is written by a Jesuit priest; others wiser, put it down to some vain, foolish, cloistered woman, not necessarily in a nunnery, but nevertheless distinctly out of touch with all the world.

WALTER POWELL.

#### ASSOCIATION.

[The sonnet, *At the Falls of Riviere du Loup*, by "Fidelis,"—recently published in THE WEEK—had, by some unaccountable error, one line dropped out of it. The line was, "Like wreaths of snow on the dark rocks outspread."—EDITOR.]

THERE is a fragrance lingering round some books—

As breathes the scent from rose leaves laid away;

Dear memories of old familiar looks,

Smiles on beloved faces wont to play,

And tones whose echoes long have died away,

Times when we caught a glimpse of Truth divine,

That broke upon us like a sudden ray

Of light from realms where always light doth shine;

Memories that with our inmost hearts entwine

Breathe their own fragrance through each well-known line,

Give their own sweetness to the poet's song,

Their beauty to the beauty of his dream,

Adding the grace of days departed long

To those that paler now and poorer seem!

FIDELIS.

#### FROM NEW YORK.

FAR enough from Fifth Avenue to excite no emulation among the street cleaners, therefore flanked on either side by hideous dust-bins, is East Forty-fourth Street in the vicinity of the elevated railway. A more begrimed, forbidding locality one would scarcely care to see. Here, on the second floor of a terrace house, I was received by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake. Her greeting, if not personally, was certainly nationally characteristic—"Of course, I am always very busy."

Mrs. Blake, it appears, has sacrificed much for that in which most American women, unoccupied with the embroidering of altar-cloths and stitching of pinafores, feel a greater or less interest. Even though at heart you should think as those renegade Congressmen, whose aspen variability is proverbial when women's rights are concerned, surely must some very honest admiration be given this woman for her persevering bravery. Public opinion one finds difficult enough to combat; but to fight it, weakened by private opposition, needs an amount of stout-heartedness and patience, in themselves the strongest argument favouring Mrs. Blake's schemes.

The little drawing-room where I sat would have filled a fashionable lady authoress with dismay. There were neither fans nor bits of silk about, and the well-used books stood looking peacefully out at us from homely shelves, infinitely more dignified, it struck me, than their unfortunate, freshly-dressed brothers, who furtively peep like lackeys round the corners of the flimsy curtains with which modern taste attempts to hide them. Apart from some family portraits, nothing in the room attracted particular attention until Mrs. Blake entered. Between women who work and those who talk, have you ever noticed how much more time the former hold, despite their incessant labour, for all sorts of outside helpfulness? These invariably come towards one with a sharp interrogation, that they answer ere long themselves by introductions, suggestions, gushing society dames would never dream of. Mrs. Blake is still young, though her gray-black hair and nervous, pre-occupied air seem to contradict it. She leads the Women Suffragists in New York, lectures, and agitates generally. Even now a tour is planned, when she will speak throughout some Western States. With the convention at Washington Mrs. Blake was delighted. Of course, nothing can be easier than to laugh at these meetings, and yet when you find one of the most prominent figures in them—a figure well known and highly esteemed by numbers of literati—devoting her life to the end for which they are held, now in rousing the chronically sleepy senatorial conscience, now in working amidst distracting New York hubbub, your hilarity becomes modified; nay, you may even be just enough to take up Mr. George Pellew's recently published *Woman and the Commonwealth: or a Question of Expediency*.

Nothing can exceed the old-fogyism inspiring American opinions on artistic matters. Critics gnash their teeth over the faintest manifestation of unconventionality, and set to work with a brutality only equalled by their ignorance to belabour the unfortunate who shall dare to look at nature without the aid of his grandfather's coloured spectacles.

Nothing is more charming in the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists than Mr. Frank W. Benson's "In Summer." Shaded from the noonday sunlight that quivers beyond on the gray-green lawn and the beds of flowers, and fills the air with warmth, sits a fair-complexioned, golden-haired, white-robed creature, holding a dainty volume in her lap. A bit of blue sky is visible, and the shawl hanging on the back of the chair recalls the same tone. As the present exhibition owes no allegiance to

either press-men or academicians, this exquisite thing enjoys a very prominent position on the line.

I had occasion to visit Mr. Benson's studio in Boston the other day. His confrère, Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell, received us. "In Summer" they had idiotically criticised when exhibited before being sent to New York; all the delicious simplicity they imagined the artist had obtained with little labour or care.

"Of course Benson felt rather cut up about it, for, you see, through the whole summer, as long as he could possibly paint out of doors, he worked on the picture." Verily Mr. Benson shall have his reward, in spite of a Bostonian verdict. You don't come across such an artistic conscience every day. "Yes, the people here are horribly opposed to the new school; but the press knows as much about painting—well, as much as it knows about anything else. Here is a sea piece Benson will send to an exhibition in Chicago. I'm sorry I haven't more of his to show you. There are some family portraits he has almost finished, but he wouldn't like them shown. Yes, portrait painting for money is beastly enough; we like the money, but hate the work. I have a portrait in the New York exhibition, a girl with a little three-cornered mouth. Benson will be sorry to have missed you, but he's gone to Providence to teach a school"—with a grimace—"you know we must make use of many ways and means." Mr. Tarbell, as you see, was quite inclined to be most obliging. I remembered afterwards, of course, that I had marked his excellent portrait with a double asterisk in the catalogue. Salutary as opposition may be, there is danger, you know, when the wealthy profane feel free to express their arbitrary opinion on every created thing, that the cravings of our soul yield to those of our stomach, and from artists we become artificers, when our work shall be rather the depicting of a parvenu's progeny than the painting of subjects a whole community might covet.

It is so uncommon to like what we like, thinks a French writer. The wild laughter and applause that resounded throughout the last night of *Erminie's* two years' run at the Casino were artistically unpromising enough, yet surely less so than the forced "bravo" in Italian opera and symphony concert.

"First nights" with New Yorkers excite none of the enthusiasm and expectation they do with people who look upon the theatre as something above a place of mere amusement. Strong was the German and Italian element at the initial performance of Verdi's *Otello*; pleasantly strong when you were not in the very midst of the poor devils who had paid their dollar and a half to perch among the "gods." All those nervous little exclamations, those ill-suppressed bravissimos, your phlegmatic nature used to rail at in continental towns you now hail with satisfaction after the soulless comments of unresponsive, self-constituted American critics.

Some one said *Otello* "out-Wagnered Wagner." Not at all. Though Verdi has kept abreast of modern ideas, *Otello* has grown and ripened under Italian sunshine. If there are no melodies in it at which a so-called music-loving public can spring, still are science and romance very closely allied throughout the opera. Life human, present, is what our art depicts to-day, and painters in sound as well as in colour would show us work not so much satisfying in itself, as containing a faithful picture of live sunlight, of real rain. *Otello* the opera, with its clever orchestration, is a painting which must be to us good in proportion to the degree of faithfulness it exhibits in depicting *Othello* the play. Verdi seems the illustrator of Shakespeare. To say with any authority how far he has succeeded, one must have heard the work many times.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### WHAT IS GAMBLING?

SOME three or four months ago the *Witness*, of Montreal, drew attention to the existence in that city of certain establishments, known in popular slang as *bucket-shops*, which profess to trade in stocks of various kinds, but which, as a matter of fact, scarcely make even a pretence of transferring from seller to buyer the stocks which are professedly sold and bought. The *Witness* contended that such transactions do not constitute trading either in the real or in the legal sense of the term, but are strictly of the nature of gambling. Day after day the indefatigable reporter of the newspaper kept furnishing his readers with fresh descriptions of the alleged gambling, coloured by a few tragic pictures of the financial and moral ruin to which it had led. Public interest certainly, if not also public indignation, was aroused; and the proprietors of the *bucket-shops* assuredly did not allay these feelings by entering a suit against the *Witness* for damages of a somewhat startling amount. As the authorities were called upon to stop the business of these establishments, but as no steps were taken in that direction, it may be inferred that there was at least some doubt as to the applicability of existing laws to the case. This is confirmed by the fact of the Hon. Mr. Abbott having brought a Bill into the Senate, which is intended to put the business of *bucket-shops* under the legal stigma of gambling. From the obvious current of public opinion it may be presumed that Mr. Abbott's Bill will become law, and many social reformers will be apt to rest satisfied with such a deliberate public condemnation of gambling, even when it is cloaked under the forms of trade.

But it is always well to remember that legislation, even when wise, is at best merely a political reform, and does not necessarily imply any moral improvement of society. On the contrary, if a law does not—and a law rarely can—represent the very highest moral conceptions, it may often check, rather than stimulate, the free and full expansion of the moral life by leading men to confine their moral aspirations within the bare letter of legal requirements. This in fact is one of the most constant impediments in the way of moral elevation; and therefore all great moral and religious reformers have been obliged to adopt the line of teaching, familiarized by

the memorable example of the Sermon on the Mount, which insists that the fulfilment of law requires its observance, not in its letter alone, but in its spirit and its truth. It may therefore be worth while considering what is the real height and front of the offence involved in gambling, in order that we may appreciate those demands of the spirit of justice, to which gambling is essentially opposed.

The term *gambling* is originally another form of *gaming*, and expressed therefore at first the idea of *play*—a word which, it is scarcely necessary to add, is also often used for gambling operations. This origin of the idea is indicated in other languages also, as in the French *jeu*, and the German *spiel*, with their derivations. Now, all sorts of play—all games and sports—are distinguished from the earnest work of life by the fact, that the exertions they involve aim at no end beyond themselves, the player being satisfied with the simple pleasure of the exertion. The man of healthy body and mind does not seek any additional inducement to sport; and games retain their innocent and wholesome function in human life, so long as they are kept free from extraneous excitements. But the same morbid craving, which turns away from the simple joys of nature and prefers the unhealthy excitement of artificial stimulants, whether material or spiritual, seems to have infected at an early period the natural passion for play; and, as a result of this, under all grades of civilization the device seems to be familiar of trying to enhance the pleasure of genuine sport by adulterating it with the wholly distinct desire of gain, which has no proper place except in connection with the serious business of life.

The evils, flowing from this unhappy misalliance, have been manifold, but have mostly tended in two directions: they have corrupted either the pure enjoyments of sport or the pure pursuits of business. Both of these evils have called forth the earnest efforts of philanthropic minds, though it is naturally the latter that has mainly excited the denunciations of moralists, and led to the prohibitory measures of legislators. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has this evil assumed such appalling forms and proportions as in our own day. Driven from modes and places of acknowledged gambling, the spirit of the gambler has sought shelter under the forms of legitimate trade, and appears to be so successful in this *ruse*, that legal ingenuity may possibly be baffled in its endeavour to disentangle the confusion thus created. At least it will be wise not to trust too firmly in the political expedient of prohibitory legislation. As long as the gambling spirit exists, the cunning, with which it has been commonly allied, will endeavour to outwit, and will probably often succeed in outwitting, the most ingenious devices of jurisprudence; and there can be no complete security against the inventions of this cunning till the reason and conscience of the community have been thoroughly impressed, not merely with the iniquity of *bucket-shops*, but with the essential meanness of the spirit which leads to gambling in any form.

And therefore we can come back upon the question, What is it that constitutes the essence of the gambler's vice? Though many turn with some contempt from the practical mind which looks at social problems mainly from the standpoint of economy, yet here, as in many other cases, it is the economical view of a question that furnishes the key to its moral and political bearings. Now, what is gambling, in its economical aspect? It implies essentially a payment for no value received. It has of course other evil features which assume more or less prominence in peculiar circumstances. On these it is unnecessary here to dwell. Underlying them all, and forming a permanent distinction of gambling amid all its variations, is the fact that the gambler is seeking to obtain a portion of the wealth of the world, which he has done nothing to produce, and for which he gives no equivalent. In every transaction of legitimate trade it is understood that the parties interested shall give each other a genuine *quid pro quo*: in gambling it is assumed that one party shall win, and the other shall lose, a *quid pro nihilo*. It is this that constitutes the essential injustice and meanness of gambling; and it is because this inherent meanness can be cunningly concealed, that gambling forms such a subtle poison in the social life of a people.

For it is only when the intrinsic nature of the operation is glozed over by some ingenious fiction, that men of honourable feeling allow themselves to be drawn into it. All trade is exchange, and every just transaction in trade is an exchange of equivalents, so that the parties are understood to be left, as far as values are concerned, in the same relation to each other as that in which they stood before the exchange took place. This assumption of justice can explain some curious facts in the industrial history of the world. From any other point of view it would be impossible to understand the singular unanimity with which all the great thinkers, Pagan and Christian alike, of the ancient as well as of the mediæval world, condemned the taking of interest or "usury," as it was commonly termed, on money lent. To them it seemed that the usurer was simply taking from the borrower more than he had actually lent him, and was therefore exacting a payment for which he had given no equivalent. The modern mind is also surprised at the moral objections which ancient thinkers very generally expressed against trading, especially in retail. But the objections arose from the same source. The ancient thinkers, overlooking the value of the merchant's labour as an addition to the value of his commodities, regarded him as simply exacting from his customers more than he himself had paid—something, therefore, for which he had given no equivalent. And so to the clearer industrial thought of the modern world it is also a self-evident principle of commercial justice, that neither party in a commercial transaction shall overreach the other so as to obtain from him more than a fair equivalent for what he receives. How far this principle would reach into the economical relations of men, it is impossible at present to sketch even in vague outline. Any one, who reflects on the distribution of the wealth which is produced from year to year, must see that the toiling masses receive but a very meagre equivalent for the labour which they have

contributed to its production, while sometimes the heart of a millionaire may be smitten with the suspicion that he is absorbing far more than an equivalent for the share which he has contributed to the production of the aggregate wealth.

It is evident, therefore, that the intrinsic nature of gambling connects it with a very wide range of problems in our industrial life. The solution of these problems depends on intellectual and moral improvements in human nature, which a sad experience has taught us not to expect by any short and easy method of passing Acts of Parliament. If the gambling of bucket-shops can be put down by legislation, let us congratulate ourselves on a new legislative victory over crime; but do not let us delude ourselves into the imagination, that men will cease to be gamblers as long as they deem it right or desirable to grab, in the confusing scramble of trade, a larger share of the general wealth of the world than forms a fair equivalent of their own contribution.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

A SPRING-MORN REVERIE.

O my heart is light,  
 For the sky is bright,  
 And the voice of my love is near;  
 Her joy-laden song,  
 All the morning long,  
 Has ravished my earth-dulled ear.

And I look on high,  
 To scan the blue sky,  
 For the form of one long at rest;  
 But the lang'rous clouds  
 Are mere empty shrouds,  
 That mirror no face of the blest.

So I sigh and pray  
 All the lagging day,  
 And I ask the dear Lord how long  
 Till the Master's call  
 On my ear shall fall,  
 And I mix with the white-robed throng?

But the winds they play  
 And mock what I say,  
 And the answer ever is vain:  
 I hear just the beat  
 And feel but the heat  
 Of my heart in its strife with pain.

Still the breezes blow,  
 And clouds are as snow,  
 And the earth lies bright in the sun;  
 But my face is worn,  
 And my life is lorn,  
 While waiting His will to be done.

Yet her voice I hear,  
 And her soul is near,  
 To solace the heart that is riven;  
 So I long and wait  
 Till death ope the gate  
 And I soar to her side in Heaven.

Toronto, April 21.

GERMÉR MADA.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SOCIALISM.

ALTHOUGH we have been pretty fully sated with the discussion of problems embraced under the comprehensive and ambiguous title of Socialism, it cannot be denied that many of them still seem persistently to defy solution in actual life. Now and then we are furnished with startling evidence that our civilization, for some reason or other, is not proving itself adequate to maintain general harmony. Some of the theories of reform, perhaps, have not been thoroughly tested, and may yet accomplish a great deal that is claimed for them. But there is a growing conviction among many earnest thinkers that important elements of the question have not been duly considered; that the unrest and discontent of the age are not to be dismissed with self-complacent sneer as unfortunate manifestations of human nature; that the honest effort should be made to find out who is responsible for them, and how far and in what way they are open to remedy.

Socialism may be regarded as the latest effort to deal with matters which in some form or other are as old as the human race. Its Protean changes render exact definition impossible, but in its best estate "it means or wishes to mean"—to quote the words of Lowell—"co-operation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not quite so large a share as the brains, but a larger share than hitherto, in the wealth they must combine to produce—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." There are, indeed, phases of Socialism in which it is difficult to detect "the practical application of Christianity to life," or the practical application of any other principles than those of

selfishness and malice. We have seen something of the work of the Extremists, and have learned that we cannot reason with them. Accepting the easy doctrine that nothing is true which is disagreeable, and that the sole cause of existing grievances lies in the constitution of society, they openly declare war against every historic institution, and boast that they will build on the ruins of the past a new earth in which every man shall do that which is pleasing in his own eyes. But those blatant demagogues who have startled both continents with their diabolical power must not be allowed to give character to a movement under whose ægis they seek protection. They are but the froth and scum cast up by the troubled social wave, and they owe their importance solely to its volume and energy. Their theories, if put into operation, would soon destroy the Family, the State and the Church, and overwhelm us in the horrors of anarchy. No one has greater cause than the working-man to cry: "Save me from my friends." But Socialism is not necessarily identified with such principles. Its legitimate aim is economic reform, and though there are wide differences of opinion as to the best way of securing it, a Christian Socialist, like Maurice or Kingsley, is not yet an impossibility.

If we heard this word Socialism for the first time, we would not suppose that it could possess the startling significance with which recent history has sometimes invested it. It seems structurally to be on the side of right, and though its present form is a coinage of this century, its root idea recalls those Christian axioms which, while teaching us to seek perfection in another world, emphasize so strongly our mutual responsibilities in the present one. It is a significant fact that a word which promises so well when we first see it should have degenerated and lost caste, until now any one who, without further explanation, bluntly declared that he was a Socialist, would lay himself open to strange suspicions, and in many quarters would be regarded as a dangerous character. If any truth essential to the well-being of mankind fails to find adequate illustration, we are certain sooner or later to see a hideous caricature usurping its place. Correct laws, whether for the individual or society, are not settled by caprice, or selfishness, or mere enactment, but are written in the constitution of our own nature and of the world. Cicero teaches us that "neither the senate nor the people can give us any dispensation for not obeying this universal law of justice. It needs no other expositor and interpreter than our own conscience." But if this law is ignored, it cannot be wondered that mischief should arise, and that more or less violent effort should be made, though perhaps in a foolish and abortive way, if not for the possession of the true rights of man, yet for the shadow and semblance of those rights which neglect and tyranny have in a part destroyed.

There is a good as well as a bad side to the policy of *laissez faire*. Only the most ignorant and foolish will clamour for change simply for its own sake. It is not till the friction of life becomes well-nigh unbearable that the majority of men lose all faith in the present state of things as part of the order of nature. Most of us are constitutionally biased in favour of conservatism. When, therefore, the hoarse outcry of the mob is supplemented, and in some tones, at least, echoed by the calm voice of earnest thought, the circumstance is too significant to escape attention. We may afford to disregard the unreasoning attitude of the man who sees an enemy in every prosperous citizen; but when intelligence shows signs of revolt against social law and custom, there are grave reasons for alarm. The genesis of much of the socialistic agitation of our day is undoubtedly to be traced to what one writer calls the "unsocialism" which has preceded it. Men have forgotten the reciprocal relation between their rights and their duties, and have demanded a maximum of the one with a minimum of the other. A stable and peaceful community can never be formed in that way. "When every man is his own end," says Coleridge, "all things will come to a bad end." The first axiom of commercial prudence may be to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, but it certainly needs some qualifications if every-day life is to illustrate the golden rule. It is the wildest folly to imagine that one's own rights can ever be obtained by inflicting wrongs on others. If there are any principles of political economy which encourage selfishness and envy and the neglect of duty towards our fellows, they should either suffer amendment, or be called by some less euphonious name.

The watch-word of revolutionary Socialism is that all men are equal. The fallacy of such a dogma scarcely needs to be exposed. It is because men are men, and not machines, that absolute equality is impossible. Even if their position could be equalized to-day, to-morrow by indolence or vice on the one hand, or by thrift and ability on the other, the equality would be destroyed. It is impossible to ignore the significance of personality. Success is not the result of chance, but of the exercise of those qualities which make for success. It is in virtue, not of the equality, but the inequality of men that true Socialism becomes possible. Any thing which unjustly interferes with the realization of the best that is in each member of the state should be removed, if it can be. "Society is barbarous," says Emerson, "until every man can get his living without dishonest practices." Launcelot in Kingsley's *Yeast* thus expresses the duties of the commonwealth: "If any man living in civilized society has one right which he can demand it is this, that the State which exists by his labour should enable him to develop, or, at least, not hinder his developing, his whole faculties to their utmost, however lofty they may be." It is only when individualism becomes one-sided and selfish, and forgets that privilege involves responsibility, that the "social problem" begins to emerge from the midst of the unseemly strife.

There is profound significance in the rule of a great French economist, *Tous les intérêts légitimes sont harmoniques*. The interests of Capital and Labour are an illustration. They stand or fall together. When antagonism seems to exist between them, it simply proves that something is wrong in the construction of the social fabric, or in the mutual attitude of classes.

"Everything, in short," says Rogers in his *Political Economy*, "which facilitates the relation between Labour and Capital tends to raise the wages of the former, and to moderate the profits of the latter, because it eliminates risk, encourages accumulation, and suggests the employment of capital at home." It is not altogether a good sign that we should have come to speak of two sides of the community in this impersonal way. Behind Capital is the capitalist, and behind Labour is the labourer. It is with men, and not with material conditions that we have to deal, and the root of the trouble lies in breaking loose from these purely human relationships. The labourer is not to be regarded simply as a machine, nor the capitalist as a legitimate target for abuse and spoliation. There must be some mutual confidence, and some exercise of the principles of justice, or else the workman will learn after a time to do as little work as possible for the largest amount of pay, and the capitalist will learn to exact as much work as possible for the smallest amount of pay. No doubt there is room for some readjustment of outward relationships. We are bound to investigate the trenchant criticisms which are now being made of the methods of industry and commerce, and to consider how far they are well-grounded. It would be a reproach to admit that the State is unable or unwilling to control the avarice of unscrupulous corporations, and to apply the principles of common equity everywhere. But the panacea for existing evils will not be found so much in legislation as in a higher standard of public morality. "Man never yet fastened a chain round the neck of his brother," says Lamartine, "that God's own hand did not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor."

It is impossible to insist too strongly on the economic value of labour. The true wealth of any nation is in its working-classes, its peril in the idlers. But before we can secure greater sympathy among the members of society, we must accustom ourselves to use that word "workman" in a much more comprehensive way. At present its use is largely restricted to manual toilers, although the hardest work in the world, and the least common, is real thinking. The artisan has no right to look with suspicion on his delicate-handed brother as though he was subject to different laws of being. The obvious fact is that there are a great many kinds of work and wages, and that it is the business of each man, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the community, to find out as soon as possible what he was created to do, and then proceed to do it. The popular philosophy of reconstruction is full of fallacies. The connection between industry and success is fundamental under any conditions of society. The responsibility for crime does not lie with the State but with the individual. Nature does not yield up her treasures with gratuitous bounty to a favoured few, but surrenders them only to force and labour. Talent for productive service is not the result of chance which a reorganized society would soon correct, but the outcome from generation to generation of industry, temperance and prudence. The desire for a thing does not necessarily justify its possession, for the main business of life is the overthrow of unnatural appetite, and the making—not of money—but of ourselves.

Reform must not ignore foundation truths, or it ceases to be reform at all. The best "Anti-Poverty League" will not be content simply to declaim against social wrongs, but will seek to destroy those pernicious habits which beget the brood of miseries. This cannot be done by framing incendiary resolutions. As long as there are idle and vicious men in the community there must be poor men who perhaps will gnash their teeth at the results of their own improvidence and sin, and regard the success of every honest toiler almost in the light of a personal affront. Even in the great cities, the numbers of those who, though willing, have no opportunity for work has often been greatly exaggerated, and if better facilities were afforded for distribution, pauperism would soon come to be regarded as under ordinary circumstances a crime. The kings of anarchy, for the most part, scorn the drudgery of honest labour, and prefer the more exhilarating task of kindling the flames for a nation's overthrow.

We need more conscience in every department of human industry. Among artisans there are not a few who are quite incompetent for the duties they profess to undertake, or negligent in the fulfilment of promises or, perhaps, so irredeemably lazy that they will scarcely work at all. The man who will not lay a drain-pipe carefully unless he is watched all the time, would be unfitted for any more responsible office, and has himself to blame if he is ruled out in the race for success. The man who breaks his word about the delivery of a pound of sugar would be equally unreliable if he were settling the affairs of nations, and would simply be in a position to do greater mischief. Even "strikes"—which are as old as humanity—are not always symptomatic of injustice done to the strikers. There seems a great deal of "striking" nowadays, not for the rights of labour, but for the right not to labour. We are losing the sense of the sacredness of work as the Divinely-appointed means for human development. There was a time when the thought of service awoke chivalry and faithfulness, and any one who did not serve was an object for condolence, not for congratulation.

But the fault is not all on one side. It is true that the rich man, as such, is no more bound to take care of the poor man, than the poor man is bound to take care of him. Ethical law deals first with men and not with circumstances, and imposes on all the debt of respect to which manhood is entitled. But this respect must be shown in the details of daily life. If the workman is hired as though he were a cunning piece of mechanism for the faster accumulation of wealth, it is not surprising that he should be unable to identify his interests with those of his employer. There is some danger lest, while improving machinery, we degrade individual life. Every man ought to take out of the sum of the world's work neither more nor less than the legitimate result of that which he puts into it. All kinds of productive energy are to be duly estimated, and proper credit given for their expenditure in useful ways. Capitalists are not always

"bloated," nor philosophers always careless of the welfare of the people. The destruction of capital, especially in its higher forms, would be the destruction of the world. In this age of the apotheosis of muscle, it is well to remember that brains must rule after all, unless we wish to return to primeval chaos. The irony of the artisan's situation becomes galling when he feels that his disabilities spring not from difference of mental qualification, but from injustice in social custom; for he may chance to possess more ability than the millionaire speculator, and be quite as much of a gentleman too. The accumulations of greed and selfishness can never be anything than a source of mischief, aggravated by the piteous sorrow of those whose cry is already entered into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that wealthy men show a growing appreciation of the duties which wealth imposes, and it is surely not utopian to look for many more whose minds and hearts are proportioned to their property, and who count it an honour to employ in various tasks of social improvement what they cannot make useful to themselves, nor anything but a peril to their children.

"Whoever would understand the social question," says Pastor Todd, "and contribute to its solution, must have on his right hand the works of *Political Economy*, and on his left the literature of *Scientific Socialism*, and must keep the New Testament open before him." It is high time that a protest were entered against the attempted divorce of religion from the realms of daily life. Every great problem in its last analysis is an ethical one, and the supreme need, in view of existing difficulties, is the practical application of the principles of Christianity. It does not repeat the specious sophism that all men are equal, nor demand the overthrow of property, nor ignore the significance of the individual. But it emphasizes the sacredness of duty, it insists on the inalienable rights of all men, it teaches us to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Ottawa, Ont.

WILLIAM T. HERRIDGE.

## TWO PUNISHMENTS.

"Among several mummies exhibited at the Aztec fair in Boston was one of a nun, imprisoned alive in a stone foundation wall one hundred and seventy years ago for trying to run away with a Spanish cavalier."—GLOBE.

It is the convent garden—but behold

A nun so late i' the garden! Wherefore now,  
So moonlit late, sweet sister? Hast thou told  
Thy vesper-beads with the lilies, and wilt bow

Thine orisons with the orange blossoms there?

Nay truly, not the orisons, and yet  
The orange blossoms—through the scented air  
Smiling she lifts her hand and plucks them, wet,

Wet with the dew as oft her face with tears,  
Sweet as her faltering lips when they entwine  
With his, exultant in the shade, who hears  
Her black robe brush the starry jessamine.

Ah, how they mocked her when she turned her head

Once more among the myrtles to enquire  
For her eternal comfort. How they said  
"The flames of hell will temper thy desire!"

And how they forced her writhing to her place,  
The narrow place that one takes when he dies,  
Nor saw the whitened terror of her face,  
Nor heeded the coiled horror in her eyes!

How when they mortared out the last dull ray,  
She beat her feeble hands against the stone,  
As Mary's stern avengers went away  
And left her with her agony alone!

And now, oh tangled hair and shrunken cheek,  
And withered eye, and robe so piteous rent,  
How of her purpose passionate ye speak,  
Her sweet unsaintly love's own monument!

While in the awful prison that his soul  
Did straight build round him, he, to nameless end  
Did starve and grope through endless years of dole,  
With none her quick deliverance to send.

And still the sun that drew his love to flame  
Methinks all glowing to the task returns,  
And in his outcast soul there lives a name,  
And in his wandering dust a memory burns.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, says the *Chronicle*, of Augusta, Ga., is at work on his new book about the war, and hopes to have it ready for publication by next fall. His infirmities, he says, compel him to write slowly, deliberately, and uncertainly.

HOW A "SEMINARY" IS CONDUCTED AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

THE main Greek lecture room of Johns Hopkins is in the third story of the plain brick building fronting on Howard Street called the Administration Building. It is a large, oblong room, running the whole width of the house, and lighted by two windows at each end. Down the centre are two long tables, placed end to end, and round the walls hang open book-cases, in light brown wood. Above the cases stand several engravings of figures in Grecian costume, and over the door, a plaster-cast on a red ground of a celebrated temple-pediment. Other pictures stand on the floor, which is covered by a handsome carpet and the walls are hung with a light coloured paper. Altogether it has a tidy, homelike air, very different from the bare, forlorn aspect of the ordinary college hall or recitation room.

There are some twenty-five men, sitting at the tables with their text-books and writing materials before them, chatting quietly or reading in a business-like manner. These are the advanced students, graduates of other universities who have come here to perfect themselves in their several specialties. Their faces are all strongly marked and individual, and illustrate the national, well-nigh cosmopolitan, character of the university. Here are men not only from almost every State in the Union but from England, Canada, and even Greece. They are of all ages, from the grizzled professor who has left his own classes to take a special course here, to the fresh-faced young graduate who took his degree last commencement. There is only one of the cane-seated arm-chairs which is not occupied, the one at the head of the table at the eastern end. This is the professor's place, and just behind, between the two windows, is his black-board.

But the electric bell announces sharply that the ten minute interval between lectures is past. And punctually on the stroke of ten the white door opens at the upper end of the room, near the book-case with the dirty-bust of Plato atop, and the professor enters. He is a tall, massively-made man of sixty or thereabouts, with a dark complexion, a conical, bald forehead, and a full, well-trimmed beard, black but slowly turning iron-gray. He walks slowly but stiffly, for he was the colonel of a Southern regiment in the war and still carries a bullet in his leg. His name is well known to the world of scholars, and he is probably the greatest Grecian in America. He takes his seat leisurely and arranges his books before him in a deliberate way. Then he says, in a low voice, with a sort of crack in it, and muffled by his beard:

"Will Mr. — continue his interpretation."

Mr. — begins accordingly without any preliminary to read from his manuscript; and although we can hear the modern street-car rattling and jingling past all the hour, we are transported at once to the seat of the Peloponnesian war. The "interpretations" are arranged on this plan: At the beginning of the term the "Fellow" assigns to each member of the "seminary" a certain portion of the author to be read by the class. On these twenty or thirty lines the student concentrates all his energy: reads all the authorities on the subject, collates texts and notes: and each in turn reads and explains these to the class, of course with an accompanying translation. Mr. — had read his translation and the larger part of his notes the day before, and is now simply furnishing his grammatical comments. He proceeds rapidly, undoing this word-tangle, explaining that construction, correcting the other corrupt reading: and strengthens each position by quotations from German authorities, editors, or commentators. From time to time the professor makes a comment, asks a question, or requests the repetition of a note. The other men pay strict attention, following the reader with their own text books, and occasionally jotting down something in their memoranda. The "interpreter's" position is a dignified but not always a pleasant one. Not only is his audience extremely critical but, as the minutest accuracy is insisted upon, a single false quantity, a slip in a reference, the quotation of an antiquated etymology or exploded theory is apt to bring down sharp comment from the professor. In German student phrase this is "being on the card-plate" (*presentirteller*); but American professors have more mercy on the unfortunate man who makes a mistake than their brethren in Germany. Though the work is purely technical, the "seminary" is rarely dull, even to the uninitiated listener; the professor is a well-known wit, and his flashes of fun and pleasantries light up dreariest subject, and make the most tedious discussion interesting. At last the interpreter stops short and gathers his papers together. The professor looks up, and asks:

"Is that the extent of the interpretation?"

Then he proceeds to give a brief criticism of the way the student has performed his task, reviewing his work and intermingling blame and praise. He then turns to the "Fellow," the tall New Englander at his left hand, who has charge of such matters, and asks who comes next; the next man is on the opposite side of the table, and to show the wide sweep of the university's influence, he is from Toronto, as the man who has just finished is from Baton Rouge. The new "interpreter" begins promptly: "My passage is from chapter so and so," and reads off his translation rapidly. How the Plataeans being hard pressed resolved to escape, and chose for that purpose a dark, stormy night; how all went well till one of them, in climbing the wall, tumbled down a brick which aroused the enemy. And just at this interesting juncture he stops and begins his commentary on the grammar of the passage just as his predecessor had done. The difference is not in the kind, but in the quality of the work. Just as in the previous case, authority, comment, editor's opinion, come thick and fast; and just as before the professor plies his man with questions and explanations. In the midst of it the telephone-like call of the bell announces ten minutes to eleven, and the class seems to relax and some men stretch back in their chairs. The professor finishes his sentence, and asks:

"Is the time up? Then we shall continue the interpretation on Friday."

He slowly piles his books one on top of another, and leaves the room in the same deliberate way in which he had entered it. The men sit quietly till he rises.

This is one adaptation of the "seminary" idea which plays such an important part in the German university system. The design is to make the student for the time, the instructor, thereby training him to teach and forcing him to thorough method and original investigation. The other "seminaries" in Johns Hopkins, the English, the German, the Historical, etc., pursue much the same plan but differ in important details.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NATURALIZATION OF BRITISH SUBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN the meagre report which is all that we have seen of Mr. Goldwin Smith's address to the Canadian Club on Wednesday week, he appears to have given the British-Americans resident in this country some very good advice in the matter of getting themselves naturalized and taking an active part in American politics. If the stories be true which the British-American Association told him about the numbers which such naturalization would add to the electorate—90,000 votes in this State, and 40,000 in Massachusetts—its importance, both to Americans proper and British-Americans, can hardly be overrated. The latter would, if they acted together, control every election both in New York and in Massachusetts. If, for instance, they voted with the Republicans, they would overcome the majority with which our Democrats always "leave the city," and destroy that constant Democratic leaning which makes New York an uncertain State. That British-Americans—that is, the Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Canadians resident here—would, as far as temperament and character go, be very valuable additions to the voting body in the United States, there is no question. They are for the most part sober-minded, industrious, and law-abiding men, who mind their own business carefully and let that of other people alone. They have, too, in a very high degree, as Mr. Goldwin Smith pointed out in his lecture, the political sense which has made England the political model for so many successful and unsuccessful "nationalities." That they have a fair readiness for political jobbery, the history of British politics reveals clearly enough, but it has always been held in check by their eminent capacity for, and eminent success in, lawful and honourable modes of making money. Consequently, an Englishman or Scotchman will hardly ever take to "politics" as a livelihood as a matter of choice, or until he has tried and failed in everything else. He is by nature, too, a very indifferent intriguer or "manager." He loves open-handed methods, and, in spite of considerable natural pigheadedness, is probably more amenable to argument than any other politician in our day. Votes are still sometimes changed in the British House of Commons by speeches, and we do not know of any other legislative body of which that can be said.—*The Nation (New York)*.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

THERE is one characteristic of American democracy which should not be passed over, and that is its tendency to hero worship. Politics are much more a matter of persons than of principles, and the leader of a political party is a hero to his followers and a monster to his opponents. From heroes to heroines is a short step, and the present President's charming wife is worshipped and set on a pedestal as "the first lady of the land." If all hero-worship took such a harmless form as this latest development, there would be little to be said against it; but it is significant that it should spring up in the oldest and most conservative democracy in the world, and is one more proof of the ineradicable tendency of human nature to find some one to look up to and admire, however scrupulously the doors may be shut against an aristocracy, so called. In the East, especially in Boston, classes are at least as clearly defined and as jealously discriminated as in England, and society gains in refinement and charm what it loses, perhaps, in robustness and breadth. It is a well-established fact that there is no more fascinating creature to be found anywhere than a thoroughly well-born and well-bred American lady. The petty rules of social life vary considerably in different cities and states; and the fact that there is no overpowering centre like Paris or London to lay down the law for all the "provinces" gives a good deal of piquant interest to a journey through the States, which is lost in countries where the national life is more centralized. But the general tone of respect and courtesy towards women of all classes is unmistakable, and affords the Americans a legitimate source of pride. It is difficult to sum up the net result of impressions left on the mind by a hasty journey through Canada and the States—difficult because of the vastness and variety of the subject-matter, because of the similarity and the contrast with our own habits and institutions. But there is no question that few tours can be much more instructive than the one I have faintly sketched out to a young Englishman who wishes to trace the results of English blood and English tradition transplanted into a new country. If plants and animals alter in colour and shape through changes of soil and climate, we cannot expect our fellow-countrymen to remain exactly like ourselves, at a distance of several thousand miles, under widely different conditions. But we may well be proud that we can claim for brothers and cousins many millions of thriving, energetic Canadians and Americans, who present a spectacle of industry, vigour, and courageous foresight such as the world has never seen before.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XII. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

If the twelfth volume of this great work does not contain as large a number of eminent and interesting names as some of its predecessors, at least the treatment of its subjects is as careful and as accurate as ever. Even the best informed reader will be astonished to find how many men of considerable importance and influence have lived and laboured in the British Islands, of whom he has never heard before; and even those who are most familiar with the lives of our greater countrymen will, in most cases, find something new concerning them in the accounts which are here given. Among the more prominent names in the volume, which ranges from Conder to Craigie, we stop first at Congreve, of whom a somewhat brief, but adequate, account is given by the editor. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse gives a thoroughly appreciative and interesting account of our great landscape painter John Constable. His art, the writer remarks, has been unjustly depreciated; "but his claim to be considered the founder of the school of faithful landscape is now widely recognized at home and abroad, and the artist himself would scarcely have wished for a higher title to immortality." When Fuseli looked at some of his pictures, he remarked that Constable made him call for his great coat and umbrella, and "Blake once said of one of his sketches, 'This is not drawing, but inspiration!'" Passing on we find an excellent article on the celebrated Captain Cook, by Professor Laughton, with a very graphic account of his tragic death. Of the eight departed Lord Shaftesburys we have excellent biographies of the three who have obtained eminence—the first, Antony Ashley Cooper (a name they have all borne), the minister of Charles II.; the third, the author of the *Characteristics*; and the seventh, the well-known philanthropist, who died in 1885. The first, by Mr. Osmund Airy, is a full and careful account of one of the most enigmatical men that ever lived; and the writer very properly declines to say he understands him, while he does full justice to his capacities and activity. The second, by Mr. Stephen himself, is a very admirable account of a man whose importance in respect to psychological and ethical science is in danger of being depreciated. The third, by Dr. W. G. Blaikie, is a sympathetic estimate of the character and work of one who deserved well of his country. While admitting that Shaftesbury sometimes "expressed himself with an excessive severity of language, inconsistent with his usual moderation"—we all remember his vehement language on *Ecce Homo*—he declares with truth that "his heart was especially moved by whatever concerned the true welfare of the people." Those who wish to be acquainted with the various forms that his benevolent activity assumed will find all they can want in this article. As we pass on, we come to the well-known names of Copleston, Cornwallis, Cosin, Coverdale, all treated fully and accurately. Of the latter a very complete account is given by Mr. Tedder. Most persons will be surprised to hear that the list of the various editions of Coverdale's Bible and New Testament fills no less than six columns of the Dictionary. The editor writes with his accustomed power and grace of Cowley, an author now hardly known, and yet so highly esteemed in his own time that he was placed in the very first rank of English poets. Mr. Stephen quotes Dryden as saying of Cowley, "his authority is almost sacred to me," and calling him the darling of his youth. Addison speaks with enthusiasm of his odes. We see no reference to the remark attributed to Milton, that Spencer, Shakespeare, and Cowley are the three greatest English poets. If such a remark does not belong to Milton, it does, at least, represent the general judgment of his age. It was not long before the fashion changed. Even Pope could write:—

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart.

To persons of literary tastes there is no article in the present volume that will be more interesting or more pleasing than that on Cowper, by the editor, who does ample justice to a writer who will always hold a high place with lovers of real poetry and of perfect English, even although he may be neglected by the multitude. Speaking of Ste.-Beuve's criticism of Cowper, Mr. Stephen remarks: "The *Task* may have owed some popularity to its religious tone; but its tenderness, playfulness and love of nature are admirably appreciated by the French critic, who was certainly not prejudiced by religious sympathy. The pathos of some minor poems is unsurpassable. Cowper is attractive whenever he shows his genuine self. His letters, like his best poetry, owe their charm to absolute sincerity. . . . The admirable style and fertility of ingenious illustration make them, perhaps, the best letters in the language." It is needless to commend a work like this. We have noted only one omission, that of Bishop Cotterill, late of Edinburgh, for whom, we think, a place should have been found.

THE *Eclectic* reprints the *Westminster Review* article on *Imperial Confederation: Canada and the United States*.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* is becoming more pictorial. Two or three articles in the May number are enriched with very creditable illustrations.

THE *May Century* is a good number. It has portraits of Bishop Berkeley and Pope Leo XIII.; and the first instalment of a short story, by Henry James, to be concluded in June.

*St. Nicholas* for May opens with the first chapters of a new story by Thomas Nelson Page, entitled *Two Little Confederates*. The other contents of the number are in keeping with the well-established reputation of this excellent magazine.

THE leading article in the May number of the *North American Review* is by W. E. Gladstone, and deals with Col. Ingersoll's views on Christianity. A good many of the contributors to this number have military titles, but they all write on literary or political subjects.

THE *May Magazine of American History* has a portrait of the late Alfred S. Barnes, and a sketch of his career by the editor. A paper entitled *The Fisheries Treaty—A Canadian View*, by George Stewart, Jr., D.C.L., will be attentively read on both sides of the line.

THE *Dial*, published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, is one of our best literary exchanges. Its book reviews are thoroughly independent, thoughtful, and express the matured and candid opinions of the writers over whose names they appear. The *Dial* has just completed its eighth volume, and well deserves the reputation it has gained as one of the best critical journals in the United States.

THE *May Scribner* has many good things: *In the Steamer's Track*, a racy sketch, by William Perry Northrop; *Alexander Pope*, with some fine portraits and other illustrations, by Austin Dobson; *Salmon Angling on the Restigouche*, by an anonymous contributor, and *Gentlemen*, by R. L. Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson never fails to write picturesquely; and in his essay on *Gentlemen* he introduces many historical and other incidents by way of illustration. "Scott," he says, "Gordon, Wellington in his cold way, Grant in his plain way, Shelley for all his follies, were clearly gentlemen; Napoleon, Byron, Lockhart, these were as surely cads, and the two first cads of a rare water."

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

REV. DR. GEO. E. ELLIS, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, will soon publish through Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, an octavo entitled *The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, 1629-1685*.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, AND COMPANY are about to publish a volume by T. T. Aubertin, called *A Fight with Distances*, being an account of journeys through the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, Cuba, and the Bahamas.

*The Laws of Euchre* is the title of a new treatise on this favourite American game at cards, in which the authoritative rules are set forth simply, concisely, and plainly. Two well-known members of the Somerset Club, Mr. Herbert C. Leeds and Dr. James Dwight, have prepared this little volume, and added to it a valuable series of general remarks as to "the play."

Two of the ten volumes of the *Library of American Literature, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time*, compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, and published by subscription by Charles L. Webster and Company, are now ready, and the rest are expected to follow monthly. The work is illustrated with steel engravings and wood-cuts.

THE forthcoming *Riverside* edition of the poetical works of Mr. Whittier will be issued in style uniform with the *Riverside Longfellow*. Mr. Whittier has carefully revised the text, and has added notes concerning the circumstances in which many of the poems were written. Portraits will be given, showing the poet at different periods of his career. In the last volume will be printed an index and a table of first lines. The edition will comprise four volumes.

THREE new partners have just been admitted to the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. They are Thurlow Weed Barnes, James Murray Kay and H. O. Houghton, Jr. Mr. Barnes is a grandson of Thurlow Weed. Mr. Kay is a native of Glasgow, and has had an extensive business experience. Mr. Houghton has been connected with the business of the house in its manufacturing departments since his graduation at Harvard eleven years ago.

AN English edition of the tales of Don Juan Manuel, who came to be known as the "Spanish Boccaccio," has just appeared in London. *Count Lucanor, or the Fifty Pleasant Stories of Petronius*, was written in the Fourteenth Century, or before the invention of printing, and first saw the light of type in 1575. The present English version, the translation of Dr. James York, is apparently a reprint of that of 1860. The tales resemble those of Boccaccio in their simplicity and directness, but the Spaniard is more reserved in his manner than the great Italian.

THE *London Free Press* says: "Mr. Goldwin Smith's pleasing contributions to the columns of THE WEEK, entitled *A Trip to England*, have been much relished by many readers as they have been passing through."

THE publication in THE WEEK of the interesting series of papers on a trip to England, by Professor Goldwin Smith, has been the subject of much and approving comment. The articles, as our readers will have discovered for themselves, are in the Professor's happiest vein, and are marked not only by his ripe scholarship and the wealth of historical information which he has at ready command, but by that loving interest in the Mother Land which distinguishes him. Our readers will no doubt be glad to learn that, in response to many inquiries, their author has assented to the republication of the series in pamphlet form, and that the work will be issued immediately.

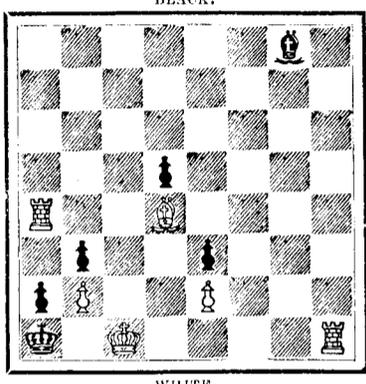
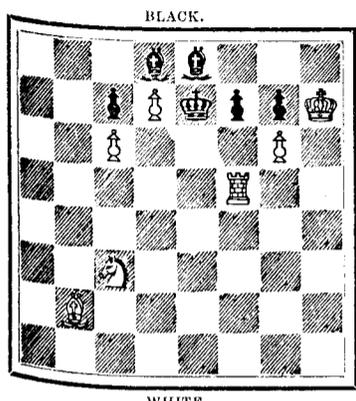
CHESS.

ONTARIO TO THE FRONT!

PROBLEM No. 249. From Le Monde Illustré.

PROBLEM No. 250. By CHAS. W. PHILLIPS, CHICAGO. Composed for THE WEEK.

A MATTER OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.



White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 243. White. 1. B-R 3. 2. Q-K Kt 6. 3. Q-K 4 mate.

- No. 244. White. 1. Kt-K B 4. 2. R-Q 5. 3. B or R mates. Black. K-B 6. K-Kt 7, or Q 7, or B 5. If 1. K-Kt 4. K-B 5, or R 3, or R 5.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. H. G., Crystal City.—Three move problem received; it has a second solution by way of Q-K R 1, try and correct this and send it again. In the two move problem you sent before, if Black play R x Kt on B 5, then any move of the White K will be mate, this is considered a defect. Correct solutions received to Problems 243 and 244.

Game played in 1866 between Messrs. Anderssen and Steinitz. From Illustrated London News.

Table showing chess moves for Anderssen and Steinitz. Anderssen (White) moves: 1. P-K 4, 2. Kt-K B 3, 3. B-B 4, 4. P-Q Kt 4, 5. P-Q B 3, 6. Castles, 7. P Q 4, 8. P x P, 9. P-Q 5, 10. B-Q Kt 2, 11. B-Q 3, 12. Kt-Q B 3, 13. Q-Q 2, 14. Kt-K 2, 15. Kt-K Kt 3, 16. B x K Kt P (a), 17. B x R. Steinitz (Black) moves: P-K 4, Kt-Q B 3, B-B 4, B x Kt P, B-B 4, P-Q 3, P x P, B-Kt 3, Kt-Q R 4, Kt-K 2, Kt-K Kt 3, Castles, B-Q 2, P-Q B 4, B-Q B 2, P-K B 3 (b), Q x B.

NOTES.

- (a) The combination upon which this move depends is a very fine one and was invented we believe by Mr. Anderssen. (b) He has no better move. (c) The termination of this game is very elegantly managed by Mr. Anderssen. (d) Had he taken the Knight he would have been mated very speedily.

THE TEACHER: "What! Don't any of you know what an epistle is?" Answer (after some hesitation): "Yes, Miss, I know. An epistle is the wife of an apostle!"—Moonshine.

YOUNG MAN: "Isn't the sermon nearly done?" Deacon of Church: "About an hour yet. He's only at his 'lastly.'" Young Man: "Will it take him an hour to get through his 'lastly'?" Deacon: "No; but there's the 'one word more and I am done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet. Don't be impatient, young man, your girl won't spoil."—Australian Lantern.

The British-Indian wheat crop harvested during March and April, 1888, is a matter of special interest. The normal wheat area of India is about 26,200,000 acres. The normal of the Punjab is 7,000,000 acres, and for this crop is estimated at six per cent. deficient, or 1,411,500 acres. The North-West Provinces and Oudh are 75,000 acres less than normal. Bombay, including Baroda, is 267,000 acres above normal, and Berar is 18,240 acres above normal. The deficiency, so far as reported in the area of this year's crop, is about 1,200,000 acres, which, at ten bushels per acre yield, would make the crop 9,600,000 to 12,000,000 bushels deficiency, unless the central provinces, Bengal, Rajputana, Central India, Hyderabad, Mysore, and Kashmir, with 11,404,000 bushels normal area, shall have an increase in yield to make good, in part, the 9,600,000 to 12,000,000 bushels deficiency in the Punjab, the North-Western Provinces and Oudh. The average of India wheat crop for six years is about 262,000,000 bushels, and, if only 9,600,000 bushels to 12,000,000, deficit, would give an output of 250,000,000 to 252,400,000. If the provinces not yet reported shall have a crop as good as in 1886-'87, and the yield per acre shall not be much, if any, increased in 1888-'89, the surplus for export will be somewhat less than in 1887-'88, which was about 30,000,000 bushels.—Bradstreets.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbours, men and women, whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength:

296 McNab St. North, Hamilton, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.

Wm. S. Furber

St. Catharines, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily, I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles I was completely cured.

W. E. Hugg

Manager for American Express Co.

Toronto (18 Division Street), Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair, and weighs more than she ever did before.

Mrs. Jos. Burns

Chatham, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar colour and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw colour, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

J. M. Wood

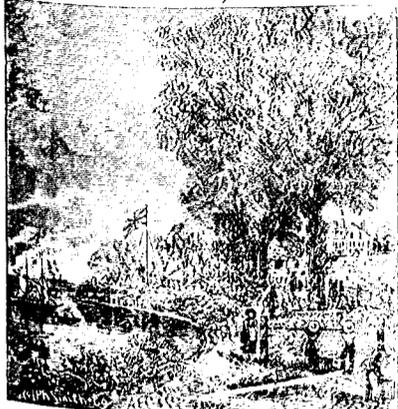
Galt, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure," I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure," and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if ever I feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

John Grees

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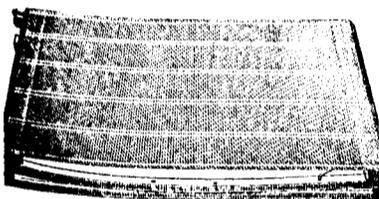


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- Between Albany and Buffalo. Early Methods of Transportation and Travel. Part II. Professor A. G. Hopkins, Hamilton College.
- Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. Hon. Carlos K. Tuckerman.
- The Fisheries Treaty. A Canadian View. George Stewart, Jr.
- An Englishman's Pocket Note Book in 1828. What he saw in America. Part II. The Forum. A New York Debating Society. 1815. James W. Gerard.
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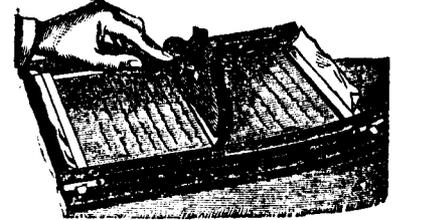
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