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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK—	PAGE
Harvest Prospects	657
"Lex" on Poundmaker's Sentence	657
Poundmaker's Complicity in the Rebellion	657
The Convicted Chief not Responsible for the Battleford Outrage	658
Capture of the Teamsters	658
The Wyoming Chinese Massacre	658
The Political Situation in England	658
Lord Randolph Churchill's Breakdown	659
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Mr. Arnold in America	W. P. LeSueur. 650
Broken-Down in Mid-Atlantic	Fred. Hastings. 650
Quebec Letter	K. 661
England and the United States	B. 661
HERE AND THERE	662
CORRESPONDENCE	664
POETRY—	
In the Shadows	E. Pauline Johnson. 664
SCRAP BOOK	664
PERIODICALS	666
BOOK NOTICES	666
LITERARY GOSSIP	667

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

ONTARIO, more than any other Province of the Confederation except Manitoba, is dependent upon its harvest: a good or a bad harvest making all the difference between a prosperous year and the reverse. The Ontario Bureau of Industries undertakes the collection of crop statistics in a systematic way, though monthly collections during the spring and summer are necessarily incomplete. But taken in their entirety the Bureau's statistics are fuller and more reliable than any other. Winter wheat is a good crop, estimated at over twenty-four bushels to the acre, while spring wheat varies greatly in different parts of the Province: in Western Ontario the crop is "almost wholly destroyed," much of it not being worth cutting. But on the whole no certain deficiency is estimated, though in the West the Bureau reports some damage by rust, as well as by "midge and weevil." "Midge and weevil" are probably the terms used by persons reporting to the Bureau, though the weevil may be acquitted of the charge, since the reference is to the crop in the field, and the weevil only attacks the grain after it has been threshed. The Hessian fly is probably the real culprit. The loss to many farmers in the West will put them to great inconvenience, especially where their chief reliance was on spring wheat; not only will they have no wheat to sell but they will have to purchase flour for food and wheat for seed. Since the first serious devastation was made by the Hessian fly, over thirty years ago, the tendency has been to substitute spring wheat for winter wheat, on account of its greater immunity from attack; but now spring wheat in Western Ontario has suffered as much as winter wheat ever suffered in previous years. Comparative safety has been found in a greater variety of crops than was formerly grown. The value of barley rises in proportion to the brightness of the berry; when it is discoloured, as from two-thirds to four-fifths of the crop are this year, the price is seriously affected. Pale ale is a guarantee of purity; a deep colour may be derived from the use of adulterants; from discoloured barley pale ale cannot be made. In Eastern Ontario the total heat must have been below the average, for the fear is expressed that oats will not ripen before the early frosts arrive. In Western Ontario warm weather during the rest of this month will be required to ripen the grapes. Rye is reported to be a fair average crop. From

Manitoba and the North-West accounts are various. Mr. Ogilvie, the great miller, in his account of the crops passes in silence over the frost of the 24th of August. Some aver that it did little or no mischief except on the North Saskatchewan; but there is no reason to doubt that it was injuriously felt in the Qu'Appelle valley. The recurrence of summer frosts in the North-West is a discouraging incident. Two years ago, what was thought to be exceptional has now proved a regular visitor in three successive seasons, the only variation being in the greater or less damage according to the degree of ripeness at which the grain crops are overtaken by this enemy. It is not impossible that the cultivation of the country, necessarily accompanied by drainage as it will be, will have a beneficial effect on the climate.

IN calling attention to the conviction of Poundmaker on very slender evidence, the intention of "Lex," whose article appeared in the last number of THE WEEK, may be credited with a desire to aid the cause of justice and humanity. While the evidence against Poundmaker which shows criminal complicity is weak, there is much to be set down to his credit. That Poundmaker was Chief of his band seems to be beyond question; but the power of the Chief after a soldiers' tent is set up in the camp practically vanishes. Before the Battle of Cut Knife Creek a soldiers' tent had been set up by the Assiniboines or Stoney Indians, after which the executive military power was exercised by the young warriors. All the witnesses agree in stating that the authority of the Chief ceases when a soldiers' tent has been raised. The "dancers" thenceforth exercised the military authority, and Grey Eyes, one of the witnesses for the defence, denies that Poundmaker was a dancer. But that he was a member of the council seems clear from the concurrent statements of Robert Jefferson, his own son-in-law, and Wesley F. Fish, and as such it is not possible to free him from all responsibility for what was done. The strongest evidence against him is that of Jefferson; but there is nothing to indicate the presence of any malice in it. Jefferson, besides being Poundmaker's son-in-law, believed that to him he owed his life when the other Indians had resolved upon his death. Jefferson appears in the light of an accomplice who was naturally anxious to save his own neck in preference to that of his father-in-law, and if he is to be regarded as an accomplice who had turned Queen's evidence, his statements on material points ought to be corroborated. It is this want of corroboration on essential points that constitutes the weakness of the case for the Crown.

WHEN Delorme, a Half-breed messenger from Riel, arrived on the Reserve with a letter from the insurgent chief asking assistance, a council was held to take into consideration the reply to be sent. The meeting was in Poundmaker's tent, and Jefferson was called upon to act as scribe, a task which he appears to have undertaken without demur and as a matter of course. Five or six persons were present, and Jefferson says "they all had something to do with dictating the letter," though he afterwards refused to swear that Poundmaker dictated any portion of it. Still, if this witness is to be believed, Poundmaker was a consenting party; and the circumstance of the meeting being in his tent points to the fact that he was the central figure round which the council moved when the most weighty responsibility had to be shouldered. After Riel's letter had been read, Poundmaker asked one of the messengers when the Americans were coming to take possession of the railway and prevent the troops getting into the country; and the answer not being satisfactory, Poundmaker replied reproachfully, as if he felt the Indians were being led into a trap, that "they would not have risen had they known that the Americans were not coming." And he added that "he expected to have all summer to clean out the barracks." This evidence of the accomplice Jefferson is entirely inconsistent with the theory of Poundmaker's innocence. But it is given by a man who, with no ill-will towards the prisoner, had a neck of his own to save and had turned Queen's evidence as a means of saving it. Though the evidence of this man, on these points, is uncorroborated, still it is not destitute of probability. A man in Poundmaker's position would be very likely to act as he is said to have acted. But if we believe this part

of Jefferson's evidence, we must also believe that Poundmaker, so far from wishing to join Riel, was anxious to go to Devil's Lake; that he and Devil's Blanket made the attempt to get away to that secure retreat, but were intercepted and brought back. The reason they desired to escape was that "Riel was in a fix, and if they went down to him they would likely get into a fix too." If Poundmaker took part in the council that dictated the reply to Riel, he probably could not help himself, apparently acquiescing with the intention of escaping to Devil's Lake on the first opportunity.

ALL the evidence points to the fact that Poundmaker could not have prevented the Indians resolving to give Riel the aid he asked, if he had tried. He acquiesced where resistance would have been useless, but with the secret intention of avoiding performance. Indian stratagem and resource could go no farther. That Poundmaker was responsible for the robberies and outrages at Battleford there is no evidence to show. He went there, as he said, to learn the news and to get some necessary supplies; but when he added that he did not intend to ask any one else to go, he was probably well aware that it would not be necessary: that the fact that he was going would be quite sufficient to draw on others. When he ordered an Indian who had gone there to remain in the neighbourhood, but not to join in an attack on Battleford, he, unable to control the military ardour of the young men, must have known that it was extremely improbable that they would consent to maintain a state of inaction. More prudent advice would have been that they should go back to the reserve; but it is not probable that if he had given such advice he could have commanded obedience, and he could openly oppose the wishes of the young men only at the risk of further attenuating his declining power.

In the capture of the teamsters Poundmaker took no part; the men who made the capture were under the command of Delorme, by whom they were harangued every morning. The presence of Poundmaker at the Battle of Cut Knife Creek cannot fairly be pressed against him. He was seen by Jefferson standing outside his tent, where he had certainly a right to be, when the firing began; Col. Herchmer claims to have spied him through a glass from a distance of fifteen hundred yards, but does not say that he was in the fight; another witness saw him driving in a buckboard; no one saw him under arms or inciting others to battle. The Counsel for the Crown complains that he did not go to a tent in the rear, where the priests and Half-breeds had assembled; but Col. Herchmer swears that he saw Father Cochin on the hill beside Poundmaker. An Indian on his reserve would have the right of self-defence if unjustly attacked; and the guilt or innocence of Poundmaker for his part in the battle, if he had taken an active part in it, could not be decided without bringing into question the propriety of provoking a battle on the reserve of this chief. Poundmaker appears to have been reluctantly drawn into the conspiracy, to have done all he could to hold the young warriors in check and prevent outrage and murder. Under all the circumstances, it is impossible to resist the conviction that he has been hardly dealt with; his case is one in which the clemency of the Crown might be exercised with reason and with good effect.

JEFFERSON, whose democracy did not so completely bedim his foresight as Macaulay imagined, predicted that when all the public lands of the republic were taken up the people of the United States would begin "to eat one another" after what he described as the European fashion. The "eating" has begun before the public lands are all taken up; and the incitement arises out of competition among labourers, many of whom it may be taken for granted were foreign-born, and not over a scramble for land. White labourers, who may be Irish, or Hungarian, or Italian, undertake to prove their fitness for survival by murdering the Chinese competitors whom they find it inconvenient to meet in the open labour market. They first induced Congress to bar out the Asiatic, his great crime being that he renders honest service for a moderate remuneration; and then they make a deadly onslaught on such of the interlopers as are already in the country and in employ of a railway company in Wyoming Territory. They murder a number of unoffending people and drive the remainder away from the scene of competition. The victory of violence is complete. But this cannot be allowed to be the end of the matter. A day of reckoning must come, and American civilization will develop a weak spot should it not be found possible to inflict merited punishment on the guilty. The cause of labour, in whose name all this violence takes place, cannot be advanced by outrage and murder. To another arbitrament that cause must be brought. Economic laws will in the end vindicate themselves, while order is maintained. The spirit of

protection has imparted a supercilious tone to American labour. The "pauper labour of Europe" has been used as a term of supreme contempt for that of which the competition was feared. The fear was real, if the contempt was feigned. Of that fear a demand for protection was born: protection from a thing qualified as pauper. An aristocracy of labour was to be created by protection; a new privileged class was to arise; the skilful and the industrious of all nations were invited to join its ranks. But when the Chinaman accepted the invitation, he was told that he was not wanted, the discovery being made that the Celestials were not worthy of so great a distinction. The aristocracy of American labour must be narrowed, and a new and additional form of protection was invoked. The first phase of protection was against the products of foreign labour, the second was against one class of the foreign labourers. Already there have been indications of what the third phase will be: there has been a disposition to show impatience of Italian, Hungarian and French-Canadian workmen; and when these have met the fate of the Chinese in Wyoming Territory, the turn of the Irish will soon come. Logically there is no stopping-place short of absolute Nativism. And when that happens, hands to perform the necessary labour will not be forthcoming. America has been trying to set the economic laws at defiance. She began by proclaiming labour more sacred in the republic than in the rest of the world, and she has ended in the new massacre of Wyoming. This murderous attack on the Chinese is not the less an attack on the source of American wealth, and there is very little doubt that it was made chiefly by persons of foreign birth; anything more anti-American it would be difficult to conceive. By an exaggerated form of protection the United States is debarring her manufacturers from the neutral markets. What she requires to enable her to compete in neutral markets is cheapness of production, of which cheap labour is a principal element; and if dear labour is allowed to push aside cheap labour, she can never make a real advance in markets where the competition of the world must be met.

A GREAT change has come over the political situation in England. Mr. Parnell's declaration that he will be satisfied with nothing short of the Separation of Ireland from Great Britain, following upon the evidences of his alliance with the Tory Party, has had an effect which might have been anticipated, but which he manifestly did not anticipate. It has made the Liberal Party the Party of the Union. Of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's sudden declaration of loyalty to the Union, and of his denunciation of Mr. Parnell, the motive is palpable enough. It is the same which had just before led the Tories, on their part, suddenly to embrace an Anti-Coercion policy, and to enter into a league described by the most impartial and dispassionate of English public men as the greatest display of political profligacy which has taken place in their time. Mr. Chamberlain cherished, till he could cherish it no longer, the hope of an alliance with the Parnellites by which he might secure the aid of the Irish vote in clambering into power. He managed to have it always understood that he was the opponent of Coercion in the Cabinet. He negotiated the treaty of Kilmainham. He allowed men and journals, well known to be under his influence, perpetually to assail Mr. Forster in the rear while the Secretary for Ireland was struggling with the public enemy in the front. He ignominiously deserted and disclaimed Lord Spencer. To flatter Irish rebellion, he vied with Mr. Justin McCarthy, and other Disunionist declaimers, in denunciation of Castle government and demagogic slanders of British conduct towards the Irish people. In his desperate desire to obtain the coveted assistance he underwent every sort of humiliation; and even when the Parnellites supported a vote of personal censure on him he was not repelled, but still strove to cultivate their good graces. He had projected a visit to Ireland in company with Sir Charles Dilke, which was no doubt intended to be an electioneering campaign with a Home Ruler, as well as an agrarian ticket. But all the time he flattered himself that Mr. Parnell would in the end rest contented with some price less than Separation, to which he knew the nation could never be brought to consent. In the insolence of triumph and fancied omnipotence, Mr. Parnell has dissipated that illusion and proclaims that the object upon the attainment of which he is inflexibly bent, and which through the treasonable selfishness of British factions he confidently expected to attain, was the dismemberment of the realm. Mr. Chamberlain now sees that the game is up, and that alliance with the Parnellites is hopeless. With the energy and decision for which, as well as for possession of great organizing and administrative ability, credit must always be given him, he at once turns round, denounces the man whom yesterday he was courting, and leads over the forces of Radicalism to the side of the Union. Thus, upon the great issue of the day, the Liberals and Radicals will be enabled to go to the polls together as a united party. To give them a majority over Tories and Parnellites combined will obviously be

the policy and the endeavour of all who desire to preserve the unity of the nation. It is highly probable, from what we hear, that the prospect of being supported by a united party in a definite policy on the Irish question will have a considerable effect on the bulletins of Mr. Gladstone's health, and will dispose him to retain the leadership and act as general in the campaign. The Tories cannot fail to be weakened, especially in the North of Ireland, by the alliance into which they have allowed Lord Randolph Churchill to lead them and the stigma of Disunionism which they have brought upon themselves. They are in a fair way to be hoist with their own petard; while their Irish confederate is likely to rue a premature indulgence of triumphant insolence which must shake the belief of his followers in the wisdom and foresight of their chief.

IRRITABILITY is debility in a state of excitement. Of this saying of Abernethy there never was a better example than Lord Randolph Churchill, who is now announced to have raved himself, for the third time, into a state of nervous prostration. He is manifestly a man of febrile irritability, without genuine strength of any kind. He has great volubility, an amazing command of smart phrases, singular power of vituperation, and an entire immunity from the restraints of modesty and of principle. His immunity from the restraint of principle he has himself proclaimed, as we showed the other day, with astounding frankness. Both his violence of language and his unscrupulousness tickle the rowdies who are combined with the aristocracy in the Tory Party. But in these sensational days the whole world is carried away by almost anything that amuses it. To the excitement of party warfare and of vituperation incessantly carried on in the shrillest key, Lord Randolph has now added the labours and cares of an office to which he is wholly inadequate. It is stated that his physicians have ordered him to take complete rest till the election. For two months, then, at all events, India is safe. What the effect of this breakdown will be upon the balance of parties it is not easy to say. Lord Randolph had apparently been somewhat sobered by office, and his recent performances had elicited the remark that he was an uninteresting speaker in his lucid intervals. It was observed that he carefully eschewed the Irish question. On the whole, however, his own party will probably gain most by his silence. Be the result what it may, it is a thought of absolute shame that a national greatness, which it has taken ten centuries and thousands of heroic lives to build up, should for a single moment have become a plaything for the vanity of Lord Randolph Churchill.

THE struggle of politicians for power, though it fills the scene with its noise and turmoil, must yield in importance to those economical questions which affect the substantial interests and permanent welfare of the people. The annual meeting of the American Forestry Congress will be held at Boston on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th of this month. It is open to Canadians, who can become members by the payment of a subscription of two dollars a year, and it is to be hoped that Canada will not be unrepresented. This is a question, and a vital one, for the whole Continent, but especially for Canada. The produce of our forests is our staple export, its preparation for the market is about our most important industry. Ontario has no coal, and when she runs short of firewood she must import all her fuel. The climate, agriculture, the water power everywhere, suffer by the destruction of the forests which has hitherto been going on unchecked and at a disastrous rate. In the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion we still have old forests to preserve, and are better off through the bounty of Nature than are the people of Germany and France after centuries of labour. In our Western Prairies forests must be erected; it is a necessity; and in many parts even of our Eastern Provinces forests must be replaced. Forestry is not hostile to Colonization. Let the good land be assigned to the plough; but there is land of which the growth of timber is the natural harvest, a harvest which demands no labour but that of gathering year by year. It is a wrong to the settler to set him to spend years in clearing off the only valuable crop which the land can yield, and converting a fruitful forest into a farm on which he cannot live. But the urgent necessity of forest preservation is a matter about which we are all agreed. It is time that a vigorous effort should be made.

MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, in his new three-volume novel, "What is a Girl to do?" shows a girl can do a good deal. He makes his heroine secretary to a blind gentleman, governess to the children of a Russian Prince, and nurse under the Red Cross to an English ambulance during the Franco-Prussian War, bringing the story down to the surrender of Sedan. Mr. Edwards likes to show his heroines under a variety of changes. Was it not his "The Three Louisas" which some irreverent wit re-christened "Unlimited Loo"?

MR. ARNOLD IN AMERICA.*

By dint of liberal spacing the three addresses delivered by Mr. Arnold in America, in the course of the winter before last, are made to form another volume of the standard edition of his works. There is no teacher of the present day who is heard more gladly by educated and thoughtful people than Mr. Arnold. He comes preaching a gospel of ideas and principles. He discusses every subject that he takes up from a fresh and independent standpoint, and with a remarkable affluence of literary illustration. He possesses a literary style which, in spite of some defects, is very attractive. He seems to us to have moulded it in part upon the Platonic dialogue, and to have carried the imitation not unfrequently to the point of affectation. Take for example such a sentence as the following: "But we will not talk or think of destruction for a State with such gifts and graces as France, and which has had such a place in history, and to which we, many of us, owe so much delight and so much good." But for the reference to France this might easily be taken for a translation from the Attic philosopher whom Mr. Arnold justly ranks amongst the few great writers of the world. Incorporated into English prose it conveys just a suspicion of a languid, well-bred drawl, and is just a little irritating to those who know or suspect that the thing is deliberately done. Taking the volume before us as a whole, we hardly think it shows us Mr. Arnold at his best. The style, in point of vigour, is scarcely up to the mark of the "Essays in Criticism" or of "Literature and Dogma." It does not flow in as full a stream as we have been accustomed to in the writings of Mr. Arnold; and here and there it is marred by, apparently, intentional angularities. A distinction should be made, however, in favour of the essay on "Emerson," which is better finished as well as better developed than the other two. In the essay on "Numbers" the thought is thin; in that on "Literature and Science" the illustration is, for Mr. Arnold, meagre; in the essay on "Emerson," on the other hand, we find much of the old strain and feel that our author is still with us. Widely as these addresses, in the several forms in which they have appeared, have been circulated, and much as they have been commented on, it may perhaps be allowable, now that they are definitively taking their place beside Mr. Arnold's already voluminous writings, to express the estimate we are led to form of their worth and significance.

The essay on "Numbers" contains one good thought, namely, the familiar, but not sufficiently heeded, one that moral forces and causes are of prime importance in governing the destinies of states. That our author has set anything else—any other doctrine or principle—in a clear light we fail to see. He speaks of "the doctrine of the remnant," "the comfortable doctrine of the remnant"; but, in reality, though he talks of the remnant he gives us no "doctrine" of it. He tells us nothing about the remnant that can be any guide to conduct; therefore, in no serious sense can he be said to give us any doctrine. He asks us to believe, as a matter of faith, that majorities are apt, if not certain, to be in the wrong—that the championship of sound opinions and principles rests with the minority. But surely there are minorities and minorities, and it would be somewhat hazardous for a man to conclude that because he was in a minority he was therefore in the right. How is the particular minority that holds the truth to be distinguished? What is the explanation of the fact, if it is one, that truth lodges itself in minorities? Finally, must the minority that holds the truth always remain a minority, or should it aspire to become a majority? Then, if it should become a majority, what will happen to it in a moral sense? Will truth, inevitably gravitating towards minorities, pass over to the vanquished party? Before we can have a doctrine of the remnant these questions, amongst others, must, it seems to us, be answered. We are told that the remnant, if large enough in point of absolute numbers, will save the state. How do we know that? Mr. Arnold gives us the word of Isaiah for it, but somewhat weakens the comfortable assurance we might derive from this guarantee by telling us that Isaiah himself was very much mistaken in his anticipations of what the remnant of Judah would do. The one original thought which the essay contains is that just mentioned: that "the remnant" in a large state, like one of the great modern nations, will have more effect for good than even a relatively larger one in a smaller state. This idea might with advantage be more amply developed than it has been in the essay now under consideration; but if developed successfully it would simply go to show that large states were more likely to be stable than small ones. It would not by any stretching make up a "doctrine of the remnant."

But if we do not find in this essay all it purports to contain, we do find in it a noble vindication of some very important moral principles. The author establishes the necessity of seriousness by the example of the

*Discourses in America. By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan and Company.

ancient Athenian State, which, for lack of this quality, fell an easy prey to the rude Macedonian. He establishes the necessity of amiability by the example of England, all of whose relations with Ireland have been embittered because Englishmen, even when they have been disposed to be just—which has not been always—have not known how to be amiable. Finally he shows how modern France is running the most serious risks in her zeal for the worship of the great goddess Incontinence.—“Aselgeia” Mr. Arnold calls it, but it is as well to speak plainly. There is comfort, too, for the believers in a natural basis for morality in the reproof that Mr. Arnold administers to M. Renan, who, in his “Souvenirs de Jeunesse,” had said—to the great disappointment of many of his admirers—that perhaps he had erred in being so particular through life on the subject of chastity, as nature cared nothing for it. “Nature,” says Mr. Arnold, “human nature, our Nature, cares about it a great deal.” The proof that unchastity is against human nature lies in the fact that “for human societies it is ruin.” All these are ideas that cannot be too seriously taken to heart; and if the presentation of them in connection with an imaginary “doctrine of the remnant” can do anything to increase their hold upon mankind, we can only rejoice at the happy discovery of the combination.

The essay on “Literature and Science,” while it can scarcely strike anyone familiar with Mr. Arnold’s previous writings with any novel force, is an able statement of the relations between literature and science viewed from the educational standpoint. No education, Mr. Arnold rightly contends, can be complete that does not bear upon conduct and provide for the satisfaction of the sense of beauty. Should “the humanities” be driven out with a pitchfork, as some zealous reformers desire, they would, like Nature herself, return at the first opportunity. Knowledge of the details of physical science is always valuable; but it cannot take the place of a knowledge of what man has been and done in the course of the centuries, or of what the world of humanity is to-day. What is of supreme interest to a healthily-constituted mind is what men have thought and felt and done, and what they are still capable of thinking of feeling and of doing. The proof of this—a proof Mr. Arnold has not adduced—lies in the vast popularity of the modern novel, which is nothing if not a “criticism of life.” We incline to the belief that, among men, the greatest novel-readers are the devotees of “hard facts,” the very men who, if you attempted to place literature for educational purposes on anything like a par with science, would quickly show you what fires of anger can dwell in scientific minds. Yet all the time they are taking their literature, their criticism of life, in heavy doses, and so wisely preserving their minds from absolute desiccation. Nature is full of compensations.

The essay on Emerson provoked a great deal of displeasure in the United States; but upon a careful re-reading we do not think that Mr. Arnold has done Emerson any substantial injustice. At the same time there is room for question as to whether, considering the audience before which the essay was to be read, the particular line of criticism followed was well chosen. It must have given a painful shock to Boston ears to be told, not only that Emerson was not a “great poet,” but that he was not a “great writer.” The trouble with these terms is that, define and limit them as Mr. Arnold may, people will understand them in a more or less popular sense; and of course, in a popular sense, Emerson was, if not a great poet, certainly a very great writer. Mr. Arnold explains that he means by a great writer one who, like Plato, Cicero, Swift, or Voltaire, has a supreme faculty for the expression of thought in prose; whose pages form sound, unbroken tissue of the best quality; and with whom the thought does not so much flash out as burn with a steady light. Emerson, he maintains, is not a great writer in this sense. He expresses himself with more or less difficulty, and with a certain want of connection. His style is not restful like that of the great writers; it cannot be quaffed like theirs in large refreshing draughts; it is more like an effervescing drink, brisk and stimulating, but not to be partaken of as we partake of the wayside fountain. All this—for brevity we have expressed what we take to be Mr. Arnold’s meaning mainly in our own words—may be true; but perhaps the utterance of it might better have been left to a later date, when the warm admirers and personal friends of Mr. Emerson would have been better prepared to accept “the verdict of time,” which Mr. Arnold pretty confidently pronounces his own verdict to be. Waiving altogether the question of the position to be assigned to Mr. Emerson in the literary Parnassus, there was much useful work of a critical kind to be done in work generally in the world. However, as Mr. Arnold has said his say, let us allow, or rather affirm, that he has said it bravely and well, and has written on Emerson an essay which will be less and less railed against as years rolled on. The lovers of Mr. Arnold should put this new book on their shelves, though as they do so they will grieve to find so few of the master’s words to so intolerable a quantity of paper.

W. D. LE SUEUR.

BROKEN DOWN IN MID-ATLANTIC.

LONDON, ENG.

It is becoming a fashion in New York for friends to send baskets, designs and bouquets of flowers to those leaving for Europe. The tables in the saloon of the *Gallia* were crowded with them when we sailed in her from America. They were arranged in various shapes. One represented a full-rigged ship—flowers were placed along every rope and spar. Another was a yard-square flat surface of pinks, edged with green and with the words, “To the Hon. S. S. Cox, Constantinople, *Bon voyage*.” Another was in form of a harp, and another in that of an anchor. Every one was beautiful and costly. As the saloon was redolent with sweet odours, the wharf was resonant with parting cheers as the *Gallia* started.

All went well with the ship for two days, and we hoped to have made a rapid passage; but we were doomed to disappointment. Seated the third day on deck, we were startled by a sudden thumping, as though the engines were going to drive a great hole through the vessel. One who was looking through the engine-room window said that the pistons went up and down so rapidly in the three cylinders that he could not see them. The engines were stopped. Then came a sudden hush. The screw was still. All wished to know the reason. Alarm was in every countenance. The peril was sudden and great. Many were calm because they knew not the danger. “They fear nought, because they know nought,” said an old traveller to me.

Our captain hurried down to the engine-room, and soon returned to tell that the shaft was broken, and alas! apparently beyond possibility of repair. Our only hope was that we might soon meet a vessel able to tow us out of the dangerous region of fog and ice. We were close to the banks of Newfoundland, a place that always makes one shiver. A Danish steamer, the *Geysler*, comes in sight. Signals go up. She comes near and learns our plight. Soon wire hawsers are attached to her. She will tow us. No, the hawsers snap. The strain is too great. The waves run too high. The great Cunarder is too much of a log, and the screw being fast would not let her steer. Twice the hawsers are broken; then the “bits,” or stanchions, in the Danish vessel are carried away. It seems as there were nothing strong enough to hold us. The captain fears further damage, and thinks of his own safety and convenience. He considers not our peril. He has not determination to “stand by us till the morning.” Cutting the second hawser with an axe, he allows us to fall off; then dipping his flag, by way of courteous good-bye, he steams away, and soon is lost to sight in the grey and stormy distance.

It was put into the heart of the second engineer, a young Scotchman, to repair the damage. Then we had fine weather, so that the men could work in the shaft-tunnel. When it is remembered that the shaft is eighteen inches in diameter, and that each section weighs eighteen tons, it will easily be seen how difficult must have been the task. By means of wedges and a small jack-screw this was accomplished. It is the most masterly feat of the kind yet performed in mid-Atlantic. Again, through the fine weather, the little steamer *River Avon* was able to give us a lift past the very dangerous part. The shaft by great exertion was repaired. For forty-eight hours at a stretch had that engineer been in the close and narrow tunnel. Clamps had been put round the shaft; the broken bearings had been somehow patched, and the cylinders began to work. It was most calm, and we watched the bubbles on the placid water to see if advance was made. “She moves,” was the simultaneous cry from many lips. Gradually, as it was found the shaft would bear the strain, the speed was increased. Gratitude to the engineers took a practical form. About a hundred and thirty pounds was the amount collected in the saloon. But money cannot repay such exertions and such skill. Doubtless the company will recognize more substantially still the energy that saved such a ship, such a valuable cargo, and over three hundred thousand dollars in specie.

That so many souls should have been placed at the absolute mercy of the waves through the breaking of a shaft, raises a grave doubt as to the advisability of allowing any steamers to go across the Atlantic without having duplicate shafts and screws. The detention for a week beyond the expected time was the cause, not only of terrible anxiety to many friends on land, but of serious damage to the interests of many passengers. One steamship line has tried the duplicate screw; all will probably in time adopt it.

Amusement mingled with inconvenience. Just after the accident we found a notice posted in the saloon thus: “Breakfast at nine. Dinner at six. No luncheon, no supper.” Our rations were limited. This was thought necessary, as the captain could not tell how long we might be before we reached land or help reached us. Soon the beer was exhausted, and here were sundry glum looks, at which the total abstainers could only cruelly smile, until lemonade was not to be obtained.

We had much gambling on board. So inveterate is the gambling spirit that almost immediately after the breaking of the shaft, and while yet we could see no escape from our peril, they were making bets as to what flag would appear on the first vessel that came to our rescue!

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

DR. HOLMES was seventy-six years old on August 29th. Lord Houghton was seventy-six last June. Poe would have been seventy-six this year, had he lived, and so would Mrs. Browning. This year, too, is Tennyson’s seventy-sixth. If the Laureate and the Autocrat begin to feel old—the latter can never be old, no matter how he may feel,—let them look at their brother-poet, Sir Henry Taylor, who was in his tenth year when they were first laid in their cradles, and is now in his eighty-sixth.

QUEBEC LETTER.

WE have bidden the so-called French delegates *bon voyage*, and at this writing they are well down the Gulf of St. Lawrence on their way back to *la Belle France*. The true "inwardness" of their coming is still a mystery, although it is vaguely suggested that it will in some incomprehensible way help to extend our "commercial relations" with Old France. Of course we are very anxious to cultivate commercial intercourse in every direction except, perhaps, in the most important direction of all, namely with our neighbours to the south of us. It is not, however, by any means clear that the "French-Canadian" has suddenly developed an extraordinary aptitude for commercial enterprise on a large scale, or that he has any considerable amount of uninvested or unproductive capital at his disposal; but it is absolutely certain that he has a large stock of political sentiment always on hand and ready for immediate investment. Of late years there is a very marked tendency on the part of the French-Canadian population of this Province to identify themselves with Old France, and it is not very difficult to discover that the motive is not so much love for France as a latent and not very intelligible antipathy to the nation under whose generous rule they have attained to such a large measure of prosperity and a freedom impossible under the *regime* of their ancestors. It is quite likely that intelligent French-Canadians are beginning to feel themselves to be a tribe rather than a nation, and like a poor man honoured by the notice of a rich relative, they are anxious to parade the fact that they are related to somebody. But what is curious in all this is that Old France, having cast them aside long ago, shows so little disposition to renew the intimacy, and even the merchants of France will not touch their French-Canadian friends of this Province except on a "cash basis"—in fact it is "cash before delivery." This lack of confidence between two people so effusively devoted to each other is, to say the least of it, very remarkable. "The French merchant, before concluding a sale to the Canadian, demands a bank's guarantee that the amount of the purchase shall be paid." It is safe to predict that "extended commercial relations" between the two countries will never amount to much; and indeed one of the delegates is credited with having said that French merchants work upon very slight profits and that "they wish to deal with security, without which they prefer not to sell. To endeavour to make them change this system, even with all the sympathy they could have for an old French Colony, would be to attempt the impossible." So long as the merchants of Old France are animated by such a selfish spirit of pure commerce, and so utterly regardless of "national sentiment," the French-Canadian will still be forced to do his limited trading with some branch of the Anglo-Saxon family. But if the people of Old France have so little commercial confidence in their French-Canadian relatives that they will not trust them with a consignment of unpaid goods, the French-Canadians of Quebec more than reciprocate the sentiment of distrust in the matter of religion, so that the emigrant from Old France who comes to this Province anticipating a friendly welcome finds himself an object of suspicion and distrust from the moment of his arrival. With these facts before us we are justified in believing that even if it were possible, extended commercial intercourse is not seriously contemplated by either of the parties. We don't blame the delegates for enjoying a pleasant holiday chiefly at our expense; but we shall have serious cause to blame ourselves if we fail to see in these incidents the set purpose of the French-Canadian to isolate himself as much as possible from the political and commercial interests dominated by the English-speaking population of the Dominion.

As a commercial factor it will doubtless be said that the French-Canadian does not count for much and that it is not worth while to bother about his sentimental vagaries—national or religious. "Jean Baptiste" of to-day is but slightly in advance of the "Jean Baptiste" of one hundred and fifty years ago; still he is in advance, and more than this he is unquestionably moving, but manifestly not on the lines of Confederation, and his vision of the future does not include coöperation with the enforced alliances of the present; he would willingly be rid of the English partnership if he could secure anything more profitable instead. He looks for release to Old France, utterly oblivious of the fact that the France of his ideal and the actual France of to-day are separated by a gulf which no earthly power can bridge. By a happy coincidence the port of Quebec is favoured with the presence of two French war vessels, so that the national sympathies aroused by the delegates find convenient vent in the worship of two wooden ships that would cut but a sorry figure in the presence of an actual enemy. With all this parade of French national activity the trade of Quebec is going to the dogs just as fast as it can go, or to speak in harmony with the facts, about as fast as the English-speaking people can get away. The French-Canadian has not yet demonstrated his capacity for business enterprise on a scale much greater than that of a high-class huckster; and until he does so there is not much use in lavishing municipal funds to which he contributes but little to promote visionary projects of extended commerce.

At the beginning of the present year the Roman Catholic Archbishop made a curious move, the full development of which we shall watch with more than ordinary interest. On the 2nd of January his Grace wrote to the Hon. Mr. Ross that, by an indult of the Holy See, he was personally authorized to treat with the Provincial Government and to terminate by just compensation the question of the property held by the Jesuit fathers at the suppression of their order in 1773. Mr. Ross admitted that the question was an important one and promised the Archbishop to give it his very best attention. Until we have all the facts before us it would be premature to hazard an opinion upon the case; indeed it is not quite clear whether the Archbishop wants the Province to extinguish the Jesuits' title or to compensate the Holy See for the loss of the property which the Jesuits held. So far as we can learn the Archbishop has actually taken

possession of the large tract of ground on which the Jesuit barracks formerly stood, and that, too, without any formal objection on the part of anybody. The correspondence is some nine months old, and its publication at this juncture is doubtless significant that some arrangement will shortly be announced. When it is a question between the Provincial Government of Quebec and the astute Archbishop we are safe to go a hundred to one that his Grace wins every time. This would not matter very much if it were simply a question between two sets of Frenchmen; but unfortunately the English-speaking population contributes so large a proportion of the taxes that as yet they have a very direct interest in observing to what uses their money shall be put. Archbishop Taschereau is popular, however, with the English-speaking minority, and in any reasonable proposition likely to effect a settlement his Grace is sure to have a very cordial and a very general support; besides he has fought the Ultramontane Party so courageously and withal so successfully that he has gained our admiration and esteem. And some think that, if he abolished the present Provincial Assembly and took entire control, the affairs of the Province could hardly suffer by the change. K.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1885.

THE dispersion of the war cloud lately impending over the relations of Great Britain and Russia suggests that the time has come for surveying, necessarily with a rapid eye, the position of the people of the United States towards the Mother Country in what gave threat, at one time, of being for the latter a grave situation.

Whatever may have been the order of popular thought on the arrival of the news of the fight at Penjdeh, it was natural that the earlier emphatic expression of it should have reference to the effect of the expected war upon our commercial interests. The sagging price of wheat had deepened the gloom that hung over the present and future of every branch of trade and industry, and the sharp rise in that commodity rather lifted persons of a sanguine mind off their feet and for the moment awakened extravagant hopes of a great revival along the whole line of sound and unsound enterprises and investments. While this lasted, the higher thought of the people found little room for development or utterance. An influential part of the press, reflecting the eager hopes of the speculative classes, gave a sort of pro-Russian tinge to public discussion, as it was from Russia that the anticipated profits were expected, in the main, and those anxious to earn them, or to benefit by the stimulus of business generally, could not refrain from a gentle patting of the Cossack on the back to encourage him in keeping it "up." Thanks to modern facilities of communication and for interaction of ideas, the "sober second thought" was not long in making its way to the front, and so soon as it was realized that the interruption of ordinary trade with the belligerents would considerably outweigh the abnormal commerce created by a war, a feeling, based upon broader and higher grounds than simple dollars and cents evolved and declared itself. That feeling was overwhelmingly sympathetic towards England.

There was, however, nothing blind or unreasoning in the sympathy whereof I have spoken. It arose purely from a conviction that, in this one affair, the English course had been throughout fair and open, and that those who actually shaped Russian conduct had been far otherwise. Of course, this kindly judgment at the threshold of discussion had its influence upon the larger question whether, with reference particularly to India and in general to the interests of civilization, England had not greater claims to the gratitude and confidence of mankind than the Power confronting her. The personal character, too, of Mr. Gladstone had its influence upon the American mind, for here there is no division of public sentiment as to his thorough integrity and conscientiousness in his every public act, be it wise or unwise in conception or result. In 1878, when Lord Beaconsfield was combating the greedy treaty of San Stefano, public opinion here stood apathetic for want of just that moral impulse supplied by the personality of the late Premier.

Beyond the sympathy for England in the late dispute, resulting from adjudging her quarrel to be right, there was another and a deeper feeling, growing out of the thought that, once engaged in the threatened strife, she might emerge from it grievously stricken. It was the first time since Waterloo that Americans had to contemplate the possibility of such a consequence to England; and, looking upon it from their own height of fancied strength and security, the fear awoke an affection that no Englishman should be willing to forget.

Those who have acted and spoken for England in the past have done little or nothing towards creating a situation never clearly seen, though sometimes guessed at, till the late crisis brought it fully to light. The quiet yet intense love for the Motherland that dominates this land of mixed races should not lack open and collective appreciation. To descend from generals to particulars, advantage should not be taken of the usually even course of diplomatic relations between the two countries to make the legation at Washington a mere round in a ladder to be climbed in the course of a routine diplomatic career. The embassy at Washington should not rank, in the official or social scale, below that at St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, Vienna or Rome. The mission to London is the first in rank in the American diplomatic service, and the press and people of the United States are not indifferent to the reverse side of the picture. They recognize and resent a policy which sends, by selection, a Marquis of Lansdowne to Ottawa and fills the legation-house at Washington with whomsoever happens to be next for promotion on the ordinary diplomatic list. We cannot, under the routine system, hope always to have a Lord Lyons or a Sir Edward Thornton installed at Washington. B.

HERE AND THERE.

WHILST it is natural and perhaps gracious for men who have grown with Toronto's growth and who have shared her progressive prosperity to be liberal in her praise, it is well to remember that the Queen City could never have attained her proud position had she not been the *entrepôt* of an extensive surrounding district which includes many of her best customers. Wherefore the excessive self-gratulation indulged in at the Exhibition Building on Wednesday last must have appeared in questionable taste to the exhibitors who had come from a distance. Even so early in the day—the official opening—everything promised well, and the oblique references to a rival exhibition in London were, to say the least, apparently superfluous. Everybody is ready to acknowledge that the Toronto Exhibition Company has established an annual show as pleasing to the public as it is profitable to the shareholders. In the arrangement of their programme all tastes have been consulted, and it requires only that the elements shall continue favourable to crown the exhibition of 1885 with conspicuous success.

THE lesson taught by the recent cricket match at Toronto between an eleven representing England and a selected team of Canadians is the necessity for "ground men." To compare the play of the contestants without making allowances would be obviously unjust to the home eleven, since their antagonists have had advantages of training denied to most Canadian cricketers, besides having constantly played together since April. But the conspicuous weakness of the Colonists was their batting: their bowling and fielding amply merited the admiration they elicited from opponents and spectators. Not, however, until professional training is secured for members of leading Canadian cricket clubs may elevens chosen from them hope successfully to do battle with representative teams from England. Such assistance is found necessary in the Home of Cricket, where the alphabet of the game is learned in tender years upon the village green or in the town park. It is not, therefore, in the least derogatory to suggest that our young men would largely benefit if club committees adopted a similar policy, particularly in view of the comparatively limited time devoted to practice or to matches in this country. Those of us who would wish to see cricket thoroughly naturalized in Canada have also observed with gratification that the public patronage bestowed upon two leading matches this season has been of the most encouraging kind: its increasing numbers, as compared with attendance in former years, being manifest, and the social status of the spectators having been far above that of the average looker-on at out-door games.

THERE is at least one redeeming feature about Barnum—he is honest in the estimation he puts upon himself. He confesses to being the Prince of Humbugs. If the great showman were on exhibition in the character he so cheerfully assumes one could understand the vast crowds that flock to see his circus. It is not usual, however, for "P. T." to be on view when *en tour*, in which case it is not easy to account for a fact which must puzzle the historian. No person who has had the misfortune to see many circus performances will claim that Barnum gives a "good show"; on the contrary, though above the average in size and in the number of performers engaged, Barnum's circus is probably much below the average of equestrian excellence and all that goes to make a good performance. And yet thirty-thousand people, it is alleged, last Thursday paid to sit on four-inch boards for an hour and a-half in a badly lighted canvas tent, gazing with divided attention at the indifferent performances which took place simultaneously in two rings!

NIAGARA FALLS had its first slide for many years the other morning in the fall of several hundred tons of rock, projecting from the side of the bank in Prospect Park, beneath the platform which overlooks the *Maid of the Mist* landing. No damage was done; but the crash was heard for miles. The mass was about half-way to the top of the bank, which is not affected in any way.

THAT the Scott Act has proved itself a dismal failure in the county of Oxford few of the travelling public and few indeed of the business men in the county will gainsay. A Woodstock correspondent assures us that drunken men are seen in numbers on market days, and the general impression is that more drunkenness is visible than before the Act became law. Fines have been inflicted, indignities have been heaped upon unoffending citizens, and attempts have been made by minions of the Scott Act party to inveigle honest tradesmen into breaches of the law, and all to no purpose. At the sittings of the last quarter sessions, counsel for an old and highly respected tradesman brought before the chairman a motion to strike a constable of the county off the list of the constabulary on the ground that he had made an attempt to procure drink. The constable admitted that he was in the employ of the Scott Act party, and that his offence was for the purpose of convicting the tradesman for a breach of the law. His Honor Judge Beard warned all officers to desist from such practices, and promised that if any such attempts were made by them in the future he would visit them with the severest punishment of the law. This was a death-knell to those who are only too willing to prostitute their trust for gain, and it is needless to say that the learned judge's action met with universal approval. An innkeeper at Norwich was summoned to appear at Woodstock, a distance of sixteen miles, to answer an alleged infraction of the law. The magistrate adjourned the hearing, and the innkeeper was compelled to attend again. Ultimately the case was dismissed because there was no evidence, but it cost the innkeeper nearly as much as a fine, for counsel had to be employed, witnesses' fees and railway fares paid, all of which

must be lost by an innocent man because no provision is made for compensation to those against whom nothing can be proved. Other innkeepers have flaunted defiance at the law, and it is notorious that at Woodstock an innkeeper installed three barmen immediately after the Act came into force. No better proof need be given of the working of the Act than to state that about a fortnight ago a farmer was found dead on the roadside near Woodstock from excessive whiskey drinking. And yet in the face of these facts men now advocating the Scott Act and its evils in other counties persuade themselves that their cause is one of unmixed good! That it has driven beer from the county of Oxford and increased the consumption of bad whiskey is too patent from the daily scenes witnessed there.

THERE were twenty-one failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against seventeen in the preceding week, and twenty-three, fourteen and twenty-two in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and eighty-three failures reported during the week as compared with one hundred and sixty-nine in the preceding week, and with one hundred and eighty, one hundred and thirty-six, and one hundred and thirty-nine, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-three per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE Toronto *World* has dared to say what has long been in the minds of timid people: That the Salvation Army is largely composed of "lazy people who join the Army so that they may live without work." Our contemporary also asks the very pertinent question: "Who handles the money?" The conspiracy now being unmasked in England, which has every appearance of having been hatched by "General" Booth in conjunction with Mr. Stead for their mutual financial benefit, is extremely indicative of the objects of Salvationist leaders, and it is time for honest men to frown down an organization which surrounds a modicum of good done with so much that is repellent and self-seeking. The exhibition made by a number of dancing dervishes calling themselves Salvationists in the streets of Toronto on Monday last was humiliating to humanity. Women who had banished that modesty which is the chief charm of their sex, and men who acted the buffoon whilst taking in vain all that Christians hold most sacred, unblushingly exposed themselves to the contempt and jeers of the mixed crowds who watched their procession. In the interest of our common morality it is time that these people should be subjected to the same penalties as are inflicted upon other public nuisances.

WHAT becomes of the moneys collected in the name of religion heaven only knows. It is fair to infer that the "Army's" morality is not higher than that of its chief. Let us look at the means adopted to boom the organization in London. The *War-Cry*, the official organ of the Army, the other day advertised a penny edition of the "Revelations" which have disgusted a whole world. But lest that might be put down as a special sensation, we will confine ourselves to what appears in the ordinary columns every issue. First we have the Salvation Army soaps, with portrait on each cake of the general; then we find china and earthenware; then a long list of quilts and table-covers and towels; and everything, if you please, bears the Salvation Army crest. The Salvation Army teas, the Salvation Army cutlery, helmets, window-curtains, and goodness knows what, are all advertised, and "post-office orders are to be made payable to William Booth." Then there is a tailoring and dressmaking department, and "we have now received our stock of summer serges." In fact, the portion of the paper which is not devoted to salvation is given over to trading, and the trading is carried on by the same firm as the salvation, and the wares are advertised by the name of "Salvation." As Mr. G. R. Sims, than whom a more liberal-minded man does not exist, says, the holiest, noblest and most divine word in the language is used as a trade-mark for soap and candles, and the various other commodities in which Mr. Booth deals. What would He, in whose holy name this Salvation bazaar is carried on, say to Salvation soap a shilling a cake, Salvation towels, and Salvation teas and dessert-knives, and "Babylon" (illustrated)? The Salvation shop cries down the goods of other manufacturers in order to sell its own. Business! Yes; good business. But the claim of Mr. Booth to head religious and moral movements, and receive vast sums of money on account of both, is not that he is a sharp tradesman, but that he is an evangelist, a follower and a teacher of the Saviour, who flung the traders out of the precincts of the Temple, and exclaimed: "It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

THE Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour has published a historical review of wages in the United States, and a contemporary, quoting the figures there given as representing the average amount paid *per capita* in that State in wages, enters into a comparison between the wages paid to British and American workmen, but omitting to give its authority for the rate alleged to be paid in England. The latter, we may say at once, is entirely misleading and renders the conclusions deduced valueless. It is not true, as stated, that "the general average weekly wage in Massachusetts, is higher than in Great Britain by 48.28 per cent.; and, if it were, those figures would not by any means indicate "the difference between the condition of workmen" in the two countries. Just allowance being made for the greater cost of living in the United States and Canada, the relative average position of labourers in those countries and in England is nearly equal—a fact which has been demonstrated twenty times, but which is conveniently ignored by those who would claim for Protective countries a monopoly of advantages.

THE following is clipped from the *Bolton Advertiser* (Eng.):—"The extravagant and mendacious statements of some modern journalists are positively astounding;—as, for example, the following:—"Children are dying by hundreds from the long spell of torrid weather; scores of men are prostrated by sunstroke every day; while the roads are blocked by the carcasses of horses falling dead while at work." This was the state of the metropolis last month according to the London correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*. As there is one excited condition of the brain which enables a person to look at things without seeing them, it would seem there is another by means of which things that do not exist may be seen. No one except the London correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* has noticed these horrors. This appears to be the same gentleman whom we noticed in a previous number as describing the prevalence of general poverty and mendicancy among the operatives of Lancashire."

THE *Halifax Chronicle* thinks "there is as much likelihood of the public returning to the use of the 'tallow dip' as of cities which have secured an efficient system of electric lighting going back to gas-light." Exactly: but unfortunately the world has yet to learn where an "efficient system" is in existence. Even the *Chronicle*, we suppose, will admit that the London authorities would hardly have reverted to the use of gas had an "efficient system" been obtainable, and that the various systems tried in the City and on the Embankment were tried under the most favourable circumstances. A two years' test, however, satisfied the authorities that, for street illuminating purposes, gas had a distinct advantage, being more effective and cheaper. The gas companies, put upon their mettle by competition, have lowered their charges and doubled the number of burners on the routes formerly lighted by electricity, with the result of satisfying all parties concerned. Theoretically the electric light approaches the perfection of illuminants; practical experience has demonstrated that, under present conditions of manufacture and distribution, it is inferior to gas. The latter is cheaper, more reliable, does not cast the black shadows so objectionable to horses, and is more merciful to the complexions of humanity.

MR. PARNELL'S programme has struck terror into the hearts of the Conservatives, says a usually well-informed English correspondent. Some of the bolder spirits thought that Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had established a *modus vivendi* with the Nationalists, and that it would be possible, at the price of moderate concessions to which in themselves the English and Scotch Radicals would not object, to get their aid for a year or two. This belief has been completely knocked on the head by the determination of the Irish leaders to put forward absolute legislative independence for Ireland as their sole programme in the next Parliament. Of course this means an utter end of the Tory-Parnell alliance, or the complete disruption of the Tory party. But Mr. Parnell gives everybody some reason to think and look ahead. His present position appears to be to give the British people this choice—either give us an Irish Parliament with full legislative powers, or we shall reduce the Imperial Parliament to a position in which it shall have no legislative power at all. It remains to be seen whether the Irish people will accept Mr. Parnell as a dictator. It is quite certain that the English and the Scottish electors will not. But the conflict may be severe, and the next Parliament will probably be a short and stormy one.

"It is a serious omen," says *London Society*, "that, with the lapse of the Crimes Act, 'boycotting' is being recommenced with fresh vigour in Ireland," and the *Telegraph* adds that the maiming of cattle has also been resumed by Irish "patriots." In face of this we have enemies of Britain, concealed and otherwise, who would give these criminals Home Rule, and who defend the suspension of the Crimes Act! As a matter of fact that measure was oppressive only to the lawless; as for "boycotting," it is a much more serious system than is generally supposed. "Boycotting," it must be remembered, affects farmers, traders and shopkeepers, much more injuriously than it does the upper and wealthier classes. In many districts orders have already been sent out by the local Land League Committees that all hotel-keepers, shopkeepers, or others providing sheriffs, constabulary, or those acting under their directions, with food, lodging, or any other necessities, are to be instantly "boycotted." In many places fine crops of standing hay are being ruined because the owners, having fallen under the displeasure of the Land League, find it impossible to induce men to cut and carry these crops. Should labourers be hired from other places to do the work, the "interlopers" must be protected by a force of constabulary, and the produce, when garnered, dare not be purchased by any local merchant. Just at present it is the obvious policy of the Irish parliamentary party to prevent, as far as they can, agrarian outrages and boycotting; but wait until the Arms Act expires next June, and Mr. Parnell, with an increased following, is back at Westminster, and enabled by a "solid vote" to defeat whichever party happens to be in power, and then consider what chance the loyal and respectable portion of the inhabitants of Ireland will have of even existing in that country.

PHILADELPHIA is to open a "Novelties Exhibition" next week, says the *New York Tribune*, which will give the public a chance to see what progress has recently been made in the industrial arts and sciences. The exhibition will be a good thing alike for inventors and the public at large. So much is being done in the world of mechanical arts that the daily press cannot possibly chronicle it, nor have the public time to read such a record even if it were made. An exhibition giving the results of industrial progress is obviously the best way in which to bring such progress before the

people. Such an exhibition may be made a great industrial school, and doubtless the "Novelties Exhibition" of Philadelphia will serve a useful educational purpose.

THE Anthropological Congress which is shortly to be held at Rome will have a curious feature in a collection of seven hundred skulls of criminals, numbered and classified. To these will be added the photographs of three thousand; and the brains of more than one hundred and fifty convicts; thousands of autographs, poems, sketches, and special instruments, the work of criminals an album containing a record of seven hundred observations, physical and moral, on five hundred criminals and on three hundred ordinary men. There will also be graphic maps of crime in Europe with reference to meteorology, food, institutions, suicide, etc.; tables of the stature of criminals in relation to the length of the arms, and of crime in towns compared to that in the country. M. Bertillon will exhibit the graphic curves of twenty-three thousand *recidivistes* examined in twelve parts of the body and the practical results obtained. Photographs of Russian political and other criminals, especially those from Moscow, and wax masks of a large number of celebrated criminals, will also be exhibited. All the notabilities in the science of criminal anthropology will take part in the Congress.

THE latest method of self-preservation from drowning has been furnished, according to the *Lancet*, by Dr. Silvester. It is merely necessary to have a small penknife with a straight blade, and at the moment when you fall into the water, to open your penknife and cut a small hole at the bottom of your mouth, "near the first lower molar tooth." Instead of inhaling the breath through your mouth or nostrils you suck it in by the aperture already made, taking care, in the meanwhile, to keep the other natural openings closed. In a very short time you are swollen out, says the doctor, like the animals in slaughter-houses, which, after being pole-axed, have their skins distended by the subcutaneous usage of the blow-pipe in order to facilitate the flaying of the hide. Thus, distended by artificial means, your body increases in volume and loses its density to such a degree as to enable you to float on the water like a well-bunged cask, and your body actually becomes a buoy. A contemporary facetiously remarks: "You see it is exceedingly simple; the only necessary implements are what everyone should possess—a shilling pocket-knife and a looking-glass. All you have to do if you are thrown into the sea is to take a firm seat on one wave, lean your looking-glass against another one, so that you can work scientifically, and then carefully cut a small hole at the bottom of your mouth and inflate yourself, taking care to undo your coat, if cut to the figure, so as to allow for the increase of waist; or, better still, push your walking-stick down your back and attach your coat to it as a sail. You can now go to sleep until rescued, but if of a wakeful turn of mind you can smoke and look out for a passing boat. But why should we limit ourselves when possessed of this natural Boyton suit to using it in cases of drowning? Why not utilize it at the seaside and break up the pleasure boat extortionist? But after having inflated ourselves, is it all right about getting back to the normal, Dr. Silvester, or shall we have to be pricked, or jumped on, or run through a mangle? We shall postpone our experiments till we receive further information."

A GENTLEMAN whose kindness to dumb animals is proverbial, and who considers the flesh of a horse to be a most relishable dish, has invited a party of gentlemen to dinner at which "horse" will form a most important element. The following is the *menu* which has also accompanied the invitations:—"Soup, Clear (Horse); Fish, Turbot, Lobster Sauce; Entrees, Minced Collops (Horse), Curried Chicken; Joints, Stewed Rump (Horse), Boiled Leg of Lamb, Tongue; Game, Grouse; Sweets, Venetian Pudding, Apricot Cream, Wine Jelly, Stewed Pears, Gooseberry Sauce, Devilled Sardines; Dessert. If any of the guests' courage fails them at the last moment, they can take the *menu* card as their compass and steer clear of the noble quadruped in either liquid or solid form. Last year another lover of the horse, also a well-known gentleman, gave a similar dinner, and towards the close of the feast the guests, who had dined freely, gently chaffed their host. "This is all very well, you know," they said, "but where is the horse?" "My dear sirs," replied their entertainer, "you have eaten it and seemed to relish it." There was a dead silence, and then without waiting for the devilled sardines the guests awkwardly made their exit, leaving their kind host to his own meditations.

UPON the subject of tea drinking, a correspondent writes:—"Tea drunkenness is an evil. But it does not affect the brain like gin, or whiskey, or bad-wine intoxication. Its special result is to render the nerves irritable; and as there are few things in life which run on greased wheels, it causes us to use up vitality too rapidly. We should be as moderate in drinking tea as spirits. A Chinese merchant of whom I buy my Souchong and Pekoe tells me that in China tea is drunk in greater moderation than in Europe. The Celestials hold "stingo" in horror. Their idea of tea is hot water flavoured. They infuse a very small quantity, and never allow it to draw more than a couple of minutes. When the water in which it has been infused is poured off into cups, the leaves are thrown away, and when more tea is wanted there is a fresh infusion. Tea (I speak of what we buy at the grocer's) contains theine, a nerve-strengthening and stimulating alkaloid, and tannin, a stomach-tanning substance. The first is extracted rapidly by hot water. When the tea tastes bitter the tannin has been drawn from the leaves to the fluid, which therefore is not good to drink, inasmuch as it hardens or tans the coats of

the stomach and prevents the food taken with it from being assimilated. Sugar and milk disguise tannin, which is a reason for taking tea without them and for using them in something else."

It is with regret that we announce the suspension of the WEEK's "Chess Column." This course is rendered necessary by the growing demands upon our space. The occasional dropping of the department devoted to the Royal Game, of late frequently forced upon us by pressure in our advertising and literary columns, was felt to be unjust to the gentleman who had charge of it and to his readers. It has therefore been thought best for the present to entirely discontinue it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp to that purpose.

LORD COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—From the fact that Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was not long ago expected to be the guest of our Bench and Bar, a special interest attaches to any intelligence concerning him. Reports of the most injurious character respecting the circumstances of his recent marriage have been telegraphed from England in so positive a form, and so persistently, that they can hardly have failed to make a painful impression. I am glad to be able to say that, from a letter which has just reached me, it clearly appears that these reports are unfounded, and that the circumstances of Lord Coleridge's marriage are entirely happy.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Saratoga, Sept. 10.

AN OLD LIBERAL TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—In looking over an old *Lancet*, July 6, 1873, I find the following:—

The Paris Society of Temperance met a few days ago, under the presidency of M. Hippolyte Passy, the well-known economist. The most remarkable feature of the day's proceeding was a scheme proposed by Dr. Baillarger, head physician to La Salpêtrière Hospital, for establishing co-operative societies throughout the country for the purpose of furnishing workmen and the poorer classes generally with wine, sugar, coffee, and tea at reduced prices, so as to discourage the habit of drinking strong spirits. One of the medical journals of Paris, the *Progrès Médical*, mentions in connexion with the above proposition that Professor Lasegue, in his recent lectures on alcoholism at the School of Medicine, had shown that chronic alcoholism was most frequent among the *petits bourgeois* (small shopkeepers, etc.) who had the habit of tippling. It was a kind of *decent* alcoholism, and the inmates of lunatic asylums mainly belonged to that class of people. The Parisian economists evidently recognized the fact that temperance was not to be gained by prohibition or legal enforcement, and that intemperance was often the result of poverty and the want of proper food and condiments; hence the proposition to supply the poorer classes, most often the victims of intemperance and the creatures of circumstances, with wine, tea, coffee, sugar, etc., at reduced prices. If the fanatics would take a lesson from "The Paris Society of Temperance," the cause would be truly and safely benefited

Pictou.

M. D.

IN THE SHADOWS.

I AM sailing to the leeward
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro.

On the shore the heat is shaking,
All the golden sands awaking
In the cove;
And the quaint sandpiper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.

On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow
Green and cool,
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
Emerald pool.

Where the very silence slumbers,
Water lilies grow in numbers
Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned and pearly crested
Fair and frail.

Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies
Cluster round,
But they do not mar the fleetness
Of this still September sweetness
With a sound.

Where the river mist is rising,
All the foliage baptizing

With its spray;
There the sun gleams far and faintly
With a shadow soft and saintly
In its ray.

I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating
So remote;
For the laggard river dozing
Only wakes from its reposing
When I float.

And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
To exhale,
All its smoky fragrance dying,
In the arms of evening lying
Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy
In the atmosphere so hazy
While I dream,
Half in slumber I am guiding
Eastward, indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THREE WITS.

SAMUEL ROGERS I only knew when he was, I should think, more than seventy years of age, and if I were to call him a friend it is only as a hundred others could; for his friends were so many that I doubt if he had any in the first degree, at least when I knew him; but by that time he might have outlived those of his own generation. He was a sleeping partner in a bank and a wealthy man. His house in St. James's Place, not a very large one, for he was a bachelor, was filled with works of art, and in its interior might be called a work of art in itself; and at his table had dined almost every eminent man of his time—men of letters and artists, statesmen, men of wit, naval and military heroes. I remember his telling me at a dinner at which Lord Nelson was one of his guests, and on the only two occasions on which I ever met the Duke of Wellington as one of a few, Rogers was the host. His wit was perhaps in higher repute than any of his time, except that of Sydney Smith; but whilst Sydney's wit was genial and good-humoured, and even his mockeries gave no offence, that of Rogers was sarcastic and bitter, and the plea which I have heard him advance for its bitterness, was, in itself, a satire: "They tell me I say ill-natured things," he observed in his slow, quiet, deliberate way, "I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things, no one would hear what I said."

It was owing to this weakness of voice that no candles were put on his dinner table, for glare and noise go together, and dimness subdues the voices in conversation as a handkerchief thrown over the cage of a canary subdues its song. The light we dined by was thrown upon the walls and pictures and shaded from the room. This did not suit Sydney Smith, who said that a dinner in St. James's Place was "a flood of light on all above, and below nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth."

However one might be tormented, it was not safe to complain. I remember one victim, it was the widow of Sir Humphry Davy, venturing to do so. "Now, Mr. Rogers," she said in a tone of aggrieved expostulation, "you are always attacking me." "Attacking you, Lady Davy; I waste my life in defending you."

But with all the acrimony of his wit, he was by no means wanting in practical benevolence, in tender sympathies, or in kindnesses, bounties, and charities.

Whilst the wit of Rogers was the wit of satire, and that of Sydney Smith, the wit of comedy, the wit of Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, might be designated as the wit of logic.

Soon after my marriage we met him at Ems, whither we had gone for the benefit of my wife's health. He was of a gigantic size and a gaunt aspect, with a strange unconsciousness of the body; and what is perhaps the next best thing to a perfect manner, he had no manner. What his legs and arms were about was best known to themselves. His rank placed him by the side of the Lord-Lieutenant's wife when dining at the Castle, and the wife of one of the Lord-Lieutenants has told me that she had occasionally to remove the Archbishop's foot out of her lap. His life has been written in two volumes, but without any attempt to represent his powers as appearing in conversation, always vigorous and significant, often delightfully epigrammatic. He never wasted a thought upon his dignity. If he had, the dignity would have been an unwelcome weight; but, without any intentional arrogance he was accustomed to assume the intellectual dictatorship of every company in which he found himself. There could be no greater mistake than to infer from this that there was any tincture in him of ecclesiastical intolerance. He was in reality intolerant of intolerance, and of not many things beside. He lived upon easy terms with the young men about the Viceregal Court, and one of them, a young nobleman who was Aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, made a little mistake in assuming that a scoff at the Roman Catholic Bishops would be acceptable. "My Lord Archbishop," said the Aide-de-camp, "do you know what is the difference between a Roman Catholic Bishop and a donkey?" "No,"

said the Archbishop. "The one has a cross on his breast and the other on his back," said the Aide-de-camp. "Ha," said the Archbishop, "do you know the difference between an Aide-de-camp and a donkey?" "No," said the Aide-de-camp. "Neither do I," said the Archbishop.

His grace had approved highly of 'The Statesman,' and had published anonymously a book modelled upon it and quoting from it largely, it was entitled "The Bishop;" and in regard to literature generally, with which he was, perhaps not much more conversant than myself, we were, so far as we went, very much in accord. But in the matter of poetry I found him of a different way of thinking from mine. His mind, versatile and open as he was, was not imaginative; and I was somewhat vexed to find that Wordsworth's mind, with all its doctrinal thoughtfulness and philosophic generalizations, could find no entrance into his; and, perceiving that I could not force the entrance in conversation, I made a more elaborate endeavour to work Wordsworth into minds of his order and quality by writing an article on his sonnets for the *Quarterly Review*. I treated the sonnets in some such way as Dante treats his own verses in the "Vita Nuova," developing the more or less latent meanings, and occasionally perhaps, in the manner of a preacher upon a text, adding a little doctrine which may have been rather suggested by the sonnet than derived from it. The inexorable Archbishop seized upon these instances of extra development, and (in a letter to a friend which reached my hands) observed with characteristic sharpness that they reminded him of "pebble soup," which is said to be very savoury and nutritive if you season it with pepper and salt, a few sweet herbs, and a neck of mutton.

I have yet, however, to exemplify what I mean when I say that his wit was of the logical type. In a debate upon the introduction into the House of Lords of the Poor Law for Ireland, some peer (I think Lord Clanricarde) supported it by saying that if the land owners lived upon their estates, and if the overseers examined strictly into the circumstances of the applicants for relief, the law would have a most beneficial operation. The Archbishop strode across the floor to my brother-in-law, Stephen Spring Rice, who was sitting on the steps of the throne, and said to him aside, "If my aunt had been a man, she would have been my uncle; that's his argument."—*From the Autobiography of Henry Taylor.*

SALVATION ARMY MUSICIANS.

DERBY appears to be a borough exceptionally favoured in its by-laws. It seems that, if any one sounds or plays musical instruments near or within hearing of houses after being required to depart by a constable of the borough at the instance of the householders, he can be fined, and not only can be, but is. There are two phrases in this prohibition which would almost seem to have been made on purpose for the "Salvation Army." It has been deposed on oath in a court of justice by a bandsman in Mr. Booth's employ that he and his fellows did not know how to play any instrument before they were "converted," and never learned to play any after. The judge on that occasion held that the "playing" of a band so composed was a nuisance, and it must have been to meet a quibble founded on this fact that the framers of the by-law introduced the words "sound or" before the word "play." Similarly after "near" they put in "or within hearing of," in order to meet the case of a converted cornet-player with lungs powerful enough to make his untaught notes audible a mile away. Anyhow, this admirable rule was put in force against members of the "Army," and the summonses against the principal musicians were taken out under it. The "Army" replied with what is called in their jargon, compounded of blasphemy and burlesque military phrases, a "bombardment," which may be taken to mean a general emission of profane shouts. When they reached the market-place, which was to be the scene of the offensive performance, they were met by a large crowd of the inhabitants of Derby, who appear to have been determined to show that, if there was going to be a disturbance in any case, they might as well be in it, and a row on a considerable scale seems to have taken place. "The big drum was smashed, and the musical instruments were kicked about." The revivalists, not caring to remain on the field after the loss of their weapons of offence, fled to their meeting-house, where the windows were broken by the pursuing rioters. One "Colonel Cadman," who was "the leader for the day, was partially disguised, and made his escape"—a melancholy incident, which must have tended to depress the spirits of his followers. The next day the rioting was to some extent renewed, by way of emphasizing the legal persecution which then took place at the police courts. We do not hear of any summons against the rioters, but several of the "Army," who had "sounded or played" cornets and other instruments, were fined, some of them being offered, and gladly accepting, the martyr's cell by way of substitution. But the misfortunes of those unlucky days were not yet at an end. "Immediately after the conclusion of the cases three boxes of rotten pears" somehow got upset in the market-place. But we prefer to draw a veil over the shortcomings of Sir William Harcourt's constituents.—*Saturday Review.*

NATURALISM ON THE STAGE.

IN the month of February, 1881, the Ambigu Theatre in Paris was the scene of what an enthusiastic spectator pronounced to be the highest effort as yet made by Naturalism in the dramatic art. The piece represented was M. Zola's *Nana*, adapted for the stage by M. Busnach. The aim of the playwright had been to put the story of the courtesan's life and death before the audience with complete "reality." For this purpose the resources of the stage decorator had been taxed to the utmost, the result being nine *tableaux*, beyond which, it was proudly contended, the force of scenic illusion could no further go. The first exhibited a *cabinet de toilette*, where the heroine was revealed to us "au saut du lit, décoiffée, en peignoir de damas foncé sur une jupe de satin rose." The second introduced us to

the *salon* of a great lady, much commended by my admiring friend as a marvellous reproduction. Not less marvellous was the third *tableau*, which took us behind the scenes of the *Theatre des Variétés*; while the fourth which presented the ruins of Chaumont, with the paths winding through the vines, the rustic bridge over a stream of real water into which a real man fell—happily he was clad in mackintosh underneath—to say nothing of artificial sunlight and an artificial nightingale, excited the spectators to almost lyrical enthusiasm, and was with one voice glorified as of a quite adorable poetry. Next came a drawing-room furnished *a la japonaise*, a species of upholstery just then in the height of fashion; after that a race-course with real horses, and then a boudoir hung with real blue satin. In the eighth *tableau* a noble town house was burnt to the ground before our eyes. The ninth and last was a perfect copy of a room at the *Grand Hotel*, in which Nana lay dying of confluent small-pox. Yes, there she lay, "un tas d'humeur et de sang, une peletée de chair corrompue"; and the thrill of horror which ran through the house bore witness to the fidelity with which the "marchands de maquillage," aided by the doctors of the theatre, had imitated the ravages of the dire disease. Such was the realistic representation of the harlot's progress wherewith our eyes were feasted. The dialogue, judiciously adapted for the pages of M. Zola's fiction, was a fitting accompaniment to it. Of course nothing savouring of imagination or sentiment was uttered by any of the *dramatis personæ*. Reality was the great law which the playwright proposed to follow, and it is not exactly imagination or sentiment that seasons the talk of the *lupanar*. "On s'ennuyait à crever," observes M. Zola, in his account of a famous supper given by his heroine. M. Busnach, in this respect, as in others, had kept faithfully to his original. It seemed to me, indeed, that both the master and the disciple had here somewhat overshot their mark. I thought of Dr. Johnson's account of Thomas Sheridan: "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull. But it must have taken him a great deal of pains to have become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature." The utter inanity of the piece was relieved only by a few cynical speeches—"mots raides" they are called in the jargon of the day—put for the most part, if my memory is not at fault, into the mouth of Nana's *bonne*.—*Fortnightly Review.*

"HABET."

[In this dramatic lyric it is imagined that the body of Chinese Gordon's betrayer was consigned to the birds and brutes of the desert.]

HERE in this dreadful desert place—
Shorn of the last thread of his tawdry dress,
In utter and revolting nakedness—

His dark, dead face
With the glazed horror of its sightless eyes
Turned to the bright ironic skies,
Khartoum's foul traitor lies!

What, Judas! Do thy pallid fingers clutch,
Strained overmuch,
The last red coin of thine accursed pay,
More red than any gold that leaves the mine?
Fate thrust it on thee, with a sudden sign
That seemed to sweep thy pestilent breath away.

Thou hast not spoken,
Nor has thy ghastly quietude been broken;
Yea! hast not moved, nor spoken since that day!

O God! but see
The wan face quiver fitfully;
Doth some long swoon or strange suspense of breath
Simulate death?

Nay! 'tis the shadow of a loathsome thing,
The ravenous vulture's wing,
Which, for an instant, flitting through the air,
Swooping above the dead man's eyes and hair,
Made life-like the gaunt features frozen there;

"Habet!" "he has it!" the hot breezes say
Along their scornful way,
And "habet!" from wild places, low or high,
The stern, sardonic echoes make reply;
And where corruption's first blue mist is wreathed
About the corse, hark! mark! I pray,

Above the sullen sand
(How brightly fierce,
Through that swart dust-cloud its quick flashes pierce
As 'twere a rapier-blade unsheathed
And wielded by an unseen, pitiless hand),
One swift, sharp sunbeam lunge,

Glitter and dart,
As if it sought to plunge, and plunge, and plunge,
Insatiate to the traitor's throbless heart,
And thus, beyond the spectre of a doubt,
Let the last curdled drop of treachery out.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

DORE was ambitious to be considered a painter, and was frightfully jealous of men who made their reputations as colourists. He cared more for a word of praise for his painting than for volumes of praise for his drawings, and he went to his grave a disappointed man simply because he was not successful in the branches in which he wished to excel.

WHIFFS.

Boz used for some few years to indulge in the titillating dust known as "Irish blackguard"; but the habit seems to have been artificially induced by the presentation to him of a silver snuff-box by his old teacher, a Baptist minister. In later years he took to cigars, which, if he did not consume in large quantities himself, he kept in abundance for his friends; but a reminiscence of past joys that "my nose knows" endeared to him the career of that snuff-box in Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather," which he pronounced to be "masterly." When at Lausanne he saw at an institution for the Deaf and Dumb an afflicted boy, whose lot had been rendered exceptionally hard by the additional loss of his sight. This unfortunate, however, was very fond of smoking, and Dickens arranged to supply him with cigars during his stay. On revisiting the place some seven years later, he left ten francs to be expended in cigars for this smoking patient. The director had tried to revive the lad's recollections of Dickens, but without the sense of hearing and sight to work upon, it seemed impossible. Dickens, as the thought struck him, observed, "Ah, if I had only brought a cigar with me, I think I could have established my identity." We catch a glimpse of Dickens as a nicotine again at Boulogne, smoking a farewell cigar with Thackeray, whom he met there, the talk perchance running on the former's experiences of Lady A., a singular character whose *personnel* included a cigar-box, and who had made Dickens smoke with her some weeds made of negrohead, and powerful enough, according to his account, to "quell an elephant in six whiffs." The snuff-box has again to be mentioned in connexion with the popular novelist. The last entry in his note-book (which contained some hints for the work he was engaged on when death took him) ran: "Then, I'll give up snuff, Brobity—an alarming sacrifice—Mr. Brobity's snuff-box—The pawnbroker's account of it." That silver receptacle for "the dust of Virginia," inscribed "to the inimitable Boz," was perhaps in his thoughts at the Time.—*Tobacco Talk*.

NEGATIVE ENGLISH COOKERY.

BUT however different the views of the *Indépendance Belge* and the Minister of Agriculture may be, there is one point on which they are perfectly agreed—namely, that we do not know how to prepare our vegetables even if we have them sent to us as fresh as possible:—

"M. Moreau is quite right in his dislike of English cooking; indeed, the sentiment rather raises him in our eyes, for English cooking is essentially negative. The people which eats boiled legs of mutton, fish cooked without salt, cabbage boiled in water only, cold "rosbifs" eight days old, which puts alcohol into claret, and which drowns itself in tea; this people is evidently behind in civilization, and if some missionaries *de la cuisine*, not sent by the Government, but animated by a noble personal impulse, should go to England in the name of culinary science, they would deserve the sympathy of all men of honest pleasure."

It is not a bad idea this of sending enlightened missionaries into our kitchens, but it has been tried before, and more than once the result has been that being at "Rome" the missionaries began to do as the "Romans" did, and adopted the "rosbif" and the *choux à l'eau*.—*English Paper*.

THE *Christian Union*, a Church organ of the first class, has declared itself opposed to prohibitory legislation. The *Union* lays down the principle that there can be no more force in a law than there is in the public sentiment behind the law, and that therefore many so-called prohibition victories are worse than defeats for the true interests of the temperance cause. The *Union* alleges as an historical fact that prohibition failed in Virginia so long as two centuries ago, and it has failed in many other States since. The article closes with a protest against the prohibitionist practice of placing the man who enjoys a glass of wine or beer with his dinner in the same category with the man who swills beer or whiskey by the bottle.—*Toronto World*.

THE war in the North-West is formally closed by the British Government with the conferring of medieval honours upon a soldier, Gen. Middleton becoming "Sir Frederick," and upon a politician, Minister of War Caron becoming "Sir Adolphe." The rule in Canada is that politicians monopolize the honours, but the war forced the recognition of a soldier this year. The popular dislike, however, of these knighthoods finds expression once more in the Canadian papers. Mr. Blake, the present Leader of the Opposition, and ex-Premier Mackenzie have in previous years declined to accept a "Sir"—acts quite as dignified as that of Mr. Gladstone, since they are the fruits of a proper distrust of this kind of political recognition.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE massacre of Chinese miners in Wyoming ought to make the face of every American tingle with indignation and shame. What had those Chinese done that their settlement should be attacked, their houses burned, twenty of their number murdered, and the rest of the community turned out homeless and shelterless? What should we say if an American community in China were thus treated? We have no word of justification for the corporations or contractors who are attempting to supplant American labour in mines by Chinese, and thus bring the races in antagonism; but their course furnishes no excuse for the white miners' cruelty and brutality, which must be regarded as a manifestation of that accumulated and ingrained barbarism of centuries which in America as well as in China breaks through the thin coating of civilization that ordinarily conceals it, whenever the passions are aroused, and the mob-spirit takes control of a crowd of men.—*The Index*.

THE PERIODICALS.

SOME clever people, and some that are not clever—"Ouida" being included amongst them—probably jealous of "Hugh Conway's" sudden and brilliant success as a novelist, have been freely prophesying that his name would soon be forgotten; have asserted that he was a much overrated one-story man, and that "Called Back" was merely a lucky hit. Then "Dark Days" was attended with a success which served to embarrass the ravens, and now "A Family Affair" has come to further refute their croakings. The last-named altogether admirable story is just concluded in the September number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Frederick J. Fergus had already made good his claim to be a powerful and engrossing writer. In "A Family Affair" he has to those qualities added many proofs that he was a natural humourist and an epigrammatic dialogist. One leaves the story with the same regret as is felt when a delightful friend has said adieu. The *Illustrated* has also a capital paper on "China-Making at Stoke-on-Trent," an historical and descriptive account of the English Fen Country, and other contributions of exceptional interest.

THE event upon which most interest is centred in the yachting world just now is, of course, the international contest arranged to take place between English and American boats in American waters. As assisting to a better understanding of yachting in England, the fourth paper, in point of order, in the *Fortnightly Review* (Leonard Scott Reprint) is worthy of attention by those interested in such matters. A sketch of the development of yachting in England is appropriately rounded off by a graphic account of a race in which the writer took part. In the same review, amongst other papers, is one by Theodore Child on "The Paris Newspaper Press," a perusal of which will not tend to an increased respect for the world of journalism in "the centre of civilization." Edwin Arnold pleads in finished style for a future state, and W. S. Lilly writes on "The New Naturalism." Dr. Mackenzie maintains that the practice of medicine must gradually pass into the hands of specialists, and that the general practitioner is doomed. Another contributor protests against the costliness of private bill legislation in the Imperial Parliament, and suggests reform. Other articles are: "The International Tribunals of Egypt"; "Pasteur's Life and Labours"; "Lord Peterborough"; "Midsummer in the Soudan"; and "Church and State in Scotland."

THE *Overland Monthly* precedes all the other magazines in its account of the lately-deceased "H.H." Mrs. Jackson's extreme dislike for the publicity of print has hitherto kept all personal anecdote of her out of the papers, but by permission of her husband the story of her last days, from the pen of Flora Haines Apponyi, her constant companion during her illness, appears in the September *Overland*, with a poem by Ina D. Coolbrith, and a critique by M. W. Shinn. As Mrs. Jackson left orders—which were scrupulously carried out by the friend to whom the work was entrusted—that all papers left by her, including many unpublished manuscripts, should be burned, any memories of her conversation acquire an increased value. Besides more notable articles, the *Overland* contains several especially bright and interesting local sketches and stories. "You Bet," by Dr. Henry De Groot, is a sketch of the fate of the old mining camp of that name; "The Doctor of Leidesdorff Street," is a romantic story of San Francisco in war times; and "A Plea before Judge Lynch," a unique Vigilante story, with an unexpected conclusion. "How the Blockade was Run," will attract all naval men, Federal or Confederate. The travel sketches, poems, essays, reviews, editorials, etc., of the *Overland* are always excellent.

THE *Andover Review*—the September number of which is just to hand—well sustains the reputation generally accorded to it amongst our neighbours: the most valuable theological magazine published on this continent. In a paper entitled "Private Aid to Public Charities," a sketch is given of the working of "The State Charities' Aid Association," of New York, which appears to have solved the vexed problem how best to help the helpless. There are two biographical papers—one on Paolo Panzani ("A Roman Martyr"); the other an essay on James Madison by Henry Cabot Lodge. A fourth paper on "The Religious Problem of the County Town," and a quantity of editorial comment complete the number.

OUTSIDE the very interesting very young folks' department, the music page, and the editorial columns, there are twenty-eight stories, sketches and poems in the September *St. Nicholas*. All of these are of the high class for which this popular monthly is justly noted, and almost all of them are illustrated. A complete tale by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "The Battle of the Third Cousins," will delight the heart of many a juvenile.

WITH a notable September issue, the *Brooklyn Magazine* closes its second volume and its first year of publication. By a praiseworthy display of enterprise and literary excellence it has achieved a success of which its conductors may well feel proud. The range of subjects discussed is wide and liberal, while its list of contributors is notable.

FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS opens "Dilettante Days," a semi-romantic account of an experience in England, with illustrations and descriptions of well-known localities, in the October number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Sunday Magazine*. The remaining contents as usual are varied and excellent, presenting all the features that experience has shown are so acceptable to readers of a magazine specially designed for Sunday reading.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for August 29th and September 5th contain "The French in North America," *Edinburgh*; "The Huguenot Reformation in the Norman Isles," *London Quarterly*; "An Appeal to Men of Wealth," *National*; "Foot-prints," *Blackwood*; "A Walking Tour in the Landes," *Macmillan*; "Morning Calls in West Country," *Belygravia*; "The Krakatoa Eruption," "The Princesse de Lamballe," and "A Margate Grotto," *Temple Bar*; "The Crown Diamonds of France," *All the Year Round*; "Ground-Rents," *Estates Gazette*; with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," and "Mrs. Dymond" and poetry.

BOOK NOTICES.

NEW ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS. By W. C. Campbell. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

This book marks a new era in the science and system of teaching geography. The old routine of learning the boundaries, populations and chief towns of countries with their characteristics is discarded, and the study of geography is made attractive by its adaptation to every-day life. The book is in itself a compendium, useful not only to the pupils of our schools, but also to the man of business and to the general reader. Particular attention is given to the physical and commercial features. In the physical maps the products—animal, vegetable and mineral—are shown for every part of the world, and apparently with the greatest accuracy; the ocean currents and products of the sea are also given; while in the commercial maps the principal railways, ocean steamship routes, telegraph cables are carefully laid down. The illustrations, which are numerous, are, as

they are intended to be, object lessons, each one being worthy of attentive study. In no other book on the same subject can so much useful information be found, and we cordially recommend it to the teaching profession. The prominence given to Canada, both in physical and commercial maps, ought to make this book the standard text-book for our schools, more especially in the higher classes. For Ontario, county maps have been prepared evidently with great care, and the opportunity of studying the local features of every school section, which is the foundation of geographical teaching, is thus made practicable. This is a new departure and a useful one. The short chapter on map drawing will prove of advantage to the scholar, and the map of the Ancient World, with the short *résumé* of ancient geography, will save a considerable amount of expense to our High School scholars.

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR INDIA. Being an Account of the Encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, and of the Difficulties sure to arise therefrom to England. By Arminius Vambéry. London: Cassell and Company. Toronto: Hart and Company.

Mr. Vambéry's reputation as a Russophobe is wide. He has undertaken to arouse Englishmen to what he considers the necessity of an active, patriotic, and decisive policy with reference to Russia. He is a Hungarian, and cannot forget 1848. France and Germany are impotent, he thinks, to stop the advance of "barbarous and despotic Russia" in Asia: only the Anglo-Saxon can prevent the conquest of India by the Cossack. The impression made by all this vituperation is that Mr. Vambéry very much overshoots the mark, and writes as a man seeking revenge. He laughs to scorn the idea of a co-terminous frontier on the Indus, with England and Russia on opposite sides, and it is absolutely necessary that England should have an outwork in Afghanistan. This is the general trend of the book. Much more interesting and useful is the information he adds in adducing reasons for the retention of India by England: India takes \$125,000,000 worth of cotton goods annually from Lancashire; \$30,000,000 worth of worked metals (cutlery, etc.), and \$15,000,000 of machinery are sent by Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and other industrial centres; whilst woollen goods and coal to the value of nearly \$5,000,000 are used in the British Possessions in the East.

MARMION. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

The successors of Messrs. Osgood are well sustaining the high reputation of the celebrated Boston house, both in the quality of the material put forth and in the manner of its production. The above volume is a typographical gem, and is a fit companion to the "Lady of the Lake" arranged by Mr. Rolfe two years ago. It is, moreover, prepared on the same plan editorially, the illustrations being selected from the publishers' elegant holiday edition of the poem. Mr. Rolfe claims that "Marmion" has never before been printed correctly—even Scott having overlooked many bad misprints. Corruptions which crept in other editions are also amended in this.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. New York: Dutton and Company.

A triumph of typography and the engraver's art. Almost every sentiment of the world-known poem is aptly illustrated by an able pencil, and the song receives a pictorial expression which would have delighted the poet's heart had he been spared to see the book. No expense appears to have been spared in the get-up of this gem-paper, print and binding being unexceptionable.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

It is fair to presume that Mr. Howells has long since seen cause to modify some of the views expressed in this story. His estimates of English and Canadian character and habits are absurd and grossly unjust. Otherwise the present reprint in the "Riverside Paper Series" is still welcome, and to those who have not read it would prove a delightful companion during a Canadian-American tour.

POEMS OF THE PRAIRIES. By Ellen Palmer Allerton. New York: John B. Alden.

A fresh volume of purely American poetry. The longest poem is now published for the first time, but most of the others have appeared in Western papers. There are about one hundred of them in all, and each is inspired with the spirit of the prairies, being founded upon distinctively American themes.

LONDON OF TO-DAY: an Illustrated Hand-book for the Season. By Charles Eyre Pascoe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

One of the best hand-books to the great Metropolis ever published, containing a marvellous amount of information conveyed in a manner so simple and attractive as to render its acquisition a pleasure. With such a companion and a street map the most unsophisticated might hope to feel at home in London in a very short time.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. BLAINE is said to be writing about five pages per day of the second volume of his history.

CAPTAIN JESSE'S Life of Beau Brummel, splendidly printed and illustrated by forty portraits, will be published this season by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A LIFE of Prince Bismarck in two volumes has been written by Mr. Lowe, the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*. It will soon be published by Cassell.

MR. JUDSON FRANCE, of Toronto, has published "A Lapful of Lyrics and Merry Muse Whangs," being some thirty-two pages of amateur writing, done up in a paper wrapper.

THAT famous old Whig quarterly, the *Edinburgh Review*, may be expected shortly to appear as a monthly at half-a-crown. It will aim at being more lively and entertaining than its present editor has made it.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS has been engaged to write exclusively for *Harper's Magazine* hereafter, the consideration being \$10,000 a year, it is said, and his story, which is soon to begin in the *Century*, will therefore be his last contribution to that publication.

As another evidence of our growing Canadian literature, it is interesting to learn that the English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has purchased the copyright of "Till The Day Break," by Fred. Travers, the interesting serial which appeared last year in the *Canadian Missionary*.

THE Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar will immediately cause to be undertaken and edited from the collections that have come into her hands two important works—namely, "A Complete and Authentic Edition of Goethe's Works," and "A Compendious Biography of the Author of 'Faust,' Prepared Conjointly by Various Specialists."

To-day is the title of a "weekly review of art, literature, the stage and society," the publication of which will be begun in New York on Saturday, October 3. It will be an eight-page paper, ten by fifteen inches in size, and it will be sold at five cents a copy. Alfred Trumble is the editor's name and Weston Coyney the publisher's.

THE "obvious want of correct information in regard to the intrinsic relative value of land grants and scrip" has led Capt. C. W. Allen to print a pamphlet, "the main object of which is to protect those entitled to benefit by the bounty of Parliament from being persuaded to sacrifice their interests for lack of trustworthy intelligence."

MR. HOWELLS would never have been Consul at Venice, and therefore, with no leisure for elaborate work, would probably have never been heard of outside of newspaperdom, but for the campaign book he wrote to make Lincoln President. Put so much down to the credit of the old spoils system; it turned out "a literary fellow."—*Waterbury American*.

SECRETARY BAYARD, Julian Hawthorne, Hamilton Fish, Senator Edmunds, E. P. Roe, Joaquin Miller, Dr. Hammond, Edward Everett Hale, President Eliot, Francis Parkman, General Sherman, ex-Governor A. B. Cornell, and other distinguished men will contribute to a notable discussion of the question, "Has America need of a Westminster Abbey?" in the October number of the *Brooklyn Magazine*.

OUR Washington correspondent's letter to *THE WEEK* on the funeral of General Grant having come to the notice of the publication committee of the Military Service Institution, he has been solicited to contribute an article on State Funerals to their excellent quarterly *Journal*, the counterpart in the United States of the *Journal of the United Service Institution* of London. It will probably appear in the December issue.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that in future *Man* will be published in the form of a monthly magazine. The publishers claim: "Few journals in Canada probably have ever, in the same period of time and with the same effort, secured so large a paid-up subscription list as *Man* has, and the publishers therefore feel warranted in incurring the extra outlay involved in making the improvements. These will also require a little time, and the first number of the magazine will not be issued until some time in October."

SOME fifteen Washington correspondents have decided to establish a novel weekly newspaper. It is proposed that each of these writers shall furnish one signed article for each issue. There will be no revising editor, but every man shall have his say and stand by it. It is evidently a modification of the successful journal at Madrid, where the reporters put their work into the hopper without supervision or classification, the result being a variegated news hash that pleases the Spanish public. The writers will be trained men whose work will possess interest and value.

A STRONG effort has been made in England during the past two or three years to break down the tyranny of the three-volume novel, and to offer even new novels directly to the public at a very low price. "Called Back" was published at a shilling, and a sale of more than 300,000 copies proves the splendid success which is possible. "Dark Days," by the same author, falls behind its predecessor, although its circulation in England has almost attained the very respectable figure of 200,000 copies, while Mr. Laing's clever parody, "Much Darker Days," sold nearly 25,000 copies.

MR. WAKEMAN, the editor of the *Current* of Chicago, who recently disappeared mysteriously, seems to have acted in the main with discretion. Finding his mind becoming unsettled, he fled to a monastery, there, in perfect rest and quiet, to seek mental restoration. Those who know the labour he bestowed upon his journal, and the constant wearing anxiety it caused him, will not be surprised at this explanation of his conduct. It is to be hoped that he will soon entirely regain his mental balance and return to the *Current*, which, in the meantime, is smoothly flowing on under other direction.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

WHITE, STOKES AND ALLEN announce the following forthcoming publications: "Breakfast Dainties," "The Cross and Crescent Calendar," "The Complete Poems of Charles Dickens," new "Favourite Edition" of "Fielding's Novels," "Spring Blossoms," "Midsummer Flowers," "Flowers for Winter Days," "Flowers from Here and There," "Flowers from Sun-light and Shade," "The Good Things of Life." Second series, "The Golden Treasury." Illuminated Parchment-paper Books, "Little Blossoms," "Merry Little People," "A Mission Flower," "Recent American Etchings," "Rosebuds," "Mrs. Clement's Sculpture," "Studies for Painting Flowers," "Sir John Suckling's Poems," "Tiny Men and Maidens," "Yuletide," "Leaves from Maple Lawn," and "Sharp, Sharper, Sharpest." They have in preparation, in addition to the above, a collection of the famous poems of the Civil War, edited by Mr. F. F. Browne, the editor of the *Dial*, Chicago. Its title will probably be "Bugle Echoes."

IT is against the rules of the Oxford University Press to publish any statement of the numbers of copies of the Scriptures issued by them; but the *London Daily News* is the authority for stating that the sales since the publishing day have been altogether unprecedented. "The enormous stock provided has barely been sufficient for the demands of the trade, and in some parts of the country—Edinburgh, for instance—supplies of most of the editions have quite run out, and the whole machinery of production is now again in full activity. Oxford is again working night and day at the printing, and the establishment in Aldersgate Street, and several private firms besides, are piping all hands to the pumps for binding the sacred volumes. It becomes an interesting point for speculation as to whether the sale of the Revised Bible will assimilate at all to that of the New Testament. There was an enormous demand for the New Testament at the outset, and it is believed that considerably over a million copies were put in circulation within a comparatively short time of the first issue."

THE Philadelphia *Weekly Press* has been taking the vote of its readers on the questions: Who is your favourite living story writer; and which is your favourite poem? On the first question 127 writers were voted for as follows:—H. B. Stowe, 113; E. P. Roe, 112; W. D. Howells, 91; Wm. Black, 65; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, 30; Louisa M. Alcott, 28; Mrs. Holmes, 26; Miss Mulock, 15; Bret Harte, 14; Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), 43; J. T. Towbridge, 40; Mrs. Southworth, 36; Wilkie Collins, 36; Mrs. Oliphant, 22; Miss Braddon, 21; Ouida, 17; "Pansy," 16; Albion W. Tourgee, 12. On the second question 178 poems were voted for:—Evangeline, 125; Gray's Elegy, 113; Thanatopsis, 80; Paradise Lost, 40; Hiawatha, 26; Lucile, 16; Home, Sweet Home, 13; Maud Muller, 12; Cotter's Saturday Night, 10; Childe Harold, 8; Courtship of Miles Standish, 7; The Deserted Village, 5; The Raven, 58; Psalm of Life, 55; Lady of the Lake, 43; O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? 30; Snow Bound, 17; In Memoriam, 17; Enoch Arden, 15; Barbara Frietchie, 12; Lalla Rookh, 11; Locksley Hall, 8; Pope's Essay on Man, 9; Iliad, 3.

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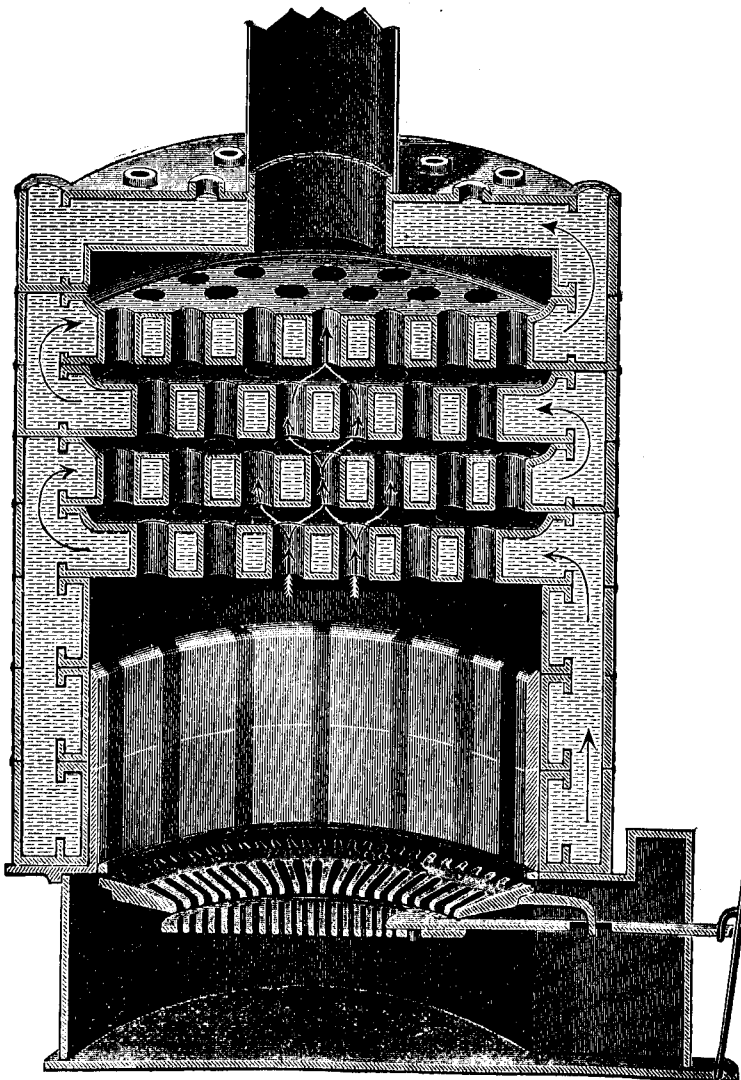
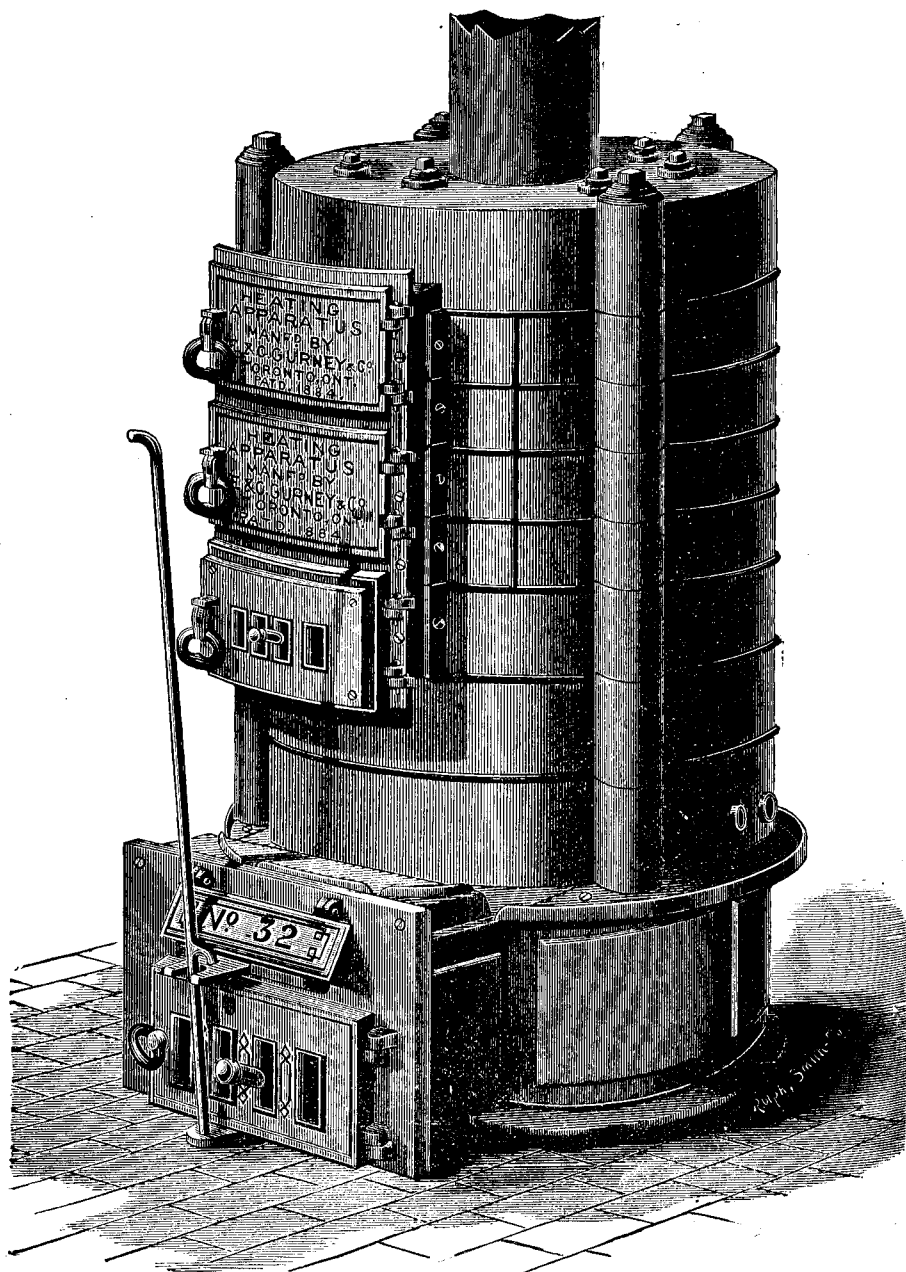
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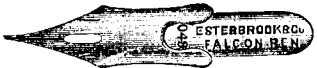
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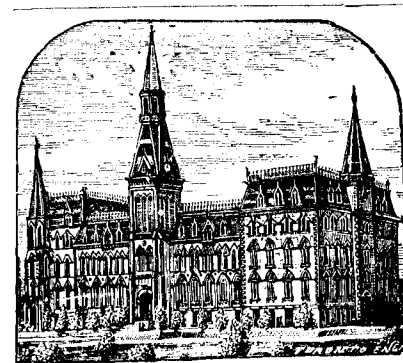
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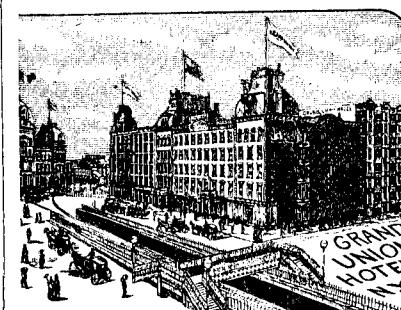
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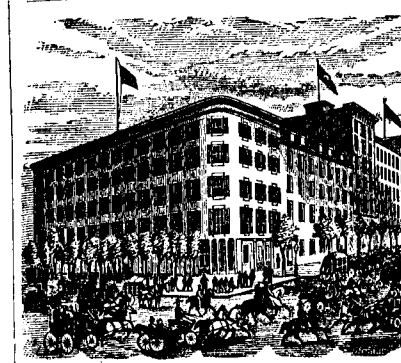
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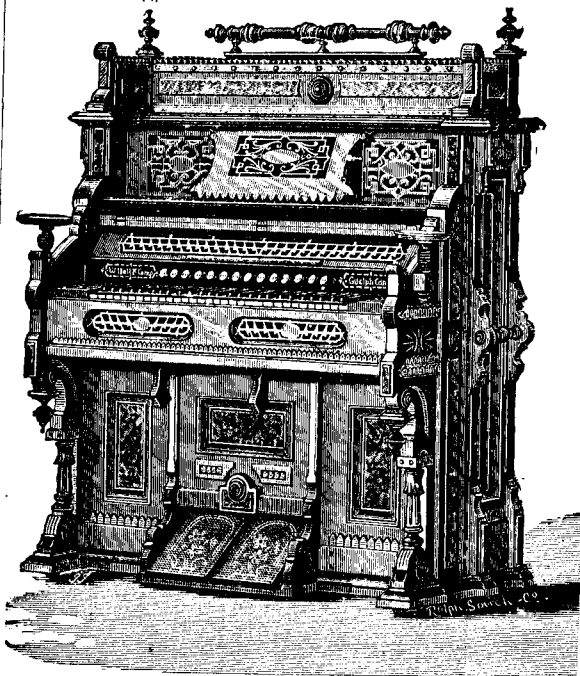
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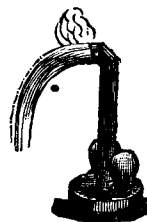
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